WAXING AND WANING

Hope and the sun are lite as ons-Both largest when they rise; They shrink alike from morn till noon, As life grows old and wise.

With what unbounded hope the boy Begins his world-career!

How wondrous large and bright with joy Do rising suns appear!

- But as the sun grows less and less And paler as they climb The vacant sky, so we confess
- The cold deceits of time. Our boyhood hopes will shrink and fade As boyhood drifts away, And one by one to rest are laid
- The failures of the day.

And yet the sun at noon that turns Its downward course will grow and grow Till in the west it rolls and burns. As large as half a day ago.

So, as we hear that other sphere,

The early hope revives, That all we thought was ours here May be, in other lives.

-Harper's Weekly.

LEFT BEHIND.

It was 10 o'clock of a July morning, and the largest fraction of humanity had been some hours earning its daily bread. The idlers had just risen from the breakfast table. To this latter class belonged the young man who leaned lazily on the piazza railing, and looked absently out on Lake Winnipake. Beside him in a huge chair, sat a little woman rocking to and with an untiring movement, and fro, with deft fingers plying in and out among bright silk and crewels. She was idle, too, in her woman's laborious way, but there was a lack of repose in her in dolence that made it restful to turn again to her brother, who stood in statuesque inaction, looking into the still water below.

"What are you going to do, to-day ?" the little woman asked.

"Nothing."

"There's a great deal going on, and very nice sort of people, too. Do you see that pretty girl down there at the landing ?

The one with red ?'

"Yes, don't you think she's pretty ?" "I hadn't thought of it."

"Well, she is-remarkably. Wouldn't you like to meet her? I could easily manage it."

"I'm not particular. Is she worth while ?"

"Ben, you exasperate me. Do you take an interest in anything ?"

"I don't do anything else m Wall street. I'm off duty now. I believe in resting in a philosophical sort of a way. "Well, I suppose you are tired, poor

fellow! I know how you feel. I am tired myself most of the time." "Tired! I look like it," laughed the young man. "I'll tell you how it is; I

simply want my liberty. It doesn't pay ---this dancing attention on half a dozen girls whom you never see again."

"Oh, well, don't, then. Ben Adams at twenty-one has per-

formed his social duties with great zest. Four years later he was still heart whole, and beginning to take a purely fraternal interest in blushing debutantes. He danced less and went to the opera alone. or with his friend Rutland, a confirmed bachelor of twenty-nine. With entire resignation young Adams acted as usher ing straight toward me!" at many fashionable weddings, and without a sigh saw Catharine, Kate and Kitty

sit still. "Tom, turn this boat instantily, or Fil What'll you do ? Come now; you sit

still or I'll-"Tom, there's the Desert Island just ahead. Don't run into it. Be careful;

you're going straight toward it." "We might land there," he said, blandly. "To be sure we might," said his sister,

glad of anything to divert him from the first schem "All right, just as you say."

Tom turned his boat toward the great rock, which lifted its broad back out of the water. It was fitly called the Desert Isle, for its few square feet of surface supported not so much as a blade of grass or a bit of moss.

"Hop out," said Tom: "Tve got to see to the boat. I guess you can climb up to the top easy enough." "Of course I can," said Josephine; "as if I needed your help, you little

monkey.' In a moment she stood at the top of the rock, and in another moment a derisive laugh came from below.

"Good-by; I hope you will enjoy your self. I'll see you later." Plato says: "A boy is the most vicious of wild beasts." Plato and Miss

Vail were of one opinion on that point. She looked about her and took in the situation. She was monarch of about twenty-five feet of rough gray rocks, the sides of which descended abruptly to the water. Perched high on this 'pedestal, her figure stood out against the sky in bold relief. A book and parasol were her only accessories, for by some happy inspiration she had clung to these. The sun was high in the heavens, but its hot

rays were mercifully tempered by a soft breeze on the lake. Josephine scated herself, raised her parasol and opened her book. She faced the probability that at least two hours of noonday solitude were before her. The

philosophical course of action was to make the best of it. But what a situation to be discovered in! She remembered with satisfaction that a large party had gone on a picnic to day, and the dowagers left behind were not

given to boating at high noon. She tried to think how she should laugh it off if anybody should see her, but under the most cheerful aspect she seemed to herself a little ridiculous spec-To be ridiculous in a good cause tacle. had in it an element of heroism, but the present situation was one of unmitigated absurdity, and Josephene Vail always felt the heroic rather than the comic to be her forte. Once tears of real vexation

started as her head began to throb in sympathy with the hot pulsation of the air about her. An hour had dragged its length when Josephene suddenly lifted her head and

listened painfully. A man's veice sing-ing and the splash of oars, and, yes, in an instant, a boat swung slowly around the bend. One man sat in it lazily singing.

