The Departure of Youth.

There are gains for all our losses,
  There are balms for all our pain,
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
  And it never comes again.

We are stronger and are better,
  Under manhood's sterner reign:
Still, we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
  And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
  And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
  But it never comes again!

—Richard Henry Stoddard.

His Second Sight

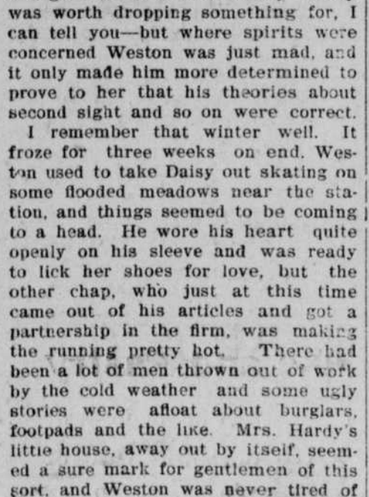
When we are particularly anxious to annoy Weston at the club we have only to start a discussion on spiritualism. Sometimes if one of the junior members has to be punished for cheek we tell him tall spiritualistic yarns and advise him to go to Weston for their verification. This has much the same effect as sending a boy to a saddler to buy strap oil.

Not so many years back Weston was an enthusiastic spiritualist himself, attending seances and even writing letters to the local press on the subject. But he was cured somewhat rudely and in a manner likely to make a lasting impression on any man.

You see it was this way: About five years ago, when Weston was at the hight of his spiritualistic zeal, a widow with a very pretty daughter, reputed to be worth a small fortune of $1,500 a year, took a house on the outskirts of the town. Weston fell head over ears in love with Daisy, though, greatly to his chagrin, she seemed to prefer the attentions of a young chap in the office of a firm of solicitors who held the office of clerk to the magistrates. Weston was continually at Miss Daisy about spiritualism and tried to get her mother to bring her to some of his precious seances. But she refused to have anything to do with them, and I believe it was this silly fad of his which put her off Weston. Any sane, sensible man, seeing how the ground lay, would have dropped spiritualism and gone in for a little reality—Daisy was worth dropping something for, I can tell you—but where spirits were concerned Weston was just mad, and it only made him more determined to prove to her that his theories about second sight and so on were correct.

I remember that winter well. It froze for three weeks on end. Weston used to take Daisy out skating on some flooded meadows near the station, and things seemed to be coming to a head. He wore his heart quite openly on his sleeve and was ready to lick her shoes for love, but the other chap, who just at this time came out of his articles and got a partnership in the firm, was making the running pretty hot. There had been a lot of men thrown out of work by the cold weather and some ugly stories were afloat about burglars, footpads and the like. Mrs. Hardy's little house, away out by itself, seemed a sure mark for gentlemen of this sort, and Weston was never tired of warning her to keep the windows bolted, and even induced her to have a special new lock put on the front door.

After the frost we had snow, a fortnight of it, and the whole town got pretty well snowed up. Weston did not seem himself about this time, I remember we remarked upon it at the club. Perhaps his second sight told him some crisis was at hand. Any way, it came. It was one Wednesday night. There was a concert in the town hall which some of us went to, but the place was so full of draughts that we were glad to get by the fire in the club smoking-room at half-time. Maybe we had sat there for ten minutes when we heard someone come running down the road like a madman. We all jumped up and went to the window just in time to



He dashed out just as he was.

see Weston, without an overcoat, and with no hat on, tearing along like a motor car and making far more noise. We guessed something was up, and three of us put on our coats and followed. It was easy to see his footprints in the newly-fallen snow; there were still a few stray flakes in the air. They made straight for the Hardys, and we turned the last corner just in time to see Weston extricating himself from a large snow heap, so we waited in the shadow of the wall. But, perhaps, I had better tell the rest of the story as Weston recounted it to us afterward.

It appears that he was sitting at home cursing the weather, the cold, and the concert, whither Mrs. Hardy and Daisy had been conducted by the rival, when as he dozed in his chair he had a vision. Quite distinctly, he assured us, he saw a lonely little house surrounded with snow and

He was on his back in the snow.

with a glimmer of light shining through the front window, while a man, jimmy in hand, and carrying over his back a bag of tools, was trying to force the front door. In a flash he recognized Mrs. Hardy's house—he seemed to hear the metallic grating of the jimmy as it wrenched at the lock and splintered the woodwork—and seeing the hand of Providence offering him a way straight to Daisy's heart, he dashed out just as he was and never stopped till he tripped into the snow heap.

