THE DEAD BABE.

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead, in agony I knelt and said: "Or dead: what have I done, Or in what wise offended Thee, That Thou should at take away from me My little son?

"Upon the thousand useless lives— Upon the girt that vanning thrives, Thy wrath were better spent! I by should'st then take my little son? We should'st Thou vent Thy wrath upon This innocent?"

Last right, as my dear babe lay dead, before mine eyes the vision spread Or things that mint have been: Licentions riot, crue strife, rorgates prayers, a wasted life Dark red with sin!

ibon, with soft music in the air, i saw another vision there:

A Stepherd in whose seep A late amba my little child—Of worldly wisiom undefied,
Lay fast asieep?

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead.
In these two messages I read
A wisdom manifest:
A d, tough my arms be childless now,
I am content—to aim I bow
Who knoweth best.
—Chicego Record.

THE POST MISTRESS.

Working hours were over in the Great White canyon. Mary Verner pulled down the little window of the post office of which she was the mistress, swept the contents of the narrow counter into a drawer which she locked; then pinning a broad leaved but above the brown curls that clustered about her brow she passed out of her log cabin into the fresh, sweet,

evening air. As she reached the low fence which tan before her house a hurried footgloom, and a man's voice said: "Is that you, Mary, my girl? You

look little more than a ghost under the shadow of those bushes." The girl-young and slender and graceful as a fawn-ran out into the

chely road. You've kept your promise, dearest, and come to see me," she cried as he threw herself into the arms of

her lover. Reuben Halse kissed the red lips so frankly offered him before he spoke. Yes, Mary, I've kept my promise,

but I've come to say 'Good-by.'"
"'Good-by—good-by?" You're going away? You're going to leave meyour sweetheart-your wife that is to She clasped her arms closely about him and trembled like a leaf.

'My dear little girl, don't cry-don't You've been my sweetheart, faithful and true, but we can never marry. The strong man's voice broke and

died into silence. "Go on. Tell me the worst," sob-bed the girl in his arms. "Listen, dear. You know that late-

ly things have gone wrong with me. The bit of money I've saved for our wedding in the fall was stolen, and then the cabin I'd built for you down by the Blue Pools was burnt. Still there was the farm stock and your little purse of savings left, but the drought has killed the stock, and—oh, Mary, how can I tell you?"

Mary drew apart from her lover and steadied her trembling form against the garden fence.

Some one has robbed you of the money I gave you. Oh my poor boy!"
She stretched forth her pitying hands
toward the man before her, who only bowed his head and shuffled his feet

happened. to his side.

But Reuben thrust her from him. Twas no misfortune. crime. Your little savings, those few coins you've starved and scraped to keep, lie there."

He pointed with his lean, brown hand down the canyon to where, amid a dense mass of foliage, a few lights twinkled.

Mary staggered. "Down there? At Ffolliott's?"
"Aye, lass—at Ffolliott's! I lost it

all at faro last night." For a moment no sound but the evening breeze whispering among the creepers and bushes and the harsh note of a night bird broke the silence. Then a woman's voice, tender and low and full of tears, murmured,

'Rube, dear Rube, I forgive you." Reuben Halse flung his arms above his head and gave a bitter cry. "Don't, Mary, don't! I'd rather you

would strike me." The stars twinkled their diamond eyes on the man and the girl as they said farewell, for Reuben had settled to leave the canyon last night.

"Bill Redfern, One Eyed Sammy and Joe the Portuguese are going too. We're all broke and may as well starve out there," and he waved his hand toward the wide forest land of Arizona, "as in this canyon here. Don't sob so, my girl. You'll break my heart. I'm not worth a tear from your pretty eyes or a choke in your white throat. But, Mary, you might pray for me sometimes, and when you're married to a good chap as don't go to Efolliott's and neglect his farm for the tables and the bar think of me, who loved you, but was not worthy to

One kiss on her brow, then a clatter of galloping hoofs, and Mary Verner was free to go back into her cabin and sob out her heart till the

Reuben Halse and his companions had been gone from the Great White canyon for a week. Mary's cheeks, never very full of color, had grown pale and heavy, and blue lines beneath her large eyes told of sleepless

nights and many tears. Yet Paul Harding, Beauty Paul, as he was called in the canyon, thought he had never seen Mary look so lovely as he clattered up to the door of the jest office one morning and asked the enng postmistress if there was any-

hing for him. He watched, with his handsome dark eves, her small, white fingers go

But she finally shook her head. Nothing for you to-day.

Yet Paul seemed loath to go. iled his long, tawny mustache, jinghis spurred boots upon the floor d continued to stare through the litted about her usual business.

