JUST BLOOMED.

Come, Marie, take your feathered hat,
And shoulder cape, and piquant muff,
Some repartees, a laugh, a glance,
And in your sleeve a sly rebuff—
Come, Marie, come!

Come dancing down the stairs, and call
Some clever remark that sounds divine;
Be saucy at your mother's care
About your wraps; say and decline
About your gloves.

I know not why a foolish girl
Should seem so wise—to be so sweet;
Nor why, without a glimpse of soul,
You are a creature quite complete,
And somewhat rare.

Let me but gaze upon your cheek,
And catch the fervor of your eye,
And note the dimple at your lip
When I declare that I shall die
Without your love!

—Rose Hawthorne Lathrop in The Century.

A FUGITIVE.

Comely Mistress Sally Suydam sat on a low bench beneath the apple tree in her back yard, shelling peas. Delicate petals from the fragrant blossoms overhead dropped upon her; the blue bird, perched upon the hollow stump hard by, sang to her a song of spring and sunshine; the fresh morning breeze, that made ripples all across the golden surface of Flushing bay to mark its progress, came to lift caressingly the soft brown curls on her temples. Before her, on an upturned pail, rested a gaunt old man, with white hair, and long, bony fingers that were interlocked over his knobby knee.

"Indeed," spoke Mistress Suydam, continuing her conversation, "it is hard that Abner should be so long away from his home and in peril of his life, but he would be no true American did he lag at his wife's apron string when his country has need of him. And, of a truth, instead of repining, I should rejoice daily that he is still alive and at liberty. I think I would rather hear that he had fallen on the field than that he was a prisoner in the cruel hands of the British"—

"In that Jersey prison ship. Verily, it is wondrous that men endure to live in that hell upon earth if the half that is told of it be true."

"The half of its horrors hath not been told!" exclaimed a suppressed but distinct voice from the clump of lilac bushes behind Mistress Suydam. The good dame gave a little jump and an exclamation of alarm, while the gaunt man sprang to his feet. Peering in the direction of the voice, they saw under the bushes, close to the ground, the haggard, yellow face of a man with great, wild eyes and tangled hair and beard.

"Who are you, and what want you here?" demanded Mistress Suydam, stoutly.

"Robert Jameson; a fugitive from the Jersey prison ship am I, and sore in need of all that man may need to live."

"Come forth, man; come forth. You shall need no longer here," responded the old man, earnestly, going toward him.

"Back—back! Keep your distance, man! There is death in my garments—the poison of the prison fever. Stand aloof; but I pray you lay some food where I may get it without coming anigh you."

While he spoke Mistress Suydam reflected, and when he had ceased, quickly took the ordering of affairs in her hands. Giving to the old man—who was none other than the patriot parson Egbert Ellis—a suit of her soldier husband's clothing, she instructed him to see that the fugitive, after casting away his infected garments, bathed in the creek at the foot of the garden, and then put on the clean raiment, by which time she would have a good breakfast ready for him—and with the clothing she sent a generous glass of rum to keep him warm in his bath.

When Jameson's hunger had been appeased, he told his story:

"I was taken prisoner through the running down of the boat I was in on the Hudson, and was put aboard the prison ship three months ago. The night before last I sprang overboard, being willing rather to die than live longer there; but coming ashore a little below the tide mill, I managed to make my way into the country, and since then, hiding when I could, and running when I dared, I have fled thus far, eating nothing until now. How anxiously I listened to your speech, to learn if ye were friends or foes!"

"Is life on the prison ship indeed so terrible as men say?" asked Mistress Suydam.

