ing to the sleeper's more regular respiration; "and I'd advise you to go now, Mr. Ford, before he wakes, lest he might be tempted to excite himself by talking to you again. He's really quite out of danger now. Good night! I'll drop in on you at the hotel when I return."

The master, albeit still confused and bewildered, felt his way to the door and out into the open night. The wind was still despairingly wrestling with the tree-tops, but the far receding voices seemed to be growing fainter in the distance, until, as he passed on, they too seemed to pass a way forever.

* * * * * * * *

Monday morning had come again, and the master was at his desk in the school-house early, with a still damp and inky copy of the Star fresh from the press before him. The free breath of the pines was blowing in the window, and bringing to his ears the distant voices of his slowly gathering flock, as he read as follows:

"The perpetrator of the dastardly outrage at the Indian Spring Academy on Thursday last—which, through unfortunate misrepresentation of the facts, led to a premature calling out of several of our most public spirited citizens, and culminated in a most regrettable encounter between Mr. McKinstry and the accomplished and estimable principal of the school—has, we regret to say, escaped condign punishment by leaving the country with his relations. If, as is seriously whispered, he was also guilty of an unparalleled offense against a chivalrous code which will exclude him in the future from ever seeking redress at the court of honour, our citizens will be only too glad to get rid of the contamination of being obliged to arrest him. Those of our readers who know the high character of the two gentlemen who were thus forced into a hostile meeting will not be surprised to know that the most ample apologies were tendered on both sides, and that the entente cordiale has been thoroughly restored. The bullet—which, it is said, played a highly important part in the subsequent explanation, proving to have come from a revolver fired by some outsider—has been extracted from Mr. McKinstry's thigh, and he is doing well, with every prospect of a speedy recovery."

Smiling albeit not uncomplacently at this valuable contribution to history from an unfettered press, his eye fell upon the next paragraph, perhaps not so complacently:

"Benjamin Daubigny, Esq., who left town for Sacramento on important business, not entirely unconnected with his new interest in Indian Springs, will, it is rumored, be shortly joined by his wife, who has been enabled by his recent good fortune to leave her old home in the States, and take her proper proud position at his side. Although personally unknown to Indian Springs, Mrs. Daubigny is spoken of as a beautiful and singularly accomplished woman, and it is to be regretted that her husband's interests will compel them to abandon Indian Springs for Sacramento as a future residence. Mr. Daubigny was accompanied by his private secretary Rupert, the eldest son of H. G. Filgee, Esq., who has been a promising graduate of the Indian Spring Academy, and offers a bright example to the youth of this district. We are happy to learn that his younger brother is recovering rapidly from a slight accident received last week through the incautious handling of firearms."

The master, with his eyes upon the paper, remained so long plunged in a reverie that the school-room was quite filled, and his little flock was wonderingly regarding him before he recalled himself. He was hurriedly reaching his hand toward the bell when he was attracted by the rising figure of Octavia Dean.

"Please, sir, you didn't ask if we had any news!"

"True—I forgot," said the master, smiling. "Well, have you anything to tell us?"

"Yes, sir. Cressy McKinstry has left school."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, sir; she's married."

"Married," repeated the master with an effort, yet conscious of the eyes concentrated upon his colorless face. "Married—and to whom?"

"To Joe Masters, sir, at the Baptist Chapel at Big Bluff, Sunday, an' Marm McKinstry was thar with her."

There was a momentary and breathless pause. Then the voices of his little pupils—those sage and sweet truants from tradition, those gentle but relentless historians of the future—rose around him in shrill chorus:

"Why, we knowed it all along, sir!"

THE END.

FASHIONS VAGARIES.

New York Evening Post.

The new cuffs styled "Cromwellian" are very becoming to slender-armed women. They are fashioned after the manner affected by the Puritans. Any books containing illustrations of the Lord Protector and his followers will convey an idea of the model. Not only are these cuffs seen on full-length sleeves, but on dressy tea-gowns a corresponding style is adopted for sleeves which terminate at the elbow.

