

## THE NORTH POLE LAND.

Oh, the north pole land, the north pole land,  
With its wondrous, whitened midnight and its  
glowing, swirling band,  
Where the snowflake fairies dwell  
And no human foot e'er fell!  
It is only in our dreaming  
We can see the fitful gleaming  
Of the stately, icy castles in the north pole  
land,  
Oh, the north pole land, the north pole land,  
Where by shining stars in heaven a silent  
world is spanned.  
Till again the snowflakes fall,  
Sing and whisper, sigh and call,  
And a sudden, joy laughter  
Follows clinking, tinkling after,  
And there's strange, unearthly music in the  
north pole land!

Oh, the north pole land, the north pole land!  
Who can picture all the splendors where the  
crowding icebergs stand?

Of its beauty who can tell?

For to feel its mighty spell

You must see it in the nighttime—

Down the dreamways of the nighttime,

Oh, the shining, icy castles of the north pole  
land!

—Annie Campbell Heustis in *St. Nicholas*.

## AUNT ALICE.

"She never got over it."

Ephraim Drayton, leaning on his garden fence, looked across the road to the house where Alice Travers lived and added:

"And she never will."

Ephraim had been tying grapes in the garden, and he was talking to himself. The habit had come from his living so long alone. Tall and straight and fresh faced, there was only a bit of gray above his ears to show that age was coming on.

He was thinking of that May morning 20 years ago when he walked across the road and asked Alice Travers to be his wife. A week before that she had stood beside the open grave of her father and the "ashes to ashes and dust to dust" had covered the last one of her race, and she was alone in the world.

"I was sorry for her," Ephraim continued to himself. "I think I could have made her happy. She would have come to me if it hadn't been for that boy."

Sorrow after sorrow came to Alice Travers until she was 20 and alone in the world. If she had been a weak woman, her spirit might have been broken. As it was, it was purified and strengthened. When she turned from the last grave, she looked forward to a long life of usefulness. Perhaps she would be a teacher, perhaps a missionary. High hopes are born to counteract the effects of disappointment and the great trials of life. She respected Ephraim Drayton. She had known him all her life, but she would not marry anyone, she said.

Then one day word came that a poor woman she had been looking after was dying. Her little boy was 5 years old, and she begged Miss Travers to care for him. "His father must surely be dead. I have not heard from him in four years. Promise me to care for my little Albert."

"I promise."

So the bright eyed little Albert Layton came into her life and she became "Aunt Alice." Not Aunt Alice to the boy only, but to his playmates. She was Aunt Alice to the children coming home from school and begging with wistful eyes for a scarlet tulip from the mound bed or a bunch of lilacs from the old bush at the gate.

The boy was cared for and loved by Aunt Alice. She dressed him like a little prince. She taught him all she knew, and when he was 15 she sent him away to a preparatory school. She was very proud of him. Sometimes she felt that an especial Providence had sent him to her. Certainly out of nothing else in life could she have realized so much comfort as in caring for the boy. She pictured a great future for him. Knitting by her fireplace on winter evenings, she looked into the future and saw him making impassioned speeches for his country's welfare in Congress or filling the highest place on the judicial bench.

Then one day an unusual thing happened. The operator at the depot called an urchin from play on the platform to take a message to Miss Travers. The boy found her in her garden and stood in childish curiosity as she opened the envelope and read: "Albert has disappeared. Is he at home?" It was signed by the principal of the school.

A great wave of fear came over Aunt Alice, choking her dumb and drawing lines of pain about her mouth. It was hours before a train was due for the city. How she lived those hours she hardly knew. When she reached the school, she found that every effort had been made to find the boy. The papers had "Abduction" headlines and the police were at work, but the boy had vanished as if he had been swallowed up by the earth. His room was in order, his clothes carefully put away. Even his watch she had given him on his last birthday was tickling the minutes away in its little satin case on the dresser. He was gone. With the intuition that comes to highly sensitive natures, Aunt Alice felt that she would never see that bright, boyish face again. She packed up his belongings as one puts away the things of one who is dead and went back to her lonely home.

