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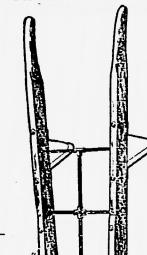
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THE LAST FAREWELL If I were called from the world to-day,
If my soul were bid to rise;
If I were called from the world away,
When bright were June's blue skies, I'd simply say to the world "Farewell, Farewell, oh, hill and glen." I'll kiss my hand to the world and tell The world farewell again.

If I were called from the world amid The autumn's frosty weather, When the flowers were dead and the ski

And gray and brown the heather, I'd turn to the sad and weary land, Wrapped in its loneliness, And wave to the silent world my hand, And throw to the world a kiss.

If I were called from the world some nig When howled the wintry blast, When the land was wrapped in robes white,
And the cold North wind swept past,
I'd sing to the world a song and say,
"O, cheerless world, adleu,

Take to thy breast this aching clay, I give it back to you." do not fear the touch of death, Nor tremble to view the grave, I would not stay this fleeting breath, Nor care my life to save; For far beyond this world of ours, To grander spheres I'd flee, With holler loves and loftler powers, My soul from earth be free.

But, Love, to tell thee then farewell, My faltering voice would quake.
With a flood of woe my heart zould swell
And my fond, fond heart would break.
I'd gladly go from the world, nor grieve
To say to the world, "Adlou," And say farowell to you.

-Wilson Hunt Stites. But my soul would bow in its grief to leave

IN FETTERS.

XXCKXCICKXCICKXCICKXCICKXCICKXCICKX



II, Uncle Ferdinand! is it really true?" Minnie Cratchley had broken in upon the sacred seclusion of her uncle's afterdinner hour with

flushed cheeks and eyes ablaze with indignation. The old gentleman-he was fiveand-fifty, and looked every year of his himself. age, in spite of his luxuriant chestnutcolored wig, and the artistic dye on guiltily.

"Is what true, Minnie?" "That you are to be married to Winifred Gay?" Mr. Cratchley deliberately folded his newspaper and laid it down. He knew the storm was coming, and determined to face it bravely. "Yes," he said; "it is true. What

"But, uncle, you are almost sixty, and she is only a few months over seventeen. What will the world say?" Uncle Ferdinand winced a little. "I am not marrying to suit the world, Minnie, but to please myself!" "Every one knows that she is in

love with Fred Stapleton," persisted merciless Minnie. "Pshaw! pshaw! You are attaching too much importance to a mere boyand-girl flirtation," retorted Mr. Cratchley. "No one ever marries

their first love."

"But she has said, over and over ngain, that she hates you." "We all know," said the imperturb able old lover, "that a woman is privileged to change her mind. Ha!

"Yes; but, Uncle Ferdinand-" "Minnie," said the old gentleman, composedly, and with that steel-trap set of his mouth, which his niece well understood to mean something, "let this matter be settled between us once for all. I intend to marry Winifred Gay, and no possible amount of argucircumstances, you are welcome to the ways had. If not, you can seek one muscle. elsewhere.'

And so, poor Minnie was compelled to withdraw, badly vanquished, from the wordy battle.

tonished than was Mr. Cratchley him- room at the back of the house, used self by pretty Winifred Gay's sudden ordinarily as a lumber closet—a room change of tactics. Up to the last week, which smelt of black beetles, and conshe had persisted that she couldn't endure her elderly suitor, and declared that if she couldn't marry Fred Stapleton, she would live and die an old maid. Neither parental urgings, the sofa bumpingly into the room. costly presents, nor prospective diamonds and opera boxes, had power to move her. And all of a sudden, in the most junaccountable manner, she had veered around, all smiles, sun-

shine and docility. "She is coming to her senses," said Papa Gay, triumphantly. "She is seeing the folly of this sentimental nonsense with young Stapleton," added Mrs. Gay.

Perhaps it was so. At all events, Winny was tired of being cooped up in the house like a state prisoner, couldn't stir to do it! I wonder where feathers oval, instead of flat, as in all shut off from all the festivities her seventeen-year-old heart delighted in. She had not seen Fred in a month; Hello, somebody!" and it was one of the articles of the domestic treaty that all restraint all that was returned to him. should be removed, when once she consented "to listen to reason," as

Mr. Gay phrased it. "There can be no sort of objection to your seeing as much of Fred Sta- Catch me doing tableaux again!" pleton, or any other young man, as you please," said he, "now that you are engaged to Mr. Cratchley."