As soon as he had extricated himself and recovered his breath a little he stealthily approached the house, bending low, as he softly pushed open the garden gate. There was the dim light glimmering out through the blinds of the front room and, yes, there, crouching by the door, jimmy in hand, was the figure of a man. Spurred on by love, Weston was no coward, and, uncoated, unarmed as he was, he flung himself upon the burglar, grappling with him fiercely as he loudly called for help. Weston is a small man,and before you could say "Jack Robinson" he was on his back in the snow with a pair of hands have strangled the life out of him had not the door been suddenly opened from within to disclose the trembling figure of Daisy clinging fearfully to the rival, while from the top of the stairs Mrs. Hardy in bedroom attire made night hideous with her yells.

I will draw a veil over the rest. Weston's antagonist was the local locksmith, called in hurriedly to repair the patent lock, which had stuck fast and prevented the door being properly shut. A bad headache had kept Mrs. Hardy from the concert, where she would not allow her daughter to go unchaperoned, and she had gone to bed early, leaving the young people to their own devices. What with the fright and the cold, Mrs. Hardy was ill in bed for a fortnight, and only got out in time to be present when Weston was convicted of assault and battery before the local magistrate, for whom the rival was acting as clerk that day.

Daisy was married in the spring, but I think what hit Weston hardest was that when we helped him home on that eventful night it was to find his back door in splinters and every room in the place ransacked.

Weston never mentions spiritualism now.—Gordon Meggy in Chicago Record-Herald.

Difference in Light Rays.

Lenard rays and cathode rays are regarded as moving electrons—that is, trains of minute negative electric charges flying with great velocity. Roentgen rays are trains of solitary waves of radiated energy emitted at the impact of flying electrons with stationary groups of electrons, i. e., solid matter.

A friend in need is a friend hard up.

THEIR MONEY-MAKING SCHEME

Irishmen Were Quick to See a "Good Thing."

A few years ago, owing to the serious depredations of ratcatchers on the banks of the Thames, the authorities were compelled to issue notice boards offering a reward of £5 for information, payable on conviction of the offender, relates London Tit-Bits. Not many days after the notice appeared an Irishman was caught and, being brought before the magistrate, was ordered to pay a fine and costs amounting, altogether, to £2. Not having the needful, Pat went into retirement at the expense of the country. The next morning, however, another son of Erin appeared at the prison and, paying the fine, liberated his friend. The governor, having been in the court on the previous day, recognized the "liberator" as the principal witness against the accused. This puzzled him, and he asked for an explanation.

"Well," said Pat, "it's loike this, sorr. Tim and myself were hard up, and, seeing the notice, Tim agreed to be caught. I gave information against him and this morning I drawed the money; and now ye're paid, we've £3 left to start the world with, and, begorra, I hope the board'll stop a bit longer."

A LAWYER'S GOOD ADVICE.

Intending Litigants Would Do Well to Heed It.

One of the old practitioners at the Osceola (Mo.) bar tells this story of the good counsel which a lawyer in that town once gave a client:

Shortly after the firm of Nesbit & Ferguson hung out their shingle an old farmer called upon them in regard to a land suit. Some of the parties at issue were not residents of the state and it was necessary to notify them by publication. Ferguson took down a blank and began to fire questions at the farmer at a great rate, which the honest old fellow proceeded to answer after weighing carefully each word. The blank having been finished and put in a pigeon-hole, the client asked what it was.

"That is the advertisement commanding the non-residents to appear and defend the suit."

"And how much will that cost?"

"My friend," said Ferguson, calmly, looking the old man in the eye, "if you are going to figure on the cost you had better stay out of lawsuits."—Kansas City (Mo.) Journal.

HOPE OF GETTING IT AGAIN.

Alice Roosevelt, as a Child, Had Strong Religious Convictions.

Miss Martha Havemeyer, the daughter of William F. Havemeyer, at one of her recent literary "at homes" talked of children.

