

THE COQUETTE.

Ah, the soft, the perfumed lazes,
Oh, the dear, distracting graces,
And her eyes
Like stars, twinkling from their places
Look very grave and wise;
And her mouth, in mute surprise,
Like a poppy dream reposes
Till she speaks;
Then a smile breaks through the roses,
Through the darling, dimpled roses,
Of her cheeks!
Ah! the dream she half discloses
When she sighs.

Roses cannot bloom forever—
They must fade.
Who hath found a light that never
Casts a shade?

Lovers hath she—scores of lovers,
But to none her heart discovers
All her mind.
Cruel still, yet half relenting,
Scornful now, though half repenting,
Half inclined, but not consenting
To be kind.
Young and old men, saints and sinners,
Veterans scared and new beginners,
Sue for love, but none are winners;
She is free—
Heart and hand—and life before her,
Free to lure each fond adorer—
Time and heavenly grace restore her—
Blind is she.

Thus in years gone by
I penned the picture of a fair coquette;
To-day I scan the lines—but with the sigh
Of heartfelt deep regret.

To lightly speak—at all—of womankind
Brings its reward of pain,
And from remorseful thoughts the haunted mind
Shall seek release in vain.

But said I not—the roses fall from blight
However fair they bloom.
And never yet was seen a glow of light
Without the shadow's gloom?

I saw her when at last
A lover sought her from the silent land,
And she—unlike her old self of the past—
Gave him her heart and hand.
And so it came to be—
The cheerful bloom was faded from her cheek
Beneath the touch of lips that did not speak,
But kissed her silently.
And yet—mayhap I dreamed—
But round her lips from whence there came no
breath,
There played a smile in which her soul did seem
Conquering still with death.

None shall shame her—none shall blame her,
Since her lover came to claim her,
And she gave him heart and hand;
For the angel that did bear her
Where the gates of heaven stand,
Ever after said, no fairer
Soul had reached that shining land.
Yet, of those who thronged to meet her,
Stretching out their arms to greet her,
There be some who still regret
How they wish for nothing sweeter
Than the smile she gave St. Peter
As she entered through the gate.

A ROMANCE OF THE SEA.

During a visit to some friends in Charleston, while on a leave of absence from H. M. S. Diana, Lieutenant Howard Granville fell in love with a dark-eyed girl of eighteen named Helena Rioli.

She was an orphan, living at the house of her uncle, Alfonso Rioli, who was an American by birth and a Spaniard by descent.

For some years he had been a sailing-master aboard an armed United States schooner, where, he informed Granville, he had often been promised promotion, but was still neglected, which he ascribed to his descent. He instanced several persons, who had not been so long in the navy as he, and yet had obtained places above him.

"If I were like some men I would be revenged," he added, bitterly.

"A man should always do his duty, whether promoted or not," said the British officer.

A fortnight later the schooner sailed on a surveying expedition off the African coast. Helena Rioli accompanied her uncle. Although she and Granville were lovers, there was a singular coldness in her manner when they parted.

The lieutenant often thought of it afterward, and imagined that the sailing-master had prejudiced her against him.

A month later Granville's ship was ordered to cruise for a slaver, which, it was reported, had lately been noticed off the coast of Africa.

In due time, passing the Cape Verdes, the English frigate stood on her way toward the Gold Coast, in the vicinity of which the outlaw craft had last been seen.

On the starboard side of the upper deck the captain was one day walking to and fro, and on the larboard side stood Lieutenant Granville, now and then glancing aloft.

Suddenly, from the young lookouts at the masthead came the cry of "Sail O!"

"Where away?" shouted Granville.

"Right ahead, sir! About five miles off!" The captain seized his glass, and sprang upon the horse-block.

"She looks suspicious, sir," he said to the lieutenant, as he passed the glass to him.

Granville had an eye like a hawk's; he could see further than most men on the water.

"Ay, ay, sir, a suspicious craft," he remarked, after a brief inspection. "It seems to me she has a familiar look, although I cannot recall where I have seen her before."

