"Give joy," she cried. I let joy go, I saw with cold, unclouded eyes The crimson of the sunset glow Across the disenchanted skies.

Give me thy youth," she said. I gave, And, sudden clouded, died the sun, And on the green mound of a grave Fell the slow raindrops, one by one.

"Give love," she cried. I gave that, too, "Give beauty." Beauty sighed and fled. For what on earth should beauty do When love, who was her life, was dead?

She took the balm of innocent tears To hiss upon her altar coal, She took the hopes of all my years, And at the last she took my soul

With heart made empty of delight And hands that held no more fair things, I questioned her, "What shall requite The savor of my offerings?"

"The gods," she said, "with generous hand Give guerdon for thy gifts of cost; Wisdom is thine to understand The worth of all that thou hath lost.' -[London Athenæum.

## Western Express.

BY AMY RANDOLPH. "I love her, mother," said Guion

Esterhall. He was not, in a general way, much of a talker. Consequently, when he spoke, his words had the weight of sense and rarity. But Mrs. Esterhall, the fine old lady who sat erect before the clear, sea-coal fire, was too much excited to consider all this.

"The wife of my son, Guion," said she, "should be a lady, born and bred -not one of those girls who have had to fight the world until all gentleness, grace and unselfishness is ground out of them. No, I can never give my consent!"

The young man smiled slightly. Mother," said he, "the diamond itself, hardly possesses its true financial value until the facets are ground with much friction.

'Humph!'' said Mrs. Esterhall. 'No one is talking of diamonds." "I may bring her to see you,

mother?' Mrs. Esterhall shook her head.

I have no desire to receive her,' said she, "But, Guy, here are the Carrie Chippendale has promised to only by the driving snow, and then accompany me-of course, you will be on hand at half-past seven to be our escort!'

'If you wish it, mother." The old lady smiled to herself when Guion was gone.

'A little management," she fancy of his. The idea of a shop-girl more, on these night roads." daughter-in-law-for Mrs. for my Guion Esterhall! I think the lad must have taken leave of his senses!"

with an exceeding great rejoicing when Miss Chippendale arrived that evening, in a pale-blue moire gown, with a glittering necklace around her perfect white throat, and a bunch of hot-house roses in her corsage.

'If we are to have a private box,' said Miss Chippendale, buttoning the seventeenth button of her glove, "one may as well go in full dress, don't you know?"

"My dear, you are looking lovely," said Mrs. Esterhall, approvingly. Miss Chippendale was a sort of human camellia japonica-fair, graceful and serene-with big, expressionless blue eyes, cherry-red lips, flax-gold hair, drawn in fluffy crimps over her smile perpetually hovering around her lips. She had been highly educated, and she was destined by her parents to make a brilliant match. aristocracy-that is to say, they had | will allow me to prepare it for younever done any work and had always spent a great deal of money. And Mrs. Esterhall had decided that Carrie Chippendale was the very wife for

her son If only she could convert Guion to the same opinion.

Guion Esterhall was exceedingly courteous to Miss Chippendale that glad that she did so.' evening, but not a whit more so than lady was somewhat disappointed.

self, "one must have patience." on new portieres for her drawing- young girl; and, mingled with her room at Esterhall Manor. At one or drowsy reflections, came the soft, hunger, but a ladylike sensation that | brunette, who had changed her seat "tired nature" needed some sort of and that of her companion to the one

"sweet restoration." 'I will go into Maricotta's," she was talking almost in a whisper. thought.

was at that time of day; but pres- dress to any one." ently the old lady succeeded in obtaining a seat in a curtained angle, where the waiter took her order for a chicken-salad and a cup of tea. Just party settled themselves at a re- Perhaps he will forget me.' served table-Miss Chippendale's soft, well-modulated tones.

said Carrie. "Oysters, please-a eyed girl, firmly. box-stew for one and fritters for two to the end of his days, but I shall and three cups of Vienna chocolate, not have ruined his future.' nicely frothed, waiter-But all the "And all this," cried the compansame, I nearly died of ennui. The lon, "out of deference to the whims old lady is the most dreadful bore of an old woman whom you have you ever knew, and Guy is a regular never seen !" prig. Handsome, you know, and very talented, of course; but one Alice," gently corrected the first don't want to be on full-dress parade speaker. as to one's brains the whole time. He isn't half as nice as Freddie For- ily mused Mrs. Esterhall. "But she tune-only poor Fred hasn't a cent has an excellent idea of duty, this to bless himself with; and papa looks | dark-eyed little girl!"

