

Miscellancous. At the Bridge.

BY FAIRFAX FERGUSON.

Where is brother?" was the matter? Why, May, what is the matter? Where is brother?" was the startled in-quiry of Louise, as, with sudden alarm, she sprang from her horse and hurried "They are late, May, are they not? What can have detained them?" "I am sure I cannot tell. I fancied I heard the ring of horses hoofs a mo-ment since. Hark! I hear it plainer

The speakers stood on the verands of

"Clarence, May, where are you?" cried the voice of Louise at this mo-

ment; and in another instant the two

Household Saints.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD SAL T EUSTACE

It was late in the day ere the body of Ciarence Lamont was recovered; and when he was laid in the tomb none wept more deeply than hisgentle cousin. Three months after, there was aquiet wedding at the Halsted mansion, and there is no need to tell who were the two thet wave made one a large mansiou in one of the Southern States'. The first, Louise Lamont, wa a tall, handsome brunette, with dark languishing eyes, and raven tresses — Her cousin Mabel was the handsomer Her cousin Mabel was the industrie of the two, Perfect symmetry of form combined with regular, delicate fea-tures; her golden hair falling in ringlets lover her faultlers shoulders, she pre-sented a pleture of loveliness but rarely two that we'e made one. Never, not even to her husband, has May told the story of her promise at the bridge; but, burying it in the past, she remembers it only as the fault of her unfortunate cousi

Both the girls were in riding-habits, and in one heatly-gloved hand. Louise heids riding whip, with which she im-patiently tapped the toe of the dainty lipper that peeped out from beneath

herakirt. At one side, negligently leaning against a pillar, his dark eyes fixed upon May's fair face, was the figure of a young man, apparently about twenty years of age. In features, Clarence SALT EUSTACE. Eustace Raiston, though the son of a s rich merchant, spent much of his boy-i bood in a simple country parsonage, under the care and tuition of a pious b minister. He was still ayouth when he was called home to receive the last fare well of a good mother, whom he loved t with passionate fondness. As she lay dying, she said to the weeping boy? "My dear son, keep yourself good and pure and modest in the love and fear of God, and for the sake of the good, pure, c modeat woman whom one day you may wish to make your wife. Promise me." Solemuly, with upraised, carnest face, i amout, resembled his sister Louise; but while one face was a type of pure manly beauty, there was a hardness out the mouth of the other that told

"A h! here they come at last !" cried uise. "But Amy is alone, what can up the different may be alone, what can Louise. "But Amy is a have detained Ernest?" As she spoke, a young lady mounted upon a pretty littlepony, rode at a rapid pace up to the piazza, and before Clar-encs could reach her side, she had wish to make your wife. Promise me." Solemnly, with upraised, earnest face, Solemnly, with promised her.

And he kept his word always. sprung from her saddle, and affection-hely greeted her two friends as they ran down the steps. "Ernest was unexpectedly obliged to And he kept his word always. So from his youth upward I count him asaint. St. Eustace made choice of a mercan-tile education. Had he chosen a Uni-versity course, this pions chronicle where that end a founts, to carry this box round, with my compliments.-He's never in the way when he's want-ed. But the landlord will send him up when hearrives from his latest escapade When the mean time-" Mr. Tervor finished his sentence by

go to V———— this morning," she said in reply to May's eager inquiry; "but will meet us at the little brodge." "but

versity course, this pions chronicle might never have been written. At hincteen, St. Eustace was tall and straight, of a ruddy countenance and goodly to look upon, and he kept his father's ledgerst in Gotram. Yet alittle while, and he was called up higher and made a partner. St. Eustace abode with his father, on St. Eustace abode with his father, on St. Eustace abode with his father, on brooklyn Heights. The first trial of his goodness and prudence was a step-mother-a woman of quite another sort will meet us at the little bridge."
"Come then, brother, let us mount and away," cried Louise, gayly.
"John is bringing the horses," was the reply. "Come, May," he added, as May's pooy was brought up.
Soon all were mounted, and then May and Carence all rode off.
"Cousin May, let us ride on and reach he bridge first. "Louise and Miss Hal-ted are deco in some confidential con

ted are deep in some confidential con rence and will scarcely miss us." Mabel acceded, and soon Louise and

