

GIVE ME NOT TEARS.

BY ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

DESPAIR.

Dear, when you see my grave,
Oh, shall you weep?
Ah, no! That were to have
Mistaken care;
But when you see my grave,
I pray you keep
Sunshine of heart that time doth lay me there,
Where veiling mists of dream guard endless
sleep.

Though the young life we mourn
That blooming dies—
Ere grief hath made forlorn
This other face—
Still sadder are the eyes,
The cheeks more worn
Than show the d^rad, of those who s^ek love's
grace;
Death is the gentlest of the world's replies.

JOY.

Dear, when the sun is set
From my life's air,
And your eyes, newly w^t
With tears for me,
Make my sky darker yet—
Remember where
Your eyes in light laved all my destiny;
Weep not, weep not; since so much love was
there!

Remember that through you
My rapture came;
I gained from faith so true
More than I asked—
For not the half I k^w
My need might name,
Until I saw the soul your love unmasked;
Then crave not of the night my vanished
fame.

—[The Century.

THE TOUCH IN THE HEART.

Old Abel Dunklee was delighted, and so was old Abel's wife, when little Abel came. For this coming they had waited many years. God had prospered them elsewhere; this one supreme blessing only had been withheld. Yet Abel had never despaired. "I shall some time have a son," said he. "I shall call him Abel. He shall be rich; he shall succeed to my business, my house, my factory, my lands, my fortune—all shall be his." Abel Dunklee felt this to be a certainty, and with this prospect constantly in mind he slaved and pinched and bar-gained. So when at last the little one did come it was as her to a considerable property.

The joy in the house of Dunklee was not shared by the community at large. Abel Dunklee was by no means a popular man. Folk had the well defined opinion that he was selfish, miserly and hard. If he had not been actually bad, he had never been what the world calls a good man. His methods had been of the grinding, sordid order. He had always been scrupulously honest in the payment of his debts, and in keeping his word, but his sense of duty seemed to stop there. A'c's idea of generosity was to own no man a'ly money. He never gave a penny to charities, and he never spent any time sympathizing with the misfortunes or distresses of other people. He was narrow, close, selfish and hard, so his neighbors and the community at large said, and I shall not deny that the verdict was a just one.

When a little one comes into this world of ours it is the impulse of the people here to bid it welcome and to make its'ot pleasant. When little Abel was born no such enthusiasm obtained outside the austere Dunklee household. Popular sentiment found vent in an expression of the hope that the son and heir would grow up to scatter the dollars which old man Dunklee had accumulated by years of relentless avarice and unflagging toil. But Dr. Hardy—who had officiated in an all important capacity upon that momentous occasion in the Dunklee household—Dr. Hardy shook his head wisely and perhaps sadly, as if he were saying to himself: "No, the child will never do either what the old folk or what the other folk would have him do; he is not long for here."

Had you questioned him closely Dr. Hardy would have told you that little Abel was as frail a babe as ever did bathe for life. Dr. Hardy would surely never have dared say that to old Dunklee, for in his rapture in the coming of that little boy old Dunklee would have smote the offender who presumed even to intimate that the babe was not the most vigorous as well as the most beautiful creature upon the earth. The old man was simply appalled upon the child—in a selfish way, undoubtedly, but even this selfish love of that puny little child showed that the old man was capable of somewhat better than his past life had been. To hear him talk you might have fancied that Mrs. Dunklee had no part or parcel or interest in their offspring. It was always "my little boy"—yes, old Abel Dunklee's money had a rival in the old man's heart at last, and that rival was a helpless, shrunken, sickly little babe.

Among his business associates Abel Dunklee was familiarly known as Old Growly, for the reason that his voice was harsh and discordant and sounded for all the world like the hoarse growling of an ill-natured bear. Abel was not a particularly irritable person, but his slavish devotion to money getting, his indifference to the amenities of life, his entire neglect of the kinder practices of humanity, his rough unkindly personality and his deep, hoarse voice—these things combined to make that sobriquet of "Old Growly" an exceedingly appropriate one. And presumably Abel never thought of resenting the slur implied therein; he was too shrewd not to see that, however disrespectful and evil-intended the phrase might be, it served his good purpose, for it conduced to that very general awe, not to say terror, which kept people from bothering him with their charitable and sentimental schemes.

Yes, I think we can accept it as a fact that Abel liked that sobriquet; it meant more money in his pocket and fewer demands upon his time and patience.

