THREE DOVES.

Seaward, at morn, my doves flow free; At eve they circled back to me. The first was Faith; the second, Hope; The third-the whitest-Charity.

Above the plunging surge's play Dream-like they hovered, day by day. At last they turned, and bore to me Green signs of peace through nightfall gray

No shore forlorn, no loveliest land Their gentle eyes had left unscanned, "Mid hues of twilight heliotrope Or daybreak fires by heaven-breath fanned.

Quick visions of celestial grace Hither they waff. from earth's broad space, Kind thoughts for all humanity. They shins with radiance from God's face.

Ah, since my heart they choose for home.

Why loose them -forth again to roam? Yet look: they rise! With loftier scope They wheel in flight towards Heaven's pure dome.

Fly, messengers that find no rest Save in such toil as makes man blest! Your home is God's immensity; We hold you but at his behest. --George Parsons Lathrop, in the Independent.

AN UMBRELLA EPISODE.

BY JUNIOR.

"I beg pardon!" "Excuse me!" A pair of black eyes and a pair of blue eyes met defiantly, while a small white hand and a large white hand each grasped the handle of an umbrella.

"This umbrella is mine, I think; did you wish to use it?" murmured black eyes with polite fierceness. "I am sure it is mine. I bought it

last year, and have never seen another like it." answered blue eyes, with a firm hand on the article in question. Veration and polite unbelief were ex-pressed on each face. Then the gentle-

man, with an indulgent, provoking little smile said : "If it is mine, I can show you my

name on the inside, if you will allow me to open it. "Very well, pray do so, " said she, step-

ping back.

He opened it, and behold! inside was a small tag with "Richard Ransome" inscribed thereon. She fell back in confusion, rosy red and humiliated.

"I am very sorry! I beg your pardon! Where can mine be? I am sure I left it here!" she exclaimed in distress, glancing at the falling rain without.

He magnanimously joined in the search, but no duplicate umbrella could be found. He was as samed of his illtemper, and also made the discovery that she was a lovely girl; so, much to Lucy Deane's dismsy, he insisted upon escorting her home.

She felt very much like a convicted thief, and wondered if he believed that she had ever really had an umbrella like his.

"I am afraid our evening has not been as successful as we hoped," he remarked hesitatingly, touching upon a topic about which both were sensitive.

"Oh, no! I am so disappointed! It didn't seem to take well-that is, they did not appreciate it as we thought they would-as they ought to have done, I mean-

Lucy paused, conscious that she was making bad much worse. They had now reached a cross street which led to her home. Here she paused, and, acting on an impulse born of a desire to fy from what she felt must be his reproachful and indignant glances, she said :

"I see an old friend who is going past our door, and I will not trouble you farther. I am much obliged for your kindness. Good night." And then she hastily left him.

he whom she had set upon a pedestal of dignity and learning was only a man, pleading for her love, seemed impossible to face. She could not lift her eyes to his, and when he tried to draw her nearer she felt a sudden, loving fear of him. Habit and girlish modesty were barriers too great to be overcome at once. She gave him one swift glance, and then broke away and fled toward home.

He stood there, gazing after the flying figure. Disappointed love, wounded pride and amazement struggled within him. He tried to think how he had offended her. He searched his memory to see if he had ever heard of any girl who had received a declaration of love in like manner. Alas! he had not. He sadly concluded that some other man must have been before him, and that she dreaded to tell him so.

"Even though she does not love me, she would have given me a chance if there were no one else," he said.

The next few days were wretched ones to both. Lucy knew that she had wounded Mr. Ransome, and was in despair because she had apparently rejected the love she really desired. She longed to tell him she was sorry, but felt that to do so would be to surrender entirely, and that she found as hard to do as ever. She hoped he would seek her again, and so force upon her the opportunity she was not brave enough to seek.

And then, alas! he came on the very afternoon on which she went for a walk down the secluded path where he had made his proposal, to live over again the scene which was over in her thoughts.

