

A SAILOR'S YARN.

This is the tale that was told to me
By a shattered and battered son of the sea;
To me and my messmate, Silas Green,
When I was a guileless young marine.

'Twas the good ship "Gyactus,"
All on the China seas;
With the wind a lee and the captain free,
To catch the summer breeze.

'Twas Captain Porgie of the deck
To the mate in the mizen hatch,
While the boatswain bold, in the fore and hold,
Was winding his larboard watch.

"Oh, how does our good ship head to night?
How does our gallant craft?"
"Oh, she heads E. S. W. by N.,
And the binnacle lies afloat."

"Oh, what does the quadrant indicate?
And how does the sextant stand?"
"Oh, the sextant's down to the freezing point,
And the quadrant's lost a hand."

"Oh, if the quadrant's lost a hand,
And the sextant falls so low,
It's our body and bones to Davy Jones
This night are bound to go."

"Oh, fly aloft to the garboard streak:
And reef the spanker boom,
Bend a steady sail to the martingale
To give her weather room."

"Oh, boatswain, down in the fore and hold,
What water do you find?"
"Four foot and a half by the royal gaff,
And rather more behind."

"Oh, sailors, collar your mangle spikes
And each belaying pin:
Come, stir your stumps to spike the pumps
Or more will be coming in."

They stirred their stumps, they spiked the pumps,
They spiked the mizen brace:
Aloft and slow they worked, but oh!
The water gained space.

They bored a hole below her line
To let the water out,
But more and more with awful roar
The water in did spout.

Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship,
And he was a lubber brave—
"I've several wives in various ports,
And my life I'd like to save."

Then up spoke the captain of the marines,
Who dearly loved his grog,
"It's awful to die, and it's worse to be dry,
And I move we pipe to grog."

Oh, then 'twas the gallant second mate
As stopped their sailors' jaw,
"I was the second mate whose hand has weight
In laying down the law."

He took the anchor on his back,
And leapt into the main:
Through foam and spray he clove his way,
And sunk and rose again.

Through foam and spray, a league away,
The anchor stout he bore,
Till safe at last, he made it fast,
And warped the ship ashore.

This is the tale that was told to me,
By that honest and truthful son of sea.

And I envy the life of a second mate,
Though captains curse him and sailors hate,
For he ain't like some of the swabs I've seen,
As would go and lie to a poor marine.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Miss Jane Beagle had lived years enough in this wicked world to know that even single blessedness is not always quite satisfactory to its possessor. When young, and in possession of her particular share of beauty, she had flirted with several admirers; but she went too far when she refused Billy Winkum because he was poor and unknown, for Billy had in him that stuff which makes a man rise in some places—opinions of his own, a loud voice, a feeling that he was "as good as anybody else, if not better," and a talent for making speeches. So that in those years that had changed his old lady-love from "that there handsome Jane Beagle" to "Miss Jane Beagle, that hasn't ever married," he had risen in the world, been an M.P., and was a person of such distinction that no one would have dared to call him Billy Winkum. Mr. William Warrington Winkum was his designation; and a finer coat, more watch-chain, or a larger diamond in his cravat were owned by no one in Billberry.

He had never married, but that made him all the more desirable to Billberry society. He met Miss Jane very often there; and now Jane would willingly have proved to him that her decisive "No!" of fifteen years before had been repeated.

Alas! either Mr. William Warrington Winkum no longer grieved over that "No!" or he had regarded it as final.

"And yet he hasn't married," said Miss Jane; "and he don't flirt with the young girls, nor pay attention to the widows. I haven't gone off as much as I might. He's bald, and I haven't a gray hair. He's five years older than I am, any way. Suppose he should like me still?"

However, concealment did not seem to prey like a worm in the bud on Mr. Winkum's damask cheek. He built himself a house on the hill, wherein he installed as housekeeper his remarkable old grandmother, who had outlived fourteen children, and at ninety walked, rode, talked, and ate, with an energy not often met with in women of forty.

Oh, that house, with its bright bricks, its new shutters, its elaborate roof, its stately chimneys, its balcony, and its interior of Brussels carpets, real lace curtains, and velvet drawing room furniture! How often Jane Beagle said to herself,

"All this might have been mine if I had had Billy!" She said it to herself very often, one day, about house-cleaning time, when she was doing her best with the shabby old house that was all her own now. One after the other had slipped out of it—some were married and some were dead—nobody remained.

