

LATE LOVE.

"Tis late, dear heart, 'tis late;
Eastward the sky is dark;
The way, it leadeth straight—
Straight down to death's low gate,
Where Love's sweet ardor dies,
For us the morning lark
With song no more will rise
To tender, rose-gray skies:
For us no summer noon
In golden calm will wait,
For us full soon, full soon
The waning, spectral moon.
Oh, sad, oh, desolate,
To love so late, so late!

Sweetheart, it is not late;
Morn, noon and night are one;
Love, do like, doth create
And hold immortal state.
Love knows no time nor space
Nor rise nor set of sun.
Love runs no halting race,
Nor backward turns his face
To count the years gone by.
Of days he keeps no date,
From death he does not fly,
His ardors never die.

Oh, Love, our lord, our fate,
He knows not soon nor late.
—Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

A BOX OF PANSIES.

BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

THE door of Mr. William Gordon's office swung slowly open, and a tawny head of unkempt hair was thrust in to the aperture.

"Yes," said the other, "come at two, and then steeple clock's jest struck twit, sir," a boy's shrill voice announced.

"Very well, Tod; I have two errands for you to do this afternoon. This first, handing him a box from those dainty wrappings came the delicate fragrance of pansies, "to Miss Lillian Grenville, who is stopping with her aunt at the old Grenville place."

"Yes, sir. Never send Miss Lillian, but I know old Lady Grenville like a book. She'll never have me 'n one tussle under her apple trees. She's so sly, an' never gives a feller any warnin' when she's a-comin'." Yes, sir, Miss Lillian gets her box.

"And this note," continued Mr. Gordon, handing the boy a folded piece of paper which he had not considered of sufficient importance to require an envelope, or even an address, "to Miss Simpkins. You have been there before?"

"Yes, sir, twice when her rent was due."

"If you do the errands promptly I'll give you an extra nickel."

"All right, sir. I'll be back in a jiffy."

He disappeared through the door, and intent on doing his errands correctly repeated the message over and over as he went along.

"Box for lady at Grenville; note for old maid Simpkins."

Parrot-like he continued repeating this sentence, and at some time during his passage from Mr. Gordon's office to the Grenville place a transposition in the words occurred. When he entered the gate at the Grenville place he was saying:

"Box for old maid Simpkins; note for lady at Grenville's."

It is probable that the change occurred when he came in sight of the apple trees loaded with forbidden fruit, and remembered that he must soon meet their outraged owner. It was Mrs. Grenville herself who came to the door, and when Tod saw her he was in great haste to be delivered of his errand before her mind could revert to unpleasant remembrances connected with her apple trees.

"Mr. Gordon sent this," Miss Lillian Grenville, he said hurriedly, thrusting the note into her hand, and disappearing through the gate before she could reply.

Mrs. Grenville's heart was set on marrying her pretty niece to the wealthy and highly respectable Mr. Gordon, and so anxious was she to deliver his note into Lillian's hands that she scarcely recognized the object of her special dislike in the little messenger.

Miss Lillian unfolded the note in the privacy of her own room, and her brown eyes opened to their widest extent in amazement as she read.

"Can give you no more sewing, and must insist on cash. It is more than two months since you have paid any rent money. Send \$10 by boy or prepare to vacate my house."

"W. Gordon."

"It is quite evident that this was not intended for me," said the girl in perplexity, turning the paper over in hopes of discovering to whom it was written, but there was neither name nor address.

"It is an unkind note, to say the least, it matters not to whom it was written," Lillian mused, while a flush of resentment crept into her cheeks. "It is probably some poor woman who can't pay her rent, and consequently he is going to turn her out of doors. Aunt says he is a model man because he gives largely for charitable purposes, and here is a poor woman whose rent would not amount to the sum he subscribed for the new church—no, not in a whole year; not in two years; but then his name was published heading a list of generous donors, and everybody knew of it. Harry hasn't any money to give to the building of fine churches, but I don't think he would turn a poor woman out of doors for not paying a debt of \$10. If I knew for whom this note was intended I would deliver it in person."

