Two Sinners.

There was a man, it was said one time, Who went astray in his youthful prime. Can the brain keep cool and the heart keep

quiet When the blood is a river that is running riot? And the boys will be boys, the old folks say, And a man's the better who's had his day.

The sinner reformed, and the preacher told Of the prodigal son who came back to the fold,

fold, And the Christian people threw open the dom With a warmer welcome than ever before; Wealth and honor were his to command, And a spotless woman gave him her hand, and the world atrewed their pathway with

towers abloom, Crying: "God bless lady and God bless groom!"

There was a maiden went astray In the golden dawn of life's young day. She had more passion and heart than head, And she followed blindly where fond love led-And love unchecked is a dangerous g To wander at will by a fair girl's side s guide

The woman repented and turned from her sin, But no door opened to let her in; The preacher prayed that she might be for

given, But told her to look for mercy in heaven. For this is tho law of the earth we know, That the woman is secured, while the

may go. A brave man wedded her after all, But the world said, frowning, "We shall not call."

-Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The Commonplace Woman.

We have read, as you know, for ages and ages, Of a willowy maiden devoid of a spine, A fabulous, pre-historic young person, Who on white of an egg and a cracker could dine.

But I write to you now of a commonplace we

man, Who's shockingly healthy and fearfully fat, Who never has headache or nervous prostration. Commonplace! what could be more so than that.

She doesn't do Kensington cat-tails or rushes Nor has she a screen with a one-legged stork, She doesn't adore Charlotte Russe or bland

manges, But prefers unromantic, commonplace pork.

She hasn't a quilt of crazy silk patchwork, Nor the tiniest bit of crocheted macremo She cannot perform Beethoven's souatas,

Nor sing but the most commonplace little lay

She hasn't a gift for the avt decorative, Pasting Japanese monsters on Yankee stor

Jar, That stands in a corner to look so restbetic. But that grieves to the soul the old hou nebold Lar.

She never paints song birds nor crickets or china.-To be drowned every day in our teacups, alas! Or ferns, cabbage-roses of ribbon or velvet, And naught did she know of the much-ham-

mered brass.

She cannot write poous that glow like a furnace, Nor sonnets as cold as the Appenine snow; For if she chops up her ideas iuto meter, Thore's a rush in the ebb, and a halt in the flow.

She doesn't believe she was born with the mis

sion, Unless, it may he, to be happy and well; Nor does she at all understand protoplasm, And looks upon women who do as a "sell.

But there's worse to be told of this commonplace

Who owns neither bird, nor dog, nor pet cat; They say that she's really in love with her hus

Commonplace! what would be more so than that?

And when we all stand at the last dread tribunal Where great and whore small are assigned each a part, May the angels make room for the commonplace

woman Who knows naught of literature, science or art. —Good Housekceping.

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

they all

He had not seen Shirley for more than a year, and only once or twice during his long exile had a letter from her reached him-frank, and friendly letters, such as a sister might write to a brother who was absent from her. Guy had smiled a little sadly over the cordial words; they were the only letters he had received from her, save the few during the brief separation just subsequent to their engagement, and con-trasting them with these, he saw how the how the eager young girl had grown into the grave saddened woman who had suffered and loved and borne a load of anguish rarely upon the shoulders of frail humanity. But all the letters breathed a spirit of tenderness and trust which touched Guy sensibly as he read them, and which made it easier to keep away from her until such

