

ADAM, LILITH, AND EVE.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

One day it thundered and lightened,
Two women, fairly frightened,
Sank to their knees, transformed, transfixed,
At the feet of the man who sat betwixt;
And "Mercy!" cried each, "if I tell the truth
Of a passage in my youth!"

Said This: "Do you mind the morning
I saw your lovely white smiling face?
At the words of the woman left my lips,
I thought, 'If, despite this lie, he strips,
The mask from my soul with a kiss—I crawl,
His slave—soul, body, and all!'"

Said That: "We stood to be married;
The priest, or some one, tarr'd;
'If Paradise-door proved locked,' smiled you,
I then quoth as I nodded, smiling too,
'D'ye on, that's away, arrive—nor late!
Nor soon should unlock Hell's gate!'"

It ceased to light and thunder,
Up started both in wonder,
Looked round, and saw that the sky was clear,
Then laughed, "Confess, you believed us, dear!"
"I saw through the joke!" the man replied
They reseated themselves beside.

YOU.

If I could have my desire! with full,
Or take my choice of all earth's treasures, too,
And choose from her whatsoe'er I would,
I'd ask for you.

No man I'd envy, neither low nor high,
Nor king in palace old or palace new,
I'd hold Golconde's mines less rich than I,
If I had you.

Toil and privation, poverty and care,
Undaunted I'd defy, nor fortune woe,
Having my wife, no jewel else I'd wear,
If she were you.

There is more charm for my true loving heart,
In everything you think, or say, or do,
Than all the joys that heaven could e'er impart,
Because it's you.

SHIPWRECK ON LAKE ERIE.

"Tell us how your hair turned white?"
said one of the party at the fireside.

"In June, 1851," said the man with the white hair, "I left my home in Ohio for Buffalo. Being in a hurry to return, I took passage by the steamer G. P. Griffith for Toledo, on a late Sunday afternoon. The ship carried over 400 passengers and crew. I must have slept soundly for about two hours in my berth, when I was awakened by the sound of hurrying footsteps overhead, and, looking through the ventilator to the upper deck, I saw two or three sailors running along dragging a hose-pipe. I partly dressed and went forward to the promenade deck, where I heard from the pilot-house above the voice of the captain crying, 'Starboard! Hard starboard! and steer her for the shore!'"

"The ship veered from her course and headed for the shore, five miles away. I went back to my state-room, awakened the man in the other berth and rapped on several of the doors. As I came out again into the cabin I saw smoke curling out from the side. The command had been given to call up the passengers, and when I again reached the forward deck they were crowding upon it. Just aroused from sleep, they hurried out half dressed or in their night clothes, many carrying children, bandboxes, bird cages, carpet bags, and bundles, all anxious to save something. I climbed up on the railing and, taking hold of a stanchion, swung myself to the main deck below. Stepping over the forms of many who were lying there still asleep, I went around to the engine and, looking up, saw that the fire had broken out near the smoke-stack in a spot so difficult to get at that in all probability the ship was doomed. Hurrying back to the main deck, upon which the crowd was fast increasing, I removed all my clothing but my right-shirt and drawers. Taking my money and valuables, I rolled them up with my trousers and laid them carefully away on deck where I might recover them if the ship should escape destruction. Climbing up the raft near the gang plank, I held on until the frantic crowd, pressing forward, forced me away. I crept along on the gunwale to near the wheel on the land side, where I clung and watched the crowd as they surged forward from the approaching flames.

"There was scarcely a scream heard. As the flames drove them further and further forward, whole columns of people were pushed into the water. Husbands caught their wives and children, and, throwing them overboard, jumped after them. Women with babies in their arms went about piteously begging some one to save their children, and when they were pushed or jumped into the water held their infants high above their heads. After they were drowned, their quilted skirts buoyed them up, and I saw babies actually trying with their little hands to catch the dancing light of the flames in the water.

"The ship grounded at daybreak in about ten feet of water, a little more than half a mile from the shore. The water all about the forward part of her was full of drowned and drowning people. Many good swimmers struck out for the shore, but from all sides the poor drowning wretches would clutch them and drag them down. The flames drove me off at last. In the water just beneath me was a struggling crowd of drowning creatures clinging to each other. Suddenly a space of about twenty feet cleared instantaneously by their sinking out of sight. I determined to jump, swim toward the stern of the boat until out of reach of the clutches of the drowning, and then make a detour for the shore. Remembering how I used to jump into the water as a boy, when learning to swim, I put my feet closely together, arms straight by my side, and plunged down like a wedge to the bottom, with my eyes wide open. For a brief second I saw lying on the bed of the lake heaps of dead bodies in all positions. On rising to the surface I struck out with my arms, but to my horror found my feet bound tightly together. The band of my drawers had burst, and slipping down, had bound my ankles as securely as if tied. Turning on my back, I carefully disentangled them from each foot. These efforts greatly exhausted me, but, once free, I swam toward the stern until I was quite clear of all obstructions, and then struck out for shore. One strong swimmer passed me and spoke some encouraging words. I saw others, who must have become dazed, swimming back into the lake.

