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is no flatterer. Would you make it tell a sweeter tale? Magnolia Balm is the charmer that almost cheats the looking-glass.

Since so bloodthirsty a man as Herr Most has been found under a bed the millions of women in America will have renewed cause for the nightly precaution which they are credited with.—Louisville Commercial.

THE SHADY SIDE.

You say I'm "on the shady side." Suppose I am, my dear;
Suppose I've even left the shade for the darkness leaning near;
There is sunshine in the heart that shineth warm and clear.

Suppose my hair no longer glows with its fair gold of June;
Suppose, again, the silver threads will lie there thickly soon;
Life's song may stop upon the lips; the heart keep up the tune.

I would not give the autumn days for all the hours of spring,
Nor still the voice of riper years unto me whispering,
For all the sunny wreaths of youth life could unto me bring.

Spring holds, I own, some beauteous sprays amid its chaplet twined,
Yet one red rose of autumn is worth all of them combined—
The same with the conceptions of a maturer mind.

And so I'm "on the shady side." Dear heart, you can not see
The blooms that lie along my path and live alone for me,
And ever singing toward the West, my bird of melody.

I follow him adown the hill I climbed in careless mirth,
With sober feet than when at first I trod the pleasant earth,
For I had yet to learn the way to measure out life's worth.

The shadows stretched along my path protect me from the glare
Which now I feel right scorchingly would fall upon my hair.
Their cool caresses seem to me more beautiful and fair.

You can not understand it, dear, now in your youthful pride,
But some day you will smile to see the shadows round you ride,
When you, grown tired of heat and glare, descend the shady side.

The hill which seems so long at first will soon be passed and won,
Though trodden 'neath the fervid beams of a too ardent sun;
And ere you think it, you will find the shady side begun.

Not long the shadows rest before, when once your feet descend,
But just a little way ahead you see the pathway end,
And standing close beside the way the mansion of a friend.

And you will walk with happier feet the path as yet untried,
Than when you bounded up the slope, youth's pathway bright and wide,
And find, like me, your sweetest hours upon the shady side.

—*Clara B. Coffey, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

LOVE ON THE LAKES.

A Daring Sailor Wins Both a Race and a Bride.

Among the many men who earn their living on sailing vessels, there are none more daring or skillful than the "lakers" or "fresh-water sailors." The few sailors who are not garrulous, and when ashore between trips or in the forecastle during a brief respite from labor, yarn after yarn is spun and listened to with a deference seldom paid to more distinguished men. Along South, Cherry and Water streets, there are many poor-looking buildings, presided over by men who have grown tired of the sea, and who have started in with more or less success in entertaining sailors who want a home until all the money earned on the last trip is squandered. In one of these the other day a group of swarthy-faced men sat about a big stove industriously spitting tobacco juice on every thing within reach, and listening to a tall, well-made man, who was reeling off a yarn. The speaker was dressed in a sack suit of blue navy cloth; a black silk handkerchief encircled his neck under the large flap of a blue shirt, the knotted ends showing above his tightly-buttoned coat, a slouch hat rested carelessly on the back of his head and shaded a pair of frank blue eyes and as handsome a set of features as were ever kissed by rude winds or moistened by flying spray.

"I won't waste words in trying to make you believe that lakers are just as good seamen as you are," he began, "but that is the truth just the same. You are apt to sneer at them because even in the darkest weather they must be in a peculiar locality if they can not see an odd light or two twinkling on shore. But there is just where their greatest danger lies. Talk about gales. Why, the fiercest wind-storm I ever encountered came out of Manitoba, struck Lake Erie and sent the water bubbling and hissing like the devil's cauldron over Niagara. I have yet to see the chart that will help a man much to keep his vessel away from the shoals and rocks and bars that make Lake Erie a very dangerous place indeed. Of course there's a channel, but when you've got to sail a zigzag course to keep in it, it is dangerous to attempt it when you're on a loaded vessel that draws much water. Even nature seems to help Eric to be contrary, for in the spring when nearly all the freight is going up the lake the wind always blows down or across the lake or don't blow at all. In the fall, when every vessel has loads for Buffalo, the wind just acts the other way. There is a good deal of pleasant rivalry between the skippers on the lake; all are well acquainted with each other, and as there is work enough for all there is nothing to give rise to any ill feeling. Two skippers may start out at a certain time and pick up loads, and will indulge in a friendly race so as to see which is the faster vessel. I have seen more spirited races on Lake Erie than I saw even when all the clamor was made about the Puritan and the Genesta.

