

WHEN THE NEW WEARS OFF.

He was a youth, and she, a maid,
Both happy, young and gay,
They loved—and life to them was fair.
At once continuous May
The crockers saw this marriage,
And said, "Ah, love is blind;
You're happy now, but care will come,
When the new wears off, you'll find."

They married, and then their life grew rich
With calm, ripe joy;
They were an man and wife more fond
Than when as girl and boy.
Their "friends" could not endure the sight,
And said, with worldly wit,
"It will not be so bright and fine,
When the new wears off a bit."

Ah, well, the new wore off, of course,
And then, what did they find?
An oldness which was better far,
For Love is not so blind
As selfish Care; and loving hearts
New joys will always meet,
So, when the new wears off, they'll find
Old love the more complete.

—Myrtle Koon Cherryman in Detroit Free Press.

LOVE AND POISON.

Old Dr. Sylvester Baird does not practice now. He is retired upon a very fine income, the result of long years of practice, very successful too, in a medical point of view, and being a bachelor loves to gather such of his old cronies as time has spared about him, unawed by the presence of petticoats or the domineering of grown up children, whose rapid modern views are intolerant of old fashioned ways, and who, although they do not express it in so many words, show that they are weary waiting the independence and power that money brings, and which they know must be their portion when hand and brain that patiently gathered it are hidden away in the earth, with their lying griefs cut in the cold and repulsive graveyard marble.

One night the doctor and a few of his gray cronies were gathered around the blaze of his fireplace, in his solidly comfortable sitting room, comparing notes on a case of strychnine poisoning that had startled the town. From this special theme they drifted away to a general discussion of the peculiarities of poisons and then to poisoners, those who pursued the dreadful trade of poisoning others for lucrative gain or place or power, in ages gone by. The doctor of divinity was especially well versed in all of the horrible cases of poisoning by the Borgias of olden days, especially that far famed prelate, Cesare Borgia, who, as many historians allege, in conjunction with his father, concocted the plan of poisoning four of the wealthiest cardinals at an evening party in the Villa Corneto; but by mistake the poison, which was mixed with wine, was administered to Alexander VI and Cesare himself. But Cesare was saved, having partaken of but little of the drugged wine. All the rest died. Then Cesare seized upon the papal treasures, but was afterward overthrown and banished.

It would seem from what the reverend gentleman advanced that he believed that everybody connected with the noble classes in those far back days were poisoners, and that every ambitious man or woman made his or her way to power through the medium of the poison cup. And then, a natural sequence to the process of reasoning indulged in by the cloth, he laid all the blame upon the theological tenets entertained by the people in those days, drawing from one of the retired merchants present the cynical observation, "How strangely like a woman the average clergyman reasons!"

Whereat all present, inclusive of the good natured clergyman himself, laughed pleasantly, while the latter continued in his hit and miss observations. He was satisfied from his reading that as a rule poisoning was originally confined among the higher classes of society, and from this he drew the homily that as a rule adversity drew families closer together than prosperity; he was positive that adversity drew friends together with hooks of steel.

When ambition stepped in the hooks of steel that bound friends together relaxed their grip, jealousies were fomented and the glitter of gold dried the dewy eye of friendship. He did not think, barring insanity, that a case of poisoning ever occurred among people in humble life. He had yet to hear of such an instance. Talk as you will, he asserted, the humbler classes are the closest to God and are the most obedient to his will.

Dr. Baird, who had his eye bent upon the fire while the not unpleasantly voluble clergyman was talking, looked up as he closed and said: "One of your concluding remarks somehow reminds me of a strange case that came under my observation while I was in practice in one of the largest cities of the United States. A watchman was taken suddenly ill while pacing his beat at 2:30 o'clock in the morning, and was carried home."

"The nearest physician, myself as it happened to be, was hurriedly called, and hastening thither I found the man in great distress. Administering something to alleviate his pains, I came to the conclusion that it was a case of poison by strychnine. I put up the proper medicine, and on inquiry found that Dr. C. was the regular family physician. The watchman's wife was a handsome English woman, about 35 years of age, who stood at the foot of the bed during my ministrations to her husband, with nothing peculiar about her except a pair of piercing black eyes. I do not know that I would have remembered the expression of her eyes

but for the fact that the watchman, in an interval of his paroxysms, groaned out, "Oh, doctor! I was all right until I ate that little piece of pork."