The exquisitely sheer muslin cravat, lace-edged, which was also a feature of masculine dress after the Restoration, is also worn. The ends, however, are not elongated as they were at that period, but are hardly longer than the bows. Both bows and ends are a quarter of a yard wide. Tinted crepe is used very often instead of clear white in the making of these cravats, which are worn under the chin with the Directoire style of dress.

Some of the new luxurious "art" dresses made in emulation of the rich flowing costumes worn by East Indian princesses, are of the soft Thibet wools and Bengaline silks, with narrow-pleated fronts of crepe de chine, which open and close in shimmering undulations with every movement of the wearer. At the foot is a bordering of silk, gold and silver, in rare Indian devices. A gown of cream-white Thibet with a loose blouse waist, and flowing front of pale gold China silk, bordered with embroidery in Persian colors, is charming; and so, also, is another of silver crepe de chine, with a long flowing redingote front and angel sleeves. A Lalla Rookh vest, draped from each shoulder under this gown, crosses over the chest, with a scarf girdle of wrinkled white crepe flecked with silver.

Great latitude is given this season to the corsage. There are cuirass bodices with plastrons covered with jangling coins or fringes; pointed waists cut low in front with dainty lace tuckers gathered with tiny rose-colored ribbons; round waists with costly silver belts; Grecian waists with heavy silver shoulder clasps and loose silver girdles with their half-dozen superb chatelaine accessories; square-cut pompadour bodices, with lace fraises inside; Josephine bodices with panels depending from the side forms; bebe waists with velvet yokes, and girdles to correspond; Empire corsages with rich vest effects and soft sash drapery; Directoire waists, severe and stately; single-breasted bodices with triple vests showing beneath; and double-breasted ones, buttoning in every way imaginable, and so on ad infinitum. The sleeves are varied to match these different styles, but a certain variety of skirt can be worn with a score of different corsages.

The charming and artistic mediæval tea-gowns, with corset waists and full skirts, are handsomely made of the beautifully soft and lustrous metelasse satin. Those come in lovely tints of green and gold, reseda and palest violet, old rose shot with yellow and brocaded with crimson buds and moss green leaves, etc. The gowns have great puffed sleeves of cream silk lace, showing a petticoat of the same lace where the draperies are daintily lifted. Rose-colored or pale apricot camel's-hair tea-gowns are also very beautiful. These have round waists, gathered at the back and belted in front. Antique sleeves of every era are added to these gowns, but the wrinkled leg-o'-mutton appears to be the most popular style.

Reformation of a "Total Wreck."

Canajoharie (N. Y.) Special.

Alfred C. Mabee, of Lansing, Mich., a former resident of Fort Plain, was once one of the lowest bummers in this section of the State. His father died, leaving him a fortune of about $60,000. He had a lovely wife and children and a happy home. Dissipation was kept up until his sixty thousand was gone, his wife had procured a divorce and he was an outcast in the streets of Lansing, Mich. A friend who had known his father in the Mohawk valley went to him and by kindly ministrations touched his better nature. After a week of delirium tremens he signed the pledge twelve years ago in January. Since that time he has devoted his life work to the temperance cause. He is a polished speaker, possessing great magnetic attraction, of pleasant appearance, and his arguments are so convincing that success attends his evangelical work almost in proportion to that accomplished by the late John B. Gough. Hundreds of people in Canajoharie who knew Mr. Mabee when he was a total wreck, who saw him drive his fast horses and gradually descend in the scale of humanity are now flocking in large numbers to the opera hall, where he holds his meetings.

Harvard's Students.

Boston Herald.

The 1,899 students in Harvard University are divided as follows: College—Seniors, 210; juniors, 252; sophomores, 264; freshmen, 309; special students, 145; total, 1,180. Divinity school, 26; law school, third year, 27; second year, 65; first year, 73; special students, 52; total, 219; scientific school, 35. Medical school—Resident graduates, fourth class, 18; third class, 68; second class, 89; first class, 103; total, 275. Dental school, 49; Bussey Institute, 6; school of veterinary medicine, 23; graduate department, 95. In the summer courses there were 168 students. There are 5 preachers, 10 curators and library officers, 32 proctors and other officers, 70 professors, 20 assistant professors, 4 lecturers, 3 tutors, 67 instructors, and 34 demonstrators and assistants.

