

THE STOPPING OF THE CLOCK.

Surprising falls the instantanous calm,
The sudden silence in my chamber still;
I, starting, lift my head in half alarm—
The clock has stopped—what's that all!

The clock has stopped! Yet why have I so found
An instant feeling almost like dismay?
Why note the silence rather than its sound?
For it has ticked all day.

So many a life beside my own go on,
And such companionship unneeded keep,
Companionship scarce recognized till gone,
And lost in endless sleep.

And so the blessings heaven daily grants
Are in their very commonness forgot?
We little heed what answers our wants—
Until it answers not.

A strangeness falls on familiar ways,
As if some pulse were throbbing in my wall—
Something thoughtful of, linked with all our
days—
Some clock has stopped—that's all.

THE GIRL RESCUE.

A terrific gale, which for three days
had raged off the Bahamas, had so dis-
abled the schooner Wingfield, cruising,
in 18—against the pirates of the An-
tilles, that her captain, William Howard,
—a handsome, dashing young naval officer,
of twenty-five—was obliged to run
for repairs into one of the narrow inlets
of the west coast of the island of San
Salvador.

It was a dangerous haven, as he might
at any moment be discovered, and
pounced upon by the lawless hordes who
had learned to dread and hate his
schooner, which had made sad havoc
among their vessels.

The captain dropped anchor close in-
shore, where the rocks were covered with
trailing vines and the banks shaded with
shrubby, blooming with flowers of the
beautiful farnese and other species of
scent. Beyond, silvery cascades were
seen, flashing in white, and the green
giant trees, entwined with branches,
from which hung long, pendant twigs,
full of red, blue and white blossoms,
emitting a delicious fragrance.

Howard lost no time in getting to work
at his schooner, and in a few days she
was sufficiently repaired for the crew,
who had been forced to temporary
stay on shore, to return aboard.

Next morning the captain was sur-
prised to see a beautiful apparition be-
coming to him from one of the rocks of
the coast—a young girl, arrayed in white,
with a blue sash, and wearing a broad
straw hat, from under which her long
tresses fell to her waist.

He had his gig down in a moment, and
the distance between the schooner and
land being only sixty feet, he was soon
ashore.

As he approached the young woman he
lifted his navel cap and bowed, his eyes
beaming admiration upon the loveliest
face he had ever seen.

The complexion was of a mixed olive
and delicate rose tint; the eyes were
dark, dark and soft, shaded by long,
curling lashes; the hair had a blue-black
shade; the features were faultless. But
it was the expression—so full of inno-
cence—that charmed the young man;
that piquant, childish look, combined
with the smooth, rounded cheeks, elo-
quent with womanly warmth, and the
supple, well-developed form, which, as
the full bust rose and fell, seemed to
emit an irresistible magnetism.

"The voice, when she spoke—in har-
mony with her appearance—had two in-
tonations: of the organ and the lute,
of the woman and the child.

"Sir," said she, "I have come to tell
you to leave as soon as you can: there
are pirates, three your number, scarce a
league from here. They will soon dis-
cover you, by chance, as I have done
this morning."

"And you, gentle friend, are you who
thus warn me?"

"I am Viola, the adopted daughter of
Jose Carabano—the fiercest and most
powerful of all the outlaws. His craft is
a full-sized two-decker, almost as large
as a sloop-of-war; and he would gladly
die for the satisfaction of blowing you to
pieces. He has been in search of you,
expect him back every day. Tarry not,
I beseech you."

"But why do you, his daughter, take
the trouble to warn me?"

"Because I do not approve of his
doings. I have striven hard, but in vain,
to induce him to give up his unlawful
life. I have warned many a merchant-
ship away from this vicinity, and now I
beg you will go, too."

"I cannot go for a week, as I have my
masts to repair and new sails to get
up."

She sighed, and bowing, disappeared
in the deep woods beyond. But she
came again, the next day and the next,
and so on, anxious to see how soon he
could sail away.

He would engage her in conversation,
and speak to her in a tender, earnest
manner she could not misinterpret.

Ten days had passed—he could be ready
to sail the next morning—when he again
met Viola, who now informed him that
her father's vessel was in sight.

"You have no time to lose," she said,
in a tremulous voice, "he will be here
in an hour."

"But, Viola, I cannot leave you here.
I love you."

He folded her in his arms, and as her
head drooped on his breast, he showered
kisses on her warm lips and her bright
eyes.

"Beautiful girl!" said he, "I will
make you my wife! Will you go away
with me?"

"For ever as I do now—yes!"

"I will go with you, then. I will be
here to-morrow morning, when you will
be ready to sail. And, now, good-bye,
lest I am missed, and in searching for
me the pirates find you, too."

