Sweet Little Somebody. Somebody crawls into mamma's bed Just at the break of day, Suggles up and whisper's loud, "Somebody's come to stay."

Somebody rushes through the house, Never once shuts a door, Scatters her playthings all around, Over the nursery fleor.

Climbs on the fence and tears her clothes-Never a bit cares she— Swings on the gate and makes mud pies— Who can somebody be?

Somebody looks with rougish eyes Ip through her tangled hair ; omebody's me," she says, " but then Somebody doesn't care." Up thi

Old Folks.

Ah, don't be sorrowful, darling, And don't be sorrowful, pray, Taking the year together, my dear, There isn't more night than day!

'Tis rainy weather, my darling, Time's waves, they heavily run, But taking the year together, my dear, There isn't more cloud than sun!

We are old folks now, my darling, Our heads they are growing gray, But taking the year all round, my dear, You will always find the May!

We had our May, my darling, And our roses, long ago, And the time of the year is coming, my dear, For the silent night and snow!

And God is God, my darling, Of night as well as day, And we feel and know that we can go Wherever he leads the way.

Ay, God of night, my darling-Of the night of death, so grim; The gate that leads cut of life, good wife, Is the gate that leads to Him.

-Alice Carey, in Boston Tra eller. Out of the Darkness.

Out of the darkness-whence? Into the darkness-whither? O for the long suspense, And the searching hither and thither When the silver cord is loosed, And the golden bowl is broken, How is the light diffused That has been, and leaves no token?

The sound of a tender strain, The flash of a crystal river— Then into the never again, Or into the long forever? Is it life for the living, and naught But death 'neath the sable curtain ? Whence is the truth, and what? And where is it clear and certain ?

Fear not, for He is there And the curtain is withdrawn ; The truth is bright and fair, And the light streams further on ; While over the world's dark strife Sounds a voice of amount diverties Sounds a voice of sweet direction "I am the way of Life, I am the Resurrection."

FIDELITY AND LOVE.

"Will you take a sleeper?" the inductor asked and she replied, "Oh no. conductor

I cannot afford that." So he found her a whole seat in the common car, and telling her that he would speak of her to the new conductor, bade her good-bye, and she was left alone.

Very nervously she watched her fellow passengers as they came hurrying in,men. mostly,-it seemed to her.rough-looking men, too, for there had been a horse-race that day at a point on the Harlem road, and they were returning from it. Occasionally some one of them stopped and looked at the girl in black who sat so straight and still, with her hand bag held down upon the vacant seat beside her as if to keep it intact. But no one offered to take it, and Maude breathed more freely as the crowded train moved from the depot. After a little the new conductor came and spoke to her and looked at her ticket and went out, and then she was really alone. New England with its rocks and hills and mountains, was behind her. Mother, and John and home were far away, and the lump in her throat grew larger and there crept over her such a sense of dreariness and home sickness that she would have oried outright if she dared to. There were only six women in the car besides herself. All the rest were wolves; she felt sure of that, they talked and laughed so loud, and spit so much tobacco juice. They were so different from the stranger on the boat, she thought, wondering who he was and where he had gone. How pleasantly he had spoken to her, and how she wished —. She got no farther for a voice said to her, " Can I sit by you?

"Yes, oh, yes. I am so glad," Maude exclaimed involuntarily, in her delight at recognising the stranger, and springing to her feet she offered him the seat next to

care; but she's safer with you. Comes from the mountains somewhere, I believe. Guess she is going to seek her fortune. She ought to find it, with that face. Isn't she pretty ?" and he glanced admiringly at the sweet young face now turned to one side, with one hand under the finshed cheek and the short rings of damp hair curling around the forehead

"Yes, very," Gordon replied, moving uneasily and finally holding a newspaper, between Maude and the conductor's lantern, for it did not seem right to him that any eyes except those of a near friend should take this advantage of a sleeping girl.

The conductor passed on, and then Gordon fell asleep until they reached a way station, where the sudden stopping of the train roused him to consciousness, moment after he was confronted by a young man, who, at sight of him, stopped short and exclaimed, "Max Gordon I as I short and exclaimed, Max Gordon 1 as 1 live! I've hunted oreation over for you, and given you up. Where have you been and why weren't you at Long Branch, as you said you'd be, when you wrote me to

join you there?" "Got tired of it, you were so long com ing, so I went to the Adirondacks with

"Did you bring me any letters ?" Max continued and his friend replied. "Yes. a cartload. Six, anyway," and he began to take them from his side-pocket. "One, two, three, four, five; there's another, somewhere. Oh, her; 'tis,'' he said taking somewhere. Oh, her a 'tis," he said taking out the sixth, which looked rather soiled and worn. "I suppose it's for you," he continued, "although it's directed to Mr. Max Marshall, Esq., and it is in a school-girl's hand-writing. It came long ago, and we chaps puzzled over it a good while; then as no one appeared to claim it, and it was mailed at Merrivale, where your sister spends her summers, I ventured to bring it with the rest. If you were not such a saint with the rest. If you were not such a saint I'd say you had been imposing a false name upon some innocent country girl, and, by George, I believe she's here now with your ulster over her ! Running off with her, ch What will Miss Raynor say?" he went on, as his eyes fell upon Maude, who just then stirred in her sleep and murmured softly,

Our Father who art in Heaven." She was at home in her little whitecurtained bedroom, kneeling with he mother and saying her nightly prayer, and, involuntarily, both the young men bowed their heads as if receiving a benediction. "I think, Dick, that your vile insinuation s answered," Max said, and Dick rejoined "Yes, I beg your pardon. Under your protection I s'pose. Well, she safe; but I must be finding that berth of mine. Will

He left the car, while Max Gordon tried to read his letters, as best he could by the dim light near him. One was from his sister, one from Archie, three on business, while the last puzzled him a little, and he held it awhile as if uncertain as to his right

to open it. "It must be for me," he said at last and breaking the seal he read Maud's letter to him, unconscious that Maud was sleeping there beside him.