READING FOR THE SABBATH.

Written for the Indianapolis Journal.

The Unity of God and Man.

The depth, the silence and the vastness,
That we plunge into when we think,
Most fertile solitude—a fastness
And limpid death where we may drink.

Thine immortal majesty
Lord, I find
In each object as I turn.
Naught can I afford to spurn,
Give me grace from all to learn—
Heart and mind
Seeking earnestly for thee.

Thy vast silence like a sea,
Full of peace;
Thine infinite reach of sky
Through which worlds unnumbered fly—
In thy depths, Lord, what am I?
Shall I cease,
Lost in thine eternity?

Lord, was not my soul thy breath
Immortal
Was it not ere time began,
Was it not before was man—
A part of th' enternal plan,
The portal
Through which naught can come to death?

So, all that might awe or fright me,
Mystery,—
Thy light in my soul revealing,
Thy life in the heart's strong feeling,
Thy voice through my soul soft pealing
Is the key,—
All lives to inform, delight me.

There is naught but Thee above—
All are Thine;—
We live in and not around Thee;
Poet-heart may sometime sound Thee,
But is lost when he would bound Thee;
All entwine
Ever with eternal love.

Thy thought gave the truths we captur ,
We agree,—
We the branches, Thou the vine,—
Our souls reach to heights divine
So supported, Lord, by Thine;
'Tis but Thee
Fills the seeking soul with rapture.

Our souls have never left Thee,
They are one.—
Drops are they in that vast river
Of Thy soul which hath paused never.
They go on and on forever
Since begun,
Ever through eternity.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind. —F. M. Chapin.

A Vain Thought.

If, when the old year glides away
A weary wraith, in the snow and the cold,
We could but begin in the New Year's day,
A clean new life, and could drop the old—
Old sins, old shames, old thrusts of pain,
And the myriad things God only knows;
And into the sweet year, clear of stain
Could step with the freedom of full repose,
What blessing untold would to us be given!
Scarce in our hearts would be room for Heaven!

—Margaret E. Sangster, in New York Independent.

Sunday-School Lesson for Jan. 6—First Quarter.

LESSON 1.—THE MISSION OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.—Mark, i, 1-11.

Golden Text—The voice of one crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord. (Mark i, 3.)

Mon.—The mission of John the Baptist..Mark i, 1-11.
Tues—John's mission foretold..........Luke i, 5-17.
Wed.—Prophecy of Zacharias..........Luke i, 67-80.
Thur.—John's testimony to Jesus.......John i, 6-18.
Fri.—John describes his office..........John i, 19-28.
Sat.—John preaching repentance...Matthew iii, 1-12
Sun.—Isaiah's prophecy..................Isaiah xl, 1-8

The authorship of this gospel has been almost uniformly assigned to the John Mark of Acts xii, 12, son of one Mary of Jerusalem, and cousin to Barnabas (Col. iv, 10). Of time and place of writing nothing definite is known. There are indications in the text which point to its having been written before the destruction of Jerusalem (A. D. 70. See chap. xiii), and the early writers on the subject in general assume it to have been written at Rome. Nearly all critics agree that Mark drew the great mass of his materials from the oral discourses of Peter. This opinion finds substantial favor from the manifest evidences of Peter's influence upon the style, and certain minutiæ of detail which could have been given by no other (e. g., the almost painful particularity of Peter's denial, chap. xiv, 66 ff.) Mark's evident purpose in writing was to furnish to gentile readers a brief, vivid account of our Lord's ministry and sacrifice. The distinguishing characteristics of this gospel are vividness and compression. The record opens with the preaching of John the Baptist, which took place in the wild desert country south of the Jordan valley, in the summer of A. D. 26; the baptism of Jesus took place about six months later.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

