

On Her Twentieth Birthday. Over the threshold of her teens...

Over the threshold of her teens. Out of that sweeter, softer youth...

Over the threshold of her teens. Into the richer, wider field of woman...

MY DILEMMA.

It was the 5th day of November—"Guy Fawkes' Day" in the old almanac...

And, as it happened, I was all alone in the house. Father had gone to take his russet apples to market...

I stood in front of the fire looking down at the glowing embers and pondering within myself...

But if they kept city boarders, why did they not leave these dreary mountain fastnesses when the leaves fell...

While I stood thinking, a soft tap sounded at the door. I opened it at once...

"Ye never oughter do that Miss Ruth," said the well-known accent of Mrs. Gludge...

"Open the door after dark, when you're alone in the house, without asking who's there..."

"They have told me nothing," said Mrs. Gludge. "Well, it's likely you didn't want to scare you or make you nervous..."

"Halloo!" bawled Jack, staggering under the blow of my very unexpected appearance...

"Where are all the folks? What has become of the stable boys?" "What have you done with Carleton?" he demanded...

"Where's who?" said the escaped lunatic, in a pleasant, slightly drawing voice. "It wasn't a he! It was a she! And she cleared the floor in a single bound..."

"That's all. There's no sequel to my story. In real life I have found that stories seldom do have sequels..."

"Report you, Mrs. Gludge?" said I. "Certainly not. It wasn't your fault. If you hadn't kindly thought of me and started to bring it to me on your way to Romney's, you would never have lost it..."

seen so dreadfully thoughtless. I'll send the boys out to search for it—" "Oh, never mind the letter," I interrupted...

"Yes, my dear, I'll do that," assented the woman, evidently relieved to be let off so easily on the score of the letter...

"I'll go to the garret and bring down some butter-nuts," thought I, "and then I'll get some cider from the cellar..."

Through the open keeping-room I caught a glimpse of the parlor. The fire was burning brightly. I stopped abruptly...

Nor was it a false premonition. As I stretched my neck to peep curiously into the room I saw seated before the fire...

How had he gained an entrance? Had I carelessly neglected to bolt the big door after Mrs. Gludge's departure? Yes...

I had never seen a bank burglar, to be sure, but I was pretty certain this black-haired gentleman could not belong to that race...

With a sudden instinct I decided that there was nothing for it but flight. The worst feature of the case was that I could not get out of the house...

"I just met Peter goin' to Stephenson's," "Oh!" said I. "But we don't have traps here..."

"I'm not so certain 'at," said the farmer's wife. "Your folks hasn't lived here as long as I have..."

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"And quite true, said Mrs. Gludge, ruefully; but, all the same, I wish I hadn't seen so dreadfully thoughtless..."

more, the big table made little again, the mulberry set carried back to the parlor closet and Aunt Prime went somewhere else to "help round."

Trudy was tired, but as pleased with her small pot of money as any miser. When would Adam buy his books? But Adam wouldn't buy them at all...

Just after New Year Mr. Darrow walked in upon them. He wanted to see Uncle Daniel. After a while Trudy was called and Adam stood by the fire with his back to the rest...

"Mr. Darrow has come to ask for our Trudy," Uncle Daniel began, his voice trembling over the words. "What has she to say to him?" he asked, seeing Trudy's distress...

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The Statue. There was a statue, only common clay. That in the sunshine stood, one summer's day...

There was a hero, hero but to one. Who had his gilded hood, 'neath Love's fold. And for one brief climbing hour, I'm told...

Are you the hero or are you the sun? If you must blame, be just and blame the sun.

A LEAP YEAR STORY. "Here she comes, as pretty as a picture. I say, boy, who'd a thought that weak little thing poor Niece Sally left us could 'a' grown to such a woman?"

"Don't, father," the young man addressed responded. "I can't bear to think of her as a woman yet. She's only just turned eighteen, any way."

"Take care, old Whitey, I must step on you if you get right under my feet. There, there, blacky, get off my shoulder; you'll tear my frock. Shoo, shoo, and driving them before her with her wide-brimmed hat, Trudy reached the open door."

How full of yearning love and tenderness that spoken, might have served to cheer and bless. Now haunted with the grief of vague rest...

Like faint, sad tones, when low winds sweep the frets Of some old instrument, these words unsaid!

What is a Promise of Marriage? A judge at Leeds has decided that "a promise of marriage may be made by other ways than by words—by a shake of the hand, for example, or a wink of the eye, or a thousand other modes."

One Way to Gratify a Toad. There are few things more amusing than to watch a toad submitting to the operation of a back-scratching. He will at first look somewhat suspiciously at the twig which you are advancing toward him...

The First Year of Married Life. A woman should not take offence too easily, writes Christine Trehune Herrick in an interesting article in the June Ladies Home Journal. Often, indeed, the words or manner she resents were not ill-meant by her husband...

Cowboys' Memories. "Of all men in the world not accounted prodigies I think the cowboy's memory and intuition are the most marvellous," said E. H. Cunningham of Indian Territory at the Lacleda.

Dying Confessions. In the book in which Mr. Berry, the famous executioner of England, describes his experiences, he says that he has long been his habit to ask from a condemned man or woman a private confession for the relief of the executioner's own feelings in order that he might feel sure that he was not hating an innocent person...

THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE. An Inside View Which Shows the Cold-Bloodedness of Diplomats. It is impossible for the hand of the German Emperor to restrain the ill feeling of Italy toward Austria or to appease the irritation of Austria against Italy...

Cholera Epidemic. In the despatches of the Telegram Company against the danger of cholera in Europe this daily more and more the negotiations between the powers to guard against progress, and so is it not all impossible that in the race. The plan in the est. blishment at quarantine at Soe the disease is spreading Asia. The Lancet declaration is one threate to Europe. The Persia in the Meshed (Persia) dred daily. The La countries of Europe for the possible emer commends the p taken by the Russa which has acted f without waiting on of other nations.

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