

BLONDEL.

Within my heart I long have kept
A little chamber cleanly swept,
Embroidered with a fleur-de-lis,
And lintel boughs of redwood-tree;
A bed, a book, a crucifix,
Two little copper candlesticks
With tapers ready for the match
The moment I his footfall catch,
That when in thought he comes to me
He straightway at his ease may be,
This guest I love so to allure—
Blondel, King Richard's troubadour!

He often comes, but sings no more
(He says his singing days are o'er!);
Still, sweet of tongue and filled with tales
Of knights and ladies, bowers and vales,
He caps our frugal meal with talk
Of langue d'oil and langue d'oc,
Of Picardy and Aquitaine,
Blanche of Castile and Charlemagne,
Of menestrel, trouvère, conteur,
Mime, histrion, and old harpeur—
Small wonder that I love him well,
King Richard's troubadour, Blondell!

Still, as he comes at candle-light
And goes before the east is bright,
I have no heart to beg him keep
Late hour with me when wooed by sleep;
But one request I ever make,
And ever No for answer take:
He will not make the secret mine,
What song he sang at Durrenstein!
Sleep, troubadour! Enough that thou
With that sweet lay didst keep thy vow
And link thy name by deathless art
With Richard of the Lion Heart!

—Clarence Army, in September Century.

THE WAY OF A SHIP.

Frank T. Bullen, author of "The Cruise of the Cachalot," etc., tells the readers of the September Century of the "ways" of certain ships he has sailed on as mate or foremasthand. His introduction runs thus:

Solomon had, among the many mighty qualities of mind which have secured his high eminence as the wisest man of the world, an attribute which does not always accompany abundant knowledge. He was prompt to admit his limitations as far as he knew them, frankly and fully. And among them he confesses to an inability to understand "the way of a ship in the midst of a sea." It may be urged that there was little to wonder at in this, since the exigencies of his position must have precluded his gaining more than the slightest actual experience of seafaring. Yet it is marvelous that he should have mentioned this thing, seemingly simple to a shore-dweller, which is to all mariners a mystery past finding out. No matter how long a sailor may have sailed the seas in one ship, or how deeply he may have studied the ways of that ship under all combinations of wind and sea, he will never be found to assert thoughtfully that he knows her altogether. Much more, then, are the myriad idiosyncrasies of all ships unknowable. Kipling has done more, perhaps, than any other living writer to point out how certain fabrics of man's construction become invested with individuality of an unmistakable kind, and of course so acute an observer could not fail to notice how preeminently is this the case with ships.

Now, in what follows I seek, as best I may, to show, by a niggardly handful of instances in my own experience, how the "personality" of ships expresses itself, and how incomprehensible these manifestations are to the man whose business it is to study them. Even before the ship has quitted the place of her birth, yea, while she is yet a-building, something of this may be noted. One man will study deepest mathematical problems, will perfectly apply his formula, and see them accurately embodied in steel or timber, so that by all ordinary laws of cause and effect the

resultant vessel should be a marvel of speed, stability, and strength. And yet she is a failure. She has all the vices that the sailor knows and dreads: crank, slow, leewardly, hanging in stays, impossible to steer satisfactorily. Every man who ever sails in her carries in his tenacious sea-memory, to the day of his death, vengeful recollections of her perversities, and often in the dog-watch holds forth to his ship mates in eloquent denunciation of her manifold iniquities long after one would have thought her very name would be forgotten. Another shipbuilder, innocent of a scintilla of mathematics, impatient of diagrams, will begin apparently without preparation, adding timber to timber, and breast-hook to stem, until out of the dumb cavern of his mind a ship is evolved, his inexpressible idea manifested in graceful yet massive shape. And that ship will be all that the other is not. As if the spirit of her builder had somehow been wrought into her frame, she behaves with intelligence, and becomes the delight, the pride, of those fortunate enough to sail in her.

LITERATURE.

A maid who is cursed with hysterics,
A youth that before her doth grovel,
With some chaperones, servants and preachers,
Make up the now popular novel.
The Peruser.

LANGUAGE OF THE FLAGS.

What They Are Supposed to Represent in Death or Life.

To "strike the flag" is to lower the national colors in token of submission, says the School Journal. Flags are used as the symbol of rank and command, the officers using them being called flag officers. Such flags are square, to distinguish them from other banners. A "flag of truce" is a white flag displayed to an enemy to indicate a desire for a parley or consultation. The white flag is the sign of peace. After a battle parties from both sides often go out to the field to rescue the wounded or bury the dead, under the protection of a white flag. The red flag is a sign of defiance, and is often used by revolutionists. In our service it is a mark of danger, and shows a vessel to be receiving or discharging her powder. The black flag is the sign of piracy. The yellow flag shows a vessel to be at quarantine, and is the sign of contagious disease. A flag at half-mast means mourning. Fishing and other vessels return with a flag at half-mast to announce the loss or death of some of the men. Dipping a flag is lowering it slightly and then hoisting it again, to salute a vessel or fort. If the President of the United States goes afloat, the American flag is carried in the bows of his barge or hoisted at the main of the vessel on board of which he is.

Won in Regular Order.

The report of Nasrullah Khan's impression that, as the first race he saw at Epsom was won by the prince of Wales, while on the second the premier was triumphant, they arrange matters in this way on the turf in this country seems to be borrowed from what actually took place at the races near the monastery in the Crimea during the war there. A purse was given by the executive to be run for by a horse, the property of our French allies. Some fifteen started and finished in strict accordance with their army rank—the race being won by the general, the colonel being second and the major third, but the subalterns nowhere!—London World.

Was Roosting High.

Art Moneypenny, a prisoner in the Harrisville, W. Va., jail, became suddenly ill the other night and while the guards were removing him to the sick room, Lee Samples, awaiting trial for forgery, escaped. As soon as he was missed a posse started in search of him and the country was scoured by them, but the search was given up. On their way back next morning, Samples was espied perched upon the topmost limb of a large beech tree. He was ordered down, manacled and taken back to jail.

Dentistry in Montana.

An actor is in deep trouble in Missoula, Mont. For work performed by a local dentist he agreed to give a horse. As the horse was not forthcoming, the dentist decoyed the actor to his office and, while pretending to examine his teeth, jerked out the full set and pocketed it. The actor is now forced to feed himself with soft fodder, with the aid of a spoon.—Nebraska State Journal.

Deer Hunting in Maine.

There will be good deer hunting in Maine this year. In many districts recently numbers of the animals have been seen on farms and in fields very close to settlements and villages, which the hunters take to indicate a great plenty of the game in the woods.

A trinity there seems of principles,
Which represent and rule created life—
The love of self, our fellows, and our God.
—Bailey.



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