## SPRING TOKENS.

- I gazed from out the western pane, And sought with eager eyes Some token of the coming spring Beneath the chill gray skies.
- I wongered if the stern old king, Who seemed so loth to go, Would only crown the tender spring With garlands made of snow!
- But out upon the southern slopes A dark spot, here and there, Showed where the recent melting snows
- Had left the brown earth bare. The valley stream with swollen tide Had burst its frozen chain, And rushed with turbid sullen force
- Beyond the gray-white plain. The maples swept their blushing tops
- Against the evening sky, A ray of sunset glory told
- Of brightness by and by. And as I watched the azure mist That hung o'er vale and tree, From out the red'ning maples rang
- A bluebird's minstrelsy. "Thou sweet, sweet harbinger," I cried, With blue sky on each wing, With hope fuifilled of glad spring hours In all the songs ye sing! -Mrs. D. E. F. Horton, in Housekeeper.



HAT is whatshe said to me; I talking to him-

self, for there was no one to listen to him. "This is what she said: 'I could not forget you if I would; I love to witness that, come what may, I will how can you doubt me?""

He repeated these words twice in the tone of one who knew them by heart and yet feared he might forget them, and once more he whispered the last sentence: "I will be true to you forever, Douglas. Ah, how can you doubt

"Why, I did not doubt her!" he went on, as though he answered some one who had spoken. "But Dora is so beautiful. Every man must love her, and I had no great opinion of myself. Why should I? And Frank Fenwick was so bandsome; was rich as well, and always coming to the house, and the captain favored him. I could see that.

Covering his eyes with his hands, Douglas Deane could fancy himself once more in the parlor of Capt. Darling's quaint little cottage down beside the shore.

He saw the deep bay window, in which a small telescope had been set so that with it one could sweep the beach and the boats and the billows beyond, with whatever craft might be upon the water; the wainscoted wall and the polished floor spread with the great Persian prayer-carpet the captain had brought from the orient. The panels were decorated with nautical views of all sorts. Ships in calms and storms; the launch of the Kitty Creamer; the wreck of the Stormy Perel: vachts at rest upon the water. the moon behind them and colored lights hung out; ships in full sail on mid-ocean. The little bookcases had polished brass handles to their doors. The great green parrot with red wings. and the great yellow parrot with evil eyes, swung in two golden cages in the window, flanked by tropical plants growing in Chinese jars. A wood fire burned in the brass grate, and the light from a tall brass lamp fell through a shade of rose-pink silk, puckered and plaited into the likeness of a great

flower-cup. The hour had come when he must leave his little sweetheart. His arm was about her waist, her cheek upon his bosom. In that softened light her face seemed to him to wear an almost



HER CHEEK UPON HIS BOSOM.

operhuman beauty. She was always it that he was altogether unworthy she did, grief might have killed her. her, and he remembered how handme and winning Frank Fenwick was, sology to some listener, he said aloud: | no other!

As near as I can reckon I've been away his ease in that house. three years!"

saw before him only the billows of the ocean, over which lay the blue dome of the sky, and a staff from which fluttered a streamer of scarlet flannel-a signal of distress that the wind had striven many a night to rend to tatters.

How long it seemed since he, with cronched miserably on the shore, watching the ocean as itswallowed the fragments of the wrecked steamer, and boats that vanished from their sight in the stormy midnight!

A box and a cask or so were washed ashore. The island was not quite barren. But I could not tell you how they lived unless I had the space to write a new "Robinson Crusoe."

One of the sailors had died within Deane had lately buried in the sea, as he walked like a drunken man. He was alone now, no human eye to meet his own, no human voice to answer his.

life and hope alive within him? I will tell you. Dora Darling's last words: "I will be true to you forever, Douglas. | three long years. How can you doubt me?"

Looking at him, anyone would have mere skeleton—a thing as terrible to misery? "But at least I can end it all," look upon as any specter.

The fatal drowsiness, against which he constantly fought, was stealing over him again even now, and he longed to lapse back into his dreams. But with a struggle he shook it off, stood up, looked to the east and saw only the sun, a ball of fire low upon the horizon; looked to the west and north and saw only sky meeting water; turned to the south and noted a thin black cloud.