Indeed, he had never heard of Maude Graham before, and had soarcely given a thought to the former owners of Spring Farm. His sister had a mortgage upon it the man was dead ; the place must be sold and Mrs. More asked him to buy it; that was all he knew when he bid it off. "Poor little girl," he said to himself,

"if I had known about you I don't believe I'd have bought the place. There was no necessity to foreclose, I'm sure ; but it was just like Angie; and what must this Maude think of me not to have answered her letter. I am so sorry;" and his sorrow manifested itself in an increased attention to the girl over whom he adjusted his ulster more carefully, for the air in the car was growing very damp and chilly. It was broad daylight when Maude

woke, starting up with a smile upon her face and reminding Max of some lovely

child when first aroused from sleep. "Why, I have slept all night," she exclaimed, as she torsed back her wavy hair, "and you have given me your shawl and ulster, too," she added, with a blush which made her face, as Max thought, the prettiest he had ever seen. Who was she, he wondered, and once he

thought to ask her the question directly then, he tried by a little *finessing* to find out who she was and where she came from, but Maude's mother had so strongly impressed it upon her not to be at all communicative to strangers that she was holly non-committal ule suspect ing his design, and when at last Canan-daigua was reached he knew no more of her history than when he first saw her white and trembling on the boat. She was going to take the Genesee stage, she said, and expected her uncle to meet her at Oak's Corners, in Richland.

himself a home after his own peculiar ideas of architecture, but which, when finished and furnished, was a most delightful place, when finished especially in the summer when the flowers and shrubs, of which there was a great profusion, were in blossom, and the wide lawn in front of the house was like a piece of velvet. Here for two years Paul Raynor had lived quite en prince, and then, sicken-ing with what he knew to be a fatal disease, had sent for his invalid sister Grace who came and stayed with him to the last finding after he was dead that all his property had been left to her, with a

uest that she would make the Cedars, as the place was called, her home for a portion of the time at least. And so, though city bred and city born, Grace had stayed on for nearly a year, leading a lonely ife, for she knew but few of her neighbors while her crippled condition prevented her from mingling at all in the society she was so well fitted to adorn. As the reader will have guessed Grace Raynor was the girl, or rather woman, for she was over 30 now, to whom Max Gordon had devoted the years

of his early manhood, in the vain hope that sometime she would be cured and become his wife. A few days before the me appointed for her bridal she had been thrown from her horse and had injuried her spine so badly that for months she suffered such agony that her beautiful hair turned white; then the pain ceased suddenly, but left her no power to move her lower limbs, and she had never walked since and never would. But through all the long years Max had clung to her with a devotion born first of his intense love for her and later of his sense of honor which would make him loval to her even to the grave. Knowing how domestic he was in his tastes and how happy he would be with wife and children Grace had insisted that he should leave her and seek some other love. But his answer was always the same. "No, Grace, I am bound to you just as strongly as if the clergyman had made us one, and will marry you any day you will say the word. Your lameness is oothing so long as your soul is left untouched, and your face, too," he would some times add, kissing fondly the lovely face which, with each year, seemed to grow love-

lier. and from which the snowy hair did not in the least detract. But Grace knew better than to inflict herself upon him, and held fast to her re-solve, even while her whole being went out

to him with an intense longing for his con-stant love and companionship. Especially was this the case at the Cedars, where she found herself very lonely, notwithstanding the beauty of the place and its situation.

"If he asks me again, shall I refuse?" she said to herself on the September morning when Mande Graham was alighting from the dusty stage at Oak Corners, two miles away, and the carriage she had sent for Max was only an hour behind.

How pretty she was in the dainty white dress, with a shawl of scarlet wool wrapped around her, as she sat in her wheel chair on the broad piazza, which commanded a view of the distant lake and the green hills beyond. Not fresh and bright and glowing as Maude, who was like an opening rose with the early dew upon it, but more like a pale water-lily just beginning to droop, though very sweet and lovely still. There was a faint tinge of color in her cheek as she leaned her head against the cushion her chair and wondered if she should find Max the same ardent lover as ever, ready to take her to his arms at any cost, or had

he, during the past year, seen some other face fairer and younger than herown. "I shall know in a moment if he is changed ever so little," she thought, and although she did not mean to be selfish and would at any moment have given him up and made no sign there was a throb of pain in her heart as she tried to think pan in her nears as and that to take what life would be without Max to love her. "I should die," she whispered, "and, please God, I shall die before many years

please Gou, I shall die belove many years and leave my boy free." He was her boy still, just as young and handsome as he had been 13 years ago, when he lifted her so tenderly from the ground and she felt his tears upon her orehead as she writhed in her fearful pain And now when at last he came and put her arms arcund her and took her face between his hands and looked fondly into it as he questioned her of her health she feit that e was unchanged, and thanked her Father

for it. He was delighted with everything, and sat by her until after lunch, which was served on the piazza, and asked her of her life there and the people in the neighborhood and finally if she knew of a Capt. Alling," she replied ; "Why, yes.

