

SEEKING.

I see far off a glowing, beck'ning thought. Unspeaking, sublimely itself, it seems Content to be waked up from idle dreams And into some bright human need inwrought—

AN AWFUL CHARGE.

The little combination freight and passenger train that runs from the entrance of the great Hoosac tunnel away up through the mountains along the bank of the Deerfield River waits patiently on its narrow-gauge side-track until its larger contemporary from Boston comes up and empties out whatever of its freight and whoever of its passengers are destined for the little village farther up in the mountains.

One quiet evening in the earlier part of July a young woman accompanied by a girl who seemed to act in the capacity of a maid rather than companion, alighted from the five o'clock train from Boston, made some inquiries of an official at the Fitchburg station, and then made her way across the track to the other train which was waiting respectfully at a distance.

The young man took up a position before the open side door of the baggage end of the car and seemed to give himself up to admiration of the country through which they were passing, though he cast furtive glances into the other end of the car, where the young woman had taken her place.

But presently the young man began to grow more nervous and restive. He moved uneasily from his position to the open doorway and sat down on a box in the middle of the car. Then he went back to the door and leaned away out, looking up the track.

She turned from the window with wondering eyes and looked at him a moment. Then the light of recognition drove the wonder slowly from her eyes and she held out her hand languidly.

He took her hand slowly; he almost groped for it. He had been trying all the way from Boston to get up courage to speak to her, and now her cool, surprised "How do you do" was almost too much for him.

"It used to be 'Frank,'" he said in answer to her "Mr. Marden." She laughed easily.

"Oh, yes, but that was ever so long ago."

"It was long ago," said the young man; "it seems an age."

Miss Grenville made no reply. She sat there brown-eyed and self-contained, and presently looked out of the window again. The young man made another issue.

"What on earth brings you to this forsaken region?" he asked. Miss Grenville looked at him inquiringly.

"Is it forsaken?" she asked. "I think it is very pretty."

"Well, yes, pretty, but not—well—exciting."

Miss Grenville turned slowly from the window.

"I think you had better call me Miss Grenville," she said.

"Very well. Miss Grenville will you please tell me where you are going?"

"Certainly. I am going to visit my aunt at Wilmington. And you?"

"I am going to Wilmington, too—on business."

"Are you? Then you must know about the coach from Readsboro."

"Well—er the fact is—I don't. I decided to go very suddenly—that is—I couldn't find out about the stage."

"Oh," said Miss Grenville. "I have no doubt it will be all right," observed Marden, for want of anything better to say.

"Oh, no doubt," said Miss Grenville, perhaps for the same reason.

But when they arrived at the terminus of the road they found that it was not all right. The stage was there, but every available seat but one had been taken.

It was growing late and Miss Grenville was in despair.

"You might go and let your maid come in the morning," suggested Marden heroically.

The maid was interviewed on this subject, but was tearful and obstinate. Then the young man made another suggestion.

The maid might take the available place and he would drive Miss Grenville over. He was sure he could get a horse.

He would have to do it on account of his business, anyway. Miss Grenville defended her position, but finally surrendered.

The maid took the place in the stage, and Marden went in search of a horse.

Half an hour later, as the sun was going down behind the hills, a cadaverous looking horse, with almost a suspicious dislike to anything like haste, drew a single buggy out of Readsboro and along the pretty road toward Madawaga and Wilmington.

They passed the outskirts of the village, and the road began to grow prettier and more closely hemmed in with trees.

The cadaverous looking horse moved on with an uncertain jog that was a cross between a run, a trot, and a walk. The result was a sort of hop.

Miss Grenville made some attempts at conversation, but her companion rewarded her with silence.

She made several uncomplimentary remarks about the horse which were witty enough for an ordinary occasion, but Marden did not smile—he did not seem to be paying attention; so finally she subsided into her side of the carriage and said no more.

Presently Marden spoke.

"Grace," he said, "do you know why I am up here?"

Miss Grenville looked up innocently. "Of course," she said. "You told me you had to come on business."

"Which was not true, as you know. I came because I followed you from Boston."

"Frank, how dare you!" said Miss Grenville indignantly.