Was it a cloud? His heart began to beat as though it would rend his body remember it in twain as he began to understand well." It was that it was no cloud at all, but the drift a man who of black smoke from the tall pipes of a spoke. He was steamer that even as he gazed came up from that under world were ships hide themselves in midocean.

He grew blind, giddy. The joy almost killed him as he understood that you too well. But listen: I call Heaven they saw him-that a boat had been sent out, that friendly hands grasped be true to you forever. Ah, Douglas! his, and that kind voices uttered words of comfort. A terror came upon him lest all this should be but the vision of a dream, and he only quite believed it who am not wanted by anyone on morning, and sitting down to his desk, true when actually on board the Nancy Hopper.

His face washed, dressed in a suit of clothes, a world too wide to be sure, but still wholesome, decent garments, he sat a guest at the captain's table, drinking coffee-oh, wonderful, deliclous beverage-eating like a Christian with knife and fork, spinning his yarn to sympathizing ears-he to whose laments only the mouning ocean had replied for so many days! In the midst fill his pockets with stones that he London, spoke for an hour from only scent hoped this would answer, they of the tale of how the ship went down might sink more surely. He did not the briefest notes, and is said to have said. he suddenly paused, his eyes fixed on dread the brief struggle. As for the made a profound impression, although "A will be true to you forever, Douglas thought. How can you doubt me?" Then be But on flushed scarlet. "I've got a habit of talking to myself, I'm afraid," he fal-But every sailor man who heard him understood that he was thinking of his sweetheart. And he saw it in their eyes and was ashamed no longer. He had a shock, though, in the morning when waking in his berth, with white linen against his cheek inlimbs at ease that had wont to be cramped and chilled and aching. He and wild masses of hair fell over his shoulders and mingled with a beard have in that house!" that reached to his waist. Was the such life as he had led bad changed a night." full-cheeked, bright-eyed, well-groomed young man to this wild creature!

had. The ship's barber took him in hand, and three meals a day did wonders. He got back his own looks wonderfully during the voyage.

that yet kept him from his Dora Darling! And still, as he leaned over the side of the ship, sending his heart homeward, he whispered to himself: How can you doubt me?"

At last the voyage was over, his

thanks and adieus to his preservers uttered. He had even reached the seaside village and the gate of the garden kisses on her pale cheeks and tear-wes that surrounded Capt. Darling's house, It was evening. There was no moon, but the sky was studded with stars. and through the windows of the cottage fell the lamplight. His heart was beating again as it had when he first caught sight of the smoke-drift upon the horizon, and instead of ringing the bell he stepped softly across the porch There was the little room totally un-

Vhy, I did not doubt her! But, you He had been reading a newspaper, a man as I ever knew .-- Philadelphia .- N. Y. Tribune. e, I was going to leave her for air and stretched his arms in a comfort- Record

months. Six months-great heaven! able yawn. He was plainly quite at

A flood of jealous wrath swept over The horror of the present swept over | Douglas Deane's heart, and he clinched him, blotting out the picture of the his hands tightly. "She called Heaven past on which he was gazing with the to witness that she would be true to eyes of his soul. He looked up and me!" he muttered. "How cas I doubt her?" But all the same he stood aside and watched the room. Frank Fenwick was waiting for Dora, he felt sure, and he intended to see how they met. The next moment the door opened and Dora glided in-Dora, paler and thinner than of vore, but lovely two sailors, had been flung ashore like still. In her arms she carried a tiny so much seaweed, and in the dawn had babe. She smiled upon Frank Fenwick, not in the least as one does who greets a guest, and seemed to speak to him familiarly as she placed the infant ignorant of the fate of the crowded in his arms, settling the embroidered shawl about its shoulders and shaking out its long white robe. He could not hear what they said, but Frank bent his head and kissed the little creature. It was a pretty family group, with

but one meaning to the onlooker. With a groan Douglas Deaue staggered away from the window and out two weeks, and the other Douglas into the sandy road again. He reeled

"Oh! fool that I was to believe that woman could be constant!" he moaned. 'But she called Heaven to witness-Do you ask what kept the flame of that-that-" He paused; it had become impossible for him to utter those words on which he had existed for

Why, he asked himself, had he not perished on that lonely island in the said it would be over soon. He was a sea? Why had he lived to endure this



SAW A STRANGE WILD CREATURE STAR-ING AT HIM.

he cried out in his madness alone there in the starlight on the sandy road where no one could see or listen to him. "I will return to the ocean-I earth. It will be only one unknown drowned man the more. And Dora will never know."

