

"It's sometimes given one to behold A glimpse of the city whose streets of gold...

At Satan's threshold she stood dejected: A thin, worn wreck the furnace reflected; Too weak to stand, too dazed to see...

The angelic guard stood musing long: Then said, "My friends, on earth no song Ere scaped your lips to cheer a soul...

The sun was gliding pale and still: As a man and his wife climbed Zion's hill, He cast from heaven, she—driven from hell...

DRAMA OF TWO WOMEN.

In a room, half-study, half-bedroom, two women were talking. They were both young, both moderately good-looking...

The other woman was a small, passionate person, with full, pale lips and an aggressive chin. She was called Lillian.

It was a cool summer evening, after dinner, but the room seemed hot to both of them, owing to the point in discussion.

Isabel spoke: "Yes, I have done with him altogether. Are you really surprised?"

"No, not in the least. I was surprised at the beginning of your friendship, but I was quite prepared for the end. You never understood each other."

"That is just it, and in consequence continually quarrelled. And continual argument is so tiresome. I assure you for months I have felt quite worn out."

"And he?" "Oh, he." The woman's face softened. "I am very sorry, but I fear I must have been a trial, Lillian. I alternated between trying to act up to his idea of me and ruthlessly tearing it down."

The curious fact is that he never had any instinctive recognition of my real self.

"Were you?" Lillian straightened her small person and arched the pretty pert chin—"were you ever really engaged, Isabel?"

The other answered rapidly: "Oh, no! How could we be? I am so poor, and he earns very little. Now, if it had been you, with all your money, it might have been different. Still, I did look forward to marriage, when he would be jealous no longer, and I should be all his. And then I was jealous, too."

"You! Who were you jealous of, dear?" "Wasn't it absurd, Lillian?—of you—and of others."

"Well, I did know him long before you." "Yes, and you were very great friends."

"Oh, he consulted me about everything." Isabel trembling a little: "About me?"

"Well, yes, about you—sometimes." "How horrid of him."

There was a pause. Isabel paced the room, and large tears appeared in her gray eyes, which she did not allow to fall. Lillian had two malicious dimples at the corners of her mouth, and in distinct contradiction to their presence she sighed.

"You see, Isabel, dear, you were not suited." "How could we be?" broke out the other passionately. "In all his love for me, he had no trust; in all my

love for him, there was a certain amount of fear. I am morbidly sensitive, and he wounded me day by day. He is sensitive, too, in a different way, and my wish to have him all to myself to rob him from his numerous lady friends, seemed absurd in his thinking. He refused to believe in the depths of my feelings, because I was timid in expressing them. I wanted him to understand me by instinct, and a man so often lacks that."

"He is very clever and has plenty of tact." Isabel stopped short and faced her companion. "Fact is an elastic thing. In his case it was one-sided and only applied to his dealings with certain natures. As I said, he made a mistake about mine."

"Well," Lillian smiled and then sighed again. "It's all over now."

"And I remember," continued the other, as if she had not heard, "the first time I saw him. I remember the curious thrill, the curious certainty that came over me that he would play some large part in my life. I wonder if he remembers, too. I wonder if he remembers his first impression of me. I was horribly shy—and I knew he thought me pretty."

"He is a great admirer of female beauty, certainly," admitted Lillian dryly. "Will you—shall you see him much now?"

"Surely, my dear Isabel, you can't expect me to give up an old friend just because you have quarrelled with him."

"But, still, he might talk of me." "I don't think so. And if he did I can decline to discuss the subject."

The other suddenly knelt down beside her friend. In her small face, in her gray eyes, there was a hungry, wistful expression that Lillian could not be blind to and it gave her an uneasy pang.

"Lil, dear. Tell me. Do you think I have been very unwise?" "No. Why?"

"Because my heart is aching till I can scarcely breathe. Because I am longing just to know what he is doing, not to be wholly shut out of his life. Because I—I am miserable."

"Oh! This is only for to-night. You will soon get over it." With childlike submission the other asked simply: "Shall I?"

"Of course you will." "Lil, do you think I should be very stupid if I tried to make it up?"

Her friend laughed harshly and a little nervously. "Quite mad," she said.