"I don't think I can stand it much longer," sighed Jane; "I must take lodgers, or something. Nobody to speak to all day long! If I feel ill, nobody to do for me."

Jane was down on the kitchen-floor scrubbing as she spoke. The rag carpet was hanging on the line outside. The cane-bottomed chairs, well scrubbed, were turned up on the grass to dry; every pane shone beautifully; but the wood was worm-eaten, and the smoothest white-wash would not make the walls flawless.

"Heigh-ho!" sighed Jane; "I like a handsome house, but I sha'n't ever have one."

She said it aloud—a habit of talking to herself had grown upon her lately—but to her surprise she was answered on the instant.

"Why, who knows?" said a voice, "you may have the handsomest house in the town yet. Who knows! Don't you want me to tell you?"

"Good gracious!" cried Jane, jumping to her feet; "who is that?"

"It's only me, ma'am," replied a stout, dark woman, with a big straw hat, trimmed with poppies, on her head, and with big rings of gold in her ears, who sat upon the door-sill, and smiled up at her merrily. "It's only a poor gipsy, wandering over the world to tell folks fortunes for 'em. Have yours told, lady?"

"Mine?" said Jane, laughing; why, I'm too old."

"You are young enough for lots to be ahead of you, lady," said the woman. "Come, what's a shilling to you to hear of all your good luck! Besides, luck is mislaid sometimes if we are not on the look-out for it."

What woman does not believe in her inmost heart that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in philosophy!

What single woman doubts that somewhere upon earth fate keeps the other half of her soul?

"It would be awfully foolish," said she; "but nobody will ever know, and I think I'll do it."

She felt in her pocket for some change. It was not there. She had given it, she now remembered, to the man that had mended the tin pans that morning. And she went to the drawer of the little book-case with a sliding desk in it, which stood in the sitting-room, to get it. The gipsy followed her, chatting, laughing, hinting at things that brought blushes to Jane's cheek. She peeped into the drawer. There lay the silver spoons and forks, the sugar-tongs, a brooch set with pearls, Jane's only costly bit of jewellery, and a purse full of gold and silver. Miss Beagle drew her little income once a quarter, and kept it in the house in fear of the savings-bank—which had once ceased payment for a while.

The bright eyes, set so close together in the gipsy's head, saw all at a glance; and her smile was very bright as Miss Jane put the shilling into her hand.

"I've taken a notion to you," she said, looking at the palm of the useful, if not beautiful hand that lay in hers. "There's luck afore you. There's one that liked you, and that you liked, not far off. Eh?"

Jane blushed again.

"He'd give you a handsome house, and set you up in your carriage," added the gipsy. "Now come, own it, lady; your heart is towards him."

"He don't care whether it is or not," sighed Jane, unaware that she had spoken.

"Lady," said the gipsy, solemnly, "I have a great power. I can bring together the disunited. I can cure love troubles. Do as I tell you, and he shall come to you again."

"What am I to do?" asked Jane, carried away by her own emotions and the gipsy's dramatic manner.

"I'll tell you, lady," said the gipsy. "Kneel down here beside this chair. Let me cover your face with this handkerchief. Don't be afraid; it's clean; it's a magic handkerchief. Now think of him you like, and don't move until I bid you."

People in love are generally a little mad, I am afraid, and Jane had been hopelessly treasuring the image of Mr. William Warrington Winkum in her heart for many years. She did what the gipsy bade her.

The next moment she found the handkerchief tied tightly over her head, and the next her hands were tied also with a stout cord.

She screamed, but some one was tying her feet together.

"It's no use, lady," said the gipsy's voice, blandly. "I've got the key of the drawer, and I sha'n't hurt you. I'll just help myself and go."

The spoons jingled. Miss Jane could not see, but she knew that the contents of the drawer were being transferred to the gipsy's pocket, and she screamed and struggled vainly.

About an hour after the gipsy had left, Mr. William Warrington Winkum drove past Jane's house in a light dogcart. He was fond of lilacs, and stopped to gather a bunch that hung over the fence from a full bush. In old times Jane had picked such lilacs for him from this bush. As he put them to his nose, a scream struck his ear.

