

A NAME IN THE SAND.

Alone I walked the ocean strand,
A pebbly shell was in my hand;
I stooped and wrote upon the sand,
My name, the year, the day.

As onward from the spot I passed
One lingering look behind I cast;
A wave came rolling high and fast
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me;
A wave of dark Oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been, to be no more—
Of me, my fame, the name I bore,
To leave no time or trace.

And yet with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in His hands
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name—
Of all this mortal part wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught,
For glory or for shame.

THE FIRST ROBIN.

Oh, I'm the first robin just drooped into town!
Peewee! peewink! peewiddlewink!
Catch on to my ulster, all lined with swans-
down.

Peewiddlewiddlewink!
Pray pardon my voice, I've a frog in my
throat!

And I really can't tackle my way up note
With my feet in the pockets of my stuffed
coat!

Peewiddlewiddlewink!
O this is new life of Beautiful Spring?
Peewee! peewink! peewiddlewink!
I believe it has frozen my northwest wing!

Peewiddlewiddlewink!
I've just had my breakfast of ice-cream and
toast!

And long for a hot stove to get a shin-toast!
If my nose gets much redder I'll kindle this
post.

Peewiddlewiddlewink!
If this be the best style of spring you've on
hand—

Peewee! peewink! peewiddlewink!
Just stuff it or frame it, if you understand!

Peewiddlewiddlewink!
Ah! there comes a hunter with a gun full of
lead.

Think I'll meander to my little bed,
He might aim at me and shoot somebody dead
Ta ta! See you later! Don't drink!

—*Milwaukee Sentinel*

Adventure with a Panther.

The following thrilling narrative is taken from the story of Edgar Huntly, published by C. B. Brown, an American writer, in 1807. Brown's writings were of a high order of merit, though not extensive and but little known to the present generation of Americans.

I passed through the cave * * * At that moment torrents of rain poured from above and stronger blasts thundered amidst these desolate recesses and profound chasms. As I crept with hands and feet along my imperfect bridge a sudden gust had nearly whirled me into the frightful abyss. To preserve myself I was obliged to loose my hold of my burden and it fell into the gulf. As soon as I had effected my dangerous passage, I screened myself behind a cliff and gave myself up to reflection.

While thus occupied my attention was attracted by the trunk which lay across the gulf, and which I had used as a bridge. I perceived that it had already somewhat swerved from its original position, that every blast broke or loosened some of the fibers by which its roots were connected with the opposite bank, and that if the storm did not speedily abate, there was imminent danger of its being torn from the rock and being precipitated into the chasm. Thus my retreat would be cut off, and the evils from which I was endeavoring to rescue another would be experienced by myself.

I believed my destiny to hang upon the speed with which I should recross this gulf. The moments that were spent in these deliberations were critical, and I shuddered to observe that the trunk was held in place by one or two fibers which were already stretched almost to breaking.

To pass along the trunk rendered slippery by the wet, and unsteadfast by the wind was evidently dangerous. To maintain my hold in passing, in defiance of the whirlwind, required the most vigorous exertions. For this end it was necessary to discommode myself of my cloak and of the volume.

Just as I had disposed of these encumbrances, and had risen from my seat, my attention was again called to the opposite steep, by the most unwelcome object that at this time could possibly present itself. Something was perceived moving among the bushes and rocks, which, for a time, I hoped was no more than a raccoon or opossum, but which presently appeared to be a panther. His gray coat, extended claws, fiery eyes, and a cry which he uttered at that moment uttered, and which, by its resemblance to the human voice, is peculiarly terrific, denoted him to be the most ferocious and untamable of that detested race. The industry of our hunters has almost banished animals of prey from these precincts. The fastnesses of Norwalk, however, could not but afford refuge to some of them. Of late I had met them so rarely that my fears were seldom alive and I trod, without caution the rugged and most solitary haunts. Still, however, I had seldom been unpro-

vided in my rambles with means of defense.

The infrequency with which I had lately encountered this foe, made me neglect on this occasion to bring with me my usual arms. The beast that was now before me, when stimulated by hunger, was accustomed to assail whatever could provide him with a banquet of blood. He would set upon the man and the deer with equal and irresistible ferocity. His sagacity was equal to his strength, and he seemed able to discover when his antagonist was armed.

