THE WORLD'S VERDICT.

The drops of water along across the canals' back
Had grown solid, and yet we could hear them crack
The water, drop by drop, had frozen all of late
The stone was well rain-drenched, and that night
When gathered in the cup of gold with tower
Drops
Then there were people hastening the golden
hold.

The tardiest pilgrim, who tarried nought the
alone
Or how, who tempted sore, at Nagara, and
The sun which the day had brought once their
Each on the shadow of the sister of Aaron,
Yet for a moment neither spoke, one to
another,
And then the other whispered, "Brother, trust
and power and for the father."
"The other whispered, "God is that
It is the Prophet's will—come close."
Then spoke they
Unto St. Mark, and then and Mark
The cup indeed, and each took one, but least
pick
The golden with the precious drops of life away
It was it Gladdie when they stood. The turn
Had been on high four years, and while from
time
Had dried the water up. When into the
They turned to pause, and cried, turned them
tender
And bade them wonder when they would. Then
sick and faint,
They laid down down again, and in their
of shame
The cup a coloured with crystal water which such
gave
Sure for healing.
When again the pool was
They passed into the bottom of the Pulpit
Just for a moment passed to the east and
The pilgrim lying with their heads
as though
To grasp the golden cup, with still in Gladdie's
hand
And one long wasted cheek, whose hair was
white with age,
Pinked up the cup, noted the sparkling green and
sighed,
Questioning the good by which, alas was made
to give
Up life, and all life held, for one small bit of gold.
And then the curtain passed on again.
—Cecil Scott Mines in Harper's Weekly.

A "CLOSE CALL."

"I remember of once having a very narrow escape from death; and the recollection is also so fixed strongly upon me whenever I am a little ill and feel the need of medicine."

Thus said my companion as we drew our chairs a little nearer to the large wood stove that occupied the center of the waiting room of a small station house in a portain on the ——railroad.

It was in midwinter, and a heavy fall of snow that day had drifted into a deep cut a number of miles down the road, so that the train we were both intending to take was very much delayed. In fact, it was scarcely possible to say just how long we were doomed to wait in that little coop of a station house. Luckily there was only the two of us, for any number would have found poor accommodations, both as to food—a little of which was furnished on by the station man—and the seating and lounging capacity of the place.

It was just growing night, and my companion is affirmative—who, by the way, had evidently adroitly and was turned to take unmentionable commencement with a very easy and philosophical spirit—had dozed another wiper and I was upon the snow door, in order, as he said, "to get an uncle fill in the cracks in position."

The fire burned briskly, and from the open door came some a lonely, energetic gleam of light, which fell directly upon the countenance of my friend, causing to deepen the furrows, yet at the same time covering all with an appearance of composure.

I therefore assigned as our pastime—something the hard, time were their incognito—and looking at the features of the narrator, I listened while he gave me this experience:

I had charge of the city train that year for the firm I am still with, and was there pretty well acquainted with all the druggists and with many of their clerks.

It was at a time of the year when food was unusually brisk, and I found that I sometimes had no small amount of extra work to do. For instance, upon this particular occasion I had been asked by the house to run out to a small suburban place on an important matter, and yet I had charged certain of the trade to see them on that day, and therefore I found it nearly pitch dark, and raining coldly, when I got back to the city.

It is not very exhilarating to one's spirits to think of starting right out and catching four or five places—involving as many miles of travel—before you can have food, and, moreover, in such weather, when you're slightly tired, and about half sick in the lungs. But the firm depended on me, and I was bound to never the ground.

So, without even taking my supper, I jumped into a cab and directed the driver to the first point on my route.

After turning the gas and that and splashing through mud for half an hour, the driver pulled up before the blue and red lights of a corner drug store.

I soon transacted my business and was just about leaving, when, having a hearty acquaintance with the clerk, and at that particular moment suffering some extra pangs in my stomach, I said:

"Charley, put me up short half an ounce of hydrocyanic acid. I'm sometimes troubled with my stomach—some sort of dyspepsia, I guess—and I find that a few drops of the acid help me better than anything else I can use."

He went about preparing the medicine, while we continued a running conversation. His fellow was quite a fellow of the city, and we were alone in the store he gave himself a free time.