"I was not an experienced swimmer, but I had passed, as I had judged,

nearly half the distance to the shore when a deathlike coldness and numbness came creeping over me. All the life I had left seemed centered in my head, which felt like a ball of fire. I found that I was turning round and round in the water, now catching glimpses of the burning ship, to which even yet a few human beings were clinging, and now on the beach. Could I ever reach it? Was it worth while to struggle any longer? Every movement caused intense pain in my chest and lungs. It seemed so easy to die now.

"I ceased all efforts, and raised my eyes for a last look at the sky. I was struck by a peculiar golden haze to the atmosphere, and the air seemed filled with human forms hovering over the drowning. The air was filled with them, and close beside me I recognized my father, brother, and other friends who had died many years before. They called me by name. They pressed closely around me, telling me to struggle on and they would aid me—that my work was not done—that I could not be spared yet.

"A little strength came back to me. I remembered that I must be more than half-way to the shore. The water could not be over five feet deep. I let myself down, and felt the sand under me. Aided by my spirit friends, whose hands and presence were as real to me as any human touch, I crept on my hands and knees on the sand for some distance, rising often to breathe. Becoming too weak for this, with my heavy head constantly falling backward, I sank to the bottom, and drew my body with my arms nearer and nearer to the shore, rising to the surface as often as necessary. A man was lying on the beach, one of the few who ever reached it. When he saw me feebly struggling, he crept down to the water's edge, and, reaching out his hands, tried to aid me. I slowly crept up a little way out of the water, but he was so weak that, falling backward, I would lose my hold and sink again.

"At last I was lying on the dry sand. How good it seemed to lie there if only I need never move again. My companion spoke roughly yet kindly to me, telling me it was sure death to remain there. I refused to move, but being much stronger, he compelled me to get up, and, half supporting me in his arms, dragged me unwillingly along. A farmer met us and almost carried me across the fields to a low two-roomed log cabin. In the smaller room, containing two beds, I was at last permitted to lie down. The long, black neck of a bottle was inserted between my lips and I drank and drank until it was gently removed. The draught warmed me.

"I alternated between consciousness and unconsciousness, but remembered much that passed about me. A large man with a tall hat, black satin vest, and heavy gold chain came in and lay down on the other bed. He certainly had not been in the water, and I wondered if he had been saved in a boat. A man in the next room was exclaiming mournfully:

"Mine Gott! Mine Gott! My monish is all gone. Mine monish is all gone. Mine wife is gone, mine son is gone. Oh, mine Gott, mine monish is all gone!"

"Again and again that mournful wail went up. Then I heard the tall man call out wrathfully:

"Won't some one kill that d—d Dutchman?"

"Then I dozed off again. When I awoke more people were coming in, bearing a woman, and they were saying she was the only woman saved. I heard them say that eight men swam ashore, and twenty were saved in a boat. Only twenty-eight saved out of over four hundred!"

"Toward evening they put us all in a heavy lumber wagon, on beds of straw, to take us, they said, to Lloyd's Tavern, three miles away.

"Jolting along over a rough road, the

pain in my chest and limbs became unbearable, and I remembered nothing more.

"Days afterward I awoke from what seemed a long sleep. I found myself lying on a bed in a strange room alone. The sound of voices came in through the open window and from the halls, where people were constantly passing to and fro. They were talking of a great disaster, of dead bodies lying in heaps on the sand waiting to be claimed, and others being buried in a trench. There was something about county lines, of coroners quarreling over fees, of thieves in boats at night stripping the drowned bodies and tearing rings from fingers and ears. Those monotonous voices were forever talking about that one thing.

"Well, what if they are dead? The dead were at rest. What had I to do with that shipwreck? Why did not some one come to me? What was I doing here in this strange room? Why was I so stiff and sore, so full of pain, so weak I could not move? I fell asleep again, and when I awoke still the same voices were talking about poor drowned bodies, thieves, coroners, and boats; and then came a dim recollection that I had known something about that shipwreck. It all came back to me clear and distinct.

"Soon afterward a man came with broth and nourishing food, of which I ate with a relish while he answered my questions. This was Saturday, and I had left Buffalo on the Sunday preceding. Lloyd's Tavern was fifteen miles from the city of Cleveland. I must get up. How could I lie here? I must get into the air. I must go home. Home? Why, at home doubtless they mourned me as dead. I had been dead for days to them. I begged the man to bring me some clothes. He brought me some old garments much too large for me, with an old black slouched hat, and helped me to dress, for I was too weak to stand alone. He then placed me comfortably in an easy chair, and told me to rest awhile. At length, feeling rested and stronger, I arose and moved slowly across the room toward the open door.