My past experience enabled me to estimate the full extent of my danger. He sat on the brow of the rock, eyeing the bridge, and apparently deliberating whether he should cross it. It was probable that he had only scented my footsteps thus far, but, should he pass over, his vigilance could scarcely fail of detecting my asylum.

Should he retain his present station, my danger was scarcely lessened. To pass over in the face of a famished tiger was only to rush upon my fate. The falling of the trunk, which had been so anxiously deprecated, was now no less earnestly desired. Every new gust I hoped would tear asunder its remaining bands, and, by cutting off all communication between the opposite steeps, place me in security. My hopes, however, were destined to be frustrated, the fibres of the prostrate tree were obstinately tenacious of their hold, and presently the animal scrambled down the rock and proceeded to cross it.

Of all kinds of death that which now menaced me was the most abhorred. To die of disease, or by the hand of a fellow creature, was lenient in comparison with being rent to pieces by the fangs of this savage. To perish in this obscure retreat, to lose my portion of existence by so untoward and ignoble a destiny, was insupportable. I bitterly deplored my rashness in coming hither unprovided for an encounter like this.

The evil of my present circumstances consisted chiefly in suspense. My death was unavoidable, but my imagination had leisure to torment itself by anticipations. One foot of the savage was slowly and cautiously moved after the other. He struck his claws so deeply into the bark that they were with difficulty withdrawn. At length he leaped upon the ground. We were now separated by an interval of scarcely eight feet. To leave the spot where I crouched was impossible. Behind and beside me the cliff rose perpendicularly, and before me was this grim and terrific savage. I shrunk still closer to the ground and closed my eyes.

From this pause of horror I was aroused by the noise occasioned by a second spring of the animal. He leaped into the pit, in which I had so deeply regretted that I had not taken refuge, and disappeared. My rescue was so sudden, and so much beyond my belief or hope, that I doubted for a moment whether my senses did not deceive me. This opportunity to escape was not to be neglected. I left my place and scrambled over the trunk with a precipitation which had liked to prove fatal. The tree groaned and shook under me, the wind blew with unexampled violence, and I had scarcely reached the opposite steep when the roots were severed from the rock, and the whole fell thundering to the bottom of the chasm.

My trepidations were not speedily quieted. I looked back with wonder on my hair-breadth escape, and on that singular concurrence of events which had placed me in so short a period in absolute security. Had the trunk fallen a moment earlier, I should have been imprisoned on the hill or thrown headlong. Had its fall been delayed another moment, I should have been pursued; for the beast now issued from his den, and testified his surprise and disappointment by tokens, the sight of which made my blood run cold.

He saw me and hastened to the verge of the chasm. He squatted on his hind legs, and assumed the attitude of one preparing to leap. My consternation was excited afresh by these appearances. It seemed at first as if the rift was too wide for any power of muscles to carry him over in safety; but I knew the unparalleled agility of the animal, and that his experience had made him a better judge of the possibility of this exploit than I was.

Still there was hope that he would relinquish this design as desperate. This hope was quickly at an end. He sprang, and his forelegs touched the verge of the rock on which I stood. In spite of vehement exertions, however, the surface was too smooth and too hard to make good his hold. He fell, and a piercing cry, uttered below, showed that nothing had obstructed his descent to the bottom.

Building a Railroad at Night.

Philadelphia Times.

If the Suakim-Berber railroad should be built, which now seems doubtful, the contractors are prepared to use electricity to overcome the obstacles of climate. European engineers and laborers would find it difficult to do heavy work under the blaze of the tropical sun, so the contractors have provided portable electric light apparatus. A car truck carries a steam engine, boiler and dynamo, which runs an arc light or a series of arc lights mounted upon light iron tripods. By the illumination thus obtained the road can be built entirely at night, and the men can rest during the heat of the day.

There were 468 postmasters who died last year, while there were 705 who were suspended.

Deceased Wives' Sisters.

Harper's Magazine for May.

