

ONLY A DRUNK.

"Only a drunk," with his garments all tattered, Telling a story of want and despair; Over his temples the rude winds have scattered. Long, straggling locks of thin, silvery hair; Bleeding and bruised by his fall, where they found him, Face like the hue of the ashes when cold, Helpless he lies in the strong arms around him, Homeless and friendless, and wretched and old.

"Only a drunk," yet the mother who bore him Smiled as she patted his fair dimpled cheek; Kissed him so tenderly, bent fondly o'er him, Watching his slumbers, not daring to speak; Called him her darling, her pet and her beauty, Praised his red lips and his bright, roguish eyes, Thinking of him made a pleasure of duty— Each day's return brought to her glad surprise.

"Only a drunk," yet a father's heart bounded, Looking on him as his pride and his joy; Listened to hear while the praises were sounded, Of his light-hearted and beautiful boy; While by his side he would sit oft and ponder, Picture the manhood of such a fair youth, Never once thinking how soon he might wander Far from the pathway of virtue and truth.

"Only a drunk," yet society gave him Honor, position and riches in store; Even as he fell stretched a hand out to save him, Gave and forgave much, yet still would give more, Friends he had once, tho' by a now forsaken; Home, credit, influence, power for good— Gone now, like leaves which the chill winds have shaken; Only a wreck where a palace once stood, Gone is the blush of his childhood's fair morning, Gone all the brightness of youth's glowing day— Gone past redemption and gone without warning Manhood's proud strength, and left only decay.

Out from the arms of the dear ones still pleading, Low with the brute in the mire he's sunk— Food for the just as still downward he's speeding, Not 'en a man now, he's "only a drunk."

"Only a drunk," yet the Savior, so holy, That which was lost came to seek and to save; Wept o'er the prodigal, pitied the lowly, Rescued the thief thought in sight of the grave; Told of the joy which the bright angels cherish, As they look down from the mansions above, When they behold one just ready to perish, Saved by the grasp of an infinite love.

"Only a drunk," but there's hope while life lingers, Up to his rescue, still, still there is time; Weave bands of love with kind Charity's fingers, Hold him to heaven with faith that's sublime, See from on high how the Savior is reaching Down to redeem him from sin's dreadful taint; Mercy and grace for him still are beseeching, Sinner he has been, but may be a saint.

THE WISH RING.

A young farmer who was very unlucky sat on his plow a moment to rest, and just then an old woman crept past and cried, "Why do you go on drudging day and night without reward? Walk two days till you come to a great fir-tree that stands all alone in the forest and overtops all other trees. If you can hew it down, you will make your fortune."

Not waiting to have the advice repeated, the farmer shouldered his axe and started on his journey. Sure enough, after tramping two days, he came to the fir-tree, which he instantly prepared to cut down. Just as the tree swayed, and before it fell with a crash, there dropped out of its branches a nest containing two eggs. The eggs rolled to the ground and broke, and there darted out of one a young eagle and out of the other rolled a gold ring. The eagle grew larger, as if by enchantment, and when it reached the size of a man, it spread its wings as if to try their strength, then, soaring upward, it cried: "You have rescued me; take as a reward the ring that lay in the other egg; it is a wish-ring. Turn it on your finger twice, and whatever your wish is, it shall be fulfilled. But remember there is but a single wish in the ring. No sooner is that granted than it loses its power and is only an ordinary ring. Therefore, consider well what you desire, so that you may never have reason to repent your choice." So speaking, the eagle soared high in the air, circled over the farmer's head a few times, then darted, like an arrow, toward the east.

The farmer took the ring, placed it on his finger, and turned on his way homeward. Toward evening, he reached a town where a jeweler sat in his shop behind a counter, on which lay many costly rings for sale. The farmer showed his own, and asked the merchant its value.

"It is n't worth a straw," the jeweler answered.

Upon that, the farmer laughed very heartily, and told the man that it was a wish-ring, and of greater value than all the rings in the shop together.

The jeweler was a wicked, designing man, and so he invited the farmer to remain as his guest over night. "For," he explained, "only to shelter a man who owns a wish-ring must bring luck."

So he treated his guest to wine and fair words; and that night, as the farmer lay sound asleep, the wicked man stole the magic ring from his finger and slipped on it, in its place, a common one which he had made to resemble the wish-ring.