And it was on account of all this that Ephraim Drayton said to himself as he leaned on his garden fence in the dusk of the evening:

"She never got over it, and she never will."

She was still Aunt Alice. The children who had begged the flowers were grown up now. Sometimes they came to her and told their little trials and love affairs, and she advised them just as she would have advised her boy had he lived. He was surely dead. If not, he would have come back to her.

The dew was falling on the lilacs, and their heavy odor drifted across the way to Ephraim's garden. He opened the gate and walked up the gravel path to Aunt Alice's veranda. She was sitting there in the red rocker. He sat down on the top step of the porch.

"I am going to cut my grass tomorrow," he said, "and I thought maybe you'd let me try my new mower on your lawn."

"You are very kind," said Aunt Alice. "I will be glad to have the grass cut. The warm rains have started it up so."

Ephraim removed his wide straw hat and leaned against the post. Before him, beyond Aunt Alice's lawn lay his own handsome domain, the house he had built when he had brighter hopes than now, the great orchard all in blossom and the wide barns beyond. It was an estate of which any man might be proud. There was everything there heart could wish, save the one thing that fills a man's heart until there is nothing more to want this side of heaven. It was really this very thing that had led Ephraim's feet up the path this evening. He didn't know just what words to choose for the occasion, so he spoke what was in his heart.

"I find it mighty lonesome over there, Alice," he said, pointing toward his house with the hand that held his hat. "It has been 20 years since I asked you before

Don't you think you could come now?" There was a little tremble in his voice born of tenderness and long years of waiting.

Aunt Alice was sorry for him, just as he had been sorry for her when she was left alone. "I have always appreciated your feeling for me," she said. "You know how it has been. I have always been hoping against hope that the boy would come back some day. Of late I have felt that he is not dead, and I would like to have a home for him when he comes, if he ever does come. He might be poor and dead." All the love of a woman's life was in what she said. "But if you want me I will—I will tell you in the morning."

She held out her hand to him as he went away, and it seemed to Ephraim that the clouds were opening to show their silver lining.

Morning came, and Aunt Alice had cut some lilacs and was arranging them in the blue bowl on the table. There was a click as the gate swung open.

"That is Ephraim coming to cut the grass, and to—" Something like a blush stole over Aunt Alice's cheeks. Then there was a crinkling of gravel under quick feet, a stride that made two steps of the five leading up to the veranda and a shadow fell across the floor. Surely Ephraim would not come in in such a rush. Aunt Alice turned. The figure was almost as tall as the doorway, the face was bronzed by wind and sun, a cap with a knot of gold about it was pushed back from the dark curls, a blue uniform with a dash of gold made up the rest, but all this was as nothing. Aunt Alice saw only the brown eyes misty with emotion and the outstretched arms, and heard only the voice—

"Aunt Alice, don't you know your boy?"

"My boy," was all she said, and then her arms went round his neck, and a bridge spanned the years of silence and sorrow.

"I have been dreaming of this for years," he said at last, "when I should come back to you and ask you to forgive me. I have felt like an ingrate always, but each year I have promised myself to come, and I wanted to surprise you."

Then followed explanations. Albert's father, a seaman, had stolen the boy away and taken him with him to sea. For months it had been impossible for him to get any word to her, then in the interest of his life at sea he postponed writing. His father died, he received an appointment. Ambition claimed him.

"I meant to bring an honorable name to you when I came, Aunt Alice, and I worked hard for advancement."

She glanced at his uniform, but it told her nothing. Living inland, she had never seen one like it before. She did not ask any questions. She was so glad to have him back she could not speak. She did not dare ask if he would stay. She knew his answer would be the disappointing.

Then, after all the explanations had been made and the history of the years had been told, Ephraim drove upon the lawn, and the clatter of the whirling knife of the mower came to them.

"That is Ephraim Drayton," said the boy. "I would have known him in China. You didn't marry him, after all, Aunt Alice. I always thought you would some time."

Aunt Alice's face flushed like a girl's of 16. "I didn't marry him, but—"

"But you are going to, Aunt Alice? I am so glad, for then you will not be alone when I go back to my ship."