will, I know, be a great comfort to you. You see, Guy," she added, more soberly, "I should have preferred a very quiet atillwedding, but mamma and papa did not like disappointing all the village people, who have been looking for-ward to all kinds of gayeties; so last night lerest reproach in her sweet voice, and her arms crept up about his neck. heart, clinging to him with a love which had never swerved not faltered, a love there was a ball for the tenants and housewhich had endured, and would endure, they "To night?" said Guy, laughingly. were very happy. "There is a dance for ourselves. Mamma wanted it to morrow night; but I said that The tenants' ball given in honor of Madge's marriage had been a great success, I did not see why I should be out of it, so I "Quite right. And, if the bride elect will honor an old fogy so far, I beg to put in a retainer for a dance or two." nd the ball given to Sir Frederic and Lady Diphant's friends on the eve daughter's wedding day was not less so. The entertainment gained considerably by the presence of the charming bride-elect, "As many as Jack will let you have," she said, merrily. "Guy, how dare you call yourself an old fogy? You look over whose fair and radiant smiles were pleasant to see and to remember. Out of consideration for the event next so much younger than you did when-when lay, it was not to be a late party, but I saw you last.' I? I am glad of that. I am glad lancing was kept up with unabated vigor, and the too, Madgie, that Jack Las been able so to arrange matters that he will not be obliged danced her tiny satin slippers into holes on to take our sunshine away from us." he occasion. Many of the guests were to remain at " No: that has been settled very comfort ably. Mr. Kearton takes the management of the house at Calcutta, and Jack stays in Erindale for the night, in order to be present at the wedding on the next day, and from garret to basement the grand old house was bright with light, while the gay Eng**lan**d.'' "It would have gone hard with your strains of the dance-music rose and fell people to spare you, Madgie." "Yes, my heart was almost broken when softly. "Madgie," Jack whispered, when, having I thought of it. It was so terrible to think that I must leave either papa and mamma waltzed her cleverly out of the circle of the dancers, they found themselves for a few or Jack. It was miserable, Guy.' " Poor little Madgie !" ainutes alone in the solitude of the con-"Sometimes I almost wished that I had servatory, where the light fell on the richnever seen Jack." she said, half ruefully "and the next moment I felt that not even hued flowers and on Madge Oliphant's golden hair and white dress, colorless and pure as the dress she would wear next day, mother wanted me as he did." "Poor Jack! The past shadow will tell me, my dearest, are you quite happy? make the sunshine of the present all the 'Quite happy, Jack," she answered, leanng her bright head against him for a mobrighter.' "That was just what-" Madge began, ment. impulsively, but she stopped, coloring a "You have no fears, no misgivings, Madge?" "No fears-oh, no-and no misgivings, little "Just what, Madgie?" Major Stuart asked, looking at her with a little smile Jack—save one." "And that, my own ?" but Madge shook her head, smiling also and did not finish her sentence. Perhaps he guessed what the conclusion "Is that I am not worthy of your love !" He caught her in his arms and pressed would have been, for he did not urge her; his cheek to hers. "And you never think—you never fear but a great longing came into his gray that Oh Madgie, even now, in my great happiness, I cannot help thinking of —" "Jack"—she lifted her head and looked eyes. They drove on in the golden sunlight, down the pretty leafy lanes which were so pleasant in Guy's eyes. When he had seen them last they were bare and leafless and

at him with deep earnestness-"this eve-ning, when 1 went to Shirley, and she told glittering with hoar-frost, now the haw me that what we had all so longed and wished for was to take place, she said that thorn, both pink and white, was blooming in the hedges, and the banks were ablaze with floral treasures. she had no regret now for the past, that all the sorrow had been blessed to her, that the present happiness was brighter for the Perhaps it was because the thoughts of both were so full of Shirley that neither of past darkness, that there was no shadownot one-upon her or Guy now. Jack"-the golden head was pressed closely against him now--- "if you cannot forget, think of them spoke of her. Once or twice glancing at the grave face of the man by her side Madge saw the yearning in his gray eyes. which she interpreted rightly; and she touched the pretty ponies lightly with her it as she does-with gratitude and love; and"-she looked up smiling-"out of that trouble has come something for which you

whip to increase their pace; for were they not bringing them home to Erindale Hall at least ought to be thankful, you ungrateful boy, since without it you would never and to Shirley? The golden sunlight was taking a shade of rose-color when they turned in at the have known me!" He drew her closer in his arms.

park gates, passing the little ivy-grown lodge where Shirley and Madge had first And you are more than able to make me forget the past," he said tremulously : and the last shadow of the cloud fell away Sir Frederic and Jack were standing on the write, be white stone steps, and the great hall door was crowned with an arch of flowers, from them. Other lovers beside Jack and Madge

sought the solitude of the conservatory to talk to each other in uninterrupted felicity one of the unmistakable signs of the morrow's proceedings; and, while Guy greeted the two gentlemen, Madge disappeared into but perhaps of all none were more peacefully happy than Guy Stuart and Shirley Glynn as they stood there toward the end of the ball, while Sir Frederic and Lady the house "The child would not let any one meet you but herself," Sir Frederic remarked, Oliphant were speeding the parting guests

Many an interested and admiring glance had followed Lady Glynn that night, for "We are glad to see you again, Stuart, and I hope your wanderings are her story was well known, and it surrounded her with a halo of romance which her grace and beauty had increased: while to "I hope so, too," Guy said, smiling, bat with a great earnestness in his voice; and proceeded together under the her, as well as to Guy, a ball room was a sight unfamiliar enough to be interesting lower-crowned doors into the great hall,

which was likewise full of unnistakable signs of the coming event, where they stood talking, until Madgereturned, slipped and pretty, and to have many a touch of pathos and sentiment. "Shirley," Guy said softly, as he bent over, "when am I to take you home?" "When you like, Guy," she answered, her hand through Guy's arm, and led away, talking fast and merrily the while,

to hide her great agitation. At the door of a little room which Guy miling. "Thank you, my dearest," he said with emembered well as her own favorite sand grave tenderness which pleased her: and tum she stopped, opening it very softly, and motioning to Guy to enter. She did here was a steadfast light in the deep gray and motioning to Guy to enter. She did not follow, but/closed the door after him, eves which boded well for the happiness of the future which rose before them with its rainbow of hope and joy. "Do you re-member, Shirley," he added, "that once before I said that, looking into the future, and then slipped away with an April face of smiles and tears as she thought who was

For a moment after he had entered the room Guy thought that it was empty, but I could see no shadow of parting with you ?" "I remember, dear Guy." the next he became aware of a slender woman in white standing by the open win "But the shadow ought to have been

there, dearest." "I saw it, Guy," she said softly.

