Mme. Yale's Advice

Clean and purify out of your body all the poisons and dangerous ingredients that have found their way into your blood.

What are all the great cleansing and purifying organs of your body for, if not to keep your whole system clean, pure, fresh, natural and healthy?

When they are clogged, dirty and sluggish from poison and impurity, what can you expect but disease and ugliness?

Dirt is poison, and poison is disease. Dirt in your blood is the deadliest kind of poison.

Mme. Yale's Fruitcura

(Woman's Tonic)

cleans dirty blood, purifies your sewers, flushes your system, gives you a new lease on health.

Skin diseases, boils, eczema, swellings, dyspepsia, constipation, headache, mental depression, offensive breath, loss of appetite, heartburn, nausea, flatulence, prostration, loss of flesh, general muscular weakness, loss of ambition, nervousness, irritability, anæmia, pale complexion, liver trouble, kidney disorders, woman's infirmities, all these things come from impure sewers.

They can be cured with Fruitcura (Woman's Tonic).

After a course of treatment these bad symptoms will disappear, and you will feel new life and new ambition coursing through every vein.

Fruitcura will drive out ill humors and make you absolutely healthy. Try it.

Sold at $1.00 a bottle, by all dealers.

MME. M. YALE,
Health and Complexion Specialist,
CHICAGO.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Price—I tell you, to be a soldier is a great opportunity.
Bradley—Yes; I was thinking as much when I saw the way the pretty girls were embracing them.—Town Topics.

"I think," said Mr. Gibbs, "the Woman's Temperance Union had better be looking after that Miss Plympton."
"Why!" said his wife, in a shocked tone. "Does she drink?"
"No," answered Mr. Gibbs, "but her glances are so intoxicating."—Harper's Bazar.

She—What makes you think you understand women so well?
He—I've been engaged to four different girls, and never failed to get back the ring.—Life.

Hoax—You're not going to the seashore for the summer?
Joax—Yes.
Hoax—Why, think of a Spanish warship bombarding the place!
Joax—That would be a good thing. They might kill off thousands of the mosquitoes.—Philadelphia Record.

"Mother's come home, papa, and she's lost 10 pounds."
"The confounded old——!"
"Hush! You mustn't use such language. Ten pounds weight, I mean, not money."
"Oh, ah! Good job, too!"—Fun.

He—There are at least a dozen women who would be glad to get me if you were to die.
She—I don't doubt it. They know I've got you pretty well trained.—Tid-Bits.

He—Did your friend, the soprano, ever reach high C?
She—Yes; one day while she was at the dentist's, I believe she did.—Yonkers Statesman.

Maiden—What can a woman do when a man that has won her affection refuses to marry her?
Lawyer—Is he rich?
Maiden—No; hasn't a cent.
Lawyer—She can appoint a day of general thanksgiving and invite both families to participate.—New York Weekly.

Returned Traveller—I have often thought of that young Mr. Tease, and how he used to torment Miss Auburn aout her red hair. Did she ever get even with him?
Old Friend—Long ago. She married him—New York Weekly.

Minister's wife—Tommy Crowther, you haven't washed your face today.
Tommy Crowther—'Tain't Sunday.

Women say of every pretty girl that she might be tolerably good-looking if she didn't know it so well herself.—Washington Democrat.

LOVE LIGHTS MY WAY.

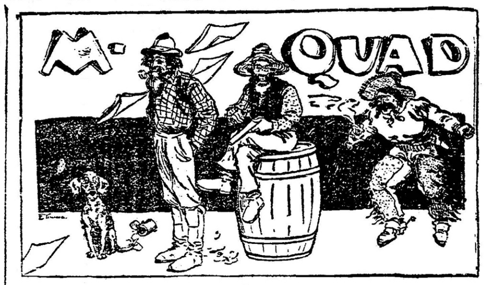
[Monroe H. Rosenfeld in the New York Clipper.]

I hold thy love as some clear star
That shines amid the boundless gloom;
I gaze upon its beams afar,
And hopes awake to blush and bloom!
There is no joy where thou art not;
Whate'er life's future be
Thou nevermore can't be forgot—
Love lights my way to thee!

REFRAIN:
Love lights my way to thee,
On land or on the sea;
Thou art my life, in joy or strife—
Love lights my way to thee!

Like dew unto the fading rose
Thy smiles unto my heart are dear;
And in thy glance is sweet repose;
I only live when thou art near!
As flows the river to the main,
Thro' daisied dell and lea,
Each thought returns to thee again—
Love lights my way to thee!

The sailor on the boundless deep
Looks longingly to lands afar,
And in his heart can never sleep
The thoughts of home where dear ones are.
So in my soul sweet mem'ries wake
At one bright face I see!
Whatever path my footsteps take—
Love lights my way to thee!



THE BOWSERS' TROUBLES.

Control of the Body by the Mind—An Argument Not Sustained by Facts.

THE other night, after the Bowsers had come up from dinner, Mr. Bowser reached down into his coat-tail pocket and drew out a little book and sat down and began turning over the leaves. He, of course, wanted Mrs. Bowser to ask questions, and though she had a woman's curiosity, it was 10 minutes before she carelessly inquired:

"Been buying another book on cattle and their diseases?"

He looked up at her, but did not reply.

"If it is a work on poultry, you already have half a dozen in the house."

This time he did not even look up.

"Perhaps you've gone into golf?" she said, after another pause.

"You would probably call it golf, or cattle disease, or poultry," he finally replied.

"If it isn't any of these then, what is it?"

"This book, Mrs. Bowser, is probably beyond your comprehension—away beyond it. You wouldn't understand it at all."

"Oh! I wouldn't? You can understand a deep work and I can't?"

"Naturally. A man has the stronger, deeper mind, of course. The title of this work is: 'Nature's Diseases and Remedies—Control of the Body by the Mind.' Only a philosophical, analytical mind can grasp its contents."

"That's all nonsense," exclaimed Mrs. Bowser.

"What! What's that!" he demanded.

"You are too old to waste time on such bosh, Mr. Bowser."

"Nonsense, is it? Why, it's the plainest principles of philosophy in the world. The human body is but clay—the soul immortal. The soul is the mind. The mind ought to be able to control the body. I told you it was beyond your comprehension. What does a woman know about philosophy?"

"Just as much as a man."

"She can't. She wasn't born that way. For instance, do you believe that the mind can control the body?"

"In some cases, perhaps," she slowly admitted.

"In all cases, Mrs. Bowser—in all cases. For instance, you stub your toe. It hurts like blazes. You let your mind turn to something else, and the pain gradually ceases. That is mind over matter. I have experienced it a hundred different times."

"I don't believe it."

"That's it! That's the usual way of the ignorant—ridicule and deny what they can't argue and discuss in a sensible manner. I have often wondered if you really had a soul."

"Don't worry yourself, Mr. Bowser! If I haven't got any soul, I've got common sense."

"Very well. It's no use to talk to a person brought up in a log house on the edge of a huckleberry marsh. I know that the mind can control the body. You deny it. I hope to furnish you with proofs within a week."

He was to furnish them that night. Two hours later, when they were about ready to go up stairs and he had been out bareheaded and in his slippers to see if the gate was shut, he suddenly gave a start and cried out:

"Gee-mi-me to Johnson!"

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"That old hollow tooth tried to jump clean out of my head. Whew! Yi! Hang it all!"

He sat down to hold his jaw and weave to and fro, and she said:

"Your tooth jumps. It hurts you. You just let your mind turn to something else and the pain ceases."

He looked up at her with a glint of pounded glass in his eyes, and was about to reply in kind, when the jumper jumped in on him, and he seized his jaw and yelled:

"Great Scotts to scatteration, but I can't stand this! Get me some camphor!"

She got him some, and after a time the pain eased up, and he went to bed. He expected her to say something about "Control of the Body by the Mind," but she was waiting. She knew that he wouldn't be let off so easily, and could afford to give him a little time. She was just falling asleep when Mr. Bowser suddenly lifted his feet high in the air and uttered a whoop which set a neighbor's dog to barking, followed by the exclamation:

"Thunder and lightning, but I can't stand this!"

"Mr. Bowser, are you asleep?" she asked.

"Asleep! No! I'm dead. Say, this infernal thing has come back on me! Where's the camphor?"

"On the bureau, dear; but it won't do you any good, you know."

"Oh-h-h-h! Jewhittaker! My stars and soul, but she's jumping my jaw right out of its socket! I've got to have something done for me or I won't live ten minutes!"

"Pshaw, Mr. Bowser—have some grit about you. What is a little toothache?"

"Grit! Grit!" he shouted, as he jumped out of bed and danced around on one leg. "I've got more grit than seven families like yours rolled together, but this is awful—awful! Are you going to lie there and see me drop dead?"

"You can stop it if you will. Just lie down and put your mind to work. Think of something else. Think of being out in the woods at a May festival—beautiful flowers—happy children—green——"

"Green nonsense—shut up!" he yelled. "Haven't we got any paregoric in the house?"

"Yes, but it's down stairs in the medicine box. Why don't you experiment a little, Mr. Bowser? If there is anything in your theory now is a good time to try it. If you can imagine that you are not in pain——"

"Paregoric—peppermint—laudanum—hot ashes—hot salt—cotton-batting!" he howled, as he pranced around and finally disappeared down stairs. He was gone about five minutes, and then came back on the jump with the box under his arm. He filled his mouth with pain killer, tried mustard, flew to peppermint, and after exhausting all the remedies he jumped up and down in the middle of the room and yelled "Police!"

Mrs. Bowser had to get up and go down stairs, and stir up the fire to make a warm poultice for his jaw, and fuss around for an hour. Finally he grew easier. Then she said to him:

"Mr. Bowser, you brought home a book last night."

"Never!"

"You brought home a book about control of the body by the mind."

"No, I didn't!"

"In your argument you declared that the soul was the mind, and that the mind had control of the body. You said that if any one stubbed——"

"Get into bed and keep still!"

"No, sir! You stub your toe. It hurts. You let your mind turn to some ——"

"I never said it."

"Mr. Bowser, what has eased your toothache—faith, imagination, or a hot poultice?"

"Who's talking about toothache, Mrs. Bowser? You get into bed and go to sleep, and in the morning I'll have a long talk with you. We don't seem to be suited to each other, and the matter can probably be arranged to our mutual satisfaction and without publicity."

Next morning he hurried down stairs and got hold of the book first, and she afterward found some of the leaves scattered in the back yard.

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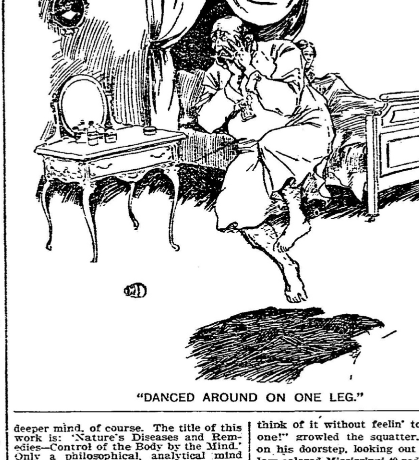

"DANCED AROUND ON ONE LEG."

