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### GEMS IN VERSE.

Where Man Should Die.  
How little reck it where men die, when once  
In which the dim and glazing eye has looked  
on earth its last—  
Whether beneath the sculptured urn the cof-  
fined form shall rest,  
Or in its nakedness return back to its mother's  
breast!

Death is a common friend or foe, as different  
men may hold,  
And at its summons each must go—the timid  
and the bold,  
But when the spirit, free and warm, deserts it,  
as it must,  
What matters where the lifeless form dissolves  
again to dust?

'Twere sweet indeed to close our eyes with  
those we cherish near,  
And wed upward by their sighs soar to  
some calmer sphere;  
But whether on the scaffold high or in the bat-  
tle's van,  
The fittest place where man can die is where  
he dies for man!

Instantant.  
Instantant! O my God!

Instantant! When a single thought of thee  
Sends all my shivering blood  
Back on my heart in thrills of ecstasy!

Instantant! When to feel  
That thou hast loved me, wilt love to the  
last,  
Were joy enough to steal  
All fear from life—the future and the past!

Instantant! When to sleep  
And to dream that thou art near me is to  
learn  
So much of heaven, I weep  
Because the earth and morning must return.

Instantant! Ah, too true!  
Turned from the rightful shelter of thy  
breast;  
My tired heart flutters through  
The changeable world—a bird without a nest.

Instantant to the crowd  
Through which I pass, as to the skies above  
The flicker summer cloud,  
But not to thee; oh, not to thee, dear love.

I may be false to all  
On earth besides, and every tender tie  
Which seems to hold in thrall  
This weary life of mine may be a lie.

But true as God's own truth  
My steadfast heart turns backward ever-  
more  
To that sweet time of youth  
Whose golden tide beats such a barren shore.

Instantant! Not my own  
The hand which builds this wall between  
our lives:  
On its cold shadow, grown  
To perfect shape, the flower of love survives.

God knows that I would give  
All other joys, the sweetest and the best,  
For one short hour to live  
Close to thy heart, its comfort and its rest.

But life is not all dark.  
The sunlight gleams many a hidden slope.  
The dove shall find its ark  
Of peaceful refuge and of patient hope.

And should another's head  
Sleep on thy heart, and it should ever seem  
To be my own instead,  
Oh, darling! hold it closer to the dream.

God will forgive the sin,  
If sin it is; our lives are swept so dry,  
So cold, so passion clean,  
Thank him death comes at last—and so—  
goodbye!

Self Conquered.  
Go, if thou wilt, beloved, far from me—  
What soe'er pleasure beckons thee,  
But make this heart thy refuge still, always,  
The key is thine—none other's. Stray or stay,  
When thou art wearied in that chamber rest—  
When thou art grieved, and deemest quiet  
best,  
When thou art glad or sad, My tenderness  
Shall shield thy moods of silence. None shall  
guess  
Thy presence there. Alas! what breaks my  
voice?  
Three times I tried to say, "Bring in thy  
choice  
Of one whose presence is most sweet,  
And I that friend with gracious word will  
greet."

Forgive, love, that I faltered, "Yea," I cry,  
"Bring in that friend thou lovest—though I  
die."  
—Kate Vannah.

Changes.  
Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed.  
Time rules us all; and life, indeed, is not  
The thing we planned it out for hope was dear.  
And then we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear;  
Much given away, which it were sweet to  
keep.  
God help us all who need, indeed, his care.

And yet, I know, the Shepherd loves his  
sheep.  
My little boy begins to babble now  
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer.  
He has his father's eager eyes, I know,  
And, they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,  
'And I can feel his light breath come and go,  
I think of one (Heaven help and pity me!)  
Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago.

Who might have been—ah, what I dare not  
think!  
We are all changed. God judges for us best.  
God helps us in our duty and not shrink,  
And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not, if some appear  
Too cold and distant, and too gay and light.  
Some grieve and grieve. Some woes are hard  
to bear.  
Who knows the Past? and who can judge us  
right?

Ah, were we judged by what we might have  
been,  
And not by what we are, too apt to fall!  
My little child—he sleeps and smiles between  
These thoughts and me. In Heaven we shall  
know all!  
—Owen Meredith.

Across the Bay.  
I gaze across the rippling, shining bay,  
And watch the distant boats with eager eye,  
I wonder why the sails so far away  
Are whiter than the sails I see near by.

