

THE FORT OF IRON SAND.

All day and all day
On their distant shore,
With the billows dash,
And the breakers roar,
We builted and builded,
With eager hand,
At last we builted
Our fort of sand.

The white ships sailed by
To their distant land,
And the sea-gulls flew
By the curling strand;
With the billows dash—
Pounded and pummeled—
While the wild spray sprinkled
Our fort of sand.

Built turreted and wall
And rampart complete;
Till the sun went down
On the day too fine
And at night, the high tide,
With steel-edged hand,
Blew out—and forever—
Our fort of sand.

But that summer day,
And the happy night,
And one sweet child-face,
With its glances bright—
There were tears yet
When we builted and builded
Our fort of sand.

Laura Sayred, N. Y. Independent.

AN AMATEUR MURDERER

A Good Reason for Telling the Story at This Time.

Now that the chances are that I shall be nominated for Congress next election, I have been looking over my past life, and I can't help but admit there are many incidents in it that if unexplained will seriously jeopardize my chances of being at the head of the polls. Supposing that in the heat of the contest my opponent suddenly charged me with being untrustworthy for the country, that that, on my own confession, I very much fear that is the result of a political meeting I would not be heard with that patience that would enable me to clear myself in the minds of the less partisan of the audience.

Do you? Well, I couldn't very well do that, because the charge would be true, and it is well known that whatever else a politician may do, he can never never tell a lie. He is like the only-headed boy of the poem, or George Washington, or a newspaper in that respect.

So I rather choose to tell the facts of the matter while the public mind is reasonably calm, and then have this account capitulated in the form of a circular during the contest. If the charge is at that time brought against me.

A friend of mine, a first-rate fellow and an artist—in fact the terms are generally synonymous—was installed master of a Masonic lodge, and after the ceremony he gave a grand dinner at Anderson's Hotel, the Masonic tavern of Fleet street, London.

The ceremony took a great deal of time, and when the banquet which followed was over it was very late. I found that all conveyances had stopped for the night. I tried to engage a cab, but as I lived a long way out, the cabbies showed great reluctance in accepting so distant a fare. The night was clear and the walking good, so I struck out and determined on the way to see some unfamiliar parts of London at an unfamiliar time. I buttoned my overcoat about me and started out on foot. After I had gone several miles through the silent town, meeting no one but an occasional policeman or some vagrant like myself, I began to regret that I had not put up at one of the down-town hotels. An unaccountable thirst took possession of me and this was the more remarkable as I had done what I could during the dinner to quench it. Of course at this hour there was no place open where a tired wayfarer could refresh himself.

Looking down a side street I saw a bright light stream out on the road, and I said to myself that I could likely get at least a glass of water there. I found this place to be apparently a public house. It stood on the corner and had large windows, covered on the lower half with red curtains through which a person could not see, but to judge by the sound of revelry within there was no lack of something to drink. It seemed strange that any place should so defy the law, but I was thirsty and went in. The moment I opened the door there was an instant rush and every one looked towards me as well as they could through the clouds of smoke that filled the room. A rough bar was erected to the right of the entrance, and behind it were barrels of beer. A stalwart barkeeper was filling glasses from these barrels without the aid of the ordinary useful ornamental beer pump.

"I'll take a glass of beer, if you please," I said, putting down my money. "Beer, sir? Yes, sir," said the man. But he made no motion to fill my order. He looked toward the end of the room and a burly man in his shirt sleeves came forward.

CURE FOR INSOMNIA.
A Simple Method of securing Refreshing and Uninterrupted Sleep.

I had frequently noticed that when engaged in deep thought, particularly at night, there seemed to be something like a compression of the eyelids, the upper one especially, and the eyes themselves were apparently turned upward, as if looking in that direction. This invariably occurred, and the moment that, by an effort, I arrested the course of thought and freed the mind from the subject with which it was engaged the eyes resumed their natural position and the compression of them ceased.

Now, it occurred to me one night that I would not allow the eyes to turn upward, but kept them determinedly in the opposite position, as if looking down; and, having done so for a short time, I found that the mind did not revert to the thoughts with which it had been occupied, and I soon fell asleep. I tried the plan again with the same result; and after an experience of two years I can truly say that, unless when something really annoying or worrying occurred, I have always been able to go to sleep very shortly after retiring to rest.

There may occasionally be some difficulty in keeping the eyes in the position I have described, but a determined effort to do so is all that is required, and I am certain that if kept in the down-looking position, it will be found that composure and sleep will be the result. —Chambers' Journal.

Inquiring child—"Pa, what is the difference between sitting up and sitting down?" Pa (with perfect confidence in his ability to explain)—"Why, my child, when somebody is standing up, and he seats himself he sits down, and when he doesn't go to bed and sits down he sits up." Pa (with a dawning doubt of his ability to make it quite clear)—"Now, see, my child, if he sits down, why, he—I mean if he sits up—Go to your ms., and don't ask me questions when I'm busy."

"Cot for it! Don't stand there, but run!"

"Why?" I asked, "what have I done?"

"They think you're an informer, Run!"

"I'll go back and show them I'm not an informer. What should I inform about?"

"Oh, don't stand there but go!"

They've too much drink in them to listen to you. Cut for it or there'll be murder!"

With this the door was closed as softly as it opened, and thinking that perhaps the woman knew better than I, what sort of companions she had, I cut for it."

Before I got around the corner I noticed three men come out, and seeing me cutting for it they followed, but not with as much haste as they would have done. I thought if they wanted to catch me. Nevertheless, I found I had turned the next corner when they were at the first turning, and as they came into the light of the corner lamp I noticed that each had a stout stick in his hand. I ran down the next street and in a few moments saw why they did not hurry. I was, in a trap. Up in the darkness before me loomed the huge brick viaduct of a railway that can above the houses. Against this ended the street and there was no way out except the road by which I came.

