JAMES GIVENS, THE SAILORMAN.

From time immemorial the poets have sung
Of men who were daring and bold;
Yet I hold and maintain that the glib human tongue
Has up to this time never told
Of a man more faithful and daring and brave
Than Jim, of the steamer Hanna,
For he gave up his life his fellows to save,
And he did it somewhat in this manner:

'Twas December 24th, and the boat came along—
With cotton and other freight laden—
The crew were all merry, indulging in song,
About home and mother and maiden.
Happy were they and no thought of fear
Was owned up to disturb the glad choir;
But in the midst of it all there came a dread call
Which transfixed them—the cry was "fire!"

Then all was excitement and bustle and strife,
And awe took the place of glee;
The thought of each man was to save his own life,
And at once they began to flee.
The pilot, Jolles, who stood at the helm,
Brought her bow up nigh to the shore;
Then sprang away, ere the flames could o'erwhelm,
Feeling that his task was then o'er.

But he barely had left when again the boat turned
And glided out in the stream;
But James Givens, the man who a task never spurned,
Rushed up through flame and through steam—
Then seizing the wheel he brought the craft round,
And he plunged her prow in the sand;
Then he went through the terrible flames with a bound,
And managed to reach the land.

'Twas a brave, noble deed and he paid for it too—
Paid for the act with his life—
But he recked not the cost, to duty proved true,
And now he is free from all strife.
His proud, gallant soul has gone to the throne
Of him who died for mankind;
And as Christ always knows and will claim his own,
I am sure that James Givens he'll find.

James Givens was humble, a poor working man,
And he boasted no grand pedigree;
But seek the world over and find if you can
A man more noble than he.
For he gave up his life, an offering, to save
Those who were nothing to him;
And on earth he will have but a plain, humble grave—
Above, a bright diadem.

But his name will e'er live in the hearts of true men,
And will travel from ocean to ocean;
And then wander back to his own land again,
Where he's loved for unselfish devotion.
And his poor, humble name should now find a place
High up on fame's brilliant banner;
And beneath it in letters of gold we should trace:
"The Hero of the John H. Hanna."

—A. J. Reynolds.

AMBITION.

"Why, Libby, is that you? Stop a minute; I'm going your way and I'll walk home with you."

"I'm in a hurry, Job!" stammered the tall young girl whom Job Lindley had addressed.

"But I won't detain you a second!" catching up the change and the parcel from the counter of the little general shop which served for grocery, dry goods emporium, flour mill and postoffice for the dwellers in Succothville. "I'm ready now."

Libby Morse was a slender, bright eyed girl of 18. Job Lindley was the village druggist, a quick, keen faced young fellow, with a healthy glow on his cheeks.

They walked briskly along over the hard frozen winter roads, in the gray twilight.

"Were you getting anything at the store?" Job asked. "Have you any bundles for me to carry?"

Libby laughed bitterly.

"I was asking for letters," said she. "There were none for me. I didn't much expect there would be. Luck don't come to me!"

"Luck?" Job looked at her in a perplexed way. I hope, Libby—I do hope you haven't been persuaded into buying tickets in the Breezetown lottery!"

"Nonsense!" retorted Libby.

"Your uncle gives you all the spending money you want, don't he?"

"He gives me all I ask for," Libby answered—adding, within herself: "And little enough that is!"

"You're not discontented at living with him?"

"Not especially."

"Because, Libby, if you don't like it where you are"——

"Oh, Job, there comes Alice Markham!" hastily interrupted the girl. "I've got a message for Alice. You'll excuse me, won't you? Good-by!"

Job Lindley stood puzzled, in the middle of the road, watching Libby's figure vanish against the yellow bar that still marked the spot where the sun had gone down half an hour ago.

"It's queer," said he. "I'm hanged if I understand it! Every time I get anywhere near that subject she slips away from me, exactly as if she understood what I was going to say. It's like trying to catch the waters of a running brook in one's hand. To me there's no girl in all Succothville like Libby Morse, and yet I can't for the life of me tell whether she cares for me or not?"