"She is not very low in the water, sir," said the captain; "but I do not like her looks for all that."

Granville said he thought she had something the appearance of an armed craft.

"These, sir, are not the days of pirates," rejoined the captain, smiling. "Why do you think she is armed?"

"I may have been mistaken, sir, at so great a distance," answered the lieutenant, "but, when I looked through the glass, I fancied I saw a port closed."

"Try her with the colors, quartermaster."

"Ay, ay, sir."

And up went the union jack even as the old tar spoke.

The other vessel hoisted the same colors. "Now, signals, quartermaster."

The signals were hoisted and responded to, until the one questioning the stranger's name shot up aloft.

Then there seemed to be some hesitation aboard the schooner—a long delay, that caused the quartermaster to move the signal flag up and down peremptorily.

All at once a white flag, with the letters "D-O-S-T" distinctly revealed upon it, with the aid of a glass, appeared at her gaff.

"Ah! by George!" cried the frigate's Captain. "Caught now, my fine fellow! And yet," he added, thoughtfully, "she may really have lost the signal."

Meanwhile the schooner, which now was not more than half a mile off, held on her way; but, instead of adding to her canvas, she began to take some of it in.

Nimble forms, in dark blue shirts and trousers, swarmed all over her graceful masts and yards, and sail after sail was rolled up until she showed nothing but a

close-reefed main-topsail and a topmast staysail.

"One would think she expected a storm," said the captain of the frigate.

He glanced up at the sky, but he could see no indication of a tempest.

True, the wind had fallen away a little, and there was a thin, hazy strip of cloud on the otherwise clear surface of the heavens; but in these, in his opinion, were no signs of a gale.

He at once ordered a carronade forward to be fired as a signal for the schooner to heave to.

The quarter-gunners sprang to their places; there was a flash, and the gun roared, sending a shot whirling past the stranger's bow.

She promptly heave to; but when he was within a quarter of a mile of her the captain noticed that the wind had died away with suspicious suddenness.

The shrill piping of the boatswain's call soon was heard.

"Stand by to take in sail! D'y'e hear, there? Stand by!" was the hoarse cry which followed.

A moment later the man-of-war's men covered yards and booms as they took in sail. The huge folds of canvas were rolled up with the regularity of clock-work, and in five minutes the stately vessel was reduced to her close-reefed main-topsail, foresail, and fore-topmast staysail.

The captain then ordered Granville to board the schooner with a cutter's crew and look into her character.

Just as he got alongside of her, and a rope was caught and made fast to her bow, there was a roar and a shriek as of a thousand demons, and the schooner, for an instant thrown almost on her beam-ends, was hurled through the now whirling waters before the full fury of a white squall.

Granville sprang aboard. As he reached the deck, a tall fellow darted past him, and jerked from the pin, either purposely or accidentally, the rope that held the boat, thus leaving the latter, with all its occupants adrift.

The lieutenant laid a hand upon his sword-hilt.

"Rascal!" he cried. "Who?"

"My orders," interrupted a deep voice. And, turning, the lieutenant beheld Alfonso Rioli.

At the same moment, beneath him, he heard yells and the clanking of chains.

"This, then, is a slaver," cried Granville, as soon as he had recovered from his surprise at seeing Rioli, "and you are her captain?"

"Ay, Granville. The story is told in a few words, if you have not already guessed it. I headed the crew of the naval schooner in mutiny. I killed the captain and his officers. I made alterations in the craft, changed her name, and then went into the slave trade with my own hand, for I now command this vessel. Better than all, I have had my revenge on the captain, who was a tyrant. Will you shake hands with me?"

"No. Your hand is stained with a crime which a British officer can not overlook."

"And, were it in your power, you would make a prisoner of the uncle of Helena Rioli?"

"I would."

"And marry his niece afterward?"

"Was Helena with you when you mutinied? Surely she is not aboard?"

"No; for she would not have approved of the mutiny. She wanted me to take my revenge by simply obtaining my discharge from the navy. I did not even hint to her of my design, but, long before its execution, I left her at Monrovia."

