

THE GOAL WE NEVER REACH.

It was nighttime in the city,
And the crowds went whirling past
Where a little grimy bootblack
Rested from his work at last;
Leaning up against the corner,
As he ate his bite of bread,
While the people hurried past him
To a more pretentious spread.
"Ah, if I were but a salesman!
That's the very life for me,"
Thus the little bootblack muses,
"Nothing else I'd ask to be."

Twenty years, and now the salesman
Has forgot his bootblack trade,
In a life of ceaseless changes,
And the vow that once he made;
Now he sees the prosperous merchant,
And a longing finds its way
To his heart, and then he murmurs
As he did that other day.
"Ah, if I were but a merchant!
That's the ideal life for me,"
And the busy salesman muses,
"Nothing else I'd ask to be."

But when two more decades find him
Busy in the whirl of trade,
Resting but for just one moment
In the quiet noontime shade,
And a rich, retired banker
As he looks on him with awe,
In his coach goes driving by,
Then that same old fitful longing
Comes again into his eye,
"Ah, if I could but retire
From this busy, fretful strife,"
So the weary merchant muses,
"That is all I'd ask of life."

Then another score of summers
Sees him in a mansion grand,
But his limbs are weak and trembling,
And the staff falls from his hand;
Now another bootblack lingers
In that old familiar place,
And the old man looks with envy
On his young but smutty face.
"Ah, if I could taste the sweetness
Of that bootblack's noonday meal;
Once again to feel the freshness
That his youthful limbs can feel,
I would barter all the riches
That this life of work has won."
Thus the wealthy man now muses
When that life is nearly done.
—Edgar J. Klock, in New York Mercury.

A VOLUNTEER.



YOU are sober, General; you seem preoccupied, sad, quiet when with me. Can it be from lack of interest?" Thus spoke the pretty Countess Alvis Zeliniska, in a soft tone of reproach, accompanied by the most gracious of smiles, to a French officer sitting by her side.

This young officer was the brave Calviniae, an Auvergne Highlander, who, before his thirtieth year, had won already upon the battlefield his epaulettes as a General of Cavalry.

They happened to be alone in a vast salon at one of the old palaces in Warsaw, the home of the Countess, who had been left a widow at twenty-two. A large fire burned in the enormous fireplace of rose marble, upon the pediment of which the arms of Zeliniska were finely sculptured.

The month of January, 1807, the time of this story, was remarkable on account of its severity. It is well known that Napoleon, after the battle of Jena and the overthrow of Prussia, conceived the gigantic idea of a Continental blockade and, instead of enjoying in peace his triumphs and his glory, wished to impose by force on all Europe the effective execution of his projects against England. For that, he resolved to pursue the remnant of the Prussian troops to their last intrenchment, and to go to meet the Russian army, which was still intact, and under the command of General Bennigsen.

"You are still mute, General," continued the Countess. "Have I lost your confidence?" "Pardon me," replied Calviniae. "You must excuse me for being dreamy and preoccupied. You know the Emperor has withdrawn from me the command of my brigade for a month, because I expressed too frankly my opinion of his indifference to the sad condition of your unhappy country. The Emperor has punished me severely—and here I am, far from my brave soldiers. I was quite happy in my disgrace, since it gave me the pleasure of being received by you, in the midst of the most glorious representatives of Polish nobility, as an ally, as a friend. You, the energetic and enthusiastic patriot, have kept up my spirits, have permitted me the pleasure of seeing you, of confiding in you my cares and dreams, of admiring you, of loving you."

"Permit me to explain. I heard yesterday that the movement of concentration goes on rapidly; that the Russians are going to be forced to accept battle. My blood boils at the news. 'They are going to fight,' I reflect. 'My brothers-in-arms are going into danger and honor. I wish to share their lot.' However, when I think of you, I am cowardly. I restrain my feelings. Thus you see me here near you, as usual. But I feel that my conduct merits reproach. If you esteem me, you cannot blame me for this indecision which tortures me. You cannot advise me to remain inactive, in the midst of luxury and comfort, in a rich palace, when the dragoons whom I commanded yesterday, camping now in the snow, now marching in the mud or crossing the Vistula by the bridge of boats, are going once more to brave the dangers of war for the glory of France and perhaps for the liberty of Poland!"