I took the small bottle he handed me, placed it in my pocket, and again started on my rounds.

It was almost 10 o'clock when I reached my last stopping place, and as it was but a block distant from my house I dismissed my cab and went on the street.

Nothing of the present but a new clerk I only remarked a nonchalant, hanging the destiny of finding warmth and rest for my cold and weary frame.

Stepping out into the storm I instinctively cast sharply about me and started on a slow run for my residence.

I had done no more than half the distance when I was startled by loud cries coming from some point in the darkness ahead of me. I stopped, and then turn came to my ears:

"Cab! cab! Hold! For God's sake, cab!"

I could see the light from the cab I had just discharged about a block down the main avenue, and perceiving a form through the darkness I could discern that the driver's attention had been attracted by the cab, and that he had stopped in his course.

Only some one wanting to go down town, I thought, and yet the peculiarly pleading character and evident fright of those cries did not let me go on.

I went on, however, but had only reached a few steps when I heard some one run rapidly along on the opposite side of the street.

The person was manifestly very much frightened, for I could hear the quick, shifting cries he drew out as he sped over the ice.

For some reason, or other I felt strongly and strangely influenced by this occurrence, and instead of passing on as I would have done upon almost any other occasion, I stood there in the drizzling rain watching and listening to the footing figure, though I would have much better liked I could see.

Looking back and forward the cries I soon saw, by the rays from a dim street lamp and the light from the drug store, a man, a man dark form, across the street, dashed through the mud, and plunge nearly into the drug store.

When I saw this I felt satisfied that it was all explained quite as well as if I was to remain and see everyone.

Some person in the neighborhood partially sick, and too soon in other sections of alarm a doctor.

Wishing such, I thought I tried to throw aside the matter. Such occurrences are so frequent in the city that one ceases to give them any little more than passing notice.

I therefore continued on for my house, and before I could account to myself why I was so anxious to know more than I had seen, I found myself standing in the drug store, holding my hand slowly and with an apparent air of irresolution.

Well, I asked, pulling my cap slowly stirring the cell cellarage with a tool patent preparing, as "waiting to come, when I heard some footfalls approaching the street door, and a moment later the bell was violently and emphatically rung.

My first impulse was to quietly snatcher the drug jar and then go home to bed, but the same unseen hand that had so attracted me close the gallant cries continued still held the power, and the glass was raised to my lips.

Ding Ding Ding Ding Ding! shrieked the bell without interruption, and when I opened the door a wild eyed, and hatless form, and generally disheveled man gasped out:

"Pare—have—you—taken—it? For—God's—sake—what—have—you—taken—with—that—medicine?"

It then flashed upon my mind what the person was, though I at first took him to be in an opposed branch.

"In that you, Charlie? What's the matter?" I asked, still not quite understanding what he meant—for I did not think of the medicine.

"Tell me, quick," he answered, clutching at my arm and looking wildly into my eyes. "Have you taken—the—the—the—I—guess—you—when—you—more—at—the—store?"

"Yes," said I, now comprehending fully, "I was just going to take it when you pulled my bell."

"Thank God!" he said, and then collapsed in a heap on my feet.

I picked the poor fellow up and was about to call for some of the people in the house when he recovered himself, and with my assistance he crawled slowly up to my warm and comfortable room.

After a few from the terrible shock he had undergone he gave me his experience something like this:

"I was had not left the store very long before I commenced to feel agitated and nervous—I know something. My nerves must be cited. I could not think what it was that so annoyed me, until finally my thoughts turned toward you and the medicine. I had put up at your request, Thomas Lyndon, of this city, in my which you had prescribed. Did I mention that I had taken a teaspoon. I thought I remembered of having done so, but a few drops of the acid helped you some than anything else, and I felt somewhere upon me that you had called for hydrocyanic acid instead of hydrogenated—the medicine I gave you.

"I know that hydrocyanic acid was a deadly poison to the dose you gave of taking, and I cannot last my senses when the full reality of my error became evident. I cannot begin to tell you how I felt or how I have felt all through the matter until now.

"I know that the moment you took that medicine you were injured all help; for it acts almost instantly and very certainly. You see was I to prevent it?

"I flew from my the firm, but could get no response. I wished to have my partner, but he was not in the city. I could go to no other place, so that I could go to no one.

