

### STORMED-TOSSED.

Out in the night and darkness,  
Out in the storm and rain,  
With never a star to guide him  
To haven and home again;  
He tosses afar, my sailor,  
On the breast of the stormy sea,  
With the pitch-black heaven above him,  
And the thunder's minstrelsy.  
The phosphorescent waters parting  
Leave a trail of fiery foam;  
The good ship flies from the tempest,  
But farther flies from home.  
Out in the wild night's blackness,  
A thwart the shadowy heights,  
Is a blood-red glow on the breakers—  
The gleam of wreckers' lights!  
The rush and roar of the tempest,  
The roar and rush of the sea;  
Pray, pray to the white Christ, sailor,  
For haven, for home, for me!  
—[Belle, in Boston Transcript.]

### SARAH DAYRE.

It was a golden day in early September, and the doors and windows of the Widow Dayre's old-fashioned house stood open to admit the soft, balmy air, fragrant with the old-fashioned flowers in the quaint beds of the front yard.  
Great lilacs shook their round, glossy leaves in the afternoon sunshine, and the tall rows of quince bushes were laden with the ripening fruit.  
In a large, cool dining room Mrs. Dayre and her youngest daughter, Sadie, were busy shining the golden pippins, ready for drying.  
A young man came up the shady, pleasant path, and standing in the doorway bowed low to Sadie, craving the privilege of resting for a while within their pleasant room. Said:  
"I am Mr. Derby, of the great house of Derby & Brothers, of New York city. You have doubtless heard of them?"  
"Yes," Sadie said, "I have heard." Who had not?  
Then sitting down, he discoursed very pleasantly and piquantly of the many interesting adventures he had met in his travels. Said he:  
"My feet are blistered from walking this afternoon. I never walked so long any before in my life. I have always been at school or college. Last spring my brothers, who have always petted me so much, fancied I was not looking so well, and advised a tour to Europe. But I desired waveling in our frontier settlement.  
"So I started forth with my own carriage and driver, and I have dearly enjoyed myself, until to-day, when our carriage was broken in crossing a new piece of road back here. The driver wishing to get the carriage to a shop for repairs, I vainly tried to return to our hotel; but I do assure you I am completely exhausted."  
And he looked up at Sadie so earnestly for sympathy that that tender-hearted damsel really from her heart pitied him.  
Turning to the table within the room he saw one of the circulars of the Cosmopolitan association lying there, and taking it up he said:  
"So you have one of our circulars?"  
"Yes," replied Sadie. "Our merchant gave it to me."  
"Would you not like to become a member of our society?"  
Sadie thought she would.  
"See, here is our Art Journal. I will send it to you for a year. Let me make you a member of the society. Perhaps you would draw some beautiful piece of statuary. Even the Greek Slave, for instance."  
Sadie blushed. How pleasant it was to converse with this handsome, dark-eyed stranger.  
"How nice it would be to have a paring bee! I have read of such things in books and papers. Do you think your mamma would allow you to have one, so that I could attend?"  
Again his dark eyes were bent upon her, and she could not refuse.  
"What lovely apples! We never see such as these in New York. Oh, Mrs. Dayre, would you be so kind as to sell me a carload of them to send on to my brothers?"  
Mrs. Dayre was well pleased to sell her apples, and she told him she would only be too glad to.  
Then Mr. Derby was looking at the pretty home made carpet that covered the dining room floor, and he said:  
"How often I have read of all these things, and dreamed of the quietness and bliss of a rural life! There, secluded from the great world, and far away from all its sting, with the lovely being whom I should delight to own as wife, how happy and blessed I should be!"  
Again he turned his dark eyes languishingly upon Sadie, whose heart was fluttering, the color coming and going in her cheeks, as she thought:  
"Perhaps he cares for me."  
She had read of such things—how rich young men had gone out away from the city to woo and win country maidens.  
Would she ever be Mrs. Derby, and ride in her own carriage, live on Fifth avenue in a brown stone front, and wear diamonds and satin?  
Mrs. Dayre, who was elated at the prospect of selling her apples at high prices, now commenced bustling about at getting supper, and Mr. Derby said:  
"I guess I will go out where the men are plowing for wheat. I like to see nature in all her varied aspects."  
And, bowing low to the pretty Sadie, he went out.  
Sadie watched him as he went through the great orchard—saw him as he stood talking with the men. There was the hired man—faithful, patient Rob. How

