LOVER'S LANE.

Whisperings of the old, old tale. Monlight silv'ring distant hills With its dreamy, filmy veil; Down the path our slow feet trend, Our shadows with the maples blend, In our hearts the same refrain, As we roam through Lover's Lane.

Lever's Lane is lined with trees, Stately maples, elm and oak, And the network of their leaves O'er the pathway spreads a cloak; But now and then a truant ray Of saucy moonlight finds its way Into the bower of Cupid's gain, And sees strange things in Lover's Lane.

In a quaint old town a maid I knew, An artless, fair-harired maid was she; By those coral lips and those eyes of blue Sweet was the spell she cast o'er me; In'the dreamy nights of summer weather Roamed we through the lane together. Hearts throbbing fond'y the old refrain To the song of the thrushes in Lover's Lane.

Swaet those days of the long ago, When we strayed through the leafy aisle,

Our hearts as light as the wanton flow Of the music of birds-without guile. 'Twas long ago; but the eyes of blue, And the silken hair, soft as the dew, Are as sweet to-day as when we twain Roamed together in Lover's Lane.

WHAT HAPPENED.

Aunt Patty awoke early with the bright April morning, feeling sure something was going to happen. She had heard High Top Calvin, the king of the flock, crow nine times at mid-night; and Lympathy Limp, the lame white pullet, was cackling before sunrise. As the moments passed, and Aunt Patty begun putting on the garments that lay so smooth and orderly on the high-backed chair, she felt surer and surer her convictions would come true. She put one stocking on wrong side out, the right shoe on the left foot, and skipped three holes in lacing her stays. She tried twice to put both arms into one sleeve of her dress and buttoned it by leaving two holes at the top with no buttons, and two buttons at the bottom with no holes. She could still her reasoning no longer, but said, aloud, "Patty Prentice are you a fool?"

Just at she had got the refractory buttons into place, there came a prolonged knock at the little porch door below. "Oh, dear me!" she said, "what's poming now? Somebody must be dead." Her thoughts and tongue ran swiftly as she tried to untie the nightcap strings that in her hurry had got into a bard knot. "P'r'aps it's Deacon Hopkins's wife. Helinda Johnson said last night, the doctor said she couldn't pull through; or may be it's Martha James's husband's mother; she's awful feeble. Or what if it should be Jo Backus's boy, Jim. He always throws a stone at Sancho every time he passes here, (Sancho is her dear, companionable cat.) They say Jim's likely to get killed any

Aunt Patty had conquered the strings, and hung the cap on the bedpost. She started down the narrow stairs, still thinking of Sancho's persecutor, and repeating. "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord." She crossed the little, low kitchen, and reaching the porch, moved aside from the door the long woodbox, with its pile of tin pans.

Aunt Patty had not the protection of a man in the house, "but tin pans could irake as much noise as a man, any time," she said, "and perhaps were as

She slid back the little bolt, turned the wooden button, asking, in an anx-

ions voice: "What is it?"

"Mover wants you to come rite over, Aunt Fatty," a childish voice says. "She's got unspected company. Don't stop to get any bweakfast. I ain't had none, never."
"Unspected company, unspected com-

pany," repeats Aunt Patty. "I wonder if the day will ever come when I am not at the beck and call of everybody's unspected company and piled-up mending basket." But she reaches down, smooths the tangled hair, and kindly

"Well, you come in, Johnnie, and you can eat some doughnuts while I'm get-

Her doughnuts are known to every child in the village; they are a generous kind, or, as the children say, "not all hole." It is a bright gleam of sun-shine in her lonely life that children ore her, and many childish sorrows wrongs are soothed by her ready sympathy and the contents of the never empty tin box in the little square cup-

Aunt Patty is soon ready, for she is not a precise old maid who must leave everything at an exact angle. She often says "there are old maids from choice, and old maids from compulsion, It I am sort of betwixt and between." But many of the village people remem-ber the lover of Aunt Patty's girlhood, and often over the teacups has the prediction been given: "They'll both get tired of living alone, and make it all You see if they don't."

Johnnie feeds the hens, while Aunt Party puts Sancho's breakfast under the doorstep, with the always added admonition, "Now, Sancho, if you see Jin Backus coming, you run right under the hen-house." She closes the gate, and stops to look at the lilac bush, and thinks of the purple plumes so closely hidden in those bright green buds. "How kind Nature is to all life endrusted to its care," she says, aloud; "and it never makes a mistake." She thinks how sweetly the birds sing, and how much of life there is in this bright spring morning. She finds herself soft-

ly singing:
"If it were always May, sweetheart,
If it were always May."