"I then ran all the way home, thinking you might have been sampled there.

"Every moment I was getting worse, as a realization grew upon me that my mistake certainly meant your death, unless immediate aid was very quickly interposed to prevent.

"Running back to the store I immediately called up the chief of police, gave him your name, and quickly detailed the errors to him.

"I soon had word over the line that your father and mother was safe, and then you had moved lively, and I assured that no one knew exactly where.

"After running about all the places in the city—and it appeared to me—I was finally ascertained that you lived on Williams street, though the exact number was still unknown.

"We rang up all the drug stores on or near Williams street, but they did not know your number and had not seen you.

"It seems that a fearful long time was consumed in trying to obtain some information of your place of residence, and in the meantime the poison I was suffering from was growing terrible. Every few minutes I would ring up the chief of police, until I came to thought I certainly was crazy. But your life depended upon everything and I could not be calm.

"Finally word was sent me that a squad of police had very soon in Williams street to interpret, my son, and at the same time the squad's search for your quarters.

"It flashed upon me at that moment that you might not be in some apartment on this side of the city. I sent this theory to the chief, and he at once telephoned to every station in small cities.

"In a few minutes—I was handing twenty minutes the phone—I was called and notified that inspector had come in from several points, and that he was then, or in three, but not left a short time before.

"The intelligence gave me some ease, for by it I knew that you had left alive, and if the police period of Williams street only knew their own eyes—aide from searching—you point to come—you would undoubtedly get your eyes upon someone soon.

"Then a surprise inter word came to my ear that you had not been seen by anybody in the—the drug store, and it was noted that you dozen south toward Williams street.

"After this little action my nerves could stand no longer—and nothing a cab just passing I ran out, jumped inside, and called to the driver to go to Williams street as fast as he could. And he did, for he was on 'fly.' I thought he would go to pieces or blow up the street a ways, when I saw a cab light turn toward me. I called, and called out as loudly as I could, and expected to disgrace myself by my cries, but I could not stop the cab, and it went past left.

"The driver told me that he was could be found at the corner store, and thither I hurried.

"There, as you see, I met my jug of the poisonous before was crushed by the fall—was broken, and I was compelled but a second previously, and the contents of a drop did not leave your stomach.

"Would I stop that you?

"Whatever has been done. We think that was just upon your heels, and that you can should spare drop over other dangerous.

"I gave up that I dark cards have thought that I was a little crazy—nervous, I complained, for I proved, up and down, pulling at my hair and demanding my medicine.

"I was upon the point of rushing out when the phone rang. I had the clerk hold the line that close long long another appeared to me and I thought passed.

"Say," hearing out the green curb, "I guess this is what you want. Here's a bell man. I'm up in Williams street, in front of Mr. William street cells in the Sensing you now hand bing the note Dick."

"It was and and and but I went out of that room with a heavy heart.

"Then from time—Ever man holding impressed upon my mind. I never shall forget them.

"Well, I contained more the street rolling on "Ten hundred and seventeen" at thirty of my cabs and I reached the cab I had left.

"The driver said we were very close to that number, and running up to our house he said that I should wait for him and go down the street a short distance to prevent the movement too light in those upper windows.

"The man the place," he said. "I've been driving around it for years."

"In a flash I rushed the street, hundred upon steps, pulled the bell, rang—well, you know the rest.

"Then you see what a mighty close call I had," said my companion, as he finished his cigar and threw the stub into the blazing fire.

"I have only to add that the lady who was so mentally instrumental in saving my life is standing that troublesome door-step—now his wife, and together we are meeting the joys and bounties of life.

"I might also add that we drove home now without any cab, walking our way arm in arm, together with one and one, at the nearest drug store, and also that I never purchase another, take medicine of any kind whatsoever without carefully reading and removing the label."

"That is certainly a remarkable escape," I said, "and pale as its twin of—"

Just then a long whistle sounded from the distance and we both jumped up and looked down the track, where the bright headlight of a locomotive was seen.

"Hello! here the cars," said my fellow-traveler, and we each gathered up our traps.

