The Day of Storm.

'Twas a day of storm, for the giant Atlantic
rolling in pride,
Drawn by the full moon, driven by the fierce
wind tide upon tide,
Flooded our poor little channel. A hundred
anxious eyes;
Were watching a breach new broken—when sud-
denly some one cries:
"A boat coming in!"—and, rounding the pier
head that hid her before
There, sure enough, was a stranger smack, head
straight for the shore.
How will she land, where each wave is a moun
tain? Too late for how!
Run up a flag there to show her the right place!
She must land now!

She is close; with a rush on the galloping wave
top, a stand,
As the water sinks from beneath her, her nose
just touches the land
And then, as rude hands, sacking a city, greed of
prey,
Toss, in some littered chamber, a child's toy light
away,
A great wave rose from behind, and lifting her
towered and broke,
And flung her headlong, down on the hard
beach close to the folk.
Crash! * * * But 'tis only her bowsprit gone;
she is saved somehow;
And a cheer breaks out, for a hundred hands have
hold of her now.

And they say 'twas her bowsprit saved her, or she
must have gone over then;
Her bowsprit it was that saved her; and little
they think those men
Of one weak woman that prayed, as she watched
them tempest driven!
They say 'twas her bowsprit saved her! I say
'twas that prayer, and heaven!

DAD'S JO.

Just noon of a warm, bright day at Block Island. On the broad, shady piazza of the great hotel there is an unbroken stillness. The roses, clambering over the railing, nod lazily in the breeze; the lace curtains at the long windows sway gently to and fro; the parlors beyond are silent and deserted. Up at the beach the waves are sleepily lapping the glistening sand, while the bright-colored suits drying in long lines behind the bathing-houses are the only reminder of the merriment which existed less than half an hour ago. One or two ox-teams are slowly creeping along the road, loaded with trailing seaweed of variegated hues; here and there is a group of bronzed fishermen mending their nets. These are the only signs of life.

Everybody is down on the pier. The Block Island is overdue more than twenty minutes, and the rickety boards creak and tremble as the anxious crowd press to the very edge, each one eager to catch the first glimpse of the steamer as she rounds Clay Head.

The excitement increases. The fishing-boats huddle closer together behind the breakwater; the hackmen, growing impatient, vociferate loudly; the Marine band in the pavilion on the hill strikes up; and yet——

"Here comes Jo!" some one shouts.

"Depend on't, the boat'll be in soon, now," says a grizzled, old fisherman standing close by. "Jo's a sure sign. Nigh onto a year since she's watched that boat come in every day, and I never knew her to round the Head unless Jo was here."

All eyes turned toward the road. An antiquated specimen of a carriage is coming down the hill as rapidly as the lean and bony horse in front can drag it along.

It draws up on the wharf beside the more pretentious vehicles, a young girl jumps out, ties the horse, lays her arms lovingly around his neck a moment, then hurriedly pushes her way through the throng to the end of the pier.

A tall, angular girl, clad in a home-made dress of the coarsest material, scant and patched, yet very clean, with a rough straw hat tied down over hair which is long, straight, and decidedly red. A girl with nothing pretty and attractive about her, but there is such a brave, pathetic look in her great, blue eyes, that one involuntarily turns and looks at her again and again.

Swiftly and silently she passes along to the farther end of the pier and, lifting one hand to shield her eyes from the sunlight, gazes steadfastly at the distant horizon.

"I know he will come to-day," she says, seemingly unconscious that she is speaking aloud. "Just a year ago to-day he went over there, Dad did. He went to get some fixin's for me, and he promised to come back soon, but it has been *so* long. Oh! he will surely come to-day, won't he?" she asks, turning to a weather-beaten, old sailor, who is gazing at her with just a suspicion of moisture in his eyes.

"Aye, lass, that he will," he answers.

"I've got extras for dinner to-day," she goes on, brightening up, "'cause he'll have a mighty appetite after being at them furrin' places so long, and I've made a cushion for his chair that sets by the window. I brushed up the team, too, and old Bess seemed to know he was coming, for she brought me over in no time."

"Quite like he'll come to-day," says the old skipper, "and he'll bring you so many smart things that I'm afeared you won't be Jo any longer."

"Yes, I will," replied the girl. "I'll always be Jo to Dad anyway. Dear, old Dad. He's told me many a time, how he picked me up out of the water that dreadful night; and when no one seemed to want me, he took me home with him; me, a helpless baby with nothing in the world but a ring on my finer with 'Jo' scratched on it. Oh, I wish I could do something big for him, so he would know."

