Clouds of Even Ilon Tun lines

The The Reserve.

Above me, far above,
Across their silent sea.

Those floots of beauty fast do n
Before the wintry wind they flee
Through worlds of love!

Onward they move and float.

And floating o'er do move,

As frezen music, an angelic note,
Light-robed in changing forms they

And o'er earth gloat.

The pale blue grandeur fades, Lost in the depths of Even; And fall the quivering, ghost-

shades from off the hungry winds of heaven As night in hades.

Behold! the earth in dark-The heavens chill and wan-Sore troubled is the blast, and bark It sweeps o'er rugged cliffs. where yawn
Grim caverns stark!

Over the hill-tops white.

Swittly therough darkening skies.

A broken cloud rack wings its fluit from and shattered form it hies Unto the night.

Tis gone and I alono
(Bazo on the silent ove;
By youder coast, the cold waves;
The restless ocean billows heave
And heaving grean.

## THE MASTER OF THE CHRYSOLITE

Captain Anderson stood alone in the world. But he was one who could stand alone, for his will was strong and his affections were weak. Those who thought they knew him best said he was hard, his heart a stone. Still he was a humen being, for, like others, he cherished hobbies. His hobbies, however, were not of that class which is compassed about by rest and roses. Instead, they were clothed with a storn delight born of defiance and danger. To work his ship across the bay in the teeth of an advarse gale: to weather a lee shore; to master a rebellious crow single handed—these were the wild diversions which satisfied him. Once, in the China seas, his men grow mutinows; said the ship was "leaking like a lobater-pot," and straightway purher shout for Singapore; swore they did not care what the skipper thought, in fact they would like to know. The skipper was bolow when the first-mate brought down the news and avery pale face as well.

"Tell the men to muster!"

So as the mate's back was turned, John Anderson took a revolver from a locker and charged it; then, ascending the companion ladder, he walked to the break of the poop, with his hands buried in the pockets of a pea jacket. Down below him were the men, folling about in a sullen crowd on the weather side of the quarter-deck. They were thirty or forty in number.

"Now then, my men! Half an hour ago we were steering due northesset. Who was it dared to lay the ship's nose the other way?"

The burly boatswain swung his way out of the crowd, planted his foot on the first step of the poop ladder, and stared up at the captain.

"I did!" roared he. There was a loud report. The boatswain dropped shot in the leg. And the crew chivered under a gleaming eye and a eleaming weapon.

shivered under a gleaming eye and a gleaming weapon.

"All hands 'bout ship!" cried the master. The wounded boatswain, raising himself for a moment on one hand, piped faintly and fell back un-eanscious. But the men were already at their stations, and in five minutes score the "Chrysolite" was heading morth-cast again

merth-east again.

Such incidents as these gave John Anderson an uncaviable reputation among sailors. It was seldom that the same crow served him twice. Two there is under him were more than be stood, and from his subcr

is stred and tear.

vas very difficult, then, to find
there Captain Anderson's weakus is is.

veakness. But this man appeared

veakness. But this man appeared

all all appears the ting whole life ness say. Everybody of course had his weakness. But this man appeared to be all strength. His whole life seemed like a rod of burnished steel—a pression proc life, a fire-proof rod. The owners of the "Chrysolite," Messre. Ruin & Ruin, of Billier street, piqued themselves on knowing his tender point. He was avarious, thought they; he would do anything for money, and they would some day try him in the furnace. It was true, indeed, that the old sailor had amassed considerable wealth during his frequent voyages to the East. It was true also that he was aparing and saving; that he drove bargains to the verge of perdition, and clinched them at the cracial moment. But it was equally true that he hated fraud. His teas wore what they pretended to be, his silks unimpeachable, and man ever came back upon him with complaints of their genuineness. The world allowed that he was at least commercially honorable, but felt fully convinced that he was eaten up with the desire for gold.

But the world was wrong. The CA and the content of the content of

so it came to pass that one morning he walked along Biliter street with his twenty-year-old commission in his pocket.