In the meanwhile Libby had joined Alice Markham, the young district school teacher, whose week it was, in "boarding around," to go to Mr. Morse's.

"Oh, Alice," said she, breathless with the haste she had made, "I've had such an escape!"

"Child, what on earth do you mean?" said Miss Markham, who, though she was scarcely a month older than Libby, in actual time, had the dignity of at least thirty summers.

Perhaps it was as much owing to the responsibilities of her position as to natural temperament, but still it was there—the sober, charming sedateness of a young queen.

"I think, Alice," said Libby, in a mysterious whisper, "that Job Lindley wants to ask me to marry him. I've just been walking with him."

"Well—and if he does?"

"It's such nonsense," said Libby, slightly accelerating her swift, elastic pace.

"I don't see that at all," said composed Alice. "Every girl is the better for a good, sensible husband."

"Fiddlesticks!" cried Libby. "As if a girl with an ambition like me wanted to be tied down to life in the back parlor behind a druggist's counter!"

"An ambition?" repeated Miss Markham.

"Ah, I haven't told you!" cried exultant Libby, dancing up and down until her feet sounded like tiny castanets against the frozen ground. "But I have an ambition—two or three of them! Shall I tell you what they are, Alice?"

"If you can leave off flitting along like a will-o'-the-wisp, certainly," said Alice, twining one arm around Libby's slender young waist.

"Well, you see," explained Libby, lowering her voice to a confidential mystery, although there were only the frost brightened stars and the yellow rim of light above the western woods to overhear her communication, "Uncle Thomas hasn't been very successful with his farm of late, and as he has nine children of his own, he naturally feels as if I were a burden to him. And he hints that I ought to be doing something for myself. Now what can a girl do for herself in Succothville but go out to service or enter the factory or take in plain sewing?"

"Not much else, I must confess," said Miss Markham.

"Well," pursued Libby, "I don't fancy any of these three roads to a livelihood. So I've picked out three other paths for myself. I've been studying up the papers, Alice, and I've written a love story, in competition for the hundred dollar prize offered by The Titusfield Literary Clarion."

"Child, child!" cried Alice. "What do you know about love?"

"As much as other girls, I fancy," said giddy Libby. "I've read about Ophelia and Desdemona and Lucia di Lammermoor and all those classic heroines, and of course one depends a good deal on one's imagination. It wasn't a bad story, I know. Well, that's one road. And I read the statement of the Woman's Barter establishment in New York—how they'll pay you for good cake or preserves, or anything of that sort, less a trifling commission—so I sent a box of plum jam to them, a box that ought to net me $10 at least."

"That's Number Two," smiled Alice. "Excuse me for saying that I have more faith in Number Two than in Number One."

"We shall see," nodded Libby. "And the third"——

"Yes," said Alice, encouragingly, "the third"——

"I answered an advertisement for a wife," whispered Libby, hanging down her pretty head. "Yes, Alice, I did. You needn't start back in that tragical manner. Other girls do it. Why shouldn't I? Such a beautifully worded advertisement! A widower, all alone in the world, sighing for sympathy and love—a widower of means, Alice!"

"Libby, you have done wrong," said Alice, with a gravity that impressed her young companion more than she would have been willing to confess.

"Well, I've done it, and there's an end of the matter!" said Libby, with a rebellious toss of her head. "So there's no use in lecturing me. Uncle Tom shall find out that I'm not entirely without resources. A hundred dollars for the story (besides all the fame it will bring me, Alice), $10 from the plum jam—and there, you see, is enough to buy quite a neat little trousseau for marrying the widower. People don't launch out with silk dresses and dozens of under clothes as much as they did, and"——

"Libby," urged Miss Markham, "are you really in earnest?"

Libby broke out into a little hysterical laugh.