"It's that base creature who watched us off this morning. It's a type I detest. And to think he should see me here! It's really more than I can endure." The girl looked with envy on the tortoise which slipped easily from the base of the rock into the water as he heard the dis-

turbing sound of pars. "I hope he'll have the good taste to suppose I came here of my own free will. He wouldn't think of interfering with me, I hope. What! I believe he's com-

Josephene turned the leaves of her book with an interest that grew every led down the aisle by other men. And moment more intense. But at length so he approached his thirties and within decency required some recognition of the nearing boat. The young man was row-ing now as if he had renewed interest in He was soon at the base of the life. rock.

"No you don't. Leave 'em alone and | ion roused the compassion of Josephine, | THE JOURNALISTIC JOKERS. and she began to talk to him with a des-perate cheerfulness and acceptance of the situation.

"What a cold-blooded little villain that brother of yours must be, Miss Vail, to desert you in this fashion. I suppose we must throw ourselves on his mercy when he comes back. How are you going to account for me? Consider me your man Friday." " Beneath their light talk ran an under-

current of more or less bitter meditation on the part of each. Miss Vail shuddered to think what a good story this would make to circulate among her friends, while Adams foresaw how it would add to the conviviality of the club. He began with the fervent wish that he was out of the scrape. He ended, I am glad to con-fess, by ceasing to envy Robinson Crusoe his desert isle, and considering his own far preferable. There was a breeziness about this girl that made him forget the mounting thermometer. She had a way of going to the point, and, moreover she had a point, two things which Ben Adams told his sister he appreciated in a woman.

In short, by dint of making the best of it, Miss Vail and Adams were both able to express honest suprise when a boat appeared in the distance, and in taking out his watch, Adams found it to be 3 o'clock.

"Now!" was all Josephine said, but there were conflicting emotions in the monosyllable

"Hullo-o!" shouted a shrill voice across the water.

"Hullo-o!" called Adams back.

Blank astonishment wiped all expression out of Tom's face at first, but a broad grin finally made its appearance. "You're a great one, Jo," he muttered. "I'd like to know where you wouldn't

find a beau. Did he drop down out of the clouds?" "Hush, sir; you have been a very naughty boy."

As they rowed home Adams devoted himself to cultivating the acquaintance of the young scapegrace. The latter proved very approachable, and Adams The latter found no difficulty in persuading him to

go fishing the next day. When they were home at last, Josephine took her brother into her room and turned the key.

"Tom, you've treated me very badly to-day. What would you give if I would not tell father? You wouldn' like to be sent back to the military school, you know."

"Say, sis, I'll tell you what," and the little wretch gave a wink of immense sat-isfaction; "if you won't tell on me, I won't tell on you. Honor bright." "Mrs. Adams," said Mr. Ben Adams to

his wife at their wedding reception a year after. "Don't you think we might af-ford to tell people how we met; I never knew a secret kept better. I nearly knew a secret kept better. I nearly ruined myself buying up that preciou brother-in-law of mine. You see, I thought on your account I wouldn't let him tell: I didn t care; I liked it. I had no business to, you say? But I liked it, nevertheless. Here are Rutland and his Mary. Let's tell them the story. They know we're going to Lake Winnipake for our honeymoon."

Saved by an Albatross.