"Only the dead have learned all its horrors, but the living there know enough to madden them. Twelve hundred men are crowded in a space that would not suffice for the healthful keeping of one-fourth so many. They are scantily fed upon tainted meat and vermin infested bread, so that violent and fatal disorders are rife among them. The dreaded fever hath broken out, and so rages that at times as many as two hundred die of it in a night. Through sheer malignity the British officers refuse water even to those parched with the fever, and find sport in seeing their burning thirst drive them mad. Often in the inky darkness of the lower gun [illegible]k, where they are confined at night, [illegible]tling cry is heard, 'Look to your[illegible] [illegible]ne here hath gone mad and he [illegible]s.' And the madman, know[illegible] he does, slashes right and [illegible] weapon, until in self de[illegible] kill him—and all that in [illegible] that much amuses the

"Lord, let death seize upon them, and let them go down quick into hell," ejaculated the pastor, in fervent quotation of the psalmist.

"Amen!" responded Jameson between his clinched teeth, continuing his narrative. "It is a common sport with them to cast apples among the prisoners to set them fighting. The wretched men, whose minds are weakened by their sufferings, seem maddened at sight of the tempting fruit, and will beat and tear each other, with claws and teeth, like starving, ravenous beasts, to get possession of it."

"Lord, let burning coals fall upon them; let them be cast into the fire, into deep pits, that they rise not up again," broke forth the parson.

"Men are shot down like dogs by the sentries, excuse therefor being found in the slightest breach of discipline."

"Woe unto the wicked! It shall be ill with him, for the reward of his hands shall be given him."

Mistress Suydam's cheeks were very pale, and her eyes blazed with indignation. Each of the excited parson's scriptural quotations were expressive of her sentiments, but she did not open her lips until he uttered, as a prayer:

"Lord, root them out of the land of the living; pity them not, nor spare, nor have mercy, but destroy them utterly."

Then she very earnestly ejaculated, "Amen!"

All that day Robert Jameson lay in hiding among the bushes back of Mistress Suydam's house, resting, sleeping and rapidly regaining his strength, while she watched over his safety and fed him.

Parson Ellis went away. Before taking his departure, he told the fugitive:

"I am over here on a mission in which it may be God's will that I shall lay down my life, and, indeed, the chance for it is so great that I set small store by the boat that is moored in the bay near the mouth of this creek. If I come off alive I shall easily find another boat. This one you had better take, and, as soon as the moon has set to-night, sail for New London, where you will be safe. Go not before, lest you be overhauled on the sound and recaptured."

"I will never be taken alive," answered Robert, firmly.

"You are a brave man, and I do not doubt your intent, but we are all in the hand of God. If you reach New London safely give the boat in charge of Ebenezer Holden, whom you will easily find. And now, farewell."

Robert feared to remain in the house, lest he might be surprised by a party of the British dragoons, who, as he was informed, were continually scouring the island. Near nightfall Mistress Suydam came rushing down to him from the upper window where she had long been sitting, watching that she might note the approach of an enemy far off.

"The dragoons are coming!" she cried to him.

A dozen of them were coming down the road at an easy, swinging trot, with Capt. Tileston at their head. Of course the fugitive imagined that they were in pursuit of him, but they were not. He was supposed to have been drowned and eaten by the sharks, numbers of which savage creatures were attracted to the vicinity of the prison ship by the prey that was either tossed to them or that voluntarily leaped overboard. The dragoons had quite another object than his capture in their coming. But he thought only of flight.

He ran swiftly down the brook, crouching below the line of rank grass that margined its banks, until he reached the bay where he plunged in and disappeared. Day was ended by this time, but the early rising moon gave so clear a light that he did not dare to attempt reaching the parson's boat, though it was only four or five rods from where he took to the water. A couple of the dragoons rode leisurely down the bay, and there sat upon their horses, chatting. They were discussing the catching of spies who were supposed to land there from the Connecticut or New York shore. Presently Capt. Tileston, with four more men, joined them. They had stopped to search for rebels in Mistress Suydam's house. The captain had a plan.

"It is useless," he said, "for us to attempt the capture, upon the water, of those Yankee spies, who have eyes like hawks by day and owls by night, and could see us long before we could see them. We must let them land. As I have sharper sight than any of you at night, I will conceal myself in the boat and watch for them. You will hide in yonder clump of woods. When they land I will signal to you by imitating the plover's cry, which way to dash to fall upon them—once for this way, twice for that—and at the same moment will seize their boat to cut off their retreat."