"Well, cheer up, lass; he's waiting for some good reason. P'raps he can't find what he wants for you just yet."

"Oh, I know now; that's it. He was going to get me a blue gown with a big collar on it and a great, gold star in each corner, but I begged him to try and get a white one; white is so pretty like, and I never had a white dress in all my life," glancing ruefully down at the homespun cotton. "May like he had to go and go, 'fore he could get it."

For a few moments she gazed earnestly over the water. Is it smoke—that long, thin line of gray? Yes! just around the headland something white is coming into view. A few more minutes and the great steamer, gaily bedecked with flags and pennants, burst into sight. Slowly, too slowly for Jo, the boat ploughs along through the blue water, until, all dripping with foam and sparkling in the sunshine, the huge wheels cease revolving and the Block Island is in at last. The ropes are fastened, the plank is thrown out and the passengers come ashore.

Into every face Jo peers eagerly. He might have changed in a year so very much that she must watch closely. One by one they come; friends are greeting friends; they are all off now, and—where is Dad?

With one despairing cry she bounds down the plank and searches for him in the cabins.

"Come, come, move along, my girl," says the captain, roughly. "What do you want here?"

"Oh, I want Dad," she sobs; "he was comin' to-day, I know. Tell me, haven't you seen him?"

"How should I know him," he answers, gruffly. "Move along! We are late to-day and can't be bothered."

Jo turns slowly away and mechanically passes up over the gangway. What does it matter to her that the sun is shining, that the band is playing its sweetest music? All the brightness of the day has gone for her. Calmly she walks along, slowly unfastens Bess, and climbing in the waggon, silently drives away.

But her face is very pale and there is such a strange, strange look in her great, blue eyes that more than one honest-hearted sailor draws his brown hand across his eyes and murmurs, "Poor little gal!"

It is evening. A sudden and fearful storm is raging. The sea has arisen, and with a roaring sound rushes inland to dash itself against the rocks. Up at the great hotel, the huge drops of rain dash against the windows, and the guests gathered together in the splendid parlor, shudder and tremble at every returning flash and deafening peal. Down on the beach the angry surf is rolling in, mountains high, and the fishermen are anxiously gazing out upon the dark waters as if fearful of what such a storm might accomplish.

Suddenly there comes a vivid flash, a terrible reverberating roll and in the awful silence that follows, the group of waiting men gaze with horror in each other's faces. Then comes another flash close by and on the outer edge of the breakwater—they see a ship is going to pieces. There comes the sound of a signal gun, once, twice. All is confusion now. The life-boat is manned, pushed out and beaten back. Above the angry shrieking of the wind can be heard the shouts of those on the beach, the faint, despairing cries of those on the doomed vessel, and the sobs of the women who are endeavoring to keep back their loved ones from seeking death in those terrible waters.

And it is death. Six stalwart forms, so full of life only a few moments before, are stiffening on the damp sand. It is of no use; no boat can live in such a storm, and hundreds of lives must perish while they stand there, unable and powerless to help.

The storm redoubles its fury. One sharp shaft of lightning and a cry goes up from the terrified women. A figure can be seen near one of the dismantled masts; a figure with gray hair and beard flowing in he wind.

It is Jo's Dad.

They must try again. They cannot let him die when she expects to see him so soon. Five pairs of hands are ready. Can they have one more In another moment it will be too late.

But, see! Some one is hurriedly advancing toward them through the darkness and mist; a slender figure, wrapped in a shawl, with pale face, and eyes that burn like coals in the blackness.

It is Jo.

She springs into the life-boat beside them. Her presence nerves them on, and they push off into the seething waters.

They have come back, and have laid her unconscious on the damp sand. Some beam had struck her, and she had not spoken since. The blue eyes are closed, but there is a smile on the still, white face, and the small hand is firmly clasped in the grasp of a trembling old man, who is stooping over her, and smoothing back the thick masses of hair from her pale forehead.

A hush falls upon them all. Tenderly they take her up, and, with her hand still clasped in his, sadly wind their way to the little cottage where she has waited for him so long.

It all happened only last night. The storm had gone down soon after they had carried her home, and the sun is shining brightly, lovingly, as though there is no sorrow, and never a storm or wreck.

They had laid her on the little white bed in her chamber, from which the harbor could be plainly seen, and, save for one or two kind neighbors, had gone away and left them together; she, lying so still, with closed eyes—he, bending over her, silent and unmindful of the presence of others.