The desire of the Englishman to marry his deceased wife's sister is one of the most marked phenomena of the times. The deceased wife's sister bill may be said to be his steady occupation. In all his breathing spells from emergencies he turns to that. When he is not being massacred by the South Africans, or slaying Soudanese, or fighting Afghans, or pacifying the Irish, or being blown up in his tower, he is attending to the deceased wife's sister bill. He comes back to it out of all victories and defeats with unwavering pertinacity and courage. It appears to be the passion of his life to marry his deceased wife's sister. We who live in a land where nobody opposes such an alliance can not conceive the attraction it seems to have to Englishmen. And seeing how universal and strong this desire is in England, we cannot but inquire why the Englishman does not marry the wife's sister in the first place. Why does he go on marrying the wrong one, and then wait for death or the law to help him out?

It seems to us that much as this matter has been agitated, it never has been discussed in a philosophical spirit. We admit the fact of the overmastering desire to marry the deceased wife's sister; we can see how the prohibition of the marriage increases the longing for it; but we have not analyzed the origin of the desire itself. It has been treated in England as a question of morals, when it is, in fact, a question of sociology. When we come face to face with the question, is it not this: Does not the man generally make a mistake when he marries one or two or more sisters? The world often sees it at the time, the sister who is left sees it, but the man is blind to what he is doing. He not only takes the one who does not make him the best wife, but the one least eligible for a life insurance, and so voluntarily, as one may say, in the end comes round to bother the world with his deceased wife's sister bill. And the reason of this mistake lies a good deal in the nature of the man himself, but somewhat, as we shall show, in the nature of woman also. He is so constituted that he does not recognize the qualities necessary to make a good wife. He is attracted by outward appearances. Beauty goes for much with him: liveliness counts for a good deal: even willfulness (before marriage) is attractive. In nine cases out of ten he will choose the girl out of a household who is at once the pet and tyrant of the house, the spoiled child, whose selfishness procures for her the slavish subservience of all the rest. Seeing all this devotion, he thinks he is marrying the Queen Bee. We are intending to say nothing against the woman he makes his wife; as women go, she is well enough, and if the circumstances continued to be what they were at home, she would be forever attractive and adored. But when she is thrown upon her own resources, it then becomes evident how much she owed to her sisters, whose unobtrusive virtues were the necessary background to all her specious attractiveness. Nine cases out of ten the man will take the girl of the family who knows the least about cooking, or the management of a house, or about nursing, and is the least patient in trial, and has the least common sense—that is, the least of those every-day qualities that make an agreeable pastime from hour to hour and day to day. Hence, to cover his own blunders, the clamor for a deceased wife's sister bill.

The man loves his wife—of course he does; even her faults, her little selfish demands upon him, are better in his eyes than the virtues of other women. But when real life begins, and the sister comes to live in the house, as she pretty certainly will come, then he sees who it is that makes life go smoothly, who takes up the hundred household burdens, who is always kind and patient, and especially indulgent to him—for the capacity of the wife's sister to be indulgent to all the weaknesses of her brother-in-law is one of the circumstances that we must take into account in this investigation. Her utter self sacrifice and ability to come into confidential relations with him, and to take his part against an authority which he sometimes feels the weight of, all the novelists have taken note of. It is not she who keeps a tight rein on him. He is not afraid of her. She excuses him, and makes it easy for him to get on with himself. And she has certain sterling qualities that admirably supplement the loveliness and attractiveness of the wife. He feels this for a good while without exactly seeing it or knowing it, but when the great bereavement of his life comes, and the world is suddenly desolate to him, he comes around with the deceased wife's sister bill.

Look at the world as it is. Consider the capacity of the sister for making herself indispensable in the house. She may not have had the power to attract the man into matrimony, but she has the qualities that he finally recognizes as necessary to perfect comfort in it; and in England, when it is too late, he wakes up to the fact that he should have married the sister. But this is not the end of the inquiry. There is something in the nature of woman herself that brings about this state of things. In order to bring out the best there is in a woman, sacrifice of herself is always necessary. Fortunately she enjoys this. She has a kind of pleasure in seeing her sister preferred and led away to the altar. She likes the man all the better for being such a goose as to choose the pretty and more incompetent one. And in the new

household, whether she is permanently a part of it or only has an occasional superintendence of it, she develops in her subordination many of the lovely virtues. In some cases she was not naturally so unselfish or so sweet tempered or so tolerant of a man's unreasonableness as her sister who marries, but her role of self-effacement is a training school, and all the sterling qualities of womanhood are evolved. The very position of being a wife's sister is an invaluable discipline, and we do not wonder when we see so many households where the sister, under this discipline, shines with the steady radiance of a star of the first magnitude.