So it was arranged. One of the dragoons waded out to the parson's little sail boat and drew her in so that the captain could step aboard dry shod, after which he moored her out again. Then the dragoons went away into the woods, and the captain lay down in the boat to watch and wait for events. Events were rapidly approaching him that he had no conception of.

A big, floating bunch of sedge grass drifted out from near the shore toward the boat, slowly approaching it closer and closer. At length it seemed to lodge against the boat. The captain did not notice it. He was looking in the opposite direction. Noiselessly a head rose out of the water behind him—the head of Robert Jameson—close by the bunch of floating grass. The next moment a long arm reached over the low side of the boat, and a powerful hand gripped the captain's throat—gripped it with such ferocious energy that it cut off his breath, made the world turn black before him, and seemed to paralyze him. Before he could make a movement of self defense or a sound, a man rolled into the boat upon him, and seizing one of his big holster pistols that he had laid beside him, dealt such a blow upon his temple that he was stunned and lay as still as if dead.

When the captain recovered his senses he found himself bound hand and foot with the anchor rope. His captor had stepped the mast. The little sail was bellying full with a favoring southeast breeze, and the shore was far behind. The next morning he was turned over to the military authorities at New London as a prisoner.

Robert Jameson was regarded as quite a hero in New London, where he promptly re-entered the service, and fought bravely until the end of the war, in Abner Suydam's company.—J. H. Connelly in Frank Leslie.

How a Girl Punished Her Brother.

A funny thing happened on Chestnut street the other day. A handsomely dressed young lady was walking along rather hurriedly below Tenth street. Through the coil of hair on the back of her head was carelessly thrust a very pretty miniature dagger, made of silver, one of the present fashions of the sex. Behind the lady walked a young man whose eyes rested upon the dagger from time to time. As they approached Ninth street the young man stepped quickly up and drew the dagger from the lady's hair. She did not notice it, but a policeman did, and his brawny hand came down upon the young man's shoulder just as he was putting the dagger in his pocket.

"Oh, it's all right," said he. "She's my sister."

"I'll ask her," replied the officer, and he hurried after the lady, the young man with him. Having overtaken her, the youth explained the matter, and asked his sister to tell the officer what a stupid mistake he had made. The lady appeared for a moment to be a little bewildered; then, in a freezing tone, she said: "I do not know him, officer; arrest him."

The dagger having been returned to her, she walked quickly down the street, while the officer conducted the young man by way of Sansom street to the station. An hour later he was released, when there was a big laugh all around at the neat manner in which the sister had turned the joke on the brother, in which laugh, however, the brother did not join.—Philadelphia Times.

An Old Superstition.

There is nothing so tedious, so aggravating to the sailor as a dead calm. Drift, drift, drift, day after day, the great burning sun overhead reflected on the waters until the eye becomes wearied with the eternal brightness. The sailors go about their work listlessly. Not so the officer of the deck. He does not heed the heat nor the stream of perspiration pouring down his face. He paces the poop with a quiet, nervous tread, whistling for a wind. Yes, he is scanning the horizon north, south, east and west, and with his whole soul whistles for a wind.

This is an old, old belief of the sailor. This superstition at least cannot be traced to the propitiation of the gods. It probably had its origin in the impatience of the mariner, who, while his vessel lay becalmed, remembered with regret the hoarse moaning and shrieking and whistling of the wind and involuntarily tried to imitate it. And this supposition is strengthened by the character of the whistling. The sailor does not whistle "Annie Laurie," or any other popular song. It is a series of short and long sounds, now high, now low, like those produced by the wind blowing in its might through the ropes and rigging.—San Francisco Alta.

Buying Cigars in Russia.

