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The Cheer of the Trenton.

Our anchors drag and our cables surge
At every shock of the hurting sea,
While the mist of the breakers veils the verge
Of the reef of coral under our lee,

From the east by north to the north-northwest
The wild typhoon veers sweep on sweep,
And from moment to moment the cross-wave's crest
Buries our waist in its sidelong leap.

Under the blows of our plunging screw
The whitening breakers foam and churn,
But for all that steam and steel can do
We are drifting slowly astern, astern!

On our starboard quarter close aboard
We see the stanch Calliope loom,
While the black flood, from her smokestack poured,
Covers the sea like a pall of doom.

Her topmasts struck and her yards braced sharp,
She is headed out for the open main,
While her shrouds like the strings of a giant's harp,
Scream to the touch of the hurricane.

We from the flagship Trenton's decks
Are watching her battle in hope and dread
As she threads the throng of the tossing wrecks,
Now beaten backward, now forging ahead.

She with the red-cross ensign aloft,
And we, our starry banner below,
Go beam to beam, as frigates oft
Ranged in old sea fights long ago.

We watch the weight of the tempest fall
On her flooded decks and her reeling bow,
And our hearts are beating one and all,
For we both go down should she foul us now.

Through the darkest night there's a gleam to break
Fathom by fathom she forges past,
Till we know by the swirl of her eddying wake
That her seaward struggle is won at last.

The Admiral tosses his sea cap high,
As from station to station is passed the word,
And over the up our of wave and sky
The thunder roll of our cheer is heard.

And back from the Britou's taffrail came
The gallant, grateful, and proud reply,
That stirred our hearts like a pulse of flame,
The seaman's and brother's last good-by.

Oblood is thicker than water, and long
Will England's memory hold it dear,
And the tale be told in fo'castle song
Of the flagship Trenton's parting cheer.

—Walter Mitchell in New York Sun.

MICKEY FINN'S CANARIES.

There were striking indications in the landscape of Cooney Island that Spring had come. The fields were beginning to blush with a greenish tinge of color, and the brooks were swollen with melted snow. Mickey Finn's goat was glad. Mrs. Finnegan's goslins showed signs of gratification, and the humble human dwellers in the locality stood in their back doors and looked off toward the south, as if waiting for the advent of smiling May. A gentle rain was falling upon the dilapidated roof of Michael Finn's cabin, and his wife placed a wooden pail in position in the kitchen to catch the drip, drip which had been making its way through the roof for the past two months. Then she proceeded to put the "praties in the skillet, ready to place on the fire. The cabbage had to be cut up, too, and as Mrs. Finn busied herself with the task she remarked:

"Oh, my; oh, my; isn't it awful rain? I dunno will it ever stop! Shure my Mickey'll be dhrowned through an' through, an' sorra dhry stitch have I't put an him when he comes home from school!"

It occurred to the good woman that she might find something dry for her boy to wear in the old trunk which her husband had brought from Ireland and which lay in the only other room which the cabin afforded, and thither Mrs. Finn made her way. Mickey's old grey goat, finding the good woman absent from the kitchen, quietly entered and regaled himself on the head of cabbage which Mrs. Finn had cut up a short time before to put in the pot along with the bacon for supper. Breaking upon the goat's repast with a stove-lifter in her hand, Mrs. Finn exclaimed:

"Oh, ye thafe's breed, ye! Ye dirty, greedy divvle. I declare t' me goodness ye'd stale th' holes out iv a flute. Bad sess t' th' bit will ye get this noight for the thrick."

The goat retired very slowly, but when his horns had been turned away from her Mrs. Finn materially assisted his progress with a shove. As she was about to close the door Mrs. Finn saw Mickey coming through the rain. With uplifted hands and with an expression of horror on her face, Mrs. Finn said:

"Och, Mickey, Mickey, why did ye sthay out in that wet rain? Shure ye're soaked to th' skhin, an' ye'll catch ye're death o' cowld!"

While being relieved of his wet clothing and robed in his father's trousers and vest, which gave him the baggy appearance of a scarecrow, little Mike told his mother that on his way home from school he had gone to Peter Dolan's house to see the canaries.

"But, in the name of Finn McCool, why didn't ye wait till some sunshiny day?" asked Mrs. Finn.

