Yet, Oh Brightness returned, Well may I glorify thee! Never the world again Sunless and chill shall I see. Quickened from clay, the reed Springs from the glow above; Up from my heart has leaped The shining lily of love.

Peal, Oh carillon, peal Every change to be heard! Sing in the chapel, choir! Trill in your meadow, bird! Thou who kneelest in church (Thy thought from earth apart) My Easter offering, love,-To the altar of thy heart!

-E. Irenœus Stevenson.

THE OLD WELL SWEEP.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.



OU ain't goin' to take that wellsweep, away, Jotham-the well sweep that was there when I was a baby? Don't do it, Jothamdon't!"

SquireSedgick beckoned to his son to lay down the uplifted

Mrs. Sedgick stood in the doorway, with a fat, old-fashioned tumbler and a glass-towel in her hand.

Ellen, the daughter, paused in the act of tying up an obstreperous young honeysuckle shoot; and old Grandsir Sedgick, leaning on his staff, with his gray hairs blowing in the fresh spring wind, looking not unlike one of the ancient Druids.

"Why, father, we didn't know you'd care," said the squire. "It's a rickety old thing, anyhow-'

"Well, so'm I a rickety old thing!" quavered the octogenarian. "But you wouldn't go at me with an axe and a mallet, would you? I used to draw water with that well sweep afore I stood as high as the curb."

"Well, well," soothingly uttered the squire, "if you've any feelin' about it, it shan't be touched! Only, sence the pipes have been laid from the spring up on Savin Hill, Eunice, she thought -"

"I don't keer what Eunice thinks!" said Grandsir Sedgick. "The pipes from Savin Spring ain't nothin' to me. I'd ruther hev a glass o' clear water from the old well than all the springs in crea-

"So you shall, father -- so you shall!" said Mrs. Sedgick, picking up the knotted cane which the old man had dropped, and tenderly guiding his footsteps back to the cushioned chair on the porch, which he had just left.

But Ellen tossed her much be-crimped

"It's the only well sweep left in Kendal, "muttered she. "Horrid old fashioned thing! Everybody calls our home 'the place with the well sweep.' It's too

"Hush, dear!" said Mrs. Sedgick. "Grandsir's a very old man, and he's never got over the shock of Dora's running away."

Deaf though he was, the old man's ear caught a word here and there, when it was least expected that he would. He looked quickly around.

"Dora," he repeated-"little Dora! My son Adam's daughter, with the black eyes and the real Sedgick features! There ain't but a few things that I care for left in this world, and Dora was one of 'em. What have you done with Adam's orphen gal-eh, Eunice? The gal that hadn't no one but me to look after her?"

A distressed look crept over Mrs. Sedgick's kindly face. She hesitated visibly.

"It wasn't our fault, father," said she. "Dora was always a restless child, and she somehow couldn't seem to be contented in this quiet place."

The old man shook his leonine white head.

"I dunno nothin' about that," said he. "All I know is I miss little Dora, and I want her. Jotham," turning abruptly to his stalwart son, "where's Dora?"

"I don't know any more than you do, father," said the squire, leaning up against the porch pillar, and saying to

wife in a lower tone: "What has set him off thinkin' of

Dora just now?" "Thickin'! Ain't I always thinkin' of her?" piped up the old man. "Adam's gal, that was left to us to take care of: and Adam was always the best of the family! You nagged her, and you worrited of her, and she was too highsperited to stand it, and now she's gone, an' you say you don't know nothin' about it. Eh"-and his voice grew thriller-"that was what Cain said, mind you, when the Lord asked him where his brother was! That's why I set here on the porch, where I can see half a mile down the road, to get a sight of Adam's

longs!" The three lookers-on glanced uneasily at each other.

gal, Dora, comin back where she be-

Martin Sedgick, the son, flung his axe

emphatically on the ground. "Grandsir speaks the truth," said he. "The house ain't itself since Dora went

And he stalked gloomily down the hill, to where his handsome four-yearold colt was tied to the fence rail, awaiting its daily exercise around the square. price for a beginner, and twenty-five per

"Eunice," said Squire Sedgick to his wife that afternoon, "Martin is getting restless again. He wants to go' West." Mrs. Sedgick clasped her hands nerv- else."

