

FATE.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart, And speak in different tongues, and have no thought Each of the other's being, and no heed; And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death; And, all unconsciously, shape every act And bend each wandering step to this one end— That one day out of darkness they shall meet And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

Myrtle's Farmer Lover. By FANNY MAY.

"Mamma, you must combine your influence with mine to induce papa to allow us to spend the summer at Newport. I learned to-day that the Livingstones have engaged rooms there for the season, and that Earl, their handsome son, is expected to return from abroad and join them. You know how he admired me when we met in society last winter, and once at Newport—it will be an easy matter for me to complete the conquest of his heart and win him for a husband."

"I will speak to your father again, Rosamond, dear, was Mrs. Melville's answer after listening to the above speech uttered by her handsome haughty daughter, and will tell him what an advantage it may be for you to spend the summer at Newport, instead of going to our old home at Rosevale, as he so much wishes us to do."

"Rosevale," sneeringly echoed Rosamond with a disdainful toss of her golden head, and an angry flash of her turquoise blue eyes. "Why," she more carefully continued, "the mere mention of the place makes me shudder, and if papa thinks I will permit myself to be buried out of sight of the world in that obscure and dreary country village, where it was the misfortune of myself and my sister to be born, and where we were compelled to live before he became wealthy enough to buy us our elegant city home here, he is mistaken. I have determined to go to Newport, and to Newport I will go, and if he refuses to accompany you and I there, let him go to Rosevale with Myrtle for his companion. It is better for her to accompany him, for she is far too simple and awkward yet to be introduced in fashionable society, and you know how she agrees with papa in thinking Rosevale the most charming place in the world."

A few hours later, with her mother's consent, Rosamond succeeded in gaining her father's consent to allow them to spend the summer at Newport.

At first he had utterly refused to listen to their request, but Mrs. Melville at last won the victory and overruled all his objections by declaring that Rosamond with her peerless beauty would succeed in winning the heart of handsome Earl Livingstone, whose princely fortune made him the most valued prize in the matrimonial market.

"Let them go, Myrtle, dear," said Mr. Melville, while he tenderly patted the cheek of his favorite younger daughter. "While they are wearing their lives out in the many dissolutions of fashionable society, you and I will enjoy ourselves hugely in the dear old farm house you loved so well as a child, and that has always been more of a home to me than this elegant city house I bought to please your mother and your sister Rosamond."

Three weeks later found Mrs. Melville and Rosamond on their way to Newport, while Mr. Melville and Myrtle were whirled away in the direction of Rosevale, their picturesque country home nestled amid the wooded hills of New England.

The sun was just setting as father and daughter drove up to the rambling farm house with its pearl white walls thickly covered with nodding ruby red roses, and the sky was all one glowing flash of gold, against which stood out bold and clear the purple amethystine tops of the distant hills.

And as down from their heights swept the fresh mountain wind, the roses did not outrival in hue, the flush on Myrtle's cheek, or the sunlight the sparkle in her wine brown eyes, as drawing a deep breath of rapture, she smilingly exclaimed: "How lovely it is here, papa. It seems like a dream of fairy land."

Beautiful indeed as a dream of fairy land did the days seem to pass to Myrtle after that.

For Leigh Carroll, the handsome

nephew of their nearest neighbor was introduced to her, and during the bright sweet hours she spent in his companionship, while they read, sang, drove and walked together, Myrtle's girlish heart passed into his keeping; this man, who, with his graceful athletic form, face like a saxon prince, and courtly manners seemed to her a very king among men.

Myrtle did not possess the statuesque blonde beauty of her sister Rosamond, but most people pronounced her the more charming of the two when they looked into her sweet, piquant face, with its apple blossom like complexion, sparkling golden brown eyes, and its frame of shining chestnut curls.

To Leigh Carroll she seemed more than charming, and a very angel among women, as in her mistle like white summer draperies she stood with him at the close of a perfect summer day in the odoriferous garden of the picturesque farm house.