"But if not, Shirley-if you care for me | withstanding, the village turned out to witness to a man, for there were a beautiful "If !" she repeated, with a tone of tenbride and a noble-looking bride-groom, and few true and tried friends who had been with them in their sorrow and were with them to share their joy. Mr. Venn was assisted in his office by Mr. Grey, the Vical Closer in his arms now, nearer to his

of Easton, and his curate, his daughten Lucie's husband; and his wife and daugh ters were present. Jack and Madge wer here also, having returned to England for the purpose, the former a proud and happy young husband, the latter the pretties ittle matron imaginable.

As Guy and Shirley went down the aisle ogether, inseparable and blessed, those of thei together. who loved them felt that their "feast of joy" was not the less glad because of thei experience of misery. They had learned to suffer and to endure, and the suffering and endurance had enobled and strength ened them; and, as the sunshine fell upon them and the soft summer air floated by, bonny queen of the ball must have it seemed as if some passing angel had touched them with his flying wings and blessed them with a heavenly blessing; and no sweeter words had ever fallen upon Shirley's ears than those two which Guy

attered when they were once more alone "My wife." "For them

Night has faded far away; Their sun has risen and it is day;" and from their present bliss they could

look back thankfully and without pain on that long and desert land through which they had toiled with weary feet. A plain white marble tablet in the church where they worship bears, without name or date, the short prayer-

" MISEBERE, DOMINE !"

and, in the words of him in memory whom it was placed there, the future lives of Guy Stuart and his wife may be summed

ap— "I see a happy home brightened by mutual love and joy and peace, a home where I am not forgotten but remembered sometimes with compassion and pity. I see two persons perfectly happy in their mutual love and trust. I see the husband strong, brave, true, loving and protecting. and striving by a tenderness which never fails to make his wife forget the misery she has suffered. I see the wife loving, honoring, trusting, and looking up to a man worthy of all her tenderness, and making the sunshine of his home and of his life. I see too in that happy home a pale young mother lying, smiling and serene, with a child in her arms. I see the stately old home bright with restless children, who scamper swiftly down the galleries, and whose sweet gay voices echo through the old rooms, filling them with

mirth and laughter. And what the dying eyes saw in vision has come to pass in reality; for it is even so.

THE END.

IT FOR JAY GOULD?

A New York Millionsire's Tomb to Cover Half an Acre.

There is a certain rich man in New York, currently reported to be out of health, who is spending his summer in cheerful mortuary pursuits. The architects who design his houses and yachts for him are just now hard at work on the drawings for a tomb that is to be at once the biggest most ornate and most thoroughly burgla proof last resting place in this country. It will reach some hundred or more feet in the air, cover nearly half an acre of ground, require something like three years to complete the rich and beautiful sculptures with which it will be adorned and the vault to contain the ashes of th dead plutocrat is a marvel of mechanical

ingenuity. In the first place the ponderous slabs of granite forming the four sides of the receptacle for the coffin are nearly three feet in thickness. The upper one moves on springs as smoothly as a door, but only when certain intricate combinations have been carried out upon the lock, and any fumbling with the fastenings by a hand that does not know the proper springs to be pressed and pulled awakens certain engines of destruction which will make it decidedly uncomfortable for the fumbler. But the hardy body snatcher would have first to penetrate through many obstacles and difficulties before he reached the place where he could satisfactorily blow himself nto smithereens.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Complex Family Relations. The way people can mix up themselves

BATS CAPTURE A HOUSE

Ghosts.

There is a dwelling on West Fayette

FRIENDS WHO HAD NOT MET. Romantic Incident of the Great Michigan They Drive the Inmates Out by Fear of

Prairie Fire. One day this week a pleasant-faced young

street, near Fulton avenue, that for the ady arrived at the Clinton House, Kings-ton, and said she was from Grand Rapids past twelve months has been the cause of much fear to superstitious neighbors, Mich., and that she desired to be conveyed particularly to the colored colony in Bruce to the residence of Mrs. Augustus Elmentreet. In the last year the house has had dorf. The proprietor told her that Mrs. Elmendorf lived on the Hurley road, and three tenants. The first family lived there two months, the second about a month and the house then remained idle for a if she would wait until after dinner he would take her to her destination himself. While in conversation before dinner the little time. The neighbors would see the new tenants get their furniture and coal oung woman said Mrs. Elmendorf was s in and then make preparations to vacate Servant girls whispered the stories of the dear friend of hers and had been since both