"Martin-our only son!" she cried. "He was just beginning to be recon- dingier than before at this moment, ciled to life on the farm, when Dora | "Could you give me the name and ad- Journal.

'And it was she that reconciled him. Eunice-if we could get Dora back again? It's as my old father says-she was the luck of the house."

Mrs. Sedgick burst into tears. "It wasn't my fault, Jotham!" she said. "I always liked the child, though she wasn't no more like our folks than a corn flower is like a squash blossom. But she and Ellen couldn't somehow agree. Ellen always wanted Martin to marry Miss Brownlee, and she up one day and accused Dora of settin' her cap | yes, always, Dora?" for Martin, and Dora couldn't stand that; and when they appealed to me, I'm afraid I didn't take Dora's part quite so strong as I might hev done."

"I knowed a woman's tongue was at the bottom of it all," said the squire, with some bitterness. "Poor Dora!"

That night the whole Sedgick family were aroused by a light blaze in the dooryard-the old-fashioned well sweep burning up. Grandsir, in his flannel dressing gown and knotted stick, his leonine head well outlined in the scarlet glow, looking more Druid-like than

"You done it o' purpose," said he, feebly shaking the stick at the assembled family, who were trembling in the door-"You know you did. First Dora, and then the old well sweep. The only things I keered for in this world-and now they're both gone, an' I may as well lie down and die!"

"I didn't mean any harm!" hysterically sobbed poor Ellen. "I was lighting a taper to seal a letter-Marian Brownlee always uses the new-fashioned colored wax to seal her letters-and it burned up too quick, and I flung it out of the window, but I never dreamed it would fall among the dead leaves around the old well curb and set it on fire! I didn't mean any harm!"

"Don't fret, father," said the squire. We'll build it up ag'in-me and Martin-just exactly like it was before." The old man shook his head.

"It won't be the same," moaned he-"it won't be the same!" Nothin's the same in this world!"

And he took to his bed from that Poor Ellen hung down her head like a drooping lily. In neither case had she

intended any actual harm, but in both instances she felt acutely responsible. Martin was making preparations to go out West. Grandsir seemed to have lost

all interest in the surrounding world. Her mother went about with swollen eyes and a pale face, and Squire Sedgick sat by the hour on the front porch.

looking as if he had lost his last friend. One violet-scented April afternoon, however, Martin came home from the city, whither he had been to purchase some absolute necessity for his travels, with a flat parcel under his arm.

"Look, mother!" he said. "It's something for grandsir. I don't know but what I've been extravagant, but I declare to goodness I couldn't help it. The minute I set eyes on it, I thought of the dear old man lyin' up stairs in his bed. It's a picture," he added, as Ellen came hurrying to his side—"an oil painting with a fine gilt frame. Exactly like our old well sweep that was burned down, with the red barn in the distance, and the sun settin' behind the woods, just as I've seen it go down times without end. You don't know how queer I felt when I saw it in the store window, and I went in and paid twenty dollars for it. I'd do without them campin' blankets and the fur robe, mother; but I wanted grandsir to have that picture."

They hung it up on the wall opposite the head of his bead, and when the old man waked from a nap, just as the sunset beans shone over the mute canvas, he looked at it with a smile.

"It's our old well," said he, not evincing the least surprise. "Just like I was a-lookin' out of the window at it. I've got the well sweep back ag'in now, and p'raps Dora'll come next. Who knows?" And for the first time in a week, he got up and dressed himself, and deigned

to give a sort of conditional approval to the repairs going on in the burned dis-

"It looks too new now," said he, adjusting his "far-away" spectacles. "But p'raps in a year or two it'll be more weather-beaten an' nat'ral-like. I can allays look at the picter, though, when I want to see the old well sweep.'

