

IN A MONTH OR SO.

In a little while, a month or two, The buttercups and violets blue Will bloom and flourish on the hill, The birds their sweet notes loudly thrill...

THE OLD MAID CAPTAIN.

The Little Romance Which the Stewardess Told.

From N. Y. Times.

"I have been going to sea these 25 years," said the stewardess of an American coastwise steamer, one afternoon recently, as she sat sewing in the cozy ladies' cabin of the vessel to which she belonged...

"When I was young I went on sailing vessels instead of steamers," continued the stewardess. "About 20 years ago—that was when I was young—I visited some friends in the country after a voyage, and then I came to New York to find a ship..."

"The next day I went aboard and reported to my new captain who was called Harris. The captain was short and rather slight built, with mild gray eyes, but with a full, heavy black beard. He seemed about 35 years old..."

"The next morning we were becalmed. Near by us lay a big clipper ship, which, toward noon, sent a boat to us. The officer in charge of the clipper's boat said that they were bound for New York, but they were short-handed, and told Mr. Bradley that he and the other men from the lost bark were welcome to come on board and work their passage to the United States..."

"You must not take him. I am his father!" "His father!" replied Mr. Bradley. "What do you mean? Why, I knew Capt. Wilson myself. He was at least ten years older than you, and was a large man into the bargain. Come, let me have the boy!"

One morning when we were in the South Pacific some one cried out that

there was a small boat with several people in it in sight on the lee bow. We bore away for the boat, which in a short time was alongside the ship. Five men and a little boy climbed up from the boat to our deck, and we gave them a warm welcome...

"The mate of the wrecked vessel, Mr. Bradley, was a gray-haired, rough-looking man, but he seemed to have a kind heart. Early in the evening, when he was sitting in the forward cabin with the second mate and myself, he told us that the little boy, who was still in the after cabin with Capt. Harris, had been shipwrecked twice before..."

"Now, I understood the captain's liking for Mr. Wood, our mate. She was in love with him, and of course she was a little jealous of me. The whole mystery about Capt. Harris, as she called herself, was accounted for. One evening some weeks afterward when we were in the Indian Ocean I glanced through the after cabin door, and what do you think I saw! There sat our skipper, Mr. Wood, by the side of our skipper. She had her hand on his forehead, and he was looking at her with a look of intense grief..."

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AFTER MANY YEARS.

"I know I am not rich," said a young man in the prime of his powers, and his eyes blazed indignantly as he made the statement. "I know I am not rich; but what of that? Does wealth make a man? Not much. A man makes wealth. I shall be rich."

"I know all that, Ernest; and you know that I care nothing about your poverty. I love you all the more because you are poor and have your own way to make in the world. But papa objects to my marrying you on that account. He says that you are not in our circle; you are too young, and that he doesn't like you anyway."

"What is wealth compared to the love I bear for you, Celestine?" "Oh, I know that it is nothing, but papa doesn't think so. He gauges every man by his bank account and his social rank."

Cautions for the Aged.

Age works great physical changes, many of which are generally recognized.

Some of them involve dangerous liabilities, and impose the need of constant caution.

One is to guard against undue exertion. The tough, elastic coat of the arteries is apt to become, on the one hand, chalk-like and brittle, or, on the other, fatty and weak.

So, too, the heart itself (or its aorta—the great curved trunk which receives the blood from the heart) may be in a similar condition, and suddenly fail because of undue exertion, when it might have been equal to ordinary work of years.

A special caution is needed in descending stairs. In our normal voluntary movements there are certain adjustments effected by unconscious mental acts. But age affects such a change in the brain substance that mental activity is lessened.

"Do you ever get footed?" exclaimed Barium, when I asked him if he was often led into wild goose chases after things that turned out to be ordinary. "Well, I should say so. There's no dependence to be placed on the reports of travelers as to the alleged wonders they've seen. For instance, we've just wasted \$300 on boomerang throwers. You've heard of Australian bushmen who have a weapon made of a bent stick with a sharp point, that they throw with wonderful skill, hitting the prey unerringly, and then returning of itself to fall at the feet of the marksman. Well, it struck me that half a dozen of them would be a fine attraction, and I had an agent go from London to the wilds of New South Wales, but he writes me that the accounts are two-thirds lie, and the remaining third isn't worth bringing away. The boomerang is a fact, and the native Australian savages fling it at game—missing about as often as hitting; and it will return, if it strikes nothing, to somewhere near the starting point, but with no sort of certainty. My man searched thoroughly, and witnessed the feats of the best experts to be found, but they amounted to nothing in particular. The famous boomerang is practically a myth."

Gov. Hill of New York has informed his friends that he is not, and never has been a candidate for president.

SENSE OF TOUCH.

The Most Complex and Least Understood of All the Senses.

Of all the senses we possess, the sense of touch is at once the most complex and the least understood, says the Pall Mall Gazette.