The Countess remained standing before the General, listening eagerly to his words, and expressing by her passionate looks the admiration which this martial ardor inspired in her. "I love you thus!" said she. "No matter how much I may miss you, I feel, alas! that you ought to go. I thank you for having given me a day. A day is much in these troubled times. Yes, General, go—where duty calls you; resume the command of your troops, and return victorious."

"Thanks, Countess. You understand me, I wish to render myself worthy of your noble friendship; but see to what an extreme an implacable will has reduced me. I have no right to resume my arms and rank. To go to the Emperor, to implore his pardon, to seek to reinstate myself in his favor, would be a bold and useless step. The Emperor has no time for audiences, and then, ought I to deny my sentiment for Poland; to retract the words which I spoke so freely? Oh, no! To-day, less than ever. Therefore, I am forced to seek a way of resuming the service without being recognized by my superiors. I have reflected for sometime, and when you reproached me for my silence, I was just making a definite resolution. I will present myself to the outposts as a Poland countryman, desirous of fighting for his country."

"Why! General, do you wish to enlist as a simple soldier? You will have to obey, instead of command, to march in the first ranks, to struggle hand-to-hand with the enemy! It is to certain death you voluntarily run. Oh! What have I done? I, who have rather encouraged you in your resolution. I who admire you only to lose you! I was wrong. I was misled by blind patriotism. Renounce your projects! It is your duty to execute scrupulously the orders of the Emperor."

No, Countess, my duty is to be where the French are exposing their lives—to brave the dangers that they run. "Even breaking your word?" "I do not violate my oath since I enlist as a volunteer."

"You are immovable. Do therefore as you wish. My best wishes accompany you, and I will pray for you. God grant that your temerity may not be punished! Think of me sometimes." She extended her hand, which he kissed passionately, while she turned aside her head to conceal the great tears which glistened like diamonds in her eyes.

February 8th, 1807, at daybreak, the French and Russian armies met. The troops of Bennigsen covered the mountain tops in front of the little town of Eylau. The Emperor relied upon this village, the cemetery of which he occupied with the guard. The vast plain which separated the two camps was gloomy and desolate. A white shroud of snow, recently fallen, entirely covered the hard ground. The sky was gray and gloomy. The rays of the sun could not penetrate the thick, frosty atmosphere.

Upon the left, a little back of Eylau, was massed the cavalry of Murat. In the first rank, among the dragoons of General Gronchey, was a simple cavalier, sword in hand, without a distinctive mark, without a decoration, but superb in his martial and determined bearing. It was Calviniae.

After the scene which we have described, the General lost no time. Having dressed himself in the clothes of a countryman, and crossed the plains of Lithuania, he presented himself for enlistment to the first Colonel of dragoons whom he met. Thanks to his disguise, he was not recognized, and he was soon able to put on the green tunic with its yellow cuffs and to take his place in the midst of his new companions, wearing, like them, the white breeches, the regulation boots, and the helmet with an ornamental plume of black.

template, in all its horror, this immense plain covered with the dead, the dying and the wounded, the blood making horrible spots on the white uniforms of the French soldiers.