Mr. Ransome approached the house with wavering courage, and on being informed that she was not at home, immediately concluded that she refused to see him; and he departed from the town forthwith.

He returned to his work and found some comfort in the old routine of his profession; yet he was a more restless man than he had ever been in all his busy life.

One afternoon, feeling the need of cheerful companionship, he started out, umbrella in hand, to call upon a lively friend who had been a former resident of the town where lived the Deans. Perhaps he secretly hoped to hear mention of his ungrateful lady love. He reached the place, and learning that his friend was at home, turned to place his umbrella in the rack, when, behold! there rested another exactly like his own. He felt sure that Lucy was within and stood a moment, debating on what was best to do. Finally a desire to see her again overcame all other feelings, and he entered the parlor. His hostess rose to greet him, and presented him to her friend Miss D-an.

Lucy received Mr. Ransome with compossibility of meeting him as a contingency of her trip.

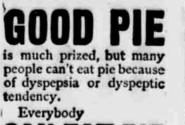
He made his call a short one and as :: LAND Lucy returned home early that evening he did not see her again.

It was not until afterward that he discovered he was in possession of Miss Dean's umbrella instead of his own. He was vexed beyond measure. The

fact that he had committed such a blunder betrayed the state of his mind at their last meeting. "She will think I made the exchange

because of some silly, sentimental notion. I will return it to her and then throw mine away. I'll make it a purely business errand, and let her understand that I'm not in for any nonsense." he fumed.

Accordingly he went down to the village one bright evening. He walked from the station and wandered toward the spot where he had made his unlucky proposal.



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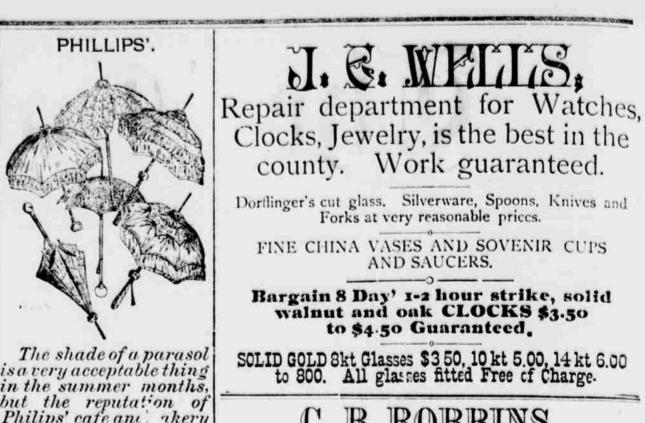
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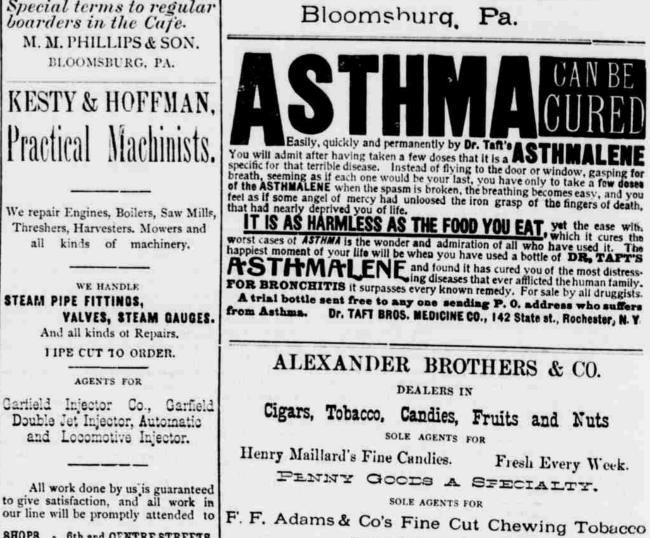


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He stared after her, and saw her join a gentleman whose face, as seen in the struggling gaslight, showed both sur-prise and delight at being so honored.