ABE HOPE'S CATFISH.

Maj. Tripper Talked the Squatter Into a Costly and Unfortunate Speculation.

"Befo' the Lawd, but I never dun think of it without feelin' to hurt some one!" growled the squatter, as we sat on his doorstep, looking out on the yellow-colored Mississippi 40 rods away.

He wriggled around to get a better rest for his back, kicked the dogs to a respectable distance, and then continued:

"It was all owin' to Maj. Tripper, sah. My land used to run back thar' almost a mile, and thar' was a bayou with heaps of catfish in it. It wasn't 10 minits' work to catch a fish, and we jest had fresh meat the y'ar round, with plenty mo' growin' all the time. Thar' are folks who argue that catfish don't begin with quail or oysters fur a steady diet, but I'm fur holdin' that no true American wants anything better. You kin cook catfish in fo'teen different ways, and it's meat to put fat on your ribs and keep it thar'. I was sittin' right yere one day two y'ars ago when Maj. Tripper comes up from the river with his gun on his shoulder. Arter we had talked about snipe fur awhile he says to me:

"Abe Hope, you've got a bayou, and you've got catfish, and you are in a position to make yourself beloved by the people of Arkansaw. If I was in your shoes I'd be Governor of the state within three y'ars."

"'As to how?' says I.

"'How many catfish do you reckon you've got in that bayou?'

"'Bout a thousand, I reckon.'

"'With room fur a millyon. A catfish is a critter what likes company. You can't crowd 'em too close. When he ain't feedin' he likes to be touchin' noses with other fish. Nuthin pleases him better than to be one of a crowd rollin' in the mud or standin' on his head. What you doin' with them thousand catfish?'

"'Jest eatin' of 'em as we want 'em.'

"'And yit youve had a fortune right in your grasp these five y'ars back, and didn't know 'nuff to shet your fingers on it! And you could have bin famous all over Arkansaw and beloved by all the people, but you have bin stone blind!'"

"What was his scheme?" I asked, as the old man paused to refill his pipe.

"It was this, sah, though it took a heap o' talk fur him to git at it. He'd bin up No'th and diskivered that all high-toned folks was cryin' arter catfish. They wanted it boiled, baked, and fried. They wanted catfish roe, and they wanted catfish smoked. They dun got tired of oysters, quail, and duck, and had turned to catfish as the best thing to be had. It didn't 'pear to me that way, sah—I couldn't make it 'pear so; but Majah Tripper is a mighty smooth talker and I couldn't dispute him. Thar' was money to be made in shippin' catfish up No'th—heaps of money. He dun figgered that I ought to make a hundred dollars a day."

"But how were you to make yourself beloved by the people?"

"I was to ship only the choicest of the meat up No'th, and the heads and tails and the rest was to be divided around free. Didn't 'pear to me that there would be no great shakes, but Majah Tripper had it all his way. Dawggone a man who kin talk like a streak o' grease slidin' down hill!"

"And how were you to get your catfish?" I persisted.

"That's what's ailin' me to be so whoopin' mad!" shouted the old man, as he flung his hat at one of the dogs. "Drat my hide, but I didn't have no sense in my head. Them thousand catfish in the bayou was all right, but not 'nuff to begin on. The idea was to git mo' of 'em in from the river, and to do that I'd have to dig a ditch 80 rods long. The majah had figgered that ten millyon catfish was passin' up and down yere every day in the y'ar. Out of them ten millyon about 50,000 a day orter go down through the ditch into my bayou. In 20 days I'd have my millyon and could close up the ditch and begin work. Me'n the old woman was fules, sah; plumb fules."

"You dug the ditch, then?"

"Yes sah. I hired niggers, and it cost me $50. Majah Tripper come over every day and talked catfish to me, and he wrote a piece and had it published in the papers; and drat my hide if I didn't go around steppin' high and feelin' to pity common folks. The water went through the ditch into the bayou all right, and though I didn't see no catfish, the majah figgered that they was runnin' in at the rate of 10 a minit. Fur about fo' days I was a happy man. I reckoned on diamonds, hosses and kerridges, and rich clothes, and the ole woman was bound to put in fo' weeks at Saratogy. Lawd, sah, but what a fule a man kin make o' himself."

"But about the catfish?" I asked.

"Dunno, sah. Mebbe a millyon of 'em went through that ditch, and mebbe not one. One day Majah Tripper dun figgered that I was already next to the richest man in Arkansaw, and that I'd be elected Governor by the biggest kind of a majority, and I was so dun tickled that I lent him $50 and went to bed as happy as a child. I'd noticed that arternoon that the river was on the rise, but I didn't give it much thought. Long 'bout midnight the ole woman wakes me up and says:

"'Abe, I'm hearin' a mighty quare sound down to'ards the bayou, and mebbe you'd better git up.'

"'What's the sound?' says I.

"'A rippin' and a tarin',' same as if destruction was goin' on. Don't you hear it?'

"I heard heaps o' sounds," said the old man, as he heaved a sigh, "and I was so tickled I couldn't keep still. I was dead sure that it was the catfish runnin' into my ditch. I figgered that they were fightin' to see who could git in fust, and I was blessin' Majah Tripper when I fell asleep agin. It was mawnin' when I woke up agin, and the old woman was sayin':

"'Abe Hope, have we bin movin' away to some other part of the kentry?'

"'Of co'se not,' says I.

"'But this don't look to me from the back doah like the same ole Arkansaw.'

"'Must be. Folks can't move in their sleep.'

"Wall, sah, the ole woman couldn't make it out, but it didn't take me long arter I got a look around. The risin' river had gone boomin' down my ditch and cut into its banks, and the bayou had overflowed and cut a way out fur itself. Then the land begun to melt away, and durin' that night I lost jest 25 acres. Jest eaten right up by the river, sah—ditch, bayou, land and all—and things was left as you see 'em now. I might hev knowed the ditch would do it, but I let Majah Tripper talk me into it."

"And your thousand catfish were swept away?" I said.

"Swept right away, sah. Didn't have one left, and no place fur one to swim. Lost $500 wuth of land, lent the majah $50, which I'll never git back, and was out $50 mo' on the ditch. Drat my hide and durn my buttons, but I ain't fitten and never will be fitten fur speculation. It's my bizness to sot down and chaw terbacker and be lazy and pore, and the next man who comes along with a scheme will want wings to fly off my land."

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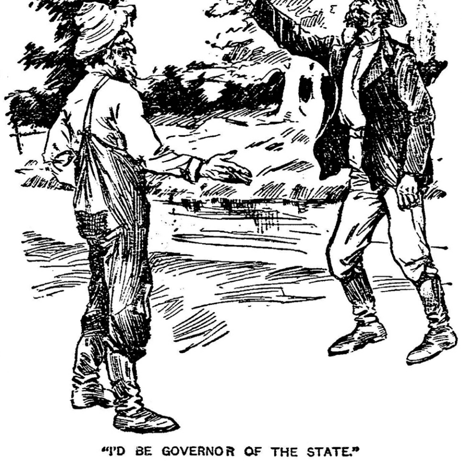

"I'D BE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE."

AND THEY ALL SAID, "AMEN!"

The Missouri members of the editorial party expressed deep sorrow at Missouri's failure to erect a state building, and in other ways do more to show the world Missouri's richness and resources.

Col. Ware expressed the whole matter while taking in the sights of the Streets of Cairo. He gazed long and earnestly at the camels, and then remarked:

"Missouri's got to do like those camels if she takes her proper place among the states."

"How's that?" asked Judge Richards of Fort Scott.

"Get a hump on," said the colonel.

And about 30 Missouri editors said "Amen!"

THEY OVERLOOK THE GOOD.

[From Tid-Bits.]

Here is a story told of the Princess of Wales. She was once shown through the museum of Scotland Yard, containing the photographs of countless rogues, and also some of the methods, scientific and legal, for tracing crime and for punishing it.

"It is all very clever," said the kindly princess, with a sigh; "but if the world were as anxious to discover and reward the good men as it is the bad, what a pleasant place it would be!"

CHAMPAGNE CITY.

Epernay, in France, is a vast subterranean city, the streets for miles being hewn out of solid chalk, flanked with piles of champagne of all blends and qualities. The largest champagne manufacturers in Epernay possess underground cellars which cover no fewer than 45 acres, and contain 5,000,000 bottles of wine.

HE DOES ALL THE PEDALLING.

[From the New York World.]

Dyer—I understand Higbee and his wife do not get on well together.

Duell—Yes, they've had their tandem only a week.

A PERTINENT QUERY.

[From Life.]

He—Let's get engaged.

She—Very well; but who will you get engaged to?

44 & 46 WINTER ST. GROSS & STRAUSS 44 & 46 WINTER ST.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR DEPT.

50 dozen Ladies' **Fine Cotton Night Robes**, tucked yokes, wide, full length, to close...... 29c
Only 2 to a customer. No mail orders.

10 dozen **Fine Cotton Gowns**, insertion of fine hamburg, tucking, etc., fine cotton, have sold at 62c., to close.......... 39c

114 **Fine Night Gowns**, excellent cambrics, cotton, etc., trimmed elaborately in latest styles; these gowns have sold at $1.50 and $1.75, to close...... 98c

114 **Dressing Jackets**, made from fine Victoria Lawns, trimmed with fine laces, hamburgs, ribbons, etc., and made in the latest and most desirable styles; have sold all season at $2.00 and $3.00, to close........ 1.48

85 pairs Drawers, have sold at $2.00....98c
185 Skirts, hamburg trimmed, have sold at $1.50..........89c
142 Skirts, hamburg trimmed, have sold at $2.50..........1.48
118 Chemises, hamburg and lace trimmed, have sold at $1.75..........98c
78 Novelty Gowns, have sold at $2.00 and $2.50..........1.48
64 Fine Night Gowns, all novelties, have sold at $3.00..........1.98

COLORED PETTICOATS.

15 dozen **Fast Black Silkolene** and **Cotton Surah Petticoats**, made in umbrella style, wide, well made; have sold at $1.75, to close.......... 98c

The balance of our **Colored Rustling Silk Taffeta Petticoats**, which have sold at $7.50, to be closed out at....... 4.98

BICYCLE SUITS.

The balance of our **Best Tailor Made Bicycle Suits**, perfect fitting, all the new fancy mixtures, regular price $15.00, to be closed at.......... 6.98

Semi-Annual Clearance Sale
Previous to Stock Taking.

Over $30,000 Worth of Our Well Known HIGH GRADE MERCHANDISE to be Sold Before Our SEMI-ANNUAL STOCK TAKING.

As is our usual custom, we shall sell in all the departments of our store all goods that we do not care to take in stock at prices which are practically

GIVING THE GOODS AWAY.

We Specify Below a Few of the Many Items:

CLOAK and SUIT DEPT.