"Mother, dear, oh, mother, if ye only seen thim wanst ye'd go t' see thim again, rain or shine, so ye would; they're that purty. Two o' the prettiest little yalla birds that iver ate grass seed! Pether has thim in a big cage on th' wall, so he has, an' ye has t' get on a laddher t' see thim. An' mother, dear, shure they has four weeny weeshy little burds, all covered wid soft, yalla wool, an' they cheep an' cherrup at th' ould father an' mother for all th' world just like little babies. An' th' ould mother bird does be feedin' thim little bits o' what she do be atin' hersel'. An' th' oul father looked at me as much as t' say that I darn't go near thim. Faix, mother, I'd like t' have wan o' thim little burds, but I can't earn any more money wid my scroll saw because it's bruk. Pether put me up on th' laddher t' look at thim, an' when I was up th' divvle says t' me: 'Mickey, phy don't you sthale wan o' thim little yalla burds? An' dy'e know, mother, that me fingers was itchin' t' git hold o' wan o' thim. But I says me little prayer an' th' divvle went awa', so he did. Mother, dear, would ye buy me wan o' thim little birds?"

"Arrah, darlint, asthore, I can't buy ye wan now, but wait till we sell th' chickens, an' I'll thry thin."

When little Mike drew near to the stove and huddled down close to the grate trying to get warm, and afterward he could eat no supper, his mother knew that something was wrong. Placing her hand upon the boy's shoulder, she said:

"Asthore, macree, what ails ye?"

"Mother, dear," little Mike answered, "I'm very cowld, an' me head's akin'—but the little yalla burds, mother! If ye only seen thim! Dear, dear, but me back has the tooth ache, it's akin' me that hard! They feeds 'em whate an' oats an' bread crumbs. Oh, dear! me head is bustin', so 'tes. I'm sheverin' an' I can't get warrum. Shure, if I had wan o' thim yalla—"

"Niver moind the burds, Mickey, you're sick. Ye got yer fate wet an' ye hav' yer back load o' cowld now. But niver moind, acushla, I'll soon fix ye. I'll soak yer fate in hot wather an' mustard, so I will. Ye shall have a dhrop o' hot dhrink. Whin ye're in bed I'll cover ye wid me warrum flannin' petticoat, asthore. Ye'll be bether in th' mornin'."

But when Mr. Finn came home in the evening he was sent off in haste after "Dr. Chorker, the doctor as ain't haard on th' poor," as Mr. Finn said. For little Mike had a high fever and was raving about the "little yalla birds" which in fancy he saw sitting on the foot of his trundle bed. When the doctor arrived he felt of the bounding pulse and heated brow of the sufferer.

"I'm afraid it's a case of pneumonia."

"Newmonya!" exclaimed Mrs. Finn, in horror. "Faith ye're mistakin' wid all yer larnin'. There's no dog afther bitin' my Mickey. No, no, docther, dear. Faix yer a smart man, so ye are, an' devil's the wan'll deny it; but it's not the newmonya, it's not that. Arrah, doctor, say it's bad cowled he has jist, an' no more!"

The doctor smiled at Mrs. Finns' misconception, but his face became tender and grave when he looked into the anxious mother's face raised to his. He did not violate the truth or his skill as physician when he replied:

"That's just what ails him, Mrs. Finn. He has a bad cold and nothing more."

"Oh, I thought ye were foolin' me, docther, dear. Settled in his bones, I suppose?"

"In his chest."

"Ah, ha! in his chest is it? Well, I'll soon have it out of thare with flaxseed. But, d'ye know he has something on his moind, d'ye see, docther? His lips is mutterin' an' he's that distheressed he does be kickin' the nice warrum flannin' petticoat off the bed, so he does."

"He isn't in love, is he?" joked the doctor.

"No. It's all about th' little yalla burds he seen down be Pether Dolan's. I think if he had wan o' thim he'd be cured entoirely without the flaxseed."

In a few minutes the doctor was in possession of the whole story about the canaries. He knew that the sight of one of the feathered songsters when the boy awoke from his delirium would do more to hasten his recovery than any medicine from the mineral or vegetable kingdom. As he drove slowly up the Old Point road, thinking how a canary or two could be procured for the boy, an idea came to him which seemed like an inspiration. He slapped his knees gleefully and laughed inwardly, as he said, "It's just the thing. It's cheap, and the mother and boy will be delighted."

