I have ships that went to sea
More than fifty years ago;
None have yet come home to me,
But are sailing to and fro.
Great the treasures that they hold,
Silks and plumes and bars of gold;
While the spices they bear
Fill with fragrance all the air,
As they sail, as they sail.

I have waited on the piers, Gazing for them down the bay, Days and nights for many years, Till I turned heart-sick away. But the pilots, when they land, Stop and take me by the hand, Saying, "You will live to see Your proud vessels come from sea, One and all, one and all."

So I never quite despair.

Nor let hope nor courage fail;
And some day when skies are fair
Up the bay my ships will sail.
I shall buy hen all I need,—
Prints to look at heaks to read. Prints to look at, books to read Horses, wines, and works of art, Everything except a heart, That is lost, that is lost.

# THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

How June Found Massa Linkum.

June laid down her knives upon the scrubbing-board, and stole softly out in the yard. Madame Joilet was taking a nap up stairs, and, for a few minutes at least, the coast seemed to be quite clear.

June was a little girl who had lived in Richmond ever since she could remember, who had never been outside the city boundaries, and who had a vague idea that the north lay just above the Chichahominy, and the Gulf of Mexico about a mile below the James. She could not tell A from Z, or the figure 1 from 40; and whenever Madame Joilet made those funny little curves and dots and blots with pen and ink, in drawing up her bills to send in to the lodgers up stairs, June considered that she was moved thereto by witches. Her authority for this theory lay in a charming old woman across the way, who had one tooth, and wore a yellow cap, and used to tell her ghost stories sometimes in the evening.

Somebody asked June once how old she was

"Spect I's hundred-dunno," she said, gravely. Exactly how old she was nobody knew. She was not tall enough to be more than seven, but her face was like the face of a little old woman. It was a queer little face, with thick lips and low forehead, and great mournful eyes. Whenever they looked at one, they seemed to cry right out, as if they had a voice. But no one in Richmond cared about that. Nobody cared about June at all. When she was unhappy, no one asked what was the matter; when she was hungry, or cold, or frightened, Madame Joilet laughed at her, and when she was sick, she beat her. If she broke a teacup, or spilled a mug of coffee, she had her ears boxed, or was shut up in a terrible dark cellar, where the rats were as large as kittens. If she tried to sing a little in her sorrowful, smothered way over her work, Madame Joilet shook her for making so much noise. When she stopped, she scolled her for being sulky. Nothing that she could do ever happened to be right; everything was sure to be wrong. She had not half enough to eat, nor half enough to wear. What was worse than that, she had nobody to kiss her; nobody to love her and pet hev; nobody in all the wide world to care whether she lived or died, except a half-starsed kit-ten that lived in the wood-shed. For Frenchwoman, Madame Joliet was her

Hungry was the kitten. June had named it so because it was black. She had an idea that everything black was

hungry, in the nature of things.

That there had been a war, June had gathered from old Creline, who told her the ghost stories. What it was all about she did not know. Madam Joilet said some terrible giants, called Yankees, were coming down to eat up all the little black girls in Richmond. Creline said that the Yankees where the Messiah's people, and were coming to set the ne-groes free. Who the Messiah was, June did not know; but she had heard vague legends from Creline of old-time African princes, who lived in great free forests and sailed on sparking rivers in boats of painted bark, and she thought that

he must be one of them.

Now, this morning, Creline had whispered mysteriously to June, as she went up the street to sell some eggs for Madame Joliet, that Massa Linkum was coming that very day. June knew nothing about Massa Linkum, and nothing about those grand, immortal words of his which had made every slave in Richmond free; it had never entered Madame Joliet's plan that she should know. No one can tell, reasoned madame, what notions the little nigger will get if she finds it out. She might even ask for wages, or take a notion to learn to read, or run away, or something.

no one; she kept her prudently in the house, Tell her? No, no, impossible!
. But June had heard the beautiful news this morning, like all the rest; and June was glad, though she had not the slightest idea why. So, while her mistress was safely asleep up stairs, she had stolen out to watch for the wonder-

She was standing there on tiptoe on the fence, in her little ragged dress, with the black kitten in her arms, when a great crowd turned a corner, and tossed up a cloud of dust; and swept up the street. There were armed soldiers with glittering uniforms, and there were flags flying, and merry voices shouting, and huzzas and blessings distinct upon the air.

