

THE DAYS THAT NEVER RETURN

Over the strings of my harp to-day floats a song that is half a sigh, Like the sound of leaves when the wind sweeps by, Like the sound of breakers far away, As they beat and sob, As they beat and sob, Till I hear a voice in the distant roar, On that lonely stretch of sandy shore. Over the strings of my heart to-day floats a song for the dying year, A song that thrills with an unshed tear Thro' the winter twilight, cold and gray, As the breakers sob, As the breakers sob, And I hear the voice with its old refrain, For the days that never come back again. Over the strings of my harp to-day floats a song for the dying year, A song that thrills with an unshed tear Like the sound of breakers far away— How they beat and sob! How they beat and sob! And I hear that voice with its old refrain, For the days that never come back again. —Isabell Hotchkiss.

AT CROSS PURPOSES.



CELIA was wholly to blame. If it hadn't been for her it would never have occurred to me to quarrel with Jack; it would never have occurred to me that any quarrel was necessary to prove the strength of his love; I should have taken it for granted, and been happy still. I detest Celia. We were so happy till she came to stay with Jack's people and told me I was spoiling him. Of course it was no business of hers if I were, she admitted that; but she was so fond of me that she felt she must speak, being older and more experienced than I, and implore me to remember that it wasn't only my lover I was spoiling, but my future husband; and if I let him have his own way in everything now, I should never be able to have mine by and when we were married. She spoke so seriously about it that I couldn't help being a little impressed, though of course I didn't let her know that, and I wouldn't have told her for the world that I intended to ask her advice on the first opportunity that offered. For it was one thing to quarrel privately with Jack, but quite another to tell Celia that I was going to do it, and take her into my confidence against him. So Jack and I quarreled at the Hornes' dance last night. I hardly know what it was about in the first instance, but it grew and grew until it seemed to me there was nothing we weren't quarreling about, and Jack was soon terribly in earnest. Though we had been engaged for three weeks, I'd no idea he had it in him to be so angry; and, of course, I lost my head, and got angry, too—really angry—and said horrid things; and—and—I told him our engagement was broken off, and there must be an end of everything between us; and—and—Jack took me at my word. I never thought of his doing that. "As you please," he said, speaking quite quietly all of a sudden. We were in the conservatory and the dance music in the drawing-room must have drowned the sound of our voices half a dozen yards away. "You wish our engagement to end, Maud? So be it. Your letters shall be returned to you to-morrow, and I will at once leave you free to resume your flirtation with Frank Horne." "But—Jack—" His face was set and white. He never even looked at me. The music ceased. Celia and several other dancers strolled into the conservatory and left me. Yes, he went away and danced with other girls; and he never spoke one word to me or came near me again the whole evening. Of course I danced, too—what else could I do under the circumstances? I danced with Frank Horne, and I flirted with him a little—not as Jack flirted with Mollie and Kate and Celia, and half a dozen more—but just enough to show him that I could amuse myself very well without him, and that I wasn't taking our quarrel to heart. I was acting a lie, and I did it very creditably. Oh, how miserable I am! It is a dull November afternoon, and mamma has gone out, so I sit alone in the fire-lit dining-room, and think over all that had happened last night, and wonder what Jack's next move will be. Surely—surely, he cannot mean— He has not returned my letters yet; surely that is a hopeful sign. I am still wearing the ring he gave me. I suppose if he returns my letters I shall have to— No—no. I can't part with it. He could not be so cruel, so unreasonable. His letters, too. Must I give them up? I turn them over in my hand—such a little bundle of them as there is, and so very hard to read till one learns to know the writing, or to love the writer, which is it?—and remember the pleasure with which I first received them, and the pride with which I have often poured over them since. Hark! some one is crossing the

hall. Surely Jane won't be so foolish as to show any one in here now.