Marden went on quietly: "And while I was standing out there in the baggage car—"

"I thought you were going to fall out of the door," continued Miss Grenville suddenly. Marden looked at her and then went on again quietly:

"You did not see me. You were surprised that I was on the train when I spoke to you."

"Oh!" said Miss Grenville. "When I was standing in the baggage-car I made up my mind that you would have to talk to me. I am more sure of it now. I have been trying to see you for two months and you have been able to keep me from it. I know I am a brute and that if you wanted to throw me over and not tell me why I ought to stand it; but I can't and I'm through trying."

Miss Grenville laughed uneasily. A bough from one of the trees that skirted the road hung over within reach and she snatched a couple of its leaves as they passed.

"I wonder what kind of a tree that is?" she said. Marden took the green bough from her hand and threw it into the road.

"Well?"

"So you must see that I could not have wanted to do it."

"Oh, but that does not explain why you did do it."

"I know it. Only it is so hard, and, Frank, you are not helping me a bit."

"I don't see why I need to. You were independent enough to throw me over and make me miserable for life."

"Have you been miserable, Frank?"

"I think I have almost died," said Marden, solemnly.

"Have you? I have been miserable too, Frank. And I have missed your steps, and your voice, and your laugh—I have missed your laugh very much, Frank."

"We used to have such pleasant times together, Grace."

"Yes, and mother says that the house sounds so lonely without you in the evening."

"I thought a great deal of your mother."

"I know you did. Yes, we did have happy times. I shall never forget them. And to think that now they are all over. I came up here because I hoped I would forget about it, and now (tearfully) you have brought it all back—again—and I know I shall go on feeling worse and worse—and—"

Poor little Miss Grenville fell to sobbing as if her heart would break. It was more than Marden could stand.

"Grace," he said, "don't. Let's patch it up in some way. Tell me what I did and let's fix it up."

"We can't," sobbed the young woman from her corner.

"Well, tell me anyway."

"If you won't do any good, Frank, but I'll try if you say I must."

"You really must."

"I know you'll laugh at me and say I'm a goose. You always did do that."

"I will be sober as—as prayer-meeting," vowed the young man.

"Well, then, it was about that Miss Sanger—you know what you said about her."

"I know I must be very stupid, but I don't quite remember all about it. You had better tell me. Where did I see her?"

"At the pond, and it is really to your credit that you don't remember. I shall think of that and be grateful, Frank, in after years. I said she was horrid, and you said she was clever and had beautiful eyes."

"I think I do remember now. She was the girl who had such a funny squint, wasn't she?"

"I don't think I ever noticed that, Frank."

"Well, she did. And she didn't know who Iben was. That was why I said she was clever and had beautiful eyes; I meant it the other way, you know."

"Did you really, Frank? Then I have misjudged you all this time."

Half an hour later Miss Grenville lifted a happy but tear stained face from Marden's shoulder and looked doubtfully up at him.

"Frank," she said.

"Well, sweetheart."

"I don't believe I know who Iben was, either. Was he one of those horrid nihilists?"

"No, dear," said Marden, gravely. "He wasn't quite that, but I guess it doesn't make any difference now."—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Importance of Sleep.

The London Lancet has been laying great stress on the importance of sleep to those who would live a long and useful life. Seven to nine hours, according to the temperament and constitution, is the modicum that ought to be taken, and the greatest regularity of the hours of slumber the better its effects are.

Drying Potatoes.

It might be profitable to dry the surplus potato crop of Southern California. Of late years a process of artificial drying of potatoes has been perfected, and potatoes so treated are largely used in the British army and navy. Not long ago the Express mentioned the letting of a contract by British army authorities to a factory in Nova Scotia for many tons of dried potatoes. It is probable that a sale could be had for many carloads of Southern California tubers worked up in this manner.

Bicycle and Trotting Horse.

The mile record of the trotter Maud S. may be beaten by a bicyclist before it is toppled over by a horse. It is six years since the 2:08 1/4 mark was made at Cleveland, and, judging by the present outlook, the record will stand undisturbed during the year 1891. On the other hand, the bicyclists have been each year clipping off the seconds, until now the best English record has reached something like 2:16. But in 1885 we all thought Howell was doing something wonderful when he made his mile in 2:43 over the Hampden Park bicycle track in this city. While the horses have been at a standstill the men have advanced by over twenty seconds.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Misplaced Credit—The Moonlight Stroll—Dangerously Engaging—Bitter Experience, Etc., Etc.