IN THE TEMPLE OF WISDOM. thunderclouds at me whenever he

calls. But once I'm married, it-" A chorus of well-bred giggling in- ing yourself in favor of some one else. terrupted Carrie's words. Mrs. Es- Here you are giving all your tea and terhall rose hurriedly from her seat, sandwiches to a person you have grasped her gloves and eyeglasses and made all haste out of the rest to a poor little woman with a crying taurant. When the waiter came baby, because it is a trifle nearer the with the chicken-salad and the tea, stove, and, to cap everything, giving he found his customer gone. The up the man you love and who loves unconscious Miss Chippendale and you, becauseher friends enjoyed their Vienna chocolate and oyster fritters very fie. "Please, Alice, don't let us dismuch indeed.

Mrs. Esterhall decided to return to the manor at once. Carrie Chippendale's graceful treachery had affected her more than she had deemed posaltered her plans, she took the late Junction at nine, there connecting with a branch train for Esterhall them. Station. She was traveling alone, as her maid remained to pack up the shouted the choleric old gentleman, last things and follow her the next | bobbing up in his seat like an india-

There had been a heavy snow-fall, to a full stop. Mrs. Esterhall startaround her.

"Ten o'clock!" some one said, consulting a watch. "Why, conductor, we are due at Clevedon at five minutes before nine!'

'Yes, I know, sir," spoke the official, "but the road is all blocked, and the Western express is overdue at this point. We're waiting here for the signal to move on."

"And what's to keep us from waiting all night?" petulantly inquired the old gentleman. 'Nothing sir-unless the Western

Express is heard from.' Mrs. Esterhall began to be a rittle frightened.

"Conductor," said she, "is there any danger of a collision?" 'No, ma'am-not as long as we're on this side of the switch."

"Isn't there a dining car attached to this train?"

express, but I hope we shall not be detained here much longer," the conductor cheerfully added. Slowly the minutes dragged them-

selves by, gradually lengthening into hours. The passengers gathered in in this world of ours!- The Ledger. knots and whispered. One or two of the more adventurous spirits got out, tickets for Henry Irving to-night. peered into the darkness, flecked got in again, with the customary uncomplimentary comments on the railway management. Mrs. Esterhall was nervous and unaccustomed to travel alone. She began to cry softly behind her veil.

"Ah," she thought, "if ever I live thought, "a little judicious firmness, to get safe home again, I'll stay and Guy will get over this boyish there. I'll never tempt Providence

Across the aisle two your cluster of lamps under which they dinners.' were seated; the other a brilliant Mr. Gores knew the daughter was

etic voice: "Are you ill, madam?" quite forgetful of her society dignity.

to eat-before I started." "I have some nice, home made chicken sandwiches in my bag," sugforehead, and an unchanging society- gested the pretty girl. "My aunt insisted on my taking them, although I dined heartily before leaving home, and I have a little alcohol lamp with every convenience for making a cup The Chippendales belonged to the of good, strong tea as well. If you

Mrs. Esterhall was a genuine teamaniac. A new brightness came into her eyes at this suggestion. "You are very kind," said she.

