"Dead but a month! Yet his smile is gay: His laughter light as of yore. How frail is love!" So the idlers say, How soon is his sorrow o'er!

Dead but a month! Nay, the time has flown. It is surely many a year Since I left my dear dead love alone. All alone, on the hillside here.

Oh, love, my love, how can mortals speak Of "lately" or "long ago?" Let them mete out life by the day or week. Our love is not measured so

And what is the difference now to me, If the moment you went away Fell ten years since, or one or three.
Or, as men count it, yesterday?

The hours pass, but I care not now For to me all time fell dead, I trow. The day that my darling died.

-Mary Macleod in Chambers' Journal.

## A COXSWAIN'S DEED.

How Captain Bellamy's life was saved at Tsi-Chau has never yet been told.

Every officer and man who belonged to the Chrysolite on that disastrous night recollects, of course, that, while endeavoring in the darkness to storm the fort, the captain fell, and that when our people were driven back headlong to the boats he, with many others, was missing. Every one remembers also that when on the following morning the Chinamen were shelled out of the place and the bluejackets and marines again landed Captain Bellamy was found lying, not where he had fallen, but a couple of hundred yards to the right, sheltered on the side of the enemy by a thick stone wall.

His left leg was smashed at the knee by a jingal ball, but around his thigh was a bluejacket's silk handkerchiet, neatly applied in such a way that a nickel tobacco box placed beneath it effectively compressed the femoral artery and stopped the bleeding. It was well known that both box and handkerchief had belonged to James Larch, the captain's coxswain, whose dead body, with half a dozen bullets through it, was found on the enemy's side of the same wall. Captain Bellamy himself acknowledged from the first that he owed his life solely to Larch's devotion and skill. Yet the whole story has never yet been told. Captain Bellamy's recent death puts me in possession of his private journal, and so enables me to tell the tale.

When the Chrysolite was commissioned at Portsmouth for the China station, Captain Bellamy took a house at Hong-Kong, and in due course Mrs. Bellamy and her only daughter, Violet, followed him thither. In the second year of the commission the Chrysolite was at Hong-Kong for several successive months, and during that period the ladies came on board nearly every day. There were picnics on shore and water parties affoat. and if not on the Chrysolite then in the house, or in the boats, or on the various expeditions. James Larch, the captain's coxswain, was in continual attendance upon Miss Violet and her mother. Violet Bellamy was then barely 18. In England she had led a somewhat dul! life, and at Hong-Kong she lost no time in redressing the balance of her existence, which was by no means dull there.

It was not perhaps her fault that every officer of the garrison and of the squadron was either in love with her or was prepared to be, for she gave no special encouragement to any one. On the other hand, she discouraged no one. The larger the number of her admirers the greater was the enjoyment which she derived from the situation. Among them she was like a child in a room full of toys. Some she damaged, some she smashed irretrievably, but without the slightest malice or wickedness. She simply had never realized the powers and responsibilities of a very pretty face and figure, supplemented by high spirits, untiring activity and abundant health, and although she spread ruin around her she never for an instant intended to do harm to anybody.

There were many who suffered. Commander Corcoran of the flagship, Major Browleigh of the Royal Bucks, Staff Surgeon Bennett of the Bridport, Lieutenant Maplin in command of the Borer, and at least half a dozen sublicutenants and midshipmen, besides army subalterns and civilians, were turned upside down by Violet Bellamy. And if these, who only encountered her at social functions, were so seriously upset, it is little to be wondered at-when we recollect that human nature is not confined to the classes—that James Larch was also overbalanced.

His associations with her were, though, in one sense, more distant and more purely conventional than those of any gentleman in the colony, of a privileged character. He helped her to mount when she went for a ride, he wrapped her cloak around her when she left the ballroom, he carried her a hundred times from the ship's boat to the shore, or vice versa, lest she might wet her feet. Her breath had fanned his face, her light form had rested in his arms, and while he never by word and seldom even by look betrayed his feelings he nevertheless steadfastly, and with all his being, worshiped her.

Larch was a young and smart petty officer. As such he had a promising career before him, and no doubt he would! have been wise had he strictly minded his own business and endeavored to be content with the sphere in which it had pleased Providence to place him. But, like many of his betters, he went down before Violet Bellamy.

It was at the beginning of the third year of the commission that the Chryso-lite was suddenly dispatched to Tsi-Chau. There had been a riot and a massacre there, and Captain Bellamy was ordered to teach the local mandarins a severe lesson.

