SOME DAY.

Some day my cheek shall lose its bloom, The flowers for me their rich perfume, And 'mid the shades and gathering gloom My feet shall stray: Down, down the dim descent of years,

Through wearing cares and burning tears, With heart half fainting from its fears, I'll wend my way.

Some day my eyes shall dimmer grow, My hair turn white as winter snow, My voice grow timid, faint, and low, My mind decay;

But still my lonely path I'll tread, and mourn perhaps, my cherished dead, The hopes and joys forever fled So far away.

But oh! some day when life slopes down To the night shadows dim and brown, I hope to see a starry crown

Walting for me. Then robed in calm content I'll lie, With folded hands and tearless eye, And yield my breath without a sigh, Glad to be free.

-Mary F. Schuyler.

A SEQUEL TO MATHIAS SANDORF.

By Jules Verne.

AUTHOR OF "JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH," "TRIP TO THE MOON," "AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS," "MICHAEL STROGOFF," TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA," ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE MOUTHS OF THE CATTARO.

And so fatality, which plays so predominant a role in the events of this world, had brought together in Ragusa the families of Bathory and Toronthal; and brought them not only to the same town but to the same quarter of the town-the Stradone. And Sava Toronthal and Pierre Bathory had seen each other, met each other, loved each other! Pierre the son of a man who had been betrayed to death, and Sava the daughter of the man who betrayed him!

As soon as the engineer had left the schooner the doctor might have been heard to say to himself :

"And Pierre goes away full of hope, hope he never had before, hope that I

have just given him!" Was the doctor the man to undertake a merciless streggle against his fatality? Did he feel himself strong enough to dispose the affairs of hamankind at his will? That force, the moral energy, which must be his if he was to succeed in fighting destiny, would it not fail

bim? "Not I will fight against it?" he said. "Such love is hateful, criminal! That Pierre Bathory should become the husband of Toronthal's daughter and one day learn the truth would be to deprive him of all hope of revenge. He could only kill himself in despair. And I will tell him all if need be. I will tell him what this fami y has done to his.

At all costs I will break this thing off." And in truth such a union did seem monstrous. It will be remembered that in his conversation with madame Bathory, the doctor had told her that the three chiefs of the Trieste conspiracy had been the victims of an abommable scheme, which had come to light in the course of the trial, and that this had come to his knowledge through the indiscretion of one of the Pisino war-

And it will also be remembered that Madame Bathory for certain reasons had thought it best to say nothing of this trenchery to her son. Besides she did not know who were the traitors. She did not know that one of them was wealthy and respected and lived at Ragusa, a few yards away from her in the Stradone. The doctor had not named them? Why? Doubtless because the hour had not yet come for him to unmask them! But he knew them. He knew that Silas Toronthal was one of the traitors and that Sarcany was the other. And if he had not taken more into his confidence and it was because he reckoned on Pierre's assistance, and he wished to associate the son in the retribution with which he was about to visit the murderers of his father.

And that was why he could not say more to the son of Stephen Bathory, without breaking his heart. "It matters little," he repeated. "I

shall break off this match." Having made up his mind, what did he do? Reveal to Madame Bathory and her son the history of the banker of Trieste? But did he hold material proofs of the treachery? No, for Mathias Sandorf, St phen Bathory and Ladislas Zathmar, who alone had these proofs, were dead. Did he spread through the town the report of this abominable act without first telling Madame Bathery? That would probably have been enough to open an abyss between Pierre and the young lady-an abyss that could not be bridged.

not Silas Toronthal try to leave Ragusa? But the doctor did not want the banker to disappear. He wanted the traitor to remain ready for the executioner when the day of execution arrived, and were he to disappear events might turn out differently to what he