"I thank you for the flowers you sent," she said, And then she pouted, blushed, and dropped her head; "Forgive me for the words I spoke last night; Your flowers have sweetly proved that you were right."

And then I took her hand within my own And I forgave her—called her all my own, But as we wandered through the lamp-lit bowers I wondered who had really sent the flowers:—Toronto Globe.

DISTANCES LEAD, ETC. "Don't you like to hear some one singing on the water far away?" she asked. "Yes," he murmured, "far away."—Life.

DANGEROUSLY ENGAGING. "Smithers is a very engaging fellow." "Yes; he had to leave Boston once because he was engaged to three girls at once."—Truth.

THE MOONLIGHT STROLL. She—"Oh, Harry, the man in the moon is looking!" He—"Never mind—he will never tell."—Munsey's Weekly.

GREEN-EYED JEALOUSY. Fannie—"I wonder what makes Harry stare at me so much?" Minnie—"I've heard him say that he is a lover of works of art."—Yankee Blade.

BITTER EXPERIENCE. "Harkins has written a book of etiquette. What does he know about the usages of polite society?" "He knows what has kept him out of it."—Puck.

TAKING FOOD OUT OF THEIR MOUTHS. "There ain't aogin' to be good livin' in tramping this season," said Haggles. "I'm afraid not," said Tatters. "These here cookin' schools is teachin' gals how to use up the cold wittles."—Epoch.

THE DEATH LEAST EXPECTED. Dodson—"They say poor Briggs, the teetotaler, died of hard drink." Bings—"You astonish me! How did he acquire the habit?" Dodson—"It was very sudden. A cake of ice fell on him."—New York Herald.

IT'S A POOR RULE, ETC. Mind-cure Doctor—"Make up your mind there is no pain, and there is none. Five dollars, please." Patient (moving toward the door)—"Make up your mind there is no payin', and there is none. Good morning."—Yankee Blade.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION. Lady of the House—"It seems to me your bill is very large. The other ice-man we had didn't charge us half as much." Ice-man—"He didn't? Well, er, you see, lady, my ice is a good deal colder than his."—New York Press.

ALL A LOTTERY. She—"You know, Dick, that Papa is not nearly as rich as he is reported to be." He—"Oh, well, he is likely to make a fortune before he dies. I shall have to take my chances like all the rest of the fellows, I suppose."—Puck.

UNUSUAL LUCK. Gus DeSmith—"I see by the papers that the Czsar has been enjoying the pleasure of the chase in the Japonaki forest, near Warsaw." Gillbooly—"What luck did he have?" Gus DeSmith—"Splendid. He came back alive."—Texas Siftings.

DRIVEN DESPERATE. "Jack, what did you do when I refused you last year?" "I became desperate. Why, Nellie, darling, I actually smoked a whole cigarette."

"Oh, Jack! And to think I drove you to it."—Detroit Free Press.

OFFICIALLY DONE. Angry Proprietor—"Are you the careless scoundrel that left the door at the foot of this elevator open?" Elevator Boy—"No, sir. It was the elevator inspector. He's just been paying his reg'lar visit to see that everything's safe, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

HAD GOT BACK. Collector—"Is Mr. Slowpaj in?" Landlady—"No, sir." "I called five weeks ago, and you said he had gone to Long Branch for a month. Hasn't he got back yet?" "Yes, sir, he's back." "Then where is he?" "In the poor-house."—Good News.

AN EXTRAORDINARY FEMALE. Dime Museum Lecturer—"This lady, my friends, is the greatest curiosity on exhibition in any part of the world at the present time." Voice From the Audience—"What's her speciality?" Lecturer—"She never in all her life asked a man if her hat was on straight."

NOT A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH. He—"This is my photograph. Do you think it looks like me?" She—"When did you have it taken? It looks—"

He—"I got it from the photographer's just before I came here this evening." She (looking at the clock)—"Oh, that accounts for its looking so much younger."—Argo.