But Old Growly abroad and Old Growly at home were two very different people. Only the voice was the same. The homely, furrowed, wizened face lighted up, and the keen, restless eyes lost their expression of shrewdness and the thin, bony hands that elsewhere clutched and pinched and pinched for possession unlimbered themselves in the presence of little Abel and reached out their long fingers yearningly and caressingly toward the little child. Then the hoarse voice would growl a salutation that was full of tenderness, for it came straight from the old man's heart; only, had you not known how much he loved the child, you might have thought otherwise, for the old man's voice was always hoarse and discordant, and that was why they called him Old Growly. But what proved his love for that puny babe was the fact that every afternoon when he came home from the factory Old Growly brought his

little boy a dime; and once, when the little fellow had a fever on him from teething, Old Growly brought him a dollar! Next day the tooth came through and the fever left him, but you couldn't make the old man believe but what it was the dollar that did it all. That was natural, perhaps, for his life had been spent in grubbing for money, and he had not the soul to see that the best and sweetest things in human life are not to be had by riches alone.

As the doctor had in one way and another intimated would be the case the child did not wax fat and vigorous. Although Old Growly did not seem to see the truth, little Abel grew older only to become what the doctor had foretold—a cripple. A weakness of the spine was developed, a malady that dwarfed the child's growth, giving to his face a pinched, starved look, warping his emaciated body and unfeeling his puny limbs, while at the same time it quickened the intellectual faculties to a degree of precocity. And so two and three and our years went by, little Abel clinging to life with pathetic heroism and Old Growly loving that little cripple with all the violence of his selfish nature. Never once did it occur to the father that the child might die; that death's seal was already set upon the misshapen little body; on the contrary Old Growly's thoughts were constantly of little Abel's famous future, of the great fortune he was to fall heir to, of the prosperous business career he was to pursue, of the influence he was to wield in the world—of dollars, dollars, millions of them which little Abel was sometime to possess; these were old Growly's dreams, and he loved to dream them.

Meanwhile the world did well by the old man; despising him, undoubtedly, for his avarice and selfishness, but constantly pouring wealth, and more wealth, and evermore wealth into his coffers. As for the old man he cared not what the world thought or said, so long as it paid tribute to him; he wrought on as of old, industriously, shrewdly, hardy, but with this new purpose: To make his little boy happy and great with riches.

Toys and picture books were vanities in which Old Growly never indulged; he had expended a farthing for chattels of that character who would have seemed to Old Growly like sinful extravagance. The few playthings which little Abel had were such as his mother surreptitiously bought; the old man believed that the child should be imbued with a proper regard for the value of money from the very start, so his presents were always cash in hand, and he bought a large tin bank for little Abel and taught the child how to put the copper and silver pieces into it, and he labored diligently to impress upon the child of how great benefit that same money would be to him by him and by. Just picture to yourself, it you can, that fond, foolish old man seeking to teach this lesson to that wan-eyed, pinched-faced little cripple. But little Abel took it all very seriously, and was so apt a pupil that Old Growly made great joy and was wont to rub his bony hands gleefully and say to himself: "He has great genius—this boy of mine—great genius for finance."

But on a day, coming from his factory, Old Growly was stricken with horror to find that during his absence from home a great change had come upon his child. The doctor said it was simply the progress of the disease; that it was a marvel that little Abel had held out so long; that from the moment of his birth the seal of death had been set upon him in that cruel malady which had drawn his face and warped his body and limbs. Then all at once Old Growly's eyes seemed to be opened to the truth, and like a lightning flash it came to him that perhaps his pleasant dreams which he had dreamed of his child's future could never be realized. It was a bitter awakening, yet amid it all the old man was full of hope, determination and battle. He had little faith in drugs and nursing, and professional skill; he remembered that upon previous occasions cures had been wrought by means of money; teeth had been brought through, the pangs of colic beguiled, and numerous other ailments to which infancy is heir had by the same specific been baffled. So now Old Growly is sleeping.