The meeting of the two bodies of cavalry was terrible. Calviniae, showing an impetuosity and an assurance which astonished his comrades, struck most formidable blows, overthrowing all obstacles. The Cossacks were soon dispersed or rendered unfit for battle. Then the Russians, in order to delay the victorious cavaliers, hurled against their bullets and shot into the melee, without caring for their own. Cronchey fell, his horse having been pierced by a ball. Calviniae dashed in, released his General, who happily was not wounded, and gave him his own horse; then, hestridding a horse without a master, he rushed again into the fight. At this moment, Murat and his eighty squadrons, horsemen, dragoons, cuirassiers, charged at full gallop into the Russian infantry. After a long resistance and several assaults, they yielded, fleeing from all sides terrified, bloody, and seeking a refuge in the neighboring woods. Calviniae, in the midst of this frightful confusion, fought with an audacity that nothing could stop. Each blow struck, overthrew and killed. His right arm was injured by a ball, but he seized his sabre in his left hand and continued his course until the sound of the clarion forbade him further action. The work of this cavalry, perhaps the most astonishing in the history of the Empire, decided the victory.

The next day the Emperor, in order to honor in some special manner the heroic squadrons of Murat, wished to survey the front of this admirable company of horsemen. Grave and sombre, after a victory so hotly disputed he passed at a slow gallop before the soldiers, saluting the flag lowered before him. Arriving opposite the eighth regiment of dragoons, he slackened his pace and said to Gronchey who followed him: "Who is that cavalier in the first rank, who holds his sword in the left hand? He strangely resembles Calviniae."

"He is a Polish volunteer," responded Gronchey. "He was engaged several days ago, and has fought like a lion. I saw him at work, and I do not know of one more worthy of reward." The Emperor approached the pretended Polandier.

"Well, my brave fellow," said he, "I have the pleasure of congratulating you upon your courage. One of my generals, Calviniae, recently took the liberty of criticising my actions. I have deposed him. You may replace him. I shall have then at the head of my dragoons an officer worthy of them, whom I consider a compatriot and a friend."

He resumed his course, followed by his escort of superbly-uniformed generals. The days which followed this battle were employed in removing the dead to the shore of the Vistula near Warsaw. They were transported on sledges across the vast plains, followed by flocks of crows. Some, whom the guard would not permit to be moved, remained in the convent of Eylau, now transformed into a hospital. Among them was General Calviniae, who was very ill with a fever. He had abused his strength. After having fought all day, his arm in a sling, he was still at his post of honor; but at night, when the excitement of the struggle and the emotion of triumph were somewhat calmed, his wound, which had re-opened, caused him violent pain. Fever set in. The surgeons thought amputation would be necessary, but knowing that the ball had not remained in the flesh and that the bone was not injured, they decided to wait a few days.

Happily, a woman watched him. A young and beautiful Polish girl, wearing the graceful costume of the peasants of Ukraine, had presented herself to the posts, saying that she sought her brother, a volunteer in the cavalry of Murat. The Countess Zeliniska, for it was she, had had a presentiment of the result of the battle, and, following her feminine instincts, she sought among the wounded for her lover. After a day of vain search, worn out and anxious, almost desperate, she conceived the idea of seeking shelter in the convent of the Benedictines. Seeing that it was occupied by the wounded French, she still had strength enough to search the large halls. Asking explanations, giving details, she finally discovered the little room where, upon a camp-bed, was extended, not her brother, as she said, but her brother, since she had witnessed his chivalry and patriotism.

The Countess was not recognized by Calviniae. Delirium had robbed him of his reason. This condition lasted for several days, during which his devoted nurse watched over him constantly. Finally the fever abated, and the surgeons declared that, if he avoided all imprudence, recovery was certain.

One morning Calviniae, while taking some nourishment, regarded with attention the young woman who served him with so much devotion. He thought that he recognized her features, but her dress puzzled him. He feared that it was a dream or a hallucination. However, hearing her speak he trembled, and remembered the sweet interviews at the fresia in the palace of Warsaw. He made an effort to collect his confused ideas, and raising himself upon his couch called feebly: "Alvis!"

The Countess, unable to repress an instinctive movement, turned toward the sick man. She approached him; their eyes met. They regarded each other a long time without speaking, but their mute language told the story, and joy radiated from their faces.

