

A FISHER MAID'S SONG.

The poplars tall kissed the cold gray sky. And in front was the hungry sea. And the river swept dark and drearily by. While the wind sighed mournfully away in the west the low sun died. The anemone banks between. And amid the rocks the plover cried. As I mazed on that well known scene. And the fishermen's boats were far away. On the ocean's heaving breast. And the red lights gleamed wide over the bay. From the high hills the windiest crest. And I saw again my lover's boat. With her white sails all outspread. Like a joyous bird over the waters float. When the evening skies were red. Tomorrow the sun in the east will rise. And the fishing fleet come home. To gladden the weary, waiting eyes. Wet with more than the salt sea foam. But, ah me! for the boat that left the shore. That ever when the skies were red. For the fisher lad I shall see no more. Till the sea gives up its dead. —Magistral Rock in Chambers' Journal.

A GIRL'S ADVENTURE.

Kate Tynedale reined her horse to the roadside under a spreading clump of trees and wiped the perspiration from her heated brow.

It was a warm day, even for the month of June. Vague thoughts of sunstroke and dread of a thunder storm, which had been coursing through the child's mind for the last hour or two, were now almost dispelled by the cool, grateful shade of hemlocks.

Naomi Kate's sleek bay, appeared equally thankful for rest and gave expression to her feelings by a low whinny of satisfaction.

The little girl dismounted and proceeded to brush the flies from her dumb companion's glossy coat. "Twenty miles from home!" murmured she, whereat Naomi turned her head and gave the speaker an intelligent look out of her great brown eyes, quite as though she understood the significance of the words and had caught the half smothered sigh which accompanied them.

It was, indeed, a long way for a child of twelve to have come alone, and upon such an important mission, but Kate was a plucky girl and not in the least homesick nor at all afraid of anything but a certain tiny black cloudlet in the west, a "cloud no bigger than a man's hand." It was the prophesy of a storm, and a thunder shower meant unutterable things to Kate Tynedale.

She wouldn't have started out today, but her father was sick and, Mr. Steinfeld's note being due, the old gentleman wanted his money. Securely buttoned inside the little gray basque were the \$200 which was to cancel her father's indebtedness.

"Quite a fortune!" thought she, feeling very womanly over the trust reposed in her.

There had been a commotion in the Tynedale household the previous evening when Kate had announced her willingness to go over to Rydal with the money.

Mrs. Tynedale had promptly declared that such a thing wasn't to be thought of for a moment, but her husband had laughed, in a good natured way, and asserted that it was a capital idea, and he would sooner trust his boy than any man in the neighborhood.

He often called Kate "his boy," partly because of the assistance she rendered him about the farm work, but chiefly in consequence of her skillful management of a horse.

In the end Mr. Tynedale and Kate had carried the day. So here she was at noon, with ten miles from her destination. She had only been over this road once before, and that was some years back, but she remembered every crook and turn of the entire distance perfectly.

Directly ahead of the place where she had halted lay a long stretch of unbroken, uninhabited woodland. A timid person would doubtless have been affrighted at the prospect, but our young friend hadn't a thought of fear.

Her courage was soon to be put to a test. After a brief pause she left Naomi and climbed to the summit of a gently rising knoll beside the way to get a better view of the western sky.

Behold! the threatening cloud had entirely disappeared, drifted away down behind the blue hills.

Kate drew a deep breath of relief, and ran back to the foot of the hill. "You shall have a nice, long rest, Naomi!" exclaimed she, patting the arched neck of her favorite.

Threading the ravine below flowed a shallow stream, the sparkle of whose sunlit waters came up through darkly interlacing branches of evergreen like gleams of silver. Thither Katie led her steed.

After quenching her thirst at the brook the mare turned her about and began cropping the tender green vegetation which fringed its banks, while her mistress sat down upon a mossy bank to partake of the lunch which careful Mother Tynedale had prepared for her.

Fully an hour they had remained there, the little girl stretched at full length upon her soft couch of moss, half asleep, Naomi grazing near at hand.

Suddenly Kate sat up, very wide awake. Her quick ear had caught the sound of horses' hoofs.

Yonder, up in the highway, two men were approaching. Both travelers were provided with horses, though but one was mounted. The other picked his way carefully along, evidently searching for something. What that something was interested the child greatly. She felt of the precious envelope in her bosom and wished heartily that it were safe in Mr. Steinfeld's keeping.

Slowly the men neared the group of trees under which she had first halted, following her very track, she could have sworn.

They stopped directly, and the rider dismounted. Then began a doubly sharp investigation of the ground.

Our brave lass felt that it was high time for action. Catching Naomi by the bridle she led the unresisting animal down into the stream, resolved that no traces of their flight should remain.

Then she sprang into the saddle, and touching her lightly with the whip guided the beast silently as possible up the creek.

A few hundred yards above she headed her for a low bank on the side nearest to the highway. A moment later she had the horse safe behind a friendly screen of small trees.