The next morning, the jeweler was all impatience to have the farmer gone. He awakened him at cock-crow, and said: "You had better go, for you have still a long journey before you."

As soon as the farmer had departed, the jeweler closed his shop, put up the shutters, so that no one could peep in, bolted the door behind him, and, standing in the middle of the room, he turned the ring and cried: "I wish

A DOG'S FOUR TALES.

Explaining a Memorial Inscription That Did Not Tell Enough.

Among the hundreds of New Yorkers in the Catskill Mountains the other day were Cyrus W. Field, Dr. J. Marion Sims, F. B. Thurber and Joseph Jefferson. The visitors risked their necks going down and up the rickety stairways, only to look at bare rock, over which a mighty volume of water was not pouring. On their way they read an inscription cut into the stone, about a noble dog that had, in 1876, leaped down the precipice. I asked the showman, on reaching the top, how and why the brute had done such an undoglike thing.

"He was a trick dog," was the reply, "belonging to the circus that went through here. His master left him on the platform and started down the gorge. The man got half-way down across yonder where the stairs turn and then whistled. The dog heard the call, sprang up on the railing, lost his balance, and went whirling down through space to the rocky bottom, being of course instantly killed by the fall."

Five minutes after, Field and Sims caught their breath, with the usual difficulty, after a climb up the stairs, and used it instantly to ask about the dog.

"He was a trick dog," said the exhibitor of the dry cataract, "and belonged to a circus. Had been learned to run after stuns and fetch 'em back. The man what owned him throw'd a stan over the railing of this ere platform, and the dog jumped over after it. That's how it happened."

"Did you see it?" Mr. Field inquired.

"I was a standin' right here when it happened," and the man pointed out the exact spot as conclusive evidence.

It was his word against the guide-book now. Five minutes later Mr. Thurber put the inevitable question. Field and Sims had departed, and I turned away all but my ears so as not to influence the man in his choice between the two stories. Two? It turned out to be a third.

"The dog was a p'inter," said he, "and he heard a partridge some'r over yonder. He didn't know nothin' about the gorge, 'cause the boardin' was tight from the floor up to the ceilin', jest as 'tis now. So he jumped clean over, and that was the last of him."

I hung around to see the earth yaw and swallow him; but before it had done so, Mr. Jefferson came up. He called for the dog story, and got it like this:

"The dog was a 'normous big St. Bernard. He belonged to a lady that was stoppin' here at the hotel, and she had a child that he sort of guarded. Well, that day the lady took the child down the gorge. The dog was asleep, exactly there where you're standin'. The child got dizzy and scared, half-way down, and giv' a scream. That 'wuk the dog, and he leaped plum' over the rail, kerflop down to the rocks."

"And broke into half a dozen separate dogs," said I.

"What makes you say that?" the man asked.

"Because it needs a separate dog for each story."

"Look here, now," and his tone was apologetic in the extreme; "if you had to send that dog down the chasm twenty to thirty times a day, the season through, you'd feel like giving yourself a little variety."

HOW FIELDING MADE MRS. HUSSEY ILLUSTRIOUS.

"Henry Fielding was fond of coloring his pictures of life with the glowing and variegated tints of nature, by conversing with persons of every situation and calling, as I have frequently been informed by one of my [i. e. J. T. Smith's] great-aunts, the late Mrs. Hussey, who knew him intimately. I have heard her say that Mr. Fielding never suffered his talent for sprightly conversation to mellow for a moment; and that his manners were so gentlemanly, that even with the lower classes, with which he frequently condescended particularly to that, such as Sir Roger de Coverley's old friends, the Vauxhall watermen, they seldom outstepped the limits of propriety. My aunt, who lived to the age of 105, had been blessed with four husbands, and her name had twice been changed to that of Hussey; she was of a most delightful disposition, of a retentive memory, highly entertaining, and liberally communicative, and to her I have frequently been obliged for an interesting anecdote. She was, after the death of her second husband, Mr. Hussey, a fashionable squire and mania maker, and lived in the Strand, a few doors west of the residence of the celebrated Le Beck, a famous cook, who had a large portrait of himself for the sign of his house at the north-west corner of Half-moon street, since called Little Bedford street. One day Mr. Fielding observed to Mrs. Hussey that he was then engaged in writing a novel, which he thought would be his best production, and that he intended to introduce in it the characters of all his friends. Mrs. Hussey, with a smile, ventured to remark, that he must have many niches, and that surely they must already be filled. 'I assure you, my dear Madam,' replied he, 'there shall be a bracket for a bust of you.' Some time after this he informed Mrs. Hussey that the work was in the press; but immediately recollecting that he had forgotten his promise to her he went to the printer, and was time enough to insert, in Vol. III., page 17, (book 10, chapter iv.) where he speaks of the shape of Sophia Western: 'Such charms are there in affability, and so pure is it to attract the praises of all kinds of people.'—It may, indeed, be compared to the celebrated Mrs. Hussey."—[His Times.]