By that you can see that, wretched as he was, he still loved his love too well to wish that she should suffer. Full of his purpose, he walked on toward the beach. He knew just where the long, smooth slope would lead him he was out of his depth. He would something that he alone could see. sin of it, God would surely pardon one he told no ghost stories and did not "And she," he said aloud, "she said: 'I too miserable to live for dying, he

was beside him the next moment cry- philosophy takes very little note. ing: "Great heaven! is it you, then, stead of the roughness of a rock, and Douglas Deane! I never expected to see you again in this world! Just now Dora pointed to the window and cried lifted himself on his elbow and saw a out that she saw your spirit standing strange, wild creature staring at him. there, but as I don't believe in ghosts, It was like a skeleton, and the skin and don't like strange faces at the panes, upon its bones was dark as that of an I followed you. Give me your hand, old old negro. From the deep hollows of boy. I'm glad to see you. But this is people who have mourned you as they

"Ah! she was sorry, then, at firs ?" strange being some madman? Did it said Douglas. "Well, I could expect mean him harm? Then, with a groan, no more. The picture of domestic haphe sank back upon his pillow. He was piness was rather unexpected—that is only looking at himself in a mirror let all. I was not ready with congratulainto the cabin wall. Three years of tions. I am sorry she saw me-good-

"The picture of domestic happiness!" cried Frank. "Oh! 1 begin to under-For a little while he despaired; but stand. You have taken it into your there were scissors and razors to be head that I have cut you out-that Dora is my wife? Have you forgotten that Capt. Darling had another daughter, still at boarding school when you went away? Sarah is her name. I But how long those few weeks seemed | married her two years ago, and that is our baby. As for poor broken-hearted little Dora, she lives but to bewail you, vou absurd idiot!"

But Douglas did not care what hard "I'll be true to you forever, Douglas | names anyone called him now, as almost mad with joy he turned and rushed toward the cottage, and there, before them all, he took his little darling in his arms again and showered eyes, and whispered amidst his tears! "You said you would be true to my forever. How could I doubt you, darling? oh, how could I doubt you?"

Unique Medicine for Melancholia

To a person afflicted with a certain phase of melancholia I once gave ap unusual piece of advice, said an Arch and looked through a parlor window. street physician. I asked him if he ever took an interest in the sporting changed, the glowing fire in the bright | intelligence presented in the daily pagrate, the lamp in its pink shade, all pers. He replied in the negative and the inanimate objects unaltered. But added that sports of any kind were dis-Dora-where was she? A horrible fear tasteful to him, and some even abvely and fresh and exquisite, but now came into his mind. She must have horrent to the principles instilled into be looked like an angel. Suddenly he believed him dead, and loving him as him from early youth. I then told him makes you think that?" "I got a maghe was suffering from the effects of As he stood, unable to move, not dar- dwelling too long on the grave coning to ring the bell lest some ill news cerns and problems of life, and that if ad all his advantages, and how often should greet him, a great leathern arm- he wished to prolong his years he must would be with Dora while her sailor chair in which the captain took his take hold of lighter things, and that I as far away. "And, oh! will you maps after dinner, and which stood knew of no mental diversion so efally be true to me?" he cried out; and with its back to the window, fectual as to take a positive interest in other table, and while he was there his en she had taken that row. He was moved a little, and from its the sporting events of the day-an in- friend persuaded him to partake of ways saying it over and over again, depths arose a man. Not the captain terest which he might easily create by devout Catholics repeat their pray- -a younger and more agile person al- a little persistent reading of this enter- the waiter removed the lamb before he s: "! will be true to you forever, together; frest and blooming, too, in taining branch of news. He followed had eaten it, whereupon he exclaimed.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

-John Burns, the labor member of the house of commons, has delighted London with a pun purely English. Correcting another member, he referred to the house of lords: "Not as the gilded chamber, sir, but as the guilty cham-

-Prescott, the great historian, was almost blind during the whole of his literary life. He could use his eyes for only a few moments each day, and was compeled, both in making his historical researches and in writing his books, to rely on the vision of others.