To get a cigar anywhere in Russia you must buy a whole box. It frequently happens, however, that the whole box contains but one cigar. Boxes are never broken, and the purchaser can make examination of the weed only through the glass cover. You cannot tell till you buy and are permitted to break the seal just what the article is. Every box of cigars or cigarettes has a glass lid or cover, and you can see the article you purchase, but you cannot feel or smell it.

Generally when you ask for a cigar a large box is handed to you. This has a cover of glass so large that you can see well what the article is. When you have selected the quality desired from a number of boxes laid out for inspection, you make known how many you desire, and the dealer—the "tobac fabricker"—gives you a box containing the exact number. Thus boxes of one, two, three, five, six, etc., are made of every quality. Most of the cigars are very bad—the domestic manufacture generally intolerable—and the price is high.

This mode of guarding against evasions of the high taxes on cigars has been followed a long time. It grew out of the proposition laid down by Ivan the Terrible, Peter the Great and other czars, who held that all Russians were thieves and should be watched. I have heard a Russian proverb which declares that "Our Savior would rob also if His hands were not pierced." The guard kept over the sale of tobacco is extremely close. While nearly everybody smokes, very few chew, and chewing tobacco is rarely found on sale.—Moscow Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Cook of the Elysee.

It appears that amid the incessant changes which have taken place in the personnel of the French Third republic, there is one distinguished personage who manages to hold his post. Presidents may come and go, ministries may rise and fall, but the chef of the Elysee palace remains to console all parties with his good cheer. The family name of this important functionary is a kitchen secret, which may some day be divulged. At present he is known only as "Le Bel Alfred," and the rival of Gambetta's famous "Trompette." His salary is fixed at 12,000 francs a year, and he is allowed to make perquisites. Under M. Grevy he was not able to "faire danser l'anse du panier" much, owing to the simplicity of the ex-president's table, but he hopes to make up for lost time under the new president. "Le Bel Alfred" has reminded M. Carnot, it is said, that the way to most people's hearts is down their throats.—Pall Mall Gazette.

LIVES OF THE SHAKERS.

STEADY HABITS BRING TO THEM LONGEVITY AND HAPPINESS.

Ann Lee's Followers Have Six Settlements at Different Places in America. A Visit to One of the Communities. Some Queer Customs.

Situated in the beautiful valley of the Connecticut, about 150 miles from New York, is a community of people known by the name of "Shakers." The correct name is "Believers," but from their peculiar manner of worship the common or outside people "dubbed" them "Shakers." Their leader was Ann Lee, born in Manchester, England, in the seventeen hundreds, who, with her husband and brother and a few followers, commenced to hold their meetings peculiar to their religious belief—that is, of the "celibate life" being the only true way; but this not suiting the people, she was arrested and thrown into prison. There then appeared to her in visions messages from above, telling her to take with her her followers and come to America and spread the new gospel. She was released, and with her followers, eight in all, arrived in America in 1798. Her persecution was not stopped after leaving the old country. A storm arose on the sea, and the captain was half inclined to throw them all overboard, but only through the prayers of Mother Ann were they saved. Her husband left her here in this country, and she and her few followers started on their mission. Her persecution here was terrible, as she made a number of conversions to the new faith and got many followers. Mother Ann was a great medium, and at "Niskiuna," now Watervliet, N. Y., where the final settlement was made, she is buried. These people claim forty years' advance of the Rochester knockers, better known as the Fox sisters.

We arrived at the office of the camp, where we were met by two of the sisters, and were invited into the sitting room. We were invited to dinner, which comprised plain but well cooked fare.

NEATNESS OF EVERYTHING.