"I saw a gray-headed old man coming toward me, poorly dressed, with an old hat in hand, and a stubby beard on his face. I thought that perhaps he was one of the shipwrecked. I spoke to him kindly, but he did not reply, and still advanced. I stopped; he stopped also. We stared at each other. I spoke again. His lips moved, but not

a sound left them. I drew forward a chair and sat down. He sat down also, staring half fearfully at me. Great God! was that myself? That white hair—could it be mine? No, it was a wig. Some one was playing a joke upon me. I put up my hand. No, it would not come off.

"I went back and lay down upon my bed, very weak, utterly disheartened. Later I was driven slowly down to the beach, and I saw all that was left of the steamer—a few blackened spars and the charred hull. Many people were examining, either from curiosity or for identification, the bodies as they were brought in. There was a long trench in the sand, in which were placed those not identified. It appeared that the steamer had been wrecked on a county line, and two coroners were there quarreling over the bodies and claiming their fees.

"My friend helped me out of the wagon, and seated me on a rock close by—a most forlorn and unkempt figure I must have presented. Two men stood near where I sat and one of them spoke of having received another telegram from Cleveland inquiring if the body of the man K—had been found. A cold chill ran down my back. Producing the telegram, he read the description:

"Twenty-eight years of age, 5 feet 9 inches in height, weight about 160 pounds, fair skin, blue eyes, black hair, small hands and feet, mole on left shoulder. Has the body been found? Have it properly prepared for burial, and sent to H—, Cleveland.

"I was 'K.' and they were hunting for my body to prepare it for burial! My friend came back just then, and I begged to be taken to the hotel at once. I must start for home, I said, as soon as possible. Arriving at the house, I saw a carriage and horses standing before the door. Four gentlemen came out and agreed to take me with them.

"I learned from their conversation that my companion had been sent out from Cleveland to identify the dead and find the living. Each related incidents connected with the search. They spoke of being out in boats, sometimes all night, dragging for bodies, of seeing the thieves at their villainous work, of disgraceful quarreling of the coroners, and of the discomforts of camping out. At length one of the gentlemen said he regretted going back with no news of the young man K., whose friends were so anxious about him."

"I half believe," said he, "that he was not on the boat at all. We have seen everybody, dead or alive, who has been found, and no one answering his description is discovered."

"Where is his description?" asked another.

"I have it. No, not here. I remember, I gave it to the coroners. He was, as I recollect the description, a man about 28, fair skin, blue eyes, and black hair. It is hard to go back with information. By the way, stranger, did you see any one answering that description?"

"Would you be willing to take the body without preparation for burial?" I asked.

"Why, of course. Any way we could get it."

"Well," said I, "drop me at H.'s house."

"A shout went up from the carriage. A few days later, after having enjoyed the delightful experience of being kissed, cried over and welcomed back from the dead, I lighted a cigar, seated myself comfortably, and had the novel experience of reading my own obituary, and a good orthodox obituary it was, too."

The Fable of the Cats.

There was formerly an old woman, extremely gaunt and meager, that lived in a little cottage as dark and gloomy as a fool's heart. She had a cat that never saw any other than the likeness of bread—never beheld the face of a stranger—and was forced to be contented with only smelling the mice in their holes, or to see the prints of their feet in the dust; or if, by any extraordinary chance, she happened to catch a mouse, she was like a beggar that discovers a treasure—her visage and her eyes were inflamed with joy—and that booty served her for a whole week together. Nevertheless, because the cottage was still the mansion of famine, she still bewailed her wants. One day, she was walking upon her house-top, ready to perish with hunger, when she espied from thence another cat upon a neighboring wall, stalking along like a lion, as if counting her steps, and so fat that she could hardly go. The old woman's cat, astonished to see a creature of her own species so plump and large, called to her with a loud voice, saying, "You look as if you came from one of the Khan of Katha's feasts. Tell me, I conjure you, how you got into such good condition?" "At king's table," replied the other. I go to the house every day about dinner-time, and there I lay my paws upon some nice morsel or other, which serves me till the next day."

After some further discourse, the fat cat takes pity upon the lean one, and engages to conduct her to the King's house on some future day. Meanwhile the depredations of the cat had been so remarkably outrageous the evening before that she was given to the servants that orders were given to the servants to kill all the cats that could be found. In an evil hour, therefore, was it that our puss went thither and seized a piece of meat from a dish when she thought herself unobserved; for, while quietly solacing herself with such unwholesome fare under the dresser, the meat was missed, she was discovered in her hiding place, and one of the men threw a knife at her, which wounded her severely in the breast. However, as a cat has nine lives, she made a shift to escape notwithstanding her wound; but in her flight, observing the blood streaming from her breast, she said: "Well, let me but escape this time, and if ever I again quit my old haunts and my own mice for all the rarities of the king's kitchen, may I lose all my nine lives at once!"—*From the Persian.*

Of course it was a Hibernian auctioneer who said of a set of mourning jewelry which he was trying to dispose of that it was "just the sort of article he would purchase for his wife if she were a widow."

