

LOVE'S LINK.

A sad procession sought the church at noon of day,  
A weeping girl along the winding summer way  
Followed the slow-borne bier where mute her lover lay.  
Adown that flowered path there came a bridal band,  
The radiant wife stepped proudly, strong of heart, and grand  
With all the solemn joy of Love's still wonderland.  
White-garmented, like day dawned clear with cloudless skies!  
Dark-robed, like night o'ercast that sees no stars arise!  
They met, they paused, they look into each other's eyes.  
And then, for swift and sweet is love's converging tide,  
Behold, the fair young wife wept as she turned aside—  
The hopeless girl who wept smiled on the new-made bride.  
—[Agnes Lee, in Donahoe's Magazine]

AS A CONSEQUENCE.

MARY A. SAWYER.

Deacon Albany sat at the tea-table. It was a warm night, the east wind that had tempered the day's heat having died away, and his coat, worn because of the presence of a guest, made him uncomfortable. His eye was stern, and his voice almost irritable, as he addressed his niece who sat at the head of the table.  
"Then you and Sarah won't neither of you go?" he asked.  
"No, uncle we are going to a party. I told you this morning."  
"We positively cannot go to prayer meeting with you to-night, Deacon Albany," said Sarah Cooke. "I might be spared, but who could or would have a party without Meg?"  
The deacon groaned aloud. He pushed aside his cup of tea, and leaning an elbow on the table, looked with a hard, strong glance at his niece, who, young, pretty, and becomingly attired in a freshly-ironed pink calico, sat quietly pouring the tea.  
"You young things will be sorry some day," he said. "Wait till the alarming hand of death gets its clutch on you, and you'll repent an' cry out an' smite yourselves in fear an' trembling, but it'll be too late then to get in. You'll find the door shut, an' shut tight. It ain't held open forever an' forever, whilst folks is dancin', an' dispin' the way of salvation. It'll be shut you'll find."  
He waxed warm, as he spoke, and his voice had a high, shrill note in it, which brought additional color into his niece's cheeks. She wished he would not go on like that, she said to herself, impatiently. Why couldn't he let them alone? What harm was there in a little party, a little gathering of friends, that he should go on so?  
Sarah Cooke stirred her tea and looked at him calmly. "Is there much difference in death-beds, Deacon Albany?" she asked presently.  
Meg stared at her, and the deacon glared at her. "Do I hear ye aright?" he said sharply, "do you, the daughter of professin' Christians, sit there and ask me if there is any difference 'twixt the death-bed of a Christian an' the death-bed of an unconverted sinner?"  
"I don't believe there is much difference," said Sarah. "People who are sick enough to die are too sick to have any fear of anything."  
"You don't know what you are talkin' about," replied the deacon. "You haven't never seen folks die, an' you don't know. But I have seen folks die, a plenty of 'em, an' I tell you there ain't no more heart-rendin' sight than to see an unconverted sinner writhin' an' tossin' about, all in an agony of fear, groanin' an' cryin' aloud, an' knowin' in his heart that he has put it off too long, that a life-time of remorse is his sure portion in the next world. Oh, it is terrible, terrible! And here you be, you two young things, puttin' it off, an' dancin' and feastin', 'stead o' going to prayer-meetin' an' findin' out the way of salvation."  
Sarah listened quietly. She had often attended the weekly prayer-meeting, where she had heard words of similar import fall from the deacon's lips. Meg, also, was familiar with them. Ordinarily they seemed to her simply a part of the table-conversation, to which she need make no reply. To-night, they roused in her a spirit of defiance.  
"I don't believe there's much difference," she said.  
"What's that, hey?"  
Meg's voice faltered little but she went on boldly. "I'd guess if it was you and me, Uncle Simon, I'd die just as quiet as you would. I ain't a mite afraid of making a great fuss when I die."  
Deacon Albany rose and pushed his chair against the wall. The flush of anger faded from his face, his voice was less hard. "I have been a righteous man," he said, "and I expect to die the death of the righteous. Death has no terror for the righteous man. It is but the last sleep, there is no fear, no clinging to life, no remorse. Such will be my death-bed, but for you, my child, I am sore afraid."  
He went away out of the room. His boots creaked, and he walked on tip-toe, as if the grim, shadowing presence were waiting upon the threshold. The two young women were silent for a few moments after his departure. There had been a quiver in his voice which touched them. Meg was the first to speak. "I suppose I ought to go to prayer-meeting 'mornin'," she said. "I suppose I ought to go to-night."