"I happened to look up at the time and found the wife's eyes bent upon my face with a sharp scrutiny of suspicious inspection. But there was trouble written in her face, and I attributed the look at the time to the natural anxieties of a wife. I had a more important case on hand for that morning, and giving the necessary directions to the woman, together with instructions to call the family physician next day, and believing that the watchman with the necessary attention was in a fair way of recovery, I retired.

"But the watchman died. I read of the fact in the newspapers, but found that no suspicion attached in the case; poison was not even hinted at. I remember only entertaining surprise at the time, but as the time went by the affair grew upon me to such a degree that I was constrained by curiosity, which amounted to partial mania, to investigate. One day I happened in to the health office, where the record of deaths and their causes are kept, and turning to the proper name found that the watchman's death was attributed to the intense heat which prevailed upon the night when he was found writhing upon his bed.

"It instantly occurred to me that Dr. C., whom I knew, must have known from the man's general condition, as well as the medicine which I prescribed, that it was a case of strychnine poisoning, and I must confess that it struck me with a suspicion, which I instantly repelled, that the doctor was in some way particeps criminis. I made it a point, however, to casually throw myself in his way, and to raise the question of the death of the watchman. The first few words which the doctor dropped convinced me that he was in no way mixed up in the mysteries of the death."

"He stated briefly that when he was called the man was dying, with only a few breaths left in his body. The wife had informed him that I had been gone but a short time before he was called, and that I had said her husband had been overcome by the heat and something the watchman had eaten, which disagreed with his stomach. The fact is Dr. C. had not been called in until the afternoon. On comparing notes Dr. C. became interested, and knowing the people in the neighborhood, where he was often called, began a course of cautious inquiry, and in the course of time gave me the following facts:

"When the watchman died, and while the preparations for the funeral were going on, the widow gave great scandal to the neighborhood on account of her deportment. Her face was absolutely radiant with the happiest of expressions and the sound of her voice was as joyous as the expression of her face. She talked glibly on the most trivial of subjects and welcomed people as though a wedding instead of a funeral were going on. Noticing finally that some of the callers were shocked at her actions, she became demure and silent, and called up an affection of sudden grief, but it did not last long; the old radiance came back, and it seemed that the short time of her simulated grief redoubled the intensity of her broadly apparent happiness when her natural feelings triumphed.

"In due time after the burial of her husband she drew \$2,000 insurance money from a life insurance company, and, disposing of such effects as she had, bought tickets for herself and family of three children to England. It was only after her departure that Dr. C. learned that the medicines which I had prescribed had not been administered, but had been thrown in a closet, where they were found intact subsequently. She told a neighbor that her reason for doing this was that she was a Catholic, and would not give her husband, a Protestant doctor's medicine.

"Having started into the investigation together, Dr. C. and myself extended it to the subsequent career of this woman. On her arrival in England, where, as it transpired, her girlhood's lover lived, she sought him out, and found that he had entered the British army as a common soldier. But, nothing deterred by this, she flew to his arms, and they were married, although she knew him to be a common drunkard, only saved from a drunkard's grave by the rigid discipline of the army.

"And ere long she also knew that she was indifferent to his selfish egotism and swinish character. She loved him and she was near him, and that was all she cared. He beat her, but she loved the hand that rained the blows upon her head. He squandered every dollar of the money which she possessed, and when his regiment was ordered to the West Indies he left without even taking a farewell look at her as she lay, not only in a bed of sickness but in a bed of poverty, with her three children in the poorhouse. She only wept, but never upbraided her heart's love when she heard how he had brutally deserted her."

As the doctor ceased the cynical merchant hummed the line, "The love that makes the world turn round."—J. W. W. in Detroit News.

Young Henry George Savage, who is exploring some of the unknown lands of Japan, is a grandson of Walter Savage Landor, and an artist of note. He has traveled into the interior of Hokkaido and to the Kurile Islands, going on horseback 2,800 miles and walking some 400 miles. For seventy days he lived entirely on raw fish, seaweed and rice.

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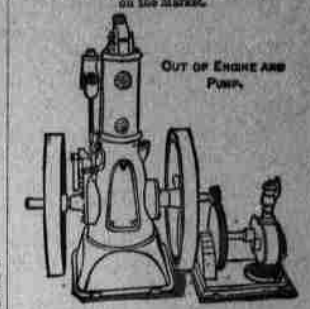
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