She stops suddenly, remembering the weight of nearly fifty years. But she cannot close her eyes to the swelling bulls and sweet awakening that shows stops suddenly, remembering the at every step along the roadside. They cross the narrow bridge, and Johnnie, growing impatient, runs ahead and calls:
Let's hurry new, Aunt Patty, for mover is waitin."
She follows Johnnie into the house,

through the long entry, and stops just at the sitting room door, to leave her nnet and shawl. She hears the child's

didn't tell, I did 't tell. Now, Unold John, div me the candy."

Mrs. Hastings meets her at the door,

and says, in a glad voice:
"Uncle John has come back, Aunt
Patry, and we want you here for a good
long day."

She hears another voice speak her name, she feels a warm hand take hers, and like one in a sleep she enters the room. She hears the questions and re-pites, but all sound far away—only

Johnnie's happy voice seems real.
"You ain't got to do noffin to-day, Aunt Patty; not sew, nor mend, nor nomin. Mover said so-didn't she, Uncle John?"

"Unless she will mend a broken life,"

he slowly answers.
"I dess she can," says Johnnie, "for my weeking hose dot his tail bowked off, and she stuckt it on jist as good as

Aunt Patty takes the mending basket, thankful for once to busy herself with

So the quiet spring day goes on. Neighbors drop in to see the wanderer. Talk of travels, Western life, and many changing scenes, she hears, but her own heart is treading the path thirty years have made. Many pictures were dim and almost forgotten, but today the fires of memory are all lighted, and every image is shown in truthful outline. The hasty words, the parting, the walting and uncertainty, and then

the lonely years.

The sunbeams have just failed to enter the west window as Aunt Patty folds the last garm at, and puts the needles and thimble into the work-bag. She speaks of Sancho and the hens needing their supper, and hurriedly puts

on the bonnet and shawl.

A tall form waits at the door, and together they walk down the path, across the narrow bridge, and along the country road. They talk but little. Each heart is asking and answering its own questions. They enter the yard; she closes the low gate, and turning to the road, they stand and look at the plcture. There is the fresh, green mendow below with the winding river, the blue hill beyond, and all softened with the lights of the spring sunset. She sees it all to-night with a girl's clear eyes of years ago. He speaks her name; she turns to see him standing with head bowed and hands clasped.

"Patty," he says; "Patty, will you re-peat the words you said here at the gate thirty years ago: 'You are all to blame, John Hastings. I will never marry you,' and leave the never out?"

Her face shows a started look that changes to a tender smile, and softly

"I will leave the never out." And that is what happened.—Rachel B. Mac-

Mullin.

The Office-Seeking Horde.

At the beginning of every administration Washington fills up with persons who desire some office either in the States, in the departments or in the foreign service, writes ex-President Harrison in discussing "The Presiden-tial Office." Many of these persons have a limited purse, and as the days pass on this is exhausted, and impatience and ill temper come in. Many of these persons are deserving and well-fitted to fill the offices they desire. But it is impossible to find places for all the deserving, and the position of the President is full of trial. The suspense and uncertainty that the office-seeker suffers is illustrated by the case of a man from my own State who thought he had good reason to expect an appointment from President Garfield. After he had been weeks at Washington and had brought to bear all the influence he could command, I met him one day on the street and asked film how he was getting along. His answer was, "Very well, very well, but there is nothing focal yet." It was wonderfully expres-sive, and has remained in my memory as a type of the state of uncertainty office-seeking. which accompanies "Nothing focal yet," but a hope that is

hard to kill. There are few offices at Washington bent to save any money, and the average experience of those holding places in the departments, I am sure, is if they would express it, that private business offers better returns and gives better chance for advancement.-Ladies Home Journal.

Charcoal From Leather. The manufacture of charcoal of an important commercial value, from common leather waste or scrap, that is, as charcoal produced from leather has been found to be of such peculiar value in certain processes of tempering, a plan has been brought forward for utilizing the waste leather which accumulates in shoe shops, etc., by converting it into charcoal. The plant for manufacturing this kind of charcoal consists essentially of a metal retort, something like those for the production of illuminating gas, and the cost of such an equipment is calculated not to much ex-ceed \$200, while one man unaided can easily operate the whole. The shrinkage of the leather scrap in thus becom-ing charcoal is said to be not more than 50 per cent.

