

Bellefonte, Pa., May 15, 1891.

THE MIRROR OF A LIFE.

"The sun is up," he gaily cried; "I think it meet that I should get my spade and rake, and haste my garden luck to try."

"My gun," he thought, "I should have brought; I'll get it straight." And so he homeward took his way.

Tom Barclay and Elizabeth Murray never understood each other very well, and yet they had been engaged for a year.

One night, the dressmakers and milliners having kindly waived their claims for a few hours, Mr. Barclay called to see his prospective bride.

Now Thomas Barclay was not a demonstrative man, and getting was somewhat out of his line.

"Did you? I thought so too, though I have been told often enough that I didn't."

"Who told you so?" "Mamma for one, Aunt Clare for another. You see, mamma married papa for love when he was a poor man, and Aunt Clare's husband died before the honeymoon was over."

Mr. Barclay was never so thoroughly astonished in his twenty-eight years of life; he asked, rather stiffly— "Will you kindly state why you engaged yourself to me?"

"No, Tom, it is too late to make me believe that. We are not fitted to make each other happy; I am quite certain of it. Let us break off our engagement."

"This is a nice statement for a man to hear three weeks before his marriage!" "Much nicer than it would be three weeks after," she retorted.

"I have always loved me, why have you been silent all these years?" inquired Elizabeth.

"Did you? I thought so too, though I have been told often enough that I didn't."

It was an ugly, obstinate sprain, and held its victim a prisoner for six long weeks. The party went on to Alaska, leaving Mrs. Murray and her daughter at the hotel, and quite as a matter of course, Tom Barclay called often.

Elizabeth had been able to walk for a week. Her friends were due in two days on their return trip, and she and her mother were to join them and start immediately for home.

"Oh Beth, my darling, give me a word of hope before you go! I was mistaken in the old days. I always loved you, and now that we have met again, I cannot let you go out of my life forever."

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THE DESERTED HOUSE.

Back from the road, up the old path, Unmindful of harvest and aftermath, The empty casements, drear and gray— The house stands, facing down the bay— And either side of the slanting gate, The faithful sentinel lilacs wait.

People who are in the habit of "picking their ears" with the heads of pins, ear-pieces, etc., frequently suffer from small abscesses in the parts irritated.

Sweden is perhaps the most Protestant country in the world; of a population of 6 millions there are only 2,000 Roman Catholics, the remainder of the population belonging almost entirely to the Lutheran church.

Just now the moths are so plentiful it is well for housekeepers to bear in mind that it is not the flying moth that causes the trouble.

There was a short silence, while Mr. Barclay, having made his plea, waited for the verdict.

"I have always carried it with me," he said simply, "because you had worn it."

"I have always loved me, why have you been silent all these years?" inquired Elizabeth.

Remarkable Facts.

Postal cards are made at the rate of 4,000 per minute. The city of Chicago in its present boundaries contains 173 square miles.

England is the greatest pin-making country in the world; its product is about 50,000,000 pins a year, and Birmingham is the center, with an outturn of 37,000,000.

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Who Are You?

A citizen of Detroit, who has resided here for nearly twenty years, and who has for the past dozen years run a small carpenter shop on his own hook, got a check on one of the banks the other day and stepped in to have it cashed.

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