Drawing the young officer further aft, beyond hearing of the sailors, he continued, "Promise me that you will not betray the character of this vessel to your captain?"

"I will give no such promise."

"Then you and I shall both go down in the same coffin."

"What do you mean?"

"I can soon explain. My craft is not a swift sailor, and she could not get away from your frigate. When I sighted the ship I knew I could not escape in that manner. But I hoped that the naval appearance of my schooner, and the exchange of one or two signals, would allay your captain's suspicions, and that he would then keep away from me. When my vessel's name was questioned, I feared that all hope was gone. I hoisted my signal of 'Lost,' which I had ready for such an occasion, still thinking that that might possibly satisfy your commander. When I perceived that it did not, I resolved to scuttle my craft and go down with all on board—slaves and all—sooner than fall into the hands of your naval people. I saw you coming, however, I recognized you, and I resolved that you alone should get aboard here, for I wanted to make my proposition to you. Now, all I have to say to you is this: There, by the after sail, is a good life preserver, and I still give you a chance to save yourself by changing your mind, and also to make my niece your wife. Promise me that if I do not scuttle this craft, you will, when you return to yours, inform your captain that you found my vessel and papers perfectly right and lawful. Promise that, and I will send you aboard when this brief squall passes in one of my boats. You can then wed with my niece and welcome, as soon as you have the opportunity, for I know you both love each other; although I will own that I did not at one time like the thought of wedding her to a Britisher, and endeavored to prejudice her against you."

"I refuse to make the promise you ask, even for the sake of winning your niece, who is dearer to me than life! I am an Englishman, and as such I still repeat that I would do my duty by reporting the character of your craft and her captain."

"That is your determination?"

"It is. My duty before all other considerations."

The slaver ordered Granville to be locked up in a room in the cabin.

A few minutes later he heard the roaring, rushing sound of the water as it poured into the hold, and he knew that Rioli had scuttled the schooner. The yells and shrieks of the poor chained slaves, dreadful to hear, were soon succeeded by their gurgling cries, as the water rolled over their heads.

In that storm the vessel sank fast, Granville could hear the men on deck making vain efforts to lower a boat in time to save themselves.

The prisoner was fortunate enough to find an ax. He beat down the door of his room as the schooner was making her last plunge, and flung himself toward the open companion-way. He clutched a spare spar, which, with other things, was being swept past him, and to this he clung.

The squall had nearly gone to leeward; the violence of the gale had abated; and, after tossing about for some time in the heaving seas, the young officer, with about

half a dozen of the schooner's men who had also clung to floating objects, was picked up by the drifting cutter, which, with difficulty, had been kept from swamping during the squall.

On arriving aboard the frigate, Granville gave a true account of what had happened.

Some time afterward he had the painful task of telling the story to Helena Rioli.

Sad news it was to the beautiful girl; but, even while almost distracted by her uncle's crime and fate, she owned that she esteemed her lover for having so firmly adhered to his duty. The twain were married a few months later.

Table Manners.

Good table manners are founded on habits of punctuality, neatness, and order, united with that politeness which springs readily from a kind heart.

Everything at the table should be done moderately.

Do not be impatient to be served, or feel, while eating, that you must hurry and get through so that you can rush off to something else. This is bad enough when it is necessary; it is almost inexcusable when it is not.

Avoid all unusual noise when eating. Never fill the mouth very full nor talk with the mouth full.

Never leave the table with food in the mouth.

Never sit a foot off from the table, nor jammed up close against it.

Never soil the tablecloth if it is possible to avoid it.

Don't be greedy, and don't try to eat all the good things you can, and don't carry off anything in your pocket to eat afterward.

Don't speak of it if you see any one else greedy. It is never polite to appear to notice faults of others in company.

Do not encourage a dog or cat to play with you at the table.

Do not cut your bread—break it.