COQUETTES AND CONQUESTS.

The Different Classes of Women Who Play With Hearts.

The mere suffering which a man undergoes at the hands of a coquette is not in its first effects so greatly to be deprecated. It is in the consequences that lies the deepest wrong which the insincere woman does to the man who loves her. For the distrust of her whole sex which grows upon him, and the conviction that neither she nor her kind are worthy of the best that is in his nature, she is responsible. The disdain which he may feel toward her cannot greatly injure him. But the spirit in which he regards the tendency in his nature which looks to woman for the truest support of his life, and the systematic hardening of those qualities in him which reach out instinctively to the feminine side of humanity, are soul hurts, which are not healed when the pain of the deceived love has passed. His judgment of the whole sex cannot fail to be biased by his experience of the woman who has most deeply interested him. Thus it is that the coquette, by lowering the whole standard of womanhood in the eyes of man, injures her own sex as well as the other.

The forms of coquetry are infinitely varied, and some of them are more reprehensible than others. The woman who undertakes conquests simply for the glory of displaying at the wheels of her chariot the captive she holds by the rosy bonds of love is the commonest type. As her coquetry is of the most patent kind, its wounds are rarely severe or lasting, and yet there is a certain vulgarity about this spirit of conquest which makes this type of women dangerous to both men and women.

A more subtle and disastrous influence is wielded by the woman who is bent on the scientific analysis of the various effects produced by the tender passion on men of different character and nature. She has little pigeon-holes marked with different characteristic names, and into these she classifies every new specimen. She is apt soon to discover that the pigeon-holes may be very few, and that nearly all the men she meets will fit exactly into one or another of them. When she has arrived at this conclusion she is satisfied; two or three good specimens of every sort having been coolly analyzed and properly pigeon-holed. It is variety and not quantity she desires, and, having already become quite familiar with the manner in which a certain species of the genus homo is affected by the greatest of passions, she allows many possible victims to pass by without an effort or desire to add them to her collection; but if a specimen hitherto unclassified crosses her path, she is ready with her little dissecting knife to peer into the labyrinths of a new phase of human nature.

Another class, perhaps the most dangerous one into which we are dividing coquettes, includes those women who fancy themselves in love with each fresh lover. These are emotional and sympathetic women, who, being incapable of strong feeling themselves, are borne along by the force of a passion which fascinates them, and which they would gladly reciprocate. In their often renewed disappointment at finding that the new lover cannot make them forget themselves, they feel a sense of injustice to themselves, and never dream that they are not the injured ones.---[A Newport Aquarelle.]

THE SODA FOUNT.

The boy behind the soda fount! What reeketh he of care— His finger on the thingumbob That squirreth empty air? What knoweth he of misery, Since all his mission is To rake in nickels carelessly, And fizz and fizz and fizz?

Full seemly proper serveth he The flavors we may name, And eke as sirupitiously He draweth of the same; Pineapple pale and ginger ale, And berries, straw' and rasp; Then tizeth he the throttle valve To gasp and gasp and gasp.

O boy behind the soda fount, What wickedness is thine! With frock alone thou brimst up This thirsty heart of mine! But thine—ah! thine is brimmed with wine Of youth, and thum, and thum, In life's first "bust," but only just To squirt and squirt and squirt. —[J. W. Riley.]

ITALIAN DOCTORS.

