

SOMEWHERE BETWEEN

Between the daybreak and the sun, Between what's done and undone, 'Tis what is lost and what is won, 'Tis what of life we see and gain...

—Bruce Whitney, in New York Sun.

AFTER FOUR YEARS.

UT surely they let some address? "Not as I know on." "How long have they been gone?" "I dunno, at all, I'm afraid."

The caretaker at 19 Westphalia Terrace leaned on the door which she had brought up to help her answer the door and looked at me with disfavor.

"Do you think the landlord knows?" "No answer. The caretaker in her frothy red shawl and liliput slippers, and remarked to the world in general that 'when doors were kept open there was a great deal of business'."

"I suppose so," she said, leaning back in her corner and smiling. "It wasn't my wife who got into the carriage to do it in. Where have you sprung from? Have you friends down here?"

"I have sprung," I said, beginning to recover myself, "from the main line down, and an subject to a penalty not exceeding \$5 for violating the electric communication, and stopping that train."

"Do you mean that you were in that train that went through just now?" said Clara, looking interested.

"Yes, Mr. Vane unfortunately died at one of our estates—19 Westphalia Terrace. Left no estate; had systematically overpaid his income. Sorry I can't give you any further information."

the window to the electric communication with the guard. I broke the glass, pulled out the handle. The train slackened, and, as it stopped, the guard put his head in at my carriage window.

"Why, you're all right," he said. "But if I didn't think you were dead when I heard that bell! It's a wonder it's connected. Just my luck, too, and you ten minutes behind already! What did you do for, eh?"

"I stopped the train because I'm going to get out," I said firmly. "Nothing wrong?" "No, but I'm going to get out."

"I jumped out of the carriage. Our hands touched. Great is the currency, and it was the next minute I was speeding back along the down-line toward Halstead Station. The line is laid on exceedingly rough gravel, and my running was not easy. Nor am I, at this time, a practical runner. My breath comes fast and with difficulty. My knees ached furiously, but I ran on. I could hear distinctly the rattle of the train in the tunnel behind me—the up-train. I was, I believed, running a race with the main line up the grade—Clara!

I stumbled in after her, and sank panting in the corner. She, seated at the far window, did not turn her eyes on me till the slow throbb of the train began to slacken.

"You may ask, though the guard did stop the train because I have been looking for you for four years, and I saw you on that platform. I would have stopped a tiger, or the march of civilization, on the same grounds."

"I have been looking for you for four years," I said, and a copy of the Financial News was in my hand, which I had not done for years.

"I don't know," she said, and walked down the platform. "I'm not in mourning for my darling mamma, thank God! It's General Peglar, of course?"



Tired, Weak, Nervous. Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Liver Troubles. All Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Gentlemen—I have been troubled with dyspepsia and biliousness or liver complaint for years, and have not used three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I can truthfully say that I am cured.

Ann Hutchinson was a colonist of the Massachusetts Bay Colony who, in 1639-37, claimed to be a prophetess. She was born in England in 1591, and with her husband came to Boston in 1634.

A KENTUCKY MIRACLE. JUDGE JOHN M. RICE TELLS HOW HE WAS CURED OF KIDNEY MATTERS. He was cured of his kidney troubles by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

When traveling. 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, liver and bowels.

Princely Pomp in Lushland. The correspondent of an Indian Journal describes the manner in which Lushland, the Lushan, moved his residence from a village on the bank of the river to a new one on the bank of the river.

The Traump's Trick. "In Broadway, the other day," said a stroller, "I saw two young men walking together and talking earnestly; one of them was smoking. The smoker was the more earnest of the two."

ST. JACOBS OIL IS THE KING-CURE OVER ALL. FOR SCIATICA IT HAS NO EQUAL, NO SUPERIOR, ALONE THE BEST.

CLOWNS OF THE CIRQUE. The Hambug of Hypnotism. The subject who came to me had been shining light in the profession, and I have reason to know that he was exceptionally gifted.

"You will hear people say," remarked Billy Burke, one of the funniest of the many funny men with the Barum and Billy show, "that the clowns of to-day are not as witty and as funny as they used to be. The old folks especially, when they go to the circus, feel disappointed because they do not see the old-time knockabouts, but really there is no comparison between the circus clowns of to-day and of a generation or two ago."

"Probably Grimaldi was the greatest clown of his day, but were he living now he would be utterly at a loss to the modern style of clown business. It does not do now for a clown to jump into the ring with a merry shout and a 'here we are again' and 'liquated condurum' and the ancient joke have passed out of the clown business entirely."

"A man who would be a first-class clown to-day must also be a first-class actor, a comedian, an acrobat, a juggler, a valet and a clown. Every night I have to fill all these requirements and appear in several parts during the performance."

Brave feat of a hardy woman. Mrs. Burgess, the wife of a member of the New-Foundland Assembly, has accomplished a feat second only to that of the intrepid Columbus.

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Electricity Exposes Fakel.

The house surgeon of a hospital on a Demerara (South America) sugar estate had good reason to believe that a large proportion of the patients that constantly filled his wards were malingerers.

The Indian coolies, who formed the bulk of the labor on the estate, lost no opportunity of shirking their work, and when they found that artfully simulated sickness would at any time secure them a temporary rest in a cool room in place of the ten hours' work in a hot case, they were not slow to avail themselves of the opportunity.

Squirrel and Rat. A young man living in the outskirts of Portland caught a squirrel the other day and started in to tame it, and he had such success that the squirrel is now as tame as a house cat.

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From away up in British North America comes the following greeting to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Chief Consulting Physician to the Leavelle Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y.

As we have just heard from the frigid North, we will now introduce a letter received from the Sunny South. It is from Mrs. J. J. Smith, of Oakfields, Cheshire, Co., Ala.

There are reasons for believing a person never feels smaller than when corrected by a revolver. An honorable man with limited ideas often sees through the reality of the most cunning jobber.

Warranted in every respect. BICYCLE CATALOGUE FREE. It is a better wheel made in the world than the LOVELL DIAMOND.

Especially for Farmers, Miners, E. R. Hauls and others. Double sole extending down to the heel. EXTRA WEARING QUALITY. Thousands of Rubber Boots wearers testify that this is the BEST they ever had.

IS YOUR FAMILY DEAR TO YOU? IS YOUR HEALTH AND LIFE DEAR TO YOU? THEN DON'T BE WITHOUT A CASE OF THE BEST AND CHEAPEST TABLE MINERAL WATER IN THE MARKET.

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