to comfort her, so greatly was he interested I am Miss Raynor, and you are Maude in her, and so much was she in his mind. He stayed at the Cedars several days and then, finding it a little tiresome, said good-bye to Grace and went his way again, eaving her with a vague consciousness that something had come between them; a shadow no larger than a man's hand, it is her. true, but a shadow, and as she watched him going down the walk she whispered

"Max is slipping from me." CHAPIER VI.

sadly,

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS. The setting sun of a raw January after-

neon was shining into the dingy school room where Maude sat by the iror dingy rusted box stove, with her feet on the hearth, reading a note which had been brought to her just before the close of school by a man who had been to the Post Office in the village at the foot of the lake It was nearly four months since she first crossed the threshold of the log shool house, taking in at a glance the whole dreariness of her surroundings, and feeling for the moment that she could not endure it. But she was somewhat accustomed to it now and not half so much afraid of the tall girls and boys, her scholars, as she had been at first, while the latter were wholly devoted to her and not a little proud of there " young school ma'am," as they called her. Everybody was kind to her, and she had not found "boarding round" so very dreadful after all for the fatted calf was always killed for her, and the best dishe prought out, while it was seldom that she was called upon to share her sleeping room with more than one member of the family And still there was ever present with her a longing for her mother and for Johnnie and a life more congenial to her tastes. Dreaming was out of the question now, and the book which was to make her famous and buy back the old home seemed very far in the future. Just how large a portion of her thoughts was given to Max Gordon it was difficult to say. She had felt a thrill of joy when she saw him in church, and a little proud, too, it may be, of his notice of her. Very minutely her cousins had questioned her with regard to her acquaintance with him, deploring her stupidity in not having ascertained who he was. A relative most likely of Miss Raynor in whose pew he sat, they concluded, and they told their cousin of the lady at the Cedars, Grace Raynor, who could not walk step, but was wheeled in a chair, some by a maid and sometimes by a man The lady par excellence of the neighborhood she seemed to be, and Maude found herself greatly interested in her and in everything

pertaining to her. Twice she had been through the grounds, which were open to the public, and had seen Grace both times in the distance, once sitting in her chain upon the piazza, and once being wheeled in the woods by her man servant, Tom. But beyond this she had not advanced, nothing could be farther from her thoughts than the idea that she would ever be anything to the lady of the Cedars. Max Gordon' letter had been forwarded to her from Merrivale, but had created no suspicion in her mind that he and her friend of the train were one. She had thought it a little strange that he should have been in Canan daigua the very day that she arrived there and wished she might have seen him, but the truth never dawned upon her until sometime in December, when her mother wrote to her that he had called to see them, expressing nuch regret at Maude's absence, and when told where she was and when she went exclaiming with energy, as he sprang to his feet, "Why, madam, your daughter was with me in the train,---a little blue cycd, brown haired girl in black, who said she was Capt. Alling's niece."

"He seemed greatly excited," Mrs. Graham wrote, " and regretted that he did not know who you were. He got an idea somehow that your name was Grey, and said he received your letter with you asleep beside him. He is a splendid looking man with the pleasantest eyes and the kindest voice I ever heard or saw." "Ye-es," Maude said slowly, as she

recalled the voice which had spoken so kindly to her and the eyes which had ooked so pleasantly into her own. "And that was Max Gordon ! He was going to the Cedars, and Miss Raynor is the girl for whom he has lived single all these years. Oh-h !" She was conscious of a vague regret that

down a feeling as near to jealousy as it children. with Maude's letter from her mother mail there had come to the Cedars one from Max, who said that he had discovered who was his compagnon da voyage. "She is teaching somewhere in your town," he wrote, " and I judge is not very happy there. Can't you do something for her, Grace? It has occurred to me that to have a girl like her about you would do you a great deal of good. We are both getting on in years, and need something young to keep us from growing old, and you might make her your companion She is very pretty, with a soft cultivated voice, and must be a good reader. Think of it, and if you decide to do it, inquire for her at Capt. Alling's. Her name is Maude Graham.

Graham." This was there introduction to each other and that night Maude dreamed of the lovely face which had smiled upon her, and the voice, the saddest and sweetest she had ever heard, which had spoken so kindly to

Two weeks afterwards Grace's note brought to her and she read it with her feet upon the stove hearth and the low January sun shining in upon her. Miss Raynor wanted her for a companion

and friend, to read and sing to and soothe her in the hours of langour and depression,

"I am lonely," she wrote, "and as you "I am lonely," she wrote, "and as you know, wholly incapacitated from mingling with the world, and I want someone with me different from my maid. Will you come to me, Miss Graham? I will try to make you happy; if money is any object I will give you twice as much as you are now receiving, whatever that may be. Think of t and let me know your decision soon. "Yours very truly, "GRACE RAYNOR."

(To be Continued).