Ladies' Russian Crash, White Pique and Navy Blue Duck, with bayadiere stripes of white pique, **Tailor-Made Dress Skirts**, regular price $2.00 to $3.00, all at.......... 98c

Our entire stock of **Handsome Pique** and **Duck Outing Suits**, elaborately trimmed, handsomely made, latest cut skirts, including Spanish flounce and strapped, regular price $7.00 to $16.50, all to be sold at.......... 2.98

400 Ladies' **Lawn Costumes**, trimmed with ruffles and edged with Val. lace, in dainty patterns, for summer wear, regular price $5.00 to $9.00, all at.... 1.98 and 2.98

150 Finest Imported **French Organdie** and **Lawn Costumes**, elaborately trimmed with lace edging and insertion, all made over lawn drop skirts trimmed with finest French lace and ruffles, all high cost French models, in new and handsome colorings, regular price $15.00 to $35.00, all at.......... 9.75

The balance of our **High Cost Tailor Made Cloth Outing Suits**, including Scotch mixtures and plain cheviots, serges and covert cloths, some taffeta silk lined throughout, others with taffeta silk lined jackets, all the latest styles, worth from $18.00 to $35.00, to be closed at.......... 8.75

LADIES' SHIRT WAISTS.

600 Dozen to be almost GIVEN AWAY.

100 dozen **Figured Lawn, Percale** and **Gingham Waists**, detached collar, all colors, regular price 75c. to $1.50 each, to be sold at.......... 25c

220 dozen Ladies' **Finest Quality Percale** and **Gingham Waists**, in plaids and stripes, all sizes, perfect fitting, new designs, regular price $1.50 to $2.00, while they last.......... 69c

300 dozen Ladies' **Finest Made Shirt Waists**, including the famous "Stanley" and "West End" makes, in ginghams, lawns and percales, stripes, plaids and checks and bayadiere effects, regular price $2.00 to $3.00, all at 98c

SILK WAISTS.

260 Ladies' **Fine Quality Wash Silk Waists**, in new bayadiere stripes, detachable collar, regular price $4.00 to $7.00, all at 2.98

Infants' and Children's Dept.

84 Children's **White and Colored Pique Reefers and Coats**, sizes 1 to 6, handsomely trimmed, actual value $4, $5 and $6, to close.......... 1.98

87 **Novelty Pique Coats and Reefers**, latest styles; have sold all season at $7, $8 and $9, to close.......... 2.98

114 **Colored Lawn Dresses**, elaborate hamburg and tucked yokes, mostly dark colors, sizes 1 to 4; have sold at $1.00, to close.......... 39c

Another lot of 65 **Colored Lawn and Organdie Dresses**, trimmed with dainty laces, hamburgs, etc.; have sold at $1.50 and $1.75, to close.......... 79c

54 Girls' **Colored Blouse Waists**, deep sailor collar, sizes 6 to 12; have sold at 62c., to close.......... 25c

84 Girls' **White Blouses**, sizes 6 to 12, deep sailor collar, trimmed with fine hamburg; have sold at $1.00 and $1.25, to close.......... 50c

25 Children's **Cotton Night Gowns**, trimmed with neat ruffles, sizes 2 to 10; have sold at 50c., to close.......... 25c
Not more than 2 to a customer.

50 dozen **Drawers**, sizes 2 to 12, plain hem, tucks above; have sold at 19c., to close 12½c

114 **White Muslin Caps**, 8 different styles, trimmed elaborately, have sold at $1.00, to close.......... 48c

25 dozen **Shirts**, fine merino, gauze, heavy weight, etc.; have sold at 38c., to close...... 19c

HOSIERY AND KNIT UNDERWEAR.

Over 3000 dozen Ladies' Hosiery from the best manufacturers in Europe to be sold at just 'ONE-HALF PRICE.

Ladies' **Fine Quality Black Cotton Hose**, fast color, in plain and Richelieu ribbed, good quality; also tan shades, regular price 25c. a pair.......... 11c

160 dozen Ladies' **Finest Quality Lisle Thread Hose**, in tans, fancy shades, polka dots and black foot with fancy colored tops, double heel and toe, regular price 50c. a pair, all at........ 23c

42 dozen Ladies' **Silk Hose**, in tan shades, double heel and toe, regular price 75c. a pair, all at, a pair.......... 29c

160 dozen Ladies' **Lisle Thread Vests**, in low neck, wing sleeve and sleeveless, in white, ecru, pink and blue, regular price 25c., all to be sold at.... 12½c

The balance of our stock of **Fine Quality Lisle Thread Vests**, Richelieu and one-and-one ribbed, in all styles, both high and low neck, with or without sleeves, ecru and white, regular price 50c., all to be sold at.... 23c

BENGAL ROSES.

BY BRAM STOKER.

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CHAPTER I.

THE mail had brought from Nice a cardboard box of flowers. The study was hot and close, despite the open windows, so when I opened it the scent of the roses filled the air with a new fragrance. I took out the spray on the top, a magnificent cluster of great pink Bengal roses; but the day of glory of this kind is a short one, and the journey was long; the mere motion of lifting the spray finished the work of destruction. I held in my hand only a bare stalk, whilst the moss green carpet was scattered with the great petals of the flowers. From the open box still came the sweet, simple fragrance of some more hardy Vulcan roses, and that cool, earthy smell which clings around damp moss.

And then a flood of memory rushed over me, aided by that best of mnemonics, a once-known perfume. I lit a cigar, and as I sat in my easy chair, with the roses beside me, the light of the July evening paled and paled, till I sat alone in the darkness. Twenty years of hopes, struggles and success were obliterated, and I lived again an old chapter of my boy's life, which contained the fragments of a romance. All came back so vividly that time and space were annihilated. I did not merely remember; once more the things were! Ah, me! that chapter of boyish love and jealousy, which has neither youth nor age! Once again I remembered how these things worked into other lives, and then I lived the past again.

* * * * * *

A sweet old garden of a country rectory, large and full of queer nooks and shady places. Great lime trees on one side, where in summer the bees kept up a perpetual hum, and under whose shelter the moss grew deep and green. Just without the shadow, so that there was shelter from wind, but no lack of sun, a great trellis, covered with a luxuriant growth of Bengal roses. Hard by, some prim old trees of yew and juniper and arbor vitae. But of all these the rose trellis was, of old, the most sweet, and is now most full of memories.

Beside it some former incumbent had placed an old Greek marble seat, a segment of a circle adorned with flutings and finished with tigers' heads and claws. This had been brought from Greece long, long ago by a wealthy patron and given to the rector as a tribute to his archaeological worth. Time had wrought its changes, and the damp and the shade had filled the hollows and crevices of the carved marble with delicate green. This was always a favorite haunt of mine, and here I mainly learned my lessons and also studied such romances as were available. Being a delicate child, I had been sent to live with the rector, so that I might get plenty of exercise and fresh air and country living. Mr. Petersen was an old man, and, although never a brilliant scholar, was an excellent teacher for such a lad as I was. Mrs. Petersen was nearly as old as her husband, and, as their circumstances were not good, I have no doubt that, though the money that my parents paid was hardly earned, it was a welcome addition to the housekeeping. There was but one servant in the house; the gardener attended to the cows and pigs and my pony, these being the only animals kept. After a while I grew quite strong and hardy, and by myself took long walks and rides all around the country. It was my habit to study the county map which hung in the hall, and to so arrange my rambles that by degrees I came to have a local topographical knowledge certainly not possessed by my tutor, whose age and circumstances and whose habits of a quiet, retired life debarred him from such exercise. I had no companion of my own age, except when at home in London, for at Westoby Puerorum the children were few, and of such a kind that I had but little in common with them. We met at Sunday school, and as I did not care for their horseplay and got disgusted with their perpetual lying, they voted me a muff, and left me alone—after I had proved in one or two pitched battles that at any rate I was not a coward.

I was about 12 years old when there came an addition to our circle in the shape of a grand-daughter of Mrs. Petersen by her first marriage, an orphan, with neither home nor friends. Before she came there were anxious discussions between the old people as to the probable result of her coming. It was evident there was some old cause for anxiety, and once I heard a remark which puzzled me. It was made by Mrs. Petersen:

"It is so good of you, Edward, and, my dear, I see through all your sweet forbearance; but it is not right that you should be troubled with folk that don't belong to you. Arabella always took her own way in spite of me—and of her poor father—and maybe her daughter will want to do the same. We have lived too peacefully, you and I, dear, all these years to be willing to let any disturbance come through some one we never saw," and the old lady wiped away a quiet tear.

"Nay, my dear," said the rector, "I might well say, as Ruth said to Naomi, 'Thy people shall be my people.' And, my dear, your God and mine is hers also, and we are all children of his family. Let the little girl come. I doubt not that he will watch over her and mould all things to good purpose." And so it was that Bella Devanti came to us.

I do not think that any one was so pleased at the idea of her coming as I was. The old people had concern for the future, and the maid, who saw in prospect more waiting and more cooking and washing and another bed to make, grumbled to the gardener, who, though he had no prospect of added work, grumbled sympathetically. For me there was no concern. In those days I suppose I took it for granted, as other boys do, that beds are made and victuals cooked and clothes washed by some dispensation of Providence specially arranged for the benefit of boys. The young bird when it opens its mouth for the provender provided by the parents' instinct takes little thought of whence or how it comes. The thinking belongs to a later period, when there are other little beaks open and other tiny voices that clamor at need.

When Arabella Devanti arrived I proceeded with the simple, selfish directness of a schoolboy to fall in love with her, despite the great gulf of five years fixed between us. In this I was not alone, for the feeling was shared in common with the whole housesold. Even the maid and the gardener gave in, and, as is the wont of such, changed the form or cause of their grumbling, for of course the grumbling was perennial. When Maria, that was the maid, found that Miss Devanti insisted on making her own bed and looking after herself, as she alleged that she had always done, and began straightway to take a part in the labor of the household, she grew almost rebellious. Finally a compromise was arranged, to the effect that Bella was to be allowed to help in the cooking if she left the rougher domestic work to Maria. Her pretty little foreign ways became a new pleasure in the household, and there was, I am bound to say, a marked improvement in the cuisine. She used to do things with eggs that I dream of yet.

Bella and I became at once great friends. She helped me with my lessons, and taught me music and drawing; and I taught her to ride my pony, and to play cricket, and le-gras, and other games of an old-fashioned kind, which were a tradition in the rectory. We used to sit every day, when the weather was fine, on the old marble seat; and the Bengal roses, all summer long, used to keep shedding their great petals over the green moss beneath. There I learned my lessons; Bella was a good mistress, for she would not allow any trifling or inattention. I began to feel, after a while, that her sway was a strong one, and that if I wanted her to do anything I must begin by being master of my work.