Just before noon she slowly opens her eyes and gazes at him in silence. Then, with a little sigh, she says feebly: "I knew you'd come, Dad; I knew you'd come. 'Twas a hard voyage you had, Dad, and a pretty rough landing; but you didn't mind it, 'cause your little gal was there."

She is silent for a few moments, and then raising her head, she asks:

"The white dress? You didn't forget it? The white dress with the gold stars on the corners that you were going to get for your little gal?"

"Oh, Jo!" The tears are streaming down the old man's cheeks. "I bought the purtiest one for ye; all soft and white, with stars on't, and a great, long sash; but I—lost—it—in the wreck—Jo!"

"And a great, long sash." This is very slowly. "Oh, Dad, if I only could see it; but don't cry; I guess I won't want it; I'm going to leave you a little while, just a little while. I'm going up there, where they have lots and lots of white dresses, all shining and pretty; and soon you'll come, too, won't you, Dad? I'll watch for you just as I did here, and there won't be—any storms—Dad—the vessel will sail—right in the blue water—an' I'll be looking for you. I'll have 'em give me—a dress—with a big, shining star on it—an' you'll know me sure—I knew you'd come!"

One last feeble pressure of his hand, one little smile, and Jo waits and watches no more on earth.

A strange calm falls upon he old man. They cannot persuade him to leave her for an instant. He is utterly deaf to their entreaties, and, kneeling by the bed, he presses from time to time her ice-cold hand to his lips. All through the long night he keeps his silent watch, and when another morning breaks they find him still there.

Mechanically he watches them robe her for the last resting-place, in pure white garments that a kind-hearted neighbor has brought; unmoved he sees them place a few snowy buds in her hands.

Presently the door opens softly, a rough-looking fisherman comes in, and, bending over the coffin, his tears fall like rain upon the face within.

"The little gal was so happy yesterday," he says, turning to the old man, who, even now, will not remove his gaze from her. "I'll never forget her standin' there an' sayin' as how she wished she could do something big for Dad; an' she has, she has, poor little girl."

Covering his face with his horny hands he breaks into bitter weeping, and, turning, leaves the room.

The old man leaves the room. His whole face changes. The terrible calm has broken up, but no tears come. Only a look of unutterable gladness and joy.

"I know'd it, Jo; I know'd it. Somethin, big for Dad! Dear little gal! Wait just a minute, Jo; I'm comin'!"

His head falls forward upon the coffin. Some one comes in presently and finds him there. He is quite dead.

They bury them side by side, in one grave, close by the murmuring sea; and at the head they place a simple, white wooden shaft, with just these two words roughly inscribed upon it—"*Dad's Jo!*"

"Hill-Throned" Herat.

The Herat district may be called the Wales of Afghanistan, having as distinct an individuality of its own, in race, customs, physical conformation, and even in language, to a certain extent, as Wales itself with regard to England. But the first glimpse of the great fortress which its wild citizens proudly call "hill-throned Herat" will be more apt to suggest Cettinge to any traveller who has seen the quaint little toy metropolis of Montenegro. Built in a slight depression on the summit of a range of rocky hills 2,650 feet above the sea, with endless waves of bleak, craggy mountains rolling up on every side, Herat is certainly a very tolerable Eastern version on a large scale of Prince Nikita's miniature capital. But this resemblance is merely one of general outline. In all its essential characteristics, Herat is thoroughly oriental. All around it rises a vast artificial mound nearly 20 yards in height, upon which stands one of those huge clumsy walls of dried mud, with great bulging towers swelling out like blisters along its gaunt whitish gray surface, which form the leading feature of Tschemkend, Djizak, Samarcand, Khiva, and almost every other Central Asian city that one can name. This imposing rampart is now in a sadly crazy state, made doubly obvious by stray patches of modern renovation. But when one notes its height of 25 feet and thickness of 14, or looks up at the still formidable, though crumbling, Bala-Hissar (citadel), which frowns over the city from a steep rock in its centre, one begins to understand how it has twice survived a flood of invasion which submerged all the rest of Afghanistan, and why one of its ablest rulers poetically styled it "the hilt of the Afghan's sword." But even here foreign influence is traceable. The long vassalage of Western Afghanistan to Nadi Shah in the last century, and the constant intercourse with Eastern Persia naturally produced by Herat's position, have leavened the warrior-like brusqueness of these tall, stately, black-haired mountaineers in overhanging turbans with a tinge of that habitual politeness which has won for the Persians their title of "the French of Asia." The advantages of Herat's central situation amid the great markets of Merv, Balkh, Cabul, Meshed and Candahar become obvious from a single stroll along the 1,300 feet of brick-vaulted bazaar stretching inward from the Cabul Gate. Carpets, shoes, caps, cloaks, sables, dressed sheepskins and curiously-adorned saddles lie heaped on every side. Here a skinny Kashgarin, whose huge bat-like ears project far beyond the little green, saucer-shaped cap that surmounts a face which seems to have just passed through a lemon-squeezer, is bargaining for a gaudy carpet with a gaunt, high-cheeked Persian. There a tall wiry Beloochee, whose coarse black hair falls in long straggling curls upon his soiled white tunic, has just bought a saddle from a bullet-headed Tartar, whose flat, wide-mouthed visage looks very much like a penny with a hole through it. In leaving the bazaar you jostle two Chinamen who are peddling sample squares of "brick tea," while just behind them a bearded Russian Jew, in a long black robe and yellow girdle, is extolling to a swarthy, turbaned Afghan from Cabul the merits of a big tea-urn.