THE GHOST OF CAMERON PASS.

t Turned Out to be a Wild Girl of 25 Dressed in Skins.

In the summer of 1882 W. C. Hart, the eologist, and two other enthusiastic colectors of specimens were encamped near the lava beds between the head waters of the Cache de la Poudre River and North Park. It was a rough, broken region, and the desolation was heightened by the proximity of the crater of an extinct volcano, while bare rocks and dead timber were everywhere. The hops of securing rare formations for their cabinets attracted the gentlemen to the uncanny spot, for every one averred that Cameron Pass was haunted by the spirit of an emigrant's daughter. Joe Shepler, a well-known mountaineer, who was piloting the party through the hills, had often seen the ghost, and promised his companions that they should view the strange apparition before returning to their homes. He said the spirit was a thief, and frequently stole food and furniture from the camps of hunters who ventured within her uninviting domain. At dinner on August 2nd, 1882 Shepler calmly announced that the spirit of Cameron Pass was approaching, and pointed to a strange being which was swiftly moving toward the camp. The manader came within 500 yards of the men, and seizing a haunch of venison which had been placed on a stone, ran off with it. Hart picked up his rifle, and, calling on his comrades to follow started in pursuit of the thief. She—they were sure it was a wo-man—led them all a lively race directly toward the lava beds. Being close pressed the hunted creature dropped the meat and sped onward to the opening of a cave. The pursuers entered the cavern on the heels of the strange robber and found the warm body of a dead woman. The fright and exertion had killed her. The corpse was that of a woman about 25 years old. Her only clothing was a rude gown, fashioned of skins. Her hair was very long and she was sunburned and barefooted. The remains were buried decently. An exploration of the cave disclosed the fact that it had for some time been used as a habitation by the alleged spirit. The ground was covered with bones, and, although there were cooking utensils about, it was evident that they had never been used. The unfortunate girl had subsisted on stolen meats, roots and leaves. She had dried meat for winter use. For several years she was thought to be a spirit.-Chicago Herald.

Courtship's Progress.

When a young girl detects the signs of a nutual attachment between herself and a nan whose tastes and position in life are suited to hers, she can do no better than confide her thoughts on the subject to her mother, or if she be motherless, to some woman who is much older than herself, and upon whose sympathy and wisdom she can rely. If the older person approve, there are many ways of arranging opportunities for the pair to become better acquainted, and to discover whether their first impressions of each other were correct. mother can easily arrange the social setting of her children. If she gathers about her only such young reople as she deems fitting her stranger friend, was the betrothed husband of Grace Raynor, who, at that very time, was thinking of her and fighting will be satisfactory to parents as well as consequence is that ties are formed which will be satisfactory to parents as well as The young man finds easy and natural ways of expressing his regard for a young girl, and by a kind of intuition she can usually satisfy herself from the first of the nature of his feelings toward her. He will show considerateness, deference, and a preference for her society at all times, an yet he will carefully avoid anything that might convey to others the impression that he believes her to hold the same attitude of preference toward him. He will always accept her society as a courtesy which she has graciously con-ferred, and apart from which he has no claim. Indeed, in all manly and chivalric ways he will testify his admiration for her, until he feels a sufficient assurance of her interest in him to warrant him in putting the vital question to her. If she be an ingenious and high-minded girl she will admit or deny with kindness and candor that she values as he wishes his devotion to her. If her consent is ob-tained he will then seek the approval of her parents or guardians. If her family oh ots to the proposed alliance it is the girl's duty to reserve her final decision, out of respect for them. If time and opportunity for knowing each other better only deepen their regard, and parental disapproval con-tinues, the girl has two alternatives—patient waiting and an unhappy assumption of the consequence of disobedience. Each girl Each girl must determine this matter for herself. remembering, however, that no one can have a more unselfish interest in her happisult is that the ground is so covered with seeds that it is almost impossible to eradiness than her parents. ing the garden in such

THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD.

Items of Utility and Curiosity for Every-

body. The second elevator in the Eiffel Tower Are you afflicted with insomnia? Perhas been accepted by the committee. The four hemp ropes temporarily used to sustain the load of eleven tons were cut simultaneously in the test, allowing the load to drop eight inches, and the safety wedges were found to stand the strain. A discussion of the mythical "joint snake" is going on again in herpetological

circles, the popular idea being that there exists a snake which, when broken to pieces joins itself together again. There is, of course, no such reptile. The delusion owes its origin to popular credulity, and so much of fact as is found in conr ection with the habits of the ophisaurus ventralis, a species of snake lizard with a mere rudimentary development of legs. It is very brittle and a slight blow breaks it into fragments. If only the tail is lost a new one is sprouted, but the self-mending powers are purely mythical. Recent tests at Manchester, by burning

in oxvgen, shows anthracite coal to give ighest yield, emitting 8,340 Centigrade the h units of heat.

J. E. Thickston, Metuchen, N.J., pre-dicts disaster from the escape of natural gas in the Alleghany region, beside which the Johnstown calamity will appear trifling. His theory is that the escaping gas is not, as in the case of oil deposits, compensated for by the influx of water. and he anticipates a collapse or an explosion.

The manufacture of starch from the cassava, which frequently, under cultiva-tion not the best, yields forty tons per acre, s becoming an important industry in some parts of Florida.