Blindness and deafness are too common, and we can all more or less appreciate the nature and extent of these dire afflictions. But who ever thinks how he would be affected by deprivation of the capacity to feel, inability to distinguish by touch between smoothness and roughness, heat and cold, or by an impaired power to receive the various sensations of pain and pleasure which reach us through the surface of the body?

How is it that the same finger which tells us that a substance is hard or soft, tells us also that it is hot or cold? Have we, as some physiologists aver, a sixth sense, that of temperature? If not, how comes it that a single touch of the finger conveys to the brain, in the same instant, two distinct impressions, perhaps three, for the substance in question may be wet, as well as hot or cold, hard or soft? Physiologists cannot tell us; they only know that the sensations so conveyed are separable, and that the ways by which they reach the brain are not the same.

The subject is by no means new, but fresh light has lately been thrown on it by the researches of two Swiss savants, M. A. Herzen and Professor Soret. The observations of these two gentlemen, besides being highly interesting, psychological as well as physiological, are of considerable practical importance in their relation to the training of the blind.

Pressure on a limb—as, for instance, when we fall asleep lying on one of our arms—if continued for some time, makes it more or less numb. It gradually loses the power of transmitting sensations to the brain. According to the observations of M. Herzen, the first sense lost is that of touch, the second that of cold, the third that of pain, the last that of heat. He says that when one of his arms is so torpid that he has to feel for it with the other, and it is impervious to a pinch or a prick, it is sensible to the warmth of the other hand. If the pressure be prolonged, the limb ceases to be affected even by heat. There are people, otherwise healthy, whose capacity of feeling is so far incomplete that they never know what it is to be cold so far as sensations conveyed to the skin are concerned. Winter is the same to them as summer. This probably arises from an abnormal condition of the spinal cord. M. Herzen mentions the case of an old woman whose legs, partially paralyzed, could feel only pain and cold. At her autopsy it was found that the spinal cord in the neighborhood of the nervous centres of the back was shriveled and otherwise in an unhealthy state. But M. Herzen has not rested content with observations of his own species; he has made experiments on the lower animals, classified several of the sensations of the touch, and discovered their localizations in the organism; and Professor Soret, taking up the psychological branch of the subject, has tried to find out how far the sense of touch may be made to convey to the sightless an idea of the beautiful. For as a deaf musician may enjoy music, despite his deafness, so may a blind man find pleasure in beauty of form, notwithstanding his blindness. In the one case the pleasure comes from the rhythm, or rather from sonorous vibrations of the air, produced by the playing; in the other from the symmetry and regularity of the object handled. "When music is going on I feel something here," said to M. Soret a deaf mute who enjoyed operas, putting his hand on his stomach. The blind, even those born blind, as Professor Soret has ascertained by inquiries among the inmates of the blind asylum of Lausanne, have the same love of symmetry as the deaf. The glib embryo derives at each such importance to the perfect regularity of the designs which they are required to repeat in the work. The basket-makers insist on all straight and of the same length. Solutions of continuity in the things they handle are, to the blind, indications of ugliness. They like evenness of surface, regularity of shape; a cracked pot, a rough table, or a broken chair causes them positive discomfort. But to create in the mind of a person born blind an artistic idea involves a measure of psychological development which is very difficult to impart and requires from both teacher and scholar great patience and long sustained effort.

He Got the Job. When Amos Cummings arrived in New York, after the war, he had a most excellent opportunity to be a tramp.

All he possessed beside a job lot of ragged clothes on his back was twenty cents' worth of postage stamps badly glued together. He wore a pair of battered cavalry boots and about three-quarters of a pair of trousers. The place where the missing parts of the latter should have been was concealed by a sunburned army overcoat. In this garb he climbed up to Horace Greeley's editorial den and asked Mr. Greeley for a job. He did not ask to be appointed to either the position of managing editor or foreman. He was willing to do anything. "No place for you," squeaked Mr. Greeley, without turning from his desk to look at the applicant, "don't you see I'm busy? G'way! Scat! damit!"

"But I tell you I must have a job." Mr. Greeley turned around his revolving chair, and glaring at Cummings, said: "Must? For what reason, young man, do you say must?" "For this reason," replied Amos, turning his back on Mr. Greeley, lifting the drapery of his old blue overcoat and exhibiting the vacant places where wild winds had whistled through his trousers. He got the job.—J. Amory Knox.

What is the booking to New York?" inquired a young man with a queer shaped hat on his head and a drawl in his voice, as he stood before the ticket window of an Eastern railroad. "Seventeen dollars," said the ticket agent.

"You, mean—aw—three pound ten, eh?" "No, I mean \$17. I don't know anything about your three pound ten. Ticket."

"Y—s—s— you may book me. But three pound ten is too deneed much, denecher know; too awfully much. Does that include me luggage?" He was informed that his luggage would be carried, and started off to look after it with his one eye glazing toward the roof of the station house.

"That chap must be an Englishman," remarked the ticket agent. "Englishman, the devil!" replied a brakeman, who chanced to be standing by. "I know that young codfish. He was born on a canal boat down here near Joliet, and his dad got rich buying hogs.—Chicago Herald.

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