It is curious how fond real old salts are of dress when salrone. Ecco-tass John Anderson in a top hat and kid gloves, looking anything but at home in them. The glossy hat was mockery to his btld, sea worn face, and his big knuckles were almost bursting through the soft kid with indignation at the affront put upon them.

He reached the chambers in which the firm of Messrs Ruin & Ruin was established, ascended the staircase—for the office wee on the second floor. The senior pattner was within, and the captain was admitted into his room without delay.

"Glad to see you, Captain Anderson," said Mr. Ruin is an unusually cordial tone, at the same time shaking hands. "You've made a capital passage, and freighted the "Ohryachte" well."

Mr. Ruin was a big fat man, who spoke olilly. His clean-shaven face was never without the remnants of a smile—a smile, though, which was not remarkable for its suncerity. Still it had its value—in the market—for it was a commercial smile. A pair of small grey eyes were almost hidden by the obese ourves of his cheeks; but you learned in a very short time that they kept a sharp and shrewd look out from behind those ramparts. The two men sat down at opposite sides of the table, the owner guessing from the Captain's manner that there was comething in the wind, and the captain thinking his employer's exuberance of civility betokened more than was manifest.

"Yes, I brought in a quick passage," replied Anderson. Thee, look

was manifest.
"Yes, I brought her a quick passage," replied Anderson. Then, looking straight at the owner, "and it's the last she'll make under me."

the last she'll make under me."
The remnents of a smile coalesced, ploughing up Mr. Ruin's cheeks into greasy furrows.
"My dear captain, we could not lear of it! We're too old friends to part like that."
"Well, sir, I've come this monning, for private reasons. to throw up my

"Well, Sir, I've come the morning, for private reasons, to throw up my commission" said the captain sim-ultaneously throwing down the com-mission before the senior partner's

mission before the sensor process.

"I cant' accept it, Mr. Anderson; I cant' indeed," replied the owner, picking up the parchment, "And I'll tell you why. My brother and I have been thinking matters over and we've really been obliged to confess, for consciencence sake, that the 'Ohrycolite' is getting old."

"Devillah old!" muttered the captain, forgetting himself for a moment."

tain, forgetting himself for a mo-ment."

"Well, now I think of it again, I believe my brother did say she was devilish old—a strange coincidence. Btill, she was a fine model of a boat. What d'ye think yourself?"

"She has rare lines," caid the other, with a slight approach to grave enthusisem.

"The very remark I made myself

other, with a slight approach to grave enthusism.

"The very remark I made myself only yosterday. Yes, we agreed she was a pretty boat; and I admit, from sheer sentiment, I cannot bear to think of her being chopped up for firewood. So inharmonious, don't you think?"

The old sailor looked sullen, and said nothing.

Mr. Ruin lent his elbows well on the table in a confidential manner, and reduced his voice to a husky whispering.

whispering.

"My brother told me he should not mind seeing her end her days as a picturesque wreck, but to sell her for matchwood was barbarous. I was really of the same opinion. And—and—couldn't it be managed for her, Captain Anderson?"

The two looked at cach other narrowly, "If you can get any one to do it, of course it can be done. But I would sooner—"

"Now before your judge, hear me captain, I feel sure you could find the man if you chose. See, the 'Chryso-

lite' is insured in the Jupiter Insurance Company for £9,000. Here is the policy. And the men that excess her from the axe, and makes a picturesque wrock of her will earn the gratitude of Meases. Ruin and Ruin, and £9,000 besides."

For once even the remanate of a smile had disappeared from the senior partner's face, and he stood confessed—the type of cool financial secundarel. The sailor, on the other hand, was agitated as no one had ever seen him before. The veins stood out on his brawny throat like rope. His cyclide were purple. For a few moments his head swam. Then he righted himself sa suddenly, with an emphatic refusal ready on his lips. But the willy partner had left the room. This gave Anderson time to think and the more he thought the more that pile of gold forced itself before him, until forsooth he fell to thinking how such an end could be compassed—by another commander. He saw clearly that a skilf ul seaman might achieve this thing with slight danger to himself and he rows. And all thus time the three thousand pounds shone so lustrously that his moral vision was dazzled, and the huge iniquity of the whole affair was rapidly vanishing from sight.