The Egyptian Exploration Fund ex-penditures since 1883 have been about \$8,000 per year and have yielded rich results "Rapid dentrifices " are to be eschewed,

as the basis of all are acids, whose action on the enamel and bony structure of the teeth is most deleterious. Precipitated chalk, flavored with powdered orris root, a little powdered myrrh added. and rubbed with fine Castile scap, is as good a dentri-fice as can be had. Regular and careful brushing, with the use of a good quill tooth-pick, is safe dental treatment—always premight be written over the graves of hun-dreds of thousands: "Bored to death by apposing a dentist has first put the teeth n good condition. The best cement for glass is glue. When

dreds of thousands: "Bored to death by the stagnation of domestic life."—The t fails_it fails through the action of mois Christian at Work. ture. This may be obviated by treating the lue with bichromate of potash, adding (in

dark room) one tenth the weight of the dry glue to the solution ; apply in the dark When exposed to light the glue will, harden and effectually resist the action o mois-

The U.S. Government recipe for permanent whitewash is: Half bushel lime, slaked under cover; strain and add one peck salt dissolved in warm water, and three pounds rice flour boiled in water to a thin paste; half pound Spanish whiting and one pound clear glue dissolved in warm water. This should stand several days and

then be applied hot. The cleanly housewife will find an almost odorless liquid stove blacking, cheap and effective in the following : Mix two parts of copperas, one of bone black, one pulverized graphite with enough water to make a creamy paste. Uranus was in perihelion in 1883 and

will not be again until 1966. At perihlion it is distant from the sun 1,681,864,000 miles. Neptune's next perihelion will be in 2048, when it will be 2,755,207,000 miles distant from Old Sol.

Farmers will find the following table of inside) dimensions convenient : A box .4x8 in. and 4 in. deep holds half a peck ; one 7x6.4 in. and 12 in. deep holds a peck one 12x11.2 in. and 8 in. deep holds half a bushel; one 16x12 in. and 11.2 in. deep contains a bushel.

Some Literary Don Moto

namely, a reliable article at a moderate opst.—Shoe and Leather Review. The following, said to have been copied erbatim et literatim from a sign at Barnet, Eng., is found in a file of the Caledonian Mercury for 1789. The inscription shows that business was not so subdivided 100 years ago as it is to day: "John Nust, Operator in Ordinary and Extraordinary, Mender of Soles, Uniter of the Disunited, Restorer of Order and Harmony though of ever so long and wide a separation. N. B. -Gives advice gratis in the most desperate dases, and never pockets his fee till he has performed a cure." Dean Alford tells of a certain set of in-

structions posted by a railway company will bring back her lost beauty, and, better for the guidance of engineers, which read still, it will remove all those distressing as follows : " Hereafter, when trains mov-ing in an opposite direction are approach symptoms which have made life a burden to her so long. Money refunded if it don't give satisfaction. See guarantee printed on ing each other on separate lines, conductors and engineers will be required to bring required to bring the bottle wrapper. their respective trains to a dead halt before the point of meeting, and be very careful not to proceed till each train has passed the A Popular Error Corrected. There is a widespread popular impression other.' that a very large proportion of deaths from disease take place in the early morning hours—between 4 and 6 o'clock. That this is an error is well known to most medical Newspaper literary blunders are plentiful, but none familiar with the circumstances under which matter for the daily press is prepared will be hypercritical men. From time to time careful observa-tions have been made in hospitals which Taken all round it is creditable to its pro ducers. One reflects on this when he thinks of the sad blanders of eminent have resulted in showing that the act of death takes place with fairly equal f authors, whose work has all the advantages of careful revision. A notable instance quency during the whole 24 hours of the day. occurs to me, where Mr. John Morley tells \$500 Not Called For. us that " Carlyle teaches us that silence is It seems strange that it is necessary to golden in thirty-six volumes." result of the second se How to Manage a Plot. The work in the garden is mostly done in the spring, and the seed is carefully planted, obstinate catarrh with his " Catarrh Remthe ground kent clean, the early ground taken edy,'' who would never have applied to him off and the ground abandoned to if it had not been for his offer of the above One of the most unsightly objects is a plot sum for an incurable case. Who is the next bidder for cure or cash ? of ground overgrown with weeds; and as the garden plot is usually made rich the weeds grow very rank and soon mature. As they are allowed to die down, and the ground cleared off the next spring, the re-

FACTS ABOUT INSOMNIA

Those Who Always Practice Punctuality and Those Who Do Not.