And while the stars swung out like twinkling lamps of gold in the purple tinted sky above, and the roses, heavy with sweetness, nodded softly in the faint breeze all about them, and drew the young girl tenderly to him and whispered in her ear.

"The sweet old tale, that though so old, To hearts that love, is ever new," and was made the happiest of men by her promise to become his bride.

"Myrtle, my peerless love, sweet angel of my life," he tenderly murmured when at last they walked back through the golden fire of the starlight toward the farm house, "are you sure you will never regret your promise to become the wife of one who is only a country farmer?"

"I am sure that I will never regret anything, Leigh," was her softly spoken answer, with downcast eyes and flushing face, "if I am only blessed with your love."

The following day Leigh sought an interview with Mr. Melville, and remained closeted with him so long that Myrtle, who was trembling with impatience to learn the result, began to fear that her lover had failed to gain her father's consent to their marriage.

But when at last the long interview was ended it needed only one look at her Leigh's happy smiling face to convince her that her father's consent was assured, while the latter to make assurance doubly sure patted her on the head while with a quiet chuckle he said:

"I hear my little pet has decided to become a farmer's wife and make dear old Rosevale her future home. Her decision is indeed a wise one."

Myrtle wrote at once, and informed her mother and sister of her engagement, and Mr. Melville chuckled still more when Myrtle read him the scornfully worded answer to her letter, penned by the haughty Rosamond.

"You have disgraced us, Myrtle," wrote the proud beauty, "and papa must surely be insane to encourage you in your mad folly to wed one so far beneath you. I, for one, will never consent to acknowledge an ignorant country bumpkin as my sister's husband, while mamma is equally firm in her determination to refuse to receive him as her son-in-law. Her heart is almost broken since she received the letter announcing your engagement, and she intends to leave Newport at once for Rosevale, that she may see you and persuade you to see in its true light the mad folly of which you are guilty."

Much to the surprise of Mrs. Melville and Rosamond, while they were preparing to leave Newport, they received a telegram from Mr. Melville, containing the words, "Do not come, for we will soon join you at Newport."

Although she did not write it in her letter to Myrtle, Rosamond was not at all averse now to leaving Newport. For, although she had reigned as the leading belle of the fair city by the sea, and countless admirers had bowed before the shrine of her rare beauty, handsome kingly looking Earl Livingstone did not make one of their number.

"Earle will not join us for three or four weeks," was Ethel Livingstone's answer, when Rosamond, with the most bitter disappointment in her heart, questioned her about her brother's absence.

"For," added Ethel, "he is paying a long promised visit to the country home of a favorite aunt, whom it was his chief delight to visit when a boy."

Soon after sending the telegram Mr. Melville accompanied by Myrtle and her lover, Leigh Carroll, were on their way to Newport.

When at last they reached it they were shown at once to the elegantly furnished room where Mrs. Melville and Rosamond were anxiously awaiting their coming.

Mrs. Melville, with the proud, cold air of an offended queen, was waiting to greet them, but Rosamond stood at the open window with her eyes steadfastly fixed on the gleaming sea waves beyond, for she had determined to ignore even the existence of her sister's betrothal.

But as her father, in introducing to his wife Myrtle's intended husband, uttered the familiar name of Earle Livingstone, Rosamond quickly turned and then stood like a figure carved in marble, while the shining waves beyond seemed chanting a requiem for all her bright hopes of happiness and love that died then and there a cruel death.

For standing before her, looking most radiantly happy with her sister Myrtle clinging to his arm, was Earle Livingstone, the handsome, kingly man Rosamond herself had learned to love as well as her selfish nature was capable

of loving any one, and whom she had so vainly schemed to win.

If Mrs. Melville's and Rosamond's surprise was great, Myrtle's was still greater, as she heard her handsome farmer lover addressed as Earle Livingstone, whom she had heard of as the most wealthy and talented of men.