The more Lillian Grenville thought of it the more she considered the mistake as providential. Lynhurst was a small town, and Mr. Gordon was one of its very few wealthy men. He was a pleasant conversationalist, rather good-looking, and forty. Lillian's

aunt paraded his desirable attributes before her niece at every opportunity, enlarging upon his position in society, his reputed wealth, his morality and Christianity, until the girl had begun to feel that fate really intended her to become his wife. She arrived at this conclusion with a heaviness of heart not at all complimentary to "the most desirable bachelor in town."

Aunt Grenville considered Lillian a most fortunate girl to have attracted the attention of this worthy man—this prize in the matrimonial market of Lynhurst. That Lillian had become the recipient of his affections was quite evident, for though as yet he had not declared his intentions, his devotion to her was too noticeable to admit of any other conclusion. At the same time there was Harry Holcomb—honest, industrious Harry, with only his kind, loving heart and true manly worth to recommend him. In the place of wealth were his two brown, willing hands, and somehow Lillian—but girls are seldom practical in such matters, you know.

"Aunt, can you tell me who delivered the note you just handed me?" asked Lillian, coming out to the porch, where Mrs. Grenville was rocking back and forth in a stout wooden rocker.

"It was the Bissel boy. Mr. Gordon employs him to do his errands. He had another bundle to deliver. I remember of seeing one under his arm. There he comes now, up the river road."

Lillian plucked a spray of jasmine that lay over the porch steps and loins and walked down to the gate, reaching it just as Tod Bissel was about to pass. He was whistling a shrill tune and keeping his eyes resolutely turned away from the apple trees.

"I reckon that she is going to send Mr. Gordon an answer," mused Aunt Grenville. "I'm not given to match-making. It ain't my forte; but if I can make this one I shall feel satisfied all the rest of my life. The energy with which she propelled the clumsy rocker back and forth set a loose board in the porch floor to creaking dismally."

"Are you the boy who brought me a note from Mr. Gordon half an hour ago?" asked Lillian, with a smile that won the boy's heart in an instant.

"If you're Miss Lillian Grenville, then I'm the boy," he answered, looking up at her through the tattered rim of his hat.

"Are you fond of apples?" She handed him a red-checked beauty from the tree, and though Tod's conscience reproved him for accepting it, the temptation was too much to resist.

"Thank you, mum," he said, driving his strong young teeth to its very core.

"Do you deliver messages for Mr. Gordon often?" she asked, busying herself with a refractory vine that was clambering where it should not.

"Yes'm. He gives me ten cents a time. I had to-day—your'n and one for Miss Simpkins. She lives in a house of hisn."

Miss Lillian nodded and dismissed the boy with another smile, which he remembered much longer than the juicy flavor of the apple.

Going back to the house Miss Lillian prepared for a walk.

"Going out?" asked her aunt from the swaying rocker, and Lillian appeared with hat, gloves and parasol.

"Only to see Miss Simpkins. You know she made my wrapper this spring?"

Aunt Grenville nodded pleasantly. It was quite evident that Lillian was planning more sewing, and it would be well to engage her seamstress in advance. Nothing like being prepared for emergencies and the happy woman leaned back, closed her eyes and gave herself up to day dreams.

"Poor, lonely little woman," mused Lillian, as she walked along toward the bit of a house where Miss Simpkins, the village seamstress lived. "She gets a very little sewing to do, and the house is hardly fit for anyone to live in."

Again her eyes flashed with resentment as she thought of the rich man's note to this over-burdened woman.

Miss Simpkins met Lillian at the door of her cottage, and Lillian noticed that the faded face, with its many lines of anxiety, was flushed and rosy with a great happiness, the joy of which shone through her eyes.

"She is really quite pretty," thought Lillian, admiring the flushed face before her.

"Come right in, Miss Grenville. I have such good news to tell you." The woman's toil-hardened hands clasped the girl's soft palm and drew her gently into the room.