One morning the Chrysolite arrived off the place and sent in certain demands, which, unless complied with in three hours, were to be enforced by Clowes in London Sketch.

means of the resources of civilization. The three hours elapsed, the demands were not granted, and with absolute punctuality the "hrysolite began to shell the fort from her 6 inch B. L. guns. The Chinamen Isid low and did not reply with so much as a sing s shot. Mis-led by their silence, Captain Bellamy after dusk had fallen led ashore a much weaker landing party than he would have employed had he anticipated resistance. Not until the men had tumbled out of the boats did the enemy open fire, and then the captain knew he had made a mistake. He still hoped that he might avert disaster by rushing the fort, and he made the attempt; but, as has been already shown, he failed and fell. His men surged past him for a few yards, but were then repulsed and driven back pellmell. In the confusion and darkness they missed him, and he was left lying, with his left knee mangled. to bleed to death or to get a speedier quietus from one of the many bullets that were whistling after the retreating bluejackets.

It is astonishing that he escaped being hit a second time, for not only were the Chinamen firing with rifles from the fort, but the men in the boats were using their machine guns. In five minutes, though, the worst of the storm had passed away, and with the full Captain Bellamy saw a dark figure slowly drawing near him from the right. He fully expected to find that his visitor was one of the enemy armed with a mission to put an end to him, or perhaps drag him into the fort, where death might be administered a little at a time, and though a brave man he was much relieved when he was able to distinguish that the newcomer was one of his own people.

"Beg pardon, sir, I hoped it was you," whispered a voice, which the captain at once recognized at that of his coxswain. "Hoped?" growled the captain. "What do you mean by hoping, you scoundrel? Here I am with my knee smashed, bleed-

ing to death!" "Sad news for Miss Violet," muttered Larch.

"Confound Miss Violet and you too! Bear a hand here and pull me out of this if you can. The beggars will be blazing way again in a minute."

"Mustn't move you, sir, till I've tied up your leg," said Larch, who had already taken off his handkerchief and was satisfying himself as to the position of the wound and the quantity of blood that was being lost. "It's that big artery on the inside of your leg, sir, that's got to be attended to. If you won't mind my using my baccy box and my handkerchief-so-now, I'll twist it close."

"Hang it! You're twisting my leg off," cried the captain.

"Never mind, sir," said Larch. "I've stopped the"-At that moment the Chinese in the fort

opened fire again.

What the dickens is the matter with you, Larch?" demanded the captain. For an instant the coxswain, who had drawn back with a shudder, was silent. When he spoke, it was with an altered "They've hit me, sir, I think," he

said. "Then run, man, and take shelter," urged the captain. "I'm all safe now for an hour or two, if they don't come out to look for me."

"There's a wall a little to the right, sir," said the coxswain, who paid no attention to his chief's orders, "and I think I can get you behind it if you can drag yourself on to my back as I crawl. Only don't disturb the bandage, sir."

Captain Bellamy, with a great effort, you're not risking too much, but if we cross for you as certainly as there'll be a wooden leg for me."

"Beg pardon, sir," muttered Larch, who was now crawling slowly with his burden toward the wall, "but I don't want any Victoria cross. Would they love. The lads heeded the request and promote me, do you think, sir?"

"I don't doubt it, Larch. You'll get your warrant."

The coxswain stopped suddenly. "What's the matter?" cried the captain. Larch resumed his laborious crawl. 'I was only thinking," he explained.

"Won't you be wiser to defer your thinking until we are under the lee of that wall?" growled the captain. "If those fellows fire any more, we're done

The coxswain made no reply, but dragged himself on, yard by yard, until at length he gently deposited his load be-hind the thick stone shelter. As he made a motion as if to return whence he had come the captain cried: "Stay in here, you idiot. Where the dickens are you

going?" Larch sank down by the captain's side. Beg pardon, sir," he said after a pause, just for this once as between man and

"Certainly you may," replied the captain, somewhat astonished at the ques-

Having got permission, Larch neither hesitated nor attempted to restrain himself. His confession came with a rush. warrant only, but to a commission. I've absorbs any heat that is obtainable. thought of nothing but her. I've kissed Fortnightly Review. the earth she has trodden upon. I've hoped; I've prayed. Look in that 'baccy box when they take off your bandage, and you'll find a bit of her hair that I begged from her maid. Yet I know quite well that it can't be. For her sake wouldn't have it to be if it could be. And there's only one end to it. She mustn't know, but I can tell you, sir, that, though you are my captain, it wasn't for that that I went out to look for you tonight. It was because you are her father-Miss Violet's-and may God

bless her and forgive mel" He staggered to his feet, and without another word bent his head and dashed toward the fort, firing his revolver wild-

The enemy answered with a volley,

A NOVEL RACING MATCH.