Far out, the water glistens in the sun,  
With dazzling beauty, as the daylight dies;  
The water near the shore is dull and dark,  
So full of shadows and of sad, drowned eyes.

This is life's story from the first to last.  
'Tis far of things for which we ever pray.  
The beauty that lies round us we see not,  
But gaze with loving eyes across the bay,  
—Florence A. Jones.

The Hero.  
Nay, never falter; no great deed is done  
By falterers who ask for certainty.  
No good is certain but the steadfast mind,  
The undivided will to seek the good.

'Tis that compels the elements and winds  
A human music from the indifferent air.  
The greatest gift the hero leaves his race  
Is to have been a hero. Say we fall!

We feed the high tradition of the world,  
And leave our spirit in our children's breasts.  
—Lowell.

"Our Own."  
We have careful thoughts for the stranger  
And smiles for the coming guest;  
But oft for our own  
The bitter tone,  
Though we love "our own" the best!

Alas! the world is full of such impatient,  
Ah! brow with that look of scorn,  
'Twere a cruel fate  
Were the night too late  
To undo the work of the morrow!

—Margaret E. Sangster.

"Crowd Poison."  
This is a new name given, by phys-  
icians to the temporary illness caused by  
remaining for some hours in a closely  
crowded room. Everybody has observed  
the nausea, headache and generally dis-  
tressed condition that follows an even-  
ing at the theater, or at a large social re-  
ception, or at any crowded gathering of  
human beings. Another fact familiar  
in human experience is that it is not out-  
door exposure that gives one severe and  
dangerous colds, but "exposure to crowd-  
ed rooms," as it has been called. Gen-  
eral Butler probably took the cold which  
was the immediate cause of his death in  
the crowded, ill ventilated courtroom at  
Washington.

Medical chemists who have analyzed  
the air which causes "crowd poison"  
report that it is loaded down with car-  
bonic acid gas, and this is the source of  
the illness. If present in sufficient quan-  
tity it would speedily cause death by  
suffocation. But there is just enough  
oxygen in crowded meeting rooms for  
humanity to live on miserably. The  
whole tone of the system is weakened  
and benumbed, however; the blood can-  
not circulate or react when cold air  
strikes the skin; hence the person "takes  
cold." Often it is as much as one's life  
is worth to go to a meeting of any kind  
in cold weather. Why will not archi-  
tects and people who build houses pro-  
vide for fresh air?

British Party Organization.  
Mr. James Bryce contributes to The  
North American Review an elaborate  
comparison between political party or-  
ganization in Great Britain and the  
United States. It is in the United States  
among all the nations, he says, that  
party organization has reached its great-  
est strength and completeness. Other  
nations who want to have well drilled  
and marshaled political parties, organ-  
ized on a regular system, must look to  
the United States and learn of us.

The American politician will feel to  
pity with all his soul the poor Briton  
who has no primaries or even a nomi-  
nating convention. The only elections  
there which elicit any great interest are  
the parliamentary ones, and these do  
not come oftener than on an average of  
four years. The Briton has no state  
election, for there are no states, and the  
only legislature is the parliament of the  
nation. How much fun the poor Briton  
misses, to be sure! Suffrage has been so  
limited in England that only since 1870  
have school boards been elected, and the  
governing boards called county councils  
only since 1888, in which year the right  
of suffrage was still further distributed  
among British freemen. Members of  
municipal councils, county councils,  
school boards and parliament are all the  
officers voted for at popular election in  
Great Britain.

The parliamentary constituencies are  
small. In some cases less than 8,000  
voters elect the member of parliament.  
Moreover, the member does not even  
have to live in the district which he rep-  
resents in parliament, which, from the  
American point of view, is certainly un-  
fortunate. Often the candidate is sent  
to a district from the party headquarters  
in London; again he simply announces  
that he will be a candidate, hires a room  
for his headquarters and gets a commit-  
tee to work for him—no nominating con-  
vention, no shrewd dickering and barter-  
ing, no fuss and feathers, no nothing.

Only recently have the local political  
organizations in a district had much in-  
fluence in the choosing of a parliamen-  
tary candidate. Moreover, the American  
politician will consider most lamentable  
of all Mr. Bryce's statement that even  
when there is a complete political revolu-  
tion, as when Salisbury went out and  
Gladstone went in, there are not more  
than "thirty or forty places which change  
hands with the ministry of the day."

This is quite too bad, really.