'But you will want it yourself?" "No," smiled the girl. "I don't care for tea. But my kind old aunt ton. would put the things in. Now I am

In five minutes, Mrs. Esterhall he was to his own mother. The old had eaten and drunk, and felt infinitely refreshed. How it happened, But never mind," she said to her- she did not pause to question herself, but she presently found herself re-She went shopping the next day, clining comfortably, with her head on to match a shade of Berlin wool, to a pillow improvised out of the folded buy some lace flounces and to decide | blanket shawl that belonged to the two o'clock she experienced, not low murmdrs of the sweet-faced

"No, I am not going back; and I Maricotta's was full, as it generally do not intend to communicate my ad-

directly back of Mrs. Esterhall, and

"Not even to him?" "No, not even to him."

'But he loves you, dear." "Yes; and that is the very reason. themshe heard a clear, low voice on I am deter nined to create no dissenthe other side of the drapery, as a sion between him and his friends.

'He will never do that." "But at least I shall feel that I "Oh, yes, Irving was very fine," have done my duty," said the hazel-"I shall love him

"Out of deference to his mother,

"What a quixotic notion!" dream-

"That is you, all over, Effie!" said the friend. "You are always effac-

he whispered: " Because it is my duty," said Ef-

cuss the matter any longer. It is because I love Guy that I am willing to sacrifice everything for his sake." "Guy! Bless my soul! Guy!"

never heard of, abandoning your seat

thought Mrs. Esterhall, sitting sudsible; and, leaving a hastily written | denly up. "But, of course, there are note to explain to Guion that she had other Guys than mine in the world." Just then there was a tremble of express, which reached Clevedon the frozen ground under them, a roar and rush of lighted cars past

> "The Western Express at last!" rubber ball.

"All abo-o-ard!" bawled the conthe night had settled down dark and ductor, with a twitch at the bell-rope; tempestuous, and the train was run- and on moved the train at last, creakning behind time. At last it came ing and groaning like some monster serpent in pain. Mrs. Esterhall ed from a doze and looked anxiously leaned over the back of the seat, toward the hazel-eyed girl.

"My dear," said she, between the throbs of the engine, "is it Guion Esterhall that you are speaking of?' The girl started and colored. She

could not repress a cry of surprise. "Yes? I thought so. Come over here and sit by me. I am his mother. and I want to talk to you."

It was two o'clock in the morning when they reached Esterhall Station, but the covered sleigh was waiting for them, with hot soap-stone footwarmers and about half a ton of fur robes and wrappings. And Effle Dallis stepped into the luxurious conveyance with Mrs. Esterhall, for the old lady had insisted on taking Effie home with her to the manor.

"She is such a contrast in every way to that selfish. cold-hearted Chippendale girl," said Mrs. Ester-"I'll telegraph to Guion at "No, ma'am-this isn't the through once. Really, it does seem as if there was a special Providence in our train being kept so long waiting for the Western Express to pass.'

As if there is not a "special Providence" in everything that happens

## STRANGE THINGS DO HAPPEN.

Was This a Coincidence, or was it Something Still Stranger. What is the explanation of it?

The facts are attested by several reliable persons.

One of the most prominent railroad men in the State and receiver for a great corporation was a guest at the Grand Pacific Hotel. This was but a day or two ago. While he was at the notel his son and daughter came to were seated-the one pale-faced and take dinner with him. That evening rather plain, as Mrs. Esterhall had he went to Mr. Paul Gores, the clerk, And in her secret heart she rejoiced already noticed by the light of the and said, "Charge me with two extra

young brunette with soft hazel eyes, at the hotel, but he had not seen the peachy cheeks and wavy dark-brown son, and for some reason supposed hair, brushed carelessly back from a that a girl friend of the daughter had low, broad forehead. Presently the been the third person who took dinlatter rose, and coming to Mrs. Ester- ner at the hotel. There is a rule of hall's side, asked in a soft, sympath- | the house that the name of every guest must be entered on the register. So Mr. Gores opened the book to put "N-no," stammered the old lady, down two names. He just wrote the name of Miss-, the daughter. "Only I am so faint and weary. I Then he thought for a moment and expected to dine at home long before wrote below it "Miss Warburton, this hour, and I took almost nothing Cleveland." Of course Warburton was not the name he wrote, and Cleveland was not the town, but they will do just as well, and in every other particular the story as told will be exactly true to the facts. He didn't know why he wrote "Miss Warburton, Cleveland." He simply 'thought up" a fictitious name and put it on the register, as he had often

done before. Next day when the guest came to pay his bill the cashier looked up the account and said: "You have been here three days and there are two extra dinners charged-one for your daughter and one for Miss Warbur-