When Mr. Ruin re-entered Anderson was looking sahamed and gailty. "Well, captain, can I help you to a conclusion?" came from the oily lips

"It's this way," replied the old.

a conclusion?" came from the oily lips
"It's this way," replied the old man, turning round, but keeping his eyes fixes on the carpet. "I can't do it. No, I can't."

Mr. Ruin eyed him dubiously, and rubbed his chin gently. "I'm sorry—very sorry! £3,000 won't go long begging though. And I shall have to accept your resignation, captain."

Anderson only took up his hat and walked slowly out of the room. He had not descended many steps, when he turned back and re-opened the door.

door.
"No, sir," he said, "it can't be done. I must think it over and—no—it can't be done." With that he went his way, miserable.
The same night he received a letter by post. It contained his old commission, reinsetating him in the command of the "Chrysolite."

Four months later the "Chryso-lite" was unloading a general cargo in Mauritius Harbour. Captain Ander-son had thought it over

Mauritius Harbour. Captain Anderson had thought it over
The quay was quickly covered with
Manchester bales and Birmingham
cases, and it was not long before the
tackle at the main yard arm was set
a clicking as the baskets and sandballast were hove up to be poured into
the empty hold. No such luxuries
were there as steam winches; not any
of those modorn appliances for light,
ing labour. Instead, five or six hands
plied the ponderous work at the
which limidles, 'he laor being substantially aggravated by the heat of a
vertical sun. A spell at the orthodox
hand winch in the tropics is an ordeal
not to be lightly spoken of, and sailors
have the very strongest objection to
the work. It requires the utmost
vigilance on the part of the captain,
therefore, to prevent the feebler spirits
from deserting. He was able, however, to reckon a full orew as he
steered out of Fort Louis harbour and
shaped his course for Ceylon.

Soms of the hands had grumbled at

shaped his course for Ceylon.

Some of the hands had grumbled at not having more liberty to go ashore. In an excess of passion Anderson made answer:

"To your kennels, you dogs! I'll put you saltore soon enough, and I'll warrant you'll stay there longer than you care for."

It was indianated.

you care for."

It was indiscreet language, and the men puzzled over it. They concluded that the skipper meant to obtain their imprisonment at the next British port they should touch, for mutinous conduct, and knowing he was a man of h.s word they assumed their best bahaviour.

doe, and knowing he was a man of hs word they assumed their best behaviour.

Captain Anderson had not changed for the better. Hitherto he had maintained a firmness of discipline bedering upon severity, and he certainly had never relaxed from that attitude. Now he had become an incomprehensible mixture of indulgence and cruelty. The two elements were incompatible, and the more intelligent of his officers were not long in preceiving that there was a victous and variable wind in their superior's moral atmosphere, under which his cauvas atrahed or flapped unaccountheir own figure, that his hand did not grasp the reason tiller with its customary grip, and that his barque was left more or less to the conflicting guidance of other influences. Many a time since his departure from England had the old sailor bone stung with remores at the unwritten tenor of his present commission. He would requently try to look the whole thing in the face—would endeaver to account for the acceptance of an office against which his whole self revolted. He would rectte the interview in the Billiter street chambers with his employer, passing over the preliminary parts until he came to the reward. No! he was not false enough or euphemistic enough to call it a reward; he would regard it as a bribe. But he could never got further he always grounded on his reef of gold, and no tide of indignation or regret, no generous current of honor, had power to sweep him off again into the saving waters. Here the fierce rays of desire shot derre upon the resplendent heap,

whose reflected glory filled the whole vision of the water with its lustre.

whose reflected glory filled the whole vision of the water with its leatre.