Quite three years passed in this way, and I was now a good-sized lump of a boy, and began to fancy myself a man. In schools this feeling generally finds an outlet in a plentitude of hats, and a choice of neckties, but in our rustic life there was no such outlet, and even the increase of my passion for Bella did not move me to try to add to my attractions in her eyes. She was always most kind to me, and there was between us a genuine affection. She used to tell me all her little secrets, and I to tell her mine. Still, I never felt quite satisfied. There was not that complete abandonment or effacement of herself—that losing her own individuality in that of the other—which the masculine lover, even from his cradle, seems to demand. There always was for her, even in those daydreams which she shared with me, to be some order of things, other than the present, something to come yet of quite a different kind to that which existed. Indeed, some unknown individual was to make his appearance, who was to charm us both by his worth and beauty and the gallantry of his bearing. With a seeming generosity she always insisted on giving me a portion of the pleasure of his society, and on my angry remonstrance and disclaimer to share at all in his hateful presence she would laugh softly through her blushes, and then, after a while, try to soothe me by some added deference to my wishes—my wishes regarding something else. As a matter of fact, I grew intensely jealous, and the keen eyes of jealousy found food everywhere and in everything. Although I loved Bella more than ever, I began to have moments of what I believed to be hate for her also.

It was at this time that we had a break in the monotony of our lives at Westoby Puerorum. Our squire had in his youth been a pupil of Mr. Petersen. Indeed, it was after the young squire went to college that the old squire presented him to the living; and whenever the young squire—now the squire himself, and no longer young—came to Westoby Grange he always managed to pay a visit to his old tutor. This necessitated something of a drive, for the grange was in Westoby Magnus, and was distant some eight miles. He had been away for a long time, for his winters were spent abroad, and he had several other estates, so that his summers were divided. He chiefly lived at a place nearly 200 miles away, where the ground was high and the air more bracing. This time he had only a small party at the grange, and when he rode over to see Mr. Petersen he took with him a young gentleman to whom at first I took a liking. It was only when I found that Bella had taken a liking to him also that I began to recognize in him certain evil qualities. He seemed as frank as a boy for all that he was a captain in a crack cavalry regiment. He was sitting on the marble seat between Bella and me before either of us seemed to realize the fact that he was only a stranger after all. Even after I had begun to realize his bad qualities—and perhaps to invent some for him also—I could not but like him. He was such a handsome fellow, so bright and cheery, and with such a winning manner, that I could not help it; but I could not forgive Bella for liking him also, and the more jealous I grew of him the more unreasonably angry I became with her. He did not remain very long, for the squire's visit was but a flying one; but before he went he promised to ride over from Cotterham, where he was quartered, and to bring me some flies of his own tying, which he had found most effective in the waters of our county. When he had gone, Bella and I sat under the Bengal roses and talked of him in the shade from the afternoon sun. It angered me whenever Bella found new points to admire in him, and so after a while I began to turn the conversation. It was now getting on for sunset, and it was our habit to take the clouds round the setting sun as a garden wherein to found our romances. This evening, with some instinct or intention, I grew more definite than ever in my description of the hero who was to come, making him in every essential the exact opposite to Capt. Chudleigh, even to the extent of making him a great noble instead of an "honorable" and a younger son, which the captain was. Bella would not give her own views as to what the hero should be like, but she differed with me point by point as we went along. This made me very angry, and in my boyish petulance I stood up and said to her passionately:

"I believe you're in love with him, Bella! Take him, if you want to! I don't care!" I was striding off when she rose up and ordered me so imperiously to come back that, without thinking of any opposition to her wishes, I returned to the seat. She had sat down again; her face was very pale and her dark eyes were blazing. She held her hands for a moment clasped over her heart, and then, after a pause, said to me:

"Robert"—this was cutting, for hitherto she had never called me anything but "Bobby"—"Robert, you have no right to say such a thing to me—to anybody. You are born a gentleman, and nothing could justify such an affront. I take it now that you do not know better, and that you were angry, though what cause of anger there is I fail to see. But such a thing must never occur again! You are getting old enough to think for yourself." I was crushed. "Getting old enough!"—"getting!" I who had for years been nurturing a passion for a grown-up woman! It left me speechless.

I sat silent a while, and felt myself grow red and white by turns; and then a gush of some feeling came over me, and despite all I could do the tears came to my eyes and ran through the fingers which I held before my face. In an instant Bella changed, and spoke to me lovingly, entreating pardon, and trying, as she spoke, to take away my hands. I repulsed her, and would have risen and run away, but that she held me tight. I suppose the difference in our ages became then more marked than it ever had been, for, with a sudden impulse, I threw myself on my knees on the grass beside her, and, hiding my head in her lap, had my cry out, while she tenderly stroked my hair, silent all the time, with the instinct of a true woman.

We seemed better friends than ever after that night. I could not but feel that there had come some sort of chasm between us; but the recognition of such a thing was the first step to its bridging, and although I said no more of any feeling which might be between her and Capt. Chudleigh, I tacitly recognized such a thing as possible and respected it.

Less than a week elapsed before Capt. Chudleigh paid his promised visit, and when he came Bella was the one who seemed to avoid him, while he and I grew great friends. We all three sat under the roses after luncheon—we called it lunch to strangers, but it was in reality our dinner—and were together all the time except for half an hour when I was rummaging in the attic for an old book of etchings by Piranesi which Bella thought she had seen there some months before. I did not find it, however, and when I came back they were both silent, and he was just about taking his leave. They had quite forgotten about the book. I offered to ride a part of the way with Capt. Chudleigh, and he acquiesced heartily, although I thought I saw him make a queer kind of a face to Bella when he thought I was not looking. He was silent for a while after we had started, but presently he grew quite gay and laughed and sang and made jokes to me as we rode along. When it was time for me to return he promised that he would ride over again some day soon. When I got back I found Bella still sitting under the roses, and so abstracted that she started when I spoke to her.

Some days afterward I got a line from Cotterham, saying that Capt. Chudleigh would on the following day ride over to lunch with the squire, and that he would, if he might, look into the rectory on his way back, when perhaps Miss Devanti and I would give him a cup of tea under the roses. He came, and we had tea on the marble seat. Mrs. Petersen not being very well, had lain down, and the rector was writing his sermon for the next day. It was a very pleasant afternoon, and we all enjoyed ourselves. When the sun was setting Bella sent me to look if Capt. Chudleigh's horse had been cared for, and I went willingly, for he rode beautiful horses. When I came back Bella and the captain sat silent at either end of the seat, he with a rose in his buttonhole which had not been there before. This gave me a new pang of jealousy, and I did not offer to ride part of his way, although I had been looking forward for the last 24 hours to the pleasure of so doing. Bella and I said but little to each other that evening.

The next day I went out for a long walk, taking my lunch with me, as I usually did on such occasions. This expedition had been planned nearly a week before, for I was to explore an old ruin which I had never visited, and Bella had taken much interest in it. When I got so far as I could on the high road, I went to strike across country, but in leaping my first ditch I turned my ankle, and had to abandon my expedition, for that day at all events. However, I ate my lunch, and when I felt sufficiently recovered began my journey home. It was very tiring, and my ankle pained me much, so that when I got into our own grounds I was thoroughly fagged out. The afternoon sun was beating strongly down, and the shade of the trellised roses, with the cool, green moss, looked so inviting that I lay down and forthwith fell asleep.

I waked to hear voices on the other side of the thick trellis—Bella's voice and Capt. Chudleigh's! They were whispering, but low as their voices were, I could hear distinctly, and what I heard made my heart beat and my ears tingle. He was telling Bella of his love for her, and she murmured an answer that satisfied him, and then I heard their kiss. Boy as I was, I knew that I had no right to be there, and so I crawled away out of earshot, being careful to keep the trellis between us, and reached my own room without any one seeing me. I lay down on my bed, with my heart and temples throbbing, and felt anew all the pangs of jealousy, with despair added. I waited there till the evening fell, and then, when I knew I would meet no one, left the house and came round to the front door, making what noise I reasonably could, and limped in to where the family were at supper. They were all concerned when they heard of my accident, which I took care not to say had taken place so early in the day. Fortunately the pain and fatigue accounted for my pale face and nervous manner. Bella wanted herself to bathe my ankle, but I insisted that Maria should do it. She was looking so radiantly happy that I could not bear the sight of her.

All the next day Bella was very sweet, and we sat on the marble seat, I with my ankle bandaged on a chair in front of me. As the day wore on I expected that Bella would make some confidence, and I was by that time prepared—after some upbraiding—to give her my sympathy and approval. Self-love demanded that the occasion should not pass unnoticed. But the confidence never came, and I grew resolved that if she chose to keep her secret she might, and that I also would keep mine. The only satisfaction I had—and when I look back on it I think it was a pretty mean one—was that I would not let her do the smallest service for my lame ankle. On this point I was as doggedly resolved as I could be about anything.

Bella's secrecy seemed to me not a negative, but a positive, thing. I almost began to think that she had told me a falsehood, and to imagine all sorts of things. Being ever on the watch, I did detect now and then some small acts of secretiveness rendered necessary by her possession of so big a secret. For instance, toward the end of the week there came a letter which made her blush and her breast heave, but she never said a word of it. Of course, I pretended not to notice. That night I lay awake thinking of it, and as I lay awake I heard a very low whistle. I rose softly and looked out of the window. I heard a stir in Bella's room, which was next to mine, and in a few minutes I saw her step out of the porch—the door was never locked or bolted at the rectory—and steal softly in the direction of the rose trellis. This struck me as so strange that, in spite of the sense of the meanness of the act, I determined to see what it all meant. My jealousy had already told me, but I wanted to be sure. I stole softly to the back of the trellis. There was a yellow moon, and the shadows were black, so I came close unnoticed. There I heard the voice I expected and feared to hear, and which if I had not heard would have disappointed me.

Capt. Cudleigh's voice was resonant and resolute, and there was in it something of triumph, but Bella's voice was faint and tremulous. Nevertheless it was sweet, sweeter than ever, with a thrill in it which I had never heard before, and which made me as I listened grow cold with despair, although my heart flamed anew with jealousy. I heard Capt. Cudleigh say:

"I have got it—the bishop's secretary got it for me—and now we can be married where and when we will!" There was no answer, but she evidently drew close to him, for I heard the sound of a kiss—a long one. Then she said:

"Oh! Reggy, is it necessary that we keep it a secret? It will pain my grandfather and my grandmother so much, and they have been so good to me!" His answer was given with decision.

"My dear Bella, it is necessary. My father would not allow our marriage if he knew of it in time. You see, neither of my two brothers has any family, and the governor says that as I have no fortune I must marry money, and as I might succeed I must marry rank." Bella said shyly:

"Then, Reggy, we had better say good-by. Here! Now! If all our parents are against us, where can our happiness lie?" Reggy evidently drew her to him as he whispered tenderly:

"But we love each other, Bella; and the governor will forgive us when we are married," and there was much more to the same effect. Then Capt. Chudleigh took out a paper and read it to her in the moonlight. I could see that his arm was around her as they stood in the moonlight, hidden from the house by the yew tree behind the marble seat. When they showed signs of going I lay down close, close behind the trellis, for I was afraid to stir lest they should see me. After some efforts and many good-bys Bella tore herself away, but not before Reginald Chudleigh had secured her promise that she would meet him at Mirkenfield church at 7 in the morning on the second day following.

When Bella had stolen back to her room her lover stood looking after her, and I heard him mutter a low curse—an angry, dissatisfied curse on himself—and then as he turned away I heard him say:

"Poor little girl! Poor little girl! It is too devilish bad! So sweet and trustful! If I didn't love her so; or if I had more money!" and then I lost sight of him as he passed into the shadowy darkness of the trees.