In another moment "Mr. Dayton" is announced, and Jack himself stands before me. "Jack!" I started to my feet, and all these treasured documents fall, rustling to the floor, but I never think of them. Who thinks of love letters in the presence of the writer? Jack is here, my Jack, and— But is he indeed my Jack? The first glance at his face recalls me to myself, and reminds me that he is no longer my Jack, or Jack at all to me. I told him I wished our engagement to end, and he remembered it, evidently, though I, for one brief moment, have forgotten. Oh, Jack—Jack? He waits till the servant has left the room, then takes a small packet from the breast pocket of his coat and turns to me. "This must be my apology for disturbing you," he says, very formally. "I thought I had better bring it myself, in case of accidents." "For me?" I speak vaguely, and without offering to take it. I want to gain time. "Yes—your letters. I have no right to them now." "How beautifully you have packed them!" He turns away with an impatient gesture and lays them on the table. "I need not detain you any longer, now my errand is done," he says, quietly. "But—there is something else. Oh, you forget!" as he looks at me questioningly. "You have returned my letters promptly enough—how can I thank you for such promptness?—but you forget your own. As you say, I have no right to them now." "You wish me to take them? Very well."

But I do not wish him to take them—anything but that! I want to postpone the moment of parting, that is all. "Will you be good enough to fetch them?" "They are here, on the floor. Will you be good enough to help me pick them up?" He does so without a word. Together we stoop and collect them; together we lay them on the table. Together for the last time! I bring paper and string, and proceed to pack them up, while he watches me in silence. "I fear this will not be such a neat parcel as yours," I say, speaking as steadily as I can, and bending over the table to hide my troubled face. "You know I'm never good at this sort of thing."

"I know," shortly. "I can't do it!" and a great tear splashes on the packet. "I'm very sorry, but—" "Don't bother about it," and he lays his hand on mine suddenly. "No need for such a fuss. Give them to me. They are." "What are you going to do with them?" as he takes them from my trembling hands. "Put them in the fire!" and he turns to do so. "No, no, no!" I cry, springing forward, and laying a detaining hand on his arm. "Oh, don't, Jack!" "Why not?" passing. You don't want them, and I'm sure I don't." "I—I do! Please give them back to me!" "What for?" "To keep. To remind me—" "Of my folly?" "Of my own. I—" "Your folly is over and done with! Our engagement is broken off," he says moodily. "Better forget it ever existed."

"I cannot do that," with an irrepressible little sob. "I am waiting for those letters." "Take them, then," and he throws them down on the table. "Keep them to compare with Horne's, if you like. I don't care!" "How can you insult me so? What right have you to thank me so mean, so heartless?" I cry indignantly. "And you cared for me once—or pretended to!" "I did care; I care now, though I know I'm only a fool for my pains?"—bitterly. "Heartless, do you say? How can I help thinking you heartless after your conduct last night?" "My conduct? And what of yours? If I danced with Frank, and—yes, flirted with him a little, you were flirting all the time with Celia and Mollie, and—oh, there wasn't a girl in the room that you didn't flirt with! You know there wasn't!" "Yes; and you should know that there is safety in numbers," he retorts, fixing his dark eyes on mine reproachfully. "But you, Maud, you flirted with Frank all the time; and with no one but Frank. A very different thing!" "And what was I to do when you deserted me? Sit still and look miserable? Thanks, no. Really, you are unreasonable." "You forget that I did not desert you, as you call it, till after you gave me to understand that I wasn't wanted. You told me to go, and I went."

"I haven't the smallest intention of betraying my feelings for your gratification," he says with some warmth. "You have treated me shamefully, but I see little use in discussing it now. I don't want to reproach you for jilting me; you've done it, and that's enough." "Jilted you! Oh, Jack!" "Call it what you please," and he turns away wearily. We won't quarrel about that. Celia was right, I see." "Celia?" "Yes; she said it would only make matters worse if I saw you. I didn't believe her, but—" "Celia tried to stop your coming?" "If you like to put it in that way, yes," with a look of surprise. "But I thought I ought to bring those letters myself, so I came."