-Senator Vance has a general sympathy in his illness, for he is a great favorite at Washington as well as in his own state. The south has produced few better stump speakers, and, like Lincoln, he has at his tongue's end a fund of good stories to interest his andiences.

-Miss Olive Schreiner, the author of that strange book, "The Story of an African Farm," is engaged to be married. Her betrothed, who is four or five years younger than the bride to be, is Mr. Cron Wright, the son of a well-known South African farmer and member of the Cape parliament. He is himself a successful farmer and clever speaker, and it is supposed that he will enter parliamentary life.

-S. F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, had beautiful hands, a fact that caught the attention of Benjamin West while Morse was yet an art student. It was Morse's hand that furnished West with the model for the hand of Christ in one of West's most famous compositions, and it is said that West had the hardihood to say to Morse that he might henceforth assert that he had a hand in the picture.

-"Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol," says the Boston Herald, "is the last survivor of the famous 'Transcendental club,' in which Emerson was the central light. Dr. Holmes, Dr. George E. Ellis and Hon. Robert C. Winthrop are the other venerable Bostonians who are left to us of a former and a notable generation, but Dr. Bartol is now, we believe, the only survivor of the brilliant company who must be named as the associates and friends of Emerson in the middle part of this century."

-No writer was ever more methodical, practical or free from the idiosyncrasies of genius, as far as his work goes, than is Robert Louis Stevenson, the author of "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde." He, when in good health, devotes certain hours of the day to his work, which generally include the whether he feels in the mood or not, he writes. Some days the product of his pen is better than others and occasionally he writes more than at other times, but he writes just the same. His ideas are not allowed to ferment; they are born to be put on paper, he says, and he does it.

down and out into the water, on until meeting of the Psychical Research society at the Westminster town hall. profess a belief in apparitions. His murdered his long-endured hope-and power to make any person at a distance ne would say good-by to earth. He turn toward them involuntarily. He turned, and was aware that some one remarked that it seemed possible to was striding toward him-a long- him that this faculty might be devellimbed man-who moved swiftly and oped into a power of which ordinary

## HUMOROUS.

-Willie-"Aunty, what do they call the man who hunts up the taxes?" Aunt Sarah-"Taxidermist, uv course. b'ca'se he skins everybody."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

-And Held It, Too .- "Editor struck the eye-sockets glared red-rimmed eyes, rather a strange thing for you to do to a snap last night." "What was it?" "Stepped on the preacher's bear-trap that he had set for chicken-thieves."-Atlanta Constitution.

-Duel Up to Date. - "I challenge you to a duel." "Accepted." "Your choice of weapons - dagger or pistols?" "Neither. Winter ascent of Mont Blanc-rotten rope - three feet dis-

tance."-Fliegende Blatter. -"She can talk more gossip and scandal than any other woman in the country, and how she can rake over the failings of her neighbors." "Does she belong to the sewing circle?" "No; she belongs to the charity club?"-N.

-Must Have Loved Her Madly .-"Do you really and truly love me, Harry?" He - "Love you? Why, 1 even have a fondness for that nuisance of a brother of yours." She-"Oh! darry! You have made me so happy!"

-Boston Transcript. -Mrs. Charitas-"I have put ten dollars in this letter to the relief committee. Will you kinkly post it?" Charitas-"Wouldn't it be well to notify them of the gift by another letter?" Mrs. Charitas-"Yes. I shall post that myself."-Inter-Ocean.

-Youngpen-"Do you think it will pay to publish anything about the affair? It is a matter which can concern nobody but the parties themselves." Oldboy-"That's just it. It's nobody's business; everybody'll want to read all we can print about it."-Boston Tran-

script. -"Herbert," she said, tenderly, "what did you do with that poetry God! you wrote on my birthday?" stuff," he responded, with a sneer. "That wasn't poetry." "Why, what azine editor to accept it for publica-

tion."-Washington Post. -Where His Lamb Was .- In a Chicago restaurant, the other day, a gentleman left his wife for a few moments to chat with an acquaintance at ansome lamb. Under a misapprehension juglas. How can you doubt me?" the pink light, with his blonde hair as my advice, his morose and suspicious "Goodness! where is my lamb?" His ad once more, speaking as though in smooth as satin. Frank Fenwick and temper was gradually subdued and he wife, overhearing the question, and him and scare him. He may drop some

## FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

GUESSES.