But if the secret were divulged, would

had imagined. After having weighed the pros and cons the doctor resolved to proceed more vigorously against Toronthal. In the first place it was necessary to get Pierre away from the town where the honor of his name was in danger. Yes! He would spirit him away so that no one could trace him ! When he had him in his power he would tell him all he knew about Toronthal and Sareany his accomplice, and he would associate him in his

work. But he had not a day to lose, It was with this object that a telegram from the doctor brought from the mouths of the Cattaro, south of Ragusa

on the Adriatic, one of the swiftest vessels of his fleet. This was one of those 'nige launches which served as the forerunners of our modern torpedo boats. This long steel tube was about forty-four yards in length and seventy tons measurement, had neither mast nor funnel,

id carried simply on exterior deck and cage with lenticular scuttles for the steersman, who could be hermetically saut up in it when the state of the sea rendered such precautions necessary. She could slip through the water without losing time or distance in following the undulations of the surge; and having a speed excelling that of all the torpedo boats of the Old or New World, could easily travel her thirty miles an hour. Owing to his excessive speed the doctor had been able to accomplish many extraordinary voyages, and hence the gift of ubiquity with which he had been credited, for at very short intervals of time he had been able to run from the farthest corners of the Archipelago to the outmost borders of the Lybian Sea.

There was, however, one striking difference between steam launches and the Doctor's boats, and that was that instead of superheated steam it was electricity that furnished the motive power by means of powerful accumulators invented by himself long before the later inventors that have become so famous. In these accumulators he could store the electricity to a practically unlimited extent. These despatch boats were known as electres, with merely a number denoting the order in which they had been built. It was Electric No. 2 that had been telegraphed for to the mouths of the Cattaro.

Having given these orders, the Doctor waited for the moment of action, and warned Point Pescade and Cape Matifou that he would soon require their services, and it is hardly necessary to say that they were very glad at having at last an opportunity of showing their devotion. One cloud, one only, threw its shadow over the gladness with which they welcomed the Doctor's warning.

Point Pescade was to wait in Ragusa to keep watch on the houses in the Stradone and Rue Martinella, while Cape Matifou was to go with the Doctor to Jattaro. This was a separation-the first after so many years of misery that they had lived through together-and hence a touching auxiety on the part of Cape Matifou in thinking that he would no longer be near his little Pescade!

"Patience, old Cape, patience! It will not last! The play's beginning, and unless I am mistaken it is a splendid piece they are getting ready for us, and we have a famous manager who has .ven us both good telling parts! Believe me, you will have no reason to complain of yours." "Think so?"

"I am sure of it. Ah! no lover's part for you. It is not in your nature, although you are so sentimental. No traitor's part either! You are too big for that. No, you are to be the good genius coming in at the end to punish vice and recompense virtue."

"Like they do in the traveling booths?" answered Cape Matifou.

Like they do in the traveling booths! Yes, I can see you in your part, old Cape! At the moment the traitor expects it least you appear with your huge hands open, and you have only to clasp him in them to bring about the end. If the part is not long, it is sympathetic; and what bravos, what coin you will get during the run !"

"Yes, perhaps so," answered Hercules; "but all the same we must separate."

For a few days! Only promise me you will not destroy yourself during my absence! Get your six meals regularly and grow! And now clasp me in your arms; or rather pretend to do so as if you were on the stage, else you will risk stifling me. We must get used to a little play-acting in this world! Now embrace me again, and never forget your httle Point Pescade who will never forget his big Cape Matifou!"

Such was the affecting farewell of these two friends when their separation came; and Cape Matifon was truly sad at heart when he returned on board the Savarena. The same day his companion took up his quarters in Reguen with orders not to lose sight of Pierre Bathory to watch Toronthal's house, and to keep the Doctor informed of all that went on.

During this time Point Pescade should have met in the Stradone with the mysterious stranger who was evidently on a similar mission, and doubtless he would have done so had not the Moor after sending off the telegram left Ragusa for some place farther south, where Sarcany would join her. Pescade was not thus interfered with in his operations and could earry out his instructions with his habitual intelligence.