"Miss Warburton?" "Yes, Miss Warburton of Cleve-

land. Is there something wrong?" "Two extra dinners is all right, but there's something wrong. How did that name get on the register?"

'I don't know, I'm sure.' "Well, I have a certain reason for asking, and I wish you would look it

So the clerks were questioned, and Mr. Gores said he wrote down the name. "But how did you happen to get

that name and that address?" " I don't know, I'm sure. I wrote the first thing that came into my head. "That's the most extraordinary

thing I ever heard in all my life."

They did not venture to ask questions, but he told them any way. Miss Warburton of Cleveland was a died about three years ago under very sad circumstances. When my son and daughter were with me at dinner the other evening we were talking of her, and I dare say my son and daughter, whom I left up in the parlor, were talking of her at the very moment that name was written. I'm sure I didn't mention her name in the hearing of any clerk.'

"No." said Mr. Gores. came to me." Then they fell to wondering whether it was simply an unexplainable coincidence or a beautiful case of thought transference.-[Chica go

Sheboygan, Wis., is the Evergreen. City; most of its wees are cellars.

Record.

### HIS FAMOUS FRIEND.

#### An Anecdote of the Late George W. Childs.

We walked about the renovated Ledger building as we chatted, looking at the improvements, when suddenly we came upon Mr. George W. C. Drexel in close conversation with a visitor. Mr. Childs's eyes opened | charged on this account, says the wide as they rested on the pair, and | Portland Oregonian. For some time

"Here is an interesting character. Let me introduce you.'

The visitor rose as we approached and greeted Mr. Childs cordially. He was a fine looking fellow, of good neight, sparely built, but sinewy, strong and lithe. He stood straight as an arrow, with shoulders well back and the air of a Life Guardsman at "attention." His hair was brown and | prits. cut with military precision; his eyes -as well as I could see them-were of a steel gray-blue and very penetrating, and impressed me with his coolness and nerve. His complexion was pink and ruddy, like that of a man accustomed to plain diet and an out-of-door life where the sun does not shine often and the climate is mild and somewhat damp. He wore no whiskers, but a close-propped brown mustache. His dress was very simple and in good taste, and he wore a long ulster of modern cut. His hand, which shook mine, was soft but firm.

We had a few minutes' conversation before going on, and as Mr. Childs and I passed into the next room I remarked:

"Mr. Bidwell is a very agreeable 'Yes, indeed," answered Mr.

Childs, "a highly accomplished man. He speaks several languages and is a clever writer."

"Then it is as an author that I probably recall him," said I. "His name is perfectly familiar to me, but I cannot now complete the association in my mind.

Mr. Childs chuckled. 'Perhaps I can help you out,'' he suggested. "Bidwell was the most brilliant forger the world probably ever knew. He victimized the Bank of England to the extent of nearly \$5,000,000 and spent fourteen years it a British prison to pay for it. Oh, he is a good citizen now," he added, as he noted the look of astonishment which involuntarily crossed my face. 'He was given a ticket-of-leave in response to the earnest intercession of a number of persons who believed that he had learned his lesson and that a man of his parts ought to be turning his powers to some proper use outside. I don't know that I should want to include him in the same category with the eminent divines and statesmen and generals whom we have been talking of today, but he belongs to the class of legitimate celebrities; he has done his one thing better than anybody else ever did it. If he had accomplished a success equal in degree, but for the promotion of some noble end, he would to-day rank among the great men of the age."- Kate Field's

## Post Office Supplies.

Washington.