All true interest in the life of Christ is thorough. It "begins at the beginning." It does not fall in fragments or content itself with piecemeal impressions. It is biographical and attentive to detail. The respect due to the subject involves care and study. It is not enough to trust to a few emotional effects or poetic side-lights. Begin the life of Christ with the prophets and John the Baptist. Consider it as a whole or only leave it at the ascension. Mark starts out with the bold announcement that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. He makes no half-way work of his doctrine. The basis of successful evangelization is courage in statements of Christ's relation to the system of truth. Any cowardice here is like building a temple on a cracked corner-stone. One may not, like Samson, seem to bring the edifice of his work down on his own head, it is all the same his own act; the downfall is as sure as the flaw. John dashed at the heart of truth with the ardor of a pioneer. He told men at the start that they were sinners as comfortably as most of us find it natural to say, "You are looking well to-day; what can I do for your soul?" Too much of our Christian work is like that of a tradesman taking orders. We adapt ourselves too much to the whim or the reluctance with which we deal. The robustness of the apostolic preaching is a tonic to take. No water medicine about it. It was stiff, sturdy and fearless. The asceticism of John is a severe and solemn lesson. The luxurious preacher, the comfortable expounder of Christ's hard life, needs the example—it may do him good. The over-worked, over-worried, half-starved brother may find comfort in John's experience—and needs it. The humility of John was magnificent. He had not a thought of himself or for himself. His personality was blotted from his own interest, apparently from his own consciousness. It was a perfect solution. He was melted into the divine personality which it was his mission to plead. But the humility of the apostle was surpassed by the humility of the Master. Christ came like any obscure Judean to be baptized by his disciples. The greatest natures are always the most modest.

Topics Suggested for the Week of Prayer.

Sunday, Jan. 6.—Sermons: Arise, shine; for thy light is come, etc.—Isaiah lx, 1. Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ—Romans xiii, 14.

Monday, Jan. 7.—Thanksgiving and Confession: For the individual, the family, the church, the community and the nation.

Tuesday, Jan. 8.—The Holy Spirit.

Wednesday, Jan. 9.—The Family and the Church: For parents, children, masters and servants. Deuteronomy vi., 1-7.—Ephesians vi, 1-9.

Thursday, Jan. 10.—Reforms: For the abolition of the manufacture, importation, sale and use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage; for the destruction of the opium traffic; for the repeal of all laws which protect vice; for the sanctification of the Lord's day.

Friday, Jan. 11.—Missions: City: Luke xix, 41; xxiv, 47-49. Isaiah, lviii, 12. Home: Mark i, 38, 39. Luke viii, 1; x, 1. Foreign: Matthew xxviii, 19. John iv, 35, 36. Luke x, 2. Isaiah vi, 8.

Saturday, Jan. 12.—Nations: For peace and prosperity, both temporal and spiritual; for civil and religious liberty; for rulers, legislators and judges, and for all in authority. Romans xiii, 1-7. 1 Peter ii, 13-15. James v, 4. Col. iv, 1.

Sunday, Jan. 13.—Sermons: 1 Corinthians iii, 9. 1 Corinthians xv, 58.

Personal and News Notes.

Bishop Weed has returned to Florida, with his health restored.

A movement toward Christianity among the Jews of Siberia is reported. The leader is a Polish Jew.

The Rev. Dr. Holland, of St. Louis, has declined his call to the rectorship of old St. Paul's Church, Boston.

The late William Man, of Philadelphia, bequeathed $20,000 to various institutions of the Moravian United Brethren.

Bishop Hurst has been cordially received at his new home in Washington, sister churches joining in the reception and jubilation.

Says Dr. McGlynn: "Being Catholic, the church cannot be Roman; so I am not a Roman Catholic, but a good American Catholic."

The Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts has resigned his New York pastorate to accept the office of "field secretary" of the American Sabbath Union.

An American gentleman interested in foreign missions promises to give $25,000 toward land and a building for the Tokio Young Men's Christian Association.

A church for deaf mutes has just been consecrated at Philadelphia. It is the only one of the kind in America, and the only one in the world entirely managed by the deaf.

A Congregational colony is being organized at Naples, Santa Barbara county, California, the plan being to build up a village, with a Congregational church and educational institution.

Gen. Alexander S. Webb, for nineteen years president of the College of the City of New York, has always said that when the reading of the Bible at the opening every morning should cease, he would go. They have watched for him with lynx eyes, but he has always confined his selections to Psalms and Job, and thus skillfully avoided controversial points, and has escaped.