were little girls, but had never met. This statement caused astonishmen strange house to one another, and many were the conjectures of the cause of th among the young woman's auditors. Quesqueer doings. Shortly after the firs tions clicited from her the following romantic story: "In the fall of 1871 a family moved in the children would wake up and scream for protection, declaring disastrous fire swept over the portion of Michigan where I lived. In a few hours that some one was in the room and had pulled the bed clothes off my father's house and many others for miles around were destroyed and we were them. The gas would suddenly flare un after burning steadily for some time, and go out, leaving the occupants of the house left destitute. This was at the time of the Chicago fire; and besides doing so much in utter darkness. This sort of thing con-tinued until the folks moved into more for the sufferers in that city kind eastern people did not forget the sufferers by prairie fires. Ulster county people were generous, sending many boxes of food and clothing. In the town of Olive, at that time, lived Bertha, the little daughter of desirable quarters. Loud and unaccount able noises were heard in the house nights Except that one of the back third story windows was open there was no entrance except by unlocking either the front or the Ephraim Bishop. She had been told of the sufferings of the little children in the back door. The young folks in the neigh-borhood would give the house a wide berth west, and among her offerings was a dress for a little girl. When she had fluished the dress she wrote a note telling who had made it and asked that the little girl who received it write to her and let her know 'all about it.' In due time a letter was sent to little Bertha. It gave a history of entirely the fire and its ravages, and how delighted

secured a good dwelling at an extremely low figure. In a little while they, too, began to be disturbed, and would vainly "For seventeen years the correspondenc thus begun was continued. The two little girls passed into womaphood, and owing to circumstances neither could control they never met. Photographs were exchanged. tell me you will soon take me in to see. am the Michigan girl who received the dress. No, I am not married. This sum The gas, which had been dimmed mer good fortune has given me the opportunity to visit the east, and I have come to Ulster County to see the friend who is so dear to me."

flapping of wings kept on, and the alarm was increased visibly by the smothered that went direct to the hearts of her audi tors, the young lady seemed no longer a stranger in Kingston. During the aftercries and the uneasiness of the ghost catchers. After along search a match was oon she was taken to the home of Mrs liscovered, and the fears of the scared Elmendorf, where she was given a joyful people were considerably lessened by a ray welcome.-Kingston Freeman

of light from a gas jet. The cause of all the excitement was two large bats. They continued to flutter until one had been killed and the other escaped by the open window. The next day an examination of the gas pipes was made, and they were found to be clogged up in such a manner lack. that when an extra force of gas was put on the whole house was cut off. The mystery of the noise in the house was cleared up. It is supposed that the bats had free access to the house at all times, and their flapping

In a recent issue of the Cincinnati Er nuirer we find an account of a novel con est of human against brute strength. Two residents of Dearborn county, Indiana Wm. Liddle, a merchant, and Jesse Crim blacksmith of the village, laid a wage a blacksmith of the village, laid a wager that they could outpull any two horses in the township. Steven Cook, a farmer, who owned a fine team, accepted the bet, and not long ago, in the presence of a concourse of neighbors and friends of the respective contestants, the trial of strength was made Liddle and Crim lay flat on their backs with their feet firmly braced against an mmovable structure arranged for the pur pose, and with their heads pointing from the horses, that were hitched a distance of 40 feet away to a piece of timber held firmly in the hands of the prostrate men. The test was to be decided by the horse either pulling the timber from the hands of

To Dr. Pillbage, Patrick came With a most woful face; Bays he, "Dear Docther, phat's your name, Will you plaze trate my ca-e." The doctor looked him is the eye, His tongue he made him show; Said he, "My man, you're going to die; You've get tic-doulearreax" "My faith." says ext. " phat's that you say? I've got 'nick-dollar," oh! Your bill before I go. I'll have no more to do wid yez, I'll have no more to do wid yez, And wears a brighter face. And wears a brighter fac the men, or else pulling them from the ground to their feet. Three trials were to be made, each of three minutes' steady Use Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets for torpid liver, constipation, and all derangements of stomach and bowels. By pulling. The excited farmers and villager crowded around the parties to witness this druggists. singular feat of strength and endurance. The horses were twice whipped into pull-ing their best, but with distended muscles How to Paint a Residence. Parts of wood to be painted which are and swelling veins that told of the terrific

harden.

ine ... spasms, u. * the

hite.