"Anything I can do for you?" she

asked him presently.
"No." Paul said slowly, taking in every detail of the girl's figure, clad in a cotton frock of genuine blue. But might I speak to you one minute privately? You can say what you've got to

say where you are." He stared silently, first at his boots and as his eyes wandered up they lit imple utensils and shining saucepans which lined the walls.

"How differently you keep your lace from what a man's shanty is!" But she staid his compliments.
"You live down by the Blue Pools,
don't you?"

"Yes, next to Reuben Halse till his place was burnt out and came to my shanty. I saw Rube three days back." "You saw Rube?" Mary clasped her

hands above her heart. "Yes. He and his chums passed through Long Tom's ranch. I've been out there this two months past helping him brand and count the cattle. Rube told me that you and he had parted and the reason why. He asked me to look after you a bit. You see, we've been good pals, and I'd like to do him a turn now he's gone under. You will let me look after you now and again, won't you, for Rube's

The handsome cowboy, straight as dart, tall and strong as a giant, clad n the picturesque rough clothes of its calling, bent like a reed before the iny blue clad figure of the post office nistress, who laid a slender white and in his great palm and lifted her

"Surely, Paul Harding, for Rube's sake, you may look after me when I an't look after myself."

With that soft glance burning into his brain and those gentle words pulsng in his ears Beauty Paul swung imself into his peaked saddle and ent his horse full speed down the hill o Ffalliott's saloon.

It was for Rube's sake that the folowing Sunday Paul dressed himself n his best, brought a little two-wheel-ed cart gay with bells and bright col-ers to Mary's door and asked her to

irive out with him. The day was fair, and Beauty Paul mused her with stories of Rube, and when they came to an end he told her of his own home in the heart of a creen county in England. He made ier laugh with his tales of college life and shudder with his descriptions of he campaign in Egypt which he had one through. Only he did not tell her low he, an English gentleman and allant officer, came to be loafing and irinking and gambling away his days and his health in Great White canon. Paul Harding-degraded as he was and lacking in his reverence for women-at least had too much respect for the little postmistress to tell her that black page in his life.

The day was an entire success, but it left a bitter after taste in Mary's mouth when she heard the next morning that Paul had spent the night at Ffolliott's drinking and brawling till

dawn. The next Sunday Mary shut herself within her log cabin, and neither the blue sky nor the gay cart and smarty capricisoned hose nor Beauty Paul himself could wheedle her out. She would not be seen, she said sternly, with one of Floiliott's lot. She, how-over, relented, and forgave him on his promise to amend for her sake.

in the thick white dust.

"Tell me, Reuben; tell me how it the green of the canyon changed to Ah, surely you are not red and gold Paul found that if he was thinking I shall blame you for such a to "look after" Mary he had to give

And indeed for a space Ffolliott's knew him not till one October morning his allowance-the money which bought his family freedom from his disgraceful presence—arrived from England. For the next week Ffol-llott's was a pandemonium, with the Beauty as a presiding demon.

Mary heard of it, and refused to speak to or look at him. Then it was that he flung himself before her one day and prayed her to save him from that from which he was powerless to save himself-from drink and dice and bad companions. And she did what other good women have done before her and will do again. She placed her hand in his, and with her heart full of Rube Halse she promised to marry Paul-for his soul's sake.

All through that long, bitter winter she held to her promise. At Christmas he broke from her control, and she did not speak to him for days, but she ended by forgiving. When he was with Mary, he vowed to reform, not to set foot in Ffolliott's again, never to taste another drop of whiskey nor look again at a card. But once beyond the sound of her low voice, the touch of her small hand, and his resolutions melted like the winter snows.

The eve of their mariage day arrived and with it Paul's allowance from England. The occasion and the opportunity suggested a carouse, and Paul informed the "boys" he would be standing treat at Ffolliott's that night for the last time. The bar was soon crowded, for the Beauty was just the song singing, yarn telling, whiskey drinking scamp who would be popular among the wild crew, especially as he tood treat so long as the bartender

would stand him. Paul was full of licuor. He had lrunk Mary's health with every man in the place, and he was also full of tuck for once in a way. A pile of gold lay before him on the table, and was just proposing another round Mary's honor when big Bill Redfern strode in and was greeted with shout of "Hello, Bill! You back?

What luck, pard?" "Luck, my lads? I leave luck to fools and deadbeats. I've been working, and thank God I've worked for comething. I've put my sweat and muscle into the ground, and I've struck ore. None of your dust or ockets, but a vein as broad as an ox's back and as long as a river, and

so I've come back with Rube-Paul looked up with a start. His eyes bashed, and he seemed to grow sober in a moment as the situation presented itself. Here was he drunk n a gambling hell on the eve of his carriage with Mary, and Rube had ome back.

