

### INCOMPLETENESS.

No joy is in itself complete,  
But from the past or future borrows;  
No day is altogether sweet—  
'Tis made up both of joys and sorrows.

No flower blooms for self alone,  
No wave but has another near it,  
And echo but repeats the tone  
That some listening ear may hear it.

Like circles made by rippling waves,  
The limits of our lives are rounded  
By the heartbeats of those we love—  
Our happiness on theirs is founded.

Without God's grace naught has the soul—  
Who made it knows its incompleteness,  
Till Love rounds out the perfect Whole  
And fills it full of Strength and Sweetness.

### Margaret's Secret.

"She is so cold!" said those who knew Margaret. "A fine girl, but so cold!" Sometimes Margaret heard them, and smiled—a half-mocking smile. She knew of warm affections, of fierce resentments, of passionate dreams that kept her lying awake through the night; of moments of anguish and hot tears. She knew that this outward coldness was but that of snow lying above a volcano. One whose feelings were not so strong might have dared to show them to the world; Margaret dared not.

She knelt beside her trunk, thinking something of this as she quietly and tidily packed it for a journey. On the morrow she was to leave her village home to teach music in a city boarding school. She finished it speedily, and then stood beside the little window, looking out upon the road—grass-grown, and little troubled by wheels; and, beyond a little wood; a field or two; a spire pointing heavenward; and a purple hue of distant mountains.

From this very window had Margaret looked upon this very scene for years—almost ever since years had been for her. It was hard to leave it—hard to leave her few friends. One must be richer than Margaret to have many. But this was not the pain that lay deepest at the girl's heart. She could have left all others with a little softening of the heart, a tear or two, a lingering regret, which she could not have wished to conquer; but it was a different thing to leave Christopher Hayes, who did not care at all for being left—who did not care, as she knew, whether she stayed or went.

Margaret had had admirers, handsome and richer than Christopher—who, to other eyes, was only a not very ill-looking young man attached to the telegraph office of Fernley. She did not even triumph in these contests—they were all worthless to her since Christopher had proved his month's flirtation by forgetting all about it.

Margaret had but one comfort in the matter—that was, Christopher never guessed, never could guess, that she loved him.

"She is a statue," Margaret had heard him say. "One had as well make love to the marble in the churchyard yonder."

Now, the statue was burning for a glimpse of the man she loved so; for one touch of his hand before she left Fernley. It might be, forever! She could not go without it—she would not! And she put on her hat and turned villageward, and soon came to the little telegraph office, on which the setting sun of the August day flung his beams aslant, and lighting also a youthful head with a rather pleasant face, under what any one else would have called very red hair!—to Margaret it was golden! The face was turned the other way.

"How beautiful he is!" she said to herself. "What soul there is in his face! Oh, Christopher! Christopher!"

Never in her life had she called him anything but "Mr. Hayes," but he was Christopher to her. Once or twice she repeated the name, "Christopher! Christopher!" And then, with her quiet smile, walked up to the lounging figure at the door, and dared to do what not one woman in a thousand, desperately and hopelessly in love as she was, would have dared to do: offered him her hand!

"I saw you as I passed the office, Mr. Hayes," she said, in her low, measured tones; "and since I am going away to-morrow, made up my mind that it would be the time to say good-bye."

"Going away?" he exclaimed. "Why, Miss Margaret, you were one of the institutions here, I thought. They'll miss you. It is certainly very cruel of you. Though, to be sure, for your part, I congratulate you. Fernley is a dull place."

"Yes—it is dull," said Margaret. "But then I like it. Nothing like habit, you know."

"Else how could one endure this," he said, looking into the office, and yawning a little. "I beg your pardon," he said, apologetically, for his stretched mouth, "but it is so stupid here."

She laughed.

"I'm like Robinson Crusoe," he said. "It's very good of you to come out of your way to say good-bye, Miss Margaret, to an isolated wretch like me."

"Sorry to quench your vanity," she laughed; "but perhaps I should not have thought of it had it not been just in my way. Good-bye, then."

"A pleasant journey," said he; then forgot all about her. His eye grew bright, his face flushed. His glance passed Margaret. She turned her head.

A little pony carriage, driven by a girl, was whirling softly over the dusty road. She knew Virginia Hazle-

wood's parasol. The carriage stopped. The little gloved hand beckoned.

"Excuse me, Miss Margaret," said Christopher, and ran away to obey the summons.