"From a bitter sense of duty; I understand." "Not altogether that." He hesitates a moment and then adds quickly: "I may as well tell you all since I am here. I thought—that is, I hoped—there might have been some misunderstanding, and you have said more than you really meant. It all seems so sudden to me, you know, for I had not grown tired of our engagement, whatever you may have done. But since you evidently wish to quarrel with me I won't stand in your way. You might have trusted me, though, as you have trusted Celia!" "Celia again! I begin to hate the sound of her name!" "Celia seems to have been unwarrantably busy with my affairs," I say coldly. "I don't know, of course, what she may or may not have told you; but this I do know, that I have never trusted her, and that I trust her less than ever now."

"You are ungrateful, surely. She tried to spare you this interview." "Had it not been for her it would never have been necessary. But go to her, since you'd rather take her word than mine," passionately. "Go to her, and tell her that she has succeeded, thanks to my folly and yours—" "I break off, unable to speak for the rising sobs that choke my utterance, and turn away abruptly to the window." "Succeeded? Celia?" he repeats more to himself than to me. "Maud, what is the meaning of all this? Is it possible that Celia misunderstood—" "She misunderstood nothing." I speak in a dull, expressionless way, and without turning round. "She is far too clever for that. It is you who misunderstood, and I."

"What have I misunderstood? Oh, if you won't tell me I must go to Celia and—" "Yes, go to her. What are you staying here for?" "Nothing now," and he walks to the door. In another instant he will be gone. "Can I let him go like this? No, a thousand times, no." "Wait, and I turn impulsively; "you—you have forgotten something." "Have I? And what?" "Your ring. I have no right to it now, as you say." "I never said so, but—" he checks himself. "Give it to me, then." "Come and take it." "I cannot, I will not take it off. I try in a feeble, purposeless sort of way, conscious that his eyes are upon me all the time. Then I desist and look at him, laughing nervously. "I can't do it, Jack, if you want it you must take it off yourself," and I hold out my hand. He takes it in silence, but he makes no effort to remove the ring. Instead of that he looks at me for a moment and shakes his head. "No, dear, I don't want it. If it is to come off at all you must take it."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

There is an electric doorstep. Paper belting has been invented. Only about 6000 stars are visible to the naked eye. There are 23,000 species of fishes, one-tenth of which inhabit fresh water. Scientists are of the opinion that some icebergs last for two hundred years. It is pointed out that one-legged men usually grow fat possibly from lack of exercise. In the parrot's beak both mandibles are movable—a peculiarity unknown in other species of birds. A section of a California tree sent to the British Museum, London, is 1330 years old, according to its rings. Plenty of water is reported to supply a good level for the proposed canal between Lake Superior and the Mississippi. An eminent anatomist says that more of the ill health of women is due to their habit of cramping their feet than is realized. There are 187 pounds of salt in a ton of water from the Dead Sea. In the Atlantic the amount is eighty-one pounds to every ton. At one year old the infant alligator is twelve inches long. He is fifteen before he doubles that length and he does not attain his maximum development until the age of fifty. The little snow bird of the Sierra is no bigger than a wren, but he is as strong as the stormy petrel, and flits about in infinite glee when the wind is blowing fifty miles an hour. A medical man has found out that dismal weather has a bad effect upon the reasoning powers as well as upon the spirits. He says his deductions made on cloudy days often prove to be faulty. To make animals unconscious before slaughtering is considered humane in Bern, Switzerland. A test was recently made there by legal enactment, and it took six quarts of alcohol to render an ox unfeelingly drunk. United States Consul General Mason at Frankfurt, Germany, in a report to the State Department, suggests that our fruit preservers try the new fruit syrup made from beet sugar and chemically identical with natural fruit sugar.