Never express a choice for any particular part of a dish, unless requested to do so. When asked what part of a chicken you will have, save other people the trouble of choosing for you, and say what you will have, making some choice, though really not particular, as you might say.

Never hold bones in your fingers while you eat from them.

Cut the meat with a knife, and do not make an effort to clean your plate or the bone you have been eating from too clean.

Do not attract attention to yourself by calling loudly for anything, or by any boisterous conduct. We have seen children who made their wants known by giving two or three loud knocks on the table with handles of their knives, calling at the same time, water! butter! potatoes! milk! or whatever else they happened to want at the time.

We have seen others sit at the table, and while carving was being done, rub their fingers on the edge of the plate in front of them and feel around the inside of the tumbler also, so that when a plate with food upon it was exchanged for theirs the person receiving it felt unpleasantly. Don't be like such children.

Never handle dishes unnecessarily at the table, or play with your spoon, knife, or fork. "A man is known by his company, and his company by his manners."

Do not pare an apple, peach, or pear for another at the table without holding it with a fork.

Swollen Tonsils.

Even if the phrase "swollen tonsils" be limited in meaning to express only a condition of some duration, it does not always mean the same thing. In health the tonsil is very small—so small that some who have studied throat diseases particularly think that it does not exist in the sense of being a visible prominence. Now, when the tonsil becomes enlarged and remains so it may be from removable causes and conditions, or it may not. The one group of cases may be considered as those in which much of the enlargement is due to an excess of blood in the tissues, and the other group contains cases in which actual overgrowth of the tonsil has occurred. In the former cases the enlargement may diminish until the tonsil, while still larger than proper, gives no very great trouble. In the latter the most experienced observers doubt if any treatment short of removal of the tonsil by some means is of much value. The popular idea about outgrowing the condition is based partly upon the false assumption that what is really a considerably enlarged tonsil is the natural state of things, and partly upon the inability of non-professional observers to distinguish between the temporary swelling of the tonsils, the chronically engorged tonsils, and the really overgrown tonsils. The opinion of the most "experienced mother" can be of no value here. She cannot, at the outside, have seen more than two or three cases of the last-mentioned variety.—*Babyhood.*

Invisible Clouds.

In the recent English tests of light-house illuminants was brought out the curious fact—of great practical as well as scientific interest—that remarkable changes in the transparency of the air occur without any visible haze or mist. Invisible clouds seemed to float by, obscuring the lights for a time; and it sometimes happened that while the distant French lights showed with unabated brilliancy, the experimental lights, only a mile and a quarter away, had lost one-fourth to one-third their power.

JAPAN, according to the new census, has a population of 38,500,000, or about the same as that of the United States in 1870. In area Japan is about five times the size of Pennsylvania.

He who strives after a long and pleasant form of life must seek to attain continued equanimity.

WEATHER SIGNS.

Which May Be Observed by Early-Rising Students of Nature.

The man who is out of doors at sunrise can form a pretty accurate opinion of what the day will be. If just before sunrise the sky—especially in the west—is suffused with red, rain generally follows in the course of the day. In winter, often snow. If, however, it be frosty weather, the downfall is sometimes delayed. On the other hand, if the sky be a dull gray, and the sun rises clear, gradually dispersing the vapors, it will be fine. If he retires behind the clouds, and there are reddish streaks about it, it will rain. Should the sun, later in the day, shine through a gray watery haze, it will probably be a rainy night. The sunset is very unreliable. Often a beautiful sunset will be followed by a bad day. After a rainy day, suddenly at sunset, in the far west, will appear a magnificent streak of crimson (not copper color)—this generally foretells a fine day. A tinted halo around the sun at setting occurs in long-continued rainy weather. A halo around the moon, especially if some distance from it, is a sure indication of downfall at hand. Rainbows are unreliable except they occur in the morning, when rain may be expected. Sundogs, and fragments of prismatic colors during the day, show continued unsettled weather. A dazzling metallic luster on foliage during a cloudless day in summer precedes a change.

