

POETRY.

WHERE IS THE FLAG OF ENGLAND?

And the winds of the world made answer, North, south, and east and west;

"Wherever there's wealth to covet, Or land that can be possessed;

"Wherever are savage races, Or coasts, coere and scare,

"Ye shall find the wanted ensign, For the English flag is there!

"Aye, it waves o'er the blazing hovels Whence African victims fly,

"To be shot by explosive bullets, Or to wretchedly starve and die!

"The hapless Fellah has feared it, On Tel-el-Kehi's parched plain,

"And the Zulu's blood has stained it, With a deep, indelible stain.

"It has floated o'er scenes of pillage, It has flaunted o'er deeds of shame,

"It has waved o'er the fell murderer As he came with sword and flame;

"It has looked upon ruthless slaughter, And massacres dire and grim;

"It has heard the shrieks of the victims Drown even the Jingo hymn.

"Where is the flag of England? Seek the lands where the natives rot;

"Where decay and assured extinction Must soon be the people's lot,

"Go search for the coveted ensign, Where disease and death are rife,

"And the greed of callous commerce Now battens on human life!

"Where is the flag of England? Go sail where rich galleons come

"With shoddy and 'loaded' cuttoms, And beer and Bibles and rum,

"Go, too, where brut force has triumphed, And hypocrisy makes its lair,

"And your question will find its answer, For the flag of England is there!"

SELECT STORY.

VANQUISHED.

BY EDWARD BROOKS.

"He has accepted your invitation, then?" says Miss Virginia Moir, impatiently.

Her supple figure is lightly poised on the arm of her uncle's veranda chair,

and she restlessly switches her small brooch with her riding-whip.

"Yes, Jeanne, and right glad I am he is coming. He will arrive this afternoon on the five o'clock train from Richmond."

"I feared as much. Coming south to draw out, I suppose. Indeed, she north where they belong. Besides, he is sure to prove a bore, and—"

"Putting her full red lips—"Will end like all the rest, by falling in love with me?"

"What a conceited mix!" exclaims Mr. Moir, looking fondly into the unflattering depths of his niece's great brown eyes.

"Who knows, but you may be the victim this time?"

Jeanne erects her high-bred head, crowned with its dusky mass of curls, and frowns disdainfully.

"Well, uncle, who and what manner of man may this prodigy, this Petruccio, be?"

"There, my dear, you have me. I regret to say I can give you very little information. But this I know, that I loved his father and mother dearly—they were among my earliest friends—and now that they are both at rest,"

and the old man's voice trembles slightly, "I would like to extend the affection I bore them to their only child. It has always been a source of deep sorrow to me that the ocean has separated us the greater part of our lives."

But his life-work was there, and Richard McGregor was not one to complain. So I have never seen his son, Stephen, who writes me that New York is to be his permanent home hereafter. He is, I am told, a fine, manly fellow—an architect by profession, and clever. But I should hardly have had need to say, as his father left him a considerable fortune. However, we shall soon know all about him, and if he is his father's son I shall want him to make us a long visit."

There is a short silence, broken at last by the sound of a horse's footfall on the road.

Mr. Moir starts from his reverie, and a shadow passes over his placid face.

"There comes the major, Jeanne," he says, abruptly, as a portly figure on horseback looms into sight.

luster neck and arms, her only ornament a string of precious pearls, she enters the drawing-room, where her uncle and guest await her.

An involuntary start of admiration and a low bow from the stranger, a slight inclination of the head and one flash of the great eyes into his from Jeanne, and the introduction is over. But in that glance she has seen a tall, muscular man, about thirty years old, with tawny hair and mustache, and whose keen gray eyes and firm mouth cause her to shrug her shoulders. "Little and say, inavantly,"

"Very handsome, but too masterful," as she leads the way into the dining-room.

The conversation is general at first; but after a time Mr. Moir leads his young friend, with whom he seems thoroughly pleased, to speak of his parents, his boyhood, his little and say, inavantly,

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Strange to say, somebody else has the same thought also, as he looks up from his book as the riders sweep past him like the wind.

"I was beastly rude," he mutters; "but I could not help it. She looked so awfully sweet, and I had never seen her before. I almost gave in; but she shall not have the pleasure of adding me to her list of victims," and he applies himself vigorously to his sketching.

The major is invited to dinner, and eyes jealously the young Adonis seated opposite him. But he needs not fear, for Miss Moir rarely addresses him, if at all while he is apparently engrossed in a discussion with her uncle.