You bring me the words of an cod refrain, And ask me to make the meaning plain; Three little people who wonder why The world is wide and the heavens are high

But how would a guess from each one do! So, Master Harry, and first come you: "For the ships on the sea, and the stars in the

The world is wide and the heavens are high." And what do you think, with your dreamy air, Little Blue Eyes on the cushion there? "For flowers to blossom, and birds to fly, The world is wide and the heavens are high."

Last and least of the wondering three, Here is wee Freddy, and what says he? To play with marbles, and kites to fly, The world is wide and the heavens are high."

Ah, well, a reason you each have found, So now the riddle to me comes round; And this is the gaess I venture why The world is wide and the heavens are high

Up the great hillside our feet to set A little farther and farther yet; To try forever and still to try. The world is wide and the heavens are high. -Kate Putnam Osgood, in St. Nicholas.

THE OROYA RAILROAD. A Trip on a Hand-Car Among the Andes Mountains.

A correspondent of Forest and Stream went up the Oroya railroad in the Andes, a wonderful piece of railway engineering. The sharp ascent began at noon, over terraces, through tunnels drilled in the solid rock, and over bridges spanning awful chasms. At three o'clock they reached their destination, some ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. After a substantial dinner, which the mountain air rendered doubly acceptable, the party began making preparations for the descent, which was to be ac-



GOING AROUND A CURVE.

complished in a hand-car by the force of gravity alone.

The hand-car had been brought up with us on the train, and when the men came to put it together it was discovered that the fastenings of two of the wheels were broken. After a hurried consultation, as it was growing -Mr. Arthur Balfour, at a recent late, some telegraph wire was found, and the broken portions were tied together. The men in charge of the de-

"And if it doesn't?" I asked. They shrugged their shoulders.

I looked askance at my companions, chief topic was animal magnetism, and but they stood by in silence. Proba-But one more look at the roof that he said that at dinner he bad often sat bly, like myself, they would willingly sheltered her-at the lighted window next to ladies who proved to him that have seconded a proposition to return through which he had seen what had they were able by the exercise of will by the regular train, but were too proud to make it.

Without a word we took our seats on the car. Silently one of the employes opened a bag and took out three revolvers, handing one to each of his companions. They cocked these weapons in a matter-of-fact way and placed them between their feet.

"This car is used by the paymaster." one of them thoughtfully explained, "and it isn't uncommon for desperadoes to throw it off the track. I got a tumble and a bullet myself not so very long

Again I looked at my companions. It was perhaps owing to the altitude that they seemed to exhibit the preliminary symptoms of mountain sickness. As for myself, my heart was in my mouth; but it did not trouble me long, for of a sudden the brakes were taken off, and with a spring the car shot forward, apparently leaving at the point of departure my entire internal economy.

Down we rushed with ever increasing speed, the car swaying from side to side, on one hand the mountain wall, on the other a drop of perhaps a thousand feet, through tunnels of midnight darkness round sharp curves where the broken wheels fairly creaked with the strain.

The starless night closed in around us. It was now simply a question of chance as we plunged into the dark-

"We ought to have started sooner," muttered one of the men; "a stick or a stone, or even a dog on the track,

would throw us into the valley." Nobody answered him. All talk, difficult enough before on account of the rushing wind, now ceased, and in silence we watched the sparks fly from the wheels.

Thoughts of the armed outlaws and of the broken fastenings kept running through my mind, and the journey seemed almost endless.

At last the sudden twists around the sharp curves ceased. We were in the valley. Presently a big light burst upon us.

"Down brakes!" cried one of the men. The station was before us. Thank

Not Taken as He Meant It. Miss Highflier-O, Mr. Sappy, how nice it was of you to name your new

hunter after me! What is she like? Young Sappy-Well, she's a regular stunner, Miss Highflier. Not much to look at, don't-cher-know, but very fast. And he cannot make out why she is so cool to him now .- Vogue.