"I heard the other day," she said, "a story about Miss Alice Roosevelt's childhood. The little girl was walking with her nurse on a spring morning through one of the city parks. Trotting up and down near her was an urchin with a balloon—one of those big and buoyant red balloons that children hold and look up at fondly. The child was so unfortunate as to let his balloon escape in a strong gust of wind. It soared up and into the blue sky. It disappeared from view. Its owner howled and screamed in his despair.

"Alice ran up to him. She patted him on the back. She said in a comforting tone:

"'Never mind about your balloon, little boy. It has gone up to heaven, and when you die you will get it again.'"

Five Generations of One Family.

Mrs. Susan D. Crossman, mother of Elisha Crossman of Chicago, and a pioneer of Rock county, Wis., celebrated her 100th birthday at her home, five miles from Beloit, Wis., on Sunday, March 29. Five generations were represented by fifty persons in the family gathering assembled to celebrate the event. Mrs. Crossman was born in Cheshire, Mass. Her grandfather was Earl Clapp, a minute man and major in the revolutionary war. In 1848 Mrs. Crossman and her husband penetrated the wilderness to near the present site of Afton, Wis., and settled on government land. Of their seven children four are living. One, Mrs. Helen M. Chandler, was a missionary in Siam for thirty-nine years —Chicago Tribune.

Music.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon
  this bank;
Here we will sit and let the sounds of
  music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the
  night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright
  gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou
  behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young eyed cherubims,
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we can not hear
  it.

—Shakespeare.

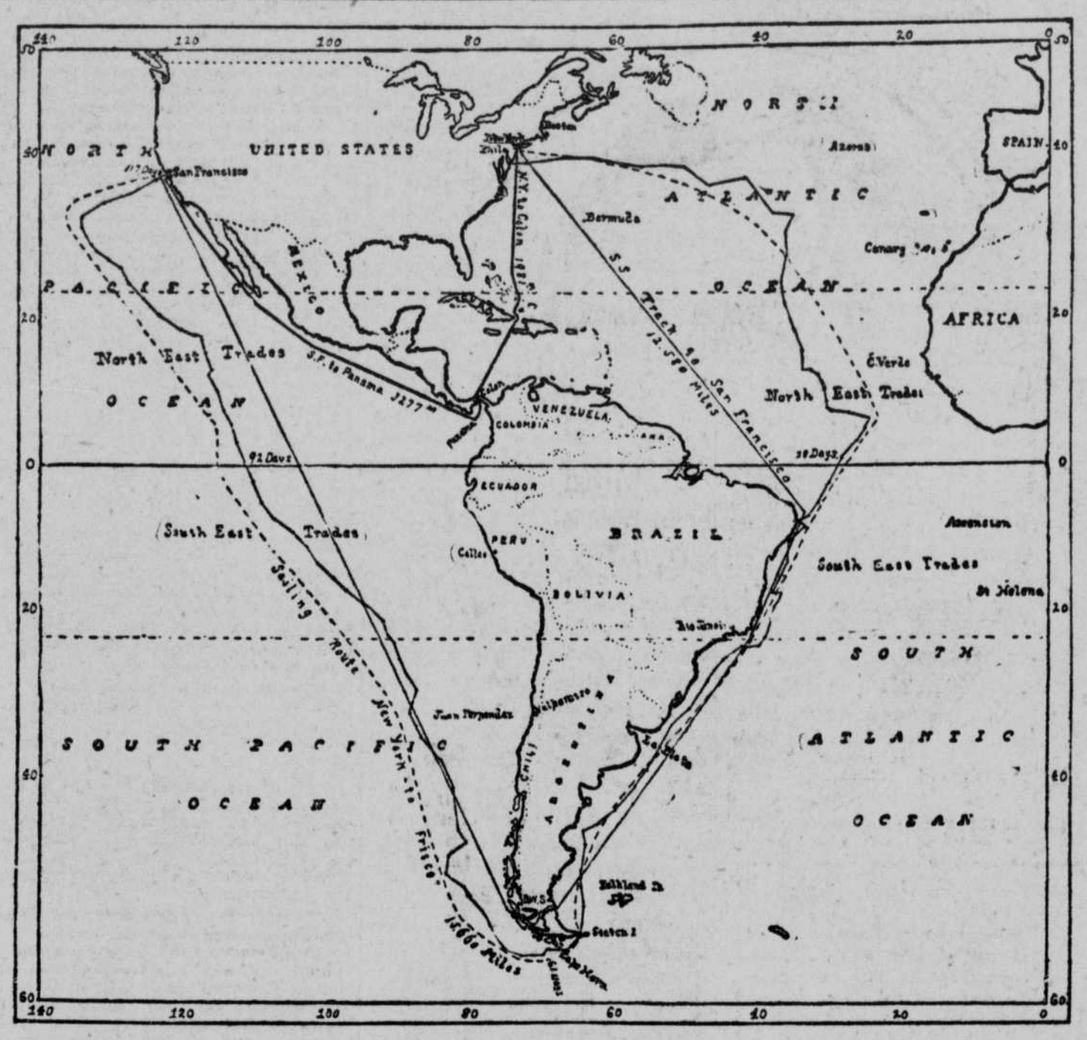
Senator Gorman's Compliment.