So Winny had capitulated at once and without warning. The wedding helpless, enraged. dresses were being made; the veil and and to every appearance, all was go- of Brokers!" ing smoothly as a marriage-bell, when self to give a tableau evening.

"Of course we must go," cried Winny, clapping the little white hands, that had dimples in the joinfs, just like a baby's. "I dote on tableaux; and Fred is to be the 'Corsair;" and Fanny Gwynne is to be the Joan of Are." Won't it be fun?" "Of course it will be fun," said

Mr. Cratchley, who would have assented had his bride-elect proposed a pilgrimage to Patagonia, or an expedition to the steppes of Russia. But, for all that, he wasn't particularly sanctum, and get adrop of old otard!" ever, to the managers announcing partial to late hours, and the night "Where's Winny?" nir disagreed with his rhoumatism. "I'll have things differently ordered supposed, of course, you had gone got in reply a note which gave him two after we're married," said he to him- with her."

Fred Stapleton was the fist to welcome them in the gilded throng-tall, stately, and handsome as Adonis.

"Just in time, Winny," said he. I've just been playing into theke "We want you to take the part of hands!" the 'Bereaved Bride.' Kitty Park has "What do you mean?" demanded been kept at home by neuralgia." "Winny, indeed!" montally com-

won't dare to call her so after she becomes Mrs. Cratchley."
"Oh, how delightful!" cried Winny, her rose-and-lily face brightening up.

'Of course I'll take it!"

prove of this private theatrical business," Mr. Cratchley stammered. "Yes, you do," coaxed Winny. "And t isn't private theatrical, either; it's stairs? I must go to her at once. You stay here, Ferdinand"—Mr. Cratchley's solemn visage broke into a smile at the pretty, familiar address-"and

"I-I don't know that I exactly ap-

I'll be back in five minutes." She fluttered away, her white dress shining about her, as a cloud envelops a star, the soft odor of roses, which always clung to her, leaving a pleasant scent behind.

And the solitade of great desolation

fell upon Mr. Ferdinand Cratchley, although Mrs. Carstairs' drawingrooms were full. Presently Winny came back, stillworse luck—escorted by that scamp

"Ferdinand," she said softly, "'tis such a favor to ask of you—" And she put her little rose-gloved

hand on his. "To ask is to receive, my love," the elderly swain gallantly responded. "Mr. Mercer isn't here. Mr. Mercer was to do 'The Captive of Abyssinia,' and dear Mrs. Carstairs is so disappointed. The costume is elegant—all purple velvet and spangles, with the loveliest real fez, that Charlie Carstairs brought from Constantinople himself. And it's down in the programme, and all. Dearest, won't you be the 'Captain of Abyssinia?'" Mr. Cratchley hesitated a little. Tableaux, to-be-sure, weren't much in

his line; but then, Winny's eyes and voice were so irresistible, and there was a certain satisfaction to think that he was as able to enter into this sort of thing as Fred Stapleton "You will-I know you will!" cried | sinians make tea out of the leaves of

let Fred dress you!" "My dear," hesitated Mr. Cratchley, "wouldn't it be just as well to say Ir. Stapleton?" "Mr. Stapleton, then," said Winny,

with a pretty, defiant shrug of her shoulders. "There's plenty of time; berry leaves; in France they use black it's only a touch of burnt cork and a few knots of rope." "Real rope?" demanded Mr. Cratchley, somewhat distastefully.

wasn't real." None of Mr. Cratchley's Wall Street | York Sun. friends would have known him, robed in velvet and jewels, with a tremendous false beard and eyebrows of burned cork, and bound with many bonds of the very best manilla rope. It was rather an uncomfortable position, reclining on what was intended

to be a mossy pile of stones, but was in reality a sofa on casters, wherewith he was wheeled on to the stage, muttering, so that Fred and Winny could hear: "It's the last time any one will catch me in any of this fol-de-rol nonsense!" The ten or twenty seconds during

which he lay there, in the full glare of the foot-lights and the stare of the crowd, seemed an age to him; and when the showman of the evening-a young man with light-colored whiskers and moustache, and an eye-glass -uttered, in stentorian accents: "Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to ment will dissuade me. If you choose present to your notice 'The Captive to reconcile yourself to existing of Abyssinia!" he would certainly have got up and run away, if theropes home in my house which you have al- would have admitted of his moving a Down glided the curtain at last,

and there was a stir and bustle preparatory to the next tableaux, as the retiring hero was wheeled energeti-No one could have been more as- cally off the stage into a solitary little tained more spiders than were abso-

lutely ornamental. "I'll be back to dissolve you in half a second," said Fred, as he ran "You were a royal-looking captive! Quite a success!'