Sarah made no reply. She crumbled a bit of bread into fine fragments, whilst Meg, in whose ears still lingered the words "my child," watched her absently.  
Suddenly Sarah spoke. "Don't you want me to make you a few day's visit?" she asked.  
Meg's eyes shone, as she answered eagerly: "Don't I? Will you really? Will you?"  
Sarah mimicked her earnest voice. "Will I? Well," with a laugh, "after invitin' myself, I think I will."  
A week later, the deacon, Sarah and Meg were again seated at the table. Meg had removed the first course, and had brought on a steamed blueberry pudding with a sauce.  
The sight of it moved the deacon to an almost jocose recital of a blueberrying adventure of his boyhood. He kept a sharp eye upon his niece's movements, however. "Don't be scared of gittin' on too much sauce," he admonished. "Pudding without sauce is like life without religion. Put it on plentiful, put it on plentiful, niece Margaret. You can't have too much of either in this life," falling, almost unconsciously, into his wonted serious phraseology, "pudding sauce nor religion neither."  
His manner was grave, his voice so earnest that Sarah stifled the laugh which rose to her lips. Here was a good man, she said to herself, a really good man; what mattered it if he made a strange mixture of pudding and religion?  
It was the deacon's favorite pudding. He had partaken very freely of roast lamb and green peas and mealy new potatoes. So freely, indeed, that Sarah, watching him, felt a sudden fear lest the pudding would go a-begging. But the deacon's capacity proved equal to his desire. A second and a third helping were given him, and he ate with increasing satisfaction.  
An amiable and benevolent smile spread itself over his face, and he pushed back his chair and rested his head against the wall. He was a fast eater, and Meg and Sarah had not yet finished their dessert. He looked affectionately and with an air of pride at his niece.  
"That is as good a pudding as I ever tasted, Margaret," he said, presently. "I'll eat a bit for my supper."  
"I am glad you like it, uncle."  
"It is so good," said Sarah, "that I could eat another helping, if I had not this dreadful, lurking fear of all canned fruit."  
"Canned fruit," said the deacon, "you won't get much canned fruit on my table, Miss Sarah. We string our own apples and raise our own fruit for preservin' and there's always green things a plenty in the garden. I don't hold to buyin' things you can raise on your own soil."  
"But when blueberries will not be ripe for a month, and lamb isn't good without green peas, and your garden peas are too old to cook, why, then, Deacon Albany, canned goods must be used."  
"Well, yes, I suppose they must, but I didn't know those were canned peas."  
"Canned peas and canned blueberries," said Sarah, "are both so convenient that it is a pity people are always getting poisoned by eating them."  
The deacon shifted his position, with an uneasy motion of the head. He remembered how freely he had eaten. He began to question the wisdom of yielding to the natural appetite. He foresaw a wretched afternoon.  
"Now, I don't mind, you know," continued Sarah, placidly toying with a spoon. "I shall never eat very freely of canned fruits, since there is always the risk, but I am not nervous about them, as mamma and papa are. Papa won't touch them, you know."  
The deacon rose up hastily and left the room. A vision of a long illness rose sharply before him. He groaned aloud when he reached the wood yard. "She said her father—and he a doctor—wouldn't touch them, and I—ate like a starving beggar."  
He came in from the fields an hour earlier than usual that afternoon. He said the sun was very hot and the men could finish without him, yet he drew his large cane-seated rocking-chair beside the stove, and sat down in it.  
"Are you cold, uncle?" asked Meg. "I guess I ain't feeling just right in my stomach, Margaret."  
Meg was all attention instantly.  
"Shall I make you a bowl of ginger tea? The water is boiling."  
The deacon assented eagerly. He watched its preparation and drank it with avidity, though it was so hot it brought tears to his eyes.  
"You have taken a chill," said Meg. "You must go to bed as soon as supper is over."  
To this the deacon submitted without a murmur. Perhaps he had taken cold, there had been a stiff breeze, he remembered. He drew the blankets more closely about him, and felt a certain consolation in a distinct shiver: there he had worked without his vest, despite the east wind, he acknowledged gratefully. It was a chill, he would be well to-morrow.  
About seven o'clock his niece came to his bedside. "I don't believe you'll need anything more before eleven o'clock," she said, "we'll be back by that time. I'll tell James to sit on the back porch. You can call him if you need anything."  