Jobogganing Down a Run on Bocking

Horses to Decide a Wager. There is no knowing what an Englishman will not do to decide a bet. Men have jumped across dining tables, mounted upon untractable steeds-yea, and even kissed their own mothers-inlaw--in order to settle a wager. In fine, it ought to be an established maxim among us by this time that, given a certain number of impossibilities and an equal number of young Englishmen, those impossibilities will not long remain such, provided they be made the subjects of bets.

One of those incidents which go a long way toward justifying the reputation which as a nation of madmen we have earned among foreigners occurred at St. Moritz when, "in order to settle a bet," Lord William Manners and the Hon. H. Gibson agreed to go down the village "run" mounted on rocking horses in place of ordinary toboggans. A feature of the race was that both competitors were "attired in full hunting kit," and as elaborate preparations had been made for the contest and rumor of the affair had been industriously noised abroad the crowd which had assembled to witness it was both large and distinguished.

The start was fixed for 12 o'clock, and shortly before that bour the shouts of the spectators announced that the horses were off. Unlike the custom in toboggan races, both started at the same time. In the first course Lord William Manners led as far as a certain angle of the "run" called Casper's Corners, from the fact that a hotel of that name is situated close by, but "taking it rather high Mr. Gibson passed cleverly on the inside, which he maintained to the finish," Lord William being summarily dismissed from his fractious steed's back some distance to the bad from the winning post.

In the second course Lord William Manners again had the advantage as far as Casper's Corners, where Mr. Gibson again tried to pass him on the inside. but being jockeyed by his opponent his horse swung round and proceeded down the run tail foremost, but leading. The merriment of the spectators at this stage of the proceedings may be more easily imagined than described, nor did it abate in the least when Mr. Gibson, dismounting, seized it unceremoniously by the nose and turned it into the way it should go.

Meanwhile Lord William Manners had suffered disappointment a second time, for in attempting to "take"-to use a true hunting term—a paticularly awkward part of the "run" called Belvedere Corner his horse refused to respond to its rider's exertions to get it successfully over the obstacle, and horse and jockey came down to the ground in one tumultuous somersault together.

Lord William's discomfiture proved to be Mr. Gibson's opportunity. The time and ground that the former had lost by his involuntary flight through the air were never recovered. Mr. Gibson, with the position of his horse reversed and his legs thrust scientifically in front of him, rode easily and triumphantly forward and eventually reached the winning post some seconds in advance of his opponent.—Alpine Post.

His "Love" Text.

The story is related of a bishop who came to one of our state prisons and was told: "No need of you here, sir. We have eight preachers safely locked anaged by degrees to work himself on- up who are brought out each Sabbath to the man's back and to clasp Larch to minister to their fellow prisoners." round the neck. "I hope, Larch, that If this appear a doubtful tale, it can be varied with the following about a young get through this there'll be a Victoria lady Sunday school teacher who has a class of rather bright boys averaging between 7 and 9 years.

Recently she requested each pupil to come on the following Sunday with some passage of Scripture bearing upon in turn recited their verses bearing upon that popular subject, such as "Love your enemies," "Little children, love one another," etc. The teacher said to the boy whose turn came last, 'Well, Robbie, what is your verse?" Raising himself up he responded: "Song of Solomon, second chapter, fifth verse, 'Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love." -- Exchange.

Color and Warmth.

The color of materials has some influence on the warmth of the clothing. Black and blue absorb heat freely from without, but white and light shades of yellow, etc., are far less absorbent. This difference can be demonstrated by experiment. The same material, when dyed with different colors, will absorb different amounts of heat. In hot coun-"but may I speak my mind out to you tries white coverings are universally worn, and sailors and others wear white clothing in hot weather.

With regard, however, to heat given off from the body the color of the materials used as clothing makes little if any difference. Red flannel is popularly supposed to be warm, though it is go better in this respect than similar "I've been a fool," he said. "I knew it materials of equal substance, but white all along, only I wouldn't see it. I've or gray in color. Dark clothing is best had mad dreams of promotion, not to a for cold weather, because it more freely

Must Pass In Hard Tack.

In examining men desirous of joinng the royal marines recruiting offiers are directed to pay special attenion to the condition of the teeth of a andidate. Seven defective teeth, or even less if they impair the biting or grinding capacity, will render a candi-late ineligible, and the examining medcal officer is directed to take into spenial consideration the probability of the eeth lasting.—London Court Journal.

A correspondent writes to a medical eview to claim that most of man's liseases are due to the clothing he

MORPHINE'S NEW ANTIDOTE.