"Do you? I am not sure. I am so terribly lonely. He seemed my destiny. I miss him every hour of the day, and his letters by every post."

"You are quite maudlin, Isabel." "What?" The woman sprang to her feet. "What did you say?"

"I meant that you are too ridiculous over this man, who didn't love you, and who never will; who never understood you and who was never appreciated by you in return. The sooner you forget him the better."

"I can't forget him." "You must." There was another pause. Isabel walked to the window, drew back the curtain and threw it open.

"I am suffocating!" she cried. The other rose and stealthily seized her cloak from the bed.

"I can't forget him," Isabel repeated. "I love him. I want him now—always. I must write to him at once. I must—Lillian, what is the matter?"

"You are a little fool. The man is sick of you. You can't have him back." "Why, how do you know? What do you mean? How dare you?"

"I mean that he proposed to me to-day and I accepted him."

She slipped on her cloak and tripped down stairs, and the other woman, who had been her friend, knelt silently by the open window with a face that seemed to be slowly growing old—Black and White.

Veterans in Congress. Less than 10 per cent of the members of the House of Representatives have served more than ten years. Of the 325 members, 137 are serving their first term. Only 32 in all have been in Congress ten years or upward. An idea largely prevails that the Southern States have returned their members for continual service more generally than the Northern. This is not borne out by the records. On the contrary, the Northern States have been more generous to their representatives in that respect than the Southern. Of the number returned in the Northern section, Illinois is represented by 4; New York 3; Pennsylvania, 3; Maine, 3; Missouri, 3; Michigan, 1; Kansas, 1; Vermont, 1; Iowa, 1; Indiana, 1; total, 21. In the Southern section Mississippi is represented by 2; Alabama, 2; Georgia, 2; Louisiana, 1; Arkansas, 1; Texas, 1; Tennessee, 1; Virginia, 1; total, 11. Grand total, 32.—Providence Journal.

Virtues of an Emetic. There was a great deal of wisdom in the old practice of giving emetics, such as ipecac. It did a great deal of good. It might not be very pleasant, but it was effective. Now, if you had a real, first-class case of malaria, I don't know that I could do better than to advise a trip to Europe; or, if you should not be able to go to Europe, take a little ocean trip, out of sight of the land, and the swell of the waves. There's nothing like an unloading, and you would soon feel very much better. In all these ills you get your stomach overloaded, your digestion fails, and you retain your food in your system. After a good emetic or an ocean trip has done its work you will wonder how you got along with such a vinegar factory inside of you.—Interview with a Doctor.

Ancient Use of Butter. Butter, which is almost indispensable to the meal nowadays, was formerly used solely as an ointment. Herodotus, a Greek historian, is the first writer who mentioned butter, B. C. 500. The Spartans treated it very much the same as we do cold cream or vasoline, and Plutarch tells how a hostess was sickened at the sight of one of her visitors, a Spartan, who was saturated in butter. The Scythians introduced the article to the Greeks, and the Germans showed the Romans how to make it. But the latter did not use it for food. They like the Spartans, anointed their bodies with it.

Dyspepsia is in league with the devil.

Lawyer—Are you a single man? Witness—No, sir. Of am a twin.—In-Idnapolis Journal.

"What a werry look that young woman has!" "Yes; she married the man she wanted."—New York Journal.

Agnes—Well, I want a husband who is easily pleased. Maud—Don't worry, dear; that's the kind you'll get.—Elmira Gazette.

"At last I have reached the turning-point of my life," remarked the convict when they put him on the treadmill.—Atlanta Constitution.

Jasper—is Carson married? Jump-uppie—He must be. He has been smoking bad cigars ever since Christmas.—New York Herald.

The fellow who starts out for a stay-by good time often has a barrel of fun before arriving at his home in a badly lugged-up condition.—Buffalo Courier.

Mamma—Lloyd, have you given any fresh water to your goldfish this morning? Lloyd—No, mamma; they haven't drunk up what they have in the globe already.—Harper's Young People.

"I've been lying low for some time now," said the Fire; "and I believe this is a good chance to go out." "Oh, no, you don't!" said the Coal, as the janitor dumped the hod; "I'm on to you!"—Puck.