Portraits of Christ.

A paper on the portraits of Christ was read before the Baptist Ministers' Conference yesterday morning by the Rev. W. F. Taylor. He claimed that the ancient pictures of Christ were not attempts at portraiture of His face, but merely executed to represent some incident in local history, as the crucifixion. They were to be taken as the present photographs of public events, more to keep in mind a remembrance of the event than those taking part in it. But the artist is not destitute of data for a likeness of the Lord. His character and feelings are given in the Bible, and can be studied to advantage, as the true portrait painter to-day studies the mind, habits and thoughts of his subject, and not merely the outward facial expression. In regard to the Jewish physiognomy, which many claim for the true features of Christ, Mr. Taylor thoought it was a "race mark," which was unknown during Christ's lifetime. There are many sound theorists who claim that Luke was an artist, and that Christ gave him sittings, but this is not reconcilable with the Holy Scriptures. "And from those alone," said Mr. Taylor, "must a true portrait of the Saviour be obtained. Michael Angelo's 'Last Supper' is admirable, but it does not agree with the teachings of the Bible. A history of mythology would give more information upon the subject. In my opinion Sebastian's 'Raising of Lazarus' presents a better model for Christ than all the thorn-crowned heads that were ever painted."—*New York Times.*

Somebody has discovered by an extended experience that ice water, or water but a few degrees warmer than ice water, sprinkled upon cabbages during the heat of the day will kill the imported cabbage worm. Such an application in the hot sun causes them to quickly let go their hold upon the leaves, roll to the ground and die, while the cabbages suffer nothing, but look all the fresher for the application.

It is a philosophic truth that the least things and the greatest are bound together as elements equally essential of the mysterious universe.

"Maryland, My Maryland."

* * * "Pretty Wives,
Lovely daughters and noble men."

"My farm lies in a rather low and miasmatic situation, and

"My wife!"

"Who?"

"Was a very pretty blonde!"

Twenty years ago, became

"Sallow!"

"Hollow-eyed!"

"Withered and aged!"

Before her time, from

"Malarial vapors, though she made no particular complaint, not being of the grumpy kind, yet causing me great uneasiness.

"A short time ago I purchased your remedy for one of the children, who had a very severe attack of biliousness, and it occurred to me that the remedy might help my wife, as I found that our little girl, upon recovery had

"Lost!"

"Her sallowness, and looked as fresh as a new blown daisy. Well the story is soon told. My wife, to-day, has gained her old-timed beauty with compound interest, and is now as handsome a matron (if I do say it myself) as can be found in this county, which is noted for pretty women. And I have only Hop Bitters to thank for it.

"The dear creature just looked over my shoulder, and says 'I can flatter equal to the days of our courtship,' and that reminds me there might be *more pretty wives if* my brother famers would do as I have done."

Hoping you may long be spared to do good, I thankfully remain,

C. L. JAMES.

BELTSVILLE, Prince George Co., Md., May 26th, 1883.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

The Duke of Sutherland has decided to break up the great sheep farm of Armadale, in West Sutherland, which extends to 20,000 acres, into small farms, which are to be offered at low rents to the Farr crofters.

Nothing in the World Like it.