tall and strong he looked beside this genteel Mr. Derby! How long he had loved her, striving in every way to make home sweet and beautiful for her! How true and noble he was! How he had always striven to help her and carry her, as it were, over all the rough places! And how she tossed her pretty head at him, and pouted her ruby lips, and made him ten times more her slave than ever. Then she wondered what they could get for supper that would be good enough for such a grand, exalted being as Mr. Derby.  
Mrs. Dayre bustled about, making cream biscuits; while Sadie dreamily brought a golden roll of butter from the milk house, and went down the cellar for a dish of ambor jelly and canned strawberries.  
Then Mrs. Dayre sounded the old tin horn, while Sadie laid the napkins of snowy whiteness, and put on the delicate finishes.  
Then Rob and her brother Harley came in.  
"Where is that young fellow, Derby, that went out to see you a spell ago?" inquired Mrs. Dayre.  
"Oh, your nephew, you mean? Why, he told me his name was Merton, and that he came from Iowa. Said he had a lot of goods down at the depot, and had nothing but a large check on the bank, and that the cashier said they had not money enough without sending off to the city to cash it," and Rob looked wonderingly up.  
"Land sakes! He is a perfect scamp!" cried Mrs. Dayre, in her wrath. "He's fooled me about my apples. He never intended to take them at all."  
"Well, I did not quite finish," said Rob, with a long drawn breath. "I let him have \$20 to accommodate him. I never dreamed he was trying to fool me. I could see you all the while he was talking, and I thought to accommodate your nephew."  
"I am awful sorry, Rob. My nephew's name is not Merton, but Munger, and when he comes he will not borrow money from you. Some way that scoundrel has found out I was expecting a nephew, and so took that way to cheat. In here, he said he was Derby, from New York. And you just ought to have seen the eyes he tried to make at Sadie. I couldn't hear all he said, but he is just a perfect cheat and humbug, I know!"  
Rob looked over at Sadie, who was struggling to look composed.  
After work was ended, he asked her to take a walk with him.  
She went, and as they sauntered along under the light of the new moon, he asked her if he had not waited long enough to have an answer.  
Sadie began to realize something of the worth of a true, noble heart. The deceitfulness and foppery of the would-be Derby had nearly cured her, and she looked up to say:  
"Well, Bob, I think I've bothered you long enough. I'm sorry you lost your money, and I am so disgusted with—with that fellow! I think it has shown me more of your real worth than anything else."  
She had spoken out now truthfully and womanly, as he could not get her to before.  
"Then, Sadie, darling, if losing that money has at last caused you to speak, I'm glad I lost it. I'd sooner lose another twenty along with it than have you back again where you was before. Now, Sadie, kiss me, and tell me you love me darling."  
But I shall not tell you whether she did or not. But I do know that he looked the happiest fellow alive next morning. And before the first snow fell they were housekeeping in their own cosy little cottage.  
Rob says to this day that \$20 was the best investment he ever made, for it gave him a glimpse of Sadie's heart.  
They inquired at the hotel where Derby was boarding, but were informed that he ran away, leaving his board bill unpaid.  
Afterward, they found out that he was the drunken son of a worthless dentist, living near the Erie canal.  
Sadie never told Bob how near her head came to being turned with his flattery. Yet he was satisfied with the love of his pure, sweet young wife and was content.  
Girls, just let me whisper a word in your ears: The true, honest love of a plain man, of whom you know—one who is steady and industrious—is better than all the fine sayings of a male flirt, or the languishing eyes and simple nothings they have to lavish upon you.  
This story is a simple, true story of country life.  
All the characters are from real life. Only the names are changed, as the parties are still living near the home of the writer.

### Not High-Toned.

Philadelphia Call.  
"My dear, I am shocked that you should invite those young ladies to your party."  
"Why, mamma, how you talk! They have always been in society. Their father is the postmaster."  
"Very true, my child, but you forget the change which has recently occurred."  
"What change, mamma?"  
"Why, the rates of postage have been reduced to two cents. Postoffices are not high-toned any more."  
By the way, a dog generally "comes to the scratch" in the attempt "to make both ends meet."—[Norristown Herald.]  
Who elevates himself, isolates himself.  
Massachusetts ladies, meeting at social calls, talk politics almost exclusively.  
Belles of the bawl—girl babies.  
"Freddy Langtry" is the name of a Boston Thomas cat.

### THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

How the Young Ruler of 250,000,000 People Looks and Lives.

The ruler of the 250,000,000 of people of which the Chinese nation probably consists is not within five years of his majority, and is an occupant, while yet a minor, of the same apartments in which lived the emperor who preceded him on the dragon throne. There, says an account translated from the Nord Deutsche Zeitung, he eats with gold-tipped chopsticks of ivory, and sleeps on a Ningpo bedstead, richly carved and ornamented with ivory and gold, the same on which the noble-minded Emperor Khang Hsi and Chieu Ling used to recline after the day's fatigue in the last century and the century before. Like one of those living Buddhas who may be seen on the Mongolian plateau, he is honored as a god by his attendants, who kneel to him. The seclusion in which he is kept is also far more complete. The building in which the emperor resides is called Yang Hsin Tien, and is a little to the west of the middle of the palace. At the back of the central gate on the south side is the great reception hall. When ministers of state and others enter for an audience at 4, 5 or 6 in the morning, according to custom, they have to go on foot to the center of the palace, over half a mile, if they enter by the east or west gate; and when they get on in years they can appreciate the emperor's favor, which then, by a decree, allows them to be borne in a chair, instead of walking.

THE ROOMS OF THE EMPEROR consist of seven divisions. They are provided with divans covered with red felt of native manufacture, and the floor with European carpets. The cushions have all embroidered on them the dragon and the phoenix. Pretty things scattered through the rooms are endless in variety, and are changed in accordance with any wish expressed by the emperor. The rooms are all thirty yards long by eight to nine yards deep, and are divided into three separate suits, the throne room being in the middle. Folding doors ten feet in height open into these apartments to the north and south in the center of each. The upper part of these doors is in open work, in which various auspicious characters and flowers are carved. At the back, paper is pasted to admit light to the rooms. The front is ornamented with gilding, sculpture, and varnish of various colors. These doors remain open in winter, because during the cold season a thick embroidered curtain hangs in the doorway, which, by its weight, keeps its place close to the doorposts and prevents the cold air from entering. In summer this is replaced by a curtain of very thin strips of bamboo to admit the breeze. The silk threads used in sewing the strips of bamboo together are of various colors, and, passing through the whole texture of the curtains from the top to the bottom, are very agreeable to the eye. These summer and winter curtains are rolled up to give air to the rooms when required. Exit and entrance are effected on each side of these curtains by side doors.

ALONG THE WHOLE FRONT OF THIRTY YARDS there is a covered flight of steps fifteen feet wide. The roof over these rests on two rows of pillars. The pillars shine with fresh vermilion both within the rooms and on the steps outside, and are decorated with sculptured work partly gilt and partly varnished. The Hoppo, who lately returned from Canton, gave the emperor a present valued at \$8,000. It consisted of chandeliers holding 500 wax candles each. The emperor has also some electrical machines, and numberless foreign curiosities. He was vaccinated when an infant, before his high destiny was thought of, otherwise it would have been difficult to vaccinate him, for, his person being sacred when emperor, no lancet can touch him. His mother, the princess of Chun, who is a sister of the empress of the West, will be raised to the rank of empress dowager when he is 16, and his father will also be made T'ai Shang Huang. At least this is to be expected by precedent, so that after three years there will be two empresses dowager, but in this case they will be sisters.

The princess, his mother, goes in to see him once a month, and kneels when she first speaks to him, but rises afterward. His father does likewise. The emperor studies Chinese daily for an hour and a half, and Mantchu also for an hour and a half. He spends two hours in archery and riding, and in winter amuses himself with sledging. He has a little brother of 5, whom his mother takes with her when she goes to the palace. The teachers who instruct him kneel to him on entrance, but afterward sit. The emperor has eight eunuchs who constantly attend him, besides an indefinite number for special occasions. He has his meals alone, and the eight eunuchs wait around him, restraining him if he takes too much of any one dish. His school-room is at the back of the Yang Hsin Tien already described, and the hall in which he holds conference every morning with the ministers is a little to the east.