"Only to think," began Miss Simpkins, eagerly, when they were seated. "I've lived here twelve years alone, and in all that time not a single unusually pleasant event has happened to me, but I've had enough sad ones, dear only knows. This little place was mine when Andrew went away, but I had to mortgage it to get money for my doctor bill after I had the fever, and then Mr. Gordon had to take it for the mortgage, but he's been very kind to me. I'll say that much for him. I never would have suspected, though, that he had any real consideration for my lonely lot, but he did such a nice thing for me to-day, and me owing him two months' rent, too. I'll tell you about it, but first I want to tell you about Andrew. Isn't it strange how all the bright places of twelve years have been crowded into twenty-four hours? Andrew was my lover of long ago, but we were poor and he went West to seek his fortune. After he went to the mines he stopped writing to me. Got discouraged with his luck and let everything he ever cared for go to the dogs, he says. Well, I just waited, and hoped and prayed all those years and tried to be patient, but it was very hard sometimes. Yesterday I

received a letter from Andrew. He's made a fortune at last and is coming home—he is on his way now, and then we are to be married, and—oh, I am so very happy."

The beautiful girl leaned forward and kissed the woman's face, trembling with happiness.

"You can't think how glad I am for you," Lillian said, sincerely.

"But that isn't all. It was enough to make me forget that I had ever been tired or discouraged in all those twelve years, but everybody seemed all at once to remember that I am human and that a bit of kindness would not come amiss here, only the kindness I have received is so out of one's wildest expectations that I can't seem to understand it. After I'd gotten over the first excitement of Andrew's letter I remembered that I owed ten dollars, and I confess it was a little blot on my happiness, for I did so want to go to him free from debt, but I've sold my furniture off, piece by piece until there isn't ten dollars worth left, and I thought that Mr. Gordon might let me do some sewing for him. Then I remembered that I had just finished all the shirts he would need for some time, and men require so little sewing anyhow. I was about discouraged when last evening who should come in but Harry Holcomb. I've known and admired him all his life. I used to take care of him when he was a baby, and he's given me many a friendly word in passing, which is more than people generally think necessary. I suppose they think I don't care for companionship. Harry came to ask if I would like to sell him father's old desk. He wanted it the worst kind, and offered me ten dollars for the old thing. I couldn't have gotten two dollars for it anywhere, and what he wants it for is more than I can tell. I told him it wasn't worth more than two dollars, but he said that much as he wanted it, and disappointed as he would be if I would not sell it he would have to give it up if I refused to accept ten dollars; so what could I do?"

There was a softer flush on Lillian's face, and her lashes drooped over her misty eyes as she replied:

"It would have been a pity not to let him have it when he wanted it so badly."

"So I thought, and the ten dollars was just what I needed to pay my debt. I was too happy to sleep last night. I who have lain awake so many nights weeping, and praying for God to make my burdens lighter, just laid them in the moonlight and thanked Him for the great happiness that had come to me."

Lillian gave the woman's hand a sympathetic squeeze, and after a moment's meditative silence Miss Simpkins continued:

"I was thinking I must go and pay my debt when Mr. Gordon's errand boy came with a box from him, and you can never guess what was in it. To think of him sending me flowers; but, of course, he knows how I love them, for I've tried so hard to grow them in my little yard."

"Indeed it was very kind of him," said Lillian, as Miss Simpkins arose to bring her treasures.

"And of all flowers to send me pansies," she said, lifting the lid of the box with careful touch and displaying a mat of rarely beautiful pansies. Lillian thought them the most beautiful she had ever seen. She remembered that only the evening before she had remarked to Mr. Gordon that pansies were her favorite flowers, and this was the result—this pleasure for the woman who had so few—Lillian meant she should keep it.

"When I saw the package I thought it was some more shirts to make for him, and I just gave the boy the money for my rent, done up in an envelope, and addressed to Mr. Gordon, and he was gone before I discovered what was in the box. I must go right down to his office and thank him for the pansies."