Photography and the North Pole. Prof. Dyche, of Kansas, who is plan-ning an expedition to discover the North Pole, says that he will, in case of sucess, prove the reality of his discovery by means of photography. "I will take a bullet and suspend it from a string," he says. "That bullet will cast a shad-I will photograph that shadow of the bullet through the day. Now, down here in this latitude the shadow of that bullet made by the sun would in a day travel in, or describe an eclipse. Now, when we reach the North Pole the shadow of that bullet will describe a perfect circle. This will, of course, be photographed. Of course it will only be ecessary to photograph and bring back to the world an arc, or piece of the cir-

Painting in Tar.

According to the Journal des Usines Gaz, colors excellently adapted to the chesper kinds of painting can be made by employing coal-tar instead of oil as vehicle. Coal-tar paints cover a larger surface by one-fourth than an equal weight of oil-colors, require no varnishng, and dry very quickly. They may be applied on fresh plaster, damp walls, ement, wood, or metal, and moreover, same disinfecting properties, due to the carbolle acid they contain.

A New Zealand Spider.

There is a spider in New Zealand that throws colls out of its web around the head of its prey until the wretched thatim is first blinded and then choked many unfrequented dark nooks of the bush you come across most perfect skeletons of small birds caught in these terrible angres.

a richt his malade the should

STRONGER THAN SANDOW.

Cincinnali Believes She has the Strongest Man in the World.

Cincinnati claims to have the strongest man in the world, Sandow not excepted. His name is Henry Holtgrewe, and he holds not only the gold medal of the state of Ohio for heavy lifting, but also the Sandow gold medal for feats of strength. Sandow gave the latter to him a few months ago with the direction to defend it against all comers, and he is now prepared to defend it against Sandow himself. He is 33 years of age and was born in Osnabruck, Prussia. He came to Cincinnati 12 years ago.

He is about 5 feet 6 inches in height. His chest expansion is an inch more than Sandow's, and he measures an inch more around the muscles of the arm. He can lift dead weights with one hand that other strong men cannot lift with two. One of his feats is to lift a dumbbell weighing 305 pounds with one hand and put it above his head, then to let one man of 150 pounds to hang to each end. He takes a 200 pound dumbbell, puts it straight over his head with one hand and lies down upon his back and rises again without letting the weight touch the floor. He takes a 250 pound dumbbell, puts it across his neck and shoulders, balances a man on each end, two others midway and one in the center, and walks backward and formard across the room.

Recently he had built a platform after the style of Sandow's. It weighs 200 pounds. On this he places his dumbbells, which weigh 1,600 pounds, and eight men, who weighed 1,400 pounds, and lifts the whole weight with his shoulders.

Holtgrewe is a great hero in unprofessional circles in Cincinnati, and his friends have for some time been urging him to make a public declaration of his strength. He is quiet and unassuming, but leaves Cincinnati with absolute confidence in his ability to establish his claim to being the strongest man in the world.-Cincinnati Commercial Gazette

Indigestive poisons are the bane of the dyspeptic's lite. When sick, see if your sickness is caused by indigestive poisons. If so, take Shaker Digestive Cordial. This is the only certain way of being permanently cured, because it is the only way that gets rid of the poisons. You know that fermented food is poisonous. You know that poison is unhealthy. Shaker Digestive Cordial clears the stomach of fermenting food, and purifies the blood and system of indigestive poisons. It cures indigestion and the diseases that .come of it. Headache, dizziness, nausea, stomach-ache, weakness, flatulence, constipation, loss of appetite, irritability, etc. These are a few of the symptoms, caused by indithe salaries of which enable the incum- gestive poisons, cured by Shaker Digestive Cordial.

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Millions of American flags fluttered to the breeze last Saturday, the anniversary of the nation's birth, and in every part of the inhabitable globe, wherever there is an American citizen, the Stars and Stripes proudly waved. The flag celebrated its one hundred and nineteenth anniversary on June 14. This is an extraordinary flag year. Since March 1 flag factories all over the country have been running on double time. The pattern of the flag includes one new star now-for Utah-and by an old law of Congress the star of a new State can only be added to the flag on the Fourth of July following its admission. These new flags have been distributed to every Government building in the nation, to the war ships, the military posts, and they first saw the light of day on Saturday last. The new regulation Government flag is five feet six inches long by four feet four inches wide. The

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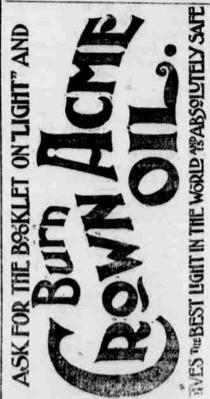
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