Rev. Dr. Strong, president of the Rochester (N. Y.) Theological Seminary, predicts that before the next annual convention assembles the Baptists of the United States will exceed 3,000,000.

Reporters of a leading Chicago daily took a census of the church attendance, on a recent Sunday, in twenty of the larger churches of the city; 6,737 persons were in attendance, or an average of 336 persons per church.

The new building of the Methodist Book Concern at Fifth avenue and Twentieth street, New York city, will cost (site included) a million dollars, and will be when completed "the finest publishing house in the country."

"I am a Catholic bishop," said the Rt. Rev. Dr. Kain, of Wheeling, in a recent sermon, "and here, from this altar, I proclaim that I am opposed to the union of church and state, and never wish to see it in this land of the free."

The New York Observer severely criticises the portion of the Rev. Charles Parkhurst's speech, made at the Syracuse convention of the Evangelical Alliance, in which he ridiculed the mental and moral equipment of the average theological student of the period.

A new sect has been formed at Monaco, called the "Brotherhood of the Sons of God." It resembles in some features the Essenes, its members abstaining from tobacco, flesh, intoxicants, and favoring an ascetic life. Its symbol is "333;" its badge a gold, green and purple ribbon; its missionary language Volapuk!

The venerable New York Observer has abandoned the exact subdivision into religious and secular departments which it has maintained for sixty-six years, and readers who have been in the habit of carefully cutting the two parts asunder and reserving the religious department for Sunday perusal will have to discriminate for themselves hereafter.

The Episcopalians are planning the establishment of a church hall as an annex to Howard University at Washington, their purpose being in this way to provide for the theological training of young colored men to labor among their own people in the South. The Churchman gives this plan its warm indorsement, and it has the approval of the commission for church work among the colored people.

It is announced as the result of Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott's first year in Mr. Beecher's field that seventy-nine additional members have been placed upon the roll during the year; the total removals, including deaths, were eighty-three, leaving a net decrease of membership of four. This makes a showing on the present roll of 2,532 The total collections during the year have amounted to $41,987.06.

The one thing for every believer in the Bible, as the word of God, to do, is to ascertain its meaning by a just interpretation of its language, and then to think and act as the Bible requires him to think and act. This is the beginning and end of the whole matter, and, indeed, the only course that is consistent with true faith. Every other course is a virtual denial of such faith.—New York Independent.

Gen. O. O. Howard has removed from San Francisco to New York, and taken up his residence on Governor's island, and assumed command of the Military Division of the Atlantic. Gen. Howard is an active and fearless Christian as well as a brave and valiant soldier. During his residence in San Francisco he might be found in the church on the Sabbath and at the prayer-meetings with exemplary regularity.

A remarkable instance showing how a person in advanced years may be able to retain the interest of young people comes from Taunton, Mass. Mrs. Mary C. Patten, ninety-three years old, has had charge of the infant class in a Methodist Sabbath-school in that city during the past forty-eight years. She never misses a session of the school, and the children almost worship her. Here is a youthful heart and head despite the lapse of almost a century of years.

A vigorous Society of Christian Endeavor exists in connection with the Tower Hamlets Mission Sunday-school, of London, which is in the notorious Whitechapel neighborhood. Many visitors from America have attended their meetings. From Umzumbi, South Africa, the missionaries report that most excellent work has been done by similar societies. In other mission stations of Natal, societies are being organized, and the pastors of English churches in South Africa are taking up the work.

Bishop Watson, of East Carolina, tells of a rector in his diocese who serves four congregations, pays his own house rent and maintains a family on $400. Referring to this exhibition of devotion, and others similar to it reported by Bishop Watson, the Churchman says: "We can not withhold our tribute of admiration, at least from those eight men who serve eighteen congregations of the church, without complaint, on an average daily wage—we can hardly call it salary—of eighty-eight cents and two mills."