The October Century contains some amusing experience of "A Foreigner in Florence," who says of Italian doctors: "Physicians have, like judges of the criminal courts, no social position and no knowledge of medicine, according to our ideas. They are, as a rule, far behind the age. They still cling blindly to bleeding,—unless they have changed during the last few years,—and weaken their patients by the old system of dieting. I have seen cases conducted with such ignorance of the commonest laws of nature as would make any of our physicians faint with horror. Heat, starvation, and dirt are their general remedies for almost everything. In cases of scarlet fever,—which are not common, however,—they order the doors and windows to be carefully shut, that no breath of air may get to the patient,—absolutely drawing the bed-curtains around them; forbid washing of any description, even to the hands and face, and no change of bed or body linen during the entire illness.

"There is one malady prevalent in Italy which I sincerely believe to be produced, nine times out of ten, by their doctors, and that is military fever. Unless a patient's symptoms in the beginning of an illness indicate the disease very clearly, the doctor, on the principle of 'when in doubt play trumps,' pronounces it 'miliare'; but there being no eruption, which is an evidence of that disease, they regard it as suppressed, and so, very dangerous. They then proceed to produce a rash by covering the poor sufferer with as many blankets as he can bear, excluding every breath of air from the room (canning him, so to speak), and then forbidding any nourishment saving the weakest of weak broths. Now, as this special fever is usually brought on by overheating, and consequently should be treated by a cooling system, they succeed in producing the disease in its full glory, and all, and they then set about curing it, which of course, becomes a doubtful undertaking, so weak is the patient from heat and fasting.

"A friend of mine, spending a few weeks in Florence, was taken ill with what proved afterward to be an internal cancer. She sent for Doctor Z—, one of the most noted of the Florentine doctors. It was August and very hot, and his orders were not only to shut out the air and cover herself with blankets, but to remain entirely immovable—not to stir hand or foot. She carried his wishes out faithfully for twenty-four hours—not even raising her hand to brush a fly away—and then, becoming nearly crazy with nervousness and weakness, she sent for an English physician. If you had seen his look of horror when he came into the room!

"Open the window," he almost shouted; "take off those coverings; get right up, and lie on the sofa. In a week you will be able to go on to Paris.

"And in a week she did go on to Paris.

"The Italians love medicine, and have the greatest faith in it. They take it not only for every little ailment, but after a fit of anger or grief."

AMBER.

Some very interesting researches have recently been made on the flora of the amber-bearing formations of East Prussia by Messrs. Goepfert and Menges. In ancient times there must have been in this part of Europe a group of conifers comprising specimens from almost all parts of the world. Among the splendid specimens of the California conifers were the redwood, the sugar pine, and the Douglas spruce; and of the examples of the Eastern States were the bald cypress, red cedar, thuja, and the Pinus rigida; from the eastern coasts of Asia were the Chilian incense cedar, the parasol fir, the arbor vite, the glyptostrobus, and the thuyopsis; and the Scotch fir, the spruce, and the cypress of Europe, and the callitris of Southern Africa. It appears that the deposits of amber for which the Baltic is noted are the product of generations of these resin-bearing trees. The richest deposits are situated along a strip of coast between Memel and Dantzig, though the real home of amber has been supposed to lie in the bed of the Baltic between Bornholm and the main land. It consists chiefly of their debris, forming a popular mixture known as blue earth, which appears to exist throughout the Province of Samland at the depth of 80 to 100 feet, and to contain an almost inexhaustible supply of amber. Immense quantities of amber are washed out to sea from the coast or brought down by rivulets and cast up again during the storms or in certain winds. The actual yield by quarrying is 200,000 to 300,000 pounds a year, or five times the quantity estimated to be cast up by the waves on the strip of coast above mentioned.—[London Times.]

Queen Marguerite of Italy holds her receptions on quite a democratic scale. Instead of persons being led up to the queen to be presented, she herself makes a progress round the room, giving her hand to each one, accompanied by a few pleasant words of greeting.

WAS MAN DESCENDED FROM A BEAR?