After dinner, music: Jeanne bravely singing the insulted operatic airs, the major bending enraptured over her, turning the leaves of the piano and

Mr. Moir challenges McGregor to a game of chess, in which the former comes off victorious, much to his own surprise and delight and the younger man's chagrin.

Suddenly, after a great crashing of chords, there is a lull at the piano, and then tenderly, and with a strange fervor, Miss Moir sings that sweet old Scotch song, "Auld Robin Gray."

Her voice rings out plaintively and passionately, and no one could accuse her of lacking soul now. When she ceases there is a profound silence in the room, and something very like tears stand in the eyes of the three men. A moment later the major hurriedly bids them all "good-night," and almost immediately after Jeanne rises to leave the room.

Presently the gentlemen enter, and Mr. Moir asks for some singing. Jeanne, after vainly expecting Mr. McGregor to offer to turn her music for her, dashes off into a brilliant Italian concert piece.

Her voice is good, and has been well trained, but is entirely unsuited for such a class of music. She knows it, but is perverse. Her uncle listens, amazed and uneasy for awhile: "It is so unlike Jeanne to sing like that! Why could she not sing some of her pretty Scotch ballads?"

But the piece is long; he has had an unusually good dinner, and he falls asleep before it is finished. Jeanne, at last comes to a stop, wheels round on the stool, and faces her listener. Was there a slight smile under the blonde mustache? Impossible!

"Do you not like my singing?" she asks, abruptly.

There is a pause before he answers deliberately: "If I were polite, I should answer, 'charming—entrancing; but your question was frank. Do you wish me to answer as frankly?'"

She nods assent, wondering a little. "Well," he says, half reluctantly, but he looks her full in the face, "your voice is good, but you lack soul, which is the essence of good singing, and, for that matter, playing also."

Is there a double meaning in his words? She rises abruptly, and bowing lightly, sweeps past him to the door. But he has so risen, and opens it for her to pass, with a bow as haughty as her own. But she does not look up, however.

The following morning the weather is fine and clear, and Jeanne, bright and fresh as the morning itself, trips lightly down the stairs and steps out upon the lawn. Here she is seen by a large crowd, that comes bounding over the grass to meet her with a grand bark of welcome.

And now a glad bark of welcome. Back and forth they run, hither and thither, behind the hedges and trees, laughing and bawling joyously intermingled, until at last the folly succeeds in tumbling his mistress upon the ground, and then sits down, wags his tail furiously, and barks for very joy.

"Bad dog! You shall pay for this!" cries Jeanne, as laughing and breathless she rises from her ungraceful position, as Stephen McGregor issues from the house, and, bowing quietly, wishes her good-morning.

She bites her lips and returns his greeting coldly. She little imagines that the fresh as the morning itself, trips lightly down the stairs and steps out upon the piazza when she stops him, greatly to her own surprise.

He was horridly rude last night, she thinks. But had she not been a little hasty herself? Then, too, she is his hostess, and for her uncle's sake, at least, she must try to be polite. So she says sweetly:

"I did not know that you were an artist, Mr. McGregor. Uncle told me you were an architect."

He looks a little surprised, but answers very courteously.

"He was right. I am an architect by profession, but I am very fond of sketching, though I am not an artist."

"I should be very glad to show you some pretty places to sketch. There is a water-fall not far from here of which we are rather proud. One of the 'show' places, you know," smiling a little.

He hesitates a moment. She is certainly very sweet-tempered to forgive him his rudeness so soon, or is she only trying—

A LUCKY BLUNDER.

BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

She was undeniably out of temper. The stool leaning against the open piano, tall, pale, indignant, her great dark eyes flashing, her red lips closely compressed in a narrow line—an ominous danger signal with Beth Randolph—her small hands clinched as though they would like to do some serious damage, one foot in a bronze slipper beating the carpet with an impatient tattoo.

He was cool, calm, composed; quite alternately self-composed, as he stood beside the big white marble mantle leaning his elbow carelessly upon the shelf where, in a crystal vase a great bunch of ruddy Jacqemint roses made a spot of gorgeous color in the room. His gray eyes said something not altogether complimentary of Job's well-known attribute, and the firm white hand which held the unlighted cigar crushed the fragrant Havana into powdery fragments in its grasp. It was a scene for a painter, one skilled in catching the gloom of human passions; but there was no painter who would have quarrelled with the artist's hand, for the artist went on like the fate of the embryo poet—"some mute, inglorious Milton, unwept, unscathed." Charlie Lyell was the first to break the uncomfortable, not to say awkward, silence.