haps you have too much time for sleep. Perhaps you depend too much cn sleep for rest and recuperation. For sleep is not the sole rest of used-up nerves. Sociability, congeniality and the enjoyment of good company rest the body quite as much as sleep. The dreary monotony of life in many a household, involving this tumblin into bed with the mechanical regularity of a machine at 9 or 10 o'clock in the evening, does not always rest weary bodies. "Early does not always rest weary bodies. "Early to bed and early to rise" does not always make a man healthy, wealthy or wise Numbers of organizations are only capable Numbers of organizations are only capable of five or six hours sleep at a time, and their early lying down to rest is often succeeded by an early waking up and a consequent restless tossing for hours pre-ceding daybreak. The practicers of punctuality are often surprised after breaking their own cast-iron rules, and passing two or three later hours of mirth and jollity past their usual bed time, to find themselves even more refreshed in the and themselves even more refreshed in the morning than usual. The relaxation of sociability had rested them more than sleep would or an attempt to sleep. But these are conditions not so easily reached in the average family. In fashionable life we have a formal, exhausting, mechanical evening of more or less dissipation. On the other hand the evenings of many families are monotonous humdrum. They involve the accemblage of the same people, the same surroundings, the same people, the same surroundings, the same paterfamilias yawning over his paper, and the same querulous mamma overladen with family cares. Fresh people, with fresh thought, fresh atmosphere, any-thing to stir up and agitate the pool of domestic stagnation, are sadly needed and sadly scarce. There needs to be also a con-stant succession of much furth more labeled and stant succession of such fresh people to bring about these results. The world is full of men and women, and in a better regulated life it would be their business after the day's work was done to entertain each other, and give each other fresh life. As it is now, hundreds, if not thousands, of our households are little better than cells for the incarceration of each family. Thousands are thus worn out prematurely from utter lack of domestic recreation. There

Where Old Shoes Go.

It may have been noticed that nowadays ery few old shoes and scraps of leather are observable lying in our streets or dustheaps. This is in a great measure due to the collections of old scraps of leather, which are taken to mills, wherethey are cut up almost into fine dust. To this is added about 40 per cent, of Indian rubber, and the about 40 per cent, of indian rubber, and the whole is then subjected to a pressure of 6,000 or 10,000 pounds per square foot. The substance is then colored, and is sold at prices some 50 per cent. below that of natural leather. It is manifestly a very poor substitute, and it is wholly wanting in fibre; in fact, if it were not for the insane craze for cheap articles, which buyers vainly hope to substitute for those which, though the original cost is greater, are yet in the end cheaper, we should never hear of this compound, which might almost as well be made of saw-dust as leather-dust. In consequence of the manufacture and sale of large quantities of in-ferior leather many old established tanners are now stamping their's with a trade mark, which is some guarantee to the buyer, as he may be sure no man will put his name or trade mark on an inferior article. It is hoped by this means to enable those who desire to buy the bast quality of leather to be able to secure what they want,

"She's Much

We heard a young girl make the above remark the other day about a lady with whom we are slightly acquainted. It was not true, yet the lady in question actually does lock five years older than her husband, although she is really several years his juncional derangement is the cause. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription would care her, and should be recommended to her, and to all others who are in the same condition. If the reader of this chances to be a similar

the window. "Oh, no," he said with a smile which

would have won the confidence of any girl. Keep that yourself. You will be more comfortable there. Are you going to ride all night?"

Yes, I am going to Canandaigua," she replied. "To Canandaigua !" he repeated, look

ing at her a little curiously; but he asked no more questions then, and busied himself with adjusting his bag and his large travelling shawl, which last he put on the back of the seat more behind Maude than himself.

Then he took out a magazine, while Maude watched him furtively, thinking him the finest looking man she had ever seen, except her father, of whom in his manner he reminded her a little. Not nearly as old, certainly, as her father, and not young like Archie either, for there were a few threads of grey in his mustache and in his brown hair, which had a trick of curling slightly at the ends under his soft felt hat. Who was he? she wondered. The was he? she wondered. The initials nitials on his satchel were, 'M. G.,'' but that told her nothing. How she hoped he was going as far as she was, she felt so safe with him, and at last as the darkness increased and he shut up his book, she ventured to ask, " Are you go ing far ?

'Yes," he replied, with a twinkle of humor in his blue eyes, "and if none of these men get out I am afraid I shall have to claim your forbearance all night, but i will make myself as small as possible Look," and with a laugh he drew himself close to the arm of the seat, and leaving quite a space between them; but he did not tell her that he had engaged a berth in the sleeper, which he had abandoned when he found her alone. with that set of rough vhose character he knew.

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto Me," would surely be said to him some day for he was always giving the cup of water even to those who did not know they were thirsting until after they drunk of what he offered them. Once he brought Maude some water in a little glass tumbler, which he took from his satchel, and once h offered her an apple which she declined lest she should seem too forward ; then, as the hours crept on and her eye-lids began to droop, he folded his shawl carefully and made her let him put it behind her head suggesting that she remove her hat, as she would rest more comfortably without it.

"Now sleep quietly," he said, and as if there were something meameric in his voice Mande went to sleep at once, and dreame she was at home with her mother beside occasionally fixing the pillow under her head and covering her with something which added to her comfort.

which added to her comfort. It was the stranger's light overcoat which, as the September night grew cold and chill, he put over the girl, whose upturned face he had studied as intently she had studied his. About 7 o'clock th conductor come in, lantern in hand, and as its rays fell upon the stranger he said. , Gordon ; you here ? I thought you were in the sleeper. On guard I see as usual. Who is the lamb this time?" don't know; do you?" the man

called Gordon replied.

"Why that is funny," he said, " if it were not that a carriage is to meet me, I hould still be your fellow traveller, for my

route lies that way. And then he did ask her uncle's name. She surely might tell him so much Maude thought, and replied, "Captain James Allen, my mother's brother.