Pierre Bathory never imagined that he had been so closely watched, nor did he know for the eves of the Moor there had now been substituted those of Point Pescade. After his conversation with the Doctor, after the avowal he had made, he had felt more confident. Why should be now hide from his mother what had taken place on board the Savarena? Would she not read it in his look and even in his soul? Would she not see that a change had taken place in him and that grief and despair had given

place to hope and happiness? Pierre then told his mother everything. He told her who the girl was that he loved, and how it was for her that he had refused to leave Ragusa. His situation was of little consequence! Had not Doctor Antekirtt told him to hope?

"That is why you suffered so much. my child," answered Madame Bathory. "May heaven help you and bring all the happiness we have missed up to now!"

Madame Bathory lived in great retirement in her house in the Rue Martinella. She did not go out of it except to church with her old servant, for she attended to her religious duties with all the practical and austere piety of her race. She had never heard tell of the Toronthala. Never had she looked at the large mansion she passed on her way to the Church of the Redeemer, which is situated just where the Stradone begins. She thereforedid not know the daughter of the old banker of Triesta.

tell what she had said to him when they first met, and how he did not doubt that his love was returned. And all these details he gave with an ardor that his mother was not surprised to find in the tender passionate soul of her son.

But when Pierre told her of the position of the Toronthals, when she found that the young lady would be one of the richest heiresses of Ragusa, she could not conceal her uneasiness. Would the banker consent to his only child becoming a poor man's wife?

But Pierre did not think it necessary to insist on the coolness and even contempt with which Toronthal had always received him. He was content to repeat what the Doctor had said to him-how he had told him that he could, that he ought even, have confidence in his father's friend who felt for him a quasipaternal affection. A fact which Madame Bathory did not doubt, knowing what he had wished to do for her and hers. An I in the end, like her son and like Borik, who thought it his duty to give his advice, she did not abandon all hope; and there was a trifling gleam of happiness in the humble home in the Rue Martinella.

On the following Sanday Pierre had again the happiness of seeing Sava Toronthal at church. The girl's face, always rather sad in its expression, lighted up when she caught sight of Pierre, as if it had been transigured. They spoke to each other with their looks, and they understood each other And when Sava returned home she bore with her a portion of that happiness she had so clearly read in the young man's countenance.

But Pierre had not again seen the Doctor. He waited for an invitation to revisit the schooner. Some days elapsed, but no letter came.

"Doubtless," he thought, "the Doctor is making inquiries. He has come or sent to Ragusa to ascertain something about the Toronthals. Perhaps he has been getting an introduction to Sava. Yes. It is not impossible that he has already seen her father and spoken to him on the subject. A line from him, only a word, how happy it would make me-particularly if that word were

The word did not arrive, and Madame Bathory had some trouble in calming her son's impatience. He began to despair, and now it was her turn to give him hope, although she was not without auxiety. The house in the Rue Mar nella was open to the Doctor, as he knew, and even without this new interes he had taken in Pierre was not the interest he took in the family for whom he had already shown such sympathy enough to attract him there?

And so Pierre after counting the days and the hours had no longer strength to resist. He must at all costs again see Doctor Autekirtt. An invincible force urged him to Gravosa. Once on board the schooner his impatience would be understood, his action would be excused, even if it were premature.

On the 7th of June, at eight o'clock in the morning, Pierre Bathory left his mother without saying anything to her of his plans. He left Ragusa and hurried to Gravosa at such a rate that Point Pescade could hardly keep up with him. As he reached the quay in front of the moorings occupied by the Savarena at his last visit he stopped.

The schooner was not in the harbor. Pierre looked about to see if she had changed her place. He could not see

He asked a sailor who was walking on the quay what had become of Doctor Antekirtt's vacht.

The Savareon had sailed the night before, he replied, and he no more knew where she had gone than where she had come from.

The schooner gone! The Doctor had disappeared as mysteriously as he had arrived.

