UNQUENCHABLE.

My love is like the deep rain
Blue water from the sky;
My desire is like the wind that blows
Soft, laden from the sea;
My wisdom like the sunlight and
The warmth of the sun;
And like the blue sky surround
Her purity of soul.

Her generous thoughts are like the ice rain
That falls in light and joy;
Her kindly gifts to me and my
Come but the summer moon;
Her sympathy is as kind to me
And strong as the earth;
And my love grows strong as the wind
Her presence rouses a light.

Such love we describe when love was young
Not now, when love is old.
Such faith of my power reigns
In love tested to gold.
I would have to my feet the roots of life,
Not yet by sorrow tried,
But now I choose not as a child—
Love than I have to offer.

—Dr. Charles Mackay

FOUGHT IT OVER.

Early in the spring of 1814 the beautiful harbor of Valparaiso, the chief seaport of Chili, was the scene of several stirring events. Capt. Porter, afterward admiral, on returning from his famous cruise in the southern seas, resided in the Chilian seaport before beginning his long voyage to the United States. During his trip among the waters he had won great glory for the American navy by capturing nearly every English whale ship known to be off the coast of Peru and Chili, and by taking from the enemy property valued at over two million dollars. Besides relieving the American whalers of all danger he had inspired the Peruvian and Chilian authorities with respect for the power of the United States.

While putting up for a short time in this South American port his ship, the Essex, was attacked by the English men-of-war Cherub and Phoebe. The gallant fight which followed was one of the bravest in naval history. Though the Essex was injured by a squall before the battle commenced, and the weight of men and metal was heavily in favor of the British, the American man-of-war had strong chances of victory until the power of the Essex parted and fire was discovered below decks.

The burning of the ship decided the fate of the conflict. The flames spread rapidly, driving the gunners from their places and terrifying the women. Efforts were made to subdue the flames, but under the heavy fire of the enemy's guns this was impossible. They crept nearer and nearer to the magazine, where several hundred kegs of powder were stored away. Appreciating the danger that awaited the ship and its gallant crew Capt. Porter called his men together and gave them liberty to make the attempt to swim ashore. Many made the attempt and succeeded, but others were drowned.

The fire of the Essex was finally healed down and the surrender made. Among the seventy-five prisoners who were transferred to the decks of the Phoebe was a boy midshipman, who was not more than 15 years of age. He had been active in the battle, and now that all was lost he refused to leave the ship until his captain was ready to go. Dressed in his bright but battle worn uniform the young midshipman attracted no little attention from the English sailors. There was a manly, determined look on the youthful face, which betokened strength of character and will. When he stepped from the deck of the Essex to that of the Phoebe he cast a lingering glance at the burning ship, and seemed to be taking a long farewell of his old friend.

"See the little youngster," remarked one of the old sailors on the English ship. "He looks as if he was the captain."

"Captain of his mother's apron strings," volunteered another.

A general laugh followed these remarks, but the boy, without deigning to notice the jests, stepped lightly from the bulwark of the ship to the deck. Taking his place among the prisoners he quietly waited for further developments. The English seamen were actively engaged in transferring everything of value from the burning vessel to the Phoebe. The magazine, storeroom, waterroom and even the captain's cabin were ransacked for valuables. The Essex, meanwhile, were being put out gradually by the Englishmen.

As one thing after another was brought from the hold of the doomed ship and thrown recklessly across to the deck of the successful man-of-war, the American sailors closed their teeth with rage, and almost longed for a renewal of the conflict. Articles that had become dear and familiar to their gaze during their long journey in the southern seas were now passing before their eyes into the hands of the enemy. It was a sight of defeat to cause bitter feelings in any heart.

Finally one of the sailors came up from the hold of the Essex clasping a small pig in his arms. The pig was squealing from fright, and the sailor shouted out to his comrades in a loud voice:

"A prize, boys, a prize! By Jasse! It's a fine grunter!"

He landed upon the deck of the English ship. There was a commotion for a moment among the prisoners. The young midshipman stepped up to the sailor with the pig, and claimed it as his own.

"It's my pet pig!" said the midshipman. "And he doesn't belong to you. His name is 'Murphy,' and he has been with us over since we left the island of Noka. Will you give him up?"

"No, you are a prisoner and so is your pig," answered the sailor, at which a general laugh was set up by the others.

The young midshipman, however, was not to be rushed so easily. He soon flushed up with anger, and called the pig with both hands to come quickly.

"But we always respect private property, and this pig belongs to me."

The pig in question in by this time began to feel uncomfortable in the hands of his own claimants, and its squealing was increased and increased tenfold. The sailor sting to his prize, and the young midshipman kept his hold with equal determination.