His Uncle Leaves Him \$280,000 on Condition that He Marry. James L. Babcock, formerly of Chicago, but now of Ann Arbor, will meet with miling encouragement from mothers with marriageable daughters, for by the death of his uncle he inherits \$280,000 in money and bonds upon condition that he marrie within five years. Luther James, the deceased uncle, resided for many years at Lima, Mich., and became one of the wealthiest men in the county. He was a bachelor, and in fact, a woman-hater. His brothers and sisters married and had families, and theold bachelor grew to love and admire his nephews and nieces. He finally selected James Luther Babcock as his particular favorite, whom, as he grew to manhood, the old man helped and put in charge of a bank at Ann Arbor. favorite nephew prospered. He fell in love with a beautiful girl and was accepted. The wedding day was fixed but the dream

MUST WED OR LOSE A FORTUNE.

of happiness was doomed to fade into mist. Uncle Luther James opposed the match and James Babcock accepted the flat and broke of the match. He is now 45 years old and still unmarried, but some will say that his uncle's will has recompensed him for the loss of his bride. The banker can now marry if he pleases, and if he declines to fill the condition the property is to be given to the sisters, nephews and nieces equally. By the will, which was probated in Ann Arbor on Tuesday, the two sisters and twenty one nephews and nieces receive 5,000 each, the residue going to James L. Babcock on the odd condition named Chicago cor. New York Sun.

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS-Moisture: intense itching an stinging; most at night; worse by scratch ing. If allowed to continue tumors form which often bleed and ulcerate, becomin very sore. SwAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and ia many cases removes the tumors. It equally efficacious in curing all Ski Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Pro-prietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

Food for Thought.

One of those shoppers known as "tasters," the chew calico to see if the colors are fast went into a prominent dry goods store on the avenue. Approaching the calico counter she inquired of the clerk ;

"Have you any blue striped calico on a red ground ?

.

The clerk, who knew his customer, nswered politely : "Not a mouthful."—Detroit Free Press.

n Sang Addison. But hadn't you, for @

Ð

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How to Make Colors. Brown-Made with red and black. 0 Bright brown-Carmine, yellow and "THE STARRY FIRMAMENT ON HIGH,"

Rose-Lake and white. Chestnut-White and brown. Purple-Carmine and blue. Lead color - White and black. Pearl-Blue and lead color. Pink-White and carmine. Chocolate-Black and Venetian red. French white-Purple and white. Green-Blue and yellow. Pea green-Green and white Dark green-Green and black. Orange-Red and yellow. Straw color-White and yellow. Flesh Color—White, lake and vermilion Olive-Red, blue, black and yellow.

Lavender-Carmine, ultramarine and

Sky blue-White and ultramarine.

Dr. Piltbags' Diagnosis.

a few years at least, rather look at the firmament from the underside? YOU CAN DO IT S by observing the laws of health 3 and resorting to that cheat the grave medicine Buff-Yellow, white and red. Vermilion-Carmine and yellow.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

- You are out of sorts; a splendid @ 9 feeling and appetite one day, while the next day life is a burden. If you drift on in this way you are liable to become insanc. Umber-White, yellow, red and black. Drab-Umber, white and Venetian red.
 - Because poisoned blood on the G nerve centres wherein the mental faculties are localed paralyses them and the victim becomes non-responsible.

There are thousands of people today in instance asylumus and graves, put there by Kid-ney Poisoned Blood.

Insanity, according to statistics,

⊕ is increasing faster than any other ∉ disease. Is your eyesight failing?

around the rooms, particularly when th house was vacant, made the racket. The question of the bedclothes being pulled off he children is only accounted for in the belief that they went to bed after par taking of too much supper, and were rest less and kicked off the clothes.—Baltimor American. A Singular Test of Strength.

To Dr. Pillbage, Patrick came

horses to their position. At the third trial the excited farmer lashed his horses to

force them to their utmost, when, by

sudden jerk, the timber in the hands of the

resisting men, and to which the horses were

an hour. He was supposed to be dead, but

finally recovered. and is out of all danger of

The Main Spring Broke.

The folding bed is apparently unknown

The other day a tall and rather verdant

F. F. V. arrived in town, on a Government office bent, and took quarters in a Washing-

ton boarding house. As it was the dull season the Virginian

was quartered in a large front room where

the bed folded silently up, like Longfellow's

It so happened that the Virginia boarder

met some friends from Alexandria during

the evening of his first day in Washing-ton, and when he reached home the hour

Reaching his room he fell on the bed,

boots and all, and the springs being worn

serious results from the blow.

in Virginia.

Arab tent.

was late.

and scurry along past it as quickly as pos-sible. The windows would rattle and the doors bang without any apparent cause, and finally the thing got to be intolerable and the second tenant moved. The next family that moved in were entirely ignorant of the reports that had been cir

culated about the house, and they settled themselves in the firm belief that they had garment.

ight the gas after it was repeatedly put out. One night recently it was determined to ascertain, if possible, what caused the liver inc. strange doings, and watch was set. The lights were dimmed and all but set the family retired. After Augustus Elmendorf, a farmer, whom you two of the family retired. After getting nearly asleep the watchers were rudely awakened by the sound as of the flapping of wings and a peculiar chittering ad gone out, and refused positively to be ighted again. The watchers were in a ilemma. Matches were at a premium

and in the dark none could be found. The After this story had been told in a wa

ter that p in Adinbrooke Castle as would admit of his claiming the precious charge Sir Hugh had left him.