An embrace, a lingering kiss, and they
parted.

Next morning, Howard, ready to sail,
watched in vain for Viola. His lieutenant
pointed toward the woods, which were
alive with armed men, hurrying
toward the schooner.

Howard understood at once. Some
spy had followed Viola on the previous
day, and, lying concealed, had seen the
schooner, and, perhaps, heard the girl's
interview with him. Perhaps, her
father's craft having doubtless arrived
on the previous day, she was kept a
prisoner aboard the vessel. If so, the
captain must give up all thought of now
obtaining his fair prize; but at some
future time he would come with a larger
vessel, and carry off the sweet girl
whom he was determined should yet be
his wife.

The armed men drew every moment
nearer. Howard brought one of his
guns to bear upon them as his anchor
was lifted, and fired a shot. Then away
went the little schooner, shooting, with
a fair wind, toward the mouth of the
inlet. Another gun, loaded with shrap-
nel, was discharged, and yells and curses
broke from the pirates as several of their
number fell.

As the schooner emerged from the
inlet, an unexpected sight greeted her
eyes—a large two-decker, which the
rocks had hitherto concealed, lying in
wait for them! There was the pirate flag

at her mizzen, and through her port-
holes glimpses of dark-faced men could
be seen already at their guns. Huge
and black, she loomed up, ready to sink,
at one broadside, the schooner, which,
to escape the rocks astern, must now pass
close alongside.

"It is Carabano!" cried Lieutenant
Howard, shrugging his shoulders.

"Ay, ay!" answered Howard, as a tall
black man, springing, trumpet in hand,
on the quarter-deck, hailed him in a
voice of thunder:

"Ho, Americano! You and your crew
shall go down like dogs! No chance for
quarter—no time for prayers!"

Howard looked quickly round him, but
saw no way of escape.

Already the end of the schooner's fly-
ing jibboom touched the pirate's quarter;
in another minute, bracing alongside,
she would be completely at her mercy,
right under her double tier of guns.

"We'll give her a parting shot, as you
say, before we go down!" said the young
man, coolly, springing to the two guns
on his port side. At that moment a
young girl was seen pleading with Car-
bano. It was Viola!

But he thrust her away from him; then
the schooner passed alongside the
huge pirate, in the shadow of her frow-
ning guns, so near that her rigging
scraped her enemy's quarter-rail. Car-
bano was seen to raise his trumpet to
his mouth, probably to give the com-
mand to fire.

And now silence like death reigned
about the smaller vessel, which for-
ward, in a gun stood white, white, and
dumb and appalled, awaiting the dreaded
moment when those guns, belching de-
struction upon them, should rend their
craft into a thousand pieces, and send
them all in blood and ruin to the dark
depths of the sea.

But at that critical instant Viola, who
had sprung on the ship, seizing hold of
the schooner's main topmast backstay,
which was within easy reach, descended
swiftly to the top of her bulwarks.

Howard, who had just been about dis-
charging his port guns, passed, sig-
naling his gunners to desist, while with
admiration and awe all eyes now were
turned toward the beautiful apparition.

Holding to the stay with her left hand,
and balancing herself on one foot, she
stood upright, her little form inclining
toward the very muzzles of her father's
guns, while, with her disengaged arm
upraised, she exclaimed, in a clear ring-
ing voice:

"Now, Captain Carabano, fire if you
dare!"

And Carabano, who could not now give
the fatal order without blowing into
eternity his noble daughter, as well as
his enemies, called like a madman on
some of his crew to board the schooner
and bring the girl back.

But ere he could be obeyed, the little
craft had darted past the pirate, and was
winging her way onward like a bird out
to sea, the cheers of her men rolling to
the skies.

As soon as he could veer his craft
round, Carabano started to give chase;
but his heavy vessel, while awaiting his
enemy near the inlet, had drifted too
near the rocks, which she now struck,
and lay wedged almost on her beam-
ends.

Howard ran down to Havana, where
he was united to the beautiful girl who
had so nobly saved his schooner and the
lives of his crew.

Wants to Know all About Sampson and
the Bible.

"Pa," said the Rev. Malkie's son,
"Sampson was a strong man, wasn't he?"

"Yes, Sampson was the strongest man
that ever lived."

"Tell me about him."

"It was intended that Sampson should
be the strongest man; and before he was
born—"

The bewildered expression on the
child's face arrested the minister in his
narration.

"Before he was born?" asked the boy.

"Yes, before—that is, before he was
found in a hollow stem."

"Just like mine?"

"Yes; just before he was found, an
angel appeared and foretold his strength,
saying that no razor must touch his
head."