"Yes; but-"

The slamming of the door was all the answer he got. "Very rude of that young man, I must say!" indignantly soliloquized the "Captive of Abyssinia." "I shall quaintance, after we are married.

forgotten all about me!" quoth he, the cornmeal, and peeping at me as he aloud. "And serves me right, too, for being such a confounded fool! The next year the same jay appeared,

Five minutes went by-ten, fifteen

"Hello!" cried he. "You hero?"

the heart of a man in you!"

"Bless my soul!" cried Mr. Carstairs, "you must have been here an hour! What a veryawkward omission! Now, give me your hand. Up we come! A little shaky about the legs, prevarientor did not appear one day, ch? That's want of circulation; you'll having done too much celebrating the be all right directly. Come to my evening before. He sent a letter, how-

Cratchley, smitting his brow. "Then of the other employes.

THE WAR WAS

Mr. Carstairs, beginning to think that long captivity in the society of beetles mented Mr. Cratchley. "I call that and spiders had affected the reason of familiar. However, of course, he his guest.

"Never mind what I mean-never mind the otard-I must go at once!" And he reached the door of th Gays as another hack drew up. "Winny!" cried he.

"Mrs. Stapleton, if you please,' behind her. quoth **a** bass voice "We have just been married!" "Yes," said Winny. "Don't be angry, papa and mamma! We couldn't only tableaux. Where's Mrs. Car- help it. I loved Fred, and I never could have loved anybody else. dare say Mr. Cratchley will find another girl to suit him better."

But Mr. Cratchley never did; he lived an old bachelor to the end of his days. "There's no trusting a woman!" said Mr. Cratchley.—Saturday Night.

Substitutes For Ten. Of course, every one knows that we Irink a good deal that isn't tea when we drink a cup of tea. We drink-or re supposed to drink—some tea, some lead, and some straw. But there are several "teas" that the drinkers know are not made of tea leaves, and yet are

not adulterated. In Peru they drink mate, a tea made from the Ilex Paraguensis, a species of holly. This is the only mate tea; but there is a Brazilian tea, Gorgonha, called mate there; another tea used in Austria, called Brazilian ten, and several other so-called mate teas are made from different varieties of the Ilex. In Labrador they make a tea from two species of Ledum; Oswego tea was made from the scarlet Mouarda, and mountain tea from the dwarf evergreen. gaultheria procumbens. Then clover tea, and tansy tea, and catnip and mint tea are used, though not as

In Sumatra they use coffee leaves to make tea out of, and the beverage is said to be very refreshing. In Mauritius the leaves of an orchid, Augrœcum fragrans, are used. The Tonquinese have teas of their own, made of leaves, berries, barks, and woods. The Abys-Winny, clapping her hands. "I can the Catha edulis; when a sentiuel can't your eyes. Come, quick, and leave his post to get a cup of tea he can chew a leaf or two of this plant. and he won't feel like going to sleep all night. In Tasmania there are said to be more than 200 substitutes for tea; in England they used to make a tea of sage, betony or rosemary, and of raspcurrent leaves and borage to make tea: and a century or so ago they gathered in English gardens and fields ash, elder, and sloe leaves, and the leaves "Of course! Why, the tableau of whitehorn and blackthorn, out of would lose half its effect if everything | which to make tea. So it is evident | that there are teas and teas .- New