After a while I, too, stole back to bed. My mind was in a turmoil, but through all its murkiness I remember a fixed resolution in my heart—that I, too, would be at Mirkenfield, for I felt that some wrong was intended to Bella. I knew the place, for I had two or three times been over there. It was a tiny village, which time and desertion from economic causes had made tinier still. The church was an old one almost in ruins, and which was left always open since no one ever went into it between Sunday and Sunday.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT SUNDAY.]

HE KNEW.

[From the Chicago Post.]

"Can you tell me," asked his wife scornfully, after looking over the property he had just purchased, "whatever induced you to buy this place?"

"I can," he answered promptly.

"What?" she demanded.

"One of the smartest real estate agents in this part of the country."

STICKLER FOR DETAILS.

[From the Washington Star.]

"What is delaying the wedding?" inquired a guest at the ceremony which united an American fortune and a European title.

"Possibly," replied Miss Cayenne, "they forgot to put a revenue stamp on the dowry and the count refuses to accept the check."

THEODORE METCALF Co. are agents for EIMER & AMEND's Prescription No. 2,851, which is a cure for Rheumatism. One bottle will prove it.

MRS. GALLUP'S SCARE.

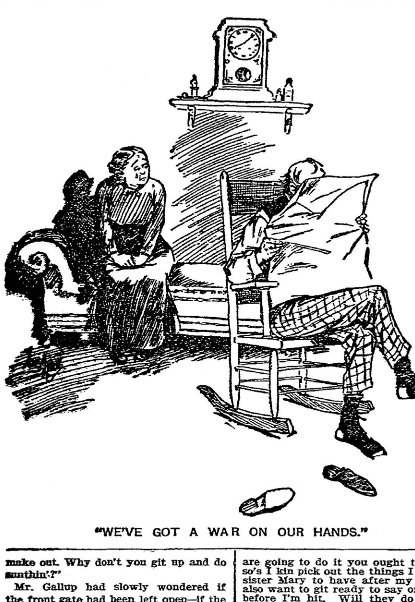
She Hears of the War witn Spain from a Neighbor and Is Given an Awful Fright.

MR. GALLUP had got his shoes off and was seated for the evening with the county paper before him, when Mrs. Gallup, who had run into a neighbor's to borrow an egg to settle the coffee for breakfast, came rushing back in wild alarm to exclaim:

"Samuel Gallup, do you know what has happened? Have you the slightest idea of the awful things going on around us at this very minit?"

"Has the pig got out of the pen?" he queried after a while, but without looking up from his paper.

"It's wuss than pigs, Samuel—fur wuss. How you kin sit there a-blinkin' over that old paper with such awful things goin' on around you is more'n I kin make out. Why don't you git up and do suthin'?"



"WE'VE GOT A WAR ON OUR HANDS."

Mr. Gallup had slowly wondered if the front gate had been left open—if the bottom had fallen out of the rain barrel—if some neighbor's sow had got into the garden and was devouring his early cabbages—but before he had time to make up his mind, Mrs. Gallup flopped down on the lounge, burst into tears, and sobbed:

"Samuel, we've got a war on our hands—and you never told me nuthin' about it! It's bin goin' on fur weeks and weeks, but you kept still and didn't say a word. I wouldn't have known anything about it tonight except fur Mrs. Watkins. When I went to ask her for an egg she said that eggs had riz on account of the war. Why didn't you tell me about it?"

"I thought you was readin' about it," he replied, lamely.

"You knew I wasn't. You know that I never git time to read anything but advertisements about cures for asthma and consumption. That wasn't the reason, Samuel Gallup. I saw through it the minit Mrs. Watkins told me about things, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Mr. Gallup shoved off one slipper to work his toes with more freedom, and he had nothing to say while Mrs. Gallup wept. After awhile she wiped away her tears and asked:

"Samuel, have we got war with Spain?"

"So they say," he slowly replied.

"And it's regular war, with marchin' and yellin' and shootin' and killin'?"

"'Pears that way."

"And Mrs. Watkins says they've had battle after battle, with awful killin' and everybody hurrahin', and you hadn't said one single word to me! You was calculatin' that the fust I'd hear of it was when a boom-shell or a cannon ball killed me as dead as a door nail. No wonder I've had such horrible dreams. Only two nights ago I dreamed that I was out feedin' the pigs and a boom-shell come along likety-te-split and hit me between the shoulders. When I woke up I felt as if I had been pounded on the back. And now what are we goin' to do, Samuel?"

"Dunno," he replied, in an absent way, as he shoved off the other slipper.

"We's got a war, and the Spaniards are at our doors, and you don't know what we are goin' to do! Ain't you goin' to fight, Samuel? Ain't you ever goin' to git out and talk to them Spaniards? Mrs. Watkins says they are the blood-thirstiest wretches on the face of the airth, but you kin go out and talk to 'em. You kin tell 'em that you didn't bring on the war, and that your wife's a very nervous woman and allus goes into a fit when a gun is fired. Don't lose a minit, Samuel. I'll light the lantern while you git on your shoes."

"There ain't any cause to worry," observed Mr. Gallup, as he got his right foot up where he could dig at an old callous through his stocking.

"But there is—there must be!" she protested with a sob in her throat. "You ought to know what war is. The Sapnish go around shootin' cannon balls and boom-shells and bullets, and stickin' folks with their bayonets and bowie-knives, and you don't know but what they are right down by the schoolhouse this very minit. Git on your shoes, Samuel, and you tell 'em jest what I tell you to. Tell 'em I've had poor health ever since I fell down the cellar stairs 17 years ago. Tell 'em that——"

"There ain't no Spanish within hundreds of miles," he interrupted.

"But Mrs. Watkins said they might be hiding behind her very hen roost while she was talkin' to me! Samuel Gallup, you won't go, and I know the reason why. You are waitin' fur a boom-shell to come through the winder and tear that new curtain all to pieces and shatter me to flinders! You couldn't wait fur me to die in my bed, but you bring on this war to git me killed off."

Mr. Gallup pursed his lips as if to whistle, but changed his mind and gave vent to a sigh.

"Very well," said Mrs. Gallup, in tones of resignation, as she rubbed her eyes. "If I have got to die by Spanish boom-shells, then let them boom along. If I am torn to pieces and scattered all over the yard it won't be so easy to pick up the pieces and have a decent funeral, but I 'spose you will manage some way. I did want to live till I got through whitewashin' the cellar, but I ain't goin' to stick out about that. When a wife knows her husband wants to git rid of her she ought to be willin' to go. If you could only have waited till tomorrer I'd have jumped into the well head fust; but as you couldn't, then let the boom-shells and cannon balls come on."

Mrs. Gallup stretched herself out on the lounge, crossed her hands and closed her eyes, and for five minutes she waited for death. As it didn't come, and as she heard Mr. Gallup chuckling over an item in his paper, she opened her eyes and sat up and said:

"Samuel, mebbe the Spanish fired away all their boom-shells before they got here, or else their cannons have got filled up with mud and can't go off. Do you think anybody has gone out and talked to 'em?"

Mr. Gallup didn't reply.

"Like enough Dea. Hastings met 'em and give 'em such a talkin' to that they went back or some other way. If they'd bin after me they ought to have bin here before this. Samuel, I may be a dead woman in five minits, and I want to ask you a question. I know you want to git rid of me, of co'se, so's you kin marry a younger woman and not have any patent medicines to buy, but did you bring on this war?"

"Noap!" was the brief reply.

"And haven't you said a word to the Spanish about killing me off? Remember, Samuel, you are on your oath, and talkin' to a dyin' woman besides. What did you tell 'em?"

"Nuthin'."

"And they won't boom-shell our house tonight and kill me in my bed? If they are going to do it you ought to say so, so's I kin pick out the things I want my sister Mary to have after my death. I also want to git ready to say one prayer before I'm hit. Will they do it, Samuel?"

"Noap."

"And nobody will stick me with knives or bayonets?"

"Noap."

Five minutes passed without another word, and after finishing an article in the paper on chinch bugs, Mr. Gallup looked up and around and discovered that Mrs. Gallup had gone to sleep with two big tears of thankfulness glistening in the corners of her eyes.

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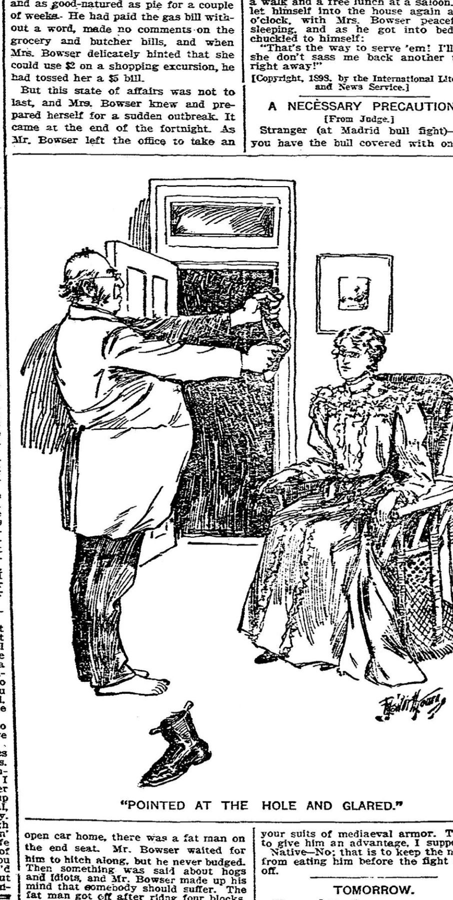
WOODBURY'S Facial Soap, Facial Cream, Facial and Tooth Powder, if used daily, will Soften, Whiten, Beautify and Preserve the skin and prevent Wrinkles, Freckles or Chapping.

THE BOWSERS' TROUBLES.

Having Been Good for a Couple of Weeks, Mr. Bowser Breaks Out Again and Gets the Worst of It.

Mr. Bowser had been as placid as milk and as good-natured as pie for a couple of weeks. He had paid the gas bill without a word, made no comments on the grocery and butcher bills, and when Mrs. Bowser delicately hinted that she could use $2 on a shopping excursion, he had tossed her a $5 bill.

But this state of affairs was not to last, and Mrs. Bowser knew and prepared herself for a sudden outbreak. It came at the end of the fortnight. As Mr. Bowser left the office to take an open car home, there was a fat man on the end seat. Mr. Bowser waited for him to hitch along, but he never budged. Then something was said about hogs and idiots, and Mr. Bowser made up his mind that somebody should suffer. The fat man got off after riding four blocks, and, as he had escaped, Mrs. Bowser must be held responsible.



"POINTED AT THE HOLE AND GLARED."

When Mr. Bowser opened the gate, he limped. When he ascended the steps he hobbled. When he entered the hall, he dragged his right leg behind him as if a stick of wood had been tied to it.

"Mr. Bowser, what on earth has happened?" exclaimed Mrs. Bowser, as she advanced to meet him.

"Paralyzed in that leg for the rest of my life!" he replied, in tones of reproach.