Richard Ransome, on discovering that his umbrella rested on his shoulder and that the rain was beating on his shiny tile, pulled himself together and went on his way, soliloquizing as follows :

"Well, this is a queer place! Odd folks, especially the girls. Seemed in a great hurry to get rid of me. Didn't seem to take-evidently blames me, too. However, I don't usually talk to empty seats." Then he laughed. "Fancy me getting cross and rowing with that poor little girl about the umbrella! But she was game, and I had to prove my claim. She evidently thought I was determined to make sure of some; remuneration for my services. Hope I shall see | or again."

This hope was destined to be speedily realized. The next day when Mr. Ransome went to the society rooms to meet the committee for whom he had lectured Lucy Dean was there, and shyly apologized to him, for her blunder of the even-ing before. She explained that her mother had borrowed her umbrella without her knowledge. He found her pretty embarrassment very attractive, and asked for permission to call at her home; this was given him, and he soon availed himself of it. She was a merry, intelligent little thing, and her fits of shyness, when a sense of his awfulness as a dominic came over her, added a touch of piquancy which fascinated him. He found Mrs. Dean, who was only a

plumper and maturer Lucy, a pleasant companion when her daughter's conversation resolved itself into prim monosyl-lables, and he paid the elder lady so many flattering attentions that she was half inclined to believe Lucy's admirer her own. Indeed, Lucy might have been of that opinion too if it had not been for an occasional expression in his eyes, when they rested on her, which always brought the blood to cheek and brow

As the days passed on, Mr. Ransome discovered that Lucy exactly realized his ideal of womanhood. The idea of a final separation from her was intolerable. When the time for him to resume his city duties drew near, he knew that he wanted to take her with him, that he desired her for his wife. But, puzzled by her shyness, he was not able to discover how she regarded him.

They were walking together one even-ing, when he suddenly resolved to end his suspense and ask her to become his wife. Lucy listened, dazed. She could not realize that her secret dreams had become real. The tremendous fact that

"I'll just go and look at the place where she flouted me. It may serve to help me forget this worry over her that I can't get rid of." he muttered. He reached the spot, and there he saw

a little figure leaning against a young tree and weeping forlornly. His heart jumped and then stood still. He dropped the umbrella and sprang forward.

"Lucy !" he cried. She turned toward him and held out her hands; and then-

They understood each other.

In the Blue Ridge.

An important North Carolina industry is the collecting and preparing of roots and herbs for sale to wholesale druggists and exporters. This industry gives employment to 30,000 people in the Blue Ridge. On the Atlantic slope of the Blue Ridge grow no less than 2,200 varieties of plants known to materia medica; this fact, coming to the notice of two shrewd business men of Stateville, they began the business of collecting, preparing, and exporting them. It is interesting to go through the immense warehouses of this firm. There are 44,-000 square feet of floor space in all, and on this are stored several hundred tons of roots, herbs, barks, gums, and mosses, some varieties in lots of many tons each. The yearly business of the firm amounts to 1,500,000 pounds. This mass is bought in by collectors, or sent in by country merchants who act as agents for the firm. A certain knowledge of herbs, how and what season to secure them, is a neces-sary outfit for the collector. The greater part of the gatherers live in mountains in small log cabins of one room, and pursue their novel calling in the shadow of the deep cliffs, under the mighty forests, on the open summits of the lofty peaks, or in the deep gorges of the great Appal-achian chain. In these almost inacessible solitudes, the ginseng, snake-root, lobelia, blood root, mandrake, unicorn root, and scores of other varieties are found in abundance. These the mountaineer collects, carries to his cabin, and dries. When he has a sufficient cargo for his large, canvas-covered wagon he hitches up his ancient mules and transports it over the mountain roads to the nearest town or settlement, where he exchanges it for tea, sugar, snuff, and tobacco.

There are chords in the human heart which are only struck by accident, which wiff remain mute and senseless to appeals the most passionate and carnest, and respond at last to the slightest casual touch. -Dickens.



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