Ellea pulled her brother's sleeve as he stood intently regarding the bright little oil painting on grandsir's wall.

"Martin," said she, "nobody ever could have painted that picture by guess. It is our old well sweep, and there's the very butternut tree and the broken shingles on the barn roof. And don't you remember, Martin, how fond she used to be of painting?"

He turned suddenly around with an irradiated face. "Why didn't I think of it before?" he

Mr. Solomon Feldman, sitting behind his desk rail in the darkest corner of the dark little art store, was startled from an abstruse financial calculation by the questioning gleam of a pair of dark eyes close beside him.

"Is it sold?" a solt voice timidly asked -"my 'Old Well Sweep?' I see it is gone from the window. Oh, is it possible that I can be so lucky as to have sold that picture?"

Dora Sedgick was very plainly dressed. Her shoes and gloves were unmistably shabby; there was a certain pallor in her skin and sharpness in her features which told of a battle with the world, in which she had not as yet gained the advantage.

transfigured with exultant joy. Mr. Feidman referred to his books. "Twenty dollars," said he, with lead pencil between his teeth. "Not a bad cent. commission. Price of frame, five lars. You might as well send something

A shadow from without made the little gas lighted cubby hole look a degree dingier than before at this moment. before, and Mr. Shea proposes to fight it out in a legal way."—Lewiston (Mc.)

went away," said the squire, dejectedly. | dress of the person who painted the pioture I purchased yesterday—the 'Old Well Sween?' " asked the voice of Martin Sedgick.

The veiled and shawl wrapped figure turned suddenly around, so that the flickering gastight shone full on the dark eyes and mobile lips.

"Martin?" she cried out, with an icvoluntary step forward. "Dora-my Dora! No, you shall not draw away your hand!" he cried. "I've got you now, and I mean to keep you-

"Eh?" cried Grandsir Sedgick, rousing himself from one of the frequent slumbers of extreme old age. "Dora, is it? Adam's little black-eyed gal? Well, I knowed she would come back before the Lord sent out a call for me. Somethin' told me she would. They've fixed up the old well sweep, Dora, and you're back again! I hain't nothin' left to

wish for now." "And she's promised to be my wife," declared Martin, with his arm passed carelessly around the girl's slim waist.

"And Martin's given up the Western plan," ecstatically cried Mrs. Sedgick, 'and he's going to be content to settle dewn here for good and all."

"And oh, I'm so glad!" gasped Ellen, while the squire slapped his son's back in an encouraging fashion.

Old Grandsir Sedgick looked from one to the other with a serene smile. "I hain't nothin' left to wish for," he repeated .- Saturday Night.

Facts About the Skeleton Industry.

Paris is the head-centre of the skeleton trade. The mode of preparation is a very delicate operation. The scalpel is first called into requisition to remove the muscular tissues. Its work being done, the bones are boiled, being carefully watched meanwhile that they may not be overdone. After this cannibalistic procedure they are bleached in the sun. Even then spots of grease are sure to appear when they are exposed to heat. The French treat these with ether and benzine, securing thereby a dazzling whiteness, which is a distinguishing mark of their skeletons. They are warranted never to turn yellow and to stand the test of any climate. New York in midsummer is not too hot for them. They are put together by a master hand.

A brass rod with all the proper curvatures support the spinal column. Deli-cate brass wires hold the ribs in place. Hinges of the most perfect workmanship give to the joints a graceful and lifelike movement. Cieverly concealed hooks and eyes render disjunction at pleasure possible. The whole construction plainly indicates the care and skill of an artist and connoisseur.

Domestic skeletons are generally the work of amateurs. Janitors in medical colleges rescue bones from the dissecting rooms and cure and articulate them. They find purchasers among the students, who on the completion of their studies resell the skeleton, if happily the market is not glutted. A second-hand skeleton may thus be had at quite a reasonable figure-occasionably as low as \$15.