INGENUOUS SOLICITUDE. Her favorite cousin had come in from

the country, and little three-years-old, standing confidently at his knee, exhibited her newest accomplishment—inquiring after the health of visitors—evidently at the same time reviving pleasant memories of a fortnight on the farm: "Is you pitty well, Arfur?" she asked. "Very well, thank you," he answered. "Is Aunt Etta pitty well?" "Yes." "Is Sadie pitty well?" "I guess so." "Is the piggy pitty well?"—Boston Times.

AS SHOWN. "Music," said the eminent pianist, as the reporter to whom he had kindly accorded an interview ran his pencil rapidly over the paper, "is the most elevating of sciences. It moves the depths of one's nature, refines the sensibilities and enlarges the heart. It—what were you about to ask?"

"I should like to know, sir, how you regard the distinguished virtuoso, Prof. von Bergstein, as a musician?"

"He is nothing, sir, but a cheap, vile imitation, a base counterfeit, a tenth-rate keyboard banger, sir!" exclaimed the eminent musician scowling fiercely. —Chicago Tribune.

SHE WAS A GREAT HELP TO HIM. George Bashful—"What do you think is the prettiest, the most appropriate name that can be given a girl?" Miss Bessie (pity)—"The name of the man she loves."

George Bashful—"But that can only be done when she names the day."

Miss Bessie—"Well, make it next Tuesday."

George Bashful—"Miss Bessie, you have been a great help to me, and I will ask you to—"

Miss Bessie—"Be your helpmeet, George, I promise."

And both heaved sighs of relief, at least one size too large for them.—New York Herald.

THE BOSS OF BAD AXE. A Detroit drummer was standing in front of a store in Bad Axe one day last week, talking with the proprietor, when a fairly respectable looking man passed along on the other side of the street.

"Do you see that man over there?" asked the merchant.

"Yes, what of him?"

"Well, he used to be the Grand Mogu of this whole town; bossed everybody and everything and had it all his own way."

"And doesn't he any more?" inquired the drummer.

"Not much, he doesn't."

"What is the matter? Lost his money?"

"No."

"Downed politically?"

"No."

"Moral catastrophe?"

"No."

"Well, what in thunder's the matter?"

"Got married about two years ago. See that tall ganglin' woman crossin' the street to tell him? That's her," and the merchant drew a long breath with a whistle to it.—Detroit Free Press.

Uncle Sam's Treasury Well Protected. Some nervous citizen of the Republic having read of the contemplated raid on the United States Treasury may lie awake nights through fear that the plan may be put into operation. Let him calm himself. There is no likelihood of such a raid being made, and if it should be made the probabilities of its success are almost infinitesimal.

This last plan proposed that in various parts of the city fires should be started. This was to be followed by a riot, and during the excitement the raiders calculated on being able to break into the Treasury.

But the scheme would have failed. There is no city in the world better protected than Washington. The plan by which the streets converge into a circle at intervals enables the authorities to plant batteries in the circles and sweep the thoroughfares of rioters. This plan, credited to the combined thought of Washington and Lafayette, was adopted in the reconstruction of Paris by Napoleon III.

Then the fire department of this city is of a first-class order, and as for troops, they abound. Besides the large guard of men armed with Winchester and revolvers within the Capitol and the fact that many of the Treasury male employes have organized a militia company to repel raiders, several thousand troops can be brought into service here in less than an hour. The Washington militia numbers 2000 men, and within half an hour's march is the arsenal whence 500 veteran artillerymen can be summoned by telephone. Two experienced troops of cavalrymen stationed at Arlington are available for immediate service, while from the marine barracks 300 of the best drilled men living could be obtained. Gatling and Hotchkiss, to say nothing of heavier guns, are plentiful. Moreover, the mounted police are ex-cavalrymen and all the patrolmen have served in the United States army.

If this force isn't enough to put a damper on the spirits of rioters, a couple of batteries of the regular army can be obtained from Baltimore in forty minutes and a large force of marines and sailors from Annapolis in less than one hour. So that, take it all into consideration, the probabilities of a raid on the United States Treasury succeeding are very small.—Chicago Post.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Hummelstown, Penn., has a lady letter-carrier.

The kodak girl is said to be a terror at Chautauqua.

Danish gloves in four-button lengths are in demand.

Twenty-two newspapers in Kansas are edited by women.