Ensign Travers' short leave of absence soon came to an end, and the morning he started to return to his ship the bell in the little village church told the town that there was a bride that day and that Ephraim Drayton was the happiest man in the country. Ensign Travers kissed the bride and said, "Pray for me, Aunt Alice, when you read of battles at sea, and don't forget your boy," and to Ephraim he said: "Be good to her, Uncle Ephraim. God never made a better woman than my Aunt Alice."—Katharine Hartman in *Buffalo News*.

## Capture of Havana, 1762.

It was on July 30 that a breach was successfully made, but so narrow was it as to admit but one man at a time, and it was but the impetuosity of the British soldiers that enabled the work to be stormed and captured. Equally brave, however, were the defenders, who sold their lives most dearly and left dead or wounded upon the ground most of their number, including more than one of their chief leaders. Conspicuous among these were the Marquis de Gonzalez, the Spaniard second in command, who was killed, and one Don Luis de Velasco, the commander of the Spanish ship-of-war, the Reina, who established himself in an inner intrenchment with about 100 men, and, after offering a most determined resistance, fell mortally wounded.

With the fall of Fort Morro, the chief defense of Havana, came of necessity the fall of that city, for, although the Spanish commander, true to the last to the instincts of a soldier, refused at first the terms offered him by Albemarle with a view to sparing unnecessary loss of life, the bombardment of the city, which his refusal entailed, placed the issue beyond doubt. Commenced on Aug. 10, this bombardment by 45 cannon and eight mortars, among which were ten 32 pounders manned by seamen, resulted in the entry into Havana of the victorious British forces on the 14th of the month.—Nineteenth Century.

## Coffee and Coffee Heart.

Coffee drinking to excess is more injurious to the human system than overindulgence in whisky, the medical director of a Pennsylvania insurance company has told a Philadelphia Ledger reporter. Its effect is in shortening the long beat of the heart, and medical examiners for insurance companies have added the term "coffee heart" to their peculiar classification of the functional derangements of that organ. These physicians advise that the use of coffee be limited to two cups a day. Coffee takers, they say, are plentiful and are as much tied to their cups as the whisky taker. The effect of the coffee upon the heart is more lasting and consequently worse than that of liquor. It is a powerful stimulant, and in certain cases of extreme weakness is more valuable than liquor. As a beverage it is important to use it only at the close of a meal, when it is said to assist digestion. In this respect it is unlike tea, which by its tannic acid prevents digestion.—New York Post.

## Surfacing Natural Wood.

White pine, birch, cherry, whitewood, maple, sycamore, gum and hemlock need no filling at all. They are classed as the close grained woods, and their surface presents no pores or cellular tissue to be filled. Still the surface needs to be sealed up so the wood will not suck the oil out of the varnish. This is called surfacing. It consists of coating the surface with shellac, and then sandpapering down to a smooth finish. When thus treated the wood is ready for the varnish.—*Exchange*.

## "BURNING STICKS."

*Columbus Impressions on His First Introduction to Smoking Tobacco.*

It was on the island of Cuba, in the autumn of 1492, that the use of tobacco was learned by Europeans. Columbus makes the first mention of the weed in his diary under date of Oct. 15. When he and his men landed on Cuban shores, the kindly natives, who mistook them for messengers from heaven, brought them numerous offerings. Among these, as stated by the admiral in his diary, were some "dry leaves, which must be something much prized by them (the natives), for they had already brought me some in San Salvador as a present."

Little heed was paid to these leaves in the beginning by the Spaniards. They were in search of gold and saw no possibility of converting miserable weeds into that precious commodity. In the course of time they began to notice that as the natives went to and from their villages and the shore smoke escaped from their mouths, "in a truly diabolical manner." Soon they discovered that these unclothed children of the wilds carried in their hands a "burning stick," which every now and then they would put into their mouths and blow out a cloud of smoke. This had a most heathenish look, as it is recorded, to the Spaniards, and they inquired, as well as they could by signs, into the custom.