The deacon felt himself dismissed to solitude and slumber. He pulled himself together with an effort. "Where are you two girls gadding to, to-night?" he asked.  
"It is the night of the Fisher's little party," gently. "You will go to sleep directly and we'll be at home by eleven, at the latest." She bent

over him and kissed him. "Why, you are quite feverish," she said. "I must make you some lemonade before I go. What a chill you must have taken."  
Again the deacon felt a convincing shiver. He lifted his head and looked at his niece. "If you bought that new dress," he said, his thrifty soul asserting itself, "you can go; but you mustn't go off walkin' after it's over. An' you an' Sary'd better go to prayer meetin' next time an' learn how to die."  
His head fell back instantly. He groaned more loudly than before. His last word had sent a sudden, gruesome apprehension to his heart.  
"Why, what is it, Uncle? A pain?" The deacon waved his hand impatiently. "Go away," he said, in a husky voice, "go to your dancin' an' your singin', an' your mirth-making. Go, Margaret, an' leave a helpless old man alone to die."  
"I will not go if you are sick, of course, uncle; but I think it is only—"  
"I am a very sick man," he interrupted, in a hollow whisper, "an' I'm growin' sicker every minute."  
"I'll send James for the doctor, uncle, shall I?"  
The deacon moved restlessly. He put his hand to his forehead and took it away again, hastily. It was hot and dry. It startled him. Tears sprang to his eyes.  
"I'm a dreadful sick man," he moaned; "I'm on my dying bed, Margaret, Margaret."  
"Oh, no," she said, "the doctor'll cure you. I'll go out and send for him now."  
"Tell James to hurry; tell him I'm—"  
His lips refused to utter the dreadful word. He gasped and looked with mute entreaty at his niece.  
Meg's calmness reassured him somewhat, but her parting word again set his heart fluttering.  
"Oh, the doctor won't let you die," she said, leaving the room.  
She returned presently, bearing a bowl of thourougwort tea. Sarah followed, a spoon and napkin in her hand. She came up and looked at the deacon with a close attention which greatly enhanced his alarm. She placed her fingers on his pulse and counted the hurried throbs. "I'm studying with father," she explained. "I mean to be a doctor, you know, Deacon Albany."  
The deacon made a feeble motion with his lips. Sarah stooped to listen. "Save me, Sairy," he whispered, "don't let me die."  
"I will do what I can, Deacon Albany, but life and death are in the Lord's hands."  
The deacon groaned aloud. Her grasp confirmed his fears, her words sent an icy chill to his heart. How often he had used them, when standing by a sick-bed, he had striven with the impatient sinner. "Life and death," he had said, "and you poor sinful creature, you've got death in the midst of your sins, and ye can't get away from death."  
His eyes filled with sudden smarting tears. He felt a sudden, fierce pity for the dying sinner. He wished he had been more gentle with them. He turned upon his pillow and lay with his face to the wall. He could not bear the sight of the fresh young faces.  
Meg stole quietly from the room. Sarah heard her putting more wood in the stove. But the deacon heard nothing. From his troubled heart rose the troubled cry: "I ain't ready yet, Lord. Oh, Lord, let me live! let me live!"  
In a short time Meg returned. "I thought I'd have some hot water ready," she said. "The doctor may want it. He seems feverish, don't you think?"  
"They always do in such cases," returned Sarah, oracularly. "It is inevitable."  
Low as was her voice the deacon caught the words. Again he uttered a deep groan. Both Sarah and Meg stooped over him. "What is it?" they asked. "Where is the pain?"  
More loudly still the deacon groaned. He could not speak. His mind was occupied with those fatal words—"in such cases." She knew it then! She, the daughter of a doctor, almost a doctor herself, she knew the symptoms of poisoning.  
Groan after groan escaped from between his set lips; he extended his limbs and lay in an almost rigid position. He closed his eyes and breathed heavily in the intervals between the groans.  
Meg stood beside him and smoothed his hair, passing her cool hand over his damp forehead from time to time. Her nearness, the sense of sympathy it imparted, gave him comfort, but it did not ease the load upon his heart. He moved his head restlessly, fixing his heavy eyes upon Sarah, who stood at the foot of the bed.  
"Father, 'll be here directly," she said, reassuringly.  
"He can't help me, no one can help me!" he cried out, suddenly. "I'm dyin'—dyin'—dyin'!"  