There were long lines of dusky faces up-turned and wet with happy tears. There were angry faces, too, seewling from windows and lurking in dark corners. It swept on, and it swept up, and June stood still and held her breath to look, and saw, in the midst of it all, a tall man dressed in black. He had a thin, white

face, sad-eyed, and kindly and quiet, and he was bowing and smiling to the

people on either side.

"God bress yer, Massa Linkum, God bress yer!" shouled the happy voices; and then there was a chorus of wild hurrahs, and June laughed outright for glee, and lifted up her thin voice, and cried, "Bress yer, Massa Linkum!" with the rest, and knew no more than the kitty what she did it for.

The great man turned, and saw June standing alone in the sunlight, the fresh wind blowing her ragged dress, her little black shoulders just reaching to the top of the fence, her wide-open, mournful eves, and the kitten squeezed in her arms. And he looked right at her, on, so kindly! and gave her a smile all to herself—one of his rare smiles, with a bit of a quiver in it—and bowed, and was

"Take me 'long wid yer, Massa Linkum, Massa Linkum!" called poor June, faintly. But no one heard her; and the into a cry, and the hot tears came, and she laid her face down on Hungry to hide them. You see, in all her life no one had ever looked so at poor June be-

"June, June, come here!" called a sharp voice from the nouse. But June was sobbing so hard that she did not

"Venez ici-vite, vite! June! Voila! The little nigger will be the death of me. She tears my heart. June, vite, I say!"

June started, and jumped down from the fence, and ran into the house with

great frightened eyes.
"I just didn't mean to, noways, missus. I want to see Massa Linkum, an, he look at me, an' I done forgot eberyting. Oh. missus, don't beat me dis yere time, an' I'll neber—" But Madame Jolieti interrupted her

with a box on the ear, and dragged her up stairs. There was a terrible look on Madame's face. Just what happened up stairs I have not the heart to tell you.

That night June was crouching and sobbing, bruised, and bleeding, behind the kitchen stove, when Crenline came in on an errand for her mistress. Madame Joliet was obliged to leave the room for a few moments, and the two were alone together. June crawled out from behind the stove.

"I see him—I see Massa Linkum, Creline."
"De Lord bress him foreber 'n' eber. Amen!" exclaimed Creline, fervently, throwing up her old thin hands. June crept a little nearer, and looked

all around the room to see if the doors were shut.

"Creline, what's he done gone come down here fur? Am he de Messiah?"
"Bress yer soule, chile! don' ye know

better 'n dat ar!"
"Don' know nuffin,' said June, sullenly, "Neber knows numn; spects I
never's gwine to. Can' go out in de road
to fine out—she beat me. Can' ask nufshe just gib me a push down cellar.

Oh, Creime, der's sech rats down dar now—dar is!"
"Yer poor critter!" said Creime, with great contempt for her ignorance.
"Why, Massa Linkum, everybody knows bout he! He's done gone made me

free-whole heap on we." "Free!" echoed June, with puzzled

"Laws, yes, chile; 'pears like yer's dreffu! stupid. Yer don' b'nlog"—Creline lowered her voice to a mysterious whisper, and looked carefully at the closed door—"yer don' b'long to Missus Jolly no more dan she blongs to you, an' dat's de trufe now, 'case Massa Lin-kum says so—God bress him!"

Just then Madame Joilet came back. 'What's that you're talking about?" she said, sharply.

"June was jes' sayin' what a heap she tink ob you, missus," said Creline, with a grave face.

June lay awake a long time that night, thinking about Massa Linkum, and the wonderful news Creline had brought, and wondering when Madame Joliet would tell her that she was free.