The pig had been captured on the island of Noka, off the shore of Amsterdam, when the Essex was cruising in the Pacific. Running short of provisions after leaving the Brazilian coast, Capt. Porter had landed at this island while the men enjoyed an exciting hunt inland. The island had been inhabited by Spaniards at one time, and fat will swine were abundant. Among these captures was the small pig, which the sailors named "Murphy." During the rest of the journey the little porker of the midshipman's had become a great favorite, and now that his ownership was in dispute the Americans, as well as the English, seamen crowded around the two contestants.

The English sailors were fair minded and ready for any kind of sport. They enjoyed the scene hugely, and saw in it the germ of an exciting fight. One or two of them shouted out words of encouragement to the Yankee. Then one of the English sailors cried out:

"Go it, my little Yankee, if you can thrash 'Murphy,' you shall have the pig."

This decided the matter. The young midshipman let go of his hold and said:

"Agreed. I'm ready to fight for 'Murphy.'"

A shout of approval greeted this brave retort. The sailor made for a free hold back and forward a step or two, and the Americans saw that, for the time being, forgot the story of their recent defeat and shouted and thrown their young champion. On the other side were the English, who, seeing a new fun contest, and the prize in favor of "Murphy," their sympathy could not help affecting the cool gladiators.

The midshipman was slight in build, but his muscles were hard and well suited for one of his age. His quick, agile movements indicated an athletic training that would now stand him in good stead.

His opponent was an older man, thick, strong and sturdy. Long service in the English navy had hardened his muscles and made him somewhat callous to pain. The battle really seemed all one sided at the beginning, but the American sailors still had confidence in their champion. They had witnessed some of his bravery in the recent naval conflict.

The ring was finally formed, and certain stepping rules regulating the fist fight were agreed upon. The two men then throw off their coats and began the encounter. For the first two or three rounds there was no evident advantage on either side. Sturdy was the heavier of the two, and his blows powerful enough to knock his young antagonist down, but the wily midshipman avoided them well, and succeeded in getting in a stroke now and then that fairly staggered the Englishman. The fight continued for five or ten minutes with no related fury.

Then the English sailor began to puff and blow. His efforts to knock his enemy down were all elusive, and his blows were parried as well that he had really punished the boy but very little. The spectators grew excited and shouted:

"Go it, my little Yankee! Go it, Murphy! Fill for on the man that gets the pig! Go it, boy!"

The fight was renewed, but the midshipman's pugilistic admirers soon began to come to the front. He parried every blow of his antagonist with ease, and sent in his own blows with an eye accuracy. Several times the English man was nearly knocked off his feet, but each time he contrived to keep him up and sent him at it again.

"Don't give in yet. Remember the pig. Give it to the young Yankee."

The shouts of the sailors were confusing, but they served to encourage the fighters. Finally a well directed blow followed up by two or three others from the midshipman, settled the question. The Englishman acknowledged that he was whipped and surrendered the pig to its rightful owner.

The American sailors, prisoners though they were, felt that the second battle of Valparaiso had been fought, and with a cheer that was deafening they joined in a hearty hurra for their champion. The young champion, taking the pig under his arm, acknowledged the cheer and sailed away to his place among the prisoners.

Then did Admiral Farragut, the hero of Mobile and New Orleans and the first admiral, stepped lightly from the bulwark of the ship to the deck. Taking his place among the prisoners he quietly waited for further developments. The English seamen were actively engaged in transferring everything of value from the burning vessel to the Phoebe. The magazine, storeroom, waterroom and even the captain's cabin were ransacked for valuables. The Essex, meanwhile, were being put out gradually by the Englishmen.

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The Wide Imbalment Clothes.

The outside of these tailors who sell clothing on the installment plan are very thorough. When a customer applies for a suit of clothing they take his name and address and whatever references he may have, and if he looks like a good risk he secures the clothing after paying about one-quarter of the purchase price.

He takes it then turned over to the man employed by the firm to ascertain his exact financial standing and reliability. He finds out who the customer patronizes for groceries or meat, and by careful inquiry elicits the information he desires. Of course the men have boxes making of these inquiries. In this way an accurate knowledge of the standing of each customer is attained.

Sometimes, however, the installment man gets fooled, as was the case recently with a Bowery firm. Some clothing had been purchased by an Essex street customer, and the collector had not been able to find her at home for some weeks. One day her work he called early in the morning and was met at the door by the mother of the customer.

"Is Jenny in?" he said.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Can I see her?" he continued, thinking that he had at last run his customer down.

"Yes, yes, you'll find her in the back room."