An Angel Here.  
A ragged urchin played along the street,  
And slipped and fell upon the way.  
A fair browed girl tripped by with nimble  
feet,  
But sudden stopped beside the boy, who lay

Half crying with his pain. In sweetest tone  
And eyes brimful of tender human love,  
She said, "And did you hurt you much?" A  
glow  
Died on his lips. An angel from above

Could not have grander seemed than she to  
him.  
He opened wide his great, brown, homeless  
eyes,  
Thus to be sure one of the seraphim  
Had not come down to earth in sweet dis-  
guise.

She went her way, forgetting that she smiled,  
Glad to have said a word of help and cheer.  
Not so the vision to the humble child—  
That voice and face would live through many  
a year.

And then to be by his side gathered round the lad,  
He said, with face aglow with sympathy  
And heart that "neath his ragged garb was  
glad,  
'I'd fall again to have her speak to me!"

Oh, precious human voice, with power untold  
Oh, precious human love to mortal given!  
A word or smile are richer gifts than gold.  
Better be angels here than wait for heaven.  
—Sarah K. Bolton.

One of the interesting incidents con-  
nected with the courtship of Prince  
Ferdinand of Roumania and Princess  
Marie of Edinburgh was the receiving  
once a week by the princess of one of  
Ferdinand's old love letters to Mlle.  
Helene Vacaresco, to whom he was for-  
merly engaged. Helene was his first  
love, but for reasons of state he was not  
permitted by Russia and Germany to  
marry her—Therefore the spiteful Vac-  
caresco got even with him in truly femi-  
nine fashion by sending him love letters,  
one by one, long drawn out, to his new  
betrothed. This must have had a sooth-  
ing tendency upon Princess Marie's feel-  
ings, especially as she is said to have the  
true Russian temper. Now that she is  
married it will be her turn to get even.



Not Truly Brave.  
O, fiercely fought he in the wars!  
His courage oft was noted,  
And three times he for gallantry  
Was honored and promoted.

Where bullets flew as thick as fleas,  
And almost as annoying,  
Well to the front he bore the brunt  
When death with men was toying.

The shriek of shells no terror brought,  
Though comrades fast were falling,  
He stood alone in trenches strewn  
With carnage most appalling.

He smiled on death with a scornful smile,  
And fear and he were strangers,  
When blood flowed free he laughed in glee,  
Found food for mirth in dangers.

Yet now his noble courage fails—  
His heart is near to stopping—  
It shakes his nerves when his wife observes:  
"John come with me shopping."

—Detroit Tribune.

valor and Appetite.  
It is the duty of an officer in com-  
mand of troops on the battlefield to be  
equal to any demand upon his courage,  
but to avoid merely foolhardy dis-  
plays of valor. On occasions, however,  
if he believes that nothing else than  
an unnecessary risking of his own life  
will nerve his men to do their duty, a  
brave officer will undoubtedly resort  
to such an expedient. A Russian  
officer's remarkable exploit of this  
nature has lately been put on record  
in the Memoirs of Gen. Kurapatkin.

At the siege of Plevna, by the Rus-  
sians and Roumanians, in the Russo-  
Turkish war of 1877, the attacking  
army was composed largely of raw  
recruits and young men, whereas the  
besieged Turks were, for the most  
part, veterans and excellent soldiers.  
Besides defending their works well,  
they made many intrepid sallies upon  
their assailants.

The Turks had discovered a weak  
point in the Russian lines, where a  
trench was defended by a battalion of  
recruits. They opened a heavy  
fire of shot and shell upon this trench,  
and massed their forces for an assault  
upon it.

The battalion was under the com-  
mand of a young captain. The missiles  
were dropping into the trench, killing  
and disabling many. Terrorstricken,  
the troops were wavering, and evi-  
dently on the point of flight.

At this moment the young captain  
looked at his watch. "Why, it's din-  
ner-time!" said he. "Ivan, gather  
some of those sticks and put on the  
camp kettle here!"

With this he jumped out upon the  
ground outside the trench, in full  
range of the Turkish infantry fire,  
and completely exposed also to the  
artillery fire which was going on  
heavily.

His terrified servant obeyed, and be-  
gan to cook the captain's dinner.  
Meantime the Turkish infantry sallied  
forth, and began an advance.

"Fire!" the captain commanded his  
men in the trench. "Aim lower; that's  
it. Ivan, what are you letting that  
kettle boil over for?"