"Can it be possible! I'll send for the doctor at once!"

"Doctor be hanged!" he growled as he limped into the family room and fell heavily into a rocker and kicked off his shoe. "Mrs. Bowser, is this a house, and run as a house, or is it a circus or a pig pen!"

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I mean that I have suffered torments all day long, and that I have come home a helpless cripple. I never expect to be able to walk out doors again. Look at that foot, Mrs. Bowser!"

He pulled off his sock and held up his foot. Mrs. Bowser examined it and found a soft corn.

"Is that all?" she asked, with a smile of relief.

"Is that all!" he echoed, as he jerked his foot away. "Did you expect to find 17 bowie-knives sticking into my foot, or all the toes gone? That's all, but that's enough. You have crippled your husband for life, and I hope you are satisfied."

"You have a soft corn there. What had I to do with bringing it on?"

He held out the sock and dramatically pointed to a hole in the heel—pointed to the hole and glared at her.

"Yes, there is a hole," she said, "but they were all right when you put them on a day or two ago. Beside, the hole is in the heel, as you see, and had nothing to do with bringing on that corn. Where's your shoe? Ah! Here's the trouble. You've run the heel over and brought a pressure on your toes."

Mr. Bowser had no case. He realized it at once; but he had set out to make things pleasant, and he did not propose to give in.

"And as if that were not enough, look here!" he shouted, as he dove into his pocket, brought out a table napkin, and flourished it in her face. "Can you imagine my feelings when I pulled this out of my pocket on the car before 40 people to use as a handkerchief? I asked you to put a handkerchief in my pocket; you go and substitute this, and people grin and chuckle and snicker and make a laughing stock of me!"

She reached over his shoulder into his breast pocket, pulled out a nicely folded handkerchief and shook it under his nose, and said:

"Yes, you asked me, and here it is! You put that napkin into your pocket at lunch time, and the girl spoke of it after you left the house. You are so absent-minded about those things that I expect you to carry off all the spoons some day."

Mr. Bowser was caught again. He turned red and white under his emotions, but suddenly got a new idea and rose up to point his finger at Mrs. Bowser and hiss:

"And collars, Mrs. Bowser—what about collars? Look at this one I have on! I have been choked and strangled all day, and is it any wonder I come home and ask what sort of a circus you are trying to run here?"

"Let me see it. Well, you are a queer man. Couldn't you tell that they made a mistake at the laundry and sent you a No. 13 instead of a 15? No wonder you have been half-choked with that around your neck!"

That was another on Mr. Bowser, but instead of owning up like a man he began to fish for something else. He presently found it, and, towering above her, he shouted:

"Woman, don't you try to crowd excuses down my throat, for it won't work! Do you see this button off this vest? Do you see that the vest is so infernally tight that I can hardly catch my breath?"

"If you lose a button off your vest how can I be blamed for it?" she asked. "You never complained before that your vest was too tight. Perhaps you've got a towel under it, as was the case with your coat the other day. Pull off your coat and let's see."

"A towel under it! Do you take me for a fool! It's the way this house is run—no order—no system—no nothing! There, now—investigate!"

He "yanked" his coat off and ripped his vest open, and something dropped. It didn't drop with a dull thud, because it was too soft, but it dropped just the same. It was one of his socks, and it had been stowed away in the back of his vest all day.

"Well!" said Mrs. Bowser, as she looked him straight in the eyes.

It was 30 seconds before he discovered a way to crawl out of it, and he did it by saying:

"If you ever play another such trick on me one of us will have to leave this house! While you are in it you might as well tell me what ails this infernal shirt. Did you fasten a hair-brush to the collar band this morning?"

"Don't be foolish, Mr. Bowser," she said, as she unbuttoned his collar. "This shirt has two buttonholes. You have buttoned the top button into the lower buttonhole."

"Never! Never in all this world!"

"But it is here."

"Then you did it."

He knew better, but he had started in to raise a row, and must carry it out. He felt that she was smiling as she worked at the button behind his back, and so he said:

"And I suppose this coal bill came in today."

"And it is for a ton more than last month! Mrs. Bowser, where do you suppose this reckless waste and extravagance will end? The more I earn the more you throw into the streets. You have no more idea of the value of money than a child 3 years old. Do you give coal away to spite me?"

"The coal is half a ton less than last month!" she quietly replied.

"You—you——"

"And the grocery and butcher bills are considerably less for the week, and we are making a saving on gas."

"But, woman—you—you——"

He couldn't think of anything further to find fault with, though he tried his hardest; and while she went down stairs to tell the girl to put dinner on the table, he put on his hat and went out for a walk and a free lunch at a saloon. He let himself into the house again at 12 o'clock, with Mrs. Bowser peacefully sleeping, and as he got into bed he chuckled to himself:

"That's the way to serve 'em! I'll bet she don't sass me back another time right away!"

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A NECESSARY PRECAUTION.

[From Judge.]

Stranger (at Madrid bull fight)—Ah, you have the bull covered with one of your suits of mediaeval armor. That is to give him an advantage, I suppose?

Native—No; that is to keep the natives from eating him before the fight comes off.

TOMORROW.

The sun has set,
So has my heart past hope's horizon fled.
The sun has set—
Yet, on the morrow will it fall ascent?
Hearts out of darkness rise again, I know,
But oh! we dread the night, my heart and I,
We dread the night!

—Elizabeth Barton Pitman, in Harper's Magazine for August.

BENGAL ROSES.

BY BRAM STOKER.

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CHAPTER II.

THE next day, when we sat together on the old marble seat, Bella was very tender with me. I was full of emotion myself, for now that I was assured that she loved another—vanity is so great in boys that I still held myself to be a rival—I could find it in my heart to be very tender to her. Once or twice I mentioned the name of Mirkenfield, but when I saw that she held her peace, though the quick blush betrayed her somewhat, I said no more, but waited.

As she said good night that evening, Bella's voice and manner were full of tenderness, and as she lay in her room I heard her more than once sob. That night was like a never-ending nightmare to me, and I sometimes wondered whether it was not all a dream.

It was nearly 10 miles to Mirkenfield, so at the earliest glint of dawn I rose, under the impression that I had not slept, and stole downstairs. I heard the clock strike four as I stepped out of the porch, keeping out of sight of Bella's window. As I had not heard Bella stir, I took it that she was still asleep. I went into the fields, for I did not want any one to see me, and at length struck the road beyond the pine clump. There, before me on the road, I saw hurrying along none other than Bella! I slipped into the wood again, and ran and walked as quickly as I could, so that I might get well ahead without her seeing me. As I knew the short cuts I easily effected this object, and within some two and a half hours arrived within sight of Mirkenfield. Then I slipped into the woods and fields again, and came round to the back of the church. Peeping round the corner, I saw two men waiting, carefully hidden behind a great clump of yew trees from the sight of any casual stranger passing on the road. One of them was Capt. Chudleigh, and the other was the groom whom I had seen with him when he rode over to Westoby Grange.

Capt. Chudleigh had only just arrived, and was making inquiries from the groom. From their secretive manner, however, and the mysterious way they looked round them, I came to the conclusion that there was some mischief on foot, and so I stole softly behind the yew trees and listened. I heard the master say—

"Is he here?"

"Yes, sir; in the vestry. I was afraid he might be seen, and it would not do, as he is a stranger."

"Has he all the properties which he requires?"

"Yes, sir; his surplice and bands and the bogus registry book, and all. He is a fly one, sir, up to every move on the board. But beg pardon, sir. He says he must have the cash beforehand. He didn't want no credit, but the spondoolicks down. Them was his very words."

"Here it is. You share it, I suppose?" and he threw disdainfully to the groom a bag which chinked as the latter caught it.

"There," he said, "take it and be sure you clear out as quick as you can. Remember it is penal servitude for the pair of you if it should come out afterward."

"All right, sir. No chance of anything going wrong. No one ever goes into the old church, and it being a church—she—the lady won't have no suspicion. My eye, sir, but he's a clever one at fixing things."

"Take care it is all right. Be here to witness as the clock strikes. In the mean time look after the horses while I go up the road to meet her." Then he murmured again as he had done that night:

"All right! indeed. All wrong! And a nice pack of scoundrels we are, with me the biggest of them!"

I began to realize to the full the cruel wrong that was intended, and my mind was made up what I should do. I stole away from the yews, and when I was out of earshot ran up to the parson's house, which was across the graveyard from the church. I rang the bell softly and waited with my heart in my mouth. The door was opened by the parson's locum tenens, a tall, powerful, fresh-colored young man, with a frank eye and a strong, resolute jaw.

I gasped out, "May I see you at once, and privately?" He eyed me for a moment with a look which began with a smile and ended with a frown, and said, quickly:

"Come in here, my boy!" and threw open the study door, which he shut carefully behind him. "Now," he said, "tell me frankly what it is, and without fear."

I told him who I was and then what I knew and suspected. He interrupted me but once, when he said, angrily:

"The scoundrels, and in the very church, too. Well, we shall see!" When I had finished he said:

"You have done very wisely in coming to me, and at once. Come with me now, and do not say anything unless I ask you. This is a case when we must both be silent and discreet—for the present at all events." He hurried across the churchyard, walking on the grass so that his footsteps would not sound. I followed him. He opened the vestry door quickly and we went in. As the door opened a man turned round to us, a clean-shaven man, who had on a surplice and bands, and whose face had an evil, crafty look. He grew very pale when we came in, and glanced around hurriedly as for a way of escape. The parson strode forward, and with a wrestler's grip caught him by the throat, and motioning me to open the door took him and pushed him before him right across the churchyard and into his own study. At first the man tried to struggle; but he very soon gave up the idea as he felt how powerless he was in the grasp of the athletic young parson, and he was evidently afraid to cry out. When we were in the study his captor made him sit down, and then said:

"Now tell me all about it." The fellow threw himself upon his knees and began a confession of how he had been employed to take a part in a mock marriage. As he was speaking, the clock on the mantel chimed the quarter to 7, so the parson stopped him:

"There is no time to lose. I shall tie you up and leave you here for a while. If you try to struggle or cry out I shall at once take you myself to the nearest police station and give you in charge. In the mean time I shall see how matters go, and then decide how I shall deal with you." He then got some cord and tied up the fellow most scientifically, gagging him with a gag extemporized from a handkerchief. He then put on his surplice, and, coming out, locked the study door behind him. He called to his housekeeper and told her to come quietly into the church as the clock struck the hour, and to bring the gardener with her. Then, telling me to come with him, he went back across the churchyard. He told me to remain in the vestry, but to look at the service through the door held partially open, and to remain unseen as long as I could.

Presently I saw Bella and Capt. Chudleigh come into the church, followed a little later by the groom, who sat in a corner behind a pillar. Then, but a minute later, there came, unobserved by Bella or Capt. Chudleigh, an old man and woman, whom I surmised to be the housekeeper and the gardener. When the groom saw them he sheered off a little, so as to keep the pillar between them and himself. The parson stepped out from the vestry. When the groom saw him he started and grew very pale. He half rose, as if to move off, but the parson, who had to pass close to him, said:

"You are a witness, I suppose. Come up close!" And thenceforward he kept an eye on him, to see that he did not run away. When the bridal pair stood before the communion rail the parson said:

"You have a license from the bishop, I understand; show it to me." Capt. Chudleigh took it from his pocket and handed it to him. He read it through carefully and then asked him:

"Are you the Hon. Capt. Reginald Chudleigh, bachelor, mentioned in this document?"