"I expect Mr. Gordon at Aunt Grenville's this evening. Suppose you come over to the house and thank him for the flowers. It will save you the long walk to his office," suggested Lillian.

"That will be ever so much pleasanter. I did think I would write, but that seemed so—so sort of ungrateful."

"Was your name and address on the box?" asked Lillian, wondering if it was customary for Mr. Gordon to trust unaddressed packages as well as notes to Tod's care.

"Yes, I suppose so. I did not look to see what the writing on the outside was, but, of course, it was my name. I was standing near the stove when I opened it, and I put the wrappings in the fire."

"I am fairly bewildered with the many pleasures that have come to me since yesterday morning," continued Miss Simpkins, following Lillian to the door. "Even you never called on me before except when I was doing sewing for you."

"I know, and I am ashamed of my thoughtlessness," confessed Lillian, sincerely. "I shall come often now, for I am going to assist you in some of the finer preparations for your wedding, and if I may I would like to be present."

"If you only will," replied the little woman, gratefully.

On her way home Lillian met Harry Holcomb near the river bridge, and something in her manner suggested to him that she would not be offended if he retraced his steps as far as her aunt's gate. During the walk he was emboldened to ask a question which had lain very near his heart for weeks, and her answer must have been gratifying, for his face fairly shone with happiness as he bade her good bye at her gate, but she did not let him go from her until she had satisfied her feminine curiosity on one subject.

"The old thing is of no use to me, but I knew she needed just \$10 to pay

her rent, and she is so proudly sensitive there was no other way to help her," he confessed, when she accused him of using the old desk as an excuse for a generous action.

Miss Simpkins never learned that the pansies had not been intended for her, but Tod Bissel took part in an unpleasant occurrence in Mr. Gordon's office the following day when that gentleman dismissed him from his service.—Detroit Free Press.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

The wheels of a watch travel 35581 miles a year.

The Hindoos have no word for friend, because they use the word brother instead.

Norway is more properly Norea, meaning "North Isle." It is called by the natives "the North Kingdom."

A number of London streets are more popular on one side than on the other, and the rates of rent differ proportionately.

Mound City, Mo., has a thirteen-year-old boy who weighs 242 pounds, and Casco, Me., a twelve-year-old girl who weighs 225 pounds.

All ancient music was in the minor key, without harmony or counterpoint, and entirely vocal and rhythmic, like our recitative.

Forty-eight pounds of pickerel caught while fishing through the ice in three hours is the record made by a Norway (Me.) fisherman a few days ago.

Many glass ornaments found in the Etruscan tombs contain small objects or images in the interior. How the ornaments were made is still a mystery.

Probably the most extraordinary journal in the world is published at Athens, Greece. It is written entirely in verse, even to the advertisements.

In 1858 an island in the Missouri River, near Leavenworth, Kans., contained 500 acres. Now it has spread until it comprises 1400 acres. A coal mine has been found on it.

The water rate of a large hotel in New York is equal to the rent of an ordinary house. Every bathroom adds to the rate. Even some of the smaller hotels have to pay \$1000 and over.

Dogs are now used in considerable numbers to prevent smuggling along the Russian boundary. They are kept chained by day, and are trained to pursue and bark at trespassers at night.

At Portsmouth, England, the Majestic, sister ship to the Magnificent, has just been launched. It holds the record for speed in construction, having taken five days less than a year to build.

The oldest chestnut tree in America is said to be growing in the town of Mansfield, Conn. The tree measures twenty-three feet and three inches in circumference at four feet from the ground.

A competitive jack rabbit hunt in Morrow County, Oregon, lasting two weeks, with twenty men only on each side, only resulted in 164 dead rabbits, or four each, an average of one in 34 days.

Two men in Mississippi had a fight in a room. One threw the other out of the window and, thinking that he had killed him, jumped himself. They fell a distance of thirty feet and neither was hurt.

It is said that when the United States Government moved to Washington, in the year 1800, the property was all carried in seven boxes, while the Chief Executive got lost in the woods in the neighborhood of Washington.