In his sermon a week ago Sunday morning the Rev. Dr. Naylor, of Washington, said of the dancing habit: "So powerful is its grip that on the 4th of March a great, godly man, the greatest man in the land, the leader of the people, an elder in the Presbyterian Church, a pure man whom I have known for twenty years, will either offend the Nation or he will have to lend his presence to the inaugural ball, where he will see nothing more edifying than thousands of people in peacock costumes hopping around on the floor."

At the recent hearing before the Senate committee on education and labor, when a delegation from the American Sabbath Union were pleading for a national Sunday-rest bill, the Rev. T. P. Stevenson, of Philadelphia, made the striking assertion that "there is one eminent personage in the Nation, the President of the United States, whose right to exemption from public service on the Lord's day is guarded by a fundamental law of the land." Being challenged for proof, he cited the constitutionl provision: "The President shall have ten days, Sundays excepted, for the consideration of bills."

Rabbi Schanfarber, of Baltimore, on "Jesus of Nazareth:" "Jesus deserves our praises for his love for the poor, for lifting up so many who had fallen into the deepest pit. Jesus we praise for his bitter invectives against the hypocrites. We consider him a great soul, a noble, earnest worker, in the cause of God, a man great, but only a man. We think the world is better for his having lived in it, but know that the Messianic time has not yet come and that we still await it. We hope for a time when one God and one humanity will be acknowledged by all, and until that time it is our bounden duty to proclaim to the world with the same fervor and accent as did our fathers in ages past: 'Hear, oh, Israel, the eternal is our God, the eternal is one!'"

QUEER ARTICLES OF FOOD.

Countries Where Everything Is Eaten, from a Serpent to a Caterpillar.

Gentleman's Magazine.

In South America the inhabitants eat everything, even serpents and lizards. Humboldt has there seen even children drag enormous centipedes out of their holes and crunch them up. Puppies are choice food on the Missouri and Mississippi, and at Emeraldi the tid-bit is a roasted monkey. The flesh of the larger animals is appreciated variously; in Arabia the horse, in India the elephant and in Egypt the camel. The Chinese taste is for cats, dogs, rats and serpents, while bears' paws and birds' nests are dainties. But the pariahs of Hindostan have still stronger stomachs, for they contend with the dogs, vultures and kites for putrid carrion. The nearest approach to this remarkable taste is afforded by the inhabitants of Cochin China, who prefer rotten eggs to fresh ones. At Terracina a guest will be asked whether he prefers a land or a water eel. In the West Indies a large caterpillar found on the palm tree is esteemed a luxury, while the edible nests of Java swallows are so rich a dainty that the ingredients of a dish will cost as much as £15.

A curious taste prevails in many parts of the world for clay. According to Humboldt, it is eaten in all the countries of the torrid zone, but the practice is also observed in the North, as hundreds of cart-loads of earth containing infusoria are said to be annually consumed by the country people in the most remote parts of Sweden, and in Finland a kind of earth is occasionally mixed with bread. This latter custom is more civilized than that observed by the women on the Magdalena river, who, while shaping earthen vessels on the potters' wheel, put large lumps of clay in their mouths. In the same place it is often necessary to confine the children to prevent their running out to eat earth immediately after a fall of rain. The Otomac tribe of earth-eating Indians knead the earth—a true potters' clay—into balls of five or six inches in diameter, which they roast by a weak fire until the outside is hard. They remoisten them when they are required as food, and according to a monk who lived twelve years among them, one of them would eat a pound and a quarter of this peculiar food in a day.

Another Photographic Wrinkle.

The Stage.

The latest craze among the actresses is the hand and arm photograph. They spend no end of money posing their hands to have pictures taken of them. Almost always they hold something in the hand that is to be pictured—a wine-glass, a diamond ring just touched by two dainty fingers, a visiting card or a silver coin. Those who are proud of their arms have them photographed, often the full bare arm and shoulder without a hint of clothing, or just the hint of a short lace sleeve, with a buxom arm issuing from it. Some non-professionals are beginning to share the craze.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

The Passing Year.

Twelve notes the bells shall chime,
And at their ending time
The year takes wing;
But ere from earth he fares,
For every month he bears,
Each passing peal declares
What he did bring.

THE CHIME.

