WHEN THE NEW WEARS OFF.

He was a rude, and dirt, a mark,
Rich beyond being and pay,
They loved—and yet in their eyes he
Is one unfortunate day
The maiden saw the happiness,
And said, "Oh, she is rich!"
"He's larger now, but sure not worse,
When the new wears off, you'll see."

They married, and then their life grew rich
Wholesome, true joy;
They saw as man and wife now find
Time when pet and toy.
Their "friends" could no rather the right,
And said, with wonderful sigh,
"It will not be so bright and fair
When the new wears off a bit."

Ah, well, the new wears off, of course,
And then, true and true
As comes where was found for
For Love is not so fair
As golden ingots are
But joys will always come,
If, when the new wears off, you'll find
Out how the new comfortable.

—Myrtle Rose Dorrymore in Detroit Free Press.

LOVE AND POISON.

Old Dr. Sylvester Baird does not practise now. He is retired upon a very fine income, the result of long years of practice, very successful too, in a medical point of view, and being a bachelor loves to gather each of his old cronies as time has spared about him, unawed by the presence of petticoats or the domineering of grown up children, whose rapid modern views are inhabitant of old fashioned ways, and who, although they do not express it in so many words, show that they are weary waiting the independence and power that money brings, and which they know must be their portion when hoard and brain that patiently gathered it are hidden away in the earth, with their lying griefs cut in the cold and repulsive granite marble.

One night the doctor and a few of his gray cronies were gathered around the blaze of his fireplace, in his solidly comfortable sitting room, comparing notes on a case of strychnine poisoning that had startled the town. From this special theme they drifted away to a general discussion of the peculiarities of poisons and then to poisoners, those who pursued the dreadful trade of poisoning others for lucrative gain or place or power, in some age. The dotage of divinity was especially well versed in all of the horrible cases of poisoning by the Borgias of olden days, especially that far famed prelate, Cesare Borgia, who, as many historians allege, in conjunction with his father, concocted the plan of poisoning four of the wealthiest cardinals at an evening party in the Villa Corsini, but by mistake the poison, which was mixed with wine, was administered to Alexander VI and Cesare himself. But Cesare was saved, having partaken of but little of the drugged wine. All the rest died. Then Cesare seized upon the papal treasures, but was afterward overthrown and banished.

It would seem from what the reverend gentleman advanced that he believed that everybody connected with the middle classes in those far back days were poisoners, and that every aristocrat man or woman made his or her way to power through the medium of the poison cup. And then, a natural sequence to the process of reasoning indulged in by the clerk, he laid all the blame upon the theological tenets entertained by the people in those days, drawing from one of the quizzed merchants present the cynical observation, "How strangely like a woman the average clergyman reasons!"

Whereat all present, inclusive of the good natured clergyman himself, laughed pleasantly, while the latter continued to his hit and wise observations. He was satisfied from his reading that as a rule poisoning was originally confined among the higher classes of society, and from this he drew the homily that as a rule adversity drew families closer together than prosperity; he was positive that adversity drove friends together with knots of steel.

When asinitus stepped in the hooks of steel that bound friends together relaxed their grip, jealousies were fostered and the glitter of gold dazed the dewy eye of friendship. He did not think, having insanity, that a case of poisoning ever occurred among people in humble life. He had yet to hear of such an instance. Talk as you will, he asserted, the humbler classes are the closest to God and are the most obedient to his will.

Dr. Baird, who had his eye but upon the fire while the not unpleasantly wise clergyman was talking, looked up as he closed and said: "One of your concluding remarks somehow reminds me of a strange case that came under my observation while I was in practice in one of the largest cities of the United States. A watchman was taken suddenly ill while pacing his beat at 2:30 o'clock in the morning, and was carried home.

"The nearest physician, myself as it happened to be, was hurriedly called, and hastening thither I found the man in great distress. Administering something to alleviate his pains, I came to the conclusion that it was a case of poison by strychnine. I put up the proper medicine and on inquiry found that Dr. C. was the regular family physician. The watchman's wife was a handsome English woman, about 35 years of age, who stood at the foot of the bed during my administrations to her husband, with nothing peculiar about her except a pair of piercing black eyes. I do not know that I would have remembered the expression of her eyes but for the fact that the watchman, in an interval of his pain, grasped out, 'Oh, master! I was all right until I ate that little piece of pork.'