There were many expressions of wonder by persons who chanced to be out in a rainstorm at Pocatello, Idaho. The rain had a peculiar whiteness and left white spots on the clothing, like mud. They were examined and found to be the residuum of salt water. One secret of the willow's marvelous tenacity of life is to be found, perhaps, in the fact that it sends its roots a long way in search of moisture. It was discovered, after an important aqueduct had caved in, that its walls were cracked and filled for many feet with roots. These roots, it was discovered, came from willows at least thirty feet distant. Mr. Bruce, of the Dundee Antarctic whaling fleet, describes the whole of the district south of sixty-two degrees south latitude as strewn with icebergs, which become very numerous south of sixty-two degrees. The base of the bergs was colored pale brown by marine organisms and other brown streaks were seen beyond the water level. No luminous glow was observed. Clothed in mist they rose their mighty snow-clad shoulders to a stately height, or shine fourth brilliantly in the sun. Although they are of the purest white yet they glow with color. The crevices exhibit rich cobaltic blue and everywhere are splashes of emerald green.

Some Domestic Details in China. Cleanliness is not strictly observed in cooking or about the house by the ordinary natives. The cat is too frequently promenade on top of the oven when the meals are being cooked, helping itself to fish, meats or rice out of the bowls that are afterward served to the traveler. The tables are seldom washed off. A delicate hand-broom made of a few straws is used for brushing off the dust and dirt before meal-time. The women wash their clothing at pools of water from which afterward water is drawn for cooking purposes. Were it not for the Chinese fashion of boiling all water before using it, disease would probably long ago have swept the empire out of existence. Soap for washing the face is unknown. Hot water is rubbed on with a wet rag and left to dry, as they use no towels. All the domestic animals share equal rights in the house. Pigs and dogs are in one's way at nearly every turn. Sometimes under the cot of the Chinaman is thrown a little straw where the pigs, dogs, pups, ducks, chickens and cats rest as peacefully side by side, as opposing instincts may.—Outing.

The Oldest Grapevine. The "oldest grapevine in the country," was indeed interesting, writes a correspondent from Santa Barbara, Cal. One growing near this, which was known to be more than eighty years old, died finally of good old age, and was purchased and transported in its entirety to the Chicago Fair last summer. This one is forty-seven to fifty years of age, and hale and hearty yet. At the base it is fifty-two inches in circumference. It grows straight up for about three feet, then divides into six branches, and at this point is five feet in circumference. At a height of perhaps seven feet it spreads itself in all directions over an immense arbor covering a space by actual measurement of seventy-five by sixty-six feet. It bears in one season 6500 pounds of the purple mission grape, of which no use is made except as it is eaten and given away by its owner to any one who will take it.—Troy Times.

Picking Flowers in the Dark.

One of the biggest florist concerns in the country has its green houses in Jersey City. They are surrounded by a thickly crowded population, and yet even in the midst of winter, when flowers are worth almost their weight in gold, the doors are never locked at night. "I should think you would find your plants denuded the first morning you failed to lock up," I said to the head of the firm. He laughed. "Have you ever tried to pick flowers in the dark?" he inquired. "If you did you would know why we run no risks. "It is a very queer thing, but you can go into a green house at night, even with a candle or lantern, such as a thief would have to use, and although the whole place is crowded with blossoms you cannot pick enough in three hours to fill a gill measure. I do not know why it is, but it is a fact, and one easily susceptible of proof, if you are inclined to be a doubting Thomas. Only," he added, "I would not advise you to choose a rose house for the experiment."—New York Mail and Express.

Britain's Big Army.

The physique of the British army may not perhaps be all that it ought to be, but so far as numbers are concerned our military forces are in a very satisfactory condition. In case of need we could put into the field for service at home a force of 332,000 men, exclusive of the militia reserve. We have 94,000 militia, 10,000 yeomanry, and nearly 228,000 volunteers. The regular army numbers close upon 220,000 of all ranks, and these could, on an emergency, be supplemented by 80,000 reserve men and 30,000 militia reservists, making in all a total of 330,000 men for service abroad. We have thus a grand total of 663,000 men available for service at home and abroad. At no time were there so large a force of enrolled men ready to be called upon for service should occasion arise.—London Court Journal.