"Oh, no, Deacon Albany," replied Sarah, "you will not face death this time. It is merely—"  
The deacon stretched out his hand protestingly. "You mean well, Sairy," he said, in a voice that was high and shrill with excitement, "but you don't know. You're young, an' you don't know."  
"I know you are not sick enough to die."  
"Don't tempt me, Sairy," he moaned, "it is death that has come for me. I can feel it. I can feel his clay touch. Oh Lord, oh Lord!"  
Meg stooped and kissed his forehead. "I hear wheels," she said. "The doctor will cure you, dear uncle."

She went out of the room, returning in a moment or two. Her face was grave, and the deacon, tossing restlessly, noticed it immediately. "Where is he? Why don't he come in? Tell him to hurry." "Tell him—tell him—"  
His voice failed suddenly, and he fell back upon the pillow. Meg hastened to soothe him. "He was away," she said, "but James left word. He'll be here soon."  
The deacon opened his eyes and fixed them upon his niece. With an effort he spoke, trying vainly to steady his quivering voice. "He'll be too late," he said. "He can't help me now. I'm going, Margaret, I'm going fast. Death—"  
He broke off abruptly. He shut his eyes and turned his head to the wall. Meg, leaning over him, heard him murmur, "Oh, Lord, I never thought I'd go like this. Oh, Lord, let me live!"  
Meg stole away from the bed, making an imperative motion to Sarah. Both left the room, and after a hurried conference in the kitchen, Meg returned to her uncle's bedside.  
He was still groaning and tossing restlessly from side to side. Meg bent over him. She touched her lips to his forehead. "Do you feel much pain, dear uncle?" she asked.  
"Oh, yes, yes! Oh, yes, yes! Oh, I'm going fast, Margaret, I'm—"  
Again before the dread word he faltered, and Meg, seeing it, stooped and a third time kissed him. "You will be well to-morrow," she said. "Sarah says so, and she is almost a doctor."  
The deacon caught at this faint ray of hope with pitiful eagerness. "Doe she say so? What does she say! Why don't she do something for me! Tell her—"  
Sarah's voice interrupted him. There was a cheery ring to it which invigorated him. She came up and stood beside him, looking at him with a smile. "I thought I'd make a mustard plaster for your chest, Deacon Albany, but I don't find anything in the pantry but the canned peas and blueberries I brought from home yesterday, so I—why, what is the matter?"  
There was a twinkle in her eye and a laugh in her voice, but the deacon noticed them not. He sat up, waving his hand toward the door. "Go!" he cried. "Go downstairs, both of you."  
"Why, uncle!"  
"Go!" he repeated. "I—I ain't sick no longer. I'm well. I'm a well man, thank God! Leave me." His voice trembled with his emotion, but a second later it took a softer tone. "Go," he said; "leave me. Let me thank my Lord for His tender mercy and His loving kindness. Go, my dears."  
Sarah and Meg went slowly down the stairs. Neither spoke. Both had heard something in his voice which kept them silent. They sat down upon the porch step and waited, still in silence.  
The stars came out faintly, and presently a faint rim of gold betokened the rising of the moon. And still they sat in silence. But after a long time as it seemed to them, they heard the deacon's slow footsteps coming down the stairs. He passed through the hall and into the kitchen, and soon they saw him crossing the wood yard to the barn, whose big doors were still wide open to the warm, fragrant evening air. Sarah found voice then. "I might have put an end to it sooner," she said, regretfully, her eyes following his slow movements, "but I thought father would surely come, and—"  
"Sarah Cooke, do you mean—"  
"Yes," interrupted Sarah, "I've rather a turn for experiments, and I've heard a great deal about the power of imagination, and—and—well, I confess, Meg, I really wanted to note the effect of fright upon your uncle."  
"I think it was cruel!" blazed Meg. "I call it downright cruel! And if that is the way doctors—"  
"Doctors must make experiments. And," coaxingly, "you know, I want to be famous; I want to cure all the silly, nervous women of our day. Even your uncle would subscribe to experiment with his nerves for the sake of making hundreds of homes happier homes."  
Meg put her hand on hers. She touched it lovingly. "Forgive me," she said, "but next time, dear, practice your enthusiasm on me. Spare my poor uncle, I beseech you."  
\* \* \* \* \*  
The deacon's prayer was short that night. His careful avoidance of many of his customary well-rounded phrases struck both his listeners forcibly. Both heard in his voice a tone they had never before heard. Both knew its meaning, and tears filled their eyes at his closing appeal: "Help Thou me, O Lord, to smooth the pillow of the dying sinner. Help Thou me to help him!"—[Yankee Blade.]