Nothing can equal Polson's NERVILINE as a remedy for internal, local, or external pains. It is the strongest, therefore, the best. Nerviline penetrates at once to the source of disease, and affords immediate relief. C. B. Allison, & Co., druggists, Picton, speaking of Nerviline, state: "Our customers speak of it in the highest terms." Nerviline nerve pain cure will always command the praise of all who use it. Nerviline is an honest remedy. Always sure, and prompt to relieve, and therefore is the best remedy to keep in the house. Buy a sample bottle, which costs but ten cents, and be convinced that Nerviline is the best pain remedy in the world. Sold by druggists and country dealers.

London *Life* is responsible for the statement that Lily Langtry's personal charms are dwindling and fading, and declares that their loss is due to her devotion to her acting but her acting doesn't seem to have gained any of the charms.

The Summer is Come.

The birds with us once more. Nature garbed in the brighest green brings joy to those who hate the cold and dreariness of winter. But summer brings with her many other things besides green fields and singing birds. Corns sprout and grow just as if mother earth had a share in nurturing them, and no person wants them. Go, then, to the nearest drug store and buy a bottle of the great and only sure corn cure—PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR. A few days will relieve you of them. N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

A genuine novelty has been introduced at the new opera house at Buda-Pesth. During the change of scenes a cloud of steam takes the place of a drop curtain.

For the Ladies.

Laughter is the poor man's plaster,
Making every burden light;
Turning sadness into gladness,
Darkest hour to May dawn bright.

'Tis the deepest and the cheapest
Cure for ills of this description
But for those that woman's heir to,
Use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription."

Cures all weaknesses and irregularities, "bearing down" sensations, "internal fever," bloating, displacements, inflammation, morning sickness and tendency to cancerous disease. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

A sum of $10,000,000 has been fixed upon to be expended for the Paris international exhibition in 1889.

I Had a Dreadful Cough,

and raised a considerable amount of blood and matter; besides, I was very thin, and so weak I could scarcely go about the house. This was the case of a man with consumption arising from liver complaint. He recovered his health *completely* by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Thousands of others bear similar testimony.

An industrious statistician in New York State announces that during the past winter the thermometer registered below zero on fifty-two days.

* * * * Delicate diseases, affectin male or female, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Illustrated book three letter stamps. Consultation free. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A man takes contradiction and advice much more easily than people think, only he will not bear it when violently given, even though it be well founded.

——Druggists in malarial districts say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is as much the standard remedy for female weakness as quinine is for the prevailing chills and fever.

Gradual Development of the Mind.

Sir H. Holland says: "Whatever theory we hold as to the functions of the brain or mind, it is certain that the powers of the brain are only gradually developed, and if forced into premature exercise they are impaired by the effort. This is a maxim, indeed, of greater import, applying to the condition and culture of every faculty and function of body or of mind, and singularly so to the memory, which forms, in one sense, the foundation of intellectual life. A regulated exercise, short of inducing fatigue, is improving to it, as, indeed, we are bound to refrain from goading it by constant and laborious efforts in early life, and before the instrument is strengthened to its work, or it decays in our hands.

Grant and His Cigar.

The silent smoker rode without a word, his cigar still unlit and perhaps the same he had in the morning still between his teeth. There was an appearance of firmness about the man and about everything about him. The cigar seemed to be fast rooted in the man, the man in his saddle, the saddle to the horse, the horse to the solid earth. We have never forgot the impression of simple good will and kindness which was as distinctive a trait as firmness without severity. Of the cigar we had never heard; but it made an impression. It was a feature. Grant is not all of Grant without it.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

The seed of Petunia grandiflora fetches $500 an ounce.

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IT WILL CURE ENTIRELY THE WORST FORM OF FEMALE COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, INFLAMMATION AND ULCERATION, FALLING AND DISPLACEMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAKNESS, AND IS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE CHANGE OF LIFE.

IT WILL DISSOLVE AND EXPEL TUMORS FROM THE UTERUS IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE TENDENCY TO CANCEROUS HUMORS THERE IS CHECKED VERY SPEEDILY BY ITS USE.

IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, DESTROYS ALL CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. IT CURES BLOATING, HEADACHE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, GENERAL DEBILITY, DEPRESSION AND INDIGESTION.

THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE.

IT WILL AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS THAT GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM.

ITS PURPOSE IS SOLELY FOR THE LEGITIMATE HEALING OF DISEASE AND THE RELIEF OF PAIN, AND THAT IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSANDS OF LADIES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY.

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