Oldest Coal Mine in America.

When we consider the fact that the whole Eastern range of mountains, those natural barriers that were first encountered by the European explorers in America, are regularly stratified with several seams of coal, both anthracite and bituminous, we cannot help expressing surprise when the historian informs us that the first American coal mine was discovered in what is now the State of Illinois. In Hennepin's account of his explorations in the West in the years 1673-74, he tells of an outcrop of coal on the Illinois River, not far from Ottawa. "The shelly fragments of which burned with a bright light, and gave forth much heat." Henedon says that this is the first historical mention of coal being found in what is now the United States.—St. Louis Republic.

A Little Town's Two Celebrities.

The little town of Morrisville, in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, opposite Trenton, is notable as having been for a time the home of Robert Morris, and afterward of Jean Victor Moreau, the French General who died in arms against Napoleon. Moreau, while serving under Napoleon, was supposed by some to be the conqueror's superior as a strategist, and when Napoleon caused Moreau's arrest and banishment on a charge of treason, the act was set down to jealousy. Moreau came to the United States and long lived happily with his wife at Morrisville, in the house of Robert Morris. The Czar sent him, however, in 1813, to aid the allies in crushing Napoleon, and Moreau, full of hatred for his former chief, went to be virtual commander, though without military rank of title, at the battle of Dresden. Here, however, he received a fatal wound. The house he occupied at Morrisville has been burned down, but the brick coach-house attached to the property was long used by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company as a workshop.—New York Ledger.

Why the Prince of Wales Laughed.

The Prince of Wales is a very hearty laugh. On one occasion his Royal Highness laughed very heartily at a Hindu schoolboy. The youngsters had been drilled into the propriety of saying "your Royal Highness," should the Prince speak to any of them; and when the heir-apparent accosted a bright-eyed lad, and pointing to a prismatic compass, asked, "What is this?" the youngster, all in a flutter, replied: "Please, it's a royal compass, your prismatic Highness," on which came peal after peal of royal laughter without any control.—Tit-Bits.

When Travelling.

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectively on the kidneys and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50-cent and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. In 1850 "Brown's Bronchial Troches" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Bronchitis has been unparalleled. M. L. Thompson & Co., Druggists, Condensport, Pa., say Hall's Catarrh Cure is the best and only sure cure for catarrh they ever sold. Druggists sell it, too. Dr. Hoxie's Certain Croup Cure For the baby and for the adult. It cures croup and whooping cough, also asthma. 50 cts. A. P. Hoxie, Buffalo, N. Y., M'F'F. Cure your cough with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute. Shiloh's Cure Is sold on a guarantee. It cures Inflammation of the Lungs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, etc. \$1.00. If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

Don't Blame the Cook

If a baking powder is not uniform in strength, so that the same quantity will always do the same work, no one can know how to use it, and uniformly good, light food cannot be produced with it. All baking powders except Royal, because improperly compounded and made from inferior materials, lose their strength quickly when the can is opened for use. At subsequent bakings there will be noticed a falling off in strength. The food is heavy, and the flour, eggs and butter wasted. It is always the case that the consumer suffers in pocket, if not in health, by accepting any substitute for the Royal Baking Powder. The Royal is the embodiment of all the excellence that is possible to attain in an absolutely pure powder. It is always strictly reliable. It is not only more economical because of its greater strength, but will retain its full leavening power, which no other powder will, until used, and make more wholesome food.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

(Vegetable) What They Are For

Billiousness indigestion sallow skin dyspepsia bad taste in the mouth pimples sick headache foul breath torpid liver bilious headache loss of appetite depression of spirits when these conditions are caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them. One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world; and it can all be prevented. Go by the book. Write to B. F. Allen Company, 365 Canal street, New York, for the little book on CONSTIPATION (its causes consequences and correction); sent free. If you are not within reach of a druggist, the pills will be sent by mail, 25 cents.