

## FROM LIFE TO LIFE.

From life to life, from height to height,  
Along a pathway infinite,  
From the dawn of the journey on,  
From out of shadow into dawn,  
From out of darkness into light.

A guiding star burns distant, bright,  
To lead our spirits through the night,  
Along the channeled gulfs that yawn  
From life to life.

To him who lives and loves a right  
A sweet glow glimmers into sight.  
When mist of lust and hate are gone,  
He sees, as past a veil withdrawn,  
A glimpse of glory gleaming white  
From life to life.

—Denver News.

## Held Prisoner.

BARBARA MARTIN sat in the honey-suckle arbor, knitting. It was only 9 o'clock in the morning. Since the Conqueror—as she called her—came, she had no resource left but to knit and wait for the missionary work, and even her charity-loving heart could not find the show of a needle for making poor-calls this morning.

Moreover, Barbara loved charity work, and hated knitting; and it was this same hate that had her clinging to it so assiduously. If she had lived in the Middle Ages, she would have provided herself with sack-cloth and a wren. It was June, and the odors of honeysuckle and roses were mingled with those of ripening strawberries and pungent garden herbs. Pollen dusted bees and iridescent butterflies flitted about in the sunshine, and among the tendrils of the grapevine above her head was the half-concealed nest of a wren. Nothing was afraid of Barbara. Even now one of the wrens was twittering not three feet away from her clicking needles.

But Barbara was in a disturbed frame of mind this morning, and not even conscious of her tiny friend's presence. She could hear the Conqueror bustling about in the kitchen—her kitchen now—rattling dishes, opening and shutting doors, and among the clatter of the teapot and the clatter of the spoon in a snatched of high pitched, breezy song. The Conqueror was a splendid housekeeper, but she was so energetic, and so strong-minded, and so capable, she did all her housework, looked after the poultry and flower garden, was president of the missionary society, and found plenty of time to visit and receive calls. Barbara admired her vastly, but she could never quite understand how one woman could accomplish so much. Every morning when she awoke, she felt that she was a prisoner, and she would have to wait until the Conqueror said that slow help was a bother.

And that is why Barbara's mornings were spent in the arbor, or out making poor-calls.

For twenty-three years she had been undisputed mistress, doing the work in her quiet, prim, lady-like way, never dreaming that the years would bring any great change. She had been housekeeper for her brother, and after his death she had passed his fortieth birthday, and she was forty-third, when the Conqueror came.

Barbara was not combative, but at the end of a month she had gone to her brother and asked for her share of the property so that she might go and live alone.

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"I am glad to see you, Percy," she said, cordially. "It has been a long time since you were here."

"Yes, a long time," and then Kate burst into the arbor and bore him off to the garden.

The next few days Barbara saw very little of him. Kate had him in charge most of the time, making poor-calls, wandering about the fields and garden, chatting of the delights of travel and missionary work. But on the fifth day Kate was obliged to go to her dressmaker, to try on an elaborate costume she was having made for the mission. Rev. Percy Thompson found his way across the lawn to the arbor where Barbara sat knitting. She greeted him quickly, and made room for him.

"I have not seen as much of you as I hoped," he began, gravely, as he sat down.

"There's been so much going on," she said.

"Yes, I have been trying to get a chance to speak with you alone, but this is my first opportunity. Do you remember our last conversation—before I left?"

She did not answer, but her needles began to click more rapidly.

"It was in this very arbor, you remember, twenty-five years ago. I asked you to go away with me, and you said that your father was growing old and needed you, and that it would not be right to leave him. Barbara, will you go back with me now? Your father is dead, and your brother is provided for. No one needs you here."

The knitting work fell to the ground unheeded, and a warm, rich color stole into her face.

"But I am getting to be an old woman now, and you are in the prime of life."

"Ah, indeed?" quizzically. "I am 45, and you are 43; just the same difference between us as there was twenty-five years ago. Will you go back with me?"

But still her conscience made her demur.

"Would not a younger woman make you happier?"

"I want you, Barbara," said the grave voice, growing earnest and tender. "I want you twenty-five years ago. I want you now. I shall always. Will you go back with me?"

