

BY THE DEAD.

In this the friend of yesterday—  
The gentle woman, loved of all,  
Whose cheek was like the rose of May  
That blushes on the garden wall?  
No! 'tis not she who lieth here  
In awful dignity of death,  
With cold, mute lips and deafened ear,  
Of whom we whisper, under breath.

And yet—so like! Her hair was gold;  
Her face had such a shape as this.  
But this strange face is marble cold  
And would not warm at love's long kiss.  
How full it is of mystery!  
It thrills me with a mighty awe;  
I fancy that these shut eyes see  
Things that no mortal ever saw.

They may behold the Heavenly choir,  
The streets by shining angels trod,  
The sea of mingled glass and fire;  
It may be that she seeth—God!  
But what she seeth no one knows.  
These mute lips shut the knowledge in,  
And nevermore will they unclose  
To tell the secrets death can win.

Have you forgotten what she said  
One summer day to you and me?  
About the living and the dead,  
The future and infinity?  
"Life is a riddle none can read,  
And death a mystery will remain  
Till God gives wisdom that we need  
To make all hidden meanings plain."

That wisdom she has gained, while we  
Who wondered with her stand to-day  
Beside her cold, still form, and see  
Naught but an empty house of clay.  
She has put off all earthly things;  
The chrysalis has left its shell,  
And somewhere spreads unfettered wings  
In joy too great for words to tell.

Dead! Dead? I cannot make it seem  
That she we loved so is no more;  
It is the phantom of a dream  
That haunts us when the dream is o'er.  
How hard it is to understand  
The weird significance of death,  
The marble lip and icy hand,  
And utter absence of the breath!

O, could we start in form like this  
To the stilled machinery of life  
By subtle power of call or kiss—  
But no! she should be spared the strife  
And woe that wears overmuch  
Hearts stronger than was hers to bear  
The troubles of our life that touch  
The heights and depths of pain and prayer.

Still lips, through which the soul went out  
To the eternity of God,  
Past loss and sorrow, pain and doubt,  
To venture in the ways untrod;  
Dear lips, whose music we shall miss,  
Take one last kiss from me to-day,  
And she will somewhere know that this  
Was meant for what has gone away.  
—Eben E. Rexford, in Boston Transcript.

"STRANGE FISH."  
BY J. FREDERIC THORNE.

"HELLO, Frank, you're just the fellow I want to see! Will you come for a sail?"  
"Yes; certainly."  
"All right. I will go down and get the Seagull ready."  
Frank Haughton and his chum Walter Laurence were skillful sailors, and had spent many an hour in Walter's little sloop Seagull, sailing around the bay, even, at times, going as far as "the Hook." It was a bright, beautiful morning, in the summer of 1775, that these two boys of Elizabethport, N. J., started upon their sail.  
Walter hoisted the jib and fastened the halyard just as Frank pulled the anchor inboard; then, as the head of the boat swung around into the wind, both boys grasped the mainsail halyards and soon had the sail spread to the wind.  
The sails bellied out, and, with Walter at the helm and Frank tending the sheets, the Seagull heeled over under the strong breeze and went skimming along, speedily emerging from Raritan bay and rounding the upper end of Staten Island. The boys then came about and pointed for the Narrows.  
"Let's run down to the Hook."  
"All right; we've got plenty of time, and this is a splendid breeze; 'twon't take us more than about two hours, going at this rate."  
"We may see some British ships."  
"We may, but I hardly think it is likely—none have been reported. George Trevers, whose father, you know, is one of the committee of safety, told me that his father said at dinner last night that nothing had been seen or heard of any British ships for some time."  
"I'd like to see one, wouldn't you?"  
"Oh, yes; unless they capture us!"  
"Why should they do that?"  
"They might try to find out something about the continentals from us."  
"Well, they wouldn't learn anything from me. I'd let 'em cut off my head first."  
"They would have a hard time making me tell anything."  
The boys continued discussing what they would and would not do in the event of their being taken prisoners by the British. Meanwhile the Seagull, which the boys declared was the fastest boat in New York harbor, was making good use of her wings, and showing that she deserved their boast. They had passed through the Narrows, and were rapidly nearing Sandy Hook.  
"I hear that George has got a new— Look there! A British ship!"  
"Where?"  
"Over there."  
"Sure enough!"