It is probably useless to urge the Englishman to marry his wife's sister in the first place. It would take away one of his grievances; and something of this kind to put into a reform bill he must always have. Human nature is contradictory, and perhaps if he could carry his deceased wife's sister bill the subject would lose its attraction for him, and assume the unimportant position the matter holds in this country.

Clever Crows.

While treading "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," Miss Bird found the silence broken in many places by the discordant notes of thousands of crows, who were both sagacious and impudent. She says:

"Five of them were so impudent as to alight on two of my horses, and so be ferried across the Yurapugawa. In the inn garden at Mori I saw a dog eating a piece of carrion in the presence of several of these covetous birds. They evidently said a good deal to each other on the subject, and now and then one or two of them tried to pull the meat away from him, which he resisted.

"At last a big, strong crow succeeded in tearing off a piece, with which he returned to the pine where the others were congregated.

"After much earnest speech, they all surrounded the dog, and the leading bird dexterously dropped the small piece of meat within reach of his mouth.

"He immediately snapped at it, letting go the big piece unwisely for a second, on which two of the crows flew away with it to the pine, and with much fluttering and hilarity they all ate, or rather gorged it, the deceived dog looking vacant or bewildered for a moment, after which he sat under the tree and barked at them inanely.

"A gentleman told me that he saw a dog holding a piece of meat in like manner in the presence of three crows, which also vainly tried to tear it from him.

"After a consultation they separated two going as near as they dared to the meat, while the third gave the tail a bite sharp enough to make the dog turn round with a squeal, on which the other villains seized the meat, and the third fed triumphantly upon it on the top of the wall.

"In many places they are so aggressive as to destroy crops, unless they are protected by netting. They assemble on the sore backs of horses and pick them into holes, and are mischievous in many ways.

"They are very late in going to roost, and are early astir in the morning, and are so bold that they often come 'with many a stately flirt and flutter' into the veranda where I was sitting.

"I never watched an assemblage of them for any length of time without being convinced that there was a Nestor among them to lead their movements.

"Along the sea-shore they are pretty amusing, for they 'take the air' in the evening, seated on sandbanks facing the wind, with their mouths open."

Jere Black's Early Studies.

From Recollections by His Son.

The boy was especially fond of Latin classics, and at 15 or thereabout was a clever Horatian. He had committed the text verbatim, had translated it into English prose, and had then turned the whole into English verse of his own. To the day of his death he remembered literally all three—the Latin the English prose and the English verse—though neither had ever been written, and he amused many a leisure moment by comparing his childish version with the numerous published translations of his favorite. This, however, was, as his father intimated, but the play of a still undisciplined but extraordinarily vigorous intellect. He pursued with even greater assiduity the studies for which he had less taste and in which he then felt the greatest dread of finding himself deficient when he should come to that man's work of making an honest living, which he knew, from his father's circumstances, he must soon take up. He subjected every learned man, priest or layman, who came in his way, to a catechism of his own devising, and thus cleared up the doubts and difficulties which occasionally arose in the course of his self-guided studies. It is not, therefore, surprising that when, at the age of 17, he rode to the county town on horseback with his father and was entered a student of law in the office of Chauncey Forward, he was found a fair scholar, well equipped for the profession. His serious mind, with its mighty and eager grasp, seized and assimilated everything within reach. He had read every book in his father's house—and that was a store by no means inconsiderable for the time and place—and also every one that could be fished from the town library.

Our Spectacles.

BY REV. DE WITT TALMAGE.