"Alice," said she, "I've thought of nothing else and dreamed of nothing else for a week. And it's strange—so strange that I never have received an answer to any of the three communications!"

Just then little Tommy, the youngest hope of the house of Morse, came trotting across the scar meadows.

"Oh, look here, Lib!" said he. "The storekeeper he's found a lot o' letters as got hid away under the mealbags, where they was sortin' the mail on Thursday. They calculate as Pete, the puppy, done it—he's chuck full of mischief and tricks: and the storekeeper he give me a lemon ball if I'd take these to you. I was lickin' the inside of the molasses keg with Johnnie Piper and Sam Stokes under the counter"——

Libby grasped the letters, and even by that imperfect light Alice could see the snow and crimson chasing each other across her face.

They were already inside the little gate, and Libby caught at her companion's arm with nervous haste.

"Let us go upstairs to your room, Alice," she whispered. "There is always such a swarm of children in the keeping room, and one never can have a moment to one's self. Besides, there is only that lamp in the house, and I can't read by candle light."

Side by side, in the school teacher's apartment, by the light of the flickering, strong scented kerosene lamp, Libby and Alice opened the letters.

The first, whose envelope bore the stamp of The Titusfield Literary Clarion, was brief enough. The editor regretted that Miss Morse's manuscript had proved unsuited to his columns, but would return it to her address on the receipt of sufficient postage stamps to defray the cost of transportation by mail.

"There's an end of that!" cried Libby, passionately, tearing the letter in two and flinging its fragments on the ground.

The second was an elegantly written note on scented and monogramed paper from the secretary of the Woman's Barter establishment, stating that Miss Morse's kind favor, per the Rackawaxen Railroad express, had been sampled, and had unfortunately proved to be below the standard which the establishment had set up. The box awaited her orders, and Mrs. Geraldus Geoffreys remained hers truly, etc., etc.

"It's all nonsense!" cried breathless Libby. "Standard of excellence, indeed! It's all favoritism. There's a ring—I know there is! The whole thing ought to be exposed through the newspapers."

The third letter was brief enough. It was from a well known lawyer in New York stating to Miss Elizabeth Morse that her communication, together with numerous others, had been found among the effects of a notorious swindler, who had fled from justice about a week previously. It was returned to her, with a well meant warning to avoid such traps in the future. Most of his dupes, it was stated, had inclosed money, rings and photographs to him, but she was fortunately among the exceptions.

Poor Libby! She burst into angry tears, with her head on Alice's shoulder.

"Oh, Alice," she cried, "what a fool I have been!"

And Miss Markham was endeavoring to console her, when Tommy came clattering up stairs to shout at the keyhole that "supper was ready, and marm had been frying flapjacks, and there was some real maple molasses on the table, better than that on the inside of the keg at Billings' store!"

Alice went down. She knew that it would give mortal offense to Mrs. Morse's housewifely pride to neglect this summons; but Libby flung a hood over her head and rushed out into the cool night air.

"I couldn't speak to any one just now," she pleaded. "You'll keep my secret, Alice—won't you?"

Just there at the gate stood Job Lindley, a black shadow against the starlight.

"Libby!"

It was all that he said, but the one word was so full of devotion, allegiance, tender appreciation, that Libby stopped involuntarily.

It was a healing balm to her hurt spirit and wounded pride.

"I was coming to ask you to go to Swope's Corners with me to-night," said he. "There's to be a concert there, and—but is anything the matter, Libby?" he asked, checking himself in mid-explanation.

"Yes, Job, I should like to go," said Libby. "It's very good of you to ask me."

"But you're in some sort of trouble, Libby!" exclaimed Job. "You've been crying? Has your uncle been cross to you? Because, Libby, you needn't stay another day under his roof unless you choose. If you'll come to me and be my wife, Libby, there's nothing you need ask for in vain. It may sound abrupt to you, this love story of mine, but it's been trembling on my lips every time I've seen you for three months."

It was a strange, short wooing, but when they came into the noisy, cheerful house room, Libby had promised to be honest Job's wife.