### He Was the Fool.

Arkansas Traveler.  
"I don't understand why women dress that way," said a man pointing to a lady who passed along the street.  
"I don't either," replied the bystander.  
"That woman," continued the first speaker, "is dressed ridiculously. Her husband must be a fool."  
"I know he is," said the bystander.  
"Do you know him?"  
"Oh, yes. I'm the blamed fool myself."  
He that doeth no injury, fears no in jury.

### THE COMMON STANDARD.

The Difficulties in the Way of the Adoption of the New Railroad Uniform Time System Explained.

New Haven Register.

Yesterday the Register told how, in consequence of the adoption of the new standard of time to go into effect on the 18th of next month, the clocks and watches of those persons in our section of the country would be found to be three minutes and fifty-eight seconds faster than the correct or new standard time. This information came but as the result of a very interesting talk with Professor H. A. Newton, in his quaintly-furnished and attractive study on Elm street, which abounds in globes and maps and bearskins, and is filled with groaning book cases. For a long period Professor Newton has been interested in the fixing of a single standard of time, so that when it should be 12 o'clock in Boston it would be 12 o'clock in New Haven and in New York, etc., simultaneously.

"There has been," said the professor, "much trouble and inconvenience occasioned by these differences in time. Why, it came out in the legislature of this state no longer ago than when the matter of the adoption of Connecticut standard time was brought up, that the people of the city of Hartford alone was laboring under the disadvantage of having three different systems of time to cope with. Some of their trains left on Boston time, others on New York time, while in the city of Hartford local time was used. You can see for yourself what the inconvenience must have been. Here in New Haven we were once using time that was four minutes faster than the New York time used by the railroads. It occasioned much trouble."

"The new system," continued the professor, "has not come up without opposition. On the contrary it has received the severest friction, and that is one thing that assures its success. It is a result of the recent convention of the railroad men in Chicago. They realized that they needed some common standard of time not only for their own benefit but for the convenience of passengers."

"What is the nature of the system as applied to the entire country?"

"Four meridians have been taken," said the professor. "The first is for the eastern section of the United States, and is the seventy-fifth meridian, which passes nearly through Philadelphia. It is calculated that all New York railroads, and very soon all the roads in the eastern part of the country, will adopt this time, which will be three minutes and fifty-eight seconds slower than Greenwich time. The second meridian, the ninetieth, is just fifteen degrees west, and will pass through the cities of St. Louis and New Orleans. This is the central division, and will fix the time for the roads in the Mississippi valley region. The time at this point will just be one hour slower than at New York, or six hours slower than Greenwich time. The third meridian, the 105th, will run through Denver, the time being seven hours slower than at Greenwich, while the eighth, the 120th meridian, will control the time of the Pacific coast and run through Carson City, and the time there will be eight hours slower than at Greenwich."

"Why was the seventy-fifth meridian chosen on the Atlantic coast?"

"Because the Philadelphia meridian, the one to be conveniently used, ran the closest to the center of population of the country. I have reckoned it that, including the places which are but from ten to fifteen minutes distant from the seventy-fifth meridian, there is a population of more than 12,000,000 people along it in the United States."

"Does the system go into effect in all the divisions at once?"

"No. Attention has not been turned to the western divisions as yet. It is needed in the east. The arranging of the times in the western divisions will be a light matter, as you see they differ only by even hours from our time and from Greenwich time. The minutes and seconds used are to be the same."

"Do you regard the innovation as a good step in the right direction in the settlement of this much mooted question, professor?"

"I do, most certainly. All the public clocks should be at once regulated with the time as adopted by the railroads on the morning of the 18th of November, and then all trouble arising from differences of time will have come to an end. There need be no more of losing trains nor of the other difficulties that have hitherto been occasioned by it."

### Courtship of Fishes and Birds.

New York Journal.

"Ever see a fish make love?" asked a naturalist. "Well, here's a chance," he continued, pointing to a small square tank. "In there are some sticklebacks that were sent to me some time ago, and for quite a while they have been working at their nests."

"Build nests? I should say so. The stickleback can build as good a nest as a robin. I've been watching this honeymoon business for about a week. I first noticed the male began to change his color, becoming a bright red, and soon he began to collect small sticks and pieces of fibre of various kinds; these he began to mould into regular form, and then passed around them with a quivering motion, that was to glue the material together."