Her name was not Allen then, and reflecting that now he knew who her uncle was he could probably trace her, Max saw her into the stage, and taking her ungloved hand in his held it perhaps a trifle longer than he would have done if it had not been so very soft and white and pretty, and rested so confidently in his while she thanked him for his kindness. Then the stage drove away, while he stood watching it, and wondering why the morning was not quite so bright as it had been an hour and why he had not asked her point. ago, blank who she was, or had been so stupid as not to give her his oard.

"Max Gordon, you certainly are getting into your dotage," he said to himself. "A man at your age to be so interested in a unknown girl! What would Grace say ? Poor Grace, I wonder if I shall find her improved, and why she has buried herself in this part of the country."

As he entered the hotel a thought of Maude Graham's letter came to his mind, and calling for pen and paper he dashed off the following :

The letter finished he folded and directed t to Miss Maude Graham, Merrivale, Mass., while she for whom it was intended was huddled up in one corner of the crowded stage and going on as fast as four fleet horses could take her towards Oak Corners and the friends awaiting her there. Thus strangely do two lives some-times meet and cross each other, and then drift widely apart, but not forever in this nstance, let us hope.

> CHAPTER V. MISS RAYNOR.

About a mile from Laurel Hill, a little village in Richland, was an eminence, or plateau, from the top of which one could see for miles the rich, well cultivated farms in which the town abounded, the wooded hills and the deep gorges all slanting down to a common centre, the pretty little lake, lying as in the bottom of a basin, with its clear waters sparkling in the sun. shine. And here, just on the top of the " the conductor said, turning his plateau, where the view was the finest, an

He lives on a farm about two miles from here and we buy our honey from him. A very respectable man. I think, although I have no acquaintance with the family. Why do you ask?"

Oh, nothing; only there was a girl on the train with me who told me she was his niece," Max answered indifferently, with a vigorous puff at his cigar, which Grace always insisted he should smoke in her presences. "She was very pretty and very young. I should like to see her again," as added, more to himself than to Grace, vho, without knowing why, felt suddenly as if a cloud had crept across her sky.

Jealousy had no part in Grace's nature, nor was she jealous of this young, pretty girl whom Max would like to see again, and to prove that she was not she asked many questions about her and said she would try and find out who she was, and she presumed she had come to attend the wedding of Capt. Alling's daughter, who was soon to be married. This seemed very probable and no more was said of Maude until the afternoon of the day following, which was Sunday. Then, after Max returned from church, and they were seated at dinner he said abruptly, "I saw

her again." "Saw whom ?" Grace asked, and he replied, "My girl of the train. She was at church with her uncle's family. A rather ordinary lot I thought them, but she looked as sweet as a June pink. You know they are my favorite flowers."

"Yes," Grace answered slowly, while again a breath of cold air seemed to blow over her and make her draw her shawl more closely around her.

But Max did not suspect it, and pared a peach for her and helped her to grapes, and after dinner wheeled her for an hour on the broad plateau, stooping over her once and caressing her white hair, which he told her was very becoming, and saying no more of the girl seen in church that morning The Allings had been late and the rector was reading the first lesson when they came in, father and mother and two healthy buxom girls, followed by Maude, who, in her black dress, looked taller and slimmer than he had thought in the car, and prettier, too, with the brilliant color on her cheeks and the sparkle in the eyes which met his with such glad surprise in them that he felt something stir in his heart different from anything he had felt since he and Grace were young. The Allings occupied a pew in front of him and on the side, so that he could look at and study Maude's face, which he did far more than he listend to the sermon. And she knew he was looking at her, too, and always blushed when she met his earnest gaze. As they were leaving the church he managed to get near her, and said, "I hope you quite well after your long journey,

"Graham," she answered involuntarily, but so low that he only caught the first syllable and thought that she said Grey. She was Miss Grey, then, and with this bit of information he was obliged to be past the Alling house, hoping to see the eyes which had flashed so brightly upon him on the porch of the church, and never dreaming of the hot tears of homesickness they were weeping in the log school-house of the Bush district, where poor Maude

Yours lovingly, "Max."

This was Max's letter, which Grace read as she sat in her cozy sitting-room with every luxury around her which money could buy, from the hot-house roses on the stand beside her to the costly rug on which her ohair was standing in the ruddy glow of the cheerful grate fire. And as she read it she felt again the cold breath which had swept over her when Max was telling her of the young girl who had interested him so much. And in a way Grace, too, had interested herself in Maude and through her maid had ascertained who she was and that she was teaching in the southern part of the town. And there her interest had ceased. But it revived again on the receipt of Max's letter and she said, " I must see this girl first and

know what the is like. A woman can judge woman better than a man, but I wish Max had not said what he did about on growing old. Am I greatly changed I

She could manage her chair herself in the ouse and wheeling it before a long mirror, she leaned eagerly forward and examined the face reflected there. A pale, sweet face, ramed in masses of snow white hair, which rather added to its youthful appearance than detracted from it, although she did rot think so. She had been so proud of her golden hair, and the bitterest tears she had

ever shed had been for the change in it. "It's my hair," she whispered sadly, hair which belongs to a woman of sixty, than thirty-three, and there is a ather

tired look about my eyes and mouth. Yes, I am growing old, oh, Max—," and the slender fingers were pressed over the beautiful blue eyes, where the tears came so fast Yes, I'll see the girl," she said, "and if I like her face, I'll take her to please him." She knew there was to be an illumination on Christmas Eve in the church on Laurel