"I wonder if she's a man-of-war?"  
"I don't think so; she doesn't look like one to me."  
"She's taking in sail."  
"There goes her anchor."  
"Let's run down close enough to see what she is."  
"All right."  
A turn of the tiller, and the nose of the Seagull was pointed in toward the Jersey shore, where a large, square-rigged ship, flying the easily recognizable "Union Jack" of England, was anchoring.  
The boys ran up quite close, and soon saw that she was not a man-of-war. As they came near they were hailed by a sailor:  
"Boat ahoy!"  
"Ahoy!"  
"Come up alongside."  
"What do you think, Frank—shall we?"  
"Yes, we might as well. I don't think they will touch us."  
The boys accordingly sailed up near the ship, and dropped their mainsail.  
This time an officer leaned over the side and asked:  
"Where are you from?"  
"Elizabethport, sir."  
"Where is that?"  
"In New Jersey."  
"Near New York?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Are those rebels whipped yet?"  
"Not yet, sir."  
"Gov. Sir Henry Clinton is in New York, is he not?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Will you deliver a letter to him for me?"  
There was a moment's hesitation upon the part of Walter, who was acting as spokesman, and then he answered:  
"Yes, sir; I'll take it."  
"Thank you, my boys. He will be very glad to get it, as he's fond of a good dinner. Here it is—catch it!"  
The officer threw down a sealed letter, which Walter deftly caught.  
"Now, don't lose it."  
"We'll be very careful, sir."  
The boys hoisted their sail again and put about, returning the officer's wave of the hand.  
Neither spoke until they were quite some distance from the ship. Then Walter, taking the letter from his pocket, where he had placed it, turned it over and reread the superscription:  
"To Gen. Sir Henry Clinton,  
"Governor, etc., of New York  
"In the American Colonies."  
"Frank, I'll wager you anything that that is a provision ship for the British troops!"  
"What makes you think so?"  
"Didn't you hear that officer say that Gov. Clinton would be glad to get this, as he liked a good dinner?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, he wouldn't be likely to accept an invitation to dine on an ordinary ship, way down at the Hook, at that, would he?"  
"No; I shouldn't think so."  
"Of course not; and I tell you it is a provision ship."  
"I shouldn't wonder but that you are right."  
"Well, Gov. Clinton will have to wait some time before he eats anything from that ship! I'm going to give this letter to the committee of safety!"  
"That's right! We're not Tories, to be doing anything to help our country's enemies!"  
"No, indeed, we're not!"  
"Maybe the committee will send some men to capture the ship."  
"My! but that would be great! They could do it. I didn't see any cannon, did you?"  
"No."  
"We want to get back home just as fast as we can and tell the committee!"  
"Well, the Seagull can get there quicker than anything else I know of."  
"Right you are! Pull in that mainsail-sheet; we can go several points closer to the wind."  
Frank did as directed, and the little boat buried her scuppers in the water, and fairly flew along.  
The boys were almost too excited to talk, and as soon as they dropped anchor again at their mooring place, they hurried ashore and started on a run for the town to inform the committee of safety of their discovery and the letter.  
Almost the first man they met was Mr. Trevers.  
"Oh, Mr. Trevers! there's a British provision ship down at the Hook!"  
"What's that?"  
"A British ship down by the Hook, and we think she's loaded with provisions for the British. The officer gave us a letter for Gov. Clinton, and asked us to take it to him. We took it, and here it is!"  
"Slowly, slowly, boys. I can't understand you when you talk at such a pace. Did you say you had a letter that is addressed to Gov. Clinton, of New York?"  
"Yes, sir—here it is!"  
"How did you come to get it?"  
"Frank and I took a sail down the Hook this morning, and saw the ship; and the officer gave it to us—the letter, I mean; and we think it's a provision ship, because he said Gov. Clinton would be glad to get it, as he liked a good dinner."  
"It's not a war ship, anyway."  
Mr. Trevers finally managed to get the boys to give a lucid account of their adventure, which they wound up with:  
"And then we came for home as fast as the Seagull could go!"  
"That's right, my boys. You are