Mabel acceled, and soon Louise and
Mabel acceled, and soon Louise and
er friend were leit behind. A turn in
the road soon hid them from their sight
and slacking his horse's speed, Clarence
said:
" Mabel, I have something to say to
you; something that will influence my
whole future life. Can you not guess
what it is?"
A look of surprise came over the fair
betomer's fore and she said:neaven, nut ins contactor and conquered
a pasce.
The trials of his purity, flery tempta-
ing on the table a paper box, the very
ing on the table a paper box, the very
instended and mich untroubled, I
forbear to record, lest unbelieverasmile.
He never boasted of them? For did he
set them, being as a saint, rather pru
dent than zeatons. Indeed, discretion
was his chief grace. Once upon a time,
was his chief grace. We have a seat."you?"
Yes, it's I,'' said Mr. Trevor good hn-
"Indeed!'' said Mr. Trevor good hn-
"mored!v. "'Pray take a seat.''

A look of surprise came over the fair listener's face, and she said: "Indeed, Charenee, I can think of nothing you could say to me of such great importance." "It is this," and his face flashed, and his voice was los with emotion, "I love you, May; have loved you deeply, pas-sionately, since I fict saw you. Witt you be my wife?' "O Charenee, I cannot! I am sosorry." "It is this," and his face flushed, and "It is this," and his face flushed, and his voice was low with emption, "I love you, May; have loved you deeply, pas-slonately, since I flet saw you. Will you be my wife "I an so sorry." "O Clarence, I cannot! I am so sorry."

forward. Soon the story was told, and with pale, grief-stained faces, the little party proceeded homeward. It was late in the day ere the body of Clargner Largent Was to the stars grittered with fost bright radiance, and the chime of myriad licitles made fairy music when-ever a breeze stirred the woods

And in the mean time—" Mr. Trevor finished his sentence by lighting a cigar. "Just what I wa longing for myself," cried a minor voice back of him. "You haven't got another of those articles about you I supress"

St. Eustace abode with his father, on started a little; but his lace brightened Brooklyn Heights. The first trial of up when he saw astout, whiskered per-his goodness and prudence was a step-nother—a woman of quite another, sort from her who held his promise in heaven. But his comeliness and frank "Why, Potts!" he cried, " is iff I follow a very hazardous calling, or, at all events, a calling in which, if you choose to face daugers for the sake of higher remuneration, perilous adven-tures are common enough. I am not too presumptuous when I say I am as here one post new patterally, and my from her who herd his promotion in "Why, Potts!" he cried, "13 here aven. But his comeliness and frank ways woneven her heart, and comquered you?" '' Yes, it's I," said Mr. Potts, deposit brave as most men, naturally, and my sense of fear has been further blunted

sense of fear has been further blanted by a constant companionship with dan-ger. The adventure I am about to mar-rate was horrible enough to me when I was a principal actor in it, and to this day an involuntary shudder of horror accompanies the r.collection of it. Some years ago a large vessel laden with a mixed cargo, was bound to New York rom South America. Strikting a sunken reef off the dangerous shore of Florida, she was wrecked, and very few of thepassengers or seamen escaped.

moredly. "Pray take a seat." Mr. Potts took a seat and a digar at Mr. Potts took a seat and a digar at the same time.... "A very nice article this," he said, sniftlog in the flavor ecstatically... "Buy'em by the thousand, I suppose? My wife objects to smokin2! And that brings me to the subject in hand, old boy. I hear you're thinking of being married!" "I au'hen thinking of it; but as I have not yet proposed to the young lady in of any storm, so, as might be supposed, And the maiden covered her face with her hands. "O May, give me some hope; do not cast me off without a hope of winning your love!" he pleaded. "O may school girls took delight in see: "O may cast me off without a hope of winning generating of the transformation of the ocean, having generating escaped the attack in the ocean, having generating of the transformation of the ocean, having generating of the ocean, having generating of the transformation of the ocean, having ge

cast me off without a hope of winning your love 1" he plended. "Charence, I cannot! I have no right?" A strange bok cure into Clarence, and incident on the ferry-boatbrought an incident on the ferry-boatbrought and stamping of horses; he listened down hill road. When you're once in a lonely sea, and on a dangerous store, nothing but an eartquake can the way moles of getting money in this of a bearb triad diam bit of the bars of wood by and restored him to a fran-tright." "O May, why do you thus repulse "Never cure I be aught to yon hot a tright." "Never cure I be aught to yon hut a friend, Clarence, "Never cure I be aught to yon hut a friend, Clarence, and a friend I with at the persent. On the instant, a reporter trushed forward and demanded the name of the heroit preserver. St. Eustace for the heroit preserver. St. Eustace of the heroit preserver.