In a cave near Morrison, Col., I have found a number of bones that look to me like those of a human creature that may have been half bear and half man. But there may be bears' bones and men's bones in the same cave. I am convinced that these are among the most wonderful discoveries ever made by a zoologist or anatomist. We found bones of shell fish and many crinoids imbedded in rocks. The undisturbed remains of creatures that have lived and died a natural death are beside the bones of creatures that must have served the cave-dwellers for food. It has been held for a long time by geologists that man must have been a contemporary of the cave bear. I hope to establish the truth of my idea that he may have been something more than a contemporary—let us say a descendant. The strata below those in which the first bones were found have not yet been disturbed. But I see many things to convince me that the cave had been inhabited by long generations of bears and men. When the western basin of which the Morrison soda lakes formed a part became a great inland sea, bears and men or the prehistoric creatures that then stood in the place of men, fled to the caves for protection. The roof of the cave in which we are working is between twenty and thirty feet high. Men and bears came to live and die in this under world. They came to huge bowlders at the mouth of the cave and stepping upon them were somewhat above the water and could get breaths of fresh air. I believe that this cave may be but a series of caves and that if these could be uncovered and explored we should have chambers and underground lakes and rivers that would surpass those in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.—[Prof. F. G. Gherke in Denver News.]

THE PERCENTAGE OF ACTIVE OLD MEN ON THE INCREASE.

In a young county like this, where life is continually at fever heat, and where action rather than reflection carries the day, old age seems out of place. In the staid old towns and cities of England, Hawthorne tells us in his "Old Home," that he observed that old age came forth more cheerfully and generally into the sunshine than among ourselves, where the rush, stir, bustle and irreverent energy of youth are so preponderant that the poor forlorn grandfathers begin to doubt whether they have a right to breathe in such a world any longer, and so hide their silvery heads in solitude. But "fast" as this country and this period both proverbially are, it is a fact that the percentage of old men who continue in active life, and who do not show their years except to a close scrutiny, is on the increase. Erect and active octogenarians, even, are not unknown on our streets, whose appearance still makes them pass current as being in the executive period of life. The constant improvement in the average style of living in the matter of dwelling, food and raiment, perceptibly promotes longevity and increases the number of cases of it.

Saratoga is much interested in a handsome young bride who is stopping at the Grand Union, and who is to be seen walking up and down the piazza of the hotel for hours at a time in company with a beautiful black and tan dog. This dog was a wedding present, and cost \$400, says Jenkins. It is decorated with earrings worth \$2,000, and a collar studded with emeralds and pearls worth \$3,000. This lady and pet are the talk of the town.

HIGHWAYMEN RETURN MONEY FORCIBLY TAKEN.

A little over one month ago whilst a circus was showing at Twenty-third and Stout streets, a gentleman resident in Denver and living at some distance from the heart of the city, was unknown to himself, followed late one evening and as he reached the circus grounds was "held up" by two strangers, one of whom held a revolver at his head and demanded his money. Tremblingly he obeyed, and they, as he afterwards remembered, as tremblingly received the contents of his pocketbook amounting to \$47.50. The highwaymen at the same time became possessed of an envelope upon which was written an address, and ascertaining from their victim that it was his own made the statement that having been disappointed in not receiving expected remittances and having exhausted their means they had followed him and resorted to this desperate scheme to get funds, but that they were gentlemen, as their appearance indicated, and they would refund the amount of the compulsory loan upon their return home. Yesterday the victim of this, at the time unpleasant episode, received a postal order for \$52.50, being the amount originally taken from him, in addition to \$5 for interest on the loan. He says while he is thankful at receiving his money again he would much prefer another time to loan his money in the orthodox way. [Denver News.]

A FETISH IN THE EDITORIAL ROOM.

"There is only one course open to us. We must send the Fetish."

"Who is the Fetish?" asked the rhyming genius, who had been on a prolonged vacation.

"Our new office boy," replied his chief; "Christian name John, surname unknown. Definition of Fetish—a wooden idol. John is wooden, also idle."

The mother of twenty-eight children is living in Brownsville, Ga. She is still in the prime of life and vigorous. Her husband, the only one she has ever had, is also alive. Twenty-three of the children are dead, though all lived several years. Among them were four pairs of twins, born within a period of six years.

A very interesting exhibit at the coming institute fair in Boston will be made by the Williamite Thread company, who will show the process of spinning and spinning cotton and silk, the entire process being manipulated by women operatives; and even the engineer, who is to run the engine to furnish power will be a woman.

THE CRITIC THINKS OSCAR WILDE'S PLAY WILL DO VERY WELL "ON THE ROAD," OR DOWN A BACK STREET, BUT SAYS IT IS ENTIRELY UNFIT FOR CITY USE.

The Critic thinks Oscar Wilde's play will do very well "on the road," or down a back street, but says it is entirely unfit for city use.