Pierre went back to Ragusa in

greater despair than ever. Had an accident revealed to the young mun that the schooner had left for Cattaro he would not have hesitated to follow her. But his journey would have be n useless. The Savarens reached the mouths, but did not enter them. The Doctor accompanied by Matifou went on shore in one of her boats and the yacht departed for some unknown des ination.

There is no more curious spot in

Europe and perhaps in the O.d World than this orographic and hydrographic curiosity known as the mouths of the Cattaro. Cattaro is not a river as any one might be tempted to think; it is a town, the seat of a bishop and the capital of a Circle. The mouths are six bays side by side, communicating with each other by narrow channels which can be sailed through in six hours. Of this string of lakes, which stretch along in front of the mountains of the coast, the last, situated at the foot of the Mount Norri, marks the limit of the Austr an Empire. Beyond that is the Ottoman Empire.

It was at the entrance of the months that the Doctor landed after a rapid passage. There one of the swift electric boats was in waiting to take him to the last of the bays. After doubling the point of the Ostro, passing before Castel Nuovo, between the two panoramas of towns and chapels, before Stolivo, before Perasto, a celebrated place of pilgrimage, before Risano, where the Dalmatian costumes begin to mingle with Tarkish and Albanian, he arrived from lake to lake at the last bight at the

bottom of which is built Cattaro, Electric No. 2 was moored a few cablelengths from the town on the sleepy, gloomy waters which not a breath of air troubled on this flue night in June.

But it was not on board of her that the Doctor intended to take up his quarters. For the purpose of his ulterior projects he did not wish it to be known that this swift vessel belonged to him ; and he landed at Cattaro with Cape Matifou accompanying him went

off to one of the hotels in the town. The boat that brought them was soon lost in the darkness to the right of the harbor up a small creek where it could remain invisible. There at

And so Pierre had to describe her and | Cattaro the Doctor could be as unknown as if he had taken refuge in the most o scure of the world's corners. The Boechais, the inhabitants of this rich district of Dalmatia, who are of Sclavish origin, would hardly notice the presence of a stranger among them.

From the bay it looks as though Cattaro were built in hollows on the side of Mount Norri. The first houses border on the quay, an esplanade won from the sea at the apex of the acute angle of a small lake which runs deep into the mountain mass. It is at the extremity of this funnel, with its splendid trees and background of verdure, that the Lloyd mailboats and large coasters of the Adriatic run in to

The Doctor was in search of a lodging. Cape Mation had followed him without even asking him where they had landed. It might be in Dalmatia, or it might be in China, but it mattered little to him. Like a faithful dog he followed his master. He was only a tool, perhaps, a machine, a machine to turn, to bore, to pierce, which the Doctor kept till he thought the time had come to use it.

Having left the quincunxes of the quay they entered the fortifications of Cattaro; then they passed along a series of narrow hilly roads in which is crowded a population of from four to five thousand. As he did so they were closing the Marine Gate-a gate which remains open only till eight o'clock at night except on the arrival of the mail boats. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Washington's Rules of Conduct. One of George Washington's early copybooks contains a list of a hundred and ten "Rules of Civility and Decent Behavior in Company and Conversation." Here are a few of them:

"Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those

"When you meet with one of greater quality than yourself, stop and retire, specially if it be at a door or any strait place, to give way for him to pass.

"They that are in dignity or in office have in all places precedency; but whilst they are young, they ought to respect those that are their equals in birth or other qualities, though they have no public charge.

"Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty. "Be not hasty to believe flying reports

to the disparagement of any. "Take all admonitions thankfully, in what 'time or place soever given; but afterward, not being culpable, take a time or place convenient to let him know

it that gave them. "Think before you speak; prosounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and dis-

tinetly "Speak not evil of the absent, for it is

unjust. "Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals; feed not with greediness; cut your bread with a knife; lean not on the table; neither find fault with what you eat.

"Be not angry at table, whatever happens, and if you have reason to be so, show it not; put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humor makes one dish of meat a feast.