"Among the best sailors in Erie, Pa., a few years ago, were Sam Walker and Josh Wilking. They had known each other from childhood. Both owned big lumber schooners that exactly resembled each other in every respect. Even the furniture in the cabins was alike. Both men were childless widowers, and both were courting a buxom, black-eyed widow, who received their attentions with a degree of courtesy that amused everybody who understood the situation. Josh, in honor of the widow, had her front name, Jeannette, painted on the stern of his boat, and Sam, not to be outdone in gallantry, abbreviated the name into Jennie, which, therefore, adorned his craft. Sam differed from Josh in some respects; he was more of a free, easy-going fellow, and often let a dollar slip through his fingers, and was not backward in boasting that he'd rather range alongside the widow for an hour or two than make the most successful run ever heard of. Josh was business all through; but when there was no work to do then he'd dress himself up in his stiff store clothes, that always bore about them a stifling scent of camphor, sprinkle a few drops of peppermint over his handkerchief and proceed shyly to the widow's. It was not a rare thing for him to learn, on these occasions, that Sam had been doing a great deal of courting in a very short space of time. He came to the conclusion after awhile that Sam was playing mean tricks on him, and to get square he went around blowing that the Jeannette could outsail the Jennie in any kind of a breeze, and that he'd like to bet one hundred dollars that his statement was founded on fact. Of course this was something that Sam couldn't stand and so he planked down one hundred dollars, and it was agreed that the race should be sailed the very first opportunity that presented itself. It came the next day when a big pile of lumber was landed on the dock at Port Ryerse, Ont., for shipment to Buffalo. Josh and Sam started over and moored their vessels alongside the dock. In twenty-four hours both steamers had a two-reef load on. Instead of starting right away it was agreed to wait until midnight and then cast off the second the hands of their big silver watches pointed to twelve. The cabins of both vessels were worked up to the highest pitch of excitement, and instead of trying to get a little rest they went in a body up to the village and began drinking pale Canadian whisky.

"It was twelve o'clock before they knew it, and a wild rush was made for the schooners. The hawsers were thrown off quick as a flash, and both boats moved out into the lake and were soon swallowed up in the night. The sails were shaken out in a jiffy, and though the wind was light when they started it soon gathered considerable strength, and in less than thirty minutes it was blowing down the lake like a thousand demons. The schooners were so alike in every respect and the men who had charge of them were so equal in point of seamanship that they hugged each other as close as twilight hugs night. Once or twice they came near colliding, but every danger that threatened them seemed to make the men more reckless. Under ordinary circumstances much of the canvas that the vessels carried would have been taken in, because the wind would occasionally bowl them over so much that there was danger of the whole decks-loads of lumber sliding overboard. But both Sam and Josh swore a mighty oath that not a rope should be touched, and the schooners kept tearing along right on top of each other all the time. The wind kept steadily gathering in strength, and the faster it sent the boats along the greater the danger was. Now there is a neck of land near Quarry dock that stretches out like a finger of doom far into the lake. It is known as Windmill point and has been the death of more good sailors than all those salt-water fiends known as wreckers have ever been. The water that covers it is so shallow that even a light wind will whip it into foam, and when a gale is blowing it is frequently laid bare, and the sharp ragged rocks that compose it are clearly shown. Josh was a trifle ahead of Sam when this point was reached, and he laid himself out in order to get around it first. Sam didn't intend to let him do anything of the kind if he could help it and swung his schooner around until it pointed straight between the point of the reef and his rival's boat. This gave him a shorter road to travel and he rapidly overhauled Josh. 'By the eternal jewhittaker,' cried the latter, 'I'll jam him clar up on the rocks if he don't give way.' But Sam's blood was up and he was willing to risk every thing in order to pass the point first. The schooners closed in on each other, Sam's boat slid along the point almost scraping the edge of the rocks, and when he thought all danger was passed Josh seized his rudder and swung it hard-a-starboard. His schooner came around like a rocket, the bow struck Sam's boat square amidships, and crowded her, scraping and plunging, up on the rocks. Josh's boat was forced back by the collision, and by the time the wrecked bowsprit was cleared away she was some distance off the point. Sam and his crew were in a bad plight. The schooner had grounded hard and fast and had keeled over so that two-thirds of the deck-load of lumber had gone by the board.

"The men passed a dreary night, but by daylight the wind died away and in a little while a boat pulled off from shore and landed them all safe on the beach. Sam gathered together a gang of men and started out with them to see what could be done to release the schooner and set her afloat once more. The men were about clambering over the stern when Sam suddenly sprang up with a glad shout. Painted on the stern he saw the name Jeannette. It didn't take him long to understand this. In the darkness of night and with their brains muddled with whisky he had taken Josh's boat, and his property, the Jennie, was then probably safe and sound in port.