All the supplies required by the 65,000 post offices in this country are furnished from Washington. These post offices require six tons of stationery every working day. They consume 25,000 pounds of jute wrapping twine every week. This twine comes in balls, and, according to contract, each ball has four inches of string sticking out of its middle. Thus employes are induced to start unwrapping from that end. Formerly they were as apt as not to begin with the wrong extremity, winding up with a tangle, so that a quarter of each ball on an average was wasted.

The 65,000 post offices use up 100 reams of manila paper blanks every day. One of these is put on the outside of every package of letters sent out from post officers, bearing the name of the sending post office, date, &c. Half a million lead pencils are consumed annually in Uncle Sam's postal service, as well as 7,200 quarts of mucilage, 1,500 quarts of ink, 10,000 pounds of rubber bands and 12,000 gross of pens. The pens alone cost \$5,000 every twelve month. For making postmarks 28,000 ink pads and 30,000 pounds of stamping ink per annum are required. Six million cords are used every year for register letter receipts. Weighing scales for mail are an expense to the government of \$9,-000 every year, 200 a week being needed to replace those which are worn out, broken, or burned out with post offices .- [Washington Star.

## A Terrapin Farm.

There is a terrapin farm near Mobile, Ala., said T. E. Swift, of Mobile. There are but two of these farms in the United States, the other being in Maryland. The farm is surrounded by a high fence, and canals | The Worst Case the Doctors Ever Saw are cut through it with narrow ridges dear friend of my daughter. She of land between. Every terrapin that is caught off the coast is taken there, and fishermen are constantly kept at work hunting for them.

The ends of the canals are so secured that it is impossible for the terrapin to escape, and they breed as rapidly on the farm as they do in their native haunts. Several thousand of them are constantly kept on hand, while from 10,000 to 12,000 dozen are sold annually at prices from \$6 to \$10 a dozen, the market being principally in New York and Philadelphia, from which points the entire trade of the country is supolied. At meal times the sight of thousands of terrapin scrambling up the banks to get their food is a most unique and interesting one.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

#### STAMP COLLECTORS

They Were Not Desired in the Portland

Postoffice. Persons engaged in making collections of postage stamps should not obtain situations in the postoffice, as two subordinate employes in that institution here have just been discomplaints have been made that stamps were taken from letters and packages before they were delivered, and at last this became a regular nuisance. It was not possible to find out who was taking the stamps, so the matter was put in the hands of an inspector, and after considerable trouble he ascertained that a carrier and a distributor were the cul-

Sometimes stamps were taken off letters or packages, and sometimes the carrier would go out of his way to deliver letters with foreign or rare stamps to beg the stamps from the owner. Sometimes packages addressed to persons not known here were thrown into the waste basket in order that the stamps might be appropriated. Foreign stamps and Columbian stamps of the higher denominations were the ones chiefly desired.

Persons making collections of stamps frequently have letters sent to them from "out-of-the-way" countries merely to get the stamps, and when their letters turned up minus the stamps there was trouble. Sometimes letters arrive at the office here there are stamp collectors at other offices. As soon as it was found out who the culprits were the department ordered their dismissal from the service.

#### Some Notable Aspirants.

Rejection of nominations for the Supreme Bench has not been a matter of seldom occurrence. Mr. Bernblower is the fourteenth person nominated for position on the Supreme Bench who has failed of confirmation in the Sen-These were John J. Crittenden of Kentucky, nominated by John Quincy Adams in 1828; Roger B Taney of Maryland, by Jackson, 1835; John C. Spencer of New York, by Tyler, 1844; Edward King of Pennsylvania, by Tyler, 1844: John M. Read of Pennsylvania, by Tyler, 1845; George W. Wood-ward of Pennsylvania, by Polk, 1845; E. A. Bradford of Pennsylvania, Fillmore, 1852; Jeremiah S. Black of Pennsylvania, by Buchanan, 1861; Henry Stanbery of Ohio, by Johnson, 1866. (This nomination of Mr. Stanbery rested in the Committee on the Judiciary until, three months later. Mr. lohnson sent in the name of Mr. Stanbery to be Attorney General in place of James Speed, resigned, and Mr. Stanbery was promptly confirmed as Attorney General.) Caleb Cushing of Massachusetts, E. Rockwood Hoar of Massachusetts, George H. Williams of Oregon, and William B. Hornblower of New York complete the list.