"Let your recreations be manful, not sinful. "Labor to keep alive in your breast

that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

These are not unwise rules; they touch on things great and small. The difficulty with most boys would be to follow a hundred and ten of them. They serve, however, to show what was the standard of good manners and morals among those who had the training of George Washington. - St. Nicholas.

How to Buy Books.

A well known author commends the following rules to be observed by youthful readers who are beginning the collecting of books:

1. Set apart a fixed sum, weekly or monthly, as the case may be, in proportion to your income, and spend that and no more for books.

2. Always devote a portion of your money to acquiring works of reference. 3. Never buy a worthless work or

edition. 4. Take care not to buy too many books of one class.

5. Do not, at least until you have a fair show of books, be deluded into buying sets of an author. 6. Do not spend too much money on

7. Be particular as to the binding of your books.

8. Keep a catalogue of your books, entering in pencil inside each the date of purchase and the cost, and in the catalogue all particulars as to loans. 9. Take care to read what you buy and buy only what you will read-

Rapid Development an Invention.

"I tell you, Bromley, fertures are made in little things. The return ball is an instance of that. Now here's a man invented a horseshoe, readily strapped on w th a buckle."

"Yes. Darringer, I got a set of them for my mare. Do you know, she can put them on and take them off herself?"

"It's a fact. I heard a racket in her stall yesterday and peeped in. She had taken off her shoes and was just about putting on sl.ppers."-Philadelphia

Satisfied With the Assertion. Wife ". The larder is empty." Husband -"So is my pocket-book." Wife-"The coal is gone." Husband-"So is my credit." Wife-"We have no flour in the

louse." Husband-"And I have no money." Wife (emphatically)-"Well, we can't starve."

Husband (relieved)-"Thank goodness. I was afraid we should have to." -Boston Beacon.

owns a chestnut bur containing twenty-one perfectly-formed chestnuts. Three papers in New York-The Citizen, The Cook, and To-day-have suspended publica-

A Juniata county, Pennsylvania, citizen

The Battle of Gettysburg.

The sixth lecture in the Lowell Institute course at Boston on the great battles of the civil war was delivered to have gathered itself together, to by Gen. Francis A. Walker, who took | burst in one fell tornado upon Cemthe place of Gen. Alexander S. Webb, on account of the illness of the latter. The subject of the lecture was Gettysburg. In opening he said:

The month of June, 1863, found

the power and prestige of the Union

arms at its lowest ebb. For weeks the very blackness of dispair seemed to envelop the Union cause. But the natural buoyancy of the national temper caused some anticipation of better fortune to mingle with a stern resolve that had never failed. Now, in addition to the two disastreus defeats that had caused us the loss of 30,000 men, a fresh cause of anxiety appeared. The army was now weak ened by the expiration of the terms of the nine months' men. The return of the nine months' men to civil life withdrew some entire brigades from the Army of the Potomac. The effort was to reduce the army to very nearly an equality in numbers with its deadly foe, the Army of Northern Vir-The events of the preceding 12 month had not been of such a nature as to encourage recruiting at the north. On the other hand, Lee's army was at the very height of pride conscious strength. Should I say that there was on the Union side a corresponding discouragement should lie and should slander both the living and the dead; for the heights of Gettysburg were yet to bear witness that the valor and the endurance of that long-suffering army were not to be destroyed by adversity. Yet it cannot be denied that in the different temper of the two armies lay the secret of the great military advantage on the part of the confederates. Fortunately there was no doubt who should be called to lead the old corps of Sumner. To the majestic chieftain who, on the field of Antietam, had caught the sword that dropped from Richardson's dying hand; who at Fredericksburg, in December, had led the brigade of Look. Meagher, and Caldwell in perfect form, in unwavering lines, across that plain of death, swept from end to end by enfilading fires, against two tiers of musketry, up to the new stone wall at the foot of Marye's Hill; who, on the 3d of May formed his division en Chancellorsville plateau in two lines, back to back, one fronting Gordons ville, the other Fredericksburg, with his artillery firing down the line between holding back the countless hoets of victorious confederates then swarming in from every side, until the road to the Bullock opening was cleared and the moment had come for his own orderly and slow retreat-to him, the lionlike Hancock, the corps turned with one spontaneous impulse as its new commander, [tremendous applause, | and, oh! that the thousands who had fallen in the useless slaughter at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville had been with its colors on that day when Hancock, proud, confident, and glad, superb in manly beauty, and,