Hill and that Maude Graham was to sing a Christmas anthem alone. "I'll go, and hear, and see," she decided, and when the evening came Grace was

there in the Raynor pew listening while Maude Graham sang, her bright face glowing with excitement and her full rich voice

rising higher and higher, clearer and clearer, until it had filled the church as it had never been filled before, and thrilled every nerve of the woman watching her so intently.

over and Maude came up the aisle past th pew where she was sitting, she put out her

hand and said, "Come here, my dear, and let me thank you for the pleasure you have light full upon Maude; then, "Why, it's a eccentric old bachelor, Paul Raynor, had, was so desolate and lonely. If he had, he given me. You have a wonderful voice and doesn little girl the Boston conductor put in my a few years before our story opens, built might, perhaps have gone there and tried sometime you must come and sing to me. he ?"

A Difficulty About Witnesses.

"Mr. Smith," said the electric light manager to his foreman. "we want some en to testify to the absolute harmle f the electric light current as used by us. You might send Roberts-Foreman-He was killed while fixing a wire last night, sir.

"Well, Jackson will do then."

"He accidentally grounded a wrong wire ast week, and is scarcely expected to live, grow quickly and give a supply in a short time after the seed is planted. sir.

"Such awkwardness? Send Williams. "Sorry, sir, but he was paralyzed while fixing an electric lamp on Thursday. "Really. It's most annoying. Employ

some new men at once and send them to testify to the committee before they have time to get themselves killed."-New York Herald.

Original and Attractive.

Rev. Charles Spurgeon, a son of the celebrated London preacher, who is deliver-ing religious addresses throughout the States, takes "Nails " as the subject of one of his discourses, and uses a number of these articles as illustrations of human haracter. With a hidden electric battery to resresent Divine love he causes the nail approach and cling to a small steel cross thus giving at the same time a lesson in theology and natural science.

slowly, skimming off the soum. As soon as it reaches the boiling point, strain and bottle while warm, scaling the corks with "BRIGHT'S DISEASE has no symptoms of its own," says Dr. Frederick Roberts, of University College, London. First get rid wax. This syrup, or cordial, although too expensive for ordinary use, is a delightful "Yes, she is pretty and good, too; I can-of the kidney disease by using Warner's not be deceived in that face," she said to herself, and when, after the services were will be removed. drink for summer evening gatherings. Put two tablespoonfuls in a glass of ice-water and embellish with any fruit in season.

Wife,emphatically—"Did you say marri-age was a failure?" Husband, humbly— "No, my dear, I did not. A married man desen't have to say what he thinks, does The Queen Regent of Spain is an experi embroiderer and has done some remark-ably beautiful work with her needle. Many of the dresses of the infant King are the product of her hands.

Old Mr. Widower had been sitting silently alone with Miss Autumn for fifteen minutes. Finally he spoke : "Miss Autumn, you are pretty—" "Oh, Mr. Widower!" "You pretty..." "Oh, Mr. Widower!" " ton are pret..." "How can you, Mr. Widower?" "I started to say you were pretty..." "Oh, non horrid man, stop!" "Condemn it all, you horrid man, stop!" "Condemn it all, woman," shouted Mr. Widower, rising and breaking for the door. "I wanted to say that you were pretty near as old as I am. Now, demme, I think you're twice as old."—

dies, of which he is concoctor Pleasant to taste and easy to take, Purgative Pellets now " bear off the cake."

-"Hurry to the door, Mary, and let Mr. Smith in. He has rung twice." "That isn't Mr. Smith, it is the other young gentleman." "Well, wait a minute, then. I must change the photographs on the mantel.

---Mrs. Phunnyman---If that Eiffel tower should fall the damage would be irrepara country who have an abundance of fruit. Put four quarts of berries in a stone jar, ble. Mr. Phunnyman-Oh, I guess there are too many newspaper correspon-dents over there. They would soon write it up.

> -Lawyer-My conscience troubled me a little last night about that fee I charged Jones yesterday. Friend (astonished)-Your conscience? Lawyer-Cortainly. I was afraid that I had been unjust to myself.

DONL 30 89. DUNN'S Bakinc POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

and mash to a paste with a wooden pestle. Set in the sun twelve hours and then place all night in a cool place. Strain off the juice the next day and pour it over four quarts of fresh berries. The second day strain, and to each quart of the juice allow one pint of water and five pounds of granu-lated sugar. Heat over a slow fire until the sugar is dissolved. Bring to a boil

Warners Safe Cure cures both malaria

and kidney disease by taking out of the

blood the poisonous malarial germs, and by

putting the kidneys in a healthy condition.

be indulged in by families living in the

with one quart of the best cider vinega

Raspberry vinegar is a luxury that may

An Understanding at Last.

cate the weeds the succeeding year. Leavcondition also affords excellent opportunities to insects of all kinds, and the drawbacks are, there-fore, multiplied. The proper way to manage a garden is to keep some crops grow-ing in it from spring until the frosts appear late in the fall. Several objects will be gained by so doing, among them the destruction of all weeds, a finer condition San Francisco Examiner. of the soil, and a supply of fruits and vege-tables for the table, as many vegetables

P stands for Pierce, the wonderful doctor, Providing safe rem