For one moment Margaret was white to the very lips; the next she smiled and buttoned her glove.

"It's only about a message, Mr. Hayes," twittered Victoria. "I want papa to bring me up some lace to-morrow. One can't go down such days as these."

And there was more of it, and some scribbling on a bit of paper.

Meanwhile, Margaret saw something—a pile of small vignettes, on a table under the window, the "counterfeit presents" of Christopher. She drew near; one arm rested on the sill; the other hand darted forth swiftly, surely, and came back with a vignette between its fingers. The vignette was in her pocket; and she glided away from the window, and passed Christopher on the road.

"Oh!" cried he, apologetic, once more; "are you going? So sorry, but business must be attended to, you know. Good-bye."

Again their hands met. He lifted his hat. Victoria, who did not know Margaret except by sight, regarded her with that impertinent school-girl stare reserved by some young women, who are all smiles and blushes before their masculine adorers.

Margaret's face was a statue's; and she went her way quietly, as though she had not seen the look.

"Don't you think she's dreadfully funny?" queried Victoria, a little anxious to disparage.

"I've heard her called fine-looking," said Christopher; "but she is so cold—no animation."

Victoria bestowed her arch look upon him, and said:

"She is cold; a perfect iceberg; horrid I think;" and gathered up her reins, and drove the pony off, looking so archly that Christopher's brain went in a whirl for hours.

Meanwhile, Margaret had made her adieu, and was whirling cityward, with Christopher's portrait next to her heart.

Beautiful, but so cold, said those at the Seminary, of Margaret. And because of this coldness friends were few. But Margaret's voice could not go for nothing, any more than her exquisite face.

She had her admirers, male and female. She made a conquest in the first fortnight; had an offer in a month, and refused it.

So the years passed. She kissed the stolen picture every night, and now and then a tear dropped on it. It was growing a little yellow, as photographs will. The eyes had always been white, pale-blue eyes, the sun will so record. The cheeks were plump and rosy; the nose had a reticulated tawny in the air. It was a pleasant face, but not that of one who would ever endeavor to do or be anything; but it was pure perfection to Margaret.

It was August again—the very month in which she had flitted from Fernley three years before. The Seminary had a vacation, but she did not go home. In the holiday she took long walks in the city, always full of interest to her. She went into the picture galleries and whiled away hours at pleasant matinees, alone in the crowd.

"What a cold face, but very handsome," strangers said of her; and the long yearning had made no mark upon it, any more than had the dull throb of pain at her heart.

The face was never colder or lovelier than when she took it one day through the open door of a church on Fifth avenue. Carriages were at the door, gaily-dressed guests within—a wedding was afoot; and what woman will not delight in a wedding? Margaret sat in a seat half way up a side aisle—her modest attire had not tempted the usher to lead her farther front—and looked intently. The spectators whispered, fans fluttered, eyes were turned downward. A carriage rolled noisily up. There was a sensation. The bride was coming. Margaret turned her stately head and saw her.

It was Victoria Hazlewood. Her heart gave one wild bound. She looked at the bridegroom. It was not Christopher—a very different man, imposing, with large features and wondrous moustache. Margaret could scarcely believe it. Could Christopher love any one and not be loved in return?—impossible.

Margaret watched the ceremony through, and went out of door with the rest; but the crowd was great, and in the vestibule she was quite pushed to the wall, and being so, would not make an effort to stir, but stood still until the last bonnet had vanished when she quietly shook out her compressed robes, and slowly followed. Before she reached the door, a man with a pale, griefed face rushed down the stairs of the gallery and passed her. She had never seen the face with that expression on it, but it was Christopher's.

Margaret wept for him that night as she had never wept for herself. She kissed his yellow picture and whispered soothing things to it. "I would have thought so much of your love," she said, softly, "as mothers do to children—'what heart has she, and what is he beside you! I hate her—I hate him—I hate them both! Ah, Christopher!" and then she kissed the paper and cuddled it up to her cheek and slept with it over her heart.

She slept late. Those holidays were resting times—she only awoke when heavy knocks struck the door and someone without cried:

"A letter for you!"

Then she opened the door and took it in. It was from her aunt.

"Dear Margaret—so it ran—'I want you to come and see me. I am ill and doubt if I shall live long. You were a troublesome child, but you've been a

very good girl since you grew up and I must say, have done your best to repay me for my kindness. I want to see you, and as I have made my will and left you all I possess, you owe me a sort of duty. I shall expect you on Monday for the rest of the vacation. Truly,

"YOUR AUNT ELINDA."