A man never looks more dignified than when he takes a spectacle case from his pocket, opens it, unfolds a lens, sets it astride his nose, and looks you in the eye. I have seen audiences overawed by such a demonstration feeling that a man who could handle glasses in that way must be equal to anything. We have known a lady of plain face; who, by placing an adornment of this kind on the bridge of her nose could give an irresistible look, and by one glance around the room, would transfix and eat up the hearts of a dozen old bachelors.

There are men, who, though they never read a word of Latin or Greek, have, by such facial appendage, been made to look so classical, that the moment they gaze on you, you quiver as if you had been struck by Sophocles or Jupiter. We strongly suspect that a pair of glasses on a minister's nose would be worth to him about three hundred and seventy-six dollars and forty-two cents additional salary. Indeed we have known men who had kept their parishes quiet by this spectacular power. If Deacon Jones criticised, or Mrs. G. about gossiped, the dominie would get them in range, shove his glasses from the tip of his nose close up to his eyebrows, and concentrate all the majesty of his nature into a look that consumed all opposition easier than the burning-glass of Archimedes devoured the Roman ships.

But nearly all, young and old, near-sighted and far-sighted, look through spectacles. By reason of our prejudices, or education, or temperament, things are apt to come to us magnified, or lessened, or distorted. We all see things differently.

Some of us wear blue spectacles, and consequently everything is blue. All is wrong in churches, wrong in education, wrong in society. An undigested slice of corned beef has covered up all the bright prospects of the world. A drop of vinegar has extinguished a star. We understand all the variations of a growl. What makes the sunshine so dull, the foliage so gloomy, men so heavy, and the world so dark? Blue spectacles, my dear.

An unwary young man comes to town. He buys elegant silk-pocket-handkerchiefs for twelve cents, and diamonds at a dollar store. He takes a greenback with an X on it, as a sure sign that it is ten dollars, not knowing that there are counterfeiters. He takes five shares of silver mining stock in the company for developing the resources of the moon. He supposes that every man that dresses well is a gentleman. He goes to see the lions, not knowing that any of them will bite. He has an idea that fortunes lie thickly around, and all he will have to do is to stoop down and pick one up. Having been brought up where the greatest dissipation was a blacksmith-shop on a rainy day, and where the gold on the wheat is never counterfeit, and buck-wheat fields never issue false stock, and brooks are always "current," and blossoms are honest when they promise to pay, he was unprepared to resist the allurements of city life. A sharper has fleeced him, a policeman's "billy" has struck him on the head, or a prison's turnkey bids him a rough "Good-night."

What got him into all this trouble? Can any moral optician inform us? Green goggles, my dear.

J. Wilkes Booth's Personal Appearance.

Rev. Parley P. Poore.

John Wilkes Booth was, when he committed his great crime, 27 years of age. He had played stock parts at Washington and other southern and western cities, where he had given unmistakable evidence of genuine dramatic talent. He had, added to his native genius, the advantage of a voice musically full and rich; a face almost classic in outline; features highly intellectual; a piercing black eye, capable of expressing the fiercest and the tenderest passion and emotion, and a commanding figure and impressive stage address. In his transitions from the quiet and reflective passages of a part to fierce and violent outbreaks of passion, his sudden and impetuous manner had in it something of that electrical force and power which made the older Booth so celebrated, and called up afresh to the memory of men of the last generation the presence, voice and manner of his father. Convivial in his habits, sprightly and genial in his conversation, John Wilkes made many friends among the young men of his own age, and he was a favorite among the young ladies at the National Hotel, where he boarded.

His features in repose had rather a somber and melancholy cast; yet, under agreeable influences or emotions, the expression was very animated and glowing. His hair, jet black and glossy, curled slightly, and set off in fine relief, a high, intellectual forehead and a face full of intelligence. Both chin and nose were markedly prominent, and the firm-set lips, and lines about the mouth, indicated firmness of will, decision and resolution. He was scrupulously neat in his dress, and selected his habits with a rare perception of what was becoming to his figure and complexion. He would pass anywhere for a neatly but not over-dressed man of fashion.

Hampton Institute, Virginia, had enrolled this year 548 negroes and 127 Indians. The "Butler" primary day school, taught by the institute teachers and graduates, had 360 little colored children. More than one thousand pupils have been instructed on the institute grounds.