Just as the position of affairs dawned on me my three pursuers appeared at the other end of the street. There was a lamp about half way down the street and I reached it a little before they did.

"Well," I said, dejectedly, "I suppose it's all up. I see you know me."

"You won't know yourself when we have done w'ya," said the foremost ruffian.

"Oh," I exclaimed, "I give myself up. I am tired of hiding, and intend to give up to the first policeman I meet. But you may as well have the reward among you, I suppose. It won't make any difference to me."

"What reward?" cried another of the gang.

"The one hundred pounds. You know, of course, that I am Brown, the murderer."

Now, here was a curious phase of human nature. Up to that moment they had been pressing around me, each waiting for the others to strike first. But the moment I mentioned my name they fell back aghast, as if it would have been contamination to touch me. And yet they were themselves going to make a brutal assault that for all they knew would end in murder. Brown was not the name of the murderer that all London was searching for at that time, but that name will serve. He had been a week in hiding, with the tolls getting closer and closer around him. He had been seen in every quarter of the metropolis, and many a man over his glass of beer had told how he had passed him, or spoke to him, or thought he had. My three ruffians consulted together for a moment. The startling announcement I had made had sobered them. These were sentinels watching at the doors of gambling dens, ready to give warning at the moment of danger. The doors are iron-clad, and on inspecting several we discovered the marks of the sledge-hammer, where on previous occasions the police had broken in. In one square, on the right and on the left, there must have been two dozen such places, and perhaps as many pitiful women slaves peering out of their little grained windows. These things are all known to the authorities. Their openness more than justifies the report that bush-money is paid to the police. One can not but conclude that the Chinese are an undesirable population, not merely, as the average Californian will tell you, because he works more cheaply than the American, and sends his money out of the country and brings leprosy in, but, more than all, he is a moral leper, corrupt and corrupting, and no community can harbor him and daily see and tolerate his vices without contagion.—Cor. Baltimore American.

ANIMAL DEVELOPMENT.

Each Which All Breeders of Live Stock Should Work For.

"There's the picture of Brown," said the foremost ruffian.

"I am not handsome, but I did not in the least resemble Brown."

"Now," I said to the three ruffians, "I am even more much oblige for your help than I did in that blind street. If you have no other charge against me than the trivial one of murder you had better go before I tell my story."

"Will you go quietly with us to the station?" said the foremost ruffian.

"Certainly. Two of you can take my arm and the other follow with my stick. I could n't get away if I tried."

They declined to touch me, but one walked on each side while the third followed.

* * *

"This is Brown, the murderer," said the foremost ruffian to the sleepy inspector at the station, which we reached after a long walk.

"What?" cried that functionary,

as he sprang up wide awake.

The two policemen who were sitting in on a side bench jumped to their feet. I slipped off my overcoat and stood in the dingy station in all the dazzling glory of full evening dress. The ruffians rubbed their eyes. If a transformation such as had taken place, of course a man may be a murderer in a dress suit, but that is not the popular conception of him.

The policemen looked at me and began to laugh.

"There's the picture of Brown," said the inspector, pointing to the wall.

I am not handsome, but I did not in the least resemble Brown."

"Now," I said to the three ruffians,

"I am even more much oblige for your help than I did in that blind street. If you have no other charge against me than the trivial one of murder you had better go before I tell my story."

They seemed to agree with me and hastened left—"Luke Sharp," in Detroit Free Press.

But he made no motion to fill my order. He looked toward the end of the room and a burly man in his shirt sleeves came forward.

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FRISCO'S CHINAMEN.

What May Be Seen in the Chinese Quarter of San Francisco.

One marked feature of San Francisco of especial interest to Eastern visitors is the Chinese quarter. There are said to be 30,000 people in the city, of whom about 30,000 are Chinamen. The number, owing to the restrictive legislation by Congress, is steadily diminishing, and the citizens look forward hopefully to the time when the Chinese will cease to be a disturbing factor in their population and industries. Under the care of an experienced guide, acquainted with the language and people, we made an evening visit to Chinatown. We noticed several joss-houses, where were all the paraphernalia of heathen worship. These places are a source of revenue and the privilege of keeping them, it is said, is sold to the highest bidder. Here are the altars, the incense, the burning lamps, the images and the worshippers, but in them all we saw no evidence of reverence or of religious feeling. Some of these temples are decorated with elegant woods, carvings, sermons, bronzes, images and hangings of golden embroidery. One place of interest we visited was a banquet hall which the Chinese call the "House of Heaven." It is the grandest of all the Chinese temples, and is said to be the most sumptuous in the world.

Chinese's sores are apt to appear at almost every meal alike, and looking at ancient pictures, they seem as if they had been the same as far back as we can go. An intelligent Mongolian in this city, however, assured the writer that this is not so, and that great changes of fashion have occurred in later years, while the shoes of different classes of people differ both as to shape and material. No doubt it is a wealth of ours, which causes us to think every Chinaman's shoe to be iniquitous, subject to the various and changeful symptoms indicative of liver complaint, nausea, sick headache, constipation, furred tongue, an ulcerated nose, and dull rheumatism in the neighborhood of the other organs, insensitivity of the blood and loss of appetite, signaling it as one of the most distressing, as it is one of the most common of maladies. There is, however, a being specific for the disease and all its unpleasant manifestations. It is the compound of the Chinese physician, H. S. Ho, which is called "Ho's Pill." It is a medicine which achieves results speedily, painlessly, and without any disturbance to the system, invigorates the feelings, conquers kidney and bladder complaints, and hastens the cure of all the other diseases of the body.

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