

ALONE.

Alone, alone, alone!
My spirit strays where wild winds sweep
In sadness o'er the wintry deep
And wandering billows moan—
A nameless ship with sails all furled
Adrift upon the watery world,
Abandoned and alone!

Alone, alone, alone!
Among the busiest of my kind,
With pleasure, gain or passion blind,
Unknown and unknown.
Ah, God! No accent stirs the breath
With drearier note this side of death
Than that sad word, alone!

Alone, alone, alone!
Around me rolls the human surge.
The birth, the wedding song, the dirge,
In endless monotone,
But heedless of the varying mood,
Lost in the dark soul solitude,
Still must I walk alone!

Alone, alone, alone!
Love came but once a weird, sweet dream
Of seraph wings the flashing gleam,
Then back to Aiden flown.
As far as seen the stars of heaven
To some grieved spirit unforgiven,
And I am left alone!
—Atlanta Journal.

Headaches.

There are several well defined types of headache. There is the occipital headache, the "pain at the base of the brain." This is usually due to venous fullness, or it may be the result of sitting too long with the head bent forward and the eyes strained. Bookkeepers have this sort of headache. Sometimes it may be really neuralgia of the occipital nerve, brought on by exposure to a draught. There are generally accompanying symptoms whereby a physician is aided in his differentiation. There is the aching at the side of the head, when the eyes do not focus alike, or are otherwise not exactly a pair. The presence of over fastidious people who need but will not wear spectacles is responsible for a good many of the irregularities of the eye that produce this type of headache.

Frequently, too, the light carelessly placed by mother or nurse just where baby cannot look directly at it produces the optical mischief. The little one is bound to look at the light, and he rolls his eyes around until he manages to see it with one or both. Sometimes the result is strabismus, sometimes it is stigmatism, in almost any case it is headache, and baby moans and cries weakly. There is also the true nervous headache, the neuralgic, the sharp, short, knifelike pain so many women know. Resembling it at times is the faceache of a decayed tooth, in which the eyes are often involved, or the neuralgia itself may be facial, usually, in fact very generally, on the right side.—San Francisco Call.

Hygienic Value of Perfumery.

Dr. Anders of Philadelphia a few years ago made the interesting discovery that the ozone in the atmosphere, the element which is the great purifier, was mainly supplied from blooming flowers, and for this reason blooming plants were healthful in dwellings as well as attractive. Some interesting experiments with the odors of flowers have been made in the old world, and it is found that many species of microbes are easily destroyed by various odors. The odor of cloves has been known to destroy these minute creatures in 25 minutes. Cinnamon will kill some species in 12 minutes; thyme in 35. In 45 minutes the common wild verbena is found effective, while the odor of some geranium flowers has destroyed various forms of microbes in 50 minutes. The essence of cinnamon is said to destroy the typhoid fever

microbe in 12 minutes and is recorded as the most effective of all odors as an antiseptic. It is now believed that flowers which are found in Egyptian mummies were placed there more for their antiseptic properties than as mere ornaments or elements in sentimental work.—Meehan's Monthly.

Henry VIII's Apparel.

Gorgeousness of apparel attained its apogee during the Tudor period. When Henry VIII received the Venetian ambassador at Richmond, the king's dress was thus described by his excellency Sebastiano Giustiniana: He wore a cap of crimson velvet, the brim looped up all around, with lacets, which had gold enameled tags. His doublet was striped alternately with white and crimson satin, and his hose were scarlet, slashed from the knee upward. Round his neck he had a gold collar, from which hung a round cut diamond the size of the largest walnut I ever saw, and to this was suspended a very large round pearl. His mantle was of purple velvet, lined with white satin, with a train verily more than four Venetian yards in length, and girt in front, like a gown, with a thick gold cord, from which hung large glands entirely of gold, like those suspended from cardinal's hats. Over this mantle was a handsome gold collar with a pendant St. George entirely of diamonds, and beneath it a pouch of cloth gold, which covered a dagger. His fingers were one mass of jeweled rings.—"History of English Dress" by P. Hill.