The Sidney (Australia) Telegraph says: A singular story has been related to us by the master of the bark Gladstone, which arrived there from London. While the vessel was in latitude forty-two degrees south and longitude ninety degrees east, a seaman fell overboard from the starboard gangway. The bark was scudding moment more intense. But at length along with a rough sea and moderate decency required some recognition of the wind, but on the alarm of "man overboard " being given, she was rounded to and the starboard lifeboat was lowered, manned by the chief officer and four men. A search for the unfortunate man was made, but owing to the roughness of the sea he could not be discovered; but the boat steered to the spot where he was last seen. Here they found him floating but exhausted, clinging for dear life to the legs and wings of a huge albatross. The bird had swooped down on the man while the latter was struggling with the waves and attempted to peck him with its powerful beak. Twice the bird attacked its prey unsuccessfully, being beaten off by the desperate sailor battling with two enemies-the water and the albatross-both greedy and insatiable. For the third time the huge white form of the bird hovered over the seaman, preparatory to a final swoop. The bird.c. ager for its meal fanned its victim with its wide-spread wings. Suddenly a thought occurred to him that the huge form so close to his face might become his involuntary rescuer. Quick as thought he reached up and seized the bird, which he proceeded to strangle with all his might. The huge creature struggled with wings and pad-dles to free itself. In the contest the sailor was beaten black and blue and cruelly lacerated, but he held his own, and slowly the bird quivered and died. The carcass floated lightly on the waves, its feathers forming a comfortable support for the exhausted man, who had narrowly escaped a lingering death. But another danger awaited him. He was not much of a swimmer, and the excitement of the extraordinary conflict began to tell upon him. He was faint and grew giddy. But with one arm around the albatross' body, under the wing, and one hand clutching the bird's feet, the sailor awaited his chance of rescue. Presently he heard his comrades shout from the boat, and in a few minutes more was safe on board the berk, though a good deal shaken and exhausted.

LAUGHABLE STORIES FOUND IN OUE EXCHANGES.

An Amateur Astronomer-Shortening a Sentence-Used to It-The Beat Beaten-The Man at the Window.

"I see by the Transcript that the comet has three tails," said the man on the soap-box in the grocery store the other night.

"Well, I don't know to what comet the paper specially referred," said an-other member of the congregation, " but four or five nights ago I saw a comet with nineteen tails. You may look surprised, gentlemen, but I saw it. There might have been more tails to it, but I counted only nineteen. I saw it during the late sleet while I was standing on my head near my front stoop. I have had no desire to make a second observation. -Middletown Transcript.

Shortening a Sontence.

Emment Statesman-Yes, but I am out of politics forever. Worker-Bill says you can easily get a

portion of the delegates. "Yes, but I am out of politics."

"Jim says he will turn in his votes for vou.'

"Yes, but I am out of ----" "Mike estimates that you can get

balf."

"Yes, but I am out-

"More than that." "Yes, but I am-"

"Over half."

"Yes, but I-

"Jake offers his votes."

"Yes, but-"And I will give you mine. That

makes your nomination sure. Will you accept?"

"Yes."-Philadelphia Call.

Used to It.

At a hotel in a neighboring town recently there was quite a rumpus in a room to which a card party had retired. Before the disturbance ceased three men were knocked senseless, two tables and a mirror were broken, a door smashed in, and the fire department called out, while all the guests filled the hall and the ladies screamed murder. After it was all over a peaceful snore was heard issuing from an adjoining room. Some of those present who had a curiosity to see who could sleep through such a noise, pounded on the door until they extracted a sleepy "Hello!" and a night-capped head soon appeared at the door, and the voice at-tached inquired:

"What's wanted ?" The situation was explained, and the

stranger replied : "Been a row, ch ? Well, I don't mind snch little affairs. I was brought up in a

college town and boarded next door to a theological seminary .- Chicago Tribune.

The Beat Beaten.

"You've got some nice wood over there in your yard," said a seedy-looking tramp to an Austin avenue lady. "Yes," said the lady of the house.

"I would like to carry it in for you,"

said he. "My husband intends to carry it in,"

to the traditional gondola at all. In the Siamese Venice it is far otherwise. The she replied. main street is the river, and there are no "Well," said the tramp, "I will carry it in and pile it up nice if you will give me my breakfast." side streets at all. Your opposite neigh, bor lives upon the other bank, and be

At this offer the lady consented, and

the tramp went to work After he had carried in a couple of

where, and many of the houses, moored to posts by short cables of rattan, rise armfuls the lady stepped to the door and found him sitting on the pile with his claws on his knees and his face buried sels. Indeed, with the exception of one in his hands.

" Is this where they knock a man down and rob him?

The man at the window smiled.

"Because, it's no more nor less than highway robbery to send me a bill like that! Twelve dollars for gas for Janu-ary, and the meanest kind of gas at that !!?

The smile continued.

here?"

He smiled.

He nodded.

He nodded.

He heard.

suit first !"

fingers.

"Yes'm."

"Why people will stand such outrageous treatment is a puzzle to me," con-tinued the man, as he flung his money in after the bill. "I never burned six dollars worth of gas last month, and I'll swear to it!"