bright lads, and have done just right. This may be of importance to us. Go up to the hall and wait for me; I will notify the rest of the committee. I want them to hear your story."  
Within the hour the committee of safety had assembled. The boys repeated their story, and then the letter which had been given them by the officer was read. It ran as follows:  
"On Board of His Majesty's Transport "Ship, the Deerhound."  
Sandy Hook, July —, 1775.  
"To Gen. Sir Henry Clinton, Commander of His Majesty's Troops in America, and Governor of New York:  
"Sir—I have the honor to inform you that I have arrived in the harbor with a cargo of provisions for the troops under your command, and also some choice delicacies and wine for your own table.  
"I am at anchor near Sandy Hook, and respectfully await your commands.  
"I am, sir, most respectfully, your obedient and humble servant,  
"GEOFFREY HENDERSON,  
"Commander of the Deerhound."  
The boys gazed proudly at each other to see their suspicions verified.  
"Did she carry any cannon?"  
"Not that we could see."  
"Were there many men on board?"  
"We only saw the sailors who were furling the sails, and the man and the officer who spoke to us. We think, sir, if you will pardon our boldness, that she could easily be captured."  
"The boy is right."  
"We will do it."  
The boys were questioned closely upon all they had seen, and then the committee held a long consultation as to the plan to be pursued to capture the ship, thus adding to their own stores and crippling the enemy.  
The British had found it necessary to send provisions across the sea to their troops in America, as, not only were supplies scarce in the colonies, but the patriots destroyed whatever they could not use themselves that was likely to fall into the enemy's hands. At this time food was at a premium with both the Americans and the British, and the provisions aboard the Deerhound would be as grateful an addition to the patriots' store, as it would be a severe loss to the British. So these patriots of Elizabethport were more than willing to take the risk in order to capture the supplies. To fight, men must eat, and, as they ate that they might fight, so they often fought that they might eat.  
That afternoon four large boats put out from Elizabethport, each manned by two rowers, who, apparently, were fishermen. But a search under the hatches would have shown each boat to be loaded with men—patriots, who were all heavily armed with muskets, swords and pistols. Among them, in the leading boat, crouched Frank and Walter. They had been taken along upon their earnest solicitation, representing that they were needed to show where the British ship lay. But they determined earlier in the day to do more than act as pilots.  
"I'm not going to be left out of the fighting if I can help it, are you?" said Walter.  
"Not much; but I'm afraid they won't let us have any arms."  
"We'll get some for ourselves, and not let them know it until we get there."  
"Where can we get any?"  
"I saw a lot of them when we were at the hall. They won't all be used. We can get some without their seeing us, I think."  
"Come on."  
The two boys were favored by chance, as no one was at the hall when they reached there, nearly everyone in the town being down at the beach watching the preparations for the expedition. They secured a cutlass and pistol apiece, with ammunition. Then came the question how to conceal the weapons. It was easy enough with the pistols, but with the swords it was a much more difficult matter. Finally they concluded to put them inside their shirts and down the legs of their breeches. This made walking rather awkward, but the boys hoped to escape detection, and in the excitement of the preparations they did so. As they lay in the dark hatches they fairly trembled with suppressed excitement, and in fact, the older members of the little band were not too self-possessed.  
It was nearly dusk when a sailor on board the Deerhound sang out:  
"Four boats on the starboard bow, sir!"  
"What are they?"  
"Look like fishing craft, sir."  
"Many men?"  
"Two in each boat, sir."  
"How are they headed?"  
"This way, sir."  
"Good! Hail them when they are near enough, and tell them to come alongside. I'd not mind a mess of fresh fish."  
"Ay, ay, sir."  
The four boats drew slowly nearer, and, upon being hailed by the sailor, they ranged along the side of the ship.  
The officer before mentioned hailed the man at the bow-oar of the leading boat with:  
"What have you there, my man?"  
"Strange fish for you, sir."  
"What's that?"  
"Fresh fish, sir."  
"Send some on board."  
"I will that, sir—more than you'll like."  
"What say you?"  
"I'll send as many as you want, sir."  
"All right; send them along."  
The supposed fisherman then turned unnecessarily loud:  
"Get out the fish!"