Lawn tennis continues to lose favor with English women.

Naples, Italy, has a woman editor in the person of Matilde Serao.

A dress reform crusade has been begun by the women at Chautauqua.

Some of the models for dress bonnets for next season are absurdly small.

Poland has produced some of the brightest women which the world holds.

Women professors and women lecturers are to be added to the University of Michigan.

A New York paper says the perfect woman should be five feet three inches high and weigh 130 pounds.

A woman, Miss Ormerod, is the consulting entomologist of the Royal Agricultural Society of Great Britain.

There are to be two new plays brought out in New York next season and both of them are by New York women.

A hospital for women has been opened at Sitka, Alaska, by Dr. Clarence Thwing. It is the first in that country.

Women in Sweden have now obtained official permission from the Government to be received as pupils of apothecaries.

English women have returned to square-toed shoes, but the Piccadilly pointed toe is still preferred in America.

The young women who adorn the fashionable seaside resorts have become wonderfully proficient in the art of whistling.

The finest diamonds in the world are owned by Mme. Andre, of Paris, and her black pearls are also considered beyond all comparison.

The day census in the city of London shows that there are now 50,416 women engaged in the city during the day as against 44,179 in 1881.

The Polish Countess Branicka is called the "Queen of Sapphires" because of these gems she possesses the most beautiful collection in the world.

The Indian women in Arizona have ceased to be picturesque since they began to wear fashionable dresses, shoes, stockings and all the paraphernalia.

Miss Susan M. Dunkles, of Newton, Mass., the only woman treasurer of a bank in that State, has resigned after seventeen years of brilliant success.

One of the largest dairy farms in Indiana is carried on by Mrs. Laura D. Woolley, of Ellettsville. Last year she sent 10,000 pounds of butter to market.

Mrs. Alice Shaw, the famous whistler, has demonstrated the fact that whistling even is hereditary. She has four daughters, each one of whom inherits her peculiar talent.

All women who have earned the distinction of becoming notable personages are to have their portraits in the Photographic Gallery of the British Museum of Portraits.

Miss Nanette McDowell, grand-daughter of Henry Clay, lives with her father in the old Clay homestead of Ashland, one of the most beautiful and romantic places in all Kentucky.

Helena, Montana, boasts of a young woman who is made of the right sort of material. She is a very successful member of the bar, and is also the secretary of a large lumber company.

Annie B. Saunders keeps a paint shop in Eighth avenue, New York, and makes a good living at the business. She mixes the colors and oils, looks after the cash, and takes orders, employing men to fill them.

Miss Curzon, of the Toronto (Canada) University, has been acting as assistant public analyst since her graduation in 1889, and at the same time pursuing her studies at the Toronto Woman's Medical College.

Miss Mary Proctor, the daughter of Richard A. Proctor, has inherited her father's tastes and aptitude for astronomical science, and frequently contributes articles upon those subjects to the periodicals.

Mrs. Richardson, wife of Dr. T. G. Richardson, was given \$100,000 for the purpose of building a new medical college in New Orleans, on a site which was recently purchased by the Educational Board for \$35,000.

Fraulein Knutson was lately chosen cantor, organist, and bellringer in a little town named Holland, near Gothenberg, in Sweden, by a great majority of votes. Petitions were presented to the King to declare the election invalid, but he has finally confirmed it.

Miss Charlotte Nichols, of Empire City, Oregon, can use a rifle in a way that would do credit to any masculine sportsman. She has a record of having slain several deer this season, and recently she shot a bear that crossed her path while she was out horseback riding.

Among the old-fashioned colors which are appearing again is snuff brown. Maize-colored muslin organdie, and chambery gowns are trimmed with snuff brown laces, surahs or chiffons, and gloves, hats and parasols are fast turning snuff color, now that fall draws near.

My Liver
For a year caused me a great deal of trouble. Had weakness in the back, little appetite, a bitter taste in the mouth and a general bad feeling all over, that I could not locate. Have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for the past three months with great benefit. I feel better, the

Bad Taste in the Mouth
Is gone and my general health is again quite good. No longer feel those tired spells come over me as I formerly did.
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is certainly a most excellent medicine. Mrs. L. R. O'Connell, Fall River, Mass.
N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.
N. Y. U. 37