"I am." Then, turning to Bella, he asked:

"Are you the Arabella Devanti, spinster, mentioned herein?"

"I am."

Then he proceeded with the marriage service. As there was no one to give away the bride, he performed that function himself. As Chudleigh answered "I will," his voice faltered and he grew very, very pale, but Bella's voice was low and clear and fraught with love as she made her acceptance.

When the service was over the parson said a few brief words, hoping that the marriage performed that day might lead to peace here and hereafter, and exhorted the married pair that they should trust each other and be ever true. He finished with a solemn warning that they had that day undertaken a new life, and that whatever wrongs and faults had been should be now forgotten, except to afford them a light and a warning against evils to come. While this short homily was being delivered, Capt. Chudleigh looked ill at ease and impatient, and now and again bit his lips; but he controlled himself, and was silent.

Then they came into the vestry, and I hid behind a surplice hanging on the wall. On the table were the great volumes of the registry, which the parson had taken from the chest, and in the one of marriages the young parson proceeded to write the new marriage. He had beckoned the two old people to come along with the groom, and said, as he asked them to sign:

"Witnesses are necessary by law, so I have asked these two who were present to add their names." So they both signed, Capt. Chudleigh again repressing his impatience. Then the groom and the old people went out, and Capt. Chudleigh, who had begun to have an anxious look on his face, turning to Bella, said:

"Will you wait a moment in the church, my dear, whilst I say a word to the clergyman?" Bella smiled at him lovingly, and saying as she shook her finger at him archly, "Don't be long," went out and waited in the church. So soon as she was gone Capt. Chudleigh closed the vestry door and, coming close to the clergyman, said to him in a low voice:

"Is it all right?"

"Yes; it is all right!" answered the other, with an exceedingly firm, not to say aggressive, manner.

"All is as arranged?"

"All as it should be."

"Then my man will pay you the sum agreed on. He has the money. The books, are they all right?"

"Quite right!" Capt. Chudleigh began to move to the door, but he looked ill at ease, and his manner was a hang-dog manner. As he put his hand on the latch to open it the parson spoke:

"Capt. Chudleigh!" He turned and raised his eyebrows interrogatively.

"Capt. Chudleigh, are you satisfied that you are duly and solemnly married?"

Chudleigh let go the latch and came close as he asked, angrily, in a low voice:

"What the devil do you mean?"

"I mean this," said the other, unconsciously throwing himself into a fighting attitude, for his college days were too recent to be easily forgotten, "that you came here with the intention of committing a foul and dastardly wrong to a sweet and innocent woman, and of committing it by the help of the machinery of the church and the law, and in the very shadow of God's own house. But God be praised! Your wickedness was known in time, and you are now as surely and securely married as can be by the church's law and the law of the land. Oh, man, have you no shame—no remorse? You are young! You cannot be all hard and bad! It is not too late! You have a sweet and good wife, though in not confiding in her relatives she has run a fearful risk, and for her sake I shall be silent so far as I can. But go down on your knees and thank the Almighty that He has vouchsafed in His mercy to save you from the actual commission of such a grievous sin—though the moral guilt lie heavy on you all the same."

For a half-minute Capt. Chudleigh hung his head, and a dark scowl spread over his face; but then the man in him asserted itself, and with a fierce stamp of his foot, as if he was crushing something evil, he said:

"You are right! I am a black-hearted scoundrel, and unfit to tie the shoe of that sweet woman. But, thank God! it has not been too late. Let me tell you—though I can't expect you to believe me—that I was as miserable over this dastard act as a man could be, and to the last day of my life I shall thank you for having saved her—and me!"

"Do not thank me," said the young clergyman, moved. "Thank Almighty God, and hereafter in your life show by your deeds that you are grateful for so great a mercy. And thank also one other, only for whose quick thought and energy this evil would have been wrought." Chudleigh turned quickly.

"Tell me who it is, so that I may give him thanks."

"You can thank him when he's a man. He is only a boy now."

"Bobby? God bless him!"

"And now, Capt. Chudleigh, join your wife; and take my advice—go straight with her to her uncle and tell him of the marriage. I shall deal with those scoundrels of yours so that they may not try to blackmail you. Your conduct—your later conduct—has made me willing to help you. Send the groom to me presently; and, let me advise you, get rid of him as soon as you can. He is a dangerous man." But Chudleigh would not go at once.

"No!" said he, "I have a duty to my wife, and it had better begin now. I shall have no secrets from her! Let me tell her all, and then, if she will forgive me, we can begin life afresh."

So the parson took me into the graveyard, and we stayed there nearly half an hour, till Bella came and called me in. Her eyes were swollen with crying, but despite it she looked happy, and Chudleigh's face was also not without its traces of deep emotion. Bella thanked the parson, and held his hand while she did so, and then she took me in her arms and kissed me, but said never a word; she knew that I understood. Then the captain came and held out his hand, and said, with a tremor in his voice:

"Won't you shake hands, Bobby? Bella has forgiven me, or I would not dare to ask!" So we shook hands.

Then Bella and her husband drove back to Westoby Puerorum, and I walked back as quickly as I could; but they had gone before I arrived, and Mr. and Mrs. Petersen were beginning to realize what had happened.

I suppose the young parson took strong measures with the rascals and frightened them effectually, for they went away and were never troublesome.

And now Bella is a countess, and her husband and children adore her. And on the anniversary of her wedding day she and her husband always send me a bunch of roses from wherever they may be. If there are no roses, then they send some other flower that has memories, perhaps lest any of us should forget.

[THE END.]

THE MAN WHO DOMINATED.

No Fourth of July Celebration in His Town If He Didn't Feel Like Having One.

When I reached the little town of Eagle City I went to the postoffice after mail, but the postmaster shook his head and kindly replied:

"No use, stranger, Jim Strong brings the mail over from Davisburg, and he hasn't showed up in a week."

I wanted some quinine, and was directed to a man who had a shoe shop, a drug store, a shooting-gallery, and a saloon, all mixed up.

"Sorry, stranger, but I'm out of quinine," he replied.

"Will you have some today?"

"Can't tell. Jim Strong brings all my stuff from Davisburg, and he ought to have been back four days ago."

I had broken the crystal of my watch, and the druggist told me where to go to get a new one. The jeweller also kept hardware, guns, and stationery, and when I told him what was wanted he replied:

"I sent an order to Davisburg a week ago by Jim Strong, but he isn't back yet. I may have the crystals tomorrow."

At the hotel there was no coffee because Jim Strong hadn't shown up. There were only three or four cigars left in the bar for the same reason. When I came to go to bed the landlord gave me about an inch of candle, and explained that he was expecting five gallons of kerosene by Jim Strong. There was no fresh meat for breakfast, and a dozen different men called for drinks, to be told that the whiskey was all out. After hearing about Jim Strong for the fortieth time, I said to the landlord:

"This man Strong appears to have a pack train on the road to Davisburg?"

"Yes, sir, he runs three pack mules over the mountain trail."

"And he runs the business to suit his own convenience?"

"He does, sir. He may be in today or not for a week. Jim Strong is a mighty independent sort of a feller."

"And is there no other pack-train?"

"No, sir."

"I should think you people would put on run and run him off."

"Yes, sir, it always looks that way to a stranger; but you see you don't know Jim Strong."

"Is he anything more than common?"

"Well, we sort o' argue that he is. We've put on five different pack-trains at different times, and he's captured the mules and shot or run the men off. When he's here nobody dares sass him, and when he's over at Davisburg he runs the town. He owns the only running mule and fighting dog, controls three silver mines, cut his own trail over the mountains, and if he don't feel like holding a Fourth of July celebration we don't have one. Yes, we think he's a little more than common, and if he don't show up purty soon all you'll get for dinner will be soup and beans."

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BURNS WON THE DINNER.

There is a story told of Robert Burns in his youth, says the Newcastle (England) Weekly Chronicle. Burns was living in the town of Ayr, and though still young, had attained more than a local reputation as a poet. One day he was passing through the main street of the town and saw two strangers sitting at one of the inn windows. With idle curiosity he stopped to look at them. Seeing him, and thinking that the rustic might afford them some amusement while waiting, the strangers called him in and asked him to dine with them. Burns readily accepted the invitation, and proved a merry, entertaining guest.

When dinner was nearly finished, the strangers suggested that each should try his hand at verse-making, and that the one who failed to write a rhyme should pay for the dinner. They felt secure in the challenge, believing that their rustic guest would pay for the meal. The rhymes were written, and Burns read the following:

"I, Johnny Peep, saw two sheep; two sheep saw me. Half a crown apiece will pay for their fleece, and I, Johnny Peep, go free."

The strangers' astonishment was great, and they both exclaimed:

"Who are you? You must be Robbie Burns!"

WITH THE ELECTRICIANS.

The General Electric Company will make a large working exhibit at the 20th triennial exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, in this city, next October.

The longest electric railway in the world is that operated between Kenosha and Waukesha Beach, both in Wisconsin. This line is 62 miles long, and arrangements have been made by the Milwaukee Electric Railway & Light Company to run chartered cars from Milwaukee to Waukesha Beach.

The telephone, says the Electrical Review, is playing a very important part in Cuba in the war with Spain. It keeps the army in front in instant communication with the headquarters and the shore base of supplies. It proved invaluable in the first attack at Santiago in keeping the army and navy in close touch.

La Compagnie Generale des Petites Voitures, which some time ago resolved upon the introduction of motor carriages, has decided to place 100 electric vehicles on the streets of Paris within the next two months. Each vehicle will seat four passengers, the fare remaining about the same as for the present two-seated cabs.

The Drawbaugh telephone bill was passed in Philadelphia by a vote of 31 to 3. By its provisions the maximum charge is to be $75 a year. Three per cent. of the gross receipts are to be paid the city in consideration of the franchise, in addition to furnishing the city the use of two ducts in its conduits for the laying of its wires.

To obviate the use of the usual conductors in burglar alarm systems for safes, vaults, etc., Mr. Clyde Coleman of Chicago has invented a system of employing Hertzian waves. In accordance with this invention, the connecting conductors are entirely dispensed with, and a transmitter is provided in the protected structure, which is thrown into operation immediately upon any tampering with the protecting barrier, so as to produce a series of vibrations capable of transmission through the intervening medium to actuate a cohering receiver at the alarm station. The receiver closes the local alarm circuit, causing the bell or other means to produce a signal until the attendant stops it by decohering the particles between the electrodes.