"It is you who have cared for me like an angel from heaven! It is you who have saved me! Let me repeat to you that word which you stopped upon my lips the day of my departure. Let me tell you that I love you."

He extended his thin, pale hand, which Alvis took in hers. "General," responded she, "my conduct is a confession that my words do not try to deny. My life belongs to you. I am ready to follow you wherever chance leads you. Your name shall be my name and your country my country."—Translated for Romance.

WISE WORDS.

Work makes companionship. What signifies sadness? A man grows lean upon it. The infinitely little have a pride infinitely great. Fear is a vassal; when you frown he flies; a hundred times in life a coward dies. The effective strength of sects is not to be ascertained by merely counting heads.

People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after. What we do upon some great occasions will probably depend on what we already are.

Go where he will the wise man is at home, his hearth the earth—his hall the azure dome. Leisure for men of business and business for men of leisure would cure many complaints.

Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice; take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment. Dead counselors are the most instructive, because they are heard with patience and reverence.

In this thing one man is superior to another, that he is better able to bear prosperity or adversity. What is life? It is not to stalk about and draw fresh air or gaze upon the sun: it is to be free.

Concerning Hiccough.

Hiccoughs, says the New York World, are too well known and too difficult to define. Although involuntary, they are considered so very vulgar that in polite circles the victim makes his or her excuses and retires. The explosive and exhaustive little cough is caused by the intermittent contractions of the larynx and diaphragm. It is generally regarded as the indication of a disordered liver, but in children it is an unmistakable symptom of indigestion. As a rule it is spasmodic and passes off without need of treatment. At times the attack is serious, being distressing to the individual and annoying to his companions and should be promptly treated.

One source of relief is a swallow of cold water. A fit of hiccough can be cured by sprinkling water on the face; dashing a handful in the face is not a pleasant surprise from a devoted friend or mother, but it is a sure cure, due, perhaps, as much to the sudden revulsion of feeling as to the water. If a baby has a hiccough it is an indication that he has had far too much dinner: a change of position will bring relief, a favorite one being to put the well-fed youngster on his stomach across the lap of his nurse.

An attack of hiccoughs in children is frequently followed by a bad night, either sleeplessness or the nightmare. Of course, the mistake was in the surfeit; the mother or the nurse must bear the blame and find a way to simulate digestion. It will be hard to keep the infant awake and dangerous to bathe him within three hours, but the old man's maxim may be tried on the smallest toddler:

After dinner sit a while,
After supper walk a mile.

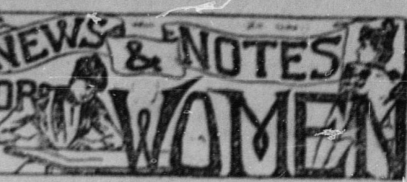
The New Substitute for Powder.

A week ago the new cruiser Spartan went out into Plymouth Sound, England, to try her quick-firing six-inch guns with cordite cartridges. As this was the first time that cordite had been used with guns of this description the greatest interest was manifested in the firing. Everything went very well, the cordite cartridges of thirteen and a half pounds easily performing the work of black powder ones of twenty-nine and three-quarter pounds. But only a few rounds were fired from each gun.

The opponents—and there are many—of cordite say that nobody disputes its advantages for a short time; what they want to know is how the guns will stand a long series of continuous rounds. We were promised we should see this the other day at Okehampton, but we did not.—New York Mail and Express.

Glowing Clouds.

Recent observations seem to have substantiated Dr. G. J. Stony's fundamental doctrine that the glowing clouds of the photo-sphere, from which the sun's radiation is mainly dispensed, are formed of carbon. According to this view, advanced many years ago, those patches of brilliant light exhibited in solar photographs emanate from sooty incandescent clouds, hundreds of miles in length and breadth. It is well known that the flame of an ordinary candle, or of an ordinary gas jet, derives its luminosity from the presence of minute particles of incandescent carbon. It is also to the same element that we are indebted for the electric light, whether in the form of the arc lamp or the incandescent filament. It would now seem as if the great luminary itself owed its surpassing lustre to the presence of mighty glowing clouds of the identical substance to which our ordinary methods of illumination are so much indebted.—New York Telegram.