But many days passed, and Madame said nothing about it. Creline's son had left his master and cone North. Creline herself had asked and obtained scanty wages for her work. A little black boy across the street had been sentenced to receive twenty-five lashes for some tri-fling fault, and they had just begun to beat him in the yard, when a Union officer stepped up and stopped them. A little girl, not a quarter of a mile away whose name June had often heard, had just found her father, who had been sold away from her years ago, and had come into Richmoud with the Yankee soldiers. But nothing had happened to June. Everything went on as in the old days before Massa Linkum came. She washed [dishes, and scrubbed knives, and carried baskets of wood so heavy that she tottered under their weight, and was scolded if she dropped so much as a shaving on the floor; swept the rooms with a broom three times as tall as she was, and ears boxed because she could not get the dust up with such tiny hands. She worked and scrubbed, and ran on errands from morning until night, till her feet ached so that she cried out with the pain. She was whipped, and scolded, and threatened, and frightened, and shaken, just as she had been ever since she could remember. She was kept shut up like a prisoner in the house, with Madam Joliet's cold gray eyes forever on her, and her sharp voice forever in her ear And still not a word was said about Massa Linkum and the beautiful freedom he

had given to all such as little June, and not a word did June dare to say. But June thought. Madame Joliet could not help that. If Madame had known just what June was thinking,

She would have tried hard to help it.

One night Creline was going by the house, when June called to her softly through the fence.

'Creline!"

"What's de matter?" said Creline, who was in a great hurry. 'I's gwine to fine Massa Linkum-don'

yer tell nobody.
"Laws a massy, what a young un dat is!" said Creline, thinking that June had just waked up from a dream, and

forthwith forgetting all about her.

Madame Joilet always locked June into her room, which was nothing but a closet with a window in it, and a heap of rags for a bed. On this particular night she turned the key as usual, and went to her own room at the other end

of the house, where she was soon sound-

ly asleep.

About eleven o'clock, when all the house was still, the window of June's closet softly opened. There was a roof-ed door-way just underneath it, with an ed door-way just underneath it, with an old grape-vine trellis running up one side of it. A little dark figure stepped out timid!y on the narrow, steep roof, elinging with its hands to keep its balance, and then down upon the trellis, which it began to crawl slowly down. The old wood creaked and groaned and trampled and the little figure travelled. trembled, and the little figure trembled

and stood still. If it should give way and fall crashing to the ground! She stood a minute looking down; then she took a slow, careful step; then another, and another, hand under hand upon the bars. The trellis creaked, and shook, and cracked, but it held on, and June held on, and dropped softly down, gasping and terrified at what she had done, all in a little heap on the grass

She lay there a moment perfectly still. She could not catch her breath at first, and she trembled so that she could

not move. Then she crept along on tiptoe to the wood-shed. She ran a great risk in opening the wood-shed door, for the hinges were rusty, and it creaked with a terrible noise. But Hungry was in there. She could not go without Hungry. went in and called in a faint whisper. The kitten knew her, dark as it was, and ran out from the wood-pile with a joyful mew, to rub itself against her dress.

"We's gwine to fine Massa Linkum, you an' me, bof two togeder," said June.
"Purj pur-r-r!" said Hungry, as if she were quite content; and June took her were quite centent; and same took her up in her arms and laughed sofdy. How happy they would be, she and Hungry!

—and how Massa Linkum would smile and wonder when he saw them coming in!-and how Madame Joilet would hunt and scold!

It was very still and very dark. The great trees stood up like glants against the sky, and the wind howled hearsely through them. It made June think of the bloodhounds that she had seen rushing with herrible yells to the swamps, where hunted slaves were hiding.

"I reckon 'taint on'y little ways, Hun-y," she said, with a shiver; "we'll git dar'fore long. Don' be 'fraid."

"Pur! pur-r-r!" said Hungry, nestling her head in warmly under June's arm.
"Spect you lub me, Hungry-'spects
von does!"

And then June laughed out softly once more. What would Massa Linkum say to the kitty? Had he ever seen such a kitty as that in all his life?