At last the old man roused up. He had lain like one dead for many hours, but now at last he seemed to wake of a sudden, and, seeing children about him, perhaps he fancied himself in that pleasant park, under the trees, where so very often he had told his one pathetic story to those little ones. Leastwise he made a feeble motion as if he would have them gather nearer, and, seeming to know his wish, the children came closer to him. Those who were nearest heard him say: "Call theinefable tenderness of old: 'Once ther wuz a litt'l boy—'"

And with those last sweet words upon his lips, and with the touch in his heart, the old man went down into the valley. —[Eugene Field in Chicago Daily News.

pleasure appeared now to be watching other little ones at their play. In fact, so changed was he from the Old Growly of former years that, whereas he had been wholly indifferent to the presence of those little ones upon earth, he now sought them company and delighted to view their innocent and mirthful play. And so presently the children, from regarding him first with distrust, came to confide in and love him, and in due time the old man was known far and wide as Old Grandpa Growly, and he was pleased therewith. It was his wont to go every fair day of an afternoon into a park hard by his dwelling and mingle with the crowd of little folks there; and when they were weary of their sports they used to gather about him—some even clamoring upon his knees—and hear him tell his story that lay next his heart—the story ever and forever beginning with "Once there was a litt'l boy." A very tender little story it was, too, told very much more sweetly than I could ever tell it, for it was of Old Grandpa Growly's shirt bosom, sometimes it clings to the lapel of his coat, and again takes refuge under his vest. In shape it is ungainly; in motion ungraceful, but as it lies peacefully breathing upon his shirt front, scarf, or coat lapel, its ever changing flush of colors is beautiful. Through the green sometimes shines the gold; upon an inhalation purple mingles with the household furniture, a ton of hay, and other flings, to his farm, on which he rebuilt the house, putting the furniture into it. The accused says it is a plot to get him out of the country, the sheepmen wanting the water on his farm.

AN example of marvellous industry and power to overcome adverse circumstances is given by Max Meyer, who was born blind in Berlin twenty-eight years ago. He received his first instruction from a teacher of the blind and later attended the Sophien-Real-Gymnasium, a scientific college in Berlin. He was always among the best students in the college and passed a brilliant final examination. He entered the University of Berlin a few years ago, to study mathematics, mechanics and philosophy. He took the degree of Ph. D. a few weeks ago, preparing a dissertation upon the differential calculus which excited the admiration of his professors.

DEAD AS WHALING is on the Atlantic coast; it is sufficiently lively on the Pacific, though the most valuable product of the voyage is no longer oil, but whalebone. The crude bone fetishes in San Francisco from \$4 to \$6 a pound, and a great many hundred pounds may be taken from the mouth of a single whale. The demand is steady, and much of the bone is used in the manufacture of rich and heavy silks. No substitute has been found for it here, though other things are used for corsets and stays. Dressmakers make use of real whalebone, the excuse for charging especially high prices for their work, and the genuine article is vastly more durable and satisfactory than any substitute.

A STRANGE case is reported from Lewiston, Me., of a man named Whitman, who possessed wonderful power at his finger tips. When he holds his arms at an angle of 45 degrees he becomes a Samson in strength. He easily lifts cows, toys with big men on tables as though they were but feathers, shifts pianos and does many other wonderful things. Strangest of all, he has been offered enormous salaries by museum managers and has declined them because of modesty.

HEARING the statement made in Holly Springs, Miss., that a remarkable negro woman freak lived only a few miles from this town, a Times-Democrat correspondent determined to obtain the facts in the case. A middle-aged negro greeted the visitor. The woman is quite dark, of a pronounced African type of physiognomy; five feet three inches tall, and in fair health, but has never had any children. She wore a white cotton turban tied about her head and tucked in at the back to support the immense weight of her hair. This she removed and laid upon the table, and unbound the braids of her wonderful hair, which went many times around her head, and dropped it upon the floor. It was indeed, an amazing sight. Three braids almost as thick as a man's arm close to the head, but tapering to the thickness of a finger at the ends, closely plaited and measuring eight feet six inches, braided as it is, in length. It looks a good deal like Spanish moss, but is darker, crinkled, and grizzled, coarse and almost repulsive to the touch, suggesting ghoulish stories of the abnormal growth of hair after death.

DANIEL McKEN, a young colored man of Helena, Ark., is puzzling the physicians. About a year ago, while having an epileptic fit, he fell into an open fireplace and when found he was lying in the fire in an unconscious condition. His scalp, the muscles of his head and the bones of the side, as well as the tissues covering the left shoulder, were parched. He was in an unconscious condition for two days and recollects no incidents happening prior to his regaining consciousness. The bone and flesh were burned from his head to such an extent that the pulsation of the brain could be felt. Very little medical attention was given him, only household remedies being applied. The burn removed one-half of the skull. Now, after a year, the bony substance of the skull is being reconstructed and bids fair to completely heal, making almost new bony covering for the brain. The man has fewer fits than he had before the accident. His mind is clear and he now does the work of an ordinary farm hand.

