

A DAKOTA WHEAT FIELD. The liquid gold of the wheat field. A marvel of yellow and russet and green.

FOR ONE DAY. The houses in the terrace were of gray stucco, with bow windows and flights of steps out of all proportion to their size.

The main road ran along the bottom, and the remaining two sides were bounded by stretches of blank wall, above which a few sickly plane trees were fluttering their leaves in the August air.

Eleanor Lloyd, from her window in the roof, could see not only the wall and the plane trees, but, by dint of craning her neck, the High Street itself, with its ceaseless stream of trams and omnibuses.

Even the children tackled the meal languidly, and after a few minutes their father sat down his cup, took up his letter, and broke the seal. A long, closely written sheet of paper unrolled itself beneath his hand.

Mrs. Lloyd brushed her husband's coat and hat the next morning even more carefully than usual, with a view to his visit to the lawyer.

The burden of those long years was not to be shaken off in an hour. She had stiffened, perhaps, into a habit of sorrow and poverty; it is certain that she labored faithfully throughout the day at her sordid cares, scarcely able to realize the strange fortune which had befallen them.

"Did you go to that lawyer, father?" A nice fellow he must be, I should say! cried Eddy, who was a privileged friend.

Meantime, in the parlor the mother comforted her children. It was Eleanor who had believed in Edoardo, and yet who had cried, "I knew it!"

Every one knows of the noble and tragic death of Hetty Ogle, the heroic telegrapher of Johnstown, but few have watched the consistent and well-ordered course of her life.

Hetty Ogle was born in the beautiful mountain village of Somerset, Pennsylvania, and there she grew to be a cheerful, hopeful, happy, pleasant-faced young woman.

Her father was for many years Recorder of the courts there. He died a poor man. There were few educational advantages in Somerset, and though Hetty had a strong, well-balanced mind it had little school training.

She was a member of the Christian Church. Her religion was certainly most practical. She embodied the golden rule.



PICTURE OF AN EASTERN POTENATE.

He is a stout and active man of about fifty-four. His coarse features are very prominent, his little nose upturned, and his face clean shaven.

Every person of high rank is announced in a loud voice by the usher. When a great man's name is called out he salutes the prince, who returns the compliment and bids him be seated.

The New York Telegram reports that "nearly all the common marbles which drag down the necks of our boys are made in Oberstein, Germany. They are made from the refuse of the agate and stone quarries in that neighborhood."

Short Bits of Gossip and Latest Notes of Fashion.

Foulard is a favorite for street and carriage costume. A particularly striking costume is of Van Dyke red foulard, with large, white bouquets, skirts and waist adorned with deep points of red velvet.

The large hat is the great favorite, and it seeks to make the most of its present supremacy, parading its charms out of doors at all hours, even when the rays of the sun have given place to the pale light of the moon.

For morning promenade a simple little costume of flannel or serge is always in place. The light weight flannels in pretty designs, and bright color, make very becoming costumes.

Plain women—let us not say ugly, for no woman is ugly who has one good feature—do themselves really attractive by wise care of the hair and complexion, and by a neat taste in dress.

Negligees of India silk and lace are very dressy and light, weighing but a few ounces, bright colored, light and delicate, and the lace is used in the make-up of these negligees.

A Paris dressmaker makes this naive disclosure of the plan on which goods are disposed of to American shoppers in the gay capital.

One reason given by a fashion journal for the great number and variety of toques worn this season is that they are a sort of compromise between a bonnet and a hat.

The proverbial liberality of New Yorkers, says the Sox, has just been illustrated in the Madison Avenue market. On Sunday of last week Rev. Dr. Kittredge notified his hearers that he desired to clear off the debt of \$20,000, and the whole of this sum was subscribed at once, or before the close of the day.

WHAT HAVE YE THAT WAKE?

What thing have ye that wake for us the dream? What hour that is more far than hours the second? What pleasure that shall vanish not in pain? What bliss to come that shall not pass again?

What things have ye that wake for us the dream? Long rest laid heavily on seining eyes, That weary of the sunset and sunrise.

What things have ye that wake for us the dream? Long life and little laughter. Ye that deem The crown of life sad wisdom and despair.

Little Boy (looking up from the paper)—"Papa, George Francis Train eats nothing but fruit." "Papa"—"Indeed! Well, well, what would you have thought if? My son, avoid fruit!"

