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After a While. There is a strange, sweet solace in the thought that all the woes we suffer here below...

A Curious Disposition. Three ladies were seated in Agatha Foster's parlor; Miss Fortescue, large, dark and of uncertain age, who monopolized the most comfortable armchair...

Agatha could endure it no longer; this of all days, she was without patience, she rose quickly. "Dear me," she said, with an indignant quiver in her sweet contralto voice...

"Oh, certainly," faintly echoed Mrs. Becker, sliding from the sofa for the last time and preparing to follow. Agatha's impatience only increased.

"I thought you would never come, Nannie," was the swift, unnerved reply. "Why, what is the matter, my dear?" "I have just put Mrs. Fortescue and Mrs. Becker out of the room, and it has annoyed me."

Agatha came down to dinner with her face composed and her manner gracious as ever. Her inward defiance was not outwardly manifest. Of her family, George was a shade more dignified than usual, and Lewis appeared annoyed, while Nannie put on a regretful look and sighed occasionally.

until, after some moments, her cousin cleared her throat and tranquilly inquired: "Well, dear, are you satisfied that you will be happy?" "Then the girl rose and threw herself upon the sofa. "Oh, Nannie, I don't know; I can't tell."

Miss Nannie leaned back in the chair and meditated, bringing Peters up for mental review. Poor little whifflet! To be sure he had money, some social standing and a fair education. They had known him a long, long time, and even felt for him a sort of distant relative affection.

"I can't help it if I don't," he answered, half impatiently. "You know how proud we are of you, Gath, and we can't be expected to think any man good enough." She smiled. He went on recklessly: "I don't believe you knew what you were doing. You don't love Peters, you only pity him, just as you used to pity the senator and all the rest."

"I am going at once to tell him, before George comes," said Nannie, rising. "Yes, do," sighed Agatha. And when her cousin had gone out across the corridor, and her tap had been welcomed by a careless "Come in!" the young girl stole after and listened at the crack of her brother's door.

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"I was of age three years ago," she said, regarding him with serene dignity. "Yes, yes, of course. But there is such a thing as advice. Mr. Peters is our good friend, but is he a suitable husband for you?" "What is there against him?" she asked, unflexibly. She was not blind to her lover's bodily imperfections. She had lain awake all night mentally endeavoring to straighten his crooked limbs and control his rascally orb.

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provoking. You are going to marry a man you don't love, because you pity him. For God's sake, why didn't you pity some one suitable?" She trembled with excitement and passion. "Lewis, if you have the least particle of love or respect for me, you will never speak so again. I do love Norman, and it will kill me if anything should break the engagement!"

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SCIENTIFIC NOTES. A French paper says: "It is a remarkable fact that there are no rats in the islands of the Pacific ocean. Repeated attempts have been made to acclimatize the rodents there, as the flesh is much esteemed by the natives as an article of food. But the attempts thus far have failed, as they invariably die of consumption."

Experiments upon over four hundred individuals of all classes, ages and occupations show how great is the diversity of opinion as to the size of objects seen through the microscope. The object used in the experiments was a common louse magnified to a theoretical size of 4.66 inches. The majority of observers underestimated this value; two estimates were only one inch; seven were over a foot, and one was at least five feet.

Dr. Denker, of St. Petersburg, treats diphtheria by first giving the patient a laxative, and when its operation has ceased he gives cold drinks acidulated with hydrochloric acid and a gargle of lime-water and hot milk in equal parts every two hours. His method has been very successful.

Careful cooking of even the longest used and best known kinds of food, whether animal or vegetable, is the important rule to insure health and strength from the table. No matter what the quality of the food to begin with may be, a bad cook will invariably incur heavy doctors' bills and a not less considerable "little account" at the druggist's.

Treatment of Frozen Persons. Medical men have always differed as to whether the best medical treatment of frozen persons was by a gradual or a rapid application of heat. To settle the matter, says Knowledge, "Laptchinski has made a series of very careful experiments upon dogs, with the following results: Of twenty animals treated by the method of gradual resuscitation in a cold room, fourteen perished; of twenty placed at once in a warm apartment, eight died; while of twenty immediately put into a hot bath, all recovered."

Paris scientists have succeeded in inoculating a mule with smallpox. It is a wonder the mule didn't kick against it.

In the Mining Town. "The last time, darling," he gently said, as he kissed her lips, like cherries red, while a fond look shone in his eyes of brown. "My own is the prettiest girl in town; to-morrow the bell from the tower will ring a joyful peal. Was there ever a king so truly blent on his royal throne, as I shall be, when I claim my own?"

Lo! the morning came; but the marriage bell, High up in the tower, rang a mourning knell For the true heart buried 'neath earth and stone. Far down in the heart of the mine—alone, A sorrow-peal on her wedding day, As they lowered him into the depths below, Her sweet young face, with its tresses brown, Was the fairest face in the mining town.

Then a woman sprang from among the crowd, With her long white hair, and her slight form bowed; She silently knelt by the form of clay, And kissed the lips that were cold and gray. Then the sad old face, with its snowy hair, On his youthful bosom lay pillowed there. He had found her at last—his waiting bride; And the people buried them side by side.

Humor of the Day. "Never smoke before ladies," We suppose one must let the ladies smoke first.—Lawrence American. Corn is said to be late in ripening, but when a fellow treads on your foot you will find your corn is ripe, and yell oh!

Where are the men of 76? shrieks an excited exchange. Oh, to Halifax with the men of seventy-six. Give us the women of twenty-three.—Hawkeye. Who has any right to sneer at the inventive genius of woman when one in New York has discovered a process by which cat skin can be made to look like seal?—Detroit Free Press.

Several of our exchanges are devoting considerable space to the importance of "cooking girls." It's no use. We don't want them cooked. The raw dame is good enough for us.—Hartford Times. Mrs. Partington honored us with a call this morning. She is looking well, and she says she is like the windows of a renovated house—all the old panes are out of her, and the pneumatics are things of the past.—Boston Star.