on the hat of Mr. Potts.
 "Halloo!" cried that gentleman, in I found in the cabin, and if you hold
 dignantly dodging, "what the mischief
 do foiks mean by— Why—halloo—it's
 Mrs. Py-'s hair! I trust have rained
 down from the havens!"
 And Mr. Potts, pocketing the myster row said again, "'T is a bag of goid
 feelings expressed by others, and as outons and attitudes suggest either
 down from the havens!"
 And Mr. Potts, pocketing the myster received that a very excellent joke had just
 befallen him.
 P. what a very excellent joke had just
 befallen him.
 Trevor looked at Lilian. Lillan's beins dot agleam or olice some and by one, might be finished by then. Sussituation, and when Mr. Potts finished
 whom the bouquet belongs to !" they have not accustom ourselves to perform the deep.
 And Mr. Potts though the had said a very funny thing indeed, although the wasn't quite certain what it was.
 Thrill log Scene In a Biving Betil.
 Thrill scene in a Biving Betil.
 Thrill

The legend upon which Washington Irving founded his quaint story is as follows: In the village of Sittendorf, at the foot of a mountain, lived Peter Klaus, agoatherd, who was in the habit of pasturing his flock upon the Kyff-burgen bills. Towards evening bausen hills. Towards evening he I expected something and prepared myself. "Never!" I replied, at length. "Then to death!" he yelled, spring-

bausen hills. Towards evening he generally let them browse upon a green plot not far off, surrounded with an old ruined wall, from which he could take a muster of his whole flock. For some days past he had observed that one of his prettiest goats, soon after its arrival at this spot, usually disap peared, nor joined the fold again till late in the evening. He watched her again and again, and at last found that she had slipped through a gap in the old

my life. He partied it, but it caught bim on the shoulder; however, he clutched my wrist, and there we were scowling at each other; the foam burst from his bloodless lips, and his passion-wrought face intimidated me more than has bloodthirsty strokes. At last he made a forcible effort to free his arm, but I held it with despera tion. Amid oaths and curses he strug-gled. Sometimes he was quiet, and the only so ound was the burried panting of After that she saw him from afar of-ten, when she was out with her and in the day-time and she knew by his glance in her direction that he remem-bered her. That was food enough for her romanticheart for atime. But she never met him at any of the gay festivities which she and her aunt frequented night after night, till even for the streat streat streat streat streat streat streat for the streat streat streat streat streat streat streat her the streat streat streat streat streat streat streat for the streat streat streat streat streat streat streat for the streat only e ound was the hurried panting of he heard over his head the neighin only and from his, and stabled him in the hand. His knife fell, but with a ture that rings yet in my ears, he body and arm in his gigantic clasp. seized him by the throat. With the hug of a hear he tried to herek my back : his and stamping of horses; he listened and stamping of horses; he listened and concluded that the oats must have fallen through the manger when they puzzled what to think of these horses in this uninhabited part of the mountain, seized him by the throat. With the hug body and arm in his gigantic clasp.

frequented night alter night, till even Lois' young fresh eyes showed signs of weariness, and she began to think that balls and parties were not the height of felicity, after all. One day she had left her aunt at Madame Fontaine's ordering a dress, and gone at her desire, and upon an indiamensable arrand. In another street. "We will take this flower with us," And they flew away, and the Angel spake as follows: "There once lived in alow celler down in the till a partenew street a work of the street. "We will take this flower with us," And they flew away, and the Angel up they flew away and the Angel "There once lived in alow celler down It dispensable errand, to another street. In that little narrow street a poor sick and butchers, in little manner, in the boy; sin had been confined to his bed the chests and shoulders, rriage, and returning, in a sort of