So she folded her arms tightly over Hungry's soft fur, and trudged away into the woods. She began to sing a little as she walked, in that sorrowful, smoth-ered way that made Madame Joilet Ah, that was all over now! There would be no more scolding and beating, no more tired days, no more terrible nights spent in the dark and lonely cellar, no more going to bed without her supper, and crying herself to sleep. Massa Linkum would never treat her so, she never once doubted in that little trusting heart of hers, that he would be glad to see her, and Hungry too. Why should she? Was there any one in all the world

who had looked so at poor little June's So on and away, deep into the woods and swamps, she trudged cheerily; and she sang low to Hungry, and Hungry purred to her. The night passed on and the stars grew pale, the woods deepened and thickened, the swamps were cold and wet, the brambles scratched her hands and feet.

"It's jes' ober here little ways, Hungry" trying to laugh. "We'll fine him purty soon. I's terrible tired, an'—sleepy, Hungry."

She sat down then on a heap of leaver to rest, and laid her head down upon her arm and Hungry mewed a little, and curied up in her neck. The next she knew the sun was shining. She jumped up frightened and puzzled, and then she remembered where she was, and began to think of breakfast. But there were no berries but the poisonous dog-wood. and nothing else to be seen but leaves and grass, and bushes. Hungry snapped up a few grass-hoppers, and looked longingly at an unattainable squirrel, who was flying from tree-top to tree-top

then they went slowly on.

About noon they came to a bit of a brook. June scooped the water in her hands, and Hungry lapped it with her pink tongue. But there was no dinner to be found, and no sign of Massa Lin-kum; the sun was like a great ball of fire above the tree tops and the child grew faint and weak.

"I didn't 'spect it was so fur," groaned poor June. "But don' yer be 'feared now Hungry. 'Pears like we'll fine him

The sun went down, and the twilight came. Nothing but the great forest and the swamps and the darkening shadows came. and the long, hungry night. June lay where the poisonous snakes hid in the bushes, and lauged Hangry with her weak little arms, and tried to speak out bravely. "We'll fine him, Hungry, sure, to-morrer. He'll jes' open de door an' let us right in, he will; an' he'll hab break ast already an' waitin'. 'pears like he'll hab a dish ob milk up in de corner for you now-tink dat ar, Hungry!" and then the poor little voice that tried to be so brave broke, down into a great seb. "Eff on'y jes' had one liftle mouthful now, -Hungry!-on'y one!

So another night passed, and another morning came. A bitter wind blew from the east that day, and long before noon the rain was falling dreary and chilly and sharp. It soaked June's feet and ragged dress and pelted in her face. The wind blew against ber, and whirled about her, and to sed her to and froshe was such a little thing and so weak now and faint.

Just as the early twilight fell from the leaden sky, and the shadows began to skulk under the bushes, and the birds gathered to their nest with sleepy twitshe tripped over a little stone, fell weakly to the ground, and lay still. She had not the strength to get to her feet

But somehow June felt 'neither troubled nor afraid. She lay there with her face upturned to the pelting rain, watching it patter from leaf to leaf, listening to the chirp of the birds in the nests, listening to the crying of the wind. She liked the sound. She had a dim notion

that it was like an old camp-meeting hymn that she had heard Creline sing sometimes. She never understood the words, but the music came back like a dream. She wondered if Massa Linkum overheard it. She thought he looked like it. She should like to lie there all night and listen to it; and then in the morning they would go on and find him -in the morning; it would come very

The twilight deepened, and the night came on. The rain fell faster, and the sharp wind cried out aloud.

"It's—bery cold." said June, sleepily and turned her face over to hide it on the kitten's warm, softfur. "Goo'night, Hungry. We'll git dar to-morrer. We's mos't dar, Hungry."

Hungry curled up close to her cold, wet cheek—Hungry did not care how black it was—with a happy answering mew; but June said nothing more. The rain fell faster, and the snarp wind cried aloud. The kitten woke from a nap, and purred for her to stir and

speak; but June said nothing more.
Still the rain fell, and the wind cried; and the long night and the storm and the darkness passed, and the morning

Hungry stirred under June's arm, and licked her face, and mewed piteously at her ear. But June's arm lay still, and June said no word.