A VASTLY useful kind of tree to have in one's front yard is reported as growing near some springs about twelve miles north of Tuscarora, a town in the state of New York. Its truly wonderful characteristic is its luminosity, which is so great that on the darkest night it can be plainly seen a mile away. A person standing near could read the finest print by its light. It is about six feet high, with a trunk which at its base is three times the size of an ordinary man's wrist. Its foliage is extremely rank and its leaves resemble somewhat those of the aromatic bay tree in shape, size and color. The luminous property is due to a gummy substance, which can be transferred to the hand by rubbing. The principal objection to the use of this kind of tree for a street lamp would seem to be that its luminosity is probably due simply to phosphorescence, and therefore if it were not planted in a damp place and if the sun did not shine every day, it would not be up to candle-power at night.

A BEAUTIFUL marine phenomenon in the shape of an electrical storm is recorded by the Sunderland steamer Fulwell, on her voyage from Bremen to Baltimore, says Lightning. The most peculiar part of the occurrence was that while the lightning flashed a winter gale was blowing furiously and the sea was running very high. The storm lasted about two hours, and the captain states that it was the most remarkable he ever witnessed. The ship at times seemed to call back the old look of the dear, white face. He brought treasure from the vaults and held it up before those facing eyes and promised it all, all the things he possessed—gold, houses, lands—all he had would give to that little child, if that little child would only live. But the fading eyes saw other things and the ears that were deaf to the old man's lamentations heard voices to one another: "Hush, let us make no noise; Old Grampy is sleeping."

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The Island of Madagascar.

The island has upward of nine millions of inhabitants, with nothing but foot-paths for them to travel in. This singular state of affairs is accounted for by the fact that the reigning tribe is the Hovas, who are a very jealous and savage people. They greatly fear white supremacy, and the Queen and her husband, the Prime Minister, are backed up by the whole island in their belief that as soon as they allow roads to be made, white people will flock in and take possession of the country. While the French have a semi-protectorate over the island, they have never yet penetrated the interior of it, and it would take 10,000 men to do this.

The island is infested with crocodiles to a dangerous degree. Mr. Taylor visited a "sacred" island in a lake where they were so numerous as nearly to upset the boat and where there were hundreds of the reptiles twelve to fifteen feet long. The Island of Madagascar is about 1,000 miles long and 250 wide. The Capital is Antananarivo, where the Queen holds court in her palace and keeps up considerable show of ceremony. The hawk and the looking glass are their national emblems. In the Capital there are schools, both missionary and industrial, but elsewhere the country is uncivilized and savage. There are but few Europeans at the Capital. Bands of murderous robbers infest the country, and although the Queen gives them a great deal of trouble, she is a very awful sight. The blackness of the night was converted into unsurpassed brilliancy. Even the ocean seemed ablaze, and the waves were as pitch black as ink.

FOUR hunters were snowbound in the mountains at the headwaters of the Wynoochee River, Washington, for five weeks during February and the beginning of this month. When the storm which snowed them up came they exhausted their stock of provisions and had killed eleven elk. They lost their game and were three days without food, when they killed an eagle. Later they found an elk powerless in the deep snow. They lived on elk and eagle alone for over a month. The snow was eight to fifteen feet deep, and they could not make any progress through it. Eventually they reached a deserted camp and found an axe, with which they split wood and made rude snowshoes, by means of which they got back to civilization.

THREE tall men live at Castle Hill, Me. Allie Elihu and Elidaf Frank are their names, and laid along in a line on the floor they measure twenty-one feet to an inch in their stocking feet and without their caps on. Two of them are more than seven feet in height and the other is a little less. Old Mr. Frank, their father, is remembered as being taller than any one of them. Their occupation is put down as woodsmen, farmers, hunters and horse-splitters.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

QUEER FACTS AND THRILLING ADVENTURES WHICH SHOW THAT TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

MR. J. B. DYKE, a Colorado capitalist, cured a case of dipsomania the other day very promptly, though unintentionally. Mr. Dyke wears a very curious scarf. It is a tiny chameleon about three inches long, which is confined to his scarf by a fine gold chain. Sometimes the little animal sprawls with outstretched legs on Mr. Dyke's shirt bosom, sometimes it clings to the lapel of his coat, and again takes refuge under his vest.

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