"Where did the glue come from?" asked the reporter.

"It comes from a special gland," was the reply.

"It is in fact the plaster, and by these invisible cords the nest was held in shape. Every once in awhile the fish

would dash into the nest and finally a hole was formed, so that the nest as you see it now—an oval about three inches across, with a hole through the center. The material is mostly threads that I put in for the fish to use. Now just scratch the little fellow."

Taking a large hand magnifier, the stickleback was soon brought into view, looking as large as a trout. He was engaged in a desperate chase after a coquetish female that dodged here and there in fruitless efforts to avoid him, and in a few moments she was cornered near the nest and reluctantly passed into the home prepared for her.

"That's the end of the courtship and wedded bliss," said the naturalist. "The male prepares the house, drives the female in, and when she has laid the eggs takes her place until they are hatched, and, indeed, until the young fishes are able to attend to themselves."

The fish had already undertaken its duties and was stationed over the newly laid eggs, aerating them with his fins, occasionally rushing out to attack the intruder. "He will do this," said the owner, "until the fish are hatched and able to take care of themselves; then he will tear down the nest."

"Do all fishes have a courtship?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, but they of course differ. The courtship of the whales, which, however, are not fishes, is a grand spectacle, the huge creatures showing their devotion in a hundred ways. Old bull whales have often taken vessels for their wives, and again for their rivals, and dashed at them."

"Among the birds, however, love antics are the most laughable. Some time ago I was watching some of the birds in the zoological garden, and you would have thought they had gone mad. They were marching up and down, one before another, raising their wings and strutting around in a regular dance. Last season I saw in Florida the same thing among wild herons, and at first I thought the birds were at play or gone daft. Where they were standing was a mere strip of white sand about fifty feet long, and from my place of concealment I could see every movement. The females stood together, demure and quiet, taking no interest in the proceedings, while the males danced before them in pairs and trios, evidently endeavoring to outdo the others, and when, apparently exhausted by their efforts they approached the waiting females and by caresses with the bill tried to make them make a selection, curiously enough the females seemed best pleased with those that made the most exertion and went through the performance with the greatest agility. When once captivated the happy pair would fly away together, sometimes followed by an angry rival, that, however, would be driven back by the combined efforts of both."

"In all the zoological gardens where these birds are kept you may see the same performance, and perhaps the most curious part of it is not only a peculiarity of cranes or herons during the season or time of courtship, but it is also true of a tribe of South American Indians. Before the swain is even accepted as a lover he is obliged to go through a series of gymnastic performances to test his physical fitness to undertake the responsibility of a married man. Feats of leaping, running, lifting and contortion are required, the lover exactly imitating the heron before he is accepted or refused, as the case may be. In all birds we see the same well-regulated courtship, and generally much resembling our own actions during that interesting period."

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### How a Paper's Politics Was Changed.

Calloway (Ky.) News.

Since our last issue made us radicals and advocates for Grant for president and Butler for vice-president, and also made us declare for an additional tax for school purposes and the coeducation of the races, it now becomes us to explain these matters. The editors, moved by a simultaneous desire to visit the exposition, concluded to go together, whereupon we called upon Judge Oury and W. L. Weathers to edit our paper in our absence. They graciously consented to do so, and the last issue is the work of those two gentlemen. Of course it was all a joke, and nearly every one will at once so recognize it, but lest there be some who failed to note our local in the preceding issue, in which we stated that the next issue before this would be edited by those gentlemen, and therefore may be laboring under some misapprehension as to the facts in the case, we have concluded to say that the articles in last week's issue were intended as jokes, and never had existence save in the mental world of pranky gentlemen. We understand that by most of our subscribers the joke was highly appreciated. We hope that none will find fault with us in any event, as the matter in toto was a complete surprise to us.

In the last ten years fifty life insurance companies have failed, in which the gross amount restored to policy holders was \$77,072,685 less than the premiums collected.

It is stated as a fact that corn and potatoes planted on "cyclone ground" will not grow.

There are plenty of stops to a hand-organ, but no permanent one.

That is a bad era which Egypt has in its grip—the cholera.

The . for putting the : has , again.—[Boston Star.]

Silence does not always mark wisdom.

Keeps pegging away—The boot-maker.

Superior court—sparking a rich girl.