Hard Times. "John," whispered Mrs. Squeers, "there's a burglar climbing through telligent animal.

the window." "Let him come in," responded her husband under his breath, "I'll yell at became as cheerful and companionable swered in a clear voice: "Here I am." thing the has stolen elsewhere."-

CATS WITHOUT TAILS.

Curious Creatures Found Only at Long Beach, N. J. Seven miles from the mainland on

which the village of Beach Haven, N. J., stands is a narrow strip of land

which is called Long Beach. On it there is the only tribe of tailless cats in this country. Early in this century a large English ship was wrecked on that part of the Jersey coast. The sailors were saved, and so were a lot of cats on board. They came from the Isle of Man in the Trish sea, and belonged to a curious breed found only on that island, known as Maux cats and born without tails.

At first the animals were quite tame and frequented the vicinity of the lighthouse, where they nightly held open-nir concerts that were not musical enough to merit the appreciation of the lightkeepers, and ultimately resulted in their being driven away. Then they took to the woods and managed to subsist during the first winter on birds, thousands of which lived in the swamps. The cats increased rapidly and in a few years numbers of them could be found almost everywhere in Barnegat's woods.

Their outdoor life made them savage, and the breed seems to have increased in both size and courage, for eventually they became so fierce that they would stand and show fight toward anyone who invaded their homes.

They are curious-looking creatures. The front legs being shorter than their hind legs causes them to make big jumps as they go about, yet it is said they can easily outrun an ordinary

The cats make good fishers, and when fish are plentiful they go along the beach, and, as the breakers run up on the shore, earrying with them small butterfish, mullets and silver bait, they jump into the shallow water and with their sharp claws pin a fish to the sand, and the outgoing wave leaves their prey exposed. Then, before another breaker can roll in, they eatch the fish and take it up on the dry beach and devour it.

At times dozens of these strangelooking cats can be seen on the beach making meals off the surf clams that are cast up by the tide.

For the past twenty or thirty years Long Beach has been a famous summer resort. Many of the cats have been killed by tourists or frightened back into the swamps. Occasionally some more humane visitor endeavored to tame one of the animals. It is hard work, but when the effort is successful there is no more domestic or affectionate pet than a Manx cat.-William Alsa, in Golden Days.

## THE LORDLY JAGUAR.

Bis Glorious Colors First Attract the Beholder's Attention.

The lordly jaguar is the king of all the American felidæ, and right proud are we to have him for a fellow countryman-provided he does not make himself too numerous! Of all the great cats now living, he is second in size only to the lion and the Bengal tiger. South of the United States he is versally called el tigre (teegrec), which is simply the Spanish for tiger. He has the big chest and loins, thick neck, big arms and legs, and bullet head of a heavyweight prize-fighter, clothed in the most gorgeous skin ever given to



any animal of the cat family. He is the most stocky in build of all cats, being very different in shape from the more lithe and flat-bodied lion, tiger and puma.

But it is his glorious colors that first attract the beholder's attention, and hold it longest. On a ground color of rich golden yellow, which is darkest on the back and shoulders and grows paler as it descends to the legs, are arranged with regular irregularity large rosettes of black and brown. These rosettes are the prominent distinguishing character of the jaguar, by which any child can recognize him instantly wherever found. The head, top of the back, base of the tril, lower joints of the legs, and the feet are plentifully besprinkled with round black spots, not rosettes. Ordinarily the eyes are light yellow, to match the body color; but when the animal becomes enraged, they turn the color of green fire, and then it is high time to get out of the way. The jaguar is an edition de luxe.

bound in black and gold .- W. T. Hornaday, in St. Nicholas.

Pussy's Appeal for Dinner.

A young lady bookkeeper in Boston has been in the habit for some time of giving the office cat a piece of meat for her lunch every day, precaution being first taken to lay down a piece of paper to prevent the meat greasing the floor. The other day, at lunch hour, when the young lady happened to have no meat in her basket, pussy begged for some in her most intelligent fashion. Finding no meat coming the catran to the waste basket, dragged out a newspaper and laid it on the floor at the young lady's feet. This appeal was so touching that the young lady went out and bought meat for the in-

A Happy Idea.

Visitor-How did you happen to name your dog Pantry, Jimmie? Jimmie-'Cause papa says he holds so much food - Harper's Young People.