On one occasion while Senator Gorman was speechmaking in Maryland he met a lady who told him how disappointed she had been the week previous, when the crowd was so great that she could not get near enough to hear what he said.

"The truth is," complained the fair admirer, "I drove fourteen miles to hear you speak, but I was so completely wedged in by negroes I could not move a step."

"Madam," answered the senator with a gallant bow, "I am very sorry for your disappointment, but you must remember you are not the first jewel which has been set in jet."—New York Times.

PANAMA CANAL WILL SAVE 7,000 MILES OF TRAVEL



Now that the Panama canal is an assured thing, a little study of the accompanying map will show some of the advantages to be gained.

The heavy line running south from New York is the steamship track to Colon, and the distance is 1981 miles. At an average speed of fourteen knots per hour, which is a moderate and economical pace for the modern steamship, the voyage could be made in an hour or two less than six days.

From Panama to San Francisco the distance is 3277 miles, which, at the same average speed, would require nine days' and eighteen hours' steaming. Say sixteen days for the ocean voyage, and allow four days for passing through the canal, and the whole trip would be made in twenty days, or inside of three weeks.

At present a steamer must follow the solid line running off to the southeast to Cape St. Roque. Once around this cape the course follows the coast in a southwesterly direction to the Straits of Magellan, thence out into the Pacific, where a straight course can be steered for the Farallone islands, just outside of San Francisco. On this track the distance is 12,589 miles, which at the same average speed would require thirty-seven and a half days' continuous steaming. Allowing for delays in the Straits of Magellan, and for coaling, and the voyage would take all of forty days, or just double the time of the Panama route.

The sailing track as indicated by the line of dashes is 15,660 miles, and while our best clipper ships have made the outward voyage in 100 to 110 days, many a good ship has taken a full four, five and even six months on the voyage.

Again turn to the chart and follow the zigzag line out around the "Horn." This is the actual track of a sailing vessel, one of the last of the good old wooden square-rigged ships built in Bath.

The dots represent the noon positions from day to day, the voyage commencing on June 17 from the Delaware capes. While the straight lines show the distance gained each day they do not always represent the actual path of the ship, as when the wind is ahead the ship may tack back and forth across the line a number of times in the twenty-four hours.

The track indicated is 16,226 miles long, but there is no doubt that the ship covered more than 17,000 miles on this voyage.

This voyage of 117 days was the record run of that year, and was especially good because the Horn was rounded in midwinter.

The reader may wonder why the sailing track runs so far to the eastward on leaving New York. The reason is that to take advantage of the northeast trade wind a ship must get well off the coast to make a fair wind of it, otherwise she would have to beat her way along the coast of Brazil, and thus lose much time. Again in the Pacific this same "trade" carries the ship far to the westward of San Francisco, and not until she has reached the zone of prevailing westerly winds (above 30 deg. north) can she swing around and head in for "'Frisco."

Because of this same wind the sailing track from Panama to San Francisco would be an immense half-circle.

By the canal route another great saving can be made in going to Honolulu. For a steamship the distance would be 6,646 miles, or about 1,000 miles more than to San Francisco, but by way of the Magellan straits the ship would have to steam 13,200 miles, or twice as far.