Huge piled-up masses of white cloud in a blue sky, during winter, indicate snow or hail. If small, dark clouds float below the upper ones, moving faster than they, rain will follow, as it will if, in the morning, low-hanging, pale-brown, smoke-like clouds are floating about. Red-tinged clouds, high up, at evening, are followed by wind, occasionally by rain. Mists at evening over low-lying ground, or near a river, precede fine and warm days. If a mist in the morning clears off as the sun gets higher it will be fine; but if it settles down again after lifting a little, rain is at hand. No dew in the morning is mostly followed by rain; and a heavy dew in the evening by a fine day. Rain follows two or three consecutive hoar frosts. A shower of hail in the daytime is usually followed by frost at night. If, after rain, drops of water still hang on the branches and twigs, and to window frames, the rain will return; but if they fall, and the wood-work dries, fine weather is at hand. Stones turn damp before wet; at the same time it must be observed that the fact of their doing so does not invariably indicate rain, for they will do so occasionally before heat. Smoke descending heavily to the ground is a sign of very doubtful weather. Objects at great distances, which are generally indistinctly seen, or even not seen at all, sometimes loom out clear and distinct. When this happens bad weather or change of wind ensues. A well-known instance of this is the Isle of Wight, as seen from Southsea. If the opposite shore is plainly seen, there is rain about. If, at night, after being blown out and exposed to the outer air, the wick of a candle continues to smolder a long time, the next day will be fine. Green-colored sky betokens unsettled, bad weather, often long continued. If, on a fine day, the dust suddenly rise in a revolving, spiral column, rain is near.

The howling of the wind indicates, in most houses, but not invariably, that downfall is near. In some houses, owing to their construction, the wind always moans. Wherever the wind is at time of the vernal equinox (March 21 and thereafter) that will be the prevailing wind throughout the next three months. If the stars appear unusually numerous and the "milky way" very clearly defined, with the surrounding sky dark, or if there is a misty appearance over the stars, rain is coming; while if there be but few stars, and those very bright and sparkling, in a pale, steel sky, it will be fine. Swine, before rain, are unusually noisy and restless. Swallows in fine weather will fly high, and at the approach of rain close to the ground; but the latter does not apply if the day is cold, in which case they hawk very low. Common sparrows washing vigorously in a puddle on the road, or at the edge of running water, is a sure sign of rain. A baker who kept a parrot in the dry atmosphere of the bake offices noticed that a few hours before rain the bird took an imaginary bath, fluttering as if splashing water, and preening her feathers.—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

The Waiter Gave Him Away.

A Washington correspondent writes: It is one of the fallacies of the capital that there are no intoxicating liquors sold at the House or Senate restaurant. The other day a dignified but thirsty member of Congress took a seat in the House saloon near a party of ladies, and calling a colored waiter whispered to him to fetch a slug of whisky. Straightening up, the darky bawled out at the top of his voice:

"Cold tea for one."

Now, the expression "Cold tea for one" is as well understood at the Capitol bar-rooms as "Hey, Rube!" is in a circus. Therefore, it is not surprising that the Congressman, who didn't want everybody in the District of Columbia to know that he was taking a nip of the forbidden juice, got most infernally mad at the servant who gave him away. Springing to his feet the member grabbed the waiter by the neck, and in his wrath exclaimed:

"You—black—! I'll break your—black head if you ever howl for cold tea like that for me again!"

Nobody but Uncle John Robinson could give you any idea of the way in which that irate Congressman cursed that "nigger," as he called him.

HUMOR.

THE Mersey is used for a water supply, and the takers complain of the water. The quality of Mersey is not strained.—*Lowell Courier.*

It seems strange that we never meet the man who has drawn a lottery prize; but we frequently hear of the man who came within one or two numbers of it.—*Puck.*

WORTH, the dress-maker, may not be long remembered after his death, but it can't be denied that few men have made more bustle in life.—*Boston Courier.*

It is stated that the King of Greece is tired of politics. The statement seems incredible, as the King never was in Washington during a session of Congress.—*California Maverick.*

"THE chain of evidence is against you," said the prosecuting attorney to the prisoner, as the detective handed up the redeemed watch with the dangling guard.—*San Francisco Maverick.*

At the antiquary's: Collector of Curios—"Have you any genuine Roman falcions?" Dealer (off his guard)—"I am sorry, but they're all being rusted and won't be ready until next week."

