

SEEKING.

I see far off a glowing, beck'ning thought. Unspeaking, sublimely itself, it seems Content to be waked up from idle dreams

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

One quiet evening in the earlier part of July a young woman accompanied by a girl who seemed to act in the capacity of 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

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.

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."

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."

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.

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

"Frank, how dare you!" said Miss Grenville indignantly. Marden went on quietly: "And while I was standing out there in the baggage car—"

"Perhaps," she said at length, "perhaps it is better to talk it over. Though [hurriedly] you know it can never make any difference now."

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Marden!" she said. 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.

"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."

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."

"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."

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.

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.

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.

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

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."

IT'S A POOR RULE, ETC. Mind-cure Doctor—"Make up your mind there is no pain, and there is none. Five dollars, please."

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."

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."

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

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 your pitty well, Arfur?" she asked.

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 say?"

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.

UNELE 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.

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."

HIGH-PRICED DOCTORS. It is said that New York has over 100 physicians who have an income from their profession of over \$10,000 each. A score of these perhaps make from \$20,000 to \$30,000, and among them there is Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobs, who earns, it is said, the largest income of any professional woman in America.

My Liver. For a year caused me a great deal of trouble. Had nausea 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

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 Women's Medical College.

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.

Bad Taste in the Mouth. It goes 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.