"There's lots of good in that Mrs. Slack who lives up street." "Do you think so?" "I do; she is constantly borrowing things from her neighbors, yet she never has an ill word to say about any of them."—New York Press.

Bodkins—Doctor, how can insomnia be cured? Doctor—Well, the patient should count slowly and in a meditative manner 500, and then—Bodkins—That's all very well, doctor; but our baby can't count.—Life.

"She is a very good-hearted girl. Why, you should just see how that girl lavishes presents upon her chaparron and how kind she is to her." "Oh, all that being good-hearted? I call it being level-headed."—New York Press.

Hotel Clerk—Did you tell that old gentleman from the country that he mustn't blow out the gas, as I told you? Barney (new boy)—Yes, sorr; but it's so afraid to thrust him 'ol was, sorr, 'ol blowed it owt itself, sorr.—Judge.

Jess—Did you know there was an ante-nuptial agreement between Mr. and Mrs. Silvers? Bess—No, but I'm not surprised. If they ever agreed about anything it must have been before they were married.—Kate Field's Washington.

Ballet Girl (to admirer)—Only think of it; the society for the prevention of cruelty to children was here to-day to inquire about me. Rival—What a shame; I can testify that you are very good to your grandchildren. — Kate Field's Washington.

She—Surely, Mr. Curtis, you cannot be serious. I have heard that you have told your friends that you wouldn't marry the best woman in the world. He—When I said that I had no idea that you would listen to a proposal from me.—Boston Transcript.

Penelope (triumphantly)—I heard last night that Jack was head over ears in love with me. Grace (jealously)—You cannot believe all you hear. Penelope—No; but I should not wonder if there was something in it. Grace—Why? Who told you? Penelope—He did.—Vogue.

"I never felt really discouraged about my husband until this year," sighed a gentle little woman the other day. "But when he mistook the folding satchet for ties which I gave him for a dress-suit protector, and a little cut-glass olive dish for a soap tray, I began to despair about him."—New York World.

ART AND ARTISTS. Mme. Schliemann is fulfilling the promise made to her late husband, and is personally superintending the excavations in Troy.

The fund for a monument to Gen. George B. McClellan for Philadelphia still lacks \$5,000. The pedestal near the City Hall has been waiting for the statue several years.

The St. Botolph Club of Boston has passed resolutions applauding the clause in the pending tariff bill which frees paintings and statuary from duty.

The loan collection now open in Cleveland, O., contains Gov. Alger's large canvas by Munkacsy, "The Last Hours of Mozart" paintings by Diaz, Cazin and Edward Moran, and sculptures by Miss Luella Varney, of Cleveland.

In Baltimore, the Sons of the American Revolution propose to affix to a building on the corner of Sharp and Baltimore streets a bronze tablet, setting forth that the Continental Congress met at that spot on the 20th of December, 1776.

A stag and a wolf by the sculptor Cain will stand in bronze at the foot of the grand staircase of the Chateau of Chantilly, which the Duc d'Annamite has presented to France, but which he admits and continually enriches with fresh works of art.

"Pocahontas and John Smith," by Victor Neblig, an artist who used to exhibit a good deal at the National Academy between 1890 and 1870, is shown in the coming-room of a Washington Journal. It gives the famous scene of Capt. John Smith's rescue by the daughter of Powhatan.

Three graduates of the Art Academy of Cincinnati won prizes in the annual competition at Paris among the pupils of the Julian Studios—Mrs. Newman, Van Briggles and Bryson Burroughs. The last named was at the Art Students' League in New York when he won the Chanler Paris prize and left for Paris.

At the exhibition held in Philadelphia by the Academy of Fine Arts, the Walter Lippincott prize of \$300 was awarded to a painting of Broton peasant girls in church, called "St. Yes, Pray for Us," which obtained an honorable mention at Paris in the Salon of 1891. It is by W. Sergeant Kendal, of New York.

Puis de Chavennes has been telling the League of Belgian Artists that a big jury of selection is not the best jury. His point is that responsibility is weakened in the individual juror because he is prone to trust to the decision of his neighbor instead of trying to form an independent judgment and boldly proclaim it.

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THE MARKETS. BLOOMSBURG MARKETS. CORRECTED WEEKLY. RETAIL PRICES.

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