"Something is the matter!" he cried; and without stopping to tie his horse, he ran into the garden, and up the path to the house.

The kitchen was empty, the scrubbing-brush on the floor, the pail upset. The gipsy had done that as she departed.

Another scream was heard. William rushed into the inner room, and found Jane with her head tied up in a black silk handkerchief, and her feet and hands bound.

In a moment he had her untied. The next she sat in her chair. "Such a sight!" she said to herself; but Mr. William Warrington Winkum noticed that she had nice plump arms under her tucked-up sleeves, and that her big, frightened eyes were very blue indeed. Happily she had not shed a tear.

"I've been tied here for I don't know how long, Mr. Winkum," she said. "Oh, how thankful I am you came by! I've been robbed—robbed of everything I have—my silver, my money, my jewellery. What I shall do I don't know!"

"Unprotected women," said Mr. Winkum, seriously, "ought not to reside in any house alone."

"Sometimes," said Jane, she can't well help it."

It was so singular, in that old calico, with such shoes, and no back braid—for that was hanging over her bureau glass up-stairs—Miss Jane could never half believe it; but then and there William Warrington Winkum changed suddenly into an older Billy Winkum, and said, without an oratorical flourish or a big word, "Jane, you don't need to live alone. I've always liked you, and I sort of think, after all, you've always liked me. Have me, won't you?"

"Not even my back braid on?" thought Jane Beagle, afterwards. But all she said was, "Oh, Billy, I was such a goose fifteen years ago!"

"I'm glad Billy had sense to marry a settled old maid," said Grandma Winkum, at the wedding. "Gals is so highy-tighty, and wilders is so kinder overrulin' and upsettin'. Old maids is kinder thankful and willin' to please."

But Jane was too happy to be offended by anything any woman could say.

THE KING OF BAVARIA.

His face, chivalrous and dreamy, strange and mysterious, reminds one of that of the German prince painted by George Sand in her famous novel of "Consuelo." Lohengrin pleases him doubtless because he finds in it something of his own restrained heroism. King Louis lives sad and solitary in his beautiful palaces, in his Gothic castles, whose interior is transformed into wonderful rooms of the eighteenth century. This son of the Preux adores Pompadour furniture. He has had sent from Paris photographs of the most beautiful rooms of the time of Louis XV. to have them copied at his own palaces. It is astonishing that he is not married. Perhaps he does not wish to leave to children his sad heritage, a crown of which he is in no wise the master. He reads with avidity the historians who write of the grandeur of Bavaria in the middle ages. It may be that he has even written a monograph on the valiant Charles Albert, crowned Emperor of Germany in 1742, the legitimate sovereign of the empire, sustained by France and conquered by Maria Theresa. Still more unfortunate, it is not before a woman, a heroine of twenty, a mother whose tears would raise an army, that Louis of Bavaria must yield, but before force brutal and unjust. On the eve of Sadowa, Maximilian died leaving the throne to Louis II., obliged to submit to the law of the German conqueror. What he deprecates, this young king, is the dependence of his country with his inability to recover it. There are no feasts in his castles but a great deal of music, a music to which he listens religiously behind the hangings which hide him from all eyes. They say that at the representation of Wagner's operas he wished first to extinguish all the lights so as to show the scene in greater radiance. The king loves the country but detests the day in his apartments. Wherever he lives he has the shutters closed and the candelabra lighted at mid-day. He always dines alone, sumptuously and absent-mindedly, a book beside him in which he becomes so absorbed that he forgets to eat and they take away the dishes without his having touched them. These singular repasts often last for three or four hours. His life is silence, solitude, night, study and dreaming. The king is but thirty-five, tall and well-formed, the blonde head having much nobleness and charm about it.

MUSIC.

Boys, as well as girls, should be taught to play upon some musical instrument. It has the most admirable effect upon the amenities of home. No more soothing or more refining influence can be introduced than the home concert. To vary the usual custom and to give variety, let a girl learn the violin and a boy the piano. It is very interesting to see the usual position occasionally reversed and there is nothing ungraceful or unfeminine in the use of the violin. Very few natures are so coarse or so fierce that they cannot be reached by music.