Curious Accident to a Lifeboat.

Before leaving Dover for Ramsgate last Friday afternoon the crew of a Ramsgate lifeboat, which had a fearful experience by the Goodwin Sands on the previous night, carefully overhauled their boat to ascertain what damage she had sustained. It was found that six or seven planks on her starboard bow had been stove in. It appears that when the boat had proceeded, in tow of a tug, about four miles from land she was lifted by an enormous wave and dropped on its crest, a distance of quite twelve feet, into the trough of the sea. The crew said they could only liken the sensation to the boat being dropped off a wall. Not one of them had ever experienced anything like it before. Seeing what was coming, the coxswain shouted out, "Hold on, all." The boat fell on her side and was swamped by the sea, and had a very narrow escape from capsizing. When she righted she was full of water, and it was found that water continued coming in through the bottom.—London Times.

Found Dead in a Mine.

T. B. Corey, General Superintendent of the Oregon Improvement Company's coal mines at New Castle and Franklin, has a collection of geological specimens in his office that are very interesting and instructive. The latest specimen is a petrified frog taken from the slope of the new mine at Newcastle 700 feet below the surface.

The frog is a piece of hard sandstone, and is six inches long and two and one-half inches wide. The head, the legs and the spinal cord are very plainly marked, while there are strips of wrinkled petrified black skin on the sides of the body. The lines of the head indicate that the frog was a very large one, the bones above the eyes being heavy and prominent.

How the frog got into the stone and how long ago he lived is a problem for geological students.—Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer.

Put It Out.
What a little spark can do is illustrated by the burning down of Chicago, and the modern apparatus for putting out great fires. The spark too enters the human family with devastating effects; hence we hear of so many deaths by accidents with fire among careless cooks and children. This is another field of operation—but a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil is the apparatus to put the fire out of the system. Used according to direction it will soothe, heal, cure and leave no ugly scar behind. The healing process gives new surface and kindly does its work.

Grasshoppers have put in an appearance already near Sandusky, Ohio.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

Cuban women are forming revolutionary aid clubs in New York.

\$100 Reward, \$100.
The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The Average Man
who suffers from headaches and biliousness needs a medicine to keep his stomach and liver in good working order. For such people Rivaux's Tablets fill the bill. One tablet gives relief.

Best of All
To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the Springtime comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family and costs only 30 cents; the large size \$1. Try it and be pleased. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, 25 cts., 50 cts., \$1.

HALE'S Honey of Horehound and Tar relieves whooping cough.

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-wat'er. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

Value of the Onion.
The value of the onion as an article of food is such as should reconcile the fastidious housewife to its equally decided qualities of taste and smell. A couple of onions plus a crust of bread is a day's ration for a Spanish laborer, and the hardy Scot with a raw onion or two and an oatcake finds life well worth living. In France a soup made from onions is universally in first after all violent exertions, and during the Franco-Prussian war was always on the bill of fare provided by the Commissariat after a battle or retreat.—New York Times.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Parotitis, Swelling of the Joints, Lumbago, Inflammation, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, FROSTBITES, CHILBLAINS, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, ASTHMA, DIFFICULT BREATHING.

CURES THE WORST PAIN IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement, send any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Sure Cure for Every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs—it was the first and is the only PAIN REMEDY.

That instantly stops the most excruciating pain, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

A salt to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Stiffness, Sore Headache, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Acute and all other Malarial, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PAIN-EXPELLER, as quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists. RADWAY & CO., New York.

The appearance of a woman delegate at a recent Wesleyan conference in England was the occasion of great consternation.

Mrs. Henry M. Stanley has a fad for collecting parasols and has gathered a great many of them for her cabinets.

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\$3 SHOE IS THE BEST.
F. J. CORDOVAN, BROCKTON, MASS.
\$4.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO
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thrive on Scott's Emulsion when all the rest of their food seems to go to waste. Thin Babies and Weak Children grow strong, plump and healthy by taking it.

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