Do You Want an Office?

The story is told that among the many office seekers besieging Mr. Lincoln was one who used as an emphatic argument in his own behalf the fact that he had done all the dirty work of the party for 20 years. "Very well," the president replied, "when I hear of an office in which dirty work is necessary I shall think of you first of all."—Ram's Horn.

Lodge Nights.

"How many lodges did you say your husband belonged to?" she suddenly asked.

"Fifteen."

"Mercy on me! But think of a man being out 15 nights a week! I am really glad that I'm a widow!"—New York Telegram.

A Vaccination Party.

The little daughter of a prominent physician issued invitations for a novel party, perhaps the only one of the kind which has ever been given. The mothers of the children in the families which the doctor attends have been made anxious by reports of the existence of smallpox, so a number of them requested him to vaccinate their children immediately. When he went home and mentioned it to his wife, she proposed they should have a little party and vaccinate their children and the others at the same time. When the invitation reached a house where there are three little brothers, the eldest, wiser than the others, promptly said: "Please, mother, send my regrets right away. I don't want to go. I know what vaccinate means, and it hurts." Sugar coating the pill with the name "a party" did not fool him.—Louisville Courier Journal.

Skeptical.

"Yer look bad, Jim. Been under the weather?"

"Sorter. Today's the first time I've been out er doors in three months."

"What was the matter with you?"

"Nothin, but the judge wouldn't believe it."—Brooklyn Life.

The Giant of the Land Crabs.

The titan of the land crab family is Birgus latro, commonly called the "purse crab," a resident of the islands of the Indian and South Pacific oceans. Mature adults are frightful looking creatures, full 2 feet in length and from 8 to 14 inches across the back, capable of rearing back and pinching a man hip high when acting in defense, which they are not slow to do if molested. The pinchers are of course on the first pair of legs, which are large and powerful; the second and third pairs are armed with but single claws, while the fourth pair—which are much smaller than either the second or third and not one-tenth as strong as the "pincher carriers"—are provided with a pair of weak little nippers. A fifth pair of legs, but so small as to simply be useless rudiments, are attached to the body near the abdomen.

Although not identical with the coconut crab, described in "Notes for the Curious" on Dec. 24, 1892, its habits are similar to those of that curious species of the crustacea. Like the real coconut crab, it climbs the coconut tree and cuts off the nuts with its powerful pinchers. When a sufficient number have been secured he slowly and carefully descends to the ground, pulls the husks from the nuts and, after striking them over a stone or root, devours the meat at leisure.—St. Louis Republic.

The Most Popular Novel.

What is the most popular novel among American readers? A poll of all the principal libraries in the United States, which appears in The Forum, shows that "David Copperfield" leads in popularity every work of fiction. The most popular nine novels in the order of their popularity are as follows: "David Copperfield," "Ivanhoe," "The Scarlet Letter," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Ben-Hur," "Adam Bede," "Vanity Fair," "Jane Eyre," "The Last Days of Pompeii." This is a complete refutation of the notion sometimes expressed, that Dickens and Scott and Thackeray have lost their hold. Our own greatest novelist, Nathaniel Hawthorne, comes high up in the list, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appears likely to hold its own for all time.

A Personal Matter.

She—How is it you were not at West-end's reception?

He—I staid away on account of a personal matter.

She—May I ask what it was?

He—Will you promise to keep it secret?

She—Yes.

He—Well, they failed to send me an invitation.—London Chaff.

The Cute Baby.

Mr. Noopop—My baby cries all night. I don't know what to do with it.

Mr. Knowitt—I'll tell you what I did. As soon as our baby commenced to cry I used to turn on all the gas. That fooled him. He thought it was broad daylight and went to sleep.—Westfield Union.

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