I.
January.

Like little cressets bright,
The golden stars alight,
Hung all the heaven's height
To welcome him;
And pearly snowflakes white
On all the fir-trees clung,
While hoary garlands swung
From every limb.

II.
February.

But only could he find
The bitter buffet wind,
And chilling frost unkind,
For company;
Still icy lances lined
The empty blue-bird's nest,
And the pale sun, at best,
He scarce could see.

III.
March.

Then straightway did he bring
The first month of the spring,
But yet on everything
The heaven frowned;
And frosty chains did cling
About the earth, until
He charmed the cruel chill
From out the ground.

IV.
April.

Then he coaxed back the sun;
And after, one by one,
The sweet buds had begun
To open wide,
He filled his glass with none
But golden sands, till wrought
To perfectness, he brought
The Easter-tide.

V.
May.

So grew the Year apace,
And gathered richest grace;
While gaily every place
The burgeoned trees
He wrapped in frothy lace,
And fashioned in between,
Bright tents of growing green,
For birds and bees.

VI.
June.

But ah, the rosy June!
By day, the robin's tune
Rang all the sunny noon,
Through fragrant air.
By night, the censer moon
Swung in a filmy fleece,
And silver-lighted peace
Lay everywhere.

VII.
July.

Then richly he unrolled
Upon the mellow mold
A web of yellow gold,
For harvest-fields;
And burdened boughs did hold
Such freight of fruitage fair,
Was never anywhere
More gracious yields.

VIII.
August.

But slowly, by and by,
The clouds forsook the sky,
And ever, burning high,
The brazen sun
Parched all the meadows dry,
And to the arid air
The crisping sand lay bare,
Where streams did run.

IX.
September.

The tall maize drooped and bent,
Till, when his whim was spent,
The spangling showers he sent
The crystal rain;
And lavishingly it lent
Such freshness of the spring,
That every leafy thing
Grew green again.

X.
October.

Then with a sunny haze
Of tempered rosy rays,
He crowned the dreamy days
In halo fair;
And touched the trees ablaze
With wand of yellow light,
That burned and turned them bright
Beyond compare.

XI.
November.

And thus he wrought, until
So tiring of his skill,
The thrush and whippoorwill
He sent away;
And flung a freezing chill
On all green things that grew,
While on the sky he drew
A hood of grey.

XII.
December.

Yet pardon him, for no
More merry mistletoe
Than that he did bestow
At Christmas time!
And wish him peace! for lo,
The speeding clock doth stand
With upward-pointing hands,
And ends the chime.

—Evaleen Stein.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

A Dutch Idyl.

I met her in the market, first;
The old canal-boat, tied in place,
Pressed to the curb, and from its prow
She reached her flowers, with airy grace.

I see her now, as then she stood,
In flowing sleeves and bodice blue,
While underneath her petticoat
There peeped a little wooden shoe.

Her mother gossiped with the crones
O'er fruit and wares, and odds and ends,
And so I helped her sell her flowers,
Till soon we were the best of friends.

Thus it went on, by quick degress
We grew acquainted more and more,
Till sometimes, down the dark canals,
I took her place beside the oar.

At last, one golden afternoon,
We stood together, hand in hand,
And watched the sunset glory break
Across the dikes, and flood the land.

The breeze that swayed the poplar trees
Brushed past her cheek a straying curl,
Then caught the wind-mill's outstretched arms,
And set the lazy sails awhirl.

Then in among the leaves it died,
With whisperings of soft content,
And all the world seemed full of peace,
As home beneath the stars we went.

* * * * * *

A year ago! Outside the same
Quaint houses lean above the street,
And down beside the shadowed bridge
I see the market women meet.

I look in vain—she is not there—
But even while I fondly muse,
Adown the passage way I hear
The click of little wooden shoes.

—Albion Mary Fellows.

As the Years Go By.

Babes and their mothers' lullaby;
Children at their daily play;
Maidens hearing their lovers sigh;
Women brave in the world's way—
Are of what we see and hear, dear;
As the years go by,
Hear, dear,
As the years go by.