Hastily tying the halter to a sapling she stole cautiously through the underbrush to a point near the spot where she had last seen the men.

They were still there, but evidently contemplated a move of some sort. Mentally Kate made a note of two facts, the first of which was that both men were villainous looking specimens of humanity; secondly, their horses were reeking with sweat and apparently much exhausted.

Leaving the animals to feed by the wayside, the two presently crossed the road and struck into a path leading down to the brook, one of them pointing with his rattlesnake whip to Naomi's footprints in the black soil.

Katie heard her name pronounced by the most savage looking one, and a moment later the scoundrel passed by, scarcely three feet from her place of concealment. Within easy reach of the coveted treasure, he was, luckily for Katie, unconscious of the fact. With his heavy whip he struck an ugly little blow at the identical bush through which bright eyes were peering. For a moment, as the little girl afterward admitted, she was "almost afraid."

On her hands and knees she crept back a short distance, ruefully mindful of the fact that numerous sharp stubs and roots were ruining her Sunday gown. When far enough away she arose to her feet and fled back to Naomi with the speed of a hunted deer. Unfastening her, Kate started to lead her toward the road, though she knew not what obstacles might intervene, the thick growth of young trees rendering it impossible for the eye to penetrate many yards in advance.

They were almost out; so near, in fact, that some oddly twisted birches, which Kate remembered to have observed growing upon the opposite side of the track, were in full view, when horse and leader were both brought to a sudden halt.

A huge fallen tree lay directly in front of them, shutting off all hope of escape in that direction. On one side the gnarled, earth covered roots of another prostrate monarch of the forest presented an equally formidable barrier, and at her right lay many dead branches, the crackling of which would inevitably betray her presence to the human bloodhounds so close upon her track. Poor Katie!

In a moment Katie felt a great, glad thrill of hope springing up within her heart. Instantly she resolved to mount Naomi and make a bold dash through the brush at all hazards. Accordingly she climbed to a seat in the saddle preparatory to making the attempt.

Naomi, however, was an intelligent brute and had no notion of running the gauntlet in such a reckless manner. To Katie's surprise she obstinately refused to advance a hair's breadth in the direction her mistress desired, but, instead, commenced backing off. Being taller than Kate, it may be that she had made a discovery which the girl certainly had not, i. e., that a pair of extremely fierce, black eyes in that quarter were watching every movement with a sinister interest.

A few paces back the mare stopped, then started rapidly forward and, almost before Kate comprehended what she was about sufficiently to tighten her hold, the horse went over the gigantic log with something of the agility of a kitten, her hind feet sending out a ringing echo as they struck against the hard wood.

"Bravo!" cried our heroine, forgetting prudence in her admiration.

A loud shout, followed by a hoarse imprecation, instantly gave her to understand that her whereabouts had been discovered. However, the way before her was clear enough now, Naomi swept out into the track and galloped away at a breakneck pace.

For the life of her Katie could not have refrained from sending back a triumphant little huzzah to the discomfited rascal who stood watching his prey thus make her escape.

His reply was a bullet, which went whizzing by her head so close that she felt the breeze it created in passing. The other man, warned by his confederate, came running up, and hastily mounting their horses, both started to hot pursuit. But those weary steeds were no match for Naomi, who, fresh from her nooning appeared to exult in the wild race she was leading.

For a mile or two the chase was kept up, but curses and flying shots proving alike ineffectual in recalling the brave little maiden, they at length turned their horses in an opposite direction and rode sullenly back, and were seen no more in those parts until some months later, when Nemesis hunted them down on a charge of horse stealing, which was proven against them. So far as the writer knows they are still under government surveillance, and likely to be so for some years to come.

Without further adventure Katie reached Rydal, and had the satisfaction of seeing old Mr. Steinfeld in possession of his money.

The sheriff of the county, who was a friend of Mr. Tynedale, accompanied her upon her return.

In spite of being an accomplished equestrian, our young friend nowadays never ventured upon such long journeys unattended.

The Tynedale family and their friends are still disposed to lionize her in consequence of the episode above narrated, but Katie modestly waves all claim to heroism, declaring that it was Naomi who brought her safely through.—Delight Wayback in Montreal Star.

Hairy and Hairless People. The Lemmings are the nearest hairless and the Anios the hairiest of all human beings. The last named have for centuries been famed as having more hair and less brains than any other species of the genus homo on the face of the earth.—St. Louis Republic.

LAUGHING HIMSELF AWAY.

What Seemed Good Luck Has Cost Him 65 Pounds, and May Cost Him His Life. Joe Durhlinger, of Wrightstown, Bucks county, is laughing himself to death over the Newhope extension of the Reading railroad, which runs by his farm. Three months ago he weighed 175 pounds. The first train passed his farm the first of March. Durhlinger has laughed so much since then that he now weighs 110 pounds. The doctors are puzzled, and Durhlinger's friends are awaiting the result with mingled feelings of alarm and curiosity. Durhlinger is about fifty-eight years of age. He is a native of Germany.

