

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.

The maples swept their blushing tops Against the evening sky, A ray of sunset glory told Of brightness by and by.

"Thou sweet, sweet harbinger," I cried, With hope faintly of glad spring hours In all the songs ye sing!"

"Why, I did not doubt her," he went on, as though he answered some one who had spoken.

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.

The hour had come when he must leave his little sweetheart. His arm was about her waist, her cheek upon his bosom.

Her cheek upon his bosom. Superhuman beauty. She was always sweet and fresh and exquisite, but now she looked like an angel.

months. Six months—great heaven! As near as I can reckon I've been away three years!"

The horror of the present swept over him, blotting out the picture of the past on which he was gazing with the eyes of his soul.

He repeated these words twice in the tone of one who knew them by heart and yet feared he might forget them.

His face washed, dressed in a suit of clothes, a world too wide to be sure, but still wholesome, decent garments.

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.

The great green parrot withered wings, and the great yellow parrot with evil eyes, swung in two golden cages in the window.

But how long those few weeks seemed 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:

He had been reading a newspaper, and stretched his arms in a comfortable yawn. He was plainly quite at his ease in that house.

A flood of jealous wrath swept over Douglas Deane's heart, and he clinched his hands tightly. "She called Heaven to witness that she would be true to me!" he muttered.

It was a pretty family group, with but one meaning to the onlooker. With a groan Douglas Deane staggered away from the window and out into the sandy road again.

Why, he asked himself, had he not perished on that lonely island in the sea? Why had he lived to endure this misery? "But at least I can end it all,"



SAW A STRANGE WILD CREATURE STARRING 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.

By that you can see that, wretched as he was, he still loved his love too well to wish that she should suffer.

But one more look at the roof that sheltered her—at the lighted window through which he had seen what had murdered his long-endured hope—and he would say good-by to earth.

"The picture of domestic happiness!" cried Frank. "Oh! I begin to understand. You have taken it into your 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 married her two years ago, and that is our baby."

To a person afflicted with a certain phase of melancholia I once gave an unusual piece of advice, said an Arch street physician. I asked him if he ever took an interest in the sporting intelligence presented in the daily papers.

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 chamber."

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 audiences.

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.

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."

Mr. Arthur Balfour, at a recent meeting of the Psychological Research society at the Westminster town hall, London, spoke for an hour from only the briefest notes, and is said to have made a profound impression, although he told no ghost stories and did not profess a belief in apparitions.

Willie—"Aunt, what do they call the man who hunts up the taxes?" Aunt Sarah—"Taxidermist, of course, b'c' he skins everybody."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Editor struck a snap last night. "What was it?" "Stepped on the preacher's bear-trap that he had set for chicken-thieves."—Atlanta Constitution.

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 another table, and while he was there his friend persuaded him to partake of some lamb. Under a misapprehension the waiter removed the lamb before he had eaten it, whereupon he exclaimed, "Goodness! where is my lamb?" His wife, overhearing the question, answered in a clear voice: "Here I am."—N. Y. Tribune.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

You bring me the words of an old refrain, And ask me to make the meaning plain; Three little people who wonder 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.

THE OROYA RAILROAD.

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.



GOING AROUND A CURVE.

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.

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 ago."

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

John, whispered Mrs. Squeers, "there's a burglar climbing through the window." "Let him come in," responded her husband under his breath, "I'll yell at him and scare him. He may drop something he has stolen elsewhere."—Halla.

CATS WITHOUT TAILS.

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.

At first the animals were quite tame and frequented the vicinity of the lighthouse, where they nightly held open-air concerts that were not musical enough to merit the appreciation of the lightkeepers, and ultimately resulted in their being driven away.

The cats make good fishers, and when fish are plentiful they go along the beach, and, as the breakers run up on the shore, carrying 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 catch the fish and take it up on the dry beach and devour it.

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

THE LORDLY JAGUAR.

His Glorious Colors First Attract the Beholder's Attention. The lordly jaguar is the king of all the American felidae, and right proud are we to have him for a fellow countryman—provided he does not make himself too numerous!



THE JAGUAR OF SOUTH AMERICA.

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.

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.

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.