The rebate was deducted, change made, and the man at the window passed "Yes, it's robbery!" muttered the

other, "and I'll be hanged if I can't lick any three gas-men in Detroit !"

He expected a reply, but none was iven. The smile faded out to some exgiven. tent, but pernaps that was because the pen made a blot on the ledger. The next comer was a short, fat woman with an eye full of brimstone, and you could see that she was aching for a riot.

"Can I have my pocket picked in

"And robbed of the bread which my

"And swindled out of money that I

"Oh! I thought so! Here is my gas

"Do you hear me-over six dollars !"

going, and that was shut off for four straight nights! And I can bring twenty

witnesses to swear that the gas was so poor that I couldn't read the accounts of

He brushed up his hair and glanced out of the window.

neighbors has advised me to stand a law-

"But I will pay it this one time, as my sister is sick and I don't want the

lawyers kicking in the doors and climb-

He held out his hand. "But another time I'll law you-Fill law you from Halifax to Haverstraw be-

fore I'll pay! There's the money!" He made change, whistling softly to

himselt, and as she put the bill in her pocket she snapped out: "Even a grave robber ought to have a

But he didn't hear her. He was figur-

ing at the ledger again .- Detroit Free

Siam's Floating Capital.

In many points Bankok is more Venetian than Venice itself, writes a

traveler. In the queen of the Adriatic-despite those "bright streamlet veins"

about which modern poets make such a

stir-one can walk through fully two-thirds of the town without being indebted

fore calling on him you have to call a

boat. The native children play in the

water as they would play on land else-

and fall with the tide like anchored ves-

He drummed on the desk with his

"I'll never pay it! Every one of my

"And I didn't have but one burner

fatherless children are crying for?"

have had to work for like a slave?"

bill. It is over six dollars!"

the flood in my newspaper !"

ing through the windows."

little conscience !'

Press.

a year of them leaned idly over the piazza railing at Lake Winnipake, and declared to his sister that "Robinson Crusoe was the luckiest fellow of his acquaintance. Give me a desert isle for a summer sojourn. What would refresh a man like 'going back to savagery!"

"I don't think it would be enough of a change to benefit some I know," laughed his sister. "Well, Ben, all I can say is, you are very different from what you use to be."

In the meanwhile the boat below pushed off, and Adams followed it with his eyes, chiefly because it would have been more trouble to look another way. The young lady in the stern was Miss Josephine Vail, and the boy at the oars was her twelve-year-old brother. Josephine was a young lady of views supported by more or less logic and by what some thought an extremely pretty face. Her enemies -but she had none-would have said that while she despised conventionalities no one was more annoyed when obliged to disregard them, and while she resented the protecting limitations of her sex, she was quite willing to accept the attentions based on the theory of their existence. Her father said one day: "Nothing would take the kinks out of Josephine like settling down with a good husband." The young lady took it in high dudgeon, and went away meekly to wonder if it were true. On this particular July morning Josephine accepted her brother Tom's services as oarsman, not because she was not perfectly able to row herself, but because it would keep Tom out of mischief.

"Don't rock the boat, Tom. It doesn't frighten me, but I can't read."

There was a pause.

Row near the bank, in the shade, Tom."

Another long pause. "Say, sis," said Tom at length, "now we're off, I'll tell you where we're going

"Where you're going ? Why, you're going to take me out for a row." "Not much. I'm going two miles

about to see some fellows who are camping out."

"And going to take me ? I think you are mistaken, sir. Give me those oars."

"I beg your pardon," he said, as he raised his hat; "can I be of any service to you?"

"You are very kind, sir. You find me in a very absurd condition." "You have evidently been shipwrecked.

Are you the sole survivor?" "No, not shipwrecked, but put ashore

and abandoned by my cruel tyrant of a brother. To tell you the truth, sir, I am the victim of a practical joke. My little brother has left me here while he goes farther up the lake to visit some friends who are camping there." "I beg you will make use of my boat,

then, to return. I will come up to you in one moment."

Leaping out of his boat before Miss Vail could say a word he drew it up on a low shelf of the rock and quickly reached her side.

"Let me help you," the young man said, with such a firm assurance of good breeding that she made no resistance or attempt at independence, but accepted the proffered aid in a quiet, matter-of-

course way. "Your boat! your boat, sir!" she suddenly cried. It was too late. The rising breeze drove the water with such force against the rock so as to dislodge the boat, and before Adams could grasp it, it was gayly tilting about, a half dozen yards away. The two looked at each other a mo-

ment and then laughed, though both were conscious of its being questionable taste.