The failure of her fantastic ambitions had luckily driven her into the sure haven of a good man's love.

"I have got my own love story now," she said to Alice Markham. "Better than all the Desdemonas and Ophelias that the editor of The Titusfield Literary Clarion ever dreamed about. And Job is worth forty sentimental widowers. And as for the plum jam, we'll let that go! Mrs. Geraldus Geoffreys is welcome to it for her afternoon teas!"

"And you are really happy at last?" wistfully asked Miss Markham.

"Yes, dear Alice, I really am happy at last," said Libby.

And her radiant face bore witness to her words.—Saturday Night.

A Horse Swallows a Ball of Twine.

A horse in a small town near Norwich, Conn., which is disposed to swallow anything that comes within its reach, recently bolted a large ball of wrapping twine. The ball rolled in easily, but a knob at the end of the cord anchored itself windward between the animal's front teeth, and the knot and the visible piece of twine served as a key to the situation when the young groomswoman visited the stable and inspected her steed. There was a somewhat troubled look on the horse's face as he stood with feet braced, ears lopped, mouth open, and in his eyes was a mute appeal that betokened a growing suspicion that probably the case was hopeless. The young lady unloosed the knot, wound six inches of the cord around her hand and began to unravel the mystery. The horse kept his mouth open, looked wise, and seemed perfectly to understand what was going on, and out, yard after yard, fathom by fathom, the animal compliantly yielded up his peculiar dinner, and on neither side of the manger was a comment uttered, except that now and then the grateful beast emitted a sigh as he observed the external ball swelling in magnitude and felt the internal one steadily diminishing. Finally the last yard of cord was reeled out of the horse, wound up and the ball taken into the house, where the animal couldn't get at it again. —Lowell News.

Daniel Webster as a Financier.

"Webster," said Rufus Choate one day, "I want to borrow $500, and I wish you'd lend it to me."

"I haven't the money today, Mr. Choate," said Webster, "but you give me your note and I guess I can get it cashed for you."

Gratified beyond measure, Choate sat down to write his note.

"By the way, Choate," said Webster, in an offhand way, "you might as well make that note for a thousand, as I can use $500 myself."

"Certainly," said Choate, cheerfully, and he signed a note for an even thousand.

Then the immortal Daniel sauntered down to a banker's office.

"Ah! anything I can do for you today, Mr. Webster?"

"Can you discount a note for a thousand for me?"

"With pleasure."

The great statesman pocketed $1,000 in bills, gave $500 to Choate, who was effusive in his thanks, and kept the other $500 himself.

Daniel Webster, my son, was what would be called in these days "a financier."—Lewiston Journal.

Vesuvius' New Departure.

Vesuvius has lately been very active. It has been rapidly throwing up a new cone of eruption about thirty to forty yards to the southwest of the original one, and the fissure across the crater plane towards the west-southwest is increasing in size and is richer in acid emanations. It is possible, therefore, that an eruption may take place soon on that side of the cone, since the vent tends to shift along the fissure pointing in that direction.—New York World.

THE TURKISH BATH.

AN INSTITUTION THAT IS POPULAR WITH THE LADIES.

Women Who Bathe to Increase Their Weight, and Others Who Do the Same to Make Themselves Thinner—Ladies' Day at a St. Louis Bath House.

While St. Louis cannot boast of any Turkish bath houses marked by Parisian or even Levantine luxury and elegance as to fittings and conveniences, she can claim to have a large contingent of fresh looking, handsome women who give full credit to the beautifying influence of regular Turkish baths. All the public Turkish baths have "Ladies' Days," and the register of the leading establishment yields on inspection a long list of names of ladies prominent in society, in the schools, in the churches—in all the sets and circles of the body social of our city. On "Ladies' Days" this bath house can hardly accommodate the crowds of maids, matrons, children and school girls that are its regular customers.

HAVE THEIR REGULAR DAYS.