On the first of March, 1890, the Newhope extension of the Reading railroad commenced. This ran directly past Durhlinger's farm, with a station at Walton, about half a mile away. His farm increased in value at once, and Durhlinger began to grin. All of his talk was of the improved value which the extension would give his land, and how his posterity would benefit thereby.

Then he began to neglect his own work and took to watching the railroad men at theirs. He was so tickled that he took several of the railroad men to board at almost nothing per week, and did nothing but laugh and talk about the improvement which their daily presence in his midst became more hilarious. When the extension was finished and the first train ran by Durhlinger's farm he suddenly became convulsed with laughter. From that time he did nothing but sit on his porch and wait for the trains to go by. His keen ears detected the music of the whistle at a distance, and this was so deliciously refreshing to him he would burst into uncontrollable laughter.

After a train has passed he inspects the track, and laughing quietly to himself, returns to his house chuckling, to await the coming of the next. He knows the timetable by heart, and can tell to a minute when a train should be due off his farm. He allowed everything to go to pieces on the farm, and the watching for and laughing at the trains became his one absorbing passion.

He began to lose flesh, and is gradually becoming a skeleton. His wife hopes that the novelty of the thing may wear off, and that her husband will regain his normal state. He does not laugh now quite as much as he did, but his interest in and care of the road remains as great. Monday he walked eighteen miles to testify for the railroad company in a case of trespass on the track.—Philadelphia Record.

Pleasant for Eaters of Marmalade.

Marmalade is doubtless an excellent and nutritious accompaniment to bread and butter at breakfast. It is reported to be largely consumed—under the name of "squish"—by Oxford undergraduates when in training for races. But the pleasing theory on which its patrons have hitherto gone has been that none but the very soundest oranges were used in its manufacture. Probably this is the case with the best makers of the conserve; but a rather lurid light has been thrown on the subject by a case heard at the Woolwich police court.

An inspector stated that complaints were made to him as to the condition of some oranges exposed for sale at the local market. On examining three boxes they were found to contain a "black pulpy substance," which was "quite unfit to eat." The owner of the fruit made the horrifying suggestion that it "could be chopped up for marmalade," and at the hearing of the case he defended himself on the ground that the oranges were merely "frosted." Another witness mentioned the "disquieting" fact that while the "pulpy" oranges cost twelve shillings a box, those sold for marmalade only fetched four shillings.

The defendant was let off with a warning, as there was no proof that he knew the oranges to be as bad as they undoubtedly were. For the public the important point is to discover what proportion of their maternal marmalade is made up of the "black pulpy substance" aforesaid.—London Telegraph.

Hints to Illustrators.

Get in the habit of carrying a small sketch book, and of picking up characteristic jottings in the street, on the ferry, in the horse car or in the audience at the theater. Notice how men wear their hats, at what angles they are tipped and how much of the head or face is visible below the brim. There is a good deal that is expressive and characteristic about a hat if the artist can only catch it.

Notice how different sorts of people dispose of their hands and feet. Watch the wrinkles in a man's coat when its wearer walks, and make quick memoranda of them. When he is leaning forward see where the line of the shoulder and arm will come and how much of his neck is visible above this line. Get the pose of his head when it is thrown back, when he is asleep, reading the paper or fumbling in his pocket for car fare. If his arm is forward or back, note where the wrinkles in his coat front, back or sleeve will be.

Society men, laboring men, business men and tramps will all have different and characteristic attitudes, ways of disposing of their hands and feet and wearing their clothes. The more you make careful study of these things and are able to express them, the more original an artist you will become. Make studies of the hang of a lady's drapery, the set of her bonnet or hat, the lines of her hair, the way in which she carries her muff, parcels, bag or umbrella, how she gets on or off a car, crosses a gutter or rings a doorbell.—Art Amateur.

So Much the Better for Her. A gentleman and his wife, the latter with a six-months' old infant in her arms, were about to enter the Austin Opera House to see the performance one night, when the doorkeeper suddenly said: "Beg pardon, madam, but you can't take infants inside!"

"Very well," said the lady, "so much the better for me." You just take care of the little fellow till the play is over—and, by the way, there's the milk bottle in case he should cry.—Texas Sittings.

Well Posted Cattle. Fair Maiden—How savagely that cow looks at me. Farmer Hayseed—It's your red parasol, ma'am. Fair Maiden—Dear me! I knew it was a little out of fashion, but I didn't suppose a country cow would notice it.—New York Weekly.

Strange. "Have you read General Bronson's autobiography?" "Yes. Frightful exhibition of conceit!" "How so?" "Why, it's all about himself."—Harper's Bazar.

What He Was. Husband—In all things, dear, follow my advice; let me be your mentor. Wife—You always have been my—mentor.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

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