"Was the angel afraid that the razor
would cut his strength?"

"No; the angel meant that his strength
lay in his hair, and that his hair must
not be cut off."

"If I let my hair grow long can I lift
more than I can now?"

"I don't know about that."

"Are women stronger than men?"

"But they've got longer hair."

"A woman couldn't whip you, could
she?"

"No; not easily."

"Is the Samson a Democrat?"

"I don't know."

"But why don't you know? I'd know
if I was as old as you. How many men
was it that Sampson killed?"

"One thousand."

"He was bad, wasn't he?"

"No."

"But when a man kills anybody, he's
bad."

"The Lord was with Sampson."

"But the Lord says you mustn't kill
anybody. Did Sampson go to heaven?"

"I suppose so."

"He's the strongest angel there, isn't
he?"

"You are getting foolish again."

"But I want to know. Will you know
Sampson when you go to heaven?"

"I suppose so."

Drug Habits.

The proprietor of one of those curious
bazaars of medicine—an east side drug-
store—recently talked with unwonted
freedom of the habits of some of his
customers. After a little woman en-
veloped in a tattered shawl had glided
stealthily out of the store, having been
refused in her pleadings for an eighth of
an ounce of morphine, the druggist re-
marked that she was a singular indi-
vidual, but a fair sample of a certain
class he had to deal with.

"This is the section of the city," he
continued, "where the census-taker rolls
up the big figures, and, of course, I have
an opportunity to see a good many such
characters. It is remarkable what habits
people become addicted to. A woman
comes here occasionally who has a mania
for eating cloves. She is never without
them, and is always passing them to her
mouth, even at a time when distressing regu-
larity. Her friends are frequently
seeing her hand in its slow but
probably fatal errand. But it is of no
use. No one will refuse to sell cloves,
and her appetite for them is apparently
almost beyond control. Her face is
round, and fair, but has a lividness about
it that nothing else will give. I believe
instances of a passion for cloves are rare.
The habit of taking compound cathartic
pills, occasionally fixes itself on persons
who use them too freely. To their hor-
ror they sometimes find they are as much
necessity to them as the pipe of the
opium smoker. There are several such
cases about here. All of them poor per-
sons who were trying to save doctors' bills.
Snuff dipping is a disgusting habit
confined to the lowest women. Troops of
them come in here on Saturday night for
snuff. Some of the better class of women
also indulge in snuff. I believe in
certain habits. They indulge mildly but
constantly in cinnamon bark, cassia buds,
grains of paradise, lovage, fennel, dried
orange peel, snakeroot, clary seed, mar-
shmallow, and numerous other roots
and barks that are all medicinal in proper
quantities, but undoubtedly hurtful
when taken day after day, simply be-
cause the palate craves them."

"How about the chloral, and the other
destructive habits?"

"The chloral habit I see but little of,"
was the reply. "It is more commonly a
habit of the old than of the young. I
pursue it. I have just read an account
of its most famous victim—an English
poet and painter. I have forgotten his
name. The effects of absinthe are like
the breaking down of the famous one-
horse shay. It is served up in a
mild form in every club-house and first-
class bar in the city. In the shape of a
cocktail, France is the country for
absinthe drinking. Either 'frolics' were
once a common kind of intoxication with
certain classes, but are now pretty well
out of style, except with students. They
occasionally buy either by the pound
or in small quantities, and inhale it from
spoons. It does not seem to create any
appetite, and after one or two trials
is generally given up. But of course
the greatest enervating drug is opium."

A gum opium eater can never be mis-
taken. There is a kind of a dry, leathery
look about him that not even the sun
will give. Opium consumers are very
tricky, and will bamboozle a new clerk
with a false prescription, or in some
other way, every time. Opium as pre-
pared for smoking does not come in my
line."—[N. Y. Sun.

Making a Newspaper.

If you look at a newspaper you will
observe that it is divided into a few de-
partments, broadly distinguished from
each other. These departments are:

First, the record of cases at law,
usually embraced under the head of
court news.

Second, the list of prices—that is, the
page of financial and commercial matter,
and whatever pertains to trade through-
out the paper.

Third, the leader, that is, the expres-
sion of opinion on political affairs which
the editor of the paper makes, whether
he chooses to make it in long-winded
essays, in short, pithy paragraphs.

Fourth, the general news, which mod-
ern convenience has divided into local,
telegraphic, correspondence and mis-
cellany—that is, selections from other
newspapers, but which in point of origin
are practically.