"'Don't tech her, boys,' he shouted. 'I hain't got no interest in her. Let her go, and when we git ashore I'll give ye all the whisky ye want, because it's to whisky I owe my salvation.' That evening Sam landed in Buffalo. He found his schooner safely moored, with a brand new bowsprit in place, and the lumber nearly all off. Josh was sitting on deck, smiling away and looking as happy as a clam.

"'I would consider it obligin' in ye,' he said politely, jumping on board, 'if ye'd kindly skip offen my schooner. Ye'll find ther Jeanette a needin' yer attention up yonder on the bar!" John was struck all in a heap, but he rushed to the stern and crawling 'way over looked down, and seeing the name Jennie realized the horrible truth. He cussed and ripped and swore, but that was poor satisfaction, and so he started off. The next time Sam met him in Erie he nailed him for the one hundred dollars, and Josh acted like a man and paid it. Sam had been attending to the widow all the time Josh had been busy getting his schooner off the bar, and the result of his attention was shown when he said, after pocketing the one hundred dollars: 'Josh, ye air kindly invited to be present at ther marriadge of myself an' ther widder, which the same is to come off a week from Sunday."

The wedding took place and Josh was there, a little pale and watery, but smiling all the time. After the wedding he painted a white streak over the name Jeannette on his schooner and has since called it the Pirate.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

—At a paper-mill at Lewiston, Me., the following letter, dated Brunswick, Nov. 11, 1866, was recently found: "Hiram: Your actions at the husking-bee last evening left me no longer doubtful as to what course I should take. I thought I cared for you, but I was a fool, and now am punished for my folly. Inclosed are the lock of hair, the picture, and the ring you gave me. Perhaps the ring will fit somebody else's finger just as well. Jane."

—The best way to brighten a carpet is to put a half tumbler of spirits of turpentine in a basin of water and dip your broom in it and sweep over the carpet once or twice.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

THE SEMINOLES.

Some of the Feasts Celebrated by the Native Redskins of Florida.

Like other tribes, the Seminoles consider the labors of the field far beneath their dignity. The squaw is the farmer, while the brave warrior scours the hummocks and flat-woods in search of game, or dozes away the long summer hours beneath the oak and palm. A friend of mine named Moore once witnessed the famous green corn dance of the Seminoles. It was early in May. One day soon after the orange blossoms had faded in the hummocks, and the tassels were just browning over the fields of corn, there were great preparations made for some sort of feast which Moore could not account for and the Indians were not communicative on the subject. Many cabbage palm trees were slaughtered and their snow-white buds prepared for the pot. A spot of ground was selected in the shadiest part of the hummock, where three giant-bodied live-oaks leaned their great arms together, and a large space of ground under the trees was divested of its growth of palmettos and bushes and swept clean. A fire of rich pine knots and oak limbs was built in the center, and, after awhile, there was a big bed of live coals. The women came in from the fields laden with green corn, which they husked and placed in the embers to roast, while the old men held secret council together and skinned the deer and wild hogs brought in by the young warriors. When the guests had assembled the chief, glittering in war paint and silver ornaments, rose to his feet and in a few words directed the opening of the performance. A circle was formed and a march begun, during which a strange, dirge-like song was chanted, and faster and faster moved the procession. On and on they swept around the fire, not pausing a moment for breath, until finally the yelling, dancing, jumping redskins sank down to rest and to feast on the venison, corn and palm cabbage which were temptingly displayed on platters of palmetto. The fragrant brown ears of roasted corn were brought forward and distributed among the throng, as an emblem of future peace and prosperity. At a Seminole wedding the new couple enter a ring composed of two or three dozen dancers. The procession moves rapidly around them. The bridegroom carries in his hand a piece of venison, and the bride has an ear of corn, which she hands to her husband saying: "I will provide bread if you will furnish the meat." Whereupon the warrior presents the venison to his squaw, and repeats his part of the formula. My friend Moore also witnessed a war dance in which over fifty braves participated. While they were forming in a ring, preparatory to commencing the dance, the chief hid himself in the densest portion of the hummock, and no one dared approach him. In the meantime the solemn, measured minuet began; in deep, chest tones, the warriors sang the song of battle, their voices rising from a low wail in a minor key, to a roar like that of an alligator. Suddenly, without the least warning, the chief came bounding into the ring. The circle widened, leaving him plenty of room for his wild leaps and gyrations, and the yells of the excited savages rose to the highest pitch. The chief took a stick of sour-orange wood, on one end of which was a carving of a man's head; thrusting this in the ground in the center of the circle, he drew his long, bright hunting knife, brought it down on the carved head, and went through all the motions of scalping. Then rose the death song:

"Ecah-ecah-ah-lee,
Ecah-bosah-ah-lee!
Wah-luck-luck-luck,
Wah-luck-luck-luck!
Wah-luckio-bah-ah-lee!
Oluckio-wah-ah-lee!"