Under an act passed by the Ohio Legislature, last spring, an experiment with electric traction on canals is to be made on the Miami & Erie canal by a trolley railroad company. The plan proposed is a novel one. It is to build a standard gauge on the tow-path, on which will be run an electric motor, receiving its power from an overhead trolley. The motor designed for this work will be of 100-horse power, and will, its designer expects, easily pull a tow of at least five heavily laden boats, or more tonnage than a 300-horse power engine can pull on rails. The track will be ballasted to an even surface, so as not to interfere with the drawing of boats by mules. In the event that the experiment succeeds, the reward of the trolley company will be the right to operate a line of boats for a term of years, paying to the state the same tolls as are now paid by mule-drawn boats.

A new system of signalling at sea has been devised by Melvin D. Compton of New York, which appears to be particularly accurate and practicable. The system is known as "visual telegraphy," and is thus described by the New York Sun: The apparatus is simple and inexpensive, and the cost of maintenance is trifling where a dynamo circuit is obtainable. In isolated places, where no electric light circuit can be had, storage batteries may be used. The essential features of the apparatus are a signal board, upon which the signals are displayed: a keyboard of the ordinary plug switch design, and the proper electrical connection. Upon the surface of the signal board are arranged a series of round holes and rectangular spaces covered with plain or colored glass, back of which are lights and reflectors. The inclosing glass front is formed of lenses of such material and shape as best to project to a distance the rays emitted from the course of light. Each lamp is inclosed in a separate compartment, and is so arranged that the rays from one source do not reflect or interfere with those from another. The signal board is arranged in two rows in the following order: Three circles, a rectangle and five circles in the upper line, and three circles and two rectangles, alternating, in the lower line. With this arrangement every character in the Morse alphabet can be displayed in the smallest practical space. The operator simply sits at the keyboard and closes each circuit required by inserting a metal plug in such a way that the circuit is made complete, and immediately the characters are flashed out from the signal board. The rapidity of signalling is only limited by the speed of the operator, and naturally exceeds that of any system based on semaphores, flag wagging or helioscope work. A skilled telegraph operator is not necessary, the only requisite being ability to read the Morse alphabet.

A MEMORY AND A WISH.

[From Truth.]

O for the days when the heart was a rover!
O for the golden days!
O to lie down in the sweet-smelling clover,
Where the breeze sways the trees and the blue sky bends over,
And a haze veils the sun's fervid gaze.

To lie there and dream to the honey bees' humming—
O the drowsy drone of the bees!
To lie there and dream of the good time a-coming,
The small sounds of summer, the senses benumbing,
Lulled to sleep 'neath the old orchard trees.

But here in the street the heat-waves quiver;
God pity the man-made town!
I think of the blossoms, the trees and the river,
Where nature is fresh from the hands of the Giver:
I long to go back where my heart's turning ever,
'Neath those old orchard trees to lie down.

NOT ALARMED.

[From Puck.]

"Spain has set a price on your head," said his friend, excitedly.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the insurgent chief, in the most approved, melodramatic fashion. "Spain hasn't got the price!"

A TEMPTATION
at any time is a cup of delicious
"SALADA"
CEYLON TEA.
It delights every member of the family, and is the very essence of purity.
In sealed lead packages only. 50c. and 60c. All Grocers.
A War Revenue Duty of 5c. per Half Pound Package will be added to above prices.
CHAPIN & ADAMS, Wholesale Agents, 206 State St., Boston.

ASYLUM FOR AGED WHEELS.

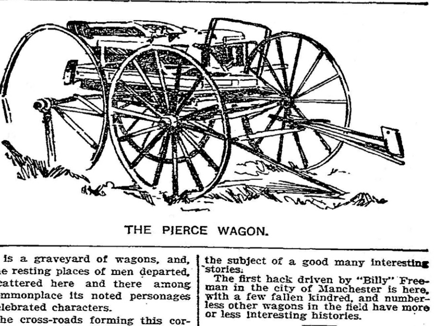
Farmer Ellingwood's Unique Curiosity Shop.

Situated at Crossroads in Town of Hopkinton—Four Acres Covered by Vehicles More or Less Ancient and Dilapidated—Their Collector's Propensity for Trading.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

HOPKINTON, N. H., July 23, 1898.

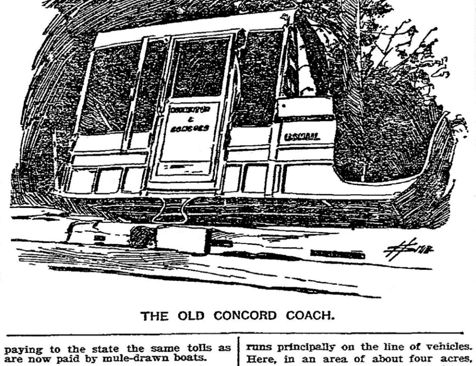
IN THE northern border of this township there is a spot bearing the unromantic and less poetic appellation of "Wheel Corner"—an interesting place, however, which one wanders over with much the same feeling of awed curiosity that is experienced in visiting a very ancient cemetery.



THE PIERCE WAGON.

This is a graveyard of wagons, and, like the resting places of men departed, has scattered here and there among the commonplace its noted personages and celebrated characters.

At the cross-roads forming this corner—and, of necessity, three others—lives Mark M. Ellingwood, ostensibly a farmer, but whose passion for "trading" amounts almost to a mania, and runs principally on the line of vehicles. Here, in an area of about four acres, are hundreds of wagons of all shapes, kinds and sizes, in all stages of decay, and scattered through this mass of wheeled derelicts are heaps of "repairs," a hundred single wheels, a few shafts, a lot of tires, spokes and other fixtures, probably picked up singly in trade and deposited in their respective places to await a further career of usefulness, or to decay, as chance dictates. Doing picket duty on the outskirts of the camp is a light buggy, the top stripped bare, and without name or fame—save, perhaps, that Jones paid its freight. In the thickest of the crowd, and blockaded as naturally as in life, are several old-time herdics in sorrowful decay. A road-cart has met its fate under a lumber wagon's wheels, while a wheelless carryall has proven the stumbling block of a dozen other rigs.



THE OLD CONCORD COACH.

And so on, through the entire collection, are found the strangest mixups of most curious-looking vehicles. The appearance is as if a cyclone had picked up hundreds of wagons, dropped them on this farm, given them another toss, and left them in care of Father Time.

While carriages predominate to an overwhelming extent, other results of Mr. Ellingwood's trading propensities are seen in a few old sewing machines, a good many stoves, sinks, sleighs, bicycles and lots of other choice bric-a-brac of a like nature. The barns and numerous sheds are packed with treasures, and the whole, as a curiosity shop, is unique.

Mr. Ellingwood does not exhibit the eccentricity one would naturally look for, and although on the shady side of 50, he is as young as ever. He and his wife occupy a cosey house and are fond of company.

"We have lots of visitors," he remarked, "and I like to have them come. I don't know of any other place in the country like it, though there used to be one on a smaller scale near Pepperell, Mass., but I guess it's run out now. I got a good many ideas from that one, but I've really been in the business since I was a boy.

"I have been here 16 years. I travelled 700 miles to find a place like this"—referring to the crossroads leading to well-populated towns—"and when I found it there was nothing but a cellar hole and an old well, and I had just $5. What I have now I got by my own efforts, and made it mostly by trading wagons."

He then showed the writer over the field, pointing out the most noteworthy specimens of the lot. The first, and, perhaps, the prize of the collection, was one built in 1821 by a Concord concern. It is in excellent condition, and was recently driven to Manchester, 23 miles, where, says its owner, "it carried off the prize." Next in order was a two-horse road cart, of which Mr. Ellingwood is very proud, it being an uncommon vehicle. Then in a row, a mute procession, were a pedler's cart, a truck wagon, a buggy and a gig, all of considerable age. Of more modern date, but of great interest to some, is the buggy in which young McLane shot his sweetheart, Miss Douglass, on the Henniker road, a few years ago, for which he is now serving 30 years. The bloodstains are still visible and add to the pleasure of the morbid.

Here also are the rapidly decaying remains of a wagon, which Mr. Ellingwood asserts was owned by the 14th President of the United States, Franklin Pierce. He purchased it from a member of the Pierce family a number of years ago. Time has had its effect on this vehicle, and it is in an almost total state of collapse.

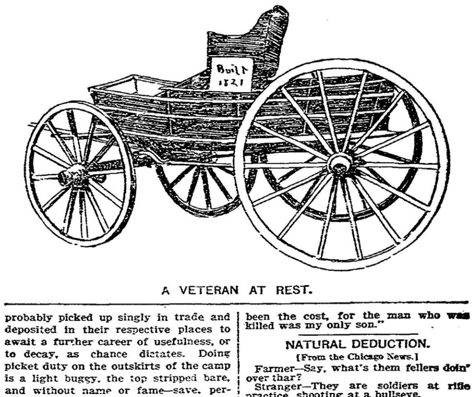
The top of a lumber pile is the resting place of an old Hopkinton and Concord stage. Its wheels have been traded away, and it stands in lonesome solitude on the edge of the forest. This wagon has passed the age of 50, and is the subject of a good many interesting stories.

The first hack driven by "Billy" Freeman in the city of Manchester is here, with a few fallen kindred, and numberless other wagons in the field have more or less interesting histories.

The writer inquired if the business was conducted on a cash basis.

"Not altogether," was the reply. "I have some of the queerest offers in trade you ever heard of. Why, the other day a man wanted to trade me a lot of vinegar for a horse, and I have a good many such funny deals. I swapped a lumber wagon for the one the girl was murdered in. I make most any kind of a trade."

That the owner of this carriage repository has made a success of it there is no reason to doubt, and his geniality suggests that his association with these relics of a busy world leaves a pleasant impress upon his mind, as well as a dollar in his pocket. While the former occupants sleep in death, hundreds view with interest these inanimate associates of their lives with thoughts dwelling on the flight of time and an eye single to the carriage industry.



A VETERAN AT REST.

THE PRICE OF VICTORY.

[From the Criterion.]

A young man journeyed along a highway and he was full of rejoicings. He had heard of the wonderful victory of his people in a war that they were waging in a good cause. The enemy's ships had been pursued; had been burned; had been sunk; the commander himself had been taken prisoner, and despite the loss of life to the other side the attacking fleet had lost but one man.

And as he journeyed, he overtook an old, gray-headed man of a sorrowful countenance. And the old man walked along with bowed head and was silent.

But the young man was ebullient with joy and thanksgiving, and he hailed the elder man and said:

"Wherefore so sorrowful? Have you not heard the news? We have put the enemy to confusion; we have scattered their ships upon the face of the waters; hundreds of their men have succumbed to the fire of our guns, while we have lost but a single man. Of what moment are personal troubles in a time of national joy? Rejoice; give thanks."

Then the old man paused in his walk and turned and looked at the young man, and there was that in the glance of his eye to call forth sympathy. And he said:

"I have heard the news and to me it brings naught but sorrow. It is well that our side has won, but great has been the cost, for the man who was killed was my only son."

NATURAL DEDUCTION.

[From the Chicago News.]

Farmer—Say, what's them fellers doin' over thar?

Stranger—They are soldiers at rifle practice, shooting at a bullseye.

Farmer—Gosh! I wunder ef it's that old bull uv mine.

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