The man handed the captain food,  
and he ate coolly. The Turks charged  
up within a hundred paces. The cap-  
tain, his mouth half full of food, gave  
orders to his men which concentrated  
their deadly fire upon exactly the  
right spot. But he never left his ex-  
posed post outside the trenches, and  
did not cease to eat deliberately.

All this time the bombs were drop-  
ping mercilessly into the trench, but  
the recruits kept their places well, and  
repulsed the assault.

When the Turks had withdrawn  
completely, and the fire had ceased,  
the Russian soldiers found that Ivan  
had cooked a large kettleful of soup,  
of which they all partook, the captain  
eating his share with the men.

"Goodness!" he said; "those fellows  
thought they were going to interfere  
with our dinner, but they didn't."

Another kind of bravery, and one  
which perhaps makes a severer test of  
the moral qualities, was that which  
the troops of Gen. Gourko displayed in  
their famous winter march over the  
Halkan Mountains in the same war.

In a temperature which daily fell to  
five degrees below zero, over ice and  
snow and sharp rocks, these untrained  
peasants had marched until their  
shoes were worn to pieces. Some  
lucky few among the soldiers were  
able to find sheepskins and calfskins,  
pieces of which they wrapped about  
their feet. The rest dragged on with  
bare feet, leaving a trail of blood on  
the frozen earth.

There were no rests. It was neces-  
sary to press on at night, the men  
lay down in the snow, under the shel-  
ter of a rock if they could find one.  
The morning, those who had not frozen  
to death over night rose and pressed on  
again, not dreaming of complaint.

In this state they met the enemy,  
and had a good deal of hard fighting  
to do. Who can doubt that they wel-  
comed death in battle, even though  
their bodies were left unburied, in  
heaps on the mountain's side?

The Captain's Fall.  
Darius Delafeld, one of the early  
settlers of Indiana, was elected Captain  
of a militia company by his neighbors,  
a position of considerable importance  
in those early times, at least in the  
eyes of the officer himself. Capt. Dela-  
feld, anxious to acquire himself credi-  
tably, had gone to the extravagance  
of buying a uniform with an abun-  
dant of brass buttons.

On the morning of the first public  
muster, the Captain donned his new  
uniform and before breakfast went  
out into his yard to practice the steps  
and military evolutions. He marched  
up and down, and counter-marched;  
he stepped forward and back and gave  
commands to an imaginary company  
of soldiers.

"He stepped round so peart-like and  
switched his coat tails," said his wife,  
who was watching him from the win-  
dow in the intervals of getting break-

fast, "that I was reminded of the way  
Deacon Muzzey's old turkey gobbler  
used to strut round his yard when we  
lived in Maine."

Now a few feet from the house there  
was a potato hole, an apology for a  
cellar, with an opening four feet wide.  
The Captain had been talking about  
making a cover for this, a sort of trap-  
door of boards, and his wife had urged  
the matter, saying "it was dangerous,  
somebody might fall into the hole in  
the dark;" but one of Capt. Delafeld's  
weaknesses was procrastination, and  
the trap-door had never been made.

"Right about, face! Forward  
march!" commanded the captain to his  
imaginary men, as he stepped back  
with dignified mien and flourished his  
sword. He had forgotten the potato  
hole, but there it yawned just behind  
him.

Another backward step and the  
doughty captain disappeared from view.  
There was a crash, a rumble of rolling  
barrels, a clatter and crash of earthen  
pans and iron kettles, and a cloud of  
dust floated up from the potato hole!

Mrs. Delafeld heard the tumult and  
rushed to the door.

"For pity's sake, Darius!" she cried,  
"what has happened now?"

"Nothin', nothin'," replied the cap-  
tain dubiously, as he clambered out of  
the hole and stood alternately rub-  
bing his bruised shins and brushing  
the dust off his clothes. And then de-  
tecting an amused smile on his wife's  
face he added crossly, "Go 'long into  
the house, Maria. What do you know  
about war?"

"I know enough not to walk into a  
trap o' my own setting," she retorted  
amiably, and retreated to the house.

Before the captain went to the muster  
the potato hole was covered with  
boards, and the next day he made a  
substantial trap-door.

Lincoln Lost a Hand.  
An old farmer of Tazewell County,  
Ill., relates an incident of Abraham  
Lincoln's young manhood which notab-  
ly illustrates the generosity of his  
spirit. One morning in early spring  
the farmer and a friend were jogging  
along the road near Pekin, the county  
seat, when they noticed in the distance  
a farm wagon halted in the road, and  
beside it two men on horseback.