Many were the sleepless vigils of Mrs. Finn at the bedside of her boy. Tenderly she soothed his heated brow. Carefully she watched the cracked kitchen stove and saw that the room was kept at the proper temperature.

How exact was she as to the time for giving him his medicine only a mother similarly situated can fully appreciate. Many a morning did the elder Finn go without his breakfast rather than to disturb the fevered slumberer. Even the goat seemed subdued during that critical period. At least Mrs. Finn thought so, although it was probably a fancy on her part.

The crisis came at last. One morning the light was trying to steal through a crack in the closed blinds when the doctor came. He carried a bird cage in his hand, which was covered with paper. He looked at the sick boy and told his mother that a few hours would seal his fate.

While little Mike slept the doctor stepped on a chair and hung the cage on a nail over the window. The blinds were open now so that the cage and its contents would be distinctly visible from the bed.

Worn with her long siege of sleepless nights, Mrs. Finn dropped asleep in her chair, and was awakened by a feeble chuckle of delight. Raising her eyes to the bed, they rested on the wan face of her boy, radiant with light. He was looking at the cage.

"Luk, luk, mother," he cried, feebly but excitediv. "There's three o' thim burds from Peter Dolan's—a yalla wan, an' a red wan, an' a blue wan. Did you buy thim, mother?"

"No, th' doctor brung thim, lad. Now, you must go to slape."

The crisis had passed, and little Mike improved rapidly. When the doctor came that evening Mrs. Finn met him at the door with her finger upon her lip.

As the door of the sick room opened to the doctor the goat slipped in before him and nosed around among the medicine bottles standing on a chair till they all fell upon the floor and broke. Then Billy contentedly ate several hundred pellets of aconite and bella donna, while the boy sat up in bed and grinned in delight.

"How is he?" said the doctor.

"Shure, he's worth tin dead b'ys," said the delighted mother. "It was th' little burds as did it. But ain't you a foine deceiver t' be paintin' little chicks wid red an' blue an' yaller paint an' passin' 'em off for canaries!"—*Omaha World.*

A Society Girl.

After all, the socity girl should not be expected to know everything. If she can keep up with her new dances, the latest kinks in dress and arrangement in hair, the newest trifles in jewelry and perfume, she ought not to be burdened with book lore, even to such inconsiderable trifles as telling the magazines one from another. It is an actual fact that a beautiful girl, a great belle in a social circle and a favorite with a long line of masculine victims, recently picked up from a friend's library-table the latest *Century.* "We used to take this," she remarked, as she ran her jeweled fingers through the pages. "No, I believe it was the other one." "What other one?" asked the hostess. "Do you mean *Harper's?*" "Yes, that's it, *Harper's*; but it wasn't *Harper's* that we took; it was this one, I know; I remember it now, because I know it had this soap advertisement in the back of it."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

MR. FROUDE'S ROMANCE.

The Historian Produces a Work of Fiction with Irish Exiles for Heroes.

James Anthony Froude, the historian, has produced his first work of romance, and it is a story of the middle of the last century, in which the never ending struggle between the Celt and the Saxon is presented in a new light as the central theme. The story is entitled, "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy," and the chief figures are Irish exiles who are in command of privateers fitted out in France; the rebellious natives of the south of Ireland, on the coast of which the principal scenes are laid; and the representatives of the English revenue service and of the English colonization schemers. Incidentally there is a description of the Dublin society of the day, which goes far to explain the demoralization that prevailed elsewhere on the island.

It is as a romance, however, rather than as a social study, that the book makes its strongest appeal; and the author's account of the fight between the smugglers and the coast-guard, his description of the long chase of the privateer by the English frigate, and his narrative of the duel between the two rival chiefs of Dunboy, are of absorbing interest.

The duel scene, as the following extract shows, is quite exciting:

"Morty to fire first and at his own time after the handkerchief was dropped. The signal was given. He paused a second or two, raised his pistol, took deliberate aim, and then let fall his arm again, and scanned his enemy's body as if considering where he could hit him with most certainty of fatal effect. Then he raised it again with a vicious smile on his lips. His eye fixed; his arm stiffened and became rigid as the stock of a crossbow. He drew the trigger, the hammer fell, and the pistol missed fire.