ng. For the rest, she had a hair-dresser, and mantua maker, who did dresser, and mantua maker, who did their best to disfigure that wild rose prettiness of hers, and only partially

stood a fair delicate rose tree, but an evil hand had broken the stem.
So that all the branches, with large e half opened buds, hung faded down to the ground. "Poor tree!" said the child, "let us take it, that it may bloom again with the good God in heaven."
And this Augel took it and kiss at the child, and the little one half opened his agare flower, but they also took the meek little daisy and the wild heart's said the child, and the angel seemed to said the child, and the angel seemed to hand had broken the stem. The simple Lois was romantic. New solution of the stem is the cceeded. Simple Lois was romantic.

Horses that are round or "barrel chested" are invariably more muscular and enduring than those of the opposite kind. Scientific sportsmen are, in a great measure, guided in their opinion e this flower with us," of a horse's racing qualifications by his "I will tell them about g." this test a well known jocky told the reputation and provess of the celebrated racer "Plenipotentiary," almost from the period of his hirth. Cattle dealers and butchers, in like manner, judge by

places where the child had formerly places where the child had formerly places where the child had formerly the heat from the former and freezes it. Thus a horse's mouth becomes frozen thus a horse's mouth becomes frozen by the cold iron several times a shall we take with us and plant in heaven?" asked the Angel. And there stood a fair delicate rose tree, but an evil hand had broken the stem. So that all the branches, with large half opened buds, hung faded down to the ground. "Poor tree!" said the

2,50

fail to try it.

Large Chests in Horses.

rushed torward, of the heroic preserve his face and an evil light shone in his eyes, as he hissed between his setteeth a "Girl, you have tailed with me. You The father of the child thrust upon him his gratitude, his card, and an invitation to dinner. St. Eustace reluc-

"Girl, you have t. fid-d with me. You have you frow it form you leware!"
"I have won the heart of a true man, and not you frow it form you leware!"
"No, Clarence, I have not triff-d with you," the mather's voice was clear and statily accepted all three. Then he thus you, "I have not triff-d with you," the mather's voice was clear and statily no x, "I an bereatted to another."
"I have—"
"The world died upon his lips, for the sharp ring of hooffs caused him to look up, and he saw coming toward them at a terriffe pace, a horse, riderless, at first the hought, but as it came nearer, he saw the form of a man half thrown from the saddle, yet citaging to the almost fillen. They saw Madame was a milliner, and Ludlow himself has been the legislature!"
"O heavens the bridge—the bridge!"
"A Mabel s voice rang out in a wild, despairing cry. One glance and Clart the bridge was gone, wa-heal away by the bridge was gone, too wide for a horse to leady the same to bridge bridge of the its phace a yawing angry waters, and in its phace a yawing of the its phace a horse to leady the same to bridge bridge of the its phace a particulation. They saw Madame was a milliner, and Ludlow received him with overpowering alfability, and there adazzling in his poekets for a gate too wide for a horse to leady the damp ther Ming his grant the distribute a man brite phace a horse to leady the damp the mather's hore and clart is blanched bin with overpowering alfability, and there adazzling in the prove could bin with overpowering alfability, and there adazzling in the provide could bin with overpowering alfability, and there adazzling in the prove of line with my compliments to Miss for the future of the source of hory same to be aday and the prove of the source of hory sources. No here adazzling in the prove could him with overpowering a

a bebian. They saw Madame was a lilliner, and half thrown from the scadle, yet chuging to the almost fit difference and the legislature??
bebian. They saw Madame was a lilliner, and Ludlow himself has been in the Legislature??
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bridge was gone, wached away by the bridge?
angry water, and in its placee a yawning twiso of beauty and fashion in the pers darafiability, and there adazling waters dudlow, armost finisbed him.
bebian. They saw Madame was a lilliner, and this card.??
brider, Anshe horse hesistaton in the hear at the dynarte than he did at the waves.
brider with a monicar's bestaton. Asthe horse hesistated upon this doomed steel; turi the brak, the rider strow to ides graw that goid that Titlan loved to pint, and with a will ery he was and snow, etc., etc. This beyee was considerable time in dasorte visior at that plash hirded into the asys.
Mute with suspense, the two riders. Muse sufference was charming he became a fast that that the frightened steed is that mansion. His modesty and ingent was cacedingly genuine.
With a with ery he was an ew sensation.
bebox and wath a will ery he was and sow, etc., etc. This beyee was a solution was of rose and snow, etc., etc., he was a new sensation.
bebox and with a will ery he was and snow, etc.