**THE JOKER'S RUDGET.**  
**JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.**  
**Can Cure Anything--A Sad Case--Time and Money--Gumple's Good Advice, Etc., Etc.**  
CAN CURE ANYTHING.  
The Old Physician—To the best of my knowledge it's necessary to give up all hope of that patient.  
Surguns—Why don't you call in Dr. Freshlytes? He'd be able to do something.  
The Old Physician—Ah! He is a famous practitioner?  
Surguns—No, but he's just graduated from a medical college.  
A SAD CASE.  
The rain it raineth every day,  
And I'm by faith so crossed,  
It starts when home is far away  
And my umbrella lost.  
—[New York Herald.]  
TIME AND MONEY.  
The counterfeiter was in the pen for ten.  
"What are you doing here?" asked a visitor.  
"Passing time."  
"Ah, what for?"  
"Passing money," and the visitor passed on.  
GUMPLE'S GOOD ADVICE.  
Ragged Richard (insinuatingly)—Say, mister, have yer got enny suggestions ter make ter a feller w'at ain't able ter raise er dime ter get shaved with?  
Gumple (passing on)—Yes; raise whiskers.—[Buffalo Courier.]  
AT THE MUSEUM.  
Agent—What has become of the India-rubber man?  
Manager—Oh, I bounced him.  
HANDICAPPED.  
Hills—Do you believe in marrying for money?  
Hulls—Yes, but the trouble is that all the girls I know take a similar view.  
NOT INTERESTED.  
Prof. Graylocks—You do not appear to be much interested in the study of Prehistoric Man.  
Miss Goldenhair—Mercy, no! He's dead.—[Puck.]  
SAFE.  
"And do you ever invite your poor relations to visit you?"  
"Oh, yes, indeed! You see, they are all too poor to get here."—[Truth.]  
UNSETTLED.  
His coffee wasn't settled.  
But he didn't fret and stew;  
He dared not, for his board bill was  
In that condition, too.  
—[Plain Dealer.]  
GETTING INTO SOCIETY.  
"Did he get into society very much?"  
"About \$5,000, report has it."—[Detroit Tribune.]  
HARD ON BILKIE.  
McFingle—Bilkie swears that he owes me a grudge for something.  
McFangle—Don't you care, old man. He'll never pay it.—[Truth.]  
REAL ESTATE NOTE.  
Visitor—How does the land lie out this way?  
Native—It ain't the land that lies, it's the land agents.—[Spare Moments.]  
NO KICKER.  
Hard Character (appealingly)—Boss, can't you give me a lift?  
Wiggins—I would, cheerfully, only I don't want to spoil the toes of my boots.—[Truth.]  
WHAT SHE WOULD DO.  
Edith—My fiance is such a nice young man. The longer I know him, the better I like him!  
Mamie—Indeed! I think I'll have to accept him the next time he proposes.—[Truth.]  
DISCOURAGEMENT.  
Poet—Will you take a work of mine about Spring?  
Editor—If there's a compensating balance to the work.  
Poet—What kind of a balance?  
Editor—A bank balance of about \$49 to pay for its publication at advertising rates.—[Harper's Weekly.]  
SARCASTIC.  
He—I cannot take "No" for an answer.  
She—Well, then, No, Sir.  
UNCERTAINTY.  
In deep thought he wandered along the shore of the lonely isle.  
The sun had set.  
Anon his gaze wandered over the dimpling ocean, deep in whose bosom reposed the ship and all her crew, save him.  
His lips were moving.  
"Yes," he muttered, "it is still the question of the hour."  
Retracing his footsteps to his rude hut, he looked again at the clock, upon whose face only the minute hand remained.—[Detroit Tribune.]  
FROM THE MODERN GIRL'S VIEWPOINT.  
Miss Mannish—None of the girls will have anything to do with that Miss Dainty.  
Miss Jockerclub—No wonder. She's so effeminate.—[Chicago Record.]  
SAFE AND MODEST.  
"No," said Willie Wibbles, "I'm not a bit afraid of a bicycle."  
"You are quite brave," said the young woman.  
"Oh, not necessarily," rejoined Willie, modestly. "You see, I never wide one."—[Washington Star.]  
HOW TO RECOGNIZE IT.  
Nedders—What's a bon mot?  