The visitor as well as the attendants at the bath house soon learn to look for certain classes on the same days of each successive week. Those who come by order of their physicians, or for some special physical ailment, are generally promptly on hand Tuesday; society women who come to recuperate their expended strength and for beauty baths, favor Thursday as the off day of their week, when the gayeties pause for breath and one is less likely to "miss something" on that day. Saturday is the teachers' day, when they may stop to shed the dead skin of their spent forces and relax the taut muscles of discipline on the slab where the spray soothingly falls on the just and the unjust alike, for most often, too, some of their recalcitrant pupils come in gay, noisy little shoals and make the corridors ring with their laughter and little screams of merriment.

The faith of many women in the virtues of the Turkish bath is limitless. Those who are too thin believe that they will attain the plumpness of their standard of perfection by continuing the baths. Those who groan with flesh think the bathing and the rubbing will make the burden roll away; those whose complexions are too pale or too sallow seek there color and clearness. The pimpled face expects to grow smooth, the flushed face pale—in sooth, they think the Turkish bath the real fountain of eternal youth and beauty. Women as ugly and old as the Witch of Endor have parboiled themselves until the sap of life has left their skins like parchment, and they have finally dried up and blown away on the way from their tri-weekly trips to the Turkish baths, where they hoped to grow fat, fair, and 40 at least, when scragginess and the seventies had seized them ten years before.

One entire fat family of social as well as personal magnitude in this city never fails to send its ample supply of daughters for a douche and a pounding every Thursday; but pounding only seems to make them more pulpy. Then there are three thin sisters who go to gain symmetry; and three other sisters who have the natural rotundity and rosiness of stocky girls only one generation removed from the farm life of their mother's parental precincts, go for—well, for what? Perhaps to get elongated; perhaps to acquire a little ethereal ization—heaven knows for what—perhaps only for the fun of it. Then there comes a tall girl, neither too thick nor too thin, too rosy nor too pale, and, as is natural, she inclines to the stout, short girls, and they compare notes on the advantages of Turkish baths.

SOUNDING THE MAN ALARM.

The mother of nine children, whose friends tell her she "doesn't look a day older" (than whom or when?), comes regularly, and says, "it's the Turkish bath does it." The phrase may be a little promiscuous, but it seems to be understood by her friends and fellow bathers. After her will come a beautiful matron of ten years' standing, who never had any children, and her acquaintances will tell her she never looked so beautiful and strong, and congratulate her on the good times she has going around the world and having no children to keep her at home, and wind up by saying she looks younger than ever, and she says, it is all the Turkish bath.

Then a widely known teacher, wise and learned, will be heard telling a pale little Dante woman that nothing so helps to clear the brain and put spring into the vertebra and make keen the nerves, which, unclogged, aid all the faculties to digest the learned dissertations of the doctors now expounding doctrines of the flesh and the devil as given forth by Goethe at the guild rooms of St. George's, as a thorough massage of the physical woman.

A suffragist, tossing wildly on a hard couch near by, from which she can see the clock, whose warning hour hand stands at half-past 12, notes the fact that "we must all be getting out of here pretty soon for those selfish men, who want the place at 1 o'clock. When women can vote we'll change all this." "I hope you won't vote to let the men in during the women's hours," exclaimed the horrified woman of calculus and belles lettres. "No! wait till I get my corsets on," cries a beauty from her dressing room who has only heard "men" mentioned, and she immediately applies the rabbit's foot to her cheeks, ties down her lace veil and goes out with a last injunction to her bather to "take care of my terry blanket and things"—and with her face toward the door to get the first glimpse of any of those "horrid men" who may be coming, she looks over the register as she signs her name and reads therein a list of the best known names in the city.—St. Louis Republic.

There has been begun in Paris a campaign against trained nurses, and a return to the old system of nursing by Sisters of Charity has been strongly advocated. It is alleged that the mortality in hospitals is 4 per cent. higher since the introduction of trained nurses.