This was the agreed signal, and the words had no sooner left his lips than the hatches were burst open and the armed Americans swarmed up the sides of the ship.  
Capt. Henderson had given a surprised shout at this catch of what were indeed "strange fish," and they were far "more than he liked."  
His shout and the sight of the climbing Americans aroused the crew of the Deerhound. They sprang for their arms, and, what was not an altogether pleasant surprise to the Americans, were joined by a company of soldiers, who came pouring up from below, guns in hand. This put the numbers in favor of the British, but the Americans hesitated not a moment.  
Frank had sprang for and grasped the anchor-chain, up which he went, followed by Walter, their swords between their teeth, and the pistols stuck in their waistbands. As Frank leaped down from the bulwarks his foot caught, and he fell headlong on the deck. One of the soldiers sprang forward, and in another moment would have run him through with his bayonet, but Walter was right behind his chum. He had one leg over the side of the ship, when he saw the soldier spring at Frank. Walter whipped the pistol out, and, hardly waiting to aim, fired, and had the satisfaction of seeing the man fall when he was within a foot of Frank. Frank was on his feet again in a minute; he grasped his friend's hand for a second, without speaking, and then the two boys dashed into the fray. In a few minutes from the first shout, the deck of the ship was the scene of a hot and fierce fight.  
The Americans were forward, led by Mr. Trevers, while the British sailors and soldiers were massed just abaft the mainmast. There was not much time for any formation, as the fight began when the first American put his foot on deck. It was shoot, cut, slash and stumble. Back and forth across the deck raged the conflict; at one time it seemed as though the Americans would be driven back to their boats, but they were rallied by the cry of: "Remember Lexington!"  
From then on the British were driven slowly but surely back. The two boys played their parts manfully, more than once saving each other's life.  
The conflict, though sharp, was short; there was a final rush on the part of the Americans, and then, less than half an hour from the time the first shot was fired, the Americans were in full possession of the ship, with the defeated British prisoners. They had been taken completely by surprise, and lost nearly 30 men, while the American loss was but four killed and half-a-dozen wounded. The captors manned the Deerhound and sailed her up to Elizabethport, where her cargo was landed amid the cheers of the whole town, who crowded the shore.  
Frank and Walter were the heroes of the day, and the objects of envy of every other boy in town.  
So Gov. Clinton was deprived of some good dinners by two boys, and it became a catch word in Elizabethport, when asked what one had, to reply: "Strange fish!" — Leslie's Popular Monthly.

THREE POPULAR ERRORS.

Made by Many Persons in Their Living.

Three popular errors in living consist in too much meat eating, an excessive consumption of sweet and starchy foods and overeating. To the lay mind nothing seems to augur so strongly in favor of robust health as a hearty appetite. Furthermore, there would seem to be a strong conviction in the public mind, sanctified by tradition from time almost immemorial, that the more a man eats the better he is. The quantity of food that many people naturally eat is very large as compared with their actual physiological requirements; add to this the many tempting forms in which food is presented to the palate by our modern culinary arts, the sharpening of the appetite by the ante-prandial cocktail, the stimulus afforded the appetite by a bottle of good wine, and the result is often the consumption of an amount of food that simply overwhelms the assimilative organs. Such indulgence, if unrestricted and habitual, taxes both the assimilative and the excretory organs to their highest capacity, especially when coupled with sedentary life, and moreover it lends an additional impetus to the evils springing from the use of improper quality of food. The human elaborating and excretory mechanism was evidently adjusted for ordinary wear and tear to an average limited period of about 70 years. Under 40 per cent. of extra work we must naturally expect impairment or breakdown of the mechanism much earlier. It should, therefore, excite no special surprise that so large a proportion of our well-to-do people die from Bright's disease, heart failure, and allied diseases at 50 or 55, who should, and under properly regulated lives and habits would have attained the natural ages of 70 or over.—North American Review.

JOPKINS' MISTAKE.

Cost Him a New Dress and a Pretty Bonnet.