"I would never have believed it possible. Oh, Beth! After being as good as engaged to me for so long—"

"As good as engaged!" she interrupted, angrily. "Because a woman is—is fond—no, that is not the word—is somewhat partial to your society, here in this dead-end country place, and accepts your attentions, you become imbued with the idea that she is your personal and individual property. I am not engaged to you, Charlie Lyell, and—thank Heaven, I shall never be!"

"Thank Heaven!" he repeats, fervently.

And that speech, you know, would not naturally restore peace and gentleness between the two belligerents; well, hardly.

It struck to Beth's heart like a blow. Up to that moment she had believed that he cared for her a little—just an infinitesimal trifle—but as the one good man redeemed the city of old, so did that small spark of supposed affection keep Beth Randolph's heart from despair. As long as she had that one tiny ray of hope to cling to she could not entirely lose him.

But the hard, harsh reiteration of her own words, spoken in Heaven knows what willful peltance which a woman's nature is prone, that convinced her. He did not care for her; he had been amusing himself with her; he only desired now to retain her friendship that he might prove his power to the world.

"Can I love you?" she asked, half in jest, half in earnest, in which the lots of these two foolish young people were cast. No; he did not care for her, and he had never cared for her; never, never, never! she kept repeating to herself.

Do not acknowledge your right to dictate to me, Doctor Lyell, she said, coldly.

He started. Doctor indeed! Why, she had never called him anything but Charlie in all the years that they had known each other. He saw that it was all over. He bowed, wheeled about, and tossed the mutilated and long-suffering cigar into the fire, his face grave and pale.

"Let us discuss this matter," he said, calmly.

"With all my heart," he eyes scintillating with angry pride. "It should never have been in his arms now, her face hidden upon his shoulder."

"Howard Kemp brought your letter to me as soon as he discovered your blunder, 'dearest!'" he went on. "He has my sympathy, poor Howard; but I never could be thankful enough for that lucky blunder!"

When life is extinct. The French Academy of sciences ten or fifteen years ago offered a prize of one thousand six hundred pounds for the discovery of some means by which even the insensate might die at once without pain, whether in a given case death had ensued or not. A physician obtained the prize for having discovered the following well-known phenomenon. If the hand of the suspected dead person is held towards a candle or other artificial light with the fingers extended and one touching the other, and one looks through the light between the fingers towards the light, there appears a scarlet red color where the fingers touch each other, due to the blood circulating through the tissues through the tissues which have not congealed. When life is entirely extinct the phenomenon of scarlet redness between the fingers at once ceases. The most extensive and thorough trials established the truth of this observation.

Ms. WISLAW'S SCORING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of rest by a sick child crying with pain of cutting teeth, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Wislaw's Scoring Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation. Is pleasant to the taste. The prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents per bottle by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Wislaw's Scoring Syrup."

"How are you?" "Nicely, thank you." "Thank you?" "Why the inventor of SCOTT'S EMULSION?"

Which cured me of CONSUMPTION. Give it to your children. It does not make you sick when you take it. Give it to your children. It does not make you sick when you take it. Give it to your children. It does not make you sick when you take it.

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had no business to indulge; dreams of clear gray eyes and a pale, angry face, totally dissimilar to Kemp's bright, black eyes and rosy complexion. She awoke in the morning uneasy and troubled. Two days of not seeing Charlie Lyell, and two nights of that hating glimpse of gray eyes with a loving look in their depths, did the business thoroughly for her.

"I hate Howard Kemp!" she cried, passionately. "I will write and refuse his offer at once, and be done with it. And then I will write to Charlie—Doctor Lyell! I owe him an apology for my bad temper last Thursday, and I will be brave enough to apologize."

For Beth realized that it is only the lover in heart who will acknowledge an error or fault and seek pardon for the offense.

The letters were written. A kind but firm refusal of Howard Kemp; a few lines to Charlie Lyell, in which she begged his forgiveness, and by expressing a wish that they might be friends once more.

And now here is where fate intervened. As the officious neighbor long since would have done at some time in their lives. She enclosed Charlie Lyell's letter by mistake in the envelope addressed to Howard Kemp, Esq., vice versa. They lay sealed and addressed upon her desk, when Beth, glancing from the window, saw Charlie Lyell driving along in his new phaeton, and at his side his interesting patient, the young lady aforesaid. He was gazing full into the pale sweet face which she had seen in the envelope addressed to Howard Kemp, Esq., vice versa. They lay sealed and addressed upon her desk, when Beth, glancing from the window, saw Charlie Lyell driving along in his new phaeton, and at his side his interesting patient, the young lady aforesaid. He was gazing full into the pale sweet face which she had seen in the envelope addressed to Howard Kemp, Esq., vice versa. 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