Then in answer to the astonished, questioning look she cast in her father's direction, Mr. Melville said:

"There can be no time better than the present for an explanation of what must seem strange to you all. This gentleman," turning to Earle, "came to Rosevale to pay a long promised visit to the home of his aunt, Mrs. Carroll, and when he learned that his nearest neighbor, namely myself, was a millionaire, with a charming daughter, he determined to be known as Leigh Carroll, his absent cousin, and see if, as a common farmer, he could win a wife who would love him for love's sweet sake alone, and not for his princely fortune, as he believed so many others among the fair sex had done."

"He succeeded," added Mr. Melville, with a roguishly twinkle in his eyes, "for my little Myrtle here learned to love him as Leigh Carroll, the poor country farmer, and I, too, believed him to be such, and did not guess the truth until he asked my consent to make Myrtle his wife, and confessed to me that he had won her love incognito."

Soon after Myrtle became the happy bride of her king like lover, who had won her for "love's sweet sake alone," and Rosamond was forced to conceal her heart agony and disappointment as best she might, while most bitterly did she regret that she had not decided, like her sister, to accompany her father to Rosevale.

FISHERS OF TURTLE.

The Tennessee the Greatest Fresh Water Turtle Stream in the World.

The Tennessee River is the greatest fresh-water turtle stream in the world, and the Cumberland is famous for its prolific turtle field. The Tennessee has its source in the mountains and cuts its way through a rocky country, entering it perfectly clear at normal depth. The turtle of the clear streams, though smaller, are more valuable in the markets than the huge monsters taken from the muddy Mississippi. There are huge turtle pens along the Tennessee River, where hundreds of them are kept securely after being captured. Some turtles have been taken from the Tennessee and Mississippi rivers which the natives swear would weigh from 400 to 600 pounds. These enormous catches are rare, and the money is made by selling the smaller ones. Washington and New York cities are the best markets, and many "diamond-backed Chesapeake terrapin" of the famous caterers really came from Tennessee.

The small turtles are captured for food and the larger ones for their shells, of which many domestic articles are made. The heaviest hauls are taken in huge frame traps set in the sweetest channel of a bayou. The negro locates a turtle sitting in shallow water and wades in after him with a forked stick. They tease the turtle until he becomes mad and pokes out his head to hiss, then the forked stick goes over his head and the turtle is hauled out of the water. The large ones are killed outright and boiled in giant pots until the shell comes off. The shells are then scraped and polished.

The pearl hunters throng the rivers every summer. Thousands of them are dredging for the mussel, or fresh water clam. The shells of several varieties are gathered by the ton and shipped up the Mississippi River to the pearl-button factories. There are a dozen varieties of the mussel, but only two are valuable to the factories. Some years ago an Austrian button manufacturer accidentally discovered the value of the American shells, in an Illinois town on the Mississippi. He found that, if anything, it was superior to the shells dug up from the Danube. The trade has grown until an army of collectors are strung out along the big river from New Orleans to La Crosse.

Along the river are shacks in scores, in which the families engaged in the hunt find shelter. Outside are long trongs mounted on brick foundations, and the shells are boiled in these. Puns, rafts, flatboats and skiffs are used in the catch. A trap made of heavy plumbers' pipe is placed over each boat. To the pipe are strung lines set at six-inch intervals, which run fore and aft. Four-pronged hooks made of old wire are fastened to the lines. The boat is pushed out from the bank for work.

The fresh water clam points his nose upstream and invariably keeps his mouth open. He lies on the river bottom waiting for something to come along, when he will greedily seize it and never let go. The trap with the dozens of hooks is tilted over the side of the punt lying upstream and the clams at once lay violent hold upon it, as many as can get a grip on a prong. The fisherman hauls them in until his boat is filled. At the factory the shells are soaked in a fluid for some days. The shell goes through a half-dozen processes before it is finished as a pearl button. The shell must be thick enough to stand the trimming to the proper size.—Chicago Record.