It was not an affectionate letter, and it was the first invitation the old woman had ever sent to Margaret, but she was not ungrateful. She packed her trunk once more—it was better filled than of yore—bought a new novel, and took her way to the depot. Not many miles lay between her old home and the city; a few hours and she should be there. She settled in her place comfortably and opened her book. It was interesting, and she lost sight of everything in its pages. Suddenly the consciousness that some one stood near her made her lift her eyes. A man was passing through the car and had stopped to answer the inquiries of an old lady who took him for a conductor.

"The next stopping place is—" she heard him say. It was Christopher's voice. He passed on then and the door shut behind him.

"Oh, for a word with him!" thought Margaret, and on the instant she heard the scream of a whistle, shouts and shrieks. The car stopped.

"A man is killed!" said an old gentleman who had thrust his head out of the window. "Good heavens! he is cut to pieces, I believe."

Passengers rushed to the platform. Margaret with them. They had lifted Christopher—from the first she knew that it was he—from the ground. They were carrying him into a tavern hard by. Margaret followed.

"I am an old friend," she said, and they let her in, while others were shut out. Christopher lay upon the bed and a surgeon bent over him.

"He has no chance, I think," said this man, looking at the others; "best not to torture him. Nothing could save his life. I am glad he has a friend here."

And then Margaret sat down beside the bed and said:

"I will stay until the last. Will he know me?"

No one could tell her that. After all that could be done was over, they left her alone, for she asked them to do so.

She bent over him looking at his face as though she were reading it off to remember for eternity. The country sounds came in through the window. The perfume of hay—the scent of flowers reached her. Within all kept still because of the wounded man. Once or twice the landlady looked in and asked:

"Is he quiet?"

And Margaret said:

"Yes, thank you."

At last, in the stillness, she dared to take his cold hand and hold it in one of hers. The touch seemed to arouse him. His eyes looked at her.

"Who are you?" he asked.

She answered:

"Margaret."

"I remember you," he said. "were you in the car? I came down to see the wedding. She jilted me. I hate her. I hadn't money enough, you see—money—money—money," and he muttered away again.

Ten minutes afterward he looked up again.

"I'm badly hurt. I shan't get well. Miss Margaret, when you go back to Fernley, tell them the truth. They'll think I killed myself, because Victoria jilted me. It was an accident. My foot slipped. I was not so much cut up as that. I should have got over it. I made a fool of myself by going to the wedding though. You'll tell them."

"Yes," said Margaret, and then as she looked, the face, the pleasant boyish face that she had loved so, changed under her eyes with the awful change of death. She had no power over herself then.

"Christopher!" she sobbed. "Christopher, I have loved you so long, so well. Give me one kiss before you go. Call me Margaret, promising to love me in Heaven. Oh, my darling, darling Christopher."

Did he hear? Did he comprehend? A sort of startled look came into his eyes. He gave her his cold lips. Margaret kissed him wildly. Then she sat down beside him—beside what had been him an instant before—and hid her face upon the pillow!

"It is very still in there," said the landlady, an hour afterward.

Then she opened the door, peeped in, and gave a cry that brought others to her side in a moment.

Christopher lay dead upon his pillow! and on the floor, at the bedside, Margaret had fallen, face downwards!

"She has fainted," said the landlady.

"She is dead," said the surgeon.

"Heart disease. I saw it in her face when I first spoke to her."

"He must have been her lover," said the landlady, weeping. "and it's killed her."

"Not likely," said the doctor. "Such a splendid woman! and he—no—any agitation might have done it."

A Cyclopean Pig.

A one-eyed pig, which the Covington (Ala.) Times pronounces "the grandest curiosity ever presented in that part of the country," has been sent to the Atlantic Exposition by its owner, Mr. J. D. Mallot, Seabright, Ala. The creature's single eye is directly in the middle of its forehead. It has no nose, but a snout about two and one-half inches in length, which resembles an elephant's proboscis. Its head and ears are like those of a dog, and there are four tusks in the lower jaw. Its legs are like those of any other hog, but on its feet are claws.

The nearest approach to perfection which has ever been obtained in a book is said to be in the case of a Spanish firm of publishers, who have produced a work in which only one letter has been misplaced.