Jopkins had read somewhere that if a woman got hold of a newspaper with a clipping cut out of it, she would never rest until she had procured a complete paper and read the missing item. This struck Jopkins as a very shrewd and Machiavelian plan of exposing this well-known weakness of lovely woman, and he resolved to put it into practice.  
So that night, when he went home from the office, there ostentatiously protruded from his coat pocket the day's paper, from which he had neatly cut a paragraph referring to the rings of Jupiter or some such matter.  
He threw the paper to one side in a careless way, and after supper he noted with an unholy glee that Mrs. Jopkins had secured it, and was running her eye over the bargain ads, and working her way, after the manner of her sex, through the personals, marriage notices, and back to the telegraphic dispatches.  
Presently Jopkins observed a sudden and suspicious frown overcast her face. She had come upon the hiatus made by the waggish penknife. Jopkins reveled with internal hilarity, but preserved an outward appearance of innocent unconsciousness.  
"My dear," said Mrs. Jopkins, laying the paper gently aside, "I'm going to run over to Mrs. Hopkins' a minute. I won't be gone long."  
She went over to the opposite neighbor's, and while she was gone Jopkins had lots of fun. She came back presently, and Jopkins noticed she carried another paper under her shawl. She went upstairs and Jopkins leaned back in his chair and shook all over with joy.  
"Best joke I ever got off," he said to himself. "Won't she be sold when I tell her?"  
Mrs. Jopkins remained upstairs about 20 minutes, and when she came down she had on her hat and street dress, and Jopkins felt his knees shake when he looked into her eye.  
"Wh—where are you going?" he asked.  
"Where am I going?" said his wife.  
"You want to know where I am going, you deceitful, disreputable, underhanded, depraved, villainous, brutal, wicked, unprincipled, scandalous, abandoned monster? I'm going home to my mother!"  
"Wha—what's the matter?" said Jopkins.  
"Look at that!" said Mrs. Jopkins, thrusting the paper in his face. "Cut it out to hide it from me, did you? To think that I should ever have married such a ruffian!"  
Jopkins looked where her finger pointed and read:  
"After the performance of 'The Devil's Auction' last night quite a recherche little supper was given to the leading lady actresses by a few of their admirers. A prominent merchant whose name we withhold is said to have cut up some rather high jinks on the occasion. We wonder if his estimable and charming wife knew of his whereabouts."  
A cold shiver ran over Jopkins. He was innocent, but he had neglected to read the other side of the clipping when he cut it out. He began to explain, and the milkman says he was still at it when he called with his regular morning supply of chemicals.  
As Mrs. Jopkins was seen a week later wearing an elegant new silk dress, to say nothing of "a dream of a bonnet," it is presumed that the matter was satisfactorily arranged.—Tit-Bits.

FASHION NOTES.

Some New Notions in Dress for the Season.

A novelty dress skirt has a trimming made of bands of velvet and puffings of silk muslin alternating. This is in apron fashion and covers three-fourths of the length of the skirt in front and slopes up in shawl shape to the hips, ending at the middle of the back in a band not over four inches wide. The joining is concealed by loops and ends of velvet ribbon. Two bands of velvet are set around the entire skirt just above the hem.  
An evening dress has shoulder straps of very wide velvet ribbon, with butterfly bows at the tops of the shoulders. Around the shoulders are ruffles and velvet bands, making a trimming about eight inches wide. This forms an almost straight line around the figure and is a revival of a very old fashion.  
A hat of fancy braid has a wide brim rolled well up at the back and fastened to the crown. At the back of the brim is a large bunch of ostrich tips and the trimming is made up of wide ribbon in loops and ends and a large bunch of poppies at one side.  
The fancy for wearing the hat on one side is rapidly increasing, but the balance of effect is maintained by bunches of flowers or puffs of crimped silk muslin or chiffon on the opposite side.  
While navy blue and other dark colors are used for yachting costumes, it is a generally accepted sentiment that white with a little dash of color is the most dressy and stylish.  
A yachting dress of fine and heavy white serge has a collar and vest of blue. The collar and edges of the white waist next the vest are braided with gold and white.  
The silk shirt waist with skirt and jacket of moderately firm cloth is the deal outfit for the summer girl.—N. Y. Ledger.