Baths and Bathing.

The skin is to be regarded as an important organ, richly supplied with blood vessels and nerves, sweat and oil-forming glands; it encases and covers all the other organs and tissues, protects from injury from without, is the chief regulator of the temperature of the body in general, and is the remover of certain waste products.

The blood-vessels vary greatly in size and the amount of their contents according to circumstances; cold and fear, for instance, contract the vessels and the muscular elements of the skin, rendering it pale; heat, irritants, and shame, on the other hand, relax the skin and its vessels, producing a more or less deep redness.

An increased supply of blood tends to increase the amount of the perspiration, the evaporation of which keeps the body in general from becoming overheated. There is no immediate danger of sun-stroke as long as the perspiration is free; and it is truly wonderful how nearly constant the temperature of the human blood remains under the most varying external circumstances, in absolute repose or during the severest toil, on the polar sea or at the equator.

A thermometer placed in the arm-pit or under the tongue of a healthy person registers 98.5 degrees Fahrenheit, and a variation of ten degrees either way is almost surely fatal.

In perfect health there is scarcely a degree of variation in either direction. The perspiration also serves the purpose of softening and detaching the older and used-up layers of cells on the surface, together with particles of dirt, clothes, etc., which adhere to it. The oil-forming glands keep the skin soft and supple; the roots of the hair are supplied with them, and in some situations they are found independently of hairy growth.

These hints as to the anatomy and physiology of the skin will serve to indicate to you the important functions which the organ has to perform, and make it easier for you to understand how cleanliness and bathing are of service.

In general terms a bath and the subsequent rubbing to dry the skin primarily increase the blood supply, or the rapidity of the blood current, or both together, in the skin; cleanse the skin from its own and other impurities, and thus free the little openings of the sweat and oil glands from obstructions tending to prevent the proper discharge of their secretions upon the surface; the secondary effect lies in the promotion of the health of the body as a whole, in so far as the proper functional performance of a most important organ exerts an influence on that of all the others.

Spring is at hand, and a few words about bathing may be timely.

A daily bath is even more important for a baby than for a grown person for obvious reasons; and indeed, the delight which babies manifest in a properly managed bath is good evidence as to what his politics really is.

Up to three months of age the bath should have a temperature of ninety degrees, and may be given in a large basin; after that period, or even before, according to the size of the child, a larger bath will be needed, and the temperature may be gradually reduced not more than two degrees at a time until, at six months, it reaches eighty degrees. It may then be reduced gradually again to seventy-five degrees, but at these low temperatures the bath must of course be short.

Always use a thermometer, that you may know exactly what you are doing; a suitable one costs a trifle.

But, above all, observe closely the effect on the child. If the child is pale, tired, or bluish for some time afterward, the bath was either too prolonged or the water was too cold.

For children between the ages of three and twelve it is impossible to do more than give the most general directions. Use your observation and common-sense in each individual case; children of the same family differ nearly as much as those of different families.

Bear only in mind these few principles which I firmly believe to be safe as well as sound, and which apply to grown persons as well as to children. A daily washing of the whole body on arising in the morning with the use of soap on certain parts, at least, and with cool fresh water, followed with vigorous rubbing with not too soft a towel, is a valuable aid to health.

Let the bath be short and cautiously make it as cold as is consistent with thorough reaction, reaction meaning that the person is in a glow all over and warmer after than before the bath was taken.

A basin full of water is sufficient for a bath if a tub, for any good reason, cannot be used.—*Youth's Companion.*

Wall Street Yarn.

"A year or two ago," said a prominent broker to a few of his friends who were in his office, "an acquaintance of mine of this city came to me with \$1,000, which he said was all the money he had. He owed considerable money, and he wanted to increase his capital so that he could pay his debts. I took the \$1,000 with the understanding that I was to do the best I could with it. He did not know one stock from another, but had got an idea that money could be made in Wall street, and he wanted me to make it for him. Well, I did the best I could, and I have been handling the money for that man ever since. He has now some securities on hand, and I will find out how his account stands." Turning to the bookkeeper, he asked: "James, how does Mr.—'s account stand?" James pulled out a big ledger, turned over a few pages, and replied: "Overdrawn \$796.38."

"What securities are we holding for him?" was the next query.

"Five hundred shares of Sutro," was the reply.

"You had better make out his account and send it to him to-day, with a polite request for a check."—*New York Sun.*