Several other nominees for positions hardly passed muster by very small majorities, after hot and persistent contests in the Senate, notable among whom was the late Stanley Matthews.

## It Has Come, Will It Be Gentle?

Gentle spring with the flowers of May may woo us into a careless indifference of sanitary laws. It is the old story, a thrice told tale of being rash and taking the consequences. There is no time in the wholeround of the year when results are more serious from an ordinary want of care than now. What with a changeful temperature and infectious dampness, rheumatism is most prevalent and in the most aggravated forms. Even in the pursuit of the season's pleasures, its pastimes and sports, there will be a prodigious crop of spraius and bruises, of lame backs and stiffened limbs, of neuralgic affections and sciatic troubles. Men and women will suffer intensely, and only because they tail to be provided with what is known to be the remedy for them all. When it is said that St. Jacobs Oil is that remedy, it is only saying what thousands know and thousands have pronounced it the best.

Taking it year in and year out the coldest



## Scrofula

Hood's Sarsaparilla Perfectly Cured "C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

"Dear Sirs:-I wish to testify to the great value of Hood's Sarsaparilla. For some time I had been troubled with scrofula, which early last winter assumed a very bad form. Sores Appeared on My Face

and hands and gradually increased in number until they reached to my shoulder. The doctors said it was the worst case of scrofula they ever saw and also went so far as to say it was incurable. I tried ointments and other remedies but to no avail. A friend recommended

# Hood's Sarsaparilla, and although I was com-pletely discouraged, as a last chance I resolved to give it a trial. After taking one bottle i no-ticed the sores had commenced to heal. After

They Were All Healed.

I continued to take it however, until I had used nine bottles, and now I am perfectly well." MISS KATIE ROSENGHANT, Ulster, Penn. Hood's Pilis are promot and efficient, yet easy a action. Sold by all druggists. 25 cents. A French Duel.

If the French are prone to challenge each other to fight duels on the smallest provocation, they are also prone to bring them to an end

with very little fighting. It is credibly related that, on the occasion of a duel between two members of the chamber of deputies, one of the combatants was taken with a fit of bleeding at the nose just as

they came upon the field. "Blood!" exclaimed one of the seconds of the other man. "Blood has been shed. The honor of my principal has been satisfied."

And the parties and their seconds thereupon gravely left the field.

216 Bus. S Lbs. Onts From One Bus. Seed, This remarkable, almost unheard-of, yield was reported to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., by Frank Winter, of Montana, who planted one bushel of Great Northern Oats, carefully tilled and irrigated same, and believes that in 1894 he can grow from one bushel of Great Northern Oats three hundred bushels. It's a wonderful oat. IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT with Sc postage to the above firm you will receive sample package of above oats and their mammoth farm seed catalogue.

A prehistoric human skull found at Anon, Ala., in 1890, measured 34 inches in circumference just above the ears.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by

Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. We, thounders gned, h ve known F.J. Cheney for the last 15 years, an I believe him per-fectly honorable in all bu-ine-s transactions with the stamps gone, showing that and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.
WEST & TRUAK, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Onio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, actng directly upon the bood and mucous sur-

face of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c, per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. The Hollanders are the greatest tea and

coffee drinkers. For Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Stomach disorders, use Brown's Iron Bitters—the Best Tonic. It rebuilds the Bicot and strengthens the muscles. A splendid medicine for weak and debilitated persons.

It takes a gallon of milk to produce a



## KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and enjoy rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect lax-ative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidnevs Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug-gists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.



OUR RING CURES RHEUMATISM

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