"I had," said a woman who was famed for her lovely manners, "the good fortune to have a musical papa. He used to wake me in the morning by playing Mozart's 'Batti, Batti,' on the flute, and he always, although a busy lawyer, gave us an hour in the evening with his violin. I am sure Strauss, with his famous Vienna orchestra and his world-renowned waltzes, has never put such a thrill into my nerves or such

quicksilver into my heels as did my father's playing of the Virginia Reel and the first movement of Von Weber's 'Invitation à la Valse,' nor have I ever heard such solemn notes as those which came from his violoncello, as he accompanied my mother in the funeral march in the 'Seventh Symphony.' Their music made home a more attractive spot than any theatre or ball. They were neither of them great musicians. I dare say their playing would have been considered very amateurish in these days of musical excellence. But it served the purpose of making home a very peaceful spot to their boys and girls and of keeping it a memory of delight through much that was trying in the way of small income, personal self-sacrifice and ill-health. We had our trials, but everything vanished when father began to play."

FOOT NOTES.

Sir Bartle Frere will shortly publish, through Mr. Murray, a short collection of papers "On the Afghan and South African Questions."

The latest joke about King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands, is that he cannot help being a good Christian. The reason assigned is that his ancestors ate so many missionaries in their time that it worked into their system and was transmitted to their descendants, Kalakaua among the number. Missionaries who are eaten are, after all, not wasted, it would appear.

The Earl of Dunraven, during his coming visit to the United States, promises to present the other side of the case should Mr. Farnell come here with the object of seeking pecuniary aid from Irish Americans to prolong the Land League agitation. At a meeting of the leading members of the Liberal party in the House of Commons this course was decided upon.

The evils of over-bathing at the various watering-places are glaringly apparent. Young women sometimes remain in the water several hours at a time, and the process of "pickling" seems to have become popular. Excesses of this nature often result in loss of strength, drowsiness, hepatic derangement and heart complaint. If bathers will remain in the water so long, they should, at least, oil or grease their bodies as professional swimmers do.

The tippie of the future is to be koumiss. It was given the sick President with good effect, and as it contains alcohol there will be plenty of excuses for making it a popular drink. And then, it really has merit. Ordinary milk contains too much caseine for the human stomach. The calf can chew it as the cow does her cud and has several stomachs to pass it through. But human beings do not chew the cud and their stomachs revolt at too much cow's milk.

The utilizing of labour during the night-time may lead to important results. Temporarily it increases the demand for labour, but as it economizes time the labourer eventually will be the sufferer. It will be all feast or all famine for him, a heavy demand or none at all. Then, the general use of electric light for outdoor work may in time lead to a stoppage of outdoor work at mid-day during the hot summer months of our climate.

New marvels are claimed for the application of electricity. A savant on the Pacific Coast proposes to flash lightning through sewers and over malaria-breeding ponds and marshes, so as to kill all the spores and germs which communicate disease. He says that all zymotic diseases can be eliminated from the earth by using this subtle and powerful force to destroy and disintegrate their germs. Not quite so sensational, but still very important, is the claim of Dr. C. W. Siemens that the growth of plants of all kinds can be stimulated by the use of electric light. As is well known, plants continue to grow in tropical regions all the year round, and Dr. Siemens states, in a paper read before the Royal Society of Civil Engineers, that electric light over glass, burning all night, will keep plant life active during the winter months. He has made experiments, the success of which would seem to indicate that vegetable products of the temperate regions may be doubled and even trebled by the use of electricity in the form of light shaded by glass.

HUMOROUS.

A MAN is known by the company he keeps out of.

No woman should borrow the husband of another, because it is not good for man to be a loan.

A RECIPE for lemon pie vaguely adds, "Then sit on a stove and stir constantly." Just as if anybody could sit on a stove without stirring constantly.

TENDER consideration.—(At the lion's cage in the "Zoo")—"Oh, don't make faces at him, Edie! It might frighten him, you know!"

DOCTOR (learned-looking and speaking slowly): "Well, murther, which tooth do you want extracted? Is it the molar or the incisor?" Jank (short and sharp): "It is in the upper tier, on the larboard side."

AN Apprentice boy who had not pleased his employer one day came in for a chastisement, during the administration of which his master exclaimed: "How long will you serve the devil?" "You know best, sir; I believe my indenture will be out in three months."

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