But had Captain Andersor followed his mental inquiries to a conclusion, had he demonstrated to himself the depth of moral degredation into which he must be plunged, his pride would never have allowed him to do anything but redeem his uttered word.

As an illustration of the captain's lately acquired habit of indulgence, the most remarkable was his treatment of the waten on deek during the night. The man on the lookout, for instance, was in the habit of going to sleep if the weather made it at all practicable. The rest of the wateh, some fifteen or twenty hands, followed suit, or even sulked back to the forcastle, there to stretch themselves out on their chests and smoke. These things the captain connived at, and the men were outy too glad of the relief to enquire too curiously into his reasons. The main object of a sailing ship sailor is to gain as much sleep as he can by whatever means, in persuit of this end he will evade even hose duties which are most essential to the safety of the ship.

One night during the middle watch

most essential to the satesy of the ship.

Due night during the middle watch the captain came on deck, and took to walking up and down with the second mate. The night was clear though dark. The "Ohrysolite" was closshauled on the starboard tack, and was making good headway under a clinking breeze. She was an old-fashioned, frigatebuilt, full rigged ship, such as one schlom happens on now, her quarter galleries, chain plates, top gallant bulwarks and single topnal yards being all out of date amongs the ship-builders of today. It has been eald that she had "rare lines," and the remark was just. A more imposing pile of timber was possibly never floated. She had plenty of beam to cope with the South Atlantic wave giants, and not too much sheer. Her fiddle sten was gracefully cut, and harmonized to perfection with the slight rake aft of her lofty masts. Her spars, also, were finely proportioned to the breath of her hull. So that, with her canvas spread in an unwavering breeze, the Chrysolite was a stately creature and "a thing of beauty."

"Mr. Grant," said the captain, addressing his sub-ordinate officer. "be good enough to take a star and work out the ship's position."

The second mate quickly brought his sextant, and took the altitude of a star convenient for his purpose. He then went below to the cabin to perform his calculations. The look out man, a ready sleeper, was in a heavy slumber, upon which the stiffening breeze made no effect, the rest of the watch had disappeared in the customary fashion. Oaptain Anderson was practically alone on deck.

He walked foreward, leant over the workings of an aroused conscience, but his thought so would not beth him should be a lighting fash held fast between the darkness and the deep saw It was phosphorescent water playing on a sand bank.

Anderson put the glass into his pocket. He was something behind them, some now sensations, which set hem buzzing in his mind. These sensetations were his finest feelings, ennobling emotions which had been cramped in the grip of diseiplus

itself.

"No, by God, she shall not perish!"
With a rapid movement he gains the foessile, and roars into it: "All hands bout ship! Quick now, for your very lives!"

nance tout ship! Quick now, for your very lives!"

There is no mistaking his tone It is not one of driving tyrainy, but of urgent agony, and it gooe right home to every man.

Up they tumble in a ready crowd, many in their shirts alone They are all sleepy, but the business on hand will soon cure them of this.

They stand by. The helm is put down, and quickly the Chrysolite veers round in process of reading the other tack. Will she do it? No! She trembles almost in the teeth of the wind, misses, stays and falls off egain on to the old tack.

Tokish Things.

Tokish Things.

Coughs are ticklish things. Nowhere does the outer throat, the toking true than in the case of a second cough. Proposition that we there is the true that you write the deeth.

The true the true than in the case of a second cough. Proposition of the true throat, that you writh under and fight against, and at last you break out in a paroxy-m of comme? Why not ours the cough and enjoy unbroken, at? You can do no by using can do .. o by using

### Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

in a service of the s

\* Tilet state of will be fund in fell in Access togen hundred others free Address J. C. Ager Co. Lowell, Ma-

end.

It is too late even for imprecation. The men literally spring to their work with an alsority begot of desperation. Every moment is of the utmost value, for the reaf is very close and the horrible breakers are in all

utmost value, for the real is very close and the horrible breakers are in all ears.