"Angrily he cocked it again, again pulled, this time without waiting, and again there was no result.

"'There is something the matter with your flint, sir,' said Goring, coolly. 'You had better let it be looked to.'

"With an angry flush on his cheek, Morty flung his weapon to his nearest second, who readjusted the flint and returned it to him.

"He fired instantly, but Goring's calmness had disturbed his nerve. His arm shook. The ball, which was intended for his antagonist's brain, passed through his hat, cutting away a hair or two on the way and left him untouched.

"It was now Goring's turn. With the same composure as before he again examined his pistol, as if to assure himself that he could depend upon it. He then, for the first time since they had taken their places, looked steadily into Morty's face.

"'Capt. O'Sullivan,' he said, 'you required the satisfaction of shooting at me, and you have had it. It is not your fault that you missed me, for you were deliberate enough. I might now save the hangman trouble. But your life is forfeited; it belongs to your country, and to your country I shall leave you. Fire at you in return I shall not, but that you may know and that all here may know that your life is mine at this moment if I please to take it, do you see yonder bow at the top of the farthest elm, with a single yellow leaf at its extremity? Mark that leaf.'

"He, in turn, raised his arm and glanced swiftly along the barrel; a flash, a shot, and the leaf, cut off at the stem by the ball, slowly fluttered to the ground.

"'Give us other pistols. Load again,' cried Mortly, furiously; but even the Irish crowd, who would have been well pleased to see Goring fall, could not refuse their admiration for his courage, his forbearance, and his skill: there was a cry that enough had been done; the seconds on both sides interposed; they declared that the affair was over and could go no further."

Not Afraid of a Bear.

As a farmer from West Hurley was driving with his wife on the outskirts of this city yesterday he came upon a Turk leading a tame bear, says a Kingston dispatch to the New York *Sun.* The farmer, wishing to have his wife see the bear dance, said he would give 5 cents to the master of the bear if he would make it dance. After the dirty Turk got the money he told the farmer that the terpischorean performance would not begin until another 5 cents was placed in his hand. This made the farmer angry, and he said:

"If you don't make that b'ar dance I'll make you dance and the b'ar too."

The owner of bruin made no move until the farmer got off his wagon to carry his threat into execution, when he put his hand to his pocket as if to draw a revolver. Then the farmer "let out with his right" and sent the bear-owner sprawling in the gutter. As soon as the Turk could get up he took the muzzle off the bear, and in an unknown tongue, told bruin to "go for" the farmer. The bear, thus encouraged, "went for" the farmer, who soon made his fingers almost meet around the bear's windpipe. When the farmer saw fit to let go the bear sneaked up to his master coughing and spitting blood, and its master began to make tracks from the spot. All this time the farmer's wife sat still in the wagon, simply saying:

"James, I wish you wouldn't be so foolish."

"I can't help it, Marier," said the farmer; "I wasn't brought up in the woods to be scart by owls."

The Great Australian Desert.

Australian travelers state the interior of Australia is by no means the desert it has long been supposed to be. Though now unpopulated, it is pronounced capable of supporting a large population. Gold has been found there, and the travelers brought home stories of vast pasture lands, abundant water, and finally of deep blue lakes, at least one of which is of large and as yet unknown extent. A great railroad is to extend across the continent from north to south through the eastern part of the country, once supposed to be a desert. It is predicted that the "desert" will disappear, as that in America has done.

Maud Muller has been fined $10 for misdemeanor at Parsons, Kan. What's in a name?

A 250-pound sturgeon was caught at Port Penn, Del.

TROTTING HORSES.