He stepped into the apartment indicated. The blinds were down and the room was in semi-darkness. When his eyes became accustomed to the gloom he saw his customer laid out in his employer's clothing awaiting burial.—Era and Herald in New York Journal.

Going to the Telegraph.

The telegraph played a merry game with a business man the other day. He has been in the habit of using the wire to convey all sorts of messages relating to family matters, and he has labored under the delusion that everybody in the telegraph company's employ could read his handwriting with ease and accuracy. When he reached his store on the day in question he got a piece of news that sent him to the nearest telegraph office in a hurry. He wanted his wife to know the glad tidings at once. There had been a certain joyful event in the household of a friend, who dwells over in Jersey, and as the good man wrote out his message with a light heart: "Am going to K's. Pretty girl. Won't be home till late to-night." He made his trip across the North river, saw the new arrival and didn't reach his domicile until midnight.

Back to his surprise his wife was sitting up for him. So was her mother, who was paying them a visit. Both ladies were icy cold in their demeanor. They spoke rather virtuously of roues and profligates, and of what happened to such evil persons. The man was thunderstruck. It was all a mystery to him. "Convicted by his own telegram," said his judges. The man was still more perplexed. He wanted to see the dispatch. It was laid before him, and he read: "Am going to kiss pretty girl. Won't be home till late to-night." The man has since then succeeded in convincing his womankind that it was all a telegrapher's blunder, but when he sends a message home now he prints it out in capital letters.—New York Times.

Advice.

There is a wide difference between the advice which is thrust upon you and that which you have to hunt for. The general carelessness of the former brand of advice, and the caution with which the latter is imported should be taken into consideration in estimating American opinion on the value of advice as it is with taxation, we can endure a little of either, if they come to us in the direct way. They must not thrust themselves upon us. We do not understand their kinship at our door, however, they always choose such inconvenient times and are forever talking about arrears.

Some people have a very peculiar way of asking for advice when they really want assistance, and it is a fair punishment when they merely get what they ask and what they want. Good advice is very frequently worth more than money, but the trouble comes in when the creditors refuse to see it in that light.

The proper rule in imparting advice to another is to find out his opinion first and then make your advice suitable with it.—Texas Siftings.

St. Peter's Handwriting.

The papyrus manuscript found in the old hermit's den in a cave near Jerusalem in 1884, and sold to be the work of St. Peter, has been submitted to a committee sent out by the Biblical society of London, who have come to the conclusion that the manuscript is in reality in the handwriting of the great apostle. They have refused a $100,000 offer for the document, which was made by a British society of literary enthusiasts. The Hebrew Bible in the Vatican and the manuscript copy of the Book of Mormon are the only other documents for which so high a price has been offered.—St. Louis Republic.

Bright Lies or Mosquito Barks.

The offer of a prize for the best essay on a method of destroying the mosquito has resulted in a large number of essays thrown in the subject. Dr. Lindemann, one of unofficially styling himself the for the purpose of exterminating the and mosquitoes seems to have met with little favor. Mr. Weeks, to whom a prize was awarded, considered that any attempt to destroy flies and mosquitoes by the artificial propagation of dragon flies or any other insect would be impossible, unadvisable and impractica. Various methods of destruction have been proposed, among which are sprayed pulverizers for the larvæ and ponds, draining and pouring of kerosene, cultivation of fungoids, the employment of attracting lights to use single to clean of insects, the rearing of fish and the encouragement of water fowl where fresh water is abundant.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

You feel tired—you get up worse than when you went to bed. You don't know what it means? You are sorry you—Why? You cough in the morning—Do you realize the cause? Your appetite is poor—What makes it so? You sour like a changed person to your friends—Do you know what is the matter, or has the change been so gradual it has escaped your notice? You have Consumption! We do not say this to frighten you, but it is true. These are the sure symptoms of this terrible disease. There is one thing which will check it and that is

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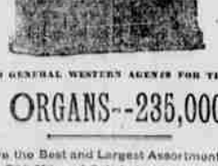

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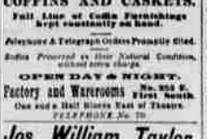

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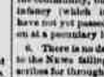

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To Horse-Owners.

The Split Nail in this Shoe seriously lamed the horse from which it was removed. It taken in Worcester, Mass. One point of the nail came out in the proper place for clenching, and so deceived the blacksmith who shod the horse. The other point went in the direction shown in the illustration, piercing the tender part of the foot called the "quick," from which the horse was made until for one nearly two weeks.

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8. It is free from objectionable advertisements, so that no parent need fear that his children will have their minds corrupted from having access to it; in fact, it refuses thousands of dollars worth of the best paying advertisements annually, because it is devoted to the moral and spiritual interests of its readers instead of to getting gain at their expense.

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