After the ceremony of scalping was ended, the panting braves subsided, and proceeded to stow away an incredible amount of venison.—*Cedar Keys (Fla.) Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

QUEER BATHING.

Sick Men and Women Who Spend One-Third of the Day in Water.

In this country, and indeed in most lands, when people go to watering places to drink and bathe, the latter process is generally performed once a day. But at the little Swiss village of Lenkerbad the visitors almost live in the baths. It is a place set amongst the mountains, at a height over three thousand feet above the sea, where there are a great number of hot springs all strongly impregnated with minerals. Big bathing-houses are built here, in which are deep tanks and reservoirs, crossed with bridges, from which little steps run down into the water. Invalids from many countries in Europe go there, and they literally board in the water for awhile. They arise at five a. m., and go to the baths—a motley crowd of invalids, some limping, some doubled half over. The great pools lie before them, turbid and hot. The steam fills the great room. There is a sulphurous smell generally, but the bathers are not appalled. They change their ordinary attire for great, loose flannel gowns, and descend, or are helped, into the bath.

There are seats around the sides. On these the most helpless sit with their shoulders just above water. Others walk about and talk to each other. Little tables float about, only the tops being visible, so that they look like tiny rafts. There will be thirty-five invalids in the same great pool sometimes—men and women, who meet and introduce each other as if they were on dry land. And when all are assembled, waiters descend into the baths and serve a breakfast to each invalid on the little floating tables. The invalids feast, and, after the plates and cups are removed, they paddle about till noon, when all leave the bath, but only to return at two or three o'clock. Some have lunch in the water; some do not.

There are those who play chess and dominoes on the tables. There are a few who read in books well covered with oiled silk. Singing is in favor, and sometimes the whole bath full of invalids will join in a popular song.

It is considered essential to stay in the water eight hours each day. Strangely enough they are lively, cheerful and full of talk. It must be their nationalities that enables them to endure such treatment so cheerily. Fancy any American you ever knew, after eight hours of soaking in hot and sulphurous water! It seems incredible that any one could derive benefit from such treatment, but these Europeans declare that the effect of the Lenkerbad is almost miraculous.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—Ella Wheeler-Wilcox says nothing flatters a man's vanity like being told he is not like other men.

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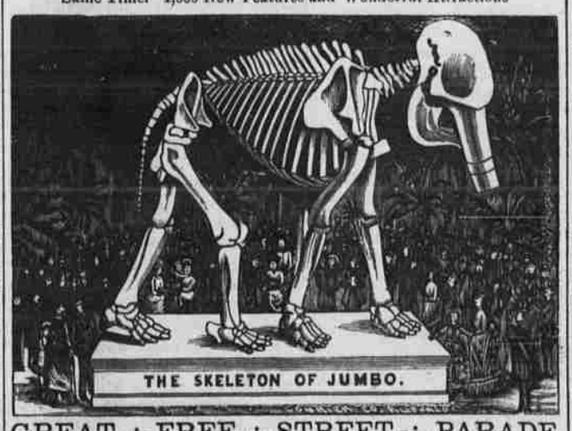

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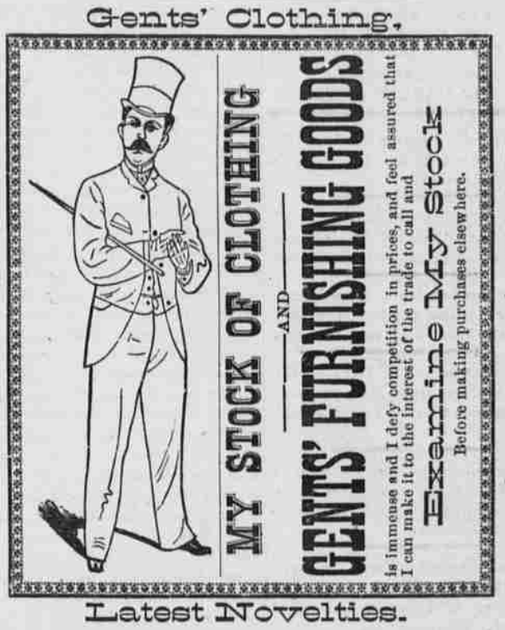

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