longed applause.] After describing the many and important roads from the North cenof which Lee had determined to seize and hold the place, and after parrating the incidents of the opening of the battle, the speaker continued:

color or a gun!"

Meade's headquarters was borne the ghastly tidings that Reynolds had been killed, to which Gen. Howard had made the addition that the First Corps was routed and in flight, as tatement based on the appearance of two regiments which had been outflanked, and had come back in disorder. Immediately on receiving this intelligence Gen. Meade went to Hancock's headquarters at Taneytown, and directed him at once to go to Gettyburg to assume command of the broken forces; to save, if possible, further disasters of the day, and to report whether the position was one which should be held. Gen. Meade's attention was called to the fact that Gen. Howard was senior to Gen. Hancock, to which he replied that he could not help it, that at this crisis he must have a man he knew an I could trust. Hot was the haste in which a soldier like Hancock would proceed to execute such an order in such a crisis. Only those who have been in a case like this know how long a road can be. Yet as mile after mile was spurned from the clattering hoofs of the staff every feature of the ground on either side was eagerly scanned for possible lines of defense. "Upon the field of wreck and disor-

der now appeared Hancock. And, as the sun shining through a rift in the clouds may change a scene of gloom to one of beauty, so did the coming of this prince of soldiers bring frest life and courage to the disheartened bands which were halting uncertainly upon the new line of defense. At his call the brave spirits flamed to their height; the weaker souls yielded gladly to the impulse of that powerful, aggressive, resolute nature. At once the doubtful halt on Cemetery Hili was transformed into the confident assumption of a new line of battle; the tearful stream down the Baltimore road was peremptoriy stopped; shattered regiments as they reached the hills were halted and reseek their regiments with alacrity; commanders rectified their lines and prepared for whatever might happen; tions were occupied with the bravest a view to deterring the enemy from attacking until the reinforcements. now rapidly approaching the field, should arrive. At 4:30 o'clock Hancock dispatched Major Mitchell, of his staff, with word to Gen. Meade that Gettysburg offered a suitable nosition

After describing the second day's fighting, Gen. Walker, coming to the third day of the great battle, said:

"All that is bideous in war seemed etery Ridge. The cannonade had lasted an hour and a quarter, and the ammunition of the artillery is getting low. And now, in the edge of the wood, the column of attack is seen forming. There stand the Confederate chiefs, grim and resolute for their great emprise.

Well they understand the desperate hazard of the struggle in which they are called; their practiced eyes meas ure the intervening spaces, and glance up the rocky wall beyond, and they know that at the best thousands must fall, and that it may all be in vain. Up the slope they rushed with magnifcent courage. At 200 or 300 yards the Union infantry opens its deadly fire, but still the Confederates push forward undannted, though Garnet falls dead in the van. The Union infantry has come up somewhat tumul-tuously, it is true, but courageously, nay, enthusiastically, and has formed around the head of Longstreet's column, four ranks deep. Armistead is down. Every field officer in Pickett's division except Pickett and one Lieu-tenant-Colonel has fallen. The time has come to advance the standards of the Second Corps. With loud cries and a sudden forward surge in which all semblance of formation is lost, the Union troops move upon the now faltering foe. One moment more and all is over. The most of the surviving Confederates throw themselves on the ground, a few thousands seek to escape capture and retreat hurriedly down the hill and across the plain, which is once more shricking with the fire of the artillery, now reinforced by Fitzhugh's, Wheeler's, Alexandier's, and other batteries. Then did the Second Corps go forward, gathering up battle flags in sheaves, and gathering in prisoners by thousands. Thirty-three standards and 4,000 prisoners are the fruits of that victory. And so Fredericksburg was avenged! One man's words spoken there on Cemetery Hill, amid the graves of 4,000 Union soldiers, have forever made all other men's words concerning Gettysburg, except in simple narative, poor and trite, empty and vain: 'The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here."