When they came up to the wagon they  
found it stuck fast in the mud, while  
late rains had left in a very gummy  
condition.

The wagon was loaded with heavy  
sacks of corn, and the teamster was  
doing his utmost to urge his panting  
horses forward, but to no avail. They  
could not budge the load.

The two horsemen proved to be Mr.  
Lincoln and his law partner, Mr. Swett.  
They were on their way from Pekin  
to Springfield, and had paused to  
watch the efforts to extricate the  
load.

When the farmer drove up he  
recognized Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Swett,  
and after exchanging greetings  
with them, turned to his com-  
panions and said:

"I'll bet a dollar Lincoln gets down  
and helps that fellow out."

"I don't know about that," was the  
reply. "It's pretty muddy for a man  
with his good clothes on, I don't  
think he'll do it."

The words were hardly uttered be-  
fore Mr. Lincoln leaped to the ground,  
and throwing off his coat seized one of  
the sacks as if it had been a bag of  
brass, tossed it to one side, and fol-  
lowed it up with others. With the  
teamster's assistance he had soon tight-  
ened the load sufficiently to enable the  
horses, aided by one of his mighty  
shoulders, to draw the wagon out of  
the chuckhole into which it had  
settled.

Now did the great-hearted man stop  
there. He was never known to leave  
a job unfinished. He began replacing  
the sacks and stopped only when they  
were back in their places in the wagon  
and the teamster proceeded.

A remarkable feature of the incident  
was that the whole thing was done be-  
fore it occurred to the rest of the party  
that he could render any assistance.

It is charitable to adopt the theory  
that they were so intent upon the  
masterly manner in which Lincoln  
handled the sacks to remember their  
own duty.

Putting on his coat and jumping into  
the saddle, Lincoln with a quiet smile  
joined the farmers in a good old-fash-  
ioned chat about weather, crops and  
the political questions of the day. Then  
with Mr. Swett he ambled off down the  
road to his law office in the law court,  
where perhaps he pulled some other  
flounders out of the ruts of misunder-  
standing.

Dusty Places.  
Gen. Grant's quick perception and  
prompt action in moments of exceed-  
ing danger are graphically described  
by Theodore R. Davis in the Cosmo-  
politan. One afternoon during the  
siege of Vicksburg he came sauntering  
on foot toward the naval battery on  
Logan's front.

The place was known as the "shell  
basket," from the number of 10-inch  
mortar shells dropped into the earth,  
which exploded and raised clouds of  
dust that obscured everything in the  
vicinity for some moments.

In this instance a few of us had  
watched the flight of the shell, but the  
general saw the bomb only the mo-  
ment before it struck and its windage  
threw him to the ground. He was un-  
hurt and, conscious that time was  
precious, before the explosion he had  
rolled himself sufficiently away to es-  
cape the shock but not the earthy  
shower, from the dust of which he  
presently emerged, intently consid-  
ering an unit cigar.

"Logan," he said cheerily to that  
general, who, in the full bloom of a  
clean white shirt, hastened to him,  
"how can you keep so clean in such a  
dusty place?"

This escape was followed by another  
a few afternoons later, when a shell  
landed by the front pole of the awning  
before Logan's tent, and eight gen-  
erals, Grant among them, rolled hasty-  
ly out of the shelter to meet unin-  
jured when the dust cleared away  
from the recent place of conference.

Lost Again.  
If every one could have the advan-  
tage of early education, what a deal  
of unnecessary worry would be saved!  
The Kennebec Journal says:

The janitor of one of the Portland  
public schools, coming into the class  
room one day recently, saw on the  
blackboard this sentence:

"Find the greatest common divisor."

"Hullo!" said he. "Is that consarned  
thing lost again?"

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Mechanics' Tools,  
Builders' Hardware,  
Manufacturers' Supplies,  
129 AND 131 EAST MAIN ST.  
Two Doors East of So. St. Paul St.

### Father Mollinger's

Great Remedies  
CONQUER DISEASE.  
A Positive Cure For

Epileptic Fits and St. Vitus Dance;  
Chas. Somes, No. 51 Esplanade street, Alle-  
gheny, Pa., was a sufferer from epileptic fits for  
50 years, had six attacks a day; was cured in six  
months.

Mr. Sherman Walter, Tarentum, Pa., was cured  
by the use of a bottle.

Mrs. Mary E. Sly, of 85 Cherry alley, Pitts-