He heard much of her from others, more especially from Lady Oliphant, who was a constant correspondent. She told him how useful and earnest and beautiful was the life which Shirley led in the pretty cottagehome he had chosen; for she had steadily re-fused any of Sir Hugh's wealth save the small annuity he had left her in the will he so regretted at the last. She told him what good she did, how much she was loved, and she cheered him with a few words of hope which brightened Guy's lonely life abroad with the thought that perhaps, after all, the visions poor Hugh Glynn had seen with his dying eyes might become blessed realities in the time to

But, when the roses were in bloom second time, Guy received his summons home in a pretty affectionate note from Madge Oliphant, asking him to come back to be present at her marriage. And, with his heart beating with a sense

of joyous expectation and a passionately tender longing for the sight of Shirley's face once more, Guy turned his own toward home.

CHAPTER LIII.

It was on a lovely summer evening that Guy Stuart got out of the train at the little country station, and found Madge and her ponies waiting for him in the golden sunlight. She greeted him joyfully, and as he bent and kissed her check, it seemed to him that he had seen nothing so fair in all his wanderings as this "bonny English rose."

"It was very good of you to come to meet me yourself, Madgie," he said, as he accommodated his long limbs to the limits of Madge's fairy-like little vehicle.

"Did I not always come to meet you when you came to Erindale?" she asked,

gayly. "Yes; but you were only a lassie then; now you are a young lady about to be married, and a very important personage altogether. Madgie?'' When is the great day,

"The great day is to-morrow," she replied, with a laugh and a blush. "You will soon see outward and visible signs of

"To-morrow! Then I am only just in time?

'Yes. We expected you quite a week said softly.

ago." "You gave me no date, Madgie. I sup pose you were in such a wild state of excite ment that you forgot that I was not likely to know what day you had fixed."

"In a wild state of excitement !" she echoed, tossing her pretty head. "A propos

de quoi, Guy ? A propos of a wedding! Young ladies are always wild about weddings, so what

they must be about their own particular one passes the limits of my imagination completely !"

Well, you see, I am the exception which proves the rule," Madge said, laugh-ing. "I am much as usual, thank you." "You are as saucy as usual, Madge. How are your father and mother ?"

"Verv well, indeed.' "And the Hall is turned upside down, I

presume? "Nearly," Madge answered, gayly. "The dining-room is intact; so you will have your dinner in peace, which assurance ustrous depths.

dow, with her face turned toward the setting sunlight and his heart gave a sudden great bound of joy and gladness as his eyes ested upon her

ing. Can you, Shirley, "No-for there is none, Guy." How often during the long months of his exile and waiting he had yearned for the sight of her face, the sound of her voice, the touch of her hand! Even as a thirsty Unmistakable signs of a wedding work plentiful the next morning; and the san shone gayly on Madge Oliphant's wedding-day, streaming through the stained glass man in the desert craves for water he had thirsted for her, his darling, whom he had loved so faithfully, so unselfishly, so perfectly, all his life long. windows of the parish church on the assem bled guests as they waited for the bridal

She was so lost in some day dream or musing that she did not hear him enter, party The old church was crowded, the chancel nor the closing of the door, and he was

alone being reserved for the guests; the rest of the building was thronged with the good people of Erindale, the women in able to watch her for some minutes unperceived. He saw that she was no less beautiful than she had been in the old days, their gala dress, the men with nosegays in their button holes in honor of Miss Madge. and that her loveliness had increased And in the carved pews of the chancel there were familiar faces-Sir Oswald and rather than diminished; and, as she stood there in the sunlight, in her soft white dress, with one deeply tinted rose nestling Lady Fairholme, the latter as bright and weet and sparkling as ever, and Mr. and in the lace at her throat, she was a sight 'to make an old man young.' Mrs. Litton, who had been married a year or more, and were settled in London, where As she stood, she sighed softly-sighed although there was a little smile upon her the young surgeon's skill and perseverance and genuine love of his profession were then she turned quickly, feeling meeting with their reward. They had suddenly, as people do, that some one was watching her; whereupon Guy immediately went forward; and all her heart went out come down for the occasion, for Rosie Litton and Madge had been fast friends in their girlhood. There, too, was Shirley, in glad welcome to him, although for a grave and beautiful in her rich dress of second she could not move. Then she held out both hands to him, and the next instant shimmering silk and lace; and, as Mr. -how it happened neither ever knew - she was in his arms, held there in a clasp which Litton's eyes rested upon her, he recalled the pale trembling woman who had come to him through the winter night, and their

spoke more plainly than any words of Guy's longing and Guy's love, while her midnight walk through the snow also was Guy, so tall, erect, and stately. eyes the lovely, lustrous hazel eyes, so pasionate-looking up to his, told him, better with a wonderful tenderness in his even a they dwelt upon Lady Glynn, his face that than the sweetest words could all he wanted to know. of one who has borne and endured, and

In that moment it seemed to Guy that conquered sorrow, and learned peace and faith through pain.