Somewhere, in a land where she was

never slave and never mistress, where there was no more hungry days and frightened nights, little June was laughing softly, and had found some one to love her at last

An so she did not find Massa Linknm after all?

Ah!-who would have guessed it? that place where June had gone, where there are no masters and no slaves, he had gone before her .- Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, May 1868,

#### Spring Cleaning,

It is nearly the time for lifting carpets, and although once more the north wind sighs and the mud puddles freeze over, can't last very long. A carpet ought to be lifted every spring, be carried away and thoroughly cleaned (as no amateur carpet beater can do) and the floor whereon it has lain lo, these many months scrubbed, sunned and disinfected. Yellow fever, scarlet fever, typhoid fever and small-pox, with all the attendant army of lesser fevers, are principally caused by our criminally careless negtect. We know a floor is damp, and have long ago noticed the mold and saw bugs. but the carpet is Brussels, and don't need to be lifted every season. Besides the dampness dirt will colneed to lect. If you do not believe this, inspect closely the edges of your carpet and the corners; there you will find a collection which no care can quite prevent. Dust is a retainer of the germs of sickness, and joins with the defective drainage in setting up a serious opposition to all the prescriptions which you have so conscientiously bought of your doctor. There is a great deal of importance to be attached to your spring cleaning.

The beds, for instance, after the long confinement of the winter, will stand any amount of sunning. If you have a good grass plot don't fail to let your hed and table linen have the benefit of those table linen have the benefit of those light March showers, which properly belongs to April, but which, like the May flowers, occasionally steal the march upon us, and come ahead of time. Pillow ticks ought to be renewed, and the feathers taken away and cleaned. Green feathers are always risky, and the young housekeeper should availherself of the experience of the veterans. self of the experience of the veterans. or she is apt to get wormy feathers on her hands. As much of the health of the family depends on the condition of the beds, househealth seepers should give this department special attention. The seeds of catarrh are often found in the damp, improperly aired sheets.. Pillow ticks must be re-newed, not washed, as the loss of the manufacturers' starch causes the cloth

to sift.
It is a very indiscreet housewife that lifts all her carpets at once thus spoiling the family comfort and so disorganizing matters that many things are lost. It is said that three moves are equal to a fire and so are three house cleanings for matter of that if conducted without system. Let ore room be taken, the carpet removed, walls scraped, calcomined, papered, painted and then after the inraiture has been thoroughly repaired and sunned let it be put in perfect order

before another is undertaken. Thus everything is kept in its proper department and the father of the family need scarcely know that the dreaded reign of scrub-brush has commenced. lavishly prodigal with your carbolic acid and chloride of lime. The outer houses, drains cellars, all should have special care.

# A \$15 Cup of Coffee.

A \$15 Cup of Coffee.

Mrs. Mary A. Watson, wife of James Watson, a retired merchant of Tarrytown, was arrested on \$8t. Valentine's Day on the charge of "catching the said James Watson by the harr of his head and scratching his face." Mrs. Watson was taken to the office of Justice W. S. Bird. She is a vigorous looking lady, about 40 years old. The said James Watson, a little gray-haired man of 55, was in the office when she arrived. She demanded a trial by jury, which was demanded a trial by jury, which was recorded to her. It appeared on the trial that Mr. Watson and his wife had quarreled as to who should make the coffee on the morning of the preceding day, and had had a scuffle over the possession of the coffee pot. The jury found the wife guilty of "assaulting the said James Watson in the manner aforesaid." Justice Bird gave her the choice of paying \$15 fine or going to jail for fifteen days. She expressed an emphattic preference for the fifteen days. The Justice gave her several days' liberty to reconsider her choice. On Saturday last he received a letter from Mr. James Watson inclosing \$15, and say ing that he did not desire to press the case further .- [N. Y. Sun.

Eighty thousand buffaloes were killed last winter; this winter, owing to the rapid extinction of the animal, the number killed is comparatively small.