Cincinnati news written for a Cincin-
nati paper is local; telegraphed to Chi-
cago it becomes a dispatch; reshaped in
a letter to New York it becomes cor-
respondence; clipped and credited, or un-
credited, in a London paper, it becomes
miscellany. Births, deaths and mar-
riage notices were of old considered very
important events, and they form a dis-
tinct and very prominent feature of
the modern newspaper; but journalistic law
now places them among those matters
of purely personal interest, which should
be paid for by the people who insert
them.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

What Butler Wants.

Among the measures recommended by
Gov. Butler to the Massachusetts legis-
lature are the popular initiative and re-
fiscable and timely reforms in every
State:

That the registration law be amended
radically.

That all voting be in self-sealing en-
velopes.

That the question of allowing women
to vote in municipal elections be decided
by the preferences, expressed by the popu-
lar vote of all the State.

That election days be made legal holi-
days.

That attempts to derail moving rail-
road trains be punished with death.

That the superintendent of all lunatic
asylums be placed under one respon-
sible head.

That the facilities for discharging the
imbecile and harmless insane be en-
larged.

That the manner of accounting with
the auditor be made more stringent.

That all purchases of supplies for the
State be made by a single purchasing
agent.

That the power be given to governor
and council to summon witnesses and
examine them under oath, in order to
investigate abuses in the conduct and
administration of public affairs.

That at least one-third of the public
officials of the commonwealth be dis-
pensated with, and the salary of the re-
maining reduced one-half.

That the employment of two of a fam-
ily by blood or marriage in the same de-
partment of the State government be
prohibited.

That the mortgage law be amended so
as to allow in all cases at least one year
for redemption of real estate, and in
other specified ways.

That a more stringent method of ascer-
taining the taxable valuation be adopted.

That the employment of any person
connected with the running of railway
trains for more than ten hours in any
one day be prohibited.

That foreign railroad corporations be
required to give security to indemnify
any person required by their operation.

That all public corporations be re-
quired to make public returns.

That the branches taught in primary
schools be restricted to spelling, read-
ing, writing, grammar, arithmetic, geo-
graphy and history, and that they be taught
upon the same system to the same grade
of school throughout the commonwealth.

Why We Are Bald.

I was talking the other day with
Sauerwein, the eminent and learned hair-
dresser of Regent street, and whilst he
trimmed my poll he said "several things
worth knowing. Here you are, 'Bald-
ness' when not the consequence of old
age, is a disease, and it is a far more ter-
rible enemy to overcome than white
hair. No healthy person should begin to
be bald till after fifty years of age, and
yet a general lamentation arises of
young people, barely in their twenties,
losing their hair. Here, therefore, must
be some defect of constitution; some
disease of the hair, that should not exist.
Headaches, and indeed, almost every
kind of suffering, whether of the mind or
body, frequently cause the hair to fall.
Too much study or thought, or applica-
tion of any kind, will have a similar
effect. Women are less subject to bald-
ness than their brothers. Man works
more with his brains, generally speaking,
than women do. Hygienic precautions
may do much toward maintaining the
hair thick. I knew of a man who kept his
hair as black as jet, by never wear-
ing a hat all his life. At eighty he mar-
ried a third wife, and had a third family
of children. For twenty years he never
drank anything but wine, without abus-
ing it. You must not expect, however,
that your hair will never fall, even in
this case, during the span left to you,
but your hair will come off when brushing or
combing. Hair falls at certain seasons,
as dead leaves from trees, to make room
for new ones to grow. If, however, you
see too many come off, and the fall con-
tinues too long, then cut the hair as you
would a dead plant; it will grow
stronger, richer, and thicker. Frequent
washing in salt water is also recom-
mended to prevent the hair from falling,
and daily friction is good."—[Paris
American Review.

Knowing to Many People.

The older we grow, the more fastidious
as a rule we become socially. We like
the friends we count upon—who are
"easy as an old shoe" with us; but we
shrink from the new ones, especially as
I used say, from any that gives the least
suspicion of patent leather. There are
those for whom the companionship of
persons of title make amends for every-
thing; but I am speaking of a class who
have over-lived such illusions and made
their minds during the span left to them
in this world, to be comfortable. Old
friends, or if new ones, nice ones, intelli-
gent society with a humorous bent in it;
the most perfect freedom of thought and
speech; these alone to mature persons
make social life worth living; all the rest
strained, pretentious and uncomfortable.

As a very young man I sought an in-
troduction to a well-known woman of
letters in London. She is not now of
much importance, being dead and for-
gotten; but all literary persons had then
an attraction for me (as indeed they have
now) and I expressed a wish through a
common friend to know her. "My dear
fellow," he wrote after making his applica-
tion, "she will have nothing to do with
you. She says she knows a great deal
too many people already. At the time I
thought this rather rude, but I have long
learned to envy that woman's moral
courage. How delightful it would be if
one dared to have that noble truth
printed on one's card, and when new
folks call upon us one does not want
to know, or to return them this by
post. Mr. So and So's compliments,
but he knows too many people already."