Anderson himself holds the wheel. He has put the helm up, and soon the great ship with swelling sails breaks out of the current. To feels the change in an instant; the hands know it too Bat the danger is not past. Leaving the wheel to another, he runs quickly forward to lean over the weather rail. As he passes through the crowd of the fo castle, the poor fellows cheer him ringinly. The fine old seaman doffs his cap and makes them a grand, manly how.

He glances at the reef and then mutters quietly to himself. "She will never clear it, and God forgive me!" Then, wheeling around, he gives a command. "Let go both achors! It is our

command.
"Let go both achors! It is our only chance!"

"Let go both achors! It is our only chance!"

Many hearts sink at the order, but in as few moments as possible the cables are smoking through the haves pipes. The anchors touch bottom, and hold. All hands clutch the stanchions or shrouds in anticipation of the shock, It comes. The ship, racing on, is brought up with a round turn of such sudden force as to shake every nait in her timbers. Aloft there is crash upon crash, and the lighter spars come showering on the deck, bringing along with them ragged remnants of canvas. One man is struck down. The hawsers hum with strenuous vibration. The timbers at the bluff of the low crack almost vertically, until the ship's nose is well nigh torn out. The sension is too great and the port cable snaps. The starboard one is tougher. But were it ever zo tough it would not save the ship, for its anchor is dragging. Back she sags "athered into her doom by the whitening waters; until

Anderson cannot understand it, old sailor as he is, puts the helm down once more once more she misses.

"Back the mainyard; Shiver the foreyard!"

Soon overy stitch of canvas on the mainmast is swung about to face the breeze, while that on the foremast is hauled in. Although she be going at igin knots, that should check her.

But it does not.

"Mizen topsail braces, then!"
Calca as thought the lee braces are stacked off, and those on the weather side made that. Still she is not checked. Strange, too, for the breeze is stiff. Anderson feels she is in the stream of a strong current.

There had been no need to say what was the cause of danger. The head been no need to say what was the cause of danger. The stream of a strong current.

There had been no need to say what was the cause of danger. Mannethile, Mr. Grant had finished his calculations below. He has found for a result that the ship is among the Malley reefs. He is certain there must be some error in his work, and he sats himself to reverse his figures. But the breeze sweeps into the cabin with a faint command from the upper site. "Back the mainyard!"—and be shrowdly guesses that his calculations are correct.

The captain is overywhere at onco urging and aiding. He sees the whole canvas aback, and yet the "Chryso lite" drifts on. He cannot 'boot his ship nor back her.

The result of the whole business harded his calculations are correct.

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The result of the whole was a rush of boots, no less than four of them were unseawortly. In those days the carries in his hand a small are, meant for clearing away light wreckage.

What had the mannet have was a ru

At all times Public Opinion has successfully maintained its reputation for fairness. Every shade of thought upon all topics is re-cented in its Amarican Affairs department, not one man a opinion but the opinion or every man who is at all representative. Fublic Opinion (published at New York) is the one journal that c ables its readers to keep pool upon the happenings in every pool upon the happenings in every pool affairness and into the proper furthers affairness and proper furthers and the proper furthers and the proper furthers and the proper furthers are all the proper furthers and the proper furthers are all the proper furthers and the proper furthers are all the proper furthers and the proper furthers are all the proper furthers and the proper furthers are all the proper furthers and the proper furthers are all the properties. The properties are all the properties and the properties are all the properties are all the properties and the properties are all the properties and the properties are all the properties and the properties are all the properties are all the properties and the properties are al

The good which sight or sense can no longer apprehend is yet as real an existence as when we could both see and feel it; nothing good can be ultimately lost; memory may still preserve it, and love carry us to it at last.

# scrofula

Any doctor will tell you that Professor Hare, of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, is one of the highest authorities in the world on the action of drugs. In his last work, speaking of the treatment of scrofula, he says:

"It is thardly necessary to state that cod-liver list the best remeds of all "The oil about particulation, so prepared as to be seen the also says that the hypophosphites should be combined with the oil.

Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil, with nypophos-

liver oil, with nypophos-phites, is precisely such a preparation.