### NOTES AND COMMENTS

In round numbers the United States has produced \$2,000,000,000 of gold since the discovery of the precious metal in California.

Official reports show that drunkenness in the army was a good deal less prevalent last year than ever before. But as even now 31 per cent. of the admissions to army hospitals are for alcoholism, there is evidently plenty of room for more improvement.

The ex-Empress Eugenie has made her will, and a pleasant excitement among her numerous godsons in France is the result. She constituted herself godmother of all male children born in France on the birthday of her son. The number amounts to three thousand eight hundred and thirty-four, each of whom she has remembered in her will.

The latest medical returns from hospitals in London, Paris and Berlin show that the serum treatment of diphtheria has cut down by one-half the number of deaths of children from this disease. The complete success of the treatment is still far off, but the best experts count upon eliminating the terror of this scourge of childhood. What makes the treatment more noteworthy is that no evil effects follow the use of the serum. Its main effects seem to be the clearing of the pharynx and the reduction of fever.

Agriculture in England is only for the rich. Eighty-seven farmers in Norfolk gave up their holdings at Michaelmas, and in the last fourteen years nearly thirty-six thousand acres in that county have entirely gone out of tillage. It is calculated by experts that in the last twenty years the farmers of Norfolk have lost \$15,000,000 on corn crops alone. The land owners are in every bit as bad a position as their tenants. On one of the largest and best managed estates in the county the rental has fallen in twenty years from \$263,410 to \$143,500. The owner of the property receives nothing from his land, as the rents are swallowed up in estate expenses.

"Ouida," once the fad as a novelist, but always a clever, practical woman, who has long lived in Rome, declares herself unable to see what need Italy can have for costly military possessions in Africa when it has within its own borders 100,000 persons dying of pellagra, 6,000,000 living on malarious land, 1700 communes in which grain is rare, 1400 communes with scanty and foul water supplies, 600 communes without doctors within reach, and over 300 communes which have no burial place. Of course, Italy does not look at it in that light. Charity begins at home; but missionary work is more popular when it is a long way off, and all nations seem to want a slice of Africa.

The American Society in London has decided this year to give a Thanksgiving dinner that will make their countrymen abroad weep that they ever left their native land. All the delicacies will be sent over from this side. Some will be raw, some cooked in Washington, but all will be the best money can buy and have a genuine Yankee Doodle flavor.

There will be to give due place to the great American standard, fat turkey gobblers from Rhode Island, canvas-back duck and diamond-back terrapin from the waters of Chesapeake Bay, peerless Lynn Haven oysters, capons from Pennsylvania, juicy hams from old Virginia, the finest mutton from the Blue Grass State, and mince and pumpkin pies, the like of which no other cooks on earth can produce.

French engineers and railroad men are much interested in the fact that certain Russian railroads have ordered locomotives from an American firm. A leading engineering journal says: "That a new country, as North America must still be regarded from many points of view, should be able to supply its own needs is in itself a remarkable fact. This, however, does not seem to satisfy the activity of its people, with which Europe will have to count in future on the battleground of industry. The news that comes to us from the United States of an order for forty locomotives for Russia, placed with the Baldwin Works of Philadelphia, will be received with a certain degree of surprise on this side of the Atlantic, especially if, as we are told, this order is to be followed by more important ones. Already in the matter of furnishing railroad material American constructors had taken possession of the South American market, and were carrying on a formidable competition against the English in their own colonies, especially in New Zealand and Australia, but it was hardly expected that they would be seen obtaining a foothold in Europe."

### A Rich Newsboy.

George I. Tyson was really the most wonderful newsboy in New York City. He began selling papers uptown and worked up a thriving trade, but when the Fifth Avenue Hotel was built he made a higher move by leasing the exclusive news privilege. This he found so profitable that he secured a similar privilege in other hotels, and as his traffic included general light literature and also cigars he made money rapidly. He became, indeed, so prominent a dealer that the American News Company was glad of his assistance, and before he had long been a shareholder he was elected president. This office he held at the time of his death. He also had the news privileges in eighteen hotels, and as his estate is valued at \$500,000 it certainly is wonderful success for one who started life with a few newspapers.

Speaking of newsboys, it is surprising that the leading journalists have done so little for the lodging house erected for that needy and deserving class. Horace Greeley bequeathed it \$2,000, but he did a great deal for the newsboys long before he died, and his example should be followed.

### THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

#### JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

**Betrayed Himself—Cause to Enjoy It—Received a Shock—A Cautious Financier—Etc., Etc.**

##### BETRAYED HIMSELF.

"M'dear," began Mr. Lushforth, when he found a chance to answer, "you are re—hic—really beside yourself."

"As if I didn't know you saw double without you telling me!"

##### CAUSE TO ENJOY IT.

"I hear your husband enjoys poor health."

"Yes. He's a doctor, you know."

##### RECEIVED A SHOCK.

"There was a man came up to me today with a bill, and in an instant he fell down in a fit."

"You hadn't ought to have paid him."

##### A CAUTIOUS FINANCIER.

"You believe in free silver, don't you?"

"I do, but really I haven't a dollar about me that I can spare just now."

##### AS HE WANTED IT.

Visitor—But this portrait of Mr. Budget is a good deal more than life size.

Artist—I know it. That is the size he thinks he is.

##### YOUTHFUL WISDOM.

"Did you tell that awful bore who called that I had gone to Calcutta?"

"Yes, sir; I said you started this morning."

"Good boy. What did he say?"

"He wished to know when you'd return, and I told him I didn't think you'd be back till after lunch, sir."

##### ENTIRELY VOLUNTARY.

"You sign this deed of your own free will, do you madam?" asked the notary public.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the large, florid-faced woman.

"I mean there has been no compulsion on the part of your husband, has there?"

"Him?" she ejaculated, turning to look at the meek little man sitting behind her; "I'd like to see him try to compulse me!"

##### A PAINFUL DILEMMA.

Senior Partner—What are you looking so glum over?

Junior Partner—Got a note from my wife that the pug is lost. Now, if I don't sympathize for her a whole lot she will say I am a cold-blooded brute, and if I do sympathize she will suspect that I hired some one to steal the dog, and I am just consoling with her for a bluff.

##### PERHAPS A MISTAKE.

"Have you a bicycle suit, Larkin?"

"I have."

"Does it fit?"

"My lawyer fears it will when it comes to trial."

##### REAL GALLANTRY.

"Just think! I've found three gray hairs in my head."

"Ah, madam, as long as they can be counted they don't count."

##### SUSPECTED HIS MOTIVES.

"Mabel," said her father, after Mr. Stalate had left, just in time to catch the last car, "that young man owns stock in the gas company, does he not?"

"Yes."

"And he is also heavily interested in the coal trade?"

"I believe so."

"Well, hereafter he must be reminded that his departure is due at 10 p. m. I am convinced that his devotion to you is not disinterested."

##### WHAT MADE HIM SO.

John—Did your wife go to the country this year?

Tompkins—Yes; she spent the summer with friends at Blue Point.

John—You must have been pretty lonesome?

Tompkins—Yes, I was; especially Saturdays and Sundays.

John—Why couldn't you arrange to spend those days with her?

Tompkins—I did.

##### OF COURSE.

Bobby—Auntie, pass me the butter.

Auntie—If what?

Bobby—If you can reach it.

##### SHERED DIAGNOSIS.

Doctor—Well, Madam, how are you today?

Madam—Oh, Doctor, I have frightful pains all over my whole body, and it seems impossible to breathe; of course I can't sleep, and I have no appetite at all. Doctor—Um—er—well, otherwise you're all right, aren't you?

##### CLEARLY EXPLAINED.

Willie—Papa, why do they call money dough?

Papa—Because we need it so often, my son.

##### NO RESEMBLANCE.

"I see that old Snaggs has had his portrait painted."

"Yes, but it doesn't resemble him."

"Why not?"

"He tried to look pleasant."

##### READY TO RAT AT ONCE.

Tramp—"Please, mum, I've got a sick wife and seventeen small children—"

Housekeeper—"I've heard that story for years."

Tramp—"Then, mum, you probably have it by heart, and there's no need of me spoiling my digestion by tryin' to tell it between mouthfuls."

##### INVESTED IN THE HOUR.

Wife—What in the world do you want with a trombone? You know that the man next door has driven us nearly wild by his performance on that awful instrument.

Hubby—Calm yourself, my dear. That's the one I've bought.

##### NOVEL APPLIANCES.

Nephew (who takes his uncle from the country into a restaurant)—Look, uncle, I press this button and order supper.

Uncle—Well, what then?

Nephew—Then you press that button and pay the bill.