After dinner, by the aid of a guide, we inspected the brothers' and sisters' rooms, the meeting, reading and dining rooms, which are complete with all the modern improvements—hot and cold water, baths, etc. We were struck with the neatness of everything. In each room hangs the broom, duster and dust pan. The walls were as white as snow, and the floors were polished like a looking glass. Leaving that, we visited the barns, and there we saw one of the finest and largest herds of Jersey cattle that could be brought together, all of which were registered, as none but full bred can be. We next visited the dairy, where the bright pans, the patent creameries and churns were admired. We visited the boys' and girls' workshops, the sisters' quarters and the carpenter shop. After a little rest we took a tramp through the orchards, consisting of pears, apples, plums of almost every known kind. On a little knoll on the side of the orchard is the cemetery, the little white stones with the name, age and date of death inscribed on them. Very few died under 60, the maximum being 69, a pretty good showing that they are not very short lived.

As night drew on, feeling tired, we were shown to our rooms; the sisters took care of our female friends, while a brother did the honors for us. According to the rules, no one brother and sister can walk, talk, ride or work together, and visitors who stay over night, be they married or not, must come under the same head as regards the sleeping part. It was our privilege to stay over Sunday. We breakfasted on the piazza, and were invited to attend a meeting.

In the meeting house were arranged on one side, in their snow white caps and straight dresses and white shoulder capes, the sisters; on the opposite, the brothers in the same order. A hymn is sung and after a few remarks by the elder or eldress both sides form by twos and march around the room, singing at the same time. At the regular march the elbows are placed at the sides; the hands, with palms turned upward, keep time in the marching. In the slow march the hands are dropped at the sides, with a swinging motion, the body slightly bending forward. They thus marched, counter marched circles and half circles with the precision of a "crack" regiment. After the meeting closed each side filed out to their respective rooms. At the meeting in the evening at 8 o'clock there was no marching, but singing, speaking and reading.

VERY INDUSTRIOUS.

The Shakers are a very industrious people. They arise at 4:30 in the morning, except in November, December and January, when they arise at 5. The brothers who attend the milking are on hand at the barn by 5 or before, and the milk is delivered at the dairy before 5:30. The churning is also done at that time. The sisters have the tables set and breakfast is ready at 6, dinner at 12 and supper at 6. The meals are all eaten in silence. The brothers and sisters kneel in silent prayer before and after meals. After this is over each brother or sister knows what his or her duties are, and gets ready for the day's work. Each does an equal share, and in unison, which makes it easier. Mother Ann's motto was "Hands to work and hearts to God." They are makers of numerous kinds of patent medicines.

There is a saw mill, carpenter shop, broom factory, preserve and pickle factory and steam evaporator for apples, corn dryer, from whence is got the Shaker sweet corn. In case any of the brothers or sisters are taken sick the best of care is taken of them, and if they should die they are placed in a plain coffin covered with white, an emblem of purity and the simplicity of their ways. The body is placed in the vestibule of the meeting house, while the brothers and sisters speak and sing appropriate hymns, after which the body is taken to the cemetery and consigned to the earth.

The Shakers do not mingle with politics or anything peculiar to the outside world, any more than selling the products of the farms and orchards. About 1,000 acres are worked at this place. Their principal markets are Springfield, Mass., and Hartford, Conn. Some years ago they made cider, but have given that up. Neither do they raise tobacco, and no brother can use it until he is over 40 years of age. The regularity of their habits no doubt leads them to such long lives.

The settlements are at the following places: Lebanon, N. Y.; Enfield, Conn.; Hancock, Mass.; Alfred, Me.; Canterbury, N. H., and Union, Ky.—New York Press.

A NEW MOTOR WANTED.

Something the World is Waiting For. Electric Locomotives.

The world is ready for a new motor—is actually expecting and waiting for it. What it will be no man can tell, but just now it looks as though electricity was destined to supplant steam in many of the mechanical processes, or at least to be used in the distribution and application of power furnished by steam generated in great quantities and economically at central points, or by waterfalls or the tides of the sea. Electric motors have already been so perfected as to demonstrate not only the ease with which the power produced by a dynamo may be distributed, but its adaptability to almost every purpose for which power is required.