"I happened to look up at the time and found the wife's eyes bent upon me intently with a sharp scrutiny of anything but sympathetic. But there was trouble written in her face, and I attributed the look at the time to the natural solicitude of a wife. I had a more important case on hand for that morning, and giving the necessary directions to the woman, together with instructions to call the family physician next day, and believing that the watchman with the necessary attention was in a fair way of recovery, I retired.

"But the watchman died. I read of the fact in the newspapers, but found that no symptoms attached to the case which was not even hinted at. I remember only entertaining surprise at the time, but as the time wore by the allay grew upon me to such a degree that I was transformed by curiosity, which amounted to partial mania, to investigate. One day I happened in to the health office, where the record of deaths and their causes are kept, and turning to the proper name found that the watchman's death was attributed to the intense heat which prevailed upon the night when he was found writhing upon his beat.

"It instantly occurred to me that Dr. C., whom I knew, must have known from the man's general condition, as well as the symptoms which I prescribed, that it was a case of strychnine poisoning, and I must confess that it struck me with a suspicion, which I instantly repelled, that the doctor was in some way portrayed criminally. I made it a point, however, to casually throw myself in his way, and to raise the question of the death of the watchman. The first few words which the doctor dropped convinced me that he was to an way related up in the mystery of the death.

"He stated briefly that when he was called the man was dying, with only a few breaths left in his body. The wife had informed him that I had been gone but a short time before he was called, and that I had said her husband had been overcome by the heat and something the watchman had eaten, which disagreed with his stomach. The fact is Dr. C. had not been called in until late in the afternoon. On comparing notes he C. became interested, and knowing the people in the neighborhood, where he was often called, began a course of cautious inquiry, and in the course of time gave me the following facts:

"When the watchman died, and while the preparations for the funeral were going on, the widow gave great scandal to the neighborhood on account of her impertinent. Her face was absolutely radiant with the happiness of expression and the sound of her voice was as joyous as the expression of her face. She talked glibly on the most trivial of subjects and welcomed people as though a wedding instead of a funeral were going on. Noticing finally that some of the callers were shocked at her actions, she became demure and shy, and called up an affectation of sudden grief, but it did not last long; the old radiance came back, and it seemed that the short time of her simulated grief rebounded the intensity of her broadly apparent happiness when her actual feelings disappeared.

"In due time after the burial of her husband she drew $2,000 insurance money from a life insurance company, and, disposing of such effects as she had, bought tickets for herself and family of three children to England. It was only after her departure that Dr. C. learned that the medicine which I had prescribed had not been administered, but had been thrown in a closet, where they were found intact subsequently. She told a neighbor that her reason for doing this was that she was a Catholic, and would not give her husband a Protestant doctor's medicine.

"Having started into the investigation together, Dr. C. and myself extended it to the subsequent career of the woman. On her arrival in England, where, as it transpired, her girlhood's lover lived, she sought him out, and found that he had entered the British army as a common soldier. But, nothing deterred by this, she flew to his arms, and they wage married, although she knew him to be a common drunkard, only saved from a drunkard's grave by the rigid discipline of the army.

"And we long the also hope that the was indifferent to his selfish egotism and avaricious character. She loved him and she was true him, and that was all she cared. He beat her, but she loved the hand that raised the blows upon her head. He squandered every dollar of the money which she possessed, and when his regiment was ordered to the West Indies he left without even taking a farewell look at her as she lay, not only in a bed of sickness but in a bed of poverty, with her three children in the pestilence. She only wept, but never upbraided her heart's love when she heard how he had brutally deserted her."

As the doctor ceased the cynical nonconformist hummed the line, "'Tis love that makes the world turn round."—J. W. W. in Detroit News.

He Got Gone.

At one of the tin type galleries the other day a gentleman who was in waiting noticed a boy about 10 years old lounging around the door, and he beckoned him in and asked what was wanted.

"Could I get a picture here?" whispered the lad.