The capital of the United States, located at Princeton, N. J., from June 30, 1783 to November 29, 1783.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

In the Meadow. The meadow is a battlefield. When summer's army comes, Each soldier with a clover shield, The honey-bees with drums, Boom, rat-ta! They march, and pass The captain tree, who stands Saluting with a sword of grass And giving them commands.

'Tis only when the breezes blow Across the woody hills, They shoulder arms, and to and fro March in their full-dress drills. Boom, rat-ta! they wheel in line And wave their gleaming spears, "Charge!" cries the captain, giving sign; And every soldier cheers.

But, when the days are growing dim, They gather in their camps, And sing a good thanksgiving hymn Around the fire-lamps. Rat-ta-ta! the bugle notes, Call "good-night" to the sky: I hope they all have overcoats To keep them warm and dry. —Christian Register.

Crows Steal a Dog's Dinner.

In the inn garden I saw a dog eating a piece of meat in the presence of several covetous crows, says a contributor to Our Animal Friends. They evidently said a great deal to each other on the subject; and now and then one or two of them tried to pull the meat away from him, which he resented. At last a big strong crow succeeded in tearing off a piece, with which he returned to the pine where the others were congregated; and after much earnest speech they all surrounded the dog, and the leading bird dexterously dropped the small piece of meat within reach of his mouth, when he immediately snapped at it, letting go the big piece unwisely for a second, on which two of the crows flew away with it to the pine, and with much fluttering and hilarity they all ate, or rather gorged it, the deceived dog looking vacant and bewildered for a moment, after which he sat under the tree and barked at them inanely.

Straws.

"Why didn't you keep that boy?" asked one merchant of another, referring to a boy who had applied for a position in his office. "I tried him, but he wrote all morning with a hair on his pen. I don't want a boy who hasn't sufficient gumption to remove a hair from a pen." "That was a very slight thing for which to condemn a lad." "Pardon me, but I think it is a very sufficient reason. There was a hair on the pen when he began to write, for I put it there to test him. I am satisfied that I read his character from that one thing."

"I didn't keep her because her finger nails would turn her down anywhere," said one member of a law firm to another in response to a question about a stenographer and typewriter whom he had had on trial. "She was a competent person, I think, but her nails"—he shrugged his shoulders, and the subject was dropped.

"Oh, yes, she wrote a good letter," said the same man, speaking of another applicant. "There was one thing I didn't like, and that more than counterbalanced the good points in her application. I don't want a typewriter who is careless about her machine. Her letters were blurred; her machine needed cleaning. If she wasn't careful enough to clean her typewriter when writing a letter of such importance to herself, she would be sure to be slovenly in her every-day work."

"I can't stand his voice. I'd as lief hear a buzz-saw," said a man about a boy who applied for a position in his office. "Tell that young woman we can't take her. Make up a good sounding story if you can. She wears too many rings for us," said an editor-in-chief to his associate, speaking of a lady who was seeking a position as sub-editor.

Assistant Farmers.

"Onions, turnips, beets, tomatoes, peas, celery—my! I guess I'll have as grown up a garden as grandfather's is!" exclaimed Willie, happily, as he named over the different seeds he was going to plant so soon as he got his "corner lot" ready for the beds.

Suddenly he stopped digging, and began striking his hoe vigorously into the soft soil. "What's the matter, Willie?" called grandfather from the onion-bed. "What have you found?"

"One, two, ten, twenty—why, hundreds of them, grandfather! And they will eat every seed I plant!" exclaimed Willie, excitedly, as he began to cut the soil with his hoe more vigorously than ever. "Hundreds of what?" And grandfather raised himself slowly from his knees. "Worms, grandfather; and I'll not have a single thing come up!" The little fellow's face looked a very picture of despair, as visions of early

vegetables—a surprise for father—that he had planned to take back to his city home, suddenly disappeared.