Nearly thirty street railways are already operated by electric motors of various kinds, and successful experiments are making here and elsewhere with electric locomotives. In several manufacturing centers electric power is supplied for driving printing presses and other machinery, and wherever it has been introduced it has been popular, the principal objection being its cost. And even that obstacle to its general use will no doubt eventually be overcome. The steam engine, in its infancy, was a crude machine, wasting all but a very small portion of the power generated; but a Corliss invented a "cut off," and other ingenious men devised improvements in boilers and the means of utilizing fuel, and we have the perfected steam engine of today.

So, too, when the electric lamp was first successfully lighted, the cost of supplying it with an electric current was so great that its popular use was said to be out of the question. But improvements were made in dynamos, and economies in operating them were introduced, until electric lamps today compete successfully with gas lights, not only in the quality of the illumination they give, but also in the cost at which they are furnished. The electric motor, which already is admitted to possess many advantages over the direct use of steam power, will next be made as cheap as the latter, but whether it is to be the motor of the future or not, time alone can tell.—Frank Leslie's.

A Puzzle.

Mother (to Kitty, who is not too modest to be vain)—Did you have a pleasant evening at Auntie Bell's, dear?

Kitty—Delightful, mamma. Everything was so pleasant, and Mr. Postlethwaite told me I was as pretty as a picture.

Mother—You must not listen to flatterers, Kitty.

Kitty (very thoughtfully)—I know it isn't sensible, but, mamma dear, how shall I know they flatter unless I listen to them?—Harper's Young People.

A Warning.

Hall Boy—I d'spise dem p'tic'lar gents frum d' soufwest!—Judge.

Eugene Field's Watches.

I went fishing in Wisconsin last August, and fearful that harm might befall my gold watch if I took it with me, I bought a Waterbury watch for $2.50 and wore it. One day I dropped it in the bottom of the boat and it came all apart, with a succession of terrifying reports. I never before saw so symmetrical a case of instantaneous and complete dissolution. The larger intestine spread all over the bottom of the boat and curled up over the starboard side. As it lay quivering and groaning there, I fancied for a moment that I had shipped a monster eel or some other kind of marine reptile. I towed the debris ashore and showed it to a doctor from Racine (Dr. Davis, a scientific man of profound research), and he has assured me, after critical examination and analysis, that the intestine of the Waterbury watch closely resembled the human bowels, being provided with a secum, a colon, a sigmoid flexure and all that sort of thing.

Some years ago I had a great deal of quiet fun with a watch of my own devising. I had Giles Bros., of this city, put a stiff spring into a large, hollow, silver watch case. Whenever I turned the stem the spring would make a noise loud enough to be heard thirty feet away. I used to wind up this awful thing between acts at the theatres, and people wondered what kind of a watch it was. Occasionally I would let the watch drop on the floor; then I would pick it up nonchalantly and resume winding it. Eventually I gave the device to Henry E. Dixey, the actor.

Just before going to bed at night is the time I wind my watch, and it is a duty I never forget or neglect. My watch gains five minutes every two days, so upon every second day I set it back five minutes, thereby cheating the jeweler, insuring correct time, and preserving my watch from baleful tinkering. My 10-year-old boy has a Waterbury watch, which he wears proudly. Very often when I come home at night I find a note from him pinned to my pillow: "Dear Papa: Pleas wind my wach for me I am to tirred."—Jewelers' Weekly.

Retaliation Demanded.

Paterfamilias—Did my boy buy this whistle of you or did you give it to him?

Clothing Dealer—I gave it to him, sir.

Paterfamilias—As an advertisement, I suppose? In order to increase your trade?

Clothing Dealer (cheerfully)—Yes sir.

Paterfamilias—Very well. I shall never trade with you again.—Lowell Citizen.

According to a paddock rumor Jockey Garrison is to be a horse owner again. He has found a partner, and will purchase a string of high-class horses. H. E. Smith, a wealthy man of Brooklyn, is the partner's name. Garrison will manage the stable, making entries and looking after the business end generally.