ARCHITECTURE is called "frozen music," but some buildings look as if the orchestra had been struck with a heavy frost when they were tuning their instruments.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

An English paper reports that during recent explorations at Nineveh a petrified umbrella was found in one of the temples. Near by was the petrified man who was just about to make off with it.—*Philadelphia Call.*

An eccentric street wanderer in Cleveland seems to have a mania for accumulating old boots, and already has the loft of his shanty full of them. As he is too deaf to be annoyed by cats, it is surmised that he contemplates starting a brewery.—*Chicago Ledger.*

FIRST ACTOR—"Hullo, old fellow, back again? I thought you went West to star." SECOND ACTOR—"I did; but their spelling is so deuced bad out there, you know." F. A.—"Spelling bad! What's that got to do with it?" S. A.—"Well, I could stand most anything; but I found they spelled star with a v-e, so I came back."—*Rambler.*

ON A DRUGGIST.

His virtues are worthy of mention
Whose body lies here 'neath the sod;
'Tis said to his keen apprehension
A wink was as good as a nod.
All his prescriptions from errors were free,
And one of society's pillars was he.
—*Boston Courier.*

THE NEW MAUD MULLER.

Maud Muller had a father gay—
He was a poet, by the way;
He sang his songs from morn till night
About the beauties of the right.
But when his daughter wanted hash
She could not go to him for cash.
And so, within one blooming year,
She called two husbands, darling, dear!
—*Boston Budget.*

THEY were at a concert in Chicago, and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony had just been played. "It is beautiful," said she, "but I adore the entire nine." "Yes," replied her George, "they are the best in the world." "So striking!" she added. "Can't be beat on striking," he echoed. "So catching!" she sighed. "Their catching was what did the business," said George, enthusiastically. "Their fielding is down to a fine point." "Why, what on earth are you talking about, George—the Beethoven symphonies?" "Not much! I'm talking of our champion nine, the best ball-tossers on the earth!"—*Musical Herald.*

THERE is a debating society at the Harvard Annex where grave questions of sociology and ethics are discussed by the young women. The historian heard two of them talking very earnestly the other day about their next meeting, and he asked one of them: "What subject do you debate next time?" "We are thinking of discussing the secularization of Sunday," she replied. "Ah! And are you against it?" "No, indeed! Or, wait—yes I am, too. O, I always forget which way it means! If you had heard that dreadfully mixed-up reply of the young sociologist, while her cheeks grew as red as fire, you would have thought it delicious."—*Boston Record.*

THE representative of one of the great so-called religious papers of the country called at one of our large Connecticut factories and offered as a personal favor to write up the whole concern in big shape for \$1,000. The offer was declined in the same noble spirit of self-sacrifice with which it was made. Then it was renewed at \$500 (under request of secrecy if accepted). This was declined, too; and the religious representative knocked himself down step by step until, while his first demand was for \$1,000, his last offer was to do it for nothing if they would take fifty copies of the paper containing the proposed article! And they wouldn't accept that; they didn't so much object to being written up, but they didn't know what to do, they said, with the fifty papers.—*Hartford Courant.*

ACCOUNTS show that the saltpeter beds of Nevada are far better situated for their development than the niter region of South America, which is an arid desert. Water for all purposes is condensed from the ocean water and carried to the niter fields, fuel being procured from the mountains in South Chili. In Nevada, the saltpeter deposits are in the vicinity of a rich farming country, with an abundant supply of water and wood at hand.

NO ONE ever fully comprehends the world's nature, but many a man who has had the bottom of his hopes and aspirations knocked into oblivion by the unfeeling world has caught a faint glimmer of humanity.—*Chicago Ledger.*