Slowitz—Something you always think of after it's too late to say it.—[Chicago Record.]

A DIVISION OF LABOR.  
Old Soak—I've got a terrible load on my mind.  
Cynceus—Giving your stomach a rest, eh?—[Truth.]  
A SOCIAL TRIUMPH.  
Mrs. Gossippe—I hear you attracted much notice on your appearance in the social world abroad.  
Mrs. Numony—I should say so. I wore on an average from \$20,000 to \$35,000 of diamonds every ball I went to.—[Chicago Record.]  
AS IT PROBABLY WILL BE.  
The Heiress (returned from abroad)—My husband is a nobleman.  
Her Friend—Hush, dear girl! It won't make a bit of difference with those who are your true friends.—[Chicago Record.]  
NEVER IN TRADE.  
Elder Sister (1994)—Horrors! Don't invite those Upton girls. Their great-grandfather made his money in trade.  
Younger Sister—Didn't ours?  
Elder Sister—Mercy, no! Our great-grandfather was a highly respected city official. He held an office for ten years at \$5,000 a year and then died, worth \$5,000,000.—[Puck.]  
A FATAL ERROR.  
Borrowes—Nellie, hand me my umbrella, will you? It has commenced to rain.  
Mrs. B.—I lent your umbrella to Mr. Sweetfern last night.  
Borrowes—What did you do that for? Didn't you know it was his?—[Spare Moments.]  
OUT OF THE QUESTION.  
"Then you don't hate me, Laura, dear?"  
"No, George, I like you well enough, but it would be ridiculous for me to marry you. You are the first man that has proposed to me!"—[Chicago Tribune.]  
WHAT SHE KEEPS.  
Miss Tweed—That Mrs. Chirp is horrid; I don't believe she can keep anything.  
"Oh, yes; she keeps telling everything she hears."—[Inter-Ocean.]  
MISTRUST.  
"Jones and Bones don't trust each other at all."  
"You don't say?"  
"Why, after shaking hands with each other, each one counts his fingers, to make sure that none are missing."—[Hullo.]  
TIMBUCTOO.  
Interesting Facts About a Famous African City.  
The famous city of Timbuctoo occupies a position of the highest commercial importance on the great northwestern bend of the Niger in Africa. It stands only a few feet above the level of the river, and at a distance of about six miles from its principal branch. It is triangular in shape, from two and a half to three miles in circumference, and at present without walls, though in former times it covered a much greater area and was defended by walls. It is laid out mostly in straight, but partly in winding streets, of hard sand and gravel, and having a sort of gutter in the middle.  
There are three chief squares, about a thousand clay houses—some low and unseemly and others rising to two stories and exhibiting architectural adornment—and about two hundred huts of matting. In the north of the city is the mosque of Sankore, an edifice of great grandeur and which imparts an imposing character to the whole district in which it stands. The other chief buildings are the "Great Mosque," an immense edifice of stately appearance, and a few smaller ones. The climate is not considered very healthy.  
Timbuctoo is not a manufacturing town, almost the whole life of the city being based upon foreign commerce. There are three great highways for this commerce—down the river from the southwest, and by two roads from the north, from Morocco and from Ghadames respectively. Of this commerce, gold, which arrives here chiefly in the form of rings, is the staple; and the amount which the city exports is set down at about \$100,000 yearly. Salt and the kola-nut, which is used in the place of coffee, are also largely imported and re-exported, as are also tobacco and dates. Rice and corn are brought from Sansanding. English manufactures consisting of red cloth, sashes, looking-glasses, cutlery and calico arrive from the north and northwest. The fixed population of the town is only about 13,000, but during the trading season—which lasts from November to January, when the numerous caravans come from Morocco and Ghadames to meet the merchants who descend from the Upper Niger—this number is increased by from 5,000 to 10,000.  
Pined for Companionship.  
A romantic story comes to us from the good town of Sidney. It says that an elderly widower called upon a friend there recently, and, in the course of the conversation, confided to him that he was very lonely. His children had grown up and gone, and he felt the need of companionship. The friend was equal to the emergency. He told the disconsolate widower of an excellent lady, a widow, his wife's sister, who would be just the person of all to cheer up his home and make life really worth living. He ended by writing an invitation to his sister-in-law to come and visit at his home, and sent his friend to Waterville with it. They drove back together, and on the way entered into a marriage engagement. The wedding is expected soon.—[Augusta (Me.) Journal.]