all the past suffering was forgotten in the the great joy and blessedness of their re-union. For many minutes he could find There was a low but irrepressible mur-mur as Madge and her dainty white-robed no words to speak to her; she was so true, so beautiful, so loving, that he could not bride-maids came up the aisle and a gleam of passionate tenderness and joy flashed utter what he felt; his joy and love were into the eyes of the handsome young bride-alike dumb. But she needed no words. groom who stood waiting for her, and by whose side she knelt to make the vows He held her in his arms, crushing her in a close, fond embrace, looking down at the sweetface as if he would never tire of the which she purposed, with all the strength of her pure young heart, to keep.

rapt fond gaze: and, as they stood thus, the golden sunshine streaming into the It was a protty sight and a touching one Shirley's eyes watched them with a grave tenderness which had something a little pretty room fell upon them both, a pressage wistful and sad in it. Perhaps she was thinking of her own wedding-day and its f the happier days to come. Shirley was the first to break the rapdisastrous ending, and of the tears which had fallen upon the gleaming satin and lace of her wedding.dress. No such fate turous silence. Putting her hands upo his breast, she looked up into his face.

"You will not go again?"

"You have come back to me, Guy?" she was in store for Madge, she thought thank "I have come back, my darling." fully : and, looking at Ruby, she met her earnest and sympathizing glance with The sweet voice was a little hurried fond little pressure of the hand. The next

and breathless now. moment they were both smiling at Bertie "Not if you tell me to stay, Shirley." Fairholme, who, in a dainty court-suit of There was another silence as Guy watched the lovely pink flush mounting velvet and lace and silk stockings, brought up the rear of the bride maids with little over the fair pale face up to the roots of the pretty hair. The sweet eyes were down-Amy Graham, and who had evidently given all his childish heart to his little golden

cast now, the red lips quivering a little. Guy stooped down and steadied them with his own and the flush faded. Lit was a pretty w afterwards, the pret It was a pretty wedding, the guests said afterwards, the prettiest that some of them "Shirley," he said very earnestly, very nderly, very softly, "If, during all these had ever seen. There was no lavish dis tenderly, very softly, "If, during all these years we have passed far from each other, you have learnt to love me less than you play of wealth, and the good wishes that followed the young bride were heartfelt and earnest. As she went down the path used to in the old days, and not only to on her husband's arm the sunshine fell love me less, but to love me differentlyupon them both, as it fell upon their future a friend, as a brother-let me hear it from ives

your lips now. But—" "But what, Guy?" she said, lifting her Within a month from the day there was another wedding in the old church, a very quiet wedding, with no gay cortege of bride-maids and groomsmens, but which, noteyes now to his, with a little smile in their

and their relations in the matter of 'I cannot see any shadow now, my dar marriage was perhaps never better illustrated than in the case of a packwoods Maine family, of which a correspondent writes

A father, son and grandson married three isters. strain upon them the prostrate men held the

That looks simple enough, doesn't it ? It hasn't dawned on you yet. Well, see here : 1. Amos, the father, married Abigal. 2. Benjamin, the son of Amos, married

Beteev hitched, snapped in two pieces. The end of one piece struck Crim in the side as it broke, 3. Charles, son of Benjamin, married laroline. and rendered him unconscious for nearly

What then? Amos is a brother to his son Amos is grandfather to his daughter. Amos is grandfather to his sister. Amos is father to his grandson. Amos is his own grandfather, his own on, and brother in law to himself. Benjamin is brother to his father. Benjamin is brother to his son. Benjamin is brother to his mothe Benjamin is brother to his daughter. Benjamin is the son of his sister. Benjamin is the husband of his sister. Charles is brother to his father Charles is brother to his grandfather. Charles is brother to his mother. Charles is brother to his grandmothe harles is grandnephew to his wife. Charles is grandchild to his aunt Charles is married to another aunt Charles is the son of his sunt. Charles is the husband of his sister.

His Last Request.

the structure began to close up. The elevation of his feet, however, did "Wife, dear, my last hour is at hand not trouble the new hoarder in the least Voices are calling and spectral hands are he was already slumbering peacefully, and eckoning me away." the bed, of course, did not close tightly. In " Don't say that, dear,"

the morning the absence of her new boarder from breakfast troubled the land-"When the shadows of the evening deepen, the shadows of death will have en lady to such an extent that she went with compassed me forever. And now, darling, the maid to investigate. The Virginian's ne last request. door was open, the room undisturbed and " Speak it. John."

"When I am dead do not marry my

the bed apparently closed. The maid, however, discovered his hat on the floor, brother." and then in sepulchral tones called atten " Why ?"

tion to the feet protruding from the top of "His life has been a tempestuous one, the bed. love and I would like to feel sure when The terrified women pulled the bed go that his declining years will be spent in peace."-Lincoln Journal.

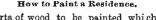
Love's Labor Lost.