nuousness were novellies there. He was a new sepsation. Our dear young sainUs great tempta-tion stole upon him softly and agreeably in the torm of something very like love for pretty Blanche Ludlow, a woman without heart, witbout delicacy, with-out religion, but whom his fancy en-dowed with all the pure graces of ideal womanboud then as both recognized the downed rider, Mabel shricked: "O Ernest, Ernest!" Oue loos at the mulder's agonized face, and Clarence had read her secret, and an evil, sinister glow ht up his construction "O Charence, save him, save him!"

and the maiden laid her hand upon his arm, and looked pleudingly up into his were dispelled. Oace he chanced to take up a volume she had just laid down. He read a page or two, then closed the book with a blush and a sigh. It was a novel by Alexander face. With one spring, Clarence bad reach-

ed the edge of the chasm, and gzzzd anxiously down into the roaring waters, he saw the half submerged Dumas, dis. Once he accompanied her to an art of Ernest Halstead desperatel

clinging to a part of the bridge that remained in the midst of the angry Once he accompanied her to an ari-gattory. In making the rounds, the iady paused before the Venus of a cele-brated painter, and passed a shrewd-anatomical criticism on the figure, fol-lowed by a graceful appeal to her com-panion's better judgment. Poor Saint Eustace, driven to equivocation, stam-mered out: waters. _ His wicked heart_gave a triumphant_ bound as he thus rocognized the deadly peril of his rival, and turning to May, who stood muta with terror by the side

of her passive steed, he hoarsely whismered out: "Ab, yes! I dare say you're right pered : "Mabel, I will save him on one con-

dition, and that is -- " "What, what? O Clarence, speak haven't my glasses with me." haven't my glasses with me." St. Eustace, keeping bis vow in mind, patronized only the legitimate drama and classical music. But one night he was drawn by some gay companions to the new Opera Bouffe. He stood it bravely till there came an interlude of ballet—till a famous dancer, looking like a second appearance of the Venus

quickly !" "Promise to be my wife." "I can not! I can not! Do not tor-ture me thus, Save him, I command

Promise, and I will." " I can not

" I can not."
" Then he shall die !' and he turned flercely away.
" O Charence, do not leave him ! Sive only save him !"
ballet-ill a famous dancer, looking like a second appearance of the Venus that had so disconcerted him, bounded on to the stage. St. Eustace actually cast down his cyse, and continued for some moments to gaze into his hat. A burst of applause caused him to look and cancaning there other dancers out vom the brink of the chasm, and then,

"I'm much obliged to you, but-" "Hallo!" cried Mr. Potts, jumping up as if he had been electrified by the sound of the little mantel-clock striking

mogetner without foundation. Airs. F.
was waiting his coming with a clouded blue sea, where troops of sharks were brow, "
She was a rich, ill-tempered old maid, whom Philo Potts had somehow been deluded into marrying, with false hair, false teeth, and in fact everything about the a farful curse, and took an extra long pull at his brandy flask. As for myself the affair seema more dan- was exceedingly genuine.
"Why didn't you stay all night?" tartly demanded this amiable spouse, as mile.
"My dear, it's only ten!"
"And the second the second

a target in the seven they be a s

d. prompted to kazard the spect-it agreed to with my adventurous disposition, and I signed articles, and shipped my soff. After a deal of trouble we plcked grant and isspect articles, and shipped my soff. After a deal of trouble we plcked in the consummation of my heart. My since only dominate a kind of attighter seen, will sufficiently justify the trong the society as in the consummation of my heart. My since only dominate a kind of attighter seen, will sufficiently justify the influence of this demonitaciacouse, source in the influence of this demonitaciacouse, source in the influence of this demonitaciacouse, source is from sume loathsource reptile. His proties from sume loathsource reptile. His proties and seemed to be looking all ways at iso losened his. I know little about this part, but being an excellent swipoid; Creep over me, Ireleased my bold; Creep over me,

Will you take shares ?" "No!" was the firm answer. "Perhaps it is not large enough ?"