"Why, I never call them worms." "But they are worms, angle-worms, grandfather."

"Yes, but I never call them so," laughed grandfather at the serious little face. "I call them farmers—my assistant farmers; and the more work I have for them, the better I like it."

"Farmers! Worms, farmers—and work? Why, grandfather, all they do is squirm and wiggle."

"Certainly; that's their work. Don't you see they angle their way through the soil, and so make it light and loose. They are regular little ploughs—fertilizing the soil, too, as they plough, so to speak."

"But—but, grandfather, don't they eat the seeds while they're resting?" "No, indeed; my little assistants don't destroy. They only aid in my crop-raising."

"I—I didn't know I was going to have some hired help this summer, when you gave me my little garden," laughed Willie.

"You're not going to," chuckled grandfather, as he returned to his onion-bed. "They work for nothing!" —Sunbeam.

Burying the Hatchet.

Rob, with a box in his arms and a spade over his shoulder, had slipped quietly around the house and into the garden. He hoped Dot would not discover him until her unfortunate chicken, which lay in the box covered with roses and clover-blossoms, was safely buried.

The chicken, during its brief life, had not been a source of unmixed joy to any one but Dot; for it was a motherless chick that she had found and brought into the house, and as soon as it was strong enough to run about it followed her everywhere with its ceaseless "chirp chirp" in a way that was very inconvenient. It was constantly under foot, embarrassing its own neck and making people uncomfortable; but, as Dot's pet, it was tolerated by everybody but the cat. Tabby failed to see any reason for treating it with respect; and so one day she pounced upon it, and choked it out of existence.

Dot had covered her favorite with tears and flowers; and Rob, at his mother's suggestion, had tried to spare the small maiden the grief of witnessing the burial. But the attempt was vain. A shrill voice called, "Rob, what are you doing?" And in a moment Dot's inquisitive eyes were taking in the whole scene. Fortunately, she found it so interesting as to lighten in some degree its mournfulness.

"I'm glad you're making it in such a pretty place, Robby," she said. "I s'pose chicky was a good deal in the way. Mother says so. And, anyway, she'd have been a big hen pretty soon; and that wouldn't have been so nice. But I'll never like Tabby again, not one bit!"

"Oh, see here now, Sis; Tabby didn't know any better," said Rob, in good-natured expostulation. "She's only a cat, and she didn't understand that you'd made a pet of this particular bunch of feathers. Being cross at her won't bring chicky back again. So you'd better bury the hatchet, and be friends."

"What would I bury a hatchet for?" asked Dot, more impressed by that strange advice than by her brother's reasoning. Rob laughed.

"That means to stop quarrelling—not to be angry any more. When Indians have been at war with each other and are ready to be friends, they bury a hatchet. That's a sign that they're willing to stop fighting."

"Do folks always stop fussing after the hatchet is buried?" asked Dot. "Of course; that's what it means." Dot watched the smoothing of the ground with thoughtful face, and walked back to the house by Rob's side in unusual silence.

The family had finished dinner when Fred, Rob's senior by two years, came to the door with a sharp call. "Rob, where have you put the axe?" "Nowhere. I haven't had it," answered Rob, promptly. But the reply did not satisfy Fred. "Yes, you have. You must have had it if you'd only take the trouble to think. You're always carrying things off and forgetting where you put them. Come out and hunt it up!"

Fred was in a hurry, and decidedly impatient; and Rob's face flushed at the order. "Hunt it up yourself, if you want it. I tell you I haven't had it, and I don't know anything about it."

"But you must have done something with it," persisted Fred: "for it isn't in the tool-house, and I know I left it there."

dragged the axe down, and buried it 'side of Chicky. And you boys fuss worse'n ever!"

The boys looked at each other with a shame-faced smile gradually displacing the flush of anger. "Where did she put it?" asked Fred, in a tone that had lost its sharpness. "I'll show you," Rob answered.