"What did you say?" he muttered.
"I said Rube and I had come back.
Put don't let me disturb the game." "The game is up!" cried Paul, with

an oath, as he struck the table and

made the money fingle,
"Had bad luck, eh?" said Bill. Sorry for you." "Keep your sorrow to yourself and your partner, Reuben Halse,"
"Come, come," said Bill good hu-

moredly, "have a drink. I'm standing treat, and, as to Rube, here's his health and Mary's."

"I'm standing treat!" shouted Paul, springing up. "Have a drink with me!" And with this he flung his liquor in Bill's face and made a rush

A pistol flashed, a pale blue puff of smoke died in the hot air, and Beauty Paul lay stone dead on Ffoillott's

Some of them went up to the post office to break the news to Mary. There was a light in the window, and by it they saw Rube and she sitting talking. Quietly and with bowed heads they left the cottage and returned to Ffoiliott's without fulfilling

Next day a rough and read jury, having considered all the circumstances of the case and with due appreciation of Bill Redfern's prowess as dead shot, decided that Paul had courted on purpose a certain death, and they returned a verdict of "suicide wile of unsound mind."-Chicago

Up to Date Suggestions. If one-twentieth part of the ingenious proposals and suggestions sub-mitted to the Examining Committee in connection with the proposed universal exhibition in Paris in 1900 are carried out the show will be a fearful and wonderful affair, says the Paris edition of the New York Herald. Here are a few of them:

A railway from the Place de la Concorde to the first platform of the Eiffel

Tower. A triumphal arch 600 feet high at the bottom of the Champs Elysees.
Exhibition of French clergy from the date of Clovis I. to the present

A bell of 200 tons weight. A voyage round the world, to be completed between the Place de la Concorde and Auteuil. A captive balloon to draw a car all

round Paris. Luminous cataract from the top of the Eiffel Tower. A mountain 100 metres higher than

the Eiffel Tower, with a cafe and theatre on the top. A Venice street on the Seine, from the Place de la Concorde to Auteuil. A mine 1,600 feet deep, another 3,000 feet deep, with cafes, concerts, etc., at

the bottom. Electric sun in the Champ de Mars. serious offer has been made by MM. Armalin and Flammarion to construct an accurate reproduction of the moon, on a scale of 1,350,000, with a captive balloon, in which the public can travel round it,

Want of space precludes the publi-cation of some hundreds of other pro-

Making Dark Oak.

It is stated in the Moniteur Industriel that the dark oak employed in decorative woodwork is prepared by submitting the wood for a certain length of time to the action of am-moniacal vapors, the latter rapidly imparting the dark tint which is in so much request. The operation consists simply in arranging the material that is to be rendered of a dark color in a tight room into which no light penetrates. For the treatment of small pieces a large box whose joints are closed with strips of paper glued to the places whence the vapor might escape, suffices for the purpose, while, for larger pieces a hermetically closed room is essential. Into the box, or coom, are put several flat vessels, containing liquid ammonia, they being placed upon the floor so that the vapor may fill the space and give the tanning of the oak a very dark brown color, which will not be altered if a little of the wood be removed from the surface. The liquid is not allowed to touch the wood, and the depth and richness of the color will depend upon the quality of the ammonia that is employed and the length of time of the

exposure to its fumes. Killed an American Eagle Hal Reid, a young farmer, living in the Kaw Valley, six miles west of Kansas City, Kan., came to the city with an American eagle which he had killed. It was the first eagle that has been killed in Wyandotte County for some years. It measured seventy-eight inches from tip to tip of its wings. Mr. Reid was standing near his home one afternoon when he saw the bird flying across a field and alighting in a tree. He had never before seen such bird, and his curiosity to find out what it was prompted him to shoot it. He ran up, expecting to find it dead, but it had only been wounded in the breast, and on his approach it made a vicious attack on him. He succeeded, however, with his gun and his boots in killing it. Half an hour afterwards Mr. Reid says its mate flew across the field. The bird will be mounted.-Kansas City Star.

Electric Skin Cleanser. By its tonic influence upon the heart blood vessels and general circulation, electricity tends to maintain the normal nutrition in the skin as well as in other tissues. It is, therefore, largeion, Prof. John V. Shoemaker tells us, in a variety of cases that are not actually disease, but are on the border line, and probably due to faulty nutrition. Among the defects thus treated are the dull muddy complexion of many faces, the yellowness due to disordered liver, the oiliness resulting from relaxed sebaceous ducts, the redness of the nose due to sluggish circulations, papules, tubercles and varicose veins, dryness and roughness of the skin and pigmented spots and patches, including freckles.

A Woman's Reason. "But, Emma, how can you prefer the plain and shabbily-dressed Julius to my elegant and handsome brother?"

"That is quite simple; your brother is in love with himself, and Julius with me."—Exchange.

These balloon sleeves evidently come of a desire to widen woman's sphere. -Boston Transcript.

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