The imported article, however, ranges from \$50 to \$400. The very high-priced ones are valued because of the preservation of the nervous and circulatory systems. Of course, they are beyond the reach of modest purses, and, as a taste for medical and scientific research has not yet developed among the millionaires, very few \$400 skeletons are sold. They are always a special order. A very fine French skeleton may be had for \$150, and that is as high as the general run of purchasers care to go.

Skulls, hands, and feet may be purchased separately, but to obtain a rib, an arm, or a collar bone, the whole affair must be bought. A skull and crossbones, suitable for decorative purposes, cost but \$10. The skull has but one cut; it may be pretty, it is not artistic. For \$22 a skull that will unhinge and reveal its hidden contents is possible. The bones of the ear are comprised in this treasure .- Boston Herald.

The Mound City's Name.

The city having been named in honor of St. Louis many suppose that the pro-nnnciation should be "St. Looie," because that is the correct pronunciation of the name of the saint. Louis is not an English name, and Hume, in anglicizing it in his history, always writes it "Lewis." All the French kings of the name "Louis" are "Lewis" in Hume's writings. Those who say "St. Looie" in speaking of the city may think it is more honor to the sainted King of France, for whom it was named, to use the French pronunciation. On the other hand, our language is English, and it is perfectly natural that there should be those who hold that the name of our cities should be as nearly English as possible. The "St. Looie" pronunciation will never cause any one to forget why the city was named St. Louis, and if it is the most popular it should be generally accepted. Doubtless the earliest settlers never said "St. Loois," but it is a long time since they were here .-St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Aristocratic Indians.

There are no people in Maine in whom the aristocratic instinct is stronger or who have more pride of birth than some of those who live in Oldtown Island. At present the tribe is greatly agitated over the question whether an adopted child shall be admitted to the inner circle of the island's Four Hundred. A year or two ago Mr. and Mrs. Sabatis Shea adopted a child from another tribe, But at that moment her face seemed | the child being half white, as are many of the Maine Indians. "Owing to the fact that the child is a half-breed and belonged to another tribe," says an island correspondent, "there is a certain class on the island that is trying to prevent her from having her rights, while Mr. dollars, and-and here is your ten dol- Shea claims she is entitled to all the rights of the tribe, as she was legally adopted. There are other cases of similar nature, but no trouble was ever made



When in doubt wear a blouse dress. Empire dresses are worn by girls of

Tea and chocolate are served at the fashionable afternoon tea.

One fashionable New York woman and her daughter spend \$18,000 annually for clothes.

Silk sheets are an elegant caprice of women who find it difficult to spend their income. M. Worth, of Paris, confesses to hav-

ing perpetrated a skirt containing sixty yards of silk. Miss Susan B. Anthony recently cele-

brated her seventy-third birthday at her home in Rochester. Mrs, Langtry and the Duchess of Montrose have joined John Strange

Winter's non-crinoline league. A Philadelphia girl returned from the milliner's and told her mother that most of the bonnets were "intensely covet-

Miss Lucy Cabiniss is a caterer and florist at Jackson, Miss., and serves as a woman's exchange to Mississippi housekeepers.

able.

of the New York financier, has been celebrated by poets, painters and paragraphers. There are more women Postmasters in Pennsylvania than in any other State.

The beauty of Mrs. Henry Clews, wife

They number 463. Next comes Virginia Among the late cable brevities is the news that the Duchess of Fife recently

received from India the gift of a pair of beaded stockings, The German Empress has just sent a little token of regard to the Japanese Empress in the shape of a water color

sketch painted by herself. When hoopskirts were in style women frequently lost their lives by being

tripped up in the wires of by fire coming in contact with the distended skirts. The catalogue of the Georgia Girls' Normal and Industrial College shows that 171 young women from seventy-six

counties in the State matriculated during

its first year. The fashionable color, which is perfectly new, is Eminence. It is violet, with a dash of deep red in it. The term admits of wide significance, as the shades are so varied.