There was very little trouble in finding the missing implement, for Dot was not a success at digging. Then Fred met his brother's eyes, and laughed. "I'm afraid she didn't get it deep enough for a lasting pence. But I say, Rob, we might be a little better-tempered without hurting ourselves. I'll try it, if you will."

"Agreed," said Rob. And, to this day, when clouds arise in the Lincoln household, some one is sure to ask, "Isn't it about time to drag the axe into the garden?"—Kate W. Hamilton, in Christian Uplook.

CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Specimens of Some Serial Stories That Are Real Thrillers.

"And then the heartbroken, despairing girl fled from the house—fled down the street—on to the suburb—out into the country lying bathed in the moonlight. She made straight for the precipice, and with a sob in her throat and a prayer on her lips she took the awful plunge." (Continued in our next for a nickel. If you don't get the next number, you'll never know how many bones she had broken.)

"What! Marry you!" almost screamed the haughty Alfrida, as she drew herself up with queenly dignity. "Sir, I would die first!"

"Then die!" shouted the count as he stepped back and began whirling the crowsbar around his head to give momentum to his blow. At the moment he was about to bring the terrible weapon down upon her thin and aristocratic skull the door opened and—

"Don't fail to see our next week's issue. It will contain a war map and full details of why and how the door opened and what resulted."

"Father, if you insist that I marry this man, for whom I have not a spark of love—if you are determined—"

"I am determined," interrupted the father.

"And my happiness—my tears—my prayers—will not move you?" "Not a move."

"Then cold, cruel, heartless, selfish, unfeeling, unnatural father—then, sir, it only remains for me to—"

(What remains for her will be told in our next issue, and if you miss it you will miss a good thing. A nickel pays the bill.)

As they turned the rock the two men met face to face, and each leaped back with a menacing "Ha!" "Scoundrel!" "Villain!"

"You shall never wed the pure and innocent Augusta!" "Nor you! I have sworn it!"

For a moment the rivals foamed at the mouth, and glared at each other. Then they sprang at each other's throats with tigerish growls, and the fight to the death was on.

(Reader, would you know which one of the lovers was left there in the woods a mangled corpse. Then ask your newsdealer for our next issue.) "I must end it—I must end it!" mused the mysterious man, as he approached the bureau with pale but determined face.

On the bureau was a suicidal outfit, consisting of pistols, daggers, ropes, poisons, dynamite, gun cotton and croquet mallets.

"I have no fear of death. It will soon be over. The man who fears to die is a coward. All I've got to do is to take up this pistol—thus. I hold the muzzle to my head—so. Then I press—"

(What did he miss? Space forbids us to explain in this issue, but next week you shall know all about it. Don't miss the next number.)

We left our hero hanging to the roof of a seven-story building. Let us return to him. His strength was gone and he realized that his seconds were numbered. As he made one more desperate effort to draw himself up his eyes encountered the mocking face of John Johnson. The villain had come to gloat over the death agonies of the man he had wronged.

"Have you no mercy?" gasped Lorenzo, as he hoped died out.

"Not a bit."

"Must I die?"

"You must."

Then Lorenzo closed his eyes, called up the vision of his mother's face, and next moment—

(What happened next moment and for several moments after that is vividly related in our next. Don't miss a good thing.)—Washington Post.

Chinese Servant Took to Forgery.

When Lord Charles Bessford was in China one of the best servants it was his lot to have was a certain Chinaman named Tom Fat. Unfortunately, Tom Fat did not always devote his undoubted intellect to worthy objects; he learned to imitate his master's handwriting so cleverly that he forged checks amounting to over \$10,000 in two years. And on one occasion, when Lord Charles was professing a spirit of very broad toleration toward the heathen of all denominations, one of his friends ventured to inquire what he thought would be the ultimate fate of his Chinese servant, whereupon Lord Charles instantly replied, "That fat will certainly be in the fire!"