Licutenant Greety and Celia

Thaxter. The Arctic explorer says that his men, when surrounded by the awful cold and snow of the Arctic night, never tired of hearing read Mrs. Thaxter's poem, "A Tryst." A lady correspondent of the Philadelphia Press who witnessed a meeting between the explorer and the poet thus describes the scene: It was a few weeks after the rescuing vessels had returned, bearing the lew heroic survivors of the ill-fated expedit on. Greely was established at the navy yard at Portsmouth, N. H., and was slowly recovering his lost health breathing the courage which makes and strength, though it was doubtful ail men braver, drew his sword at the at that time if he would ever re-estabhead of that corps which, in losing lish either. One day it was announced 15,000 men in battle, had never lost a at the Shoals that the government tug was approaching from Portsmouth [Renewed and proand the notel piazzas were at once thronged with spectators eager for the least excitement. As the boat tring at Gettysburg, roads on account approached the wharf word was passed around that Greely was coming to visit Celia Thaxter, who inhabited a cottage near the hotel. It was almost with feelings of awe that they saw the "It was about 1 o'clock that to man, who seemed, indeed, to have the seal of God upon his brow, disembark. But as he came up the plank walk, his tall, emaciated form supported on either side by a sturdy companion. the feelings of the people were too much for them, and some one proposed a cheer, which was given with a will, but with voices choked by emotion. Greely could only reply by an inclination of his head and by thanks from

> his hollow eyes. Not stopping, they proceeded slowly across the rocks to the cottage where the poetess was awaiting the man who had come to honor her. As they reached the porch Mrs. Thaxter came forward and extended her hand. Greely took it. dropped on to one knee and kissed it. "I have come," he said, in his husky, trembling voice, "on a pilgrimage to thank the poet for the lines that have lightened many a weary day and night for a handful of men who never expected to see their home and friends again." Here he had to pause, and, raised by the kind, motherly woman, sank into an arm-chair. Among those who witnessed the scene, it is needless

> to say, there was not a dry eye. After he had rested a little and had told of the many times he had read aloud the poem "In the Desolation of the North," he asked her how she could have written it, and if she had ever seen an iceberg. "No" she replied, "but I have lived by the sea, in summer and winter, and I suppose imagination has done therest. "Wonderful!" was all that the pilgrim could reply. In a little while, for his strength began to fail him, he returned to

Tatoeing at Yokohama.

Portsmouth.

A gentleman writing from Yokoha ma says: "The Japanese have acquired such a passion for being tatooed that a law has been passed forbiding the marking of natives. The law does formed. On every hand men began to not apply to foreigners. It is quite the thing now to be tatooed, and elaborate designs are traced on many travellers as an indelible reminiscence ammunition was brought up, a part of their sojourn in the East. The of Wadsworth's division, with the sons of the Prince of Wales, when here Fifth Maine Battery, was dispatched a few years ago, were tatooed, and to occupy Culp's Hill, skirmishers several Russian dukes and sprigs of were thrown out on the front and nobility have undergone the process. right; at all points commanding posi- The son of Longfellow recently submitted to a very elaborate tatoo decshow of force that could be made with oration, and for more than three months was in the hands of the tatooer, who did an amount of work on him during this time that is usually spread over a period of three or four years. This caused, of course, a severe nervous shock which he was only able to withstand by application of hypodermic injections of morphine.