"All of it is too small." "You won't give in !" he said.

from a shark dotting. Next day we set Sult, and arrived not long atter in New York A thousand dollars was my fee, but the master gave two hundred more for my bonest re-two hundred more for two hundred more for my honest re-sistance. Crow was still bad in his head They put him into an hospital. I called three months after, and he had goue to the back-woods of the Far West. They put him into an hospital.

Gracefulness of Motion.

"I two as not following you," he said, "though it looks like it. I am glad I bun. Came this way, however, for you might have got into trcuble. This is a bad locality." He left her with a courteous bow, as soon as he had put her fairly in the feet were shod with clouds the rest of that day, and for days to come. "It is just like a story," she said to herself, with ineffable sighs of rapture. "How handsome he is! He must think me an awkward simpleton though, for I scarcely dared to look at him. I wonder if he did?" Lois had not me ther hero for some weeks, when, in coming from Brooklyn

and walked a little farther, looking for the old sheep path and the hillocks and roads where he used daily to drive his flock; but he could find no traces of them left. Yet he saw the village just before him; it was the same Sittendorf, and, scratching his head, he hastened at a quick pace down the hill to inquire after his flock

a visit, of course, and it will be time enough to recognize them when we get

 Down, down we sank! No effort was made to lose the hold of either. Tighter and tighter we gripped till we fell on and tighter we gripped till we fell on the consummation of my heart. My is the cons and nigs what amount of fat the He smiled at act sargest on. "I was not following you," he said, "I was not following you," he said, bim. "One day in the spring, the neigh-"One day in the spring, the neigh-"One day in the spring, the neighination, inferred from the horse's cheat that the capacity of his appetite had been unwittingly mis stated. He bought

him on the hazard of an opinion, and had no reason to repent his judgment. -Ruralist.

Winter Wheat Growing. Where where the testimony of several parties that the sowing of oats with where wheat protects it from the effects of hard freezing, etc. The oats growing more rapidly than the wheat, and being killed by the first beavy frosts, it fails around the stalks of wheat and forms a

how handsome he is! He must think me an awkward simpleton though, for is carcely dared to look at him. I wonder if he did?" Lois had not met her hero for some weeks, when, in coming from Brooklyn with a party of gay friends, shesaw him on the fery boat. He lifted his hat and smiled, and Lois felt that her dimpled cheeks had turned suddenly to full-blown carna-tiona. "Where in the world did you get ac-quainted with Corydon Rupert?" whis pered one of her companions. "Design of the starks of wheat and formas a frow dide and fragrance, mingled with his dreams, and towards them he turned to alse a top of the starks of wheat and forms a protection against freezing and thawing process which occurs in the spring. It may be termed mulching tho when he was dying, when our Lord the starks of wheat and forms a protection against freezing and thawing process which occurs in the spring. It may be termed mulching tho when he was dying, when our Lord thas now been a year with the blessed— into the street. And this is the flower more pleasure than the most splendid they may now taken of a queen." "Dear me, why?" demanded Lois. Lois feit that her dimpled cheeks had turned suddenly to full-blown carna-tions. "Where in the world did you get ac-guainted with Corydon Ropert?" whis-pered one of her companions. "Ob ! you are such a quiet little thing, "Ob ! you are such a quiet little thing, "Ob ! you are such a quiet little thing, "Ob ! you are such a quiet little thing, "Ob ! you are such a quiet little thing, "The young lady who spoke was very fashiousble, and very plain. She could not deny Lois' prettiness, but she could not deny Lois' prettiness, but she could sneer at her country breeding, which would cling to her like the scent to a wild rose or bit of sweet-briar. "My dear," said Louis' annt in her ear, "don't look round. There are your Uucle and Aunt Mott. We won't speak to them here. They're come to make to them here. They're come to make carna-into the street. And this is the flower which we have just now taken, for it is poor, faded field flower has given more pleasure than the most splendid blossom in the garden of a queen.'' "And how do you know this!'' asked in.
d Lois, in.
d he child whom the Angel was bearidg to heaven. "'How do I know it?'' said the Angel, '' I was myself that little sick boy who the could he child opened wide its eyes, and which looked into the Angel's fair, bright whit to a countenance— and in the same moment

