

GRAMPER.

Grandfather's old rheumatism, Thicker in his heart, an' fallin' in sight: Can't chew no more of his bread than the crumb,

Good for the chores o' the eventide yett, Rest-time a-comin', though; soon he will sleep, Soundly enough in the cemetery ground:

THE WRONG ENVELOPE.

My Dear Irene: I answer your letter at once, for you seem anxious for an immediate reply...

Dear Irene—Prepare for great news.

I am engaged to Richard Stirling. It happened yesterday. It all came about so suddenly that I am almost afraid I shall wake and find that I was dreaming.

Yours with much love, KATHERINE EARLE.

P. S.—Don't let Aunt Clara wheedle anything out of her. Perhaps you would better not tell her that you have a letter from me. She is such a goose when she thinks she thought I wanted Mr. Stirling...

To Mrs. John F. Mayhew, The Croft, Stamford, Conn. The Rev. Richard Stirling came in from a round of pastoral calls, and mounted the stairs to his study. He was more fatigued than that many a day laborer.

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and went out and dropped the letter in the mail box, instead of intrusting it to his man. When he returned he trifled with his dinner, and before the dessert came in he begged the bishop's widow to excuse him.

When the study door was closed behind him he spent the evening pacing the floor and sitting before his desk, gazing at the envelope addressed in Katharine Earle's writing.

On the following day the evening mail brought him a letter addressed in writing so much like Miss Earle's that the color flared into his face. He hurriedly tore the envelope open. A sheet in Miss Earle's writing fell to the floor. He did not pick it up, but turned to Mrs. Mayhew's letter.

My Dear Mr. Stirling: Thank you so much for your haste in returning poor Katharine's letter. I had just read the note she intended for you, when yours came. Of course, as you say, she slipped the wrong letters into the envelopes. I shall never tell her of her mistake.

Most sincerely yours, IRENE EARLE MAYHEW.

Mr. Stirling picked Miss Earle's letter from the floor. My Dear Mr. Stirling: I send you the book list, regretting that it is so meagre. I hope to supplement it when I hear from Miss Gresham, who, as I think I told you, is working with a Girl's Friendly Society in New York.

Yours affectionately, RICHARD STIRLING.

My Dearest Irene—Just a word to say that I hope the bridal bouquet will turn up all right. I saw it packed and properly addressed. I can't think of any last thing that has been left undone.

Yours devotedly, RICHARD STIRLING.

My Dear Mr. Better Half—I am so sorry that I could not get home in time to celebrate our anniversary yesterday. Father is still in a very critical condition, though the physicians have some hope that he will pull through.

I hope you received my telegram yesterday at noon; also the roses. I tried to get them as much like your bridal ones as possible. It has been a very short year, dear, and it seems to me to think at this rate we will have but a short time together before we reach our threescore-and-ten.

Yours most devotedly, DICK.

Dear Boy—Is that all you have to tell? Bless you I put Irene's letter in your envelope on purpose, as the cook says, I held hers back a little so you would have time to write her and keep her from telling me of my mistake.

if I loved you, and I answered her question. With much love, KATHERINE.

P. S.—The flowers were lovely. I almost cried over them; it was so beautiful of you to get them just like my bridal roses. I put on my wedding gown and veil and walked up and down the study, carrying my bouquet and humming the march from Lohengrin, just like a goose.

You baggage! But I will forgive you. Magnanimously, DICK.

By Adelaide P. Rouse in The Pilgrim.

Bridge Builders Danger.

High Above the Water They Face Death at Every Turn. The interesting article is from the pen of Cleveland Moffet, the well known writer: As I went time and again to the great East River bridge the new one whose steel towers were drawing to full height in the last few months I found myself under a

On the Yellowstone Trail.

From the mouth of the Hudson to the headwaters of the Yellowstone is a three days' journey. The tourist leaves New York on Monday morning; Tuesday morning brings him to Chicago, and the same evening in Saint Paul he boards the Pacific Express on the northern Pacific Railroad.

Access to the park is free to all, and many persons go through it on horseback or in their private vehicles, pitching their tents at night at one of the designated camping places. Others patronize the Wylie company, which operates a circuit of stages, and which entertains its guests very comfortably in neat hotels of canvas.

Swing 'em up with steam derricks and cables. Guess you wouldn't care for that job, hanging out on one of those booms by your eyelashes. He smiled. "Perhaps not," I admitted. "But I'd like to watch it."

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the center the dark blue water gushes up from the depths in a swelling, throbbing tide, which raises the surface of the pool like the jeweled boss on some gigantic shield.

Manmoth Hot Springs (altitude six thousand two hundred and fifteen feet) is the headquarters of the military and of the transportation company. The post office is here, and here most tourists enter and leave the park, after making the circuit.

Sinking Sands.

Engineers Find Two Seemingly Bottomless Pits in the Great Salt Lake. Engine and Cars Engulfed. Troubles Which the Central Pacific People are Experiencing in Building the Lucin Cut-Off. Millions Have Been Spent.

Into the capacious maws of two quagmires in the Great Salt Lake have disappeared recently a locomotive, more than a score of cars, section after section of railroad embankment and track and several human beings, says the New York Herald.

William Hood, chief engineer of the Southern Pacific road, is on the ground with other engineers striving to solve the problem. Some of the engineers say privately that the case is hopeless, and that the track can not be made safe, at no matter what expense.

Dr. Lorenz to Stay a Month. Treatment of Lolita Armour Will Take That Long. Dr. Adolf Lorenz, the noted Viennese surgeon, who arrived at New York on Tuesday of last week on the Labu, left Wednesday morning for Chicago, where he will remove the cast from the body of his little patient, Lolita Armour, and give the after treatment which is to bring her leg into a normal position.

There is no sense in running on in this fashion. I write merely to tell you that you need not foster any hope of having a clerical brother-in-law in my own house than write papers for a club. Really I am one of the women who ought to wear aprons and make puddings.

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