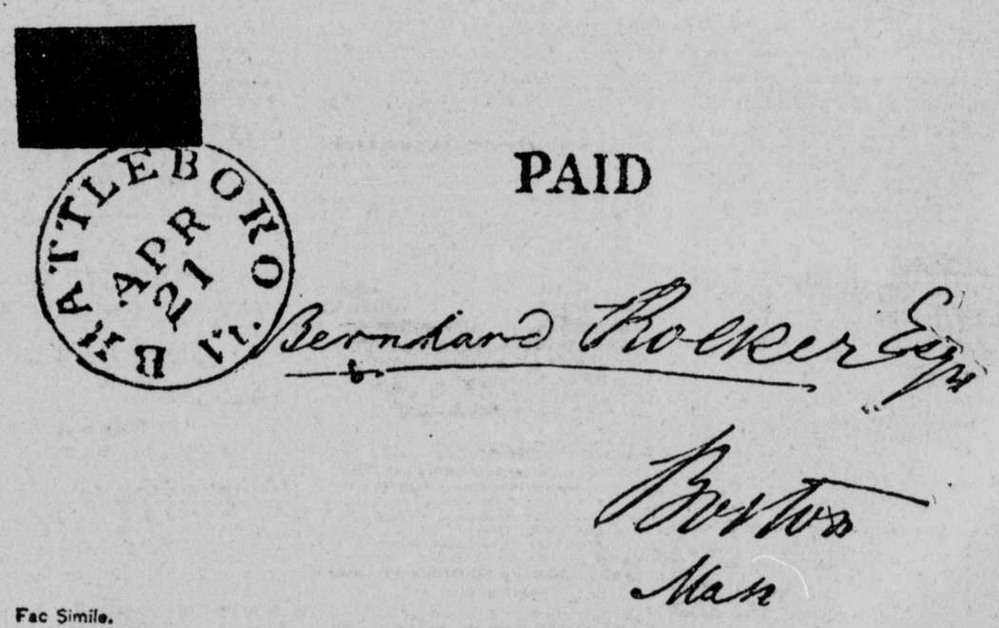
The sailing vessel could save very much, and after picking up the northeast trade on leaving Panama she would have a fair wind all the way to the islands, while a voyage around the Horn would be 14,970 miles long and necessitate a long battle with the heavy westerly gales in that far southern latitude.

Nothing would suit the old Cape Horn "shell-back" better than to be able to "cut across lots" and thus escape the much dreaded "corner" which has sent so many of his mates to "Davy Jones' locker."

One thing more might be mentioned, and that is the voyage to the Philippines. While the distance (11,500 miles) is practically the same either by Suez or Panama, in case of war between this country and a foreign power the latter route would be far better, for many reasons.

With this canal once open for business there will be no further necessity of sending a big battleship on a dangerous 15,000 mile "hurry up" voyage to reach a place but a little over 3,000 miles away.

FIRST STAMP IN AMERICA.



Fac Simile.

Collectors and philatelists become enthusiastic when they speak of the famous Brattleboro, Vt., postage stamp, which is said to be the first ever used in America.

Dr. Frederick N. Palmer, who was Battleboro's postmaster from July, 1845, to November, 1848, was the inventor of the stamp which we reproduce. The facsimile herewith presented was prepared by the direction of Major F. W. Childs, when he was postmaster. This was at the request of many collectors.

Dr. Frederick N. Palmer was born in Belfast, Me., in 1815, and came to Brattleboro some time in 1826 as a music teacher. He became a student of the law and studied in the office of Judge Asa Keyes. In 1840 he married Miss Ellen, oldest daughter of Judge Keyes, and five years later he was appointed postmaster.

It was during his three years incumbency that he inaugurated a number of improvements in the office, and in 1846 issued the little stamp for which collectors are now willing to pay fabulous prices. It is stated that one has been sold at the extraordinary price of $175. It is said that only two Boston collectors can boast of owning a Palmer stamp. One was bought about fifty years ago for seventy-five cents. The other, bought in 1882, cost in the vicinity of $100.

It is said that a Mr. Collins of New York has the only uncancelled Brattleboro stamp known to be in existence. He has won the philatelic blue ribbon for securing the rarest stamp on the American catalogue, and that means the whole world.

Great Britain adopted the use of postage stamps in 1840, and Brazil in 1831. The United States did not commence to use them until July, 1847.