

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

[Written for THE COURIER.]

TIS strange. Today I shake you by the hand, I look into your eyes and love you; yesterday I did not know that the world contained you. For years we have each gone our ways, have laughed and loved, and cried and hated, without each other. Our happiness has seemed to be complete and our sorrow at it deepest; but now it seems that we have but half lived before we met. It seems to me that if you were to drop out from my world, that it would take all the brightness from it, that if the music of your voice were hushed I would always be sad.

But we have met now. You can never be blotted from my mind. Although you should go to the ends of the earth, yet would memory hold your picture before my eyes. Though the grave should swallow you up and your blue eyes be heaps of bony ashes in their bony urns, yet would I see them ever in the blue of the sky—in the colors of the forget-me-not. Though estrangement should come and we would pass each other by, with no glance of recognition, yet would the memory of your bright happy face, as it looks at me now—come before me and I should love you I know.

'Tis strange. Yesterday we spoke with him. Felt his warm hand—laughed with him and walked together in the bright sun. Today he lies there cold and silent. He is deaf to all our laughter, silent at all our tears. There is no answering pressure of the hand as we press it fondly—no tender look in the eye as we gaze and gaze with a world of love within our own. What has made the change? In a moment, with the suddenness of a flash of lightning, that which made him lovable has vanished and but cold unresponsive clay lies before us. Tomorrow and tomorrow will come but the places that knew him will know him no more. We will search for him and gaze expectantly to see him come, but he will not come again. His very name is now an empty thing. In dreams alone may we hear his voice, see his face and press his hands, but dreams are but dreams.

It is night in the great city. The shop windows are brilliantly lighted. The people pass along the street hurriedly. The housewife hurries home with her purchases for the morning meal—the business man after a long day of hard wearisome toil strides hastily home to his bright fire and his evening paper.

It is now growing later. Here and there the lights go out in a shop and the keeper comes out and locks the door behind him. The solemn policeman stalk back and forth, ever looking with sharp eyes at the passersby. Now the degraded classes of society begin to come out. Men stagger and reel along, their clothes in rags and their faces marked with the oil mark of sin and uncleanness.

A woman passes under the street lamp. Wildly her eyes stare out of a face pale as death. In one hand she grasps a tiny vial. She enters a drug store and the clerk fills the bottle with a harmless looking powder, and back she goes into the shadows from whence she came. In her hand she carries her curse—morphine. Some wan morning will find her stark and still in some dark garret, with the fatal bottle clasped in hands that will never open.

Along the fast darkening street hurries a young man. He has emerged from a gambling hell. His face is drawn and fearful. His eyes are full of despair. He goes on and on until he reaches a beautiful home not far from the busy streets. There under a window he stands a moment and lifts his hands as though in prayer. Suddenly the beauty of the night is hideously marred by the sharp sound of an exploding pistol. There is a heavy sound of a falling body and a groan and then all grows still for a moment.

Then the white, frightened face of a beautiful girl looks out from between the parted curtains. Then the yard becomes filled with men with solemn faces and for a time all is excitement and fright. Then the street re-echos with the steps of the men who carry a dead body toward the city. Soon all is still again. The light flash here and there in the house and then go out. Only the hopeless sobbing

of a broken-hearted woman can be heard. The lights have all gone out in the city and all is dark.

The day has come to confession
To the sable browed priest, called night,
And is whispering her sins and short comings
Through a lattice of shadow and light.

The night heaves a sigh at the story
Of oppression, of wrong and of shame,
But sprinkles the penitent softly
And grants absolution from blame.

And sighing softly and faintly
Relieved of the load of her care,
The day falls asleep while gently
The night breathes a pitying prayer.

WILLIAM REED DUNROY.

RICH MEN'S AMUSEMENTS.

Great men and rich men have usually had peculiar hobbies, often very remarkable ones.

George Washington bought lottery tickets, and Benjamin Disraeli delighted in the small talk of fashionable society.

Commodore Vanderbilt devoted his spare time in the day to driving fast horses and his evenings to whist.

Senator Quay, the gentleman who controlled Providence in the United States before President Harrison's election, goes fishing when he is weary of the cares of state. Thomas A. Edison plays poker.

Captain Sam Brown of Pittsburg is an obscure millionaire, who employs some 4,000 miners, and is one of the largest shippers of coal in the country. He spends his money on horses, and was the owner Troubadour, which won the Suburban in 1887, and afterward defeated Mr. A. J. Cassatt's The Bard.

The favorite amusement of Andrew Carnegie, that very famous Pittsburg millionaire, is coaching. He has just had built in England one of the most luxurious vehicles that was ever driven.

W. K. Vanderbilt and George Gould are yachtsmen. Mr. Vanderbilt is also fond of hunting and fishing.

George M. Pullman finds his greatest pleasure in riding in one of his own palace cars.

Robert Bonner and Frank Work are two New York millionaires who spend their wealth on racing and trotting horses.

PERSONA GRATA.

First Vassar Girl—He said he could not live without me—that I was, in short, a sine qui non.

Second Vassar Girl—And you said—

First Vassar Girl—Well, I gave him to understand that he was not exactly persona non grata.

Rheumatic Twinges

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