The latest style of evening toilet has quite a ruff appearance. Blue serges are yielding their popularity to black, brown, green and red.

Shirring is coming into general use again, and puffs are promised as part of the autumn trimmings.

A number of Cherokee Indian girls supplied the singing at a church service in New York on Sunday evening. Old-fashioned mull embroideries, such as our grandmothers made their caps of, are used this season for fichus.

A dainty boating dress is of blue serge, with vest, wide lapels, and deep cuffs of blue and white striped duck. Women shoeblacks are numerous in France. Some have been known to catch wealthy customers in the matrimonial net.

"Mercury wings" and compact rosette trimmings are the decorations now most used on yachting turbans and sailor hats for wear on land or sea.

Queen Victoria has a fine collection of caricatures from all the comic papers of the last half century, having always caused the best things to be sent to her without regard to politics.

Speaking of white hose, to which, it is said, Dame Fashion has committed her wayward feet, one can buy white silk hosiery with lace fronts for the modest sum of twenty-five dollars a pair.

The temperature of a drawing-room or boudoir may be sensibly lowered by introducing an ice-block into the room, placed in a suitable stand where it may be surrounded by ferns and mosses.

Wiry chevrons of coarse quality are preferred to the flannels formerly used for bathing dresses. They are made with the princesse garment, combining waist and jacketbockers, and a short full skirt is belted on.

One of Mrs. Langtry's favorite costumes is a deep ecru muslin printed with pale mauve flower sprays and touched with pale mauve velvet. The hat is of ecru's mauve straw, trimmed with mauve iris and grasses.

The Princess of Wales appears at the opera dressed in black veiled with jet and embroidered chiffon. The fact that all the royal ladies wear either black or white insures these colors to be the leading ones of fashion.

There are now five schools of medicine in England where women may obtain admission—Oxford, the University of Glasgow, Queen Margaret's College, the Edinburgh School of Medicine and St. Andrew's Surgeon Square School.

A new fancy for finger-bowl decoration is to place smaller bowls in larger ones and fill the intervening space with flowers. Sweet peas look well arranged in this way. The effect of dainty fingers dipping into a flower-wreathed bowl is charming.

Cosmetics have taken a new lease of popularity among the upper class in London society, if the reports in English papers are true. The lavish use of "make-up" was very apparent at the Ascot races, even on the faces of very young girls.

The latest thing for underskirts is the Japanese material called awa cloth. It comes chiefly in white, almost covered with dark blue figures. It has almost no perceptible weight, washes nicely—in fact, has everything to recommend it except beauty.

The most fashionable capes are built of black moire, trimmed with ecru lace. They can be made of three superposed capes, or of one single pelrine reaching to the waist, while over the shoulders there is a collar-like arrangement of chiffon and lace.

The wife of John R. Drexel, one of the sons of the late Anthony J. Drexel, of Philadelphia, is said to be the most beautiful woman in the Quaker City. She is tall, slender and exquisitely graceful, with brunette brilliancy of coloring. Before her marriage she was a Miss Troth.

Some five thousand women are employed in the Government departments in Washington. The work is comparatively easy and the pay good. Congressman Timothy Campbell discovered his charming wife by a visit through the Government Departments where she was a clerk.

21 Years of Pain
I suffered with eczema or salt rheum, in such terrible agony at times that I could not walk about the house. I finally took Hood's Sarsaparilla. The hoped-for benefit was not obtainable at the outset, and I have taken twelve bottles, and feel like a new woman. I can't thank you enough. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me. Mrs. J. W. PHINNEY BOYCE, 18 Division St., Peekskill, N. Y.

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