ressing and troublesome complaint.— Feed no hay to the horse for 33 or 49 hours, and give only a pailful of water at a time. Then throw an armful of The Maddening Mechanism of Thought, Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of fect cure will follow. I haveseen a horse, the result of the angel of fect cure will follow. I haveseen a horse, the result of the angel of fect cure will follow. I haveseen a horse, the result of the angel of fect cure will follow. I haveseen a horse, the result of the angel of fect cure will follow. I haveseen a horse, the result of the angel of fect cure will follow. I haveseen a horse, the result of the angel of fect cure will follow. I haveseen a horse, the result of the angel of fect cure will follow. I haveseen a horse, the result of the angel of fect cure will follow. I haveseen a horse, the result of the angel of fect cure will follow. I haveseen a horse, the result of the angel of the angel of fect cure will follow. I haveseen a horse, the fect cure will follow.

For years past an interesting will case has been pending in the courts of Frank-lin courty, Missouri, which is of a na-ture at once novel and curious. Some years ago, in the town of Washington, (here lived a bachelor possessed of con-siderable property. Being taken ill he devised a will leaving his worldly pos-sessions to the children of a friend, mak-ing no mention of a needy relative. This fact being noised abroad, three friends of the latter determined to visit <text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

enough to recognize them when we get home."
"But what will they think?" asked
Lois, under cover of the rattling clast of the Resurrection. The tale is the heaves and shore, the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves; and should be sleep cannot still then; madness only daring to so offend her aunt Warburton "They will think we haven't seen them, of course. They are on the right side, sitting just inside the lady'ssaloon, and looking as though they had come out of the ark. Put on your vail, Lois."
"But what if they have seen us!".
"But what if they have seen us!".
"Gat if the closes the case, and gives is the case is the clicking of the there is the case is the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried solog beneath our wrinkling foreheads. If we could only get at them, as we lie ture a tonce novel and curtous. Some on our pillows and count the dead beats of the town of Washington, we have beat the count of the terrible escapement we have carried solog beneath our wrinkling foreheads. If we could only get at them, as we lie ture at once novel and curtous. Some on our pillows and count the dead beats of the town of Washington, we can be able to be at the town of Washington, we can be able to be at the town of Washington, we can be able to be at the town of Washington, we can be able to be at the town of Washington, we can be able to be at the town of Washington, we can be able at the town of Washington, we can be able at the town of Washington, we can be able at the town of Washington, we can be able at the town of Washington, we can be able at the town of Washington, we can be able at the town of Washington, we can be able at the town of Washington, we can be able at the town of Washington, the town of W

bild sitting just inside the lady's saloon, and looking as though they had come in the terrible escapement we have carried solong beneath our wrinkling for heads. It the terrible escapement we have carried solong beneath our wrinkling for heads. It is the terrible escapement we have carried solong beneath our wrinkling for heads. It is the terrible escapement we have carried solong beneath our wrinkling for heads. It is the terrible escapement we have carried solong beneath our wrinkling for heads. It is the terrible escapement we have carried solong beneath our wrinkling for heads. It is the terrible escapement we have carried solong beneath our wrinkling for heads. It is the terrible escapement we have carried solong beneath our wrinkling for heads. It is the terrible escapement we have carried solong beneath our wrinkling for heads. It is the terrible escapement we have carried solong beneath our wrinkling for heads. It is the terrible escapement we have carried solong beneath our wrinkling for theads. It is the terrible escapement we have carried solong beneath our wrinkling for heads. It is the terrible escapement we have carried solong beneath our wrinkling for heads. It is the terrible escapement we have carried solong beneath our wrinkling for heads. It is the terrible escapement we have carried solong beneath our wrinkling for heads. It is the terrible escapement we have carried solong beneath our wrinkling for heads. It is the terrible escapement we have carried solong beneath our wrinkling solong the solong to a marble floor? What has heads the driver of her carrieg hurry off. But he had to the solong the solong during the solong the solong during the solong the solon