"Why, yes."

"How much'll it cost?"

"Only a quarter. You'll be next."

"But it isn't for me, sir; it's a picture of my brother Jim."

"Oh, that's all right; make any difference. Bring him in any time."

"I—I can't, sir!" gasped the boy.

"Why?"

"Cause he's dead, sir; died this morning."

Upon investigation the boy was found to be possessed of only eleven cents, and after ascertaining that his statements were true, the gentleman paid the expense of sending the pride up with his camera and securing two full dozen tintypes of the pale faced dead lying in a house where cold and hunger held places almost as members of the family.—Detroit Free Press.

Young Henry George Savage, who is exploring some of the unknown lands of Japan, is a grandson of Walter Savage Landor, and an artist of some. He has traveled into the interior of Hokkaido and to the Kurile islands, going on horseback 2,000 miles and walking some 800 miles. For seventy days he lived entirely on raw fish, seaweed and rice.

They Fell Into His Mouth.

I have watched upon many occasions the stealthy advance of a crocodile to capture small birds, when in flights of many thousands they have settled upon yielding branches of dwarf willows. The elastic boughs bent down beneath the weight of the innumerable flock, and the crocodile's head appeared above the surface at a distance, sunk below and quickly reappeared (the eyes and crown alone above the water) within by yards of the unsuspecting birds, all of whom were busily engaged in exchanging sentiments, quarreling for place, and occasionally dipping their beaks in the water when the bending reins permitted them to drink. In a few moments after the disappearance of the wary eyes a tremendous splash was accompanied by a pair of open jaws which swept the occupants of the lower branches into the greedy throat.

Spain Are Lucky Now.

You men went into a State street jewelry house the other day. One of them pointed to a stone in a tray and said, "There is an opal; please let me see it." and the salesman handed it to him. The second man was startled. "The superstition about unfortunate or bad luck lurking somewhere in this beautiful stone," said the salesman, "has well nigh vanished. The fact is there is a modern new nature that the opal is a talisman. So you see there is nothing in this line of stones being one thing or another so far as good luck or bad is concerned. If there had been anything in it the opal would be as unlucky now as it was in the beginning."

"What you say may be true," said the man who had asked to see the stone. "I have no superstition about the opal, and never had any. But I know a brother merchant of yours, not far from here, one of the largest dealers in the city, who would not carry an opal in stock. If a customer wants one he will order it, but he won't have one in his house on sale. And yet he is a sensible and successful man in business."—Chicago Tribune.

A Story of Lincoln.

Mr. L. E. Chittenden writes a paper full of domestic interest about the appointment by President Lincoln of Salmon Portmaster to be secretary of the treasury when Mr. Chase resigned. It is printed in Harper's Magazine and compiled from Mr. Chittenden's personal recollections. Chittenden himself, in concern with many of the president's friends, thought the country could not be "run" without Chase as secretary of the treasury, and so represented to Lincoln. When this view was urged some on Lincoln by Chittenden the good president answered:

"If we should all be turned out to-morrow and could come back here in a week we should find our places filled by a lot of fellows doing just as well as we did, and in many instances better. This government does not depend on the life of any man."

No philosopher ever uttered a more profound truth. There is nobody alive today who is important that the place could not be filled and well filled in three days' time.

Lincoln had determined on the appointment of Senator Pomeroy, in Chase's place, and plead as Lincoln usually was, when once he had set his will some could resist him. He sent for Mr. Pomeroy to announce his determination which Mr. Chittenden was still present. Of the scene that followed Chittenden writes:

"It was evident the blow staggered and Mr. Pomeroy through hard breathing was doing considerable. The first time I ever saw tears in his eyes was manifest exhibited in his voice and manner.

"Finally, I will say, I stood for a third time in a week. I am a little more sure. I remember the exact words he spoke. I have frequently repeated them to myself and to others. He said: 'Pomeroy, I have not slept the sleep every supplicant I have made upon my own account for nearly two years. I have prayed for the success of this appointment. I have prayed for it like a mother for the small spark of life remaining from Baltic. I wondered how other men who go to Washington do it. The strain was so intense at times I feared I should lose my reason.