With the exception of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes,—who would, by the way, have made an excellent sporting-man, had not the superior attractions of literature and medicine intervened,—I do not know that any writer of mark has ever said a good word for the American trotter. This is a great pity, for the animal plays an important part in the daily life of the whole community, being concerned, as the Autocrat pointed out, even in the early conveyance of milk-cans and in the prompt delivery of fresh rolls. These humble offices have actually been performed by horses who afterward acquired fame upon the track. Within the past year, an old Dutchman, living in Western New York and engaged in the milk business, was astonished and not a little frightened by the pace which his beast set up one frosty morning. The cart was bounced over the pavements of the city where his route lay, the cans hopped and rattled in their seats, and the driver lost his breath. But he had no sooner recovered it than he began to boast of the wonderful speed at which the horse had carried him, and thereafter the animal was taken out, harnessed to a buggy, on Saturday afternoons and like occasions, for a brush on the road with the fast trotters of the neighborhood, all of whom he outstripped. Pretty soon the Dutchman's son, who had been brought up in this country, procured an old sulky, and put the milk-wagon steed in some sort of training. In two months' time they appeared at a track, engaged in a race with veteran drivers and horses of established reputation, and beat them all in three straight heats,—a wonderful achievment for a green trotter and jockey, and an immense surprise to the professional persons who had jeered at the uncoth appearance of the new-comers. This case bears out Dr. Holmes's illustration of the milk-cart; nor is the other example that he gives without foundation in fact. Some years ago, a baker's horse in Boston, after delivering her rolls and brown-bread in the city one day as usual, was driven to Saugus, a distance of about eight miles, and started in a match race at the track there. In the exuberance of her spirits she ran away in the first heat, and went around the course once or twice before she could be stopped. But being allowed to start again, notwithstanding this irregularity, she won the race, and finished her day's work by bringing the baker back to Boston and beating all the horses that engaged with her on the road home.

It must not be supposed, however, that these animals were entirely of plebeian origin. The milkman's horse had a dash of thoroughbred in his composition, and the baker's mare belonged to the incomparable Morgan strain. Indeed it rarely, perhaps never, happens that a horse who is not connected more or less closely with the equine aristocracy becomes distinguished as a trotter.—*Atlantic.*

The Crown of Thorns.

I know the masters of painting from Guido in his wonderful "Ecce Homo" down to the present time have depicted the crown that rested upon the head of our crucified Savior as a twisted branch of bare thorns, and that is, so far as I know, universally accepted as the true crown.

Some years ago an incident that occurred in the Holy Land caused me to think that this popular belief may be a mistake. A party of us, who were journeying toward Jerusalem at this season of the year, which is identical with the passion and death of the master, had stopped to rest and lunch just before entering the hill country, some miles beyond Ramleh, when a lady of the party who was gathering the beautiful flowers that covered the landscape on all sides wreathed an exquisite spray, and holding it up exclaimed: "The crown of thorns!"

Our party were delighted with the wreath and upon examining it we found that long sharp thorns were concealed by the lovely pink flowers. We were convinced that this was the true crown, and as we advanced toward Jerusalem, we saw that the whole country, even to the walls of the city, was covered with this flowering thorn.

The plant and flower are very similar to what we commonly call the flowering almond, with the addition of a thorn. The bloom is very thick, so that by merely entwining a branch a wreath is made, while the long, sharp thorns set out at right angles about an inch apart make it a very painful crown to wear upon the human brow.

When we remember that the soldiers who dressed our Savour with the purple robe and crown did it as a mockery, it is reasonable to believe that they chose this plant, which was so accessible and would make a beautiful appearance, while at the same time wounding his holy brow.

Many who have visited Palestine at this season of the year have doubtless had this suggested to them, yet I have never seen comments upon it in any book of travels.—*Letter in New York Herald.*

The Judge's Little Game.

Judge Bricker, one of the oldest representatives of the Pennsylvania legislature from Clarion county, has a novel way of entertaining his friends on Sundays at Harrisburg. The judge's apartments are modest, and the first man to arrive there gets the chair. The rest that come sit on the bed and the wood-box. Then the judge reaches under the bed and drags out a home-made hunk of smoked beef, opens his buck-horn jackknife and chips off a sliver of the beef. Then he passes the beef and the knife to the guest next to him, and the guest chips a piece off the hunk and passes it and the knife along until all are served. By the time the hunk has gone the rounds of the guests two or three times the guests are ready for the judge to skirmish under the bed again and come out with a curious looking bit of earthenware with a small neck. This contains what the judge declares is Clarion county cider. To show that it is safe he takes a drink from the jug and passes it to his guest nearest him, as he did the beef. The jug goes the rounds a couple of times, and then the party rests a few minutes while the judge tells a hunting story. After that the beef, the knife and the jug are passed again. The judge has a chalk mark around the hunk of beef, and when it has been chipped down to that mark he puts the hunk back under the bed for the next Sunday. Then the meeting adjourns.—*Chicago Herald.*