I regret to say that I have never since chanced to meet the interesting companion of that day, and I wished for the same beyond train.—George Henry Cleveland in Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Beecher Was Surprised.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's love for children was well known. He always listened to their prattle with interest, and they talked to him with a freedom frankness on all subjects. He was sometimes rather startled by their remarks. He used to tell the following story with great relish:

One Sunday, as he was returning from church, he was overtaken by one of his parishioners who had his little daughter by the hand. In his sermon that day he had earnestly exhorted every one to pray for our Lord. The little girl, evidently anxious that her father should be relieved, volunteered the information that pope had asked Mary that morning.

"And what did Mary?" inquired Mr. Beecher.

"Why, Mary is our cook," replied the little prattler.

"Well, what did you do?"

"Oh, I was in bed. But I hope pa doesn't send cooking." said Mr. Beecher, with a twinkle in his eye as he glanced at his old friend.

"Well, I guess not," said the small damsel. "My mamma isn't a servant—none of my parents aren't servants. Why, they always call us servants of the Lord."—Boston Times.

Retaining.

People who are shy should be discreet. A lady who had a servant somewhat given to extensive inquiry upon returning from a visit one evening:

"Did the carrier leave any mail, Mary?"

"Nothing but a postal card, ma'am."

"Why have it home, Mary?"

"And I thought as how I'd be sending it, ma'am" said the girl with an injured air.

"Perhaps you but any one who sends us unsealed postal cards is stupid and impertinent—don't you?"

"You'll excuse me, ma'am," said the servant, frolic, "but that's a mon party I'd be helpin' about your own mother."—Youth's Companion.

Strong Men Must Have Good Teeth.

Charles Lonsdale, a champion of Paris, lifted a child's play to roll a six inch barrel on his fingers into a cylinder. On one occasion he carried off a soldier on guard who had gone to sleep in the sentry box, depositing both on a low elevation and will close by. An equally amazing story is told of a Dutch Rival Kinsbergen, a blacksmith, who, while standing in a wagon on the ground floor, lifted with one hand half a bullock from the slaughter of a butcher who was rolling past with his load.—Chambers' Journal.

Use of Puzzy's Whiskers.

The long hairs on the side of a cat's face are organs of touch. They are adapted to a sort of fine plastic under the skin, and each of these long hairs is connected with the sensitive nerve by a root. The adjacent ones of these which lose with any surrounding other is thus felt good distinctly by the animal, although the hairs themselves are insensible. They stand out on each side of the face, as well as on the common one. From point to point they are equalized in width of the face, and are, in fact, an imaginary dimension, a line reaching through a circuit of wood is as important flight and shell so close are the most these long hairs.

The cat uses its whiskers in the dark, feeling any obstacle which may present itself to the passage of his body. They process the cat's sense of touch and know which would give warning to the prey if he were to pass for close by a hole, and thus is enlightened with the soft cushion of his paw, and the hairs are in touch. The claws come coming in contact with the ground, they enable him to move and lift with which is a stillness even greater than that of a feather, which steps along the grass and is not perceived until it is trodd upon by prey. In this evolution or design—Samuel Brown News.

Queer Pencils.

A pill is one which is neither capsule, nor sugarcoated, but a ball in one's pocket may possess both of these attributes and be useful and fashionable as well. Occasionally pills are made in cases for stocks of iron, so nearly alike that you could not tell the difference. You would pick one up and not be aware of your error, it is the right box that is kept for home carpentry as readily as you would the red pencils. But if you could across one of these balls in an out of the way place examine it carefully, for you will probably find away down on one side a dark colored mark. Point this point forward and you have a lead pencil fit for a gift in any of the "progressive" sessions and sufficiently to do duty as a special pencil for any special occasion.—New York World.

Scrofula

is the most general and most general of all diseases. Scrofula is running from from it, while thousands everywhere are its suffering victims. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proved its wonderful power by testimony every form of scrofula, including sores and swellings, pimples and boils, salt rheum, eczema, erysipelas, blotches, and all other manifestations of this malignant disease.

The Great Test.

"My son was afflicted with the worst type of scrofula; and on the recommendation of my druggist I gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla. Only six months ago he was in a critical condition. He was so emaciated and weak, suffering from a sore on his neck, gathering behind the ears, causing partial loss of hearing, discharging sores on the face, and painful swelling under the neck or gullet. Scrofula in the veins