Henry—"So you asked old Groveto for his daughter last night, did you? Fred?—And how did you come out? Fred?—It was out of a window, I believe, Henry. That was the best you could do, though." (New York Sun)

Drug clerks ought to have good salaries. The man who hurls his conscience 1,000 times a day by saying "We do not keep it; but we have it in preparation put up by ourselves. This is better," should be well paid. (New Orleans Picayune)

It is said that Jay Gould was a witty young man. But, of course, so was a financier could not long be as short as the brevity of wit requires, or fail to discover that there is not much serious gain to be made out of laughing stocks. (Baltimore American)

Lady caller—"I'm very sorry to hear that your husband has failed, Mrs. Takeit easy. It must be—Yes, it is dreadful, but," brightening visibly, "my new bonnet came home just today before the crash." (Philadelphia Inquirer)

Roped in Jack Overstrook (who is unwillingly giving Miss Ocleop a swimming lesson)—"Now don't be afraid. Just trust yourself to me, and let me support you." Miss Ocleop—"It's rather an unfair advantage to take in the water; but—you may as well p-p-papa." (Puck)

Mrs. Menage (laying down morning paper in disgust)—"This catering to servants is going too far." Mr. M.—"What now?" Mrs. M.—"All the papers full of advertisements of Cook's excursions. It's ridiculous putting such ideas in their heads at a time when they can best be spared." (Life)

A secret work-knower—"Young man," said the long-haired passenger to the occupant of the seat ahead, "do you know that I've never spent a dollar for liquor in my whole life?" "Really?" responded the young man turning half way round with a look of great interest on his face. "How do you work it?" (Life)

Two very charming young ladies were chatting in a street car recently. "So you've been down to the camp?" asked one. "Yes; and it's perfectly splendid down there." "Did the soldiers take their arms with them?" "Of course they did. You don't suppose they would leave them at home do you?" "I shouldn't like to be there when they were shooting." "I hate shooting." "Why, silly, they don't shoot." "Don't they? What do they do with their arms, then?" "Why, they put 'em around you, of course; and it's ever so nice." (Life)

NEWS IN BRIEF.

Japanese screws are left-handed. —A amateur sculptor is a fashionable fad. —Pennsylvania established the first hospital in America in 1751.

A New York lawyer is said to have received \$400,000 for his opinion of the Eiffel Tower, in London, England, has been abandoned. —Two thousand two hundred trains leave London, England, ordinarily every twenty-four hours.

One million dollars of gold coin weighs 26 pounds avoirdupois; of silver coin, 68,029 pounds. —Of 305 weather forecasts issued in South Australia in 1890, 250 were verified and forty were partially verified.

A Paris dressmaker makes this naive disclosure of the plan on which goods are disposed of to American shoppers in the gay capital. —Ze Boston lady, oh! she is very easy; we sell her ze things that ze English ladies have bought here. Ze New York lady, we sell her ze thing that ze English lady have ze thing that, and we offer to ze lady from Lyons, from Marseilles, what will you? Or to some New York ladies we sell ze fanciful thing, ze dress for ze occasion, and ze call it ze street dress, figure that to yourself! But to ze Chicago lady we sell ze thing ze ze English lady will not look at, and which ze Boston lady regard with looks afloat, and at which ze New York lady scream. Ah, we know zem all!

Some of the Alaskan natives acquire very respectable fortunes in the fishing trade. A crop of wheat in Iowa has been known to pay down \$100 in hard cash for blankets and trinkets for one potato. —It is stated that among the records in the Tower of London, a document was found according to which a man was hanged in the time of Edward I. for no other crime than having been caught burning coal. —Canister shot will not be used in the French army in the future. The shells are filled with an explosive made of chrysinite and a substance kept secret, and every battery has seventy-five rounds of these shells. —A gun checker's crank is a new addition to the types of disease produced by the frequent use of a single group of muscles. It is a muscular incoordination similar to writers', telegraphers', milk-maids' and cigar-makers' cramps. —Tabasco sauce is made on an island in the Gulf of Mexico of herbs indigenous to the place of its manufacture. Its formula is a secret. It is shipped from said island in large quantities to New Orleans and Galveston, which are the principal distributing points for it in the world. —French scientists are puzzling over a spider which was discovered in a cavity in a stone. It is estimated that the stone which he inhabits is about 700 years old, notwithstanding, however, the spider is quite lively and very youthful in its antics. It is blind and has no mouth. —A vast quantity of gold has been discovered on the tiny Lord Howe Island, 300 miles from Port Macquarie, in Australia. It covers between six and seven acres, and is thus inferior only to the great veins of those in India. You must desire to improve your heart, and so become good. You must desire to improve your head, and so become well informed. But you must first be a good man. That is the first and great end of life. —The largest dynamite factory in this country is in New Jersey. The greatest danger of explosions is in the Spring, when the extreme changes of weather affect the stuff. Dynamite sells for twenty cents a pound. —Phoenicia was at the pinnacle of power between the years 2000 and 750 B. C., and, in fact, its people were the instructors and civilization of the whole western world.