> Warranted Cyclone Proof. R. F. Bond, of Erie, Kansas, has invented and patented a novelty in cyclone retreats which is attracting considerable attention. He calls it a "disappearing storm house" and i consists of a water-tight casing about nine feet deep and six feet square, having beveled sills around the ton and a post standing in the centre, the casing being sunk into the ground so that the boveled sills come even with the surface. A cage or elevator car is made to move up and down in this casing, a hole being in the floor of this eage to allow the centre post to pass through. The roof projects over the sides of the cage about five inches, which when sunken into the ground, fits snugly over the beveled sills of the casing, thus making it impossible for water or wind to enter. The cage when not in use stands constantly above ground, and is held in position by four bolts which are located under the cage floor and controlled by a lever, one movement of which moves all four of the bolts. When the floor of the cage is even with the surface of the ground, by moving the lever the bolts are thrust out into mortises made in the sill at top of easing, thus locking the cage. The cage remains in this position when not in use. When it is wanted for use it is only necessary to enter the cage, move the bolt lever and the cage being equipped with a governor descends to the bottom of the casing

or pit.—Globe-Democrat. A Bird Friend. "Every summer for three years," said Trapper Streetor, the Pennyrile woodsman, "I had a feathered friend that would come to my fishing camp as regularly as the year rolled around. It was a bluebird, and evidently an old one, for its plumage was turning insist on Winny's giving up his ac- gray when I first saw it the 1st of August, 1880. I noticed the bird par-He might at least have loosened them | ticularly because it was so different confounded ropes, or turned the gas from the usual blue jay. Its head was the servants are? I wonder why no- other bluebirds I ever saw. I always body comes this way? Hello, there! threw worms or scraps of bread or corn batter out for the birds, because But the echo of his own voice was I'm fond of the entire family. This old fellow was friendly from the first, "I'm blest if I don't believe they've hopping down at my feet as I scattered partook unsparingly of my free lunch. seeming as much at home as ever, and the same good-tempered visitor. I -the slow minutes lengthened into made a mental inventory of my blue hours, and still the captive lay there, jay friend's peculiarities, noted on his breathing out inward execrations, first visit, and found none missing. The third year afterward "True Blue," as I "Hello!" cried ha. "You hero?" had really become attached to the bird, "Yos; and I wish I wasn't," sput- which had probably died during its tered Mr. Cratchley. "Undo these winter flight south." - Louisville ropes, and let me loose, if you have Post. A Sympathetic Employer.

Here is a little story with a moral: Young man who was known among his fellow workers as somewhat of "(lone, ever so long ago; and we his children having scarlet fever. He "And young Stapleton?"

"He's gone, too!"

"The dence he has!" cried Arr.

"The dence he has!" cried Arr.

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and sometimes day at one house, beginning by cutting the hair of the smallest tot and ending his day's work by dressing my lady's hair. One of these professional "lock COES FROM HOUSE Changers" is also an expert linguist,

having mastered French, German, Ital-

ian, Spanish and, of course, English.

He has his own ideas about style and always wears a white suit and cap. Remarkable Story of & Bullet. The Petit Journal, of Paris, relates a remarkable experience of M. Charles Jalerat, who was wounded in the war of 1870 while serving in the artillery. He was struck by a bullet in the left temple, and in spite of repeated attempts, the surgeons were unable to

extract it. They expressed the opinion, however, that the man might live for years with the bullet in his head. As a matter of fact, for twenty-seven years it did not trouble him in the least. Last May, however, the bullet, which had remained buried in the frontal tissues, me ed up toward the brain, and M. Jallerat iccame insane. For nearly a fortnight his mind remained unbalanced, but happily the bullet again shifted its position, and "Once let me get out of this!" he called my feathered friend, came on M. Jallerat recovered. He did not feel wreath were ordered; the Cratchley muttered, "and I'll show em what it time and saug his one-time song mer- any more inconvenience until quite rediamonds in process of being reset; is so to treat a member of the Board rily while I put up my tent. But the cently, when he experienced a curious Just as he was beginning to get appearance and I looked appearance and I looked appearance and I looked appearance. one Mrs. Job Carstairs bethought her- desperate, the door opened, and Mr. for the missing flyer. I felt lonely for mouth, and was very much surprised Carstairs's full moon of a face peeped in. two or three days, and found that I to discover that it was the bullet which he had carried in his head for over a quarter of a century.

> Faith. A pretty anecdote is related of a child who was greatly perturbed by the discovery that her brothers had set traps to catch birds. Questioned as to what she had done in the matter, she replied: "I prayed that the traps might not eatch the birds." "Anything else?" "Yes," she said. "I then prayed that God would prevent the birds getting into the traps, and," as if to illustrate the doctrine of faith and works, "I went and kicked the traps all to pieces."-Household Words. ...

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