How tender is time, withal,
How kind to the good and true,
So gentle to me, withal,
So gracious and sweet to you.
This is what we see and hear, dear,
As the years go by,
Hear, dear,
As the years go by.

Time's finger marks wrinkles are,
Gray hairs its frost and decay.
A young heart has kept you far
From age marks and frost away.
It is what we see and hear, dear,
As the years go by;
Hear, dear,
As the years go by.

Time from your face stays sadness,
Leaving the bright sunshine in;
Kisses your eyes in gladness,
Leaving the sweet lovelight in;
Oh, this do we see and hear, dear,
As the years go by;
Hear, dear,
As the years go by.

Sweet, let your birthdays come and go;
Put your hand and love in mine.
You are young for loving so;
I live because I am thine.
All this do we see and know, dear,
As the years go by;
Know, dear,
As the years go by.

—Eugene Field.

Edifying Interview with Allison.

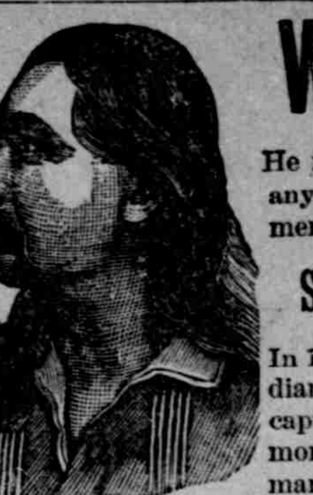
New York Mail and Express.

"Are you engaged politically, Senator?"

"No. I came to the city to avoid politics."

"I wanted to ask you about the tariff bill and—"

"Some other time, but not this morning."



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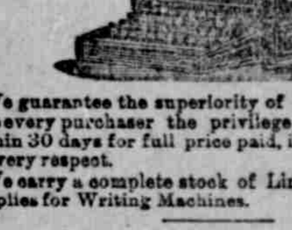

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RAILWAY TIME-TABLES.

PENNSYLVANIA LINES—THE DIRECT AND POPULAR PASSENGER ROUTES.
Trains leave and arrive at Indianapolis as follows:

PANHANDLE ROUTE—EAST.

Leave for Pitsbrg. & N. Y.	4:30am	3:00pm	5:10pm
" " Richmond and Columbus	9:00am	4:00pm	
Arrive from N.Y. & Pitsbg.	11:40am	6:50pm	10:20pm
" " Columb's, Richm'd, etc.	9:40am	3:50pm	

Sleepers to Pittsburg and New York without change.

CHICAGO DIVISION.

Leave for Chicago and Northwest	11:20am	11:20pm
Arrive from Chicago and Northwest	3:50am	3:50pm

J., M. & I. R. R.—SOUTH.

Leave for Louisville and the South	4:05am	8:30am	4:00pm	5:10pm
Arrive from Louisville and the South	10:45am	11:10am	6:40pm	11:00pm

I. & V. R. R. SOUTHWEST.

Cairo Express, Leave	7:10am
Vincennes Accommodation, Leave	4:00pm
Vincennes Accommodation, Arrive	10:50am
Cairo Express, Arrive	5:00pm

VANDALIA LINE—SHORTEST ROUTE TO ST. LOUIS AND THE WEST.
Trains arrive and leave Indianapolis as follows:

Leave for St. Louis	7:30am	11:55am	11:00pm	7:00pm
Greencastle and Terre Haute Accm				4:00pm
Arrive from St. L.	3:45am	4:15am	2:40pm	5:00pm
Terre Haute and Greencastle Accm				10:00am

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Trains at Indianapolis Union Depot

Leave, going East	*4:10 am	11:00 am	*9:00 pm
Leave, going West	*7:30 am	3:30 pm	*11:00 pm
Arrive, from East	*7:00 am	3:15 pm	*10:30 pm
Arrive, from West	*3:50 am	10:40 am	*8:40 pm

*Daily. All trains have the finest of Buffet Sleeping and Reclining-chair Cars. For tickets and full information apply at 42 and 44 Jackson Place, opposite main entrance Union Station, the Union Station, Indianapolis, or to any agent on the line.

☞ Look in local column for special notices of excursions, reduced rates, etc.

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