They learned that the burning sticks were composed of the dried leaves so treasured by the natives and that the custom of smoking the fragrant weed was supposed to lessen fatigue on long journeys. They tried it for themselves and found this actually to be the case. On many a troublesome jaunt thereafter they were refreshed as the pleasant perfume curled upward from their own "burning sticks."—Detroit Journal.

## SPECULATING ON SHIPS.

*How Underwriters Gamble on Overdue Vessels Posted at Lloyd's.*

When a ship is overdue, an opportunity is sometimes afforded for a gamble at Lloyd's. It can be readily understood that underwriters who are interested in the "overdues" are only too willing to get rid of the risk by paying a premium on the insured rate to those who are willing, on their terms to relieve them of their responsibilities. The premium varies with the chances of the vessel turning up; the smaller the chances the higher the premium and vice versa.

The rates paying on "overdues" serve as accurate barometers of the probabilities or otherwise of the ship ever being heard of again. These underwriters who speculate on "overdues" are generally known by the significant name of "doctors." The insurance on an "overdue" may pass through many channels before the ship is, on the one hand, "posted" at Lloyd's as "missing," or, on the other hand, she arrives in safety.

A ship is never "posted" until the committee is thoroughly satisfied that her case is hopeless, and until the owner is of the same opinion. Before "posting" a notice is put up for a week inviting any information concerning the vessel. If this elicits no news, the committee at its next meeting votes the ship as "missing," and a notice is posted accordingly. The loss is then settled and paid for. It may be incidentally remarked that "posting" at Lloyd's constitutes a legal death certificate for any one on board the missing ships.—Good Words.

## Smallest and Oldest Republics.

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Serofula, hip disease, salt rheum, dyspepsia and other diseases due to impure blood are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

## Market Quotations on Scals.

The market price of "scals," as agreed upon between the early French colonists of Louisiana and the Indians, with whom they bargained to fight out their battles with hostile Indians for them, varied with circumstances. At the time the French were at war with the Alibamons a "scalp" of one of the last named, when brought to them, was paid for at the rate of a gun, five pounds of musket balls and as much powder. "On the 14th of March" (1704), writes De La Harpe, "a party of 20 Chickasaws (Chickasaws) brought in four Alibamons scalps. They were given for each scalp a gun, five pounds of balls and as much powder, according to the contract made with them."—New Orleans Picayune.

Cure for rheumatism or neuralgia. Buy a 25 cent bottle of Salvation Oil and use it according to directions. It will cure the worst case.

G. A. R. Encampment Sept. 5-10. \$5.00 Queen & Crescent Route, Cincinnati, Chattanooga and return. W. C. Rinearson, General Passenger Agent, Cincinnati, O.

## Young Girls Fading Away.

*Symptoms that seem like consumption; a lack of blood; friends feared one girl would fall dead on the street; restored to health by a sensible woman's suggestion.*

Many girls of sixteen seem to have consumption, although they have it not.

Their anxious parents and friends watch them slowly fade away.

A death-like pallor, transparent complexion and listlessness are signs of this condition.

The body lacks blood.

Mrs. John Tansey knows the meaning of these symptoms, and the cure.

She lives at 130 Baker Street, Detroit, Mich.

Her advice to mothers has been of great value to her neighbors. She tells the story to help others who are at a distance.

She said:

"When my daughter was sixteen years old she began to waste away.

"Had I not known there was no taint of consumption in the family I would have believed her lungs were affected.

"She grew thinner and thinner every day. She lacked only the hacking cough to show all the outward signs of consumption.

"Our doctor called the disease by an odd name, which I learned meant simply weak blood.

"No treatment seemed to do her any good.

"She was fading away before our eyes.

"I was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and finally induced her to try them. They helped her wonderfully, probably saved her life and restored her to perfect health. Now she is recommending them to other young women.

"I earnestly advise mothers with growing daughters to keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills always on hand as a household remedy.

Many women's lives are miserable because such symptoms as Mrs. Tansey's daughter showed were neglected while they were developing into womanhood. During that period of rapid development the blood needs the highest degree of strength to repair the tissues that are rapidly wasted.

These needed elements are supplied by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

The vegetable ingredients of these pills act like magic