Adams sobered and said: "Can you ever forgive me, Miss-

"Miss Vail; I am Miss Vail." "And I am Mr. Adams. Can you be magnanimous enough to forgive me?" "That is the question I should ask

That is the question I should ask vou." "Ah, you evade mine. At any rate"I

shall never forgive myself. A worse bit of bungling I never saw. The truth is, Miss Vail, I have had very little experience in rescuing fair ladies. You are the first whose life I have tried to save. I am no hero, as you see.'

The genuine annoyance of her compan-

Our great thoughts, our great affec-tions, the truths of our life, never leave us. Surely they cannot separate from our consciousness, shall follow it withersoever that shall go and are of their na-ture divine and immortal. is the ma

eat since day before yesterday," and he is as picturesque as itself. Far out at again covered his face with his hands. sea you descry along the eastern horizon This seemed to rouse the lady's sympathy and she went in and soon returned with an excellent breakfast. After he had swept everything from the board he arose and said: "Thanks, my good lady, for this sumptuous re past. Now let me give you this advice: Never again let your sympathy get away with your discretion. I'm off. Ta, ta!" and he walked majestically out the front gate. The tramp had gone but a short distance when he became deadly sick. He seated himself on a curbstone, and a few moments later, having two or three violent spasmodic contractions of deep dye of vellowish brown, which anthe stomach, he lost his ill-gotten breaklast. Indeed his stomach would have followed suit had it not been thoroughly dovetailed to his diaphragm. He believed that he was poisoned, and he became very much alarmed. As soon as he regained strength enough to get to his feet he slowly retraced his steps and found the lady standing in the front door.

#"Madam," he said in piteous tones, 'my breakfast did not stay on my stom-I believe I'm poisoned." ach.

"That is not to be wondered at," said "I suspected your little game, havshe. ing been caught once before in the same way, so I prepared myself for it by dosing your coffee with tartar emetic. Now let me give you a little advice : Never again everything. Ta, ta!" and she shut the door in his face. The tramp started sorrowfully down the street, wondering, no doubt, where and how he could get a breakfast that would stay with him .-Texas Siftings.

The Man at the Window.

You would have said as you looked him over that he was a man of fiery temper, and that it would take over two "sass words" to make him peel off his coat and sail in for victory or death, but you would have been sadly mistaken. He was writing away in his ledger when a man came in, shoved his gas bill into the window, and said :

long straggling road running parallel "What is the matter r said sac. "Oh, lady," said he, looking up, "I land might just as well not be there at am so weak, for I have had nothing to all. The approach to this singular place with the river along its left bank the sea you descry along the eastern horizon a dim procession of purple shadows, which, as you near them, resolve themselves into bold rocky islets, with green clumps of wooding scattered broadcast over the dark red sternness of their gloomy cliffs and craggy ridge. One by one they are left behind, and now there begins to rise out of the smooth sea, far away in front of us, something that looks at first sight like an endless line of soldiers in battle array. These are the trees of the Siamese coast. Soon the water all around us turns thick and soup-like, wearing a nounces more plainly than words that we are approaching the mouth of the "beautiful, the pea-soup colored river" that flows by the town of Bankok. All in a moment the fout beer-colored stream and the low mud-banks on either side, and the long, dark, leathery mangrove leaves, which quiver like snakes' tongues in the rank, white fever-mist that curls up through them from the rotting depths below are transformed into a fairy land. The broad, smooth river, now bright with the silver sheen of the moonlight, now fading into ghostly shadow, forms a back-ground worthy of Dante. Here and there amid the black masses of forests twinkles a solitary point of fire, showing where some Siamese fisherman has built his lit-tle nest of bamboo and dried grass amid let your rascality get away with your this strange wilderness, which is neither breakfast. To beat a dead beat bents land nor water, but a weird chaos of both. But these lights, and the shadowy boats that flit past like phantoms ever and anon, are the sole tokens of human life in the depths of this grand and lonely stillness, unbroken save by the hollow rush of the swift, dark current speeding onward to the sea. By day this mighty jungle would be simply a foul and unwholesome swamp; but by night it is transformed into a scene of enchantment through the magic of that triendly darkness which, like charity or a lawyer's wig, covers a multitude of sins.

> Out of 39,000,000 mechanics, 8, 000 are paupers in England and on continent.