Lady Gordon in her search through English libraries for books written by women has discovered a pamphlet on rights of women, published in 1696 by Mary Assell. Its title is "Advice to

Ohio has a board of visitors consisting of three men and three women appointed in every county of the State to visit county asylums and prisons, and to generally watch over public benevoience and reformatory work. Mrs. Caine, the wife of Hall Caine, the

novelist, does her own milking, churning and cheese making, and attends to the other duties of their country homestead on the Isle of Man. The novelist himself wears the peasant dress. Horizontal skirt trimmings mount

higher and higher. To remodel an old sheath skirt of last season, to give it the appearance of the width now required, the easiest resort is several ruffles of velvet set at wide intervals up the skirt. Many women are enthusiastic bicycle

riders and can go great distances without undue fatigue. Miss Mabel Besant, for instance, the sister of the famous novelist, is perpetually on the road and thinks nothing of a spin of thirty or forty miles. A new Parisian novelty-bats in dia-

monds-are bizarre enough to attract the attention of those seeking after new and strange effects. Old jewelry can be reset and rearranged in these bats, which are described as setting off to striking advantage a ball costume.

Velvet sleeves are now considered passe. They are not worn by any fashionable people abroad. In Paris the newest gowns have velvet bodies, but sleeves of the same material as the skirt, usually cloth. The very old-fashioned pelarine is once more in high style.

They gave a banquet to Senator Bate, of Tennessee, in Washington the other night in honor of his re-election; and toward the close of the speechmaking his wife appeared in the dining room with a party of lady friends, and was made the recipient of much homage.

Only rich women can afford to buy undressed kid. Half the kid gloves in trade are not kid at all. Real kid cannot be brought under \$3 a pair in this country. Ladies' evening gloves that sell for \$2.25 are made of lamb. Most of the street gloves are dogskin and some are

Mrs. S. A. Thurston is one of the noteworthy women of Kansas. Her skill as an accountant is utilized by firms winding up or straightening out their accounts. She recently disentangled the accounts of a firm dissolved by the death of one member-accounts which had been running for a dozen years.

The subject of women druggists is being discussed in France. The Society of the Amelioration of the Position of Women has decided to grant a scholarship annually to a young woman student of slender means, to enable her to take the examinations which must be passed in order to qualify persons to dispense medicines.

The youngest bank President in the United States is Mrs. Annie Moore, of Mount Pleasant, Texas. She is also the only woman who is President of a National bank. This bank was operated for some time as a private concern with Mrs. Moore at the head, and so capable had she proved herself that the vote to keep her in command was unanimous.

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grow better while taking 5 bottles, and now I HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

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Resistance to Cold. The death of a centenarian Italian in a Norfolk town the other day, whose checkered life history included service in Napoleon's "Grande Armee" during the disastrous Russian campaign of 1812, recalls attention to the fact that of all that host the Neapolitan contingent, 10,000 strong, withstood the cold and privation much better than the other divisions, recruited as these mainly were from Northwestern and Central Europe. So interesting and unexpected was this phenomenon, put on record by Baron Larrey, head of Napoleon's army medical staff, that the physiologists and hygienists of the time hazarded many explanations of it-explanations revived and checked during the Crimean campaign forty years ago, when the Italian regiments of the allied forces were found to suffer less from the Russian winter than their French or even British com.

The view taken of the fact was this: That the Italians, born and reared in the sunny south, retained so much "caloric" in the'r systems that their supply of it continued long after their fellow soldiers from less favored climes had used up theirs. In support of this the experience of other Italians was invoked who, as teachers or artists, had settled in English or Scottish educational centers, and whose power of weathering the first northern winter was much greater than during the second and third, by which time, it was contended, their supply of "caloric" was exhausted and they were fain to have recourse to the creature comforts for which at first they had a posi-

tive repugnance. Then, again, Italians in general, and Neapolitans in particular, inured to the scantiest meals of macaroni and salad, felt the starvation diet of the forced marches much less than their French or Teutonic comrades. The same must also be said in the matter of clothing-the Neapolitans, even in abnormally cold winters, contenting themselves with an artificial warmth in raiment and fuel much below that to which the northern races are accustomed .- London Lancet.



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