Taking pity on a very forlorn looking ramp yesterday, an uptown housekeeper romised to give him something to eat nd, thinking he might want to wash his horridly dirty face and hands before eating. she sent a servant out with a basin of water, a fresh cake of soap and a towel. A few minutes later the lady returned to see if he was in a condition to be invited into the kitchen when the tramp broke out: "See here, mum, ef ye can't spare me nothing better to drink out of than a tin basin, an' ef you ain't got nothing better to eat than this queer-tastin' cake, why, I

ain't got no use fer this napkin."

Different Experiences. Handsome Man-Saved another lady

from fracturing her skull. She fainted of the hotel steps, and would have fallen on the stone pavement if I had not caught her. It is remarkable how much ill health there is among the women of the present day. They are always fainting. Homely Man—I never noticed it.



house is carly in the winter, or in the spring, when the air is cold and no dust is

What 10 Cents Will Do.

A 10 cent bottle of Polson's NERVILINI

will cure neuralgia or headache. A 10 cent

bottle of Nerviline will cure toothache or

faceache. A 10 cent sample bottle of Nervi

line is sufficient to cure colds, diarrhout

bottles at any drug store, only 25 cents.

Could Not be Tickled.

An all-gone feeling on slight exertion upon you? If so, and YOU, know whether this is so or not, soiled by smoke or grease aro to be was hed with a solution of saltpetre in water, or do not neglect your case until reason with very thin lime whitewash. If soap suds are used to wash off the smoke or grease, they should be thoroughly rinsed totters and you are an imbecile, but to-day, while you have reason, use your good sense and judgment by purchasing WAR-NER'S SAFE CURE and with clean water or the paint will not The best time to paint the outside of a

WARNER'S SAFE PILLS; medicines warranted to do as represented, and which will cure you.

flying. The first, second and third coats of paint. on the outsides of buildings, should be pre-pared by mixing the white lead with boiled . 0 linseed oil and allowing each coat to dry hard before applying the next.

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for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S spasms, dysentery, etc. Nerviline is just the thing to care all pains, whether internal or external. Buy at your druggists a 10 cent sample of Nerviline, "the great pain cure." Addross, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S. The Shoe & Leather Reporter, N. Y., and Shoe & Leather Iteview, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U.S. in the Hideline, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's busi ne-s, and after a thorough examination and com parison the Reporter gives him this endorsement "We believe that in extent of Light-weight raw material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country." Safe, prompt, and always effectual. Large

I was a very ticklish youngster, and my comrades sometimes used that weakness for their own amusement. One boy used to show how little effect tickling had upon

stock is the largest held by any house in this country." And the Review says: "After a most thorough investigation of Mr Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that in his specially, light-weight slock, he is unquestionally the largest dealer in this country, while in superi ority of quality he is confessedly at the head." QUERY: It Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would be naturally got more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line? him; but one hot summer day, as he was lying reading, I tickled him on the ribs. and he almost went into convulsions. found that he was far more sensitive that

MARVELOUS

MEMORY

DISCOVERY.

any boy in the company, and he revealed his secret to me under condition of my never telling any one else. By holding his breath he became pachydermatous, and would let anybody tickle him as much as they pleased; but, of course, they always gave it up at once when they saw his solid look. I tried the plain, and it worked ad mirably; and it is my only protection, even unto this day, for my cuticle is as sensitive as ever. The deduction is simple—a man holds his breath and the tickler is bafiled.

The "old reliable"-Dr. Sage's Catarrh

Kept His Promise,

"Be mine," he cried with voice surcharged with anguish. "If you refuse me I shall die!" That was forty years ago, and the heartless girl refused him. Yester-day he died. Girls, beware.

That Deadly Scourge !

Tubercular consumption is simply lungscrofula—the active and dangerous develop ment of a taint in the blood. The grand plood-cleansing botanic principles contained in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

specially fit it to purify the blood, and prevent the formation of ulcers in the lungs and bronchial tubes. Liver complaint, been here six weeks, and it is the first man of any kind I have seen.—Life. it. All druggists. of any kind I have seen .- Life.

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DONL, 37 ≥8.

DUNN'S BAKINC POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

slowly down, and the new boarder, awakened by the motion, crawled out in a rumpled state. "I beg your pardon," he said in some confusion, but his Virginian politeness quickly getting control, "I was feeling a little peart last night and sat down rather —Science. hard on the bed, and I-I reckon I busted mainspring."- Washington Cor. New Remedy.

York Press. Where the Quail Belongs,

belong ? " he asked.

" And to what class do quail belong ? "

coming directly toward us. Ethel-Do let me take the glass! I have

the question :

An Austin teacher was instructing his class in natural history. "To what class of birds does the hawk " To birds of prey," was the reply.

Fun After Dinner, Helen-Oh, Ethell there's a man-of-war

There was a pause. The teacher repeated "Where does the quail belong ?" "On toast !" yelled out the hungry boy at the foot of the class.