Mensman's Peptorized Beef Tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritions properties. It contains blood-making, force-generating and fife-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, Dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and ill forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prestration, overwork, or acute disease, particularly framiling from pulmonary combaints. Caswell.

### SIGNIFICANT SPRING.

A Dissertation Upon Its Advent, and Its Effect Upon Mankind.

The green leaf of the new-come Spring."-Shak.

Everybody recognizes spring, when it is once apon us, but many persons are not familliar with the exact date of its appearance. Webster, the world-renowned lexicographer, gives us a definition which may not be inappropriate here. "Spring," says be, "is the season of the year when plants begin to vegetate and rise; the vernal season, comprehending the months of March, April and May, in the middle latitudes north of the equator."

Thomson, in his "Seasons," and Shakspeare in many of his works, have, perhaps, no peers in describing it, and yet "ethereal spring" is freighted with malaria, "that insidious foe, lurking unseen in the very air we breathe." It spreads over the fairest portions of our land; brings death and disease to thousands; cals off scores upon scores of our children and youth, as well as those in advanced life. A pestrience is regarded with little less apprehension, and people everywhere are asking, "What is "What will i?" "Where does it come from?" cure it?"

#### KIDNEY-WORT, AS A SPRING MEDICINE.

When you begin to lose appetite:--have a headache, a pain in your side, back, and shoulders;-to tess about at night in restless dreams: -- wake in the morning with a toul mouth and furred tongue; -feel disinclined to go about your work, heavy in body and oppressed in mind:-have a fit of the blues;-when your urine gets scauty or high-colored; - to suffer with constipation, chartheon, or indigestion; -- have a pasty, sallow fact, dull eyes, every housekeeper knows that winter and a blotched skint-one or all of these common complaints will certainly be evidences that your liver is disordered, torpid, or perhaps diseased. A bottle of Kidney-Wort is, under such circum-stances, a priceless boon to such a person.

Bare assertions of proprietors have come to possess less force than they frequently merit. The cause of this condition of popular skepticism is, in the main, to be found in the fact that charlatanism covers our broad land. Meritorious articles are too frequently found in bad company.

The proprietors of Kidney-Wort always prove all their assertions, touching the merits of their preparations. When we affirm, therefore, that Kidney-Wort is a specific jor just such disorders as have been mentioned in this article. the proof, too, belongs to and shall follow this statement.

## A PEYSICIAN'S EXPERIENCE

Dr. R. K. Clark, a regular physician of extensive practice in Grand Isle county, and a worthy deacon of the Congregational Church, at South Hero, Vt., has used Kidney-Wort for several years in his practice, and before the present proprietors purchased an interest in it, he had given his unbiased opinion in its favor. This opinion has not chauged. "It has done better than any other remedy I have ever used," says the Doctor, and, further on, he writes: "I do not recollect an instance where the patient to whom I have given it has failed to receive benefit from its use, and in some severe cases most decidedly so." These are strong words. They are from a representative, conscientious, everapproachable public citizen, however, and-better still-they are true.

Kidney-Wort will bear all the encomiums layished upon it by its friends-and their name is legion. "I will swear by Kidney-Wort all the time," writes Mr. J. R. Kauffman, of Lancaster, Pa. We will supplement this by asserting, as a matter of fact, and one capable of demonstration, that all honest patrons of this remedy are, its friends and advocates.



# LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND. Is a Positive Cure

For all those Painful Complaints and Weakness so common to our best female population. A Medicine for Woman. Invented by a Woman. Prepared by a Woman.

The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Dawn of History. EFIt revives the drooping spirits, invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale check of woman the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

Physicians Use It and Prescribe It Freely. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulant, and relieves weakness of the stemach. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use For the cure of Kidney Compinints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

TOTA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER Il eradicate every vestige of Europes from the ood, and give tone and strength to the system, of m woman or child. Insist on having it.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lezenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per bex for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3ct. stamp. Send for pamphlet.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They care constitution, bilicuspess, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box. 45 Sold by all Druggists. 184