Dr. Moor Tells How He Made the Discovery and of His Experiments.

Dr. William Moor, whose discovery of permanganate of potassium as an antidote for morphine poisoning has made him famous, has written a paper upon the subject which has been published in a well know i medical periodical. In this he treats the subject almost altogether, as might be expected, in a technical manner. He tells, however, of the investigations that led to his discovery in the following words:

"After some trials I found that the best way of administering it was to have it made up in pills with cacao butter and talcum of kaolin, and to direct the patient to drink very slowly a glassful of water just one minute after taking the pill, for the latter begins to disintegrate in one minute at the temperature of the body. By using this method I successfully combated the extremely disagreeable odor in a case of cancer of the stomach.

"About that time I treated a well known actor suffering from acute pleurisy. This gentleman was addicted to morphine, and as I had taken much interest in him I earnestly sought the best plan to break his habit. The idea occurred to me that perhaps permanganate of potash might decompose morphine, the latter being an organic substance, and that by making use of a certain method I could eventually break his habit without restricting him from taking his morphine. My patient, however, started on a professional tour just when I began to put my idea to a test. This circumstance did not prevent me from continuing my researches as to the effect of permanganate of potassium on morphine, and today I am permitted to offer to the profession what I consider to be the antidote 'par excellence' for morphine."

Then considering in detail the peculiar effects of the antidote when differently administered Dr. Moor continues:

"Having gained the knowledge of these facts, it is not surprising that I could swallow with impunity toxic doses of sulphate of morphine tollowed in a few moments by a corresponding amount of the chemical body which I was justified to consider the antidote par excellence for morphine. Thus on one occasion four hours after a full dinner, at a time when the stomach must have contained a great amount of soluble peptones and other organic matter, I took two grains of the sulphate of morphine in about half of an ounce of water, followed in one minute by three grains of its antidote-for safety's sake one grain more than necessary-dissolved in four ounces of water. In another instance three hours after a light supper I took in the presence of several colleagues belonging to the staff of the West Side German clinic of this city three grains of the sulphate of morphine, followed in about 30 seconds by four grains of permanganate of potassium, both in aqueous solution. I was perfectly confident that the antidote posessed such a wonderful infinity for the morphine that it would select it instantaneously from among the contents of the stomach.

"In case of poisoning by any of the salts of mcrphia 10 to 15 grains of the antidote dissolved in six or eight ounces of water should be administered at once and repeated at intervals of 30 minutes three or four times, or even more often. Permanganate of potassium as well as the salts of manganese are comparatively harmless, even if given in large

quantities. Dr. Moor continues: "In cases of poisoning by the alkaloid itself or by tincture of opium (laudanum), also by opium, it is advisable to acidulate the antidotal solution with diluted sulphuric acid, or in the absence of this with some white vinegar-not red vinegar-by which the insoluble morphia will be at once converted into the soluble sulphate of acetate. I have strong reason to believe that the administration of permanganate will be of beneficial effect even after absorption of the morphine has taken place.'

Ages of Stone and of Bronse The transition from the stone age to the bronze age can be read in the disclosures of the lake dwellers of Switzerland. This wonderful people lived through the stone age and for long ages continued on until they lapped over into the bronze age. Some of their settlements disclose only stone implements, while others of a later date show the bronze chisel, the bronze winged hatchet, the bronze knife, the hexagonal hammer, the tanged knife of ornamental design, the socket knife and the bronze sickle. They show also the bronze fishbook, barbed and in exact similitude of our present device. The ornamental hatpin as now used, together with other articles of utility and ornamentation, is plentiful. The stone mold for casting the copper or bronze hatchet is of exceedingly ancient date, but probably the use of sand was far more common. and hence we have less traces of that method. - Hardware.

The Height of Obliviousness Yesterday I met a worthy gentleman whom years ago I used to see in the Paris salons. A few rapid words of greeting were exchanged between us. "Madame is quite well, I hope?"

"Quite well, thanks." Here my old acquaintance suddenly ethought himself and added:

"Beg pardon, no-nothing of the rind. I forgot for the moment that I bet her six months back."-Etoile.

In Business.

Housekeeper-You are in business, re you?

Tramp-Yes, mum. I'm a speculaor, mum, but I ain't no Wall street hark, no indeed, mum. My business is egitimate. 'You don't look it."

"It's true though, mum. I've put way a 2 cent Columbian stamp, and low I'm waitin fer a rise."—New York Weeklympoore sails has moved by

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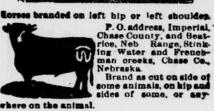
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