Thrill of French Women.

French women, often stigmatized as
the most frivolous of their kind, are in
reality the most thrifty, a virtue that fre-
quently degenerates into absolute parsim-
ony. I saw a striking instance of mak-
ing the best of ungrateful things when
dining with one of them. She had a
reception for her guests, and a chicken
had been on the table, and the mistress
gave strict injunctions that all the bones
were to be scraped from the plates and
placed in her store room. I ventured to
ask the reason, and was told that not
only chicken, but plum, peach and all
manure of food, whether cooked or
raw, were invariably saved, gently dried
in the oven, and kept in a great jar.

"Then," said Madame, "in the winter,
when the fire burns clear and bright in
the evening, I fetch a handful and
throw them among the glowing coals.
They crack and sputter for a moment,
send up a brilliant flame, and the whole
room is filled with a delicious odor."

[Paris Letter.

The following recipe furnishes the
most elegant and efficient remedy for
coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness,
etc., that has ever been made in troche
form: Take the best quality of powdered
cubeba, licorice and gum arabic, each
one ounce. To these add, oil of anise
or dill, and oil of cubeba, $\frac{1}{2}$ of a
drachm, rubbing them through the
other ingredients. Now add $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of
powdered sugar and mix the whole thor-
oughly; then moisten with just enough
warm water to make a stiff mass. Dust
a smooth board with a little powdered
licorice root so the mass may be rolled
out with a rolling pin, the same as pie
crust, and as thick as a half dollar; cut
into troches about $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch square,
dust with a little licorice root and leave
them to dry. If you have not used too
much water they should be dry in from
24 to 36 hours.

"QUEEN SARAH."—The present Duke
of Wellington has a very large and in-
teresting collection of letters and manu-
scripts belonging to a Vanity Fair, to
the late Duke's father. Among them
is a characteristic correspondence be-
tween the Duke and the Lady Jersey,
"Queen Sarah." It is as follows: "My
Dear Arthur—The Emperor Alexander is
coming to see me to-morrow. How shall
I receive him?" Across this little note
written in the Duke's hand, answering:
"My dear Sarah—Receive him as you do
all your other visitors." Again comes a
note: "My Dear Arthur—The Emperor
Alexander comes as a lover." Across
again is the answer: "My Dear Sarah—
Receive him as you do all your other
lovers."

THE DEPTH OF MEANNESS IN GEORGIA.
—A white woman in this county once
gave a man the money to buy a marriage
license with which was to marry her.
He was off, bought a license and mar-
ried another woman.—[Washington Ga-
zette.

The Cincinnati police, who patrol their
beats in shifts, can easily provide them-
selves with liquid refreshments, but they
must miss the saloon stove and the
seven-up for the beer.

ALL SORTS.

"What did you think of my train of
thoughts?" asked a preacher of his ap-
parently interested friend. "I thought
it lacked a sleeping car," was the
answer.

"Ah, my friend," said a clergyman to
a parishioner whose wife was a termagant,
and who had made applications for
divorce. "We should be yielding and
forgiving. There are no divorces in
heaven." "That's the reason," said the
sufferer, "why I am so anxious to get a
divorce from her here."

A Boston editor bonned the cook,
cuffed two children, left his wife in
tears, and made a bee-line for the office
and wrote: "If you want to make the
world brighter and better, begin by
being kind and loving to those in the
small circle of your own family, and
from that, as a center, work out as you
are permitted to go."

In the markets of Irkutsk, the Siberian
town whose name has grown so familiar
to American readers through the story of
the ill-fated Jeannette, milk is sold by
the block, being hard-frozen. Each
block has a string or stick frozen into it
for convenience in carrying, and the pur-
chaser takes his milk by the stick or
string, slings it across his shoulder, and
walks off with it.

A worldly father, after the style of
Lord Chesterfield, is giving good advice
to his son, who is about to enter society:
"And, above all, avoid flirtations. But if
you must flirt, be sure that it is with a
pretty woman, as it is always safer."

"Why?" "Because some other fellow
will be sure to be attracted and to cut
you out before any harm has been done."

[Paris Wit.

A Scotch minister was busy catechiz-
ing his young parishioners before the
congregation, when he put the first ques-
tion to a stout girl whose father kept a
public house: "What is your name?"

No reply. The question having been re-
peated, the girl replied: "Name o' yer
fun, Mr. Minister; ye ken