"Yes."

At the supper table that evening the Rev. Percy Thompson looked across at his host.

"I tell you I have not yet told you, Richard, that Barbara is going back with me," he said, composedly.

"No? You don't mean it?" and Richard and Martin looked from one to the other in incredulous amazement. Then he rose hastily and, about each of them by the hand, "I don't suppose it will be of any use to object," he said, jocosely. "Barbara is of age, and knows her own mind. But, really, Percy, I congratulate you. She is a fine woman. She is fine enough to be quite an old woman."

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## CHASED BY A TORNADO.

Escaped Outrigger the Wind in a Wild Hurst of Speed.

The time was May 30, 1879, between 6 and 7 o'clock p. m. The place was Jackson County, Missouri, on the Missouri Central, between Lee's Summit and Greenwood.

It was a freeman and "Quiet Jack" was engineer, says a writer in the Kansas City Star. We called him "Quiet Jack" because he never spoke unless it was necessary in the line of duty. He was sober, careful and brave, and as resolute as one of the safest men on the road.

On this particular day he was running a special passenger train with a good engine and three passenger cars, all full. We had stopped at Lee's Summit five minutes before 6 o'clock. Some rain and hail were falling at the time, but it soon ceased. We were on a down grade and were pulling along at a rapid rate, under a light pressure of steam. We had passed Dr. Dunnington's house and the Elm Tree crossing, and saw Jack pull the sand lever. Then he opened the steam pipe, turning the steam into the smokestack, thus creating a fierce draught through the fire box. The fire began to glow like the sun at noonday, and the coal melted away like snow shoveled into a river. Jack then pulled the throttle wide open, and the engine sprang forward like a bound lost loose in sight of a deer.

"Conscience, man!" said I, "are we not going fast enough now?" Jack's only answer was a jerk of the head and a backward and another tug at the throttle.

I looked back, and there, not over twenty rods behind us, I saw what made my heart bound almost out of my body, and drew an exclamation of fear from my very throat.

A roaring, whirling tornado was following us, tearing up the tracks and whirling rails, ties and earth high in the air. And if it overtook us it would set us off the track in an instant, or, falling in front of us, would crush us to pieces, broken wreckage. The race was fairly on. The stake was 100 lives.

For the first seven seconds the roaring, whirling monster gained on us. I fancied I could hear the hoarse, cruel laugh of the demon of the storm, and see his huge arms and red hands as he tore up the rails and ties and buried them toward us.

How fast one thinks at such times! Each second seemed an hour to me. Then the race lasted fifteen seconds, and then Jack and me it seemed the half of a day.

I seized the shovel, tore open the fire-box door, and began piling in the coal, scattering it with a turn of the shovel over the surface of the fire, just fast enough to make the best fire and not smother it.

At each push or pull of the mighty arms that urged the drive wheels around we felt a new impulse given.

It seemed as if the engine was being urged on by some almighty power to give a greater rate of speed.

The first half of that quarter mile race was past. We could feel the breath of the monster as, not a rod behind the last car, it came roaring and tearing on. Five seconds more and it was two rods behind, and, oh, joy, it swerved and left the track.

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## EVERY-DAY TALKS WITH WOMEN.

MRS. PINKHAM says that irritability indicates disease. Women who are nervous and snappish are to be pitied. Their homes are uncomfortable; their dispositions grow constantly worse. Such women need the counsel and treatment of a woman who understands the peculiar troubles of her sex.

Mrs. ANNA E. HALL, of Mill-dale, Conn., has all run down in health and has completely lost control of her nerves. She wrote to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Now she writes:

"I wish to thank you for what you Vegetable Compound has done for me. It has helped me more than anything else. I suffered for a long time with nervousness, pains in back and limbs and falling of the womb; also had neuralgia in my head and could not sleep. I told my husband that something must be done, for I was nearly frantic with pain. Having read of the wonderful cures Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had performed, I determined to try it. I have taken it and am happy to say I am cured. I recommend it to all my friends, and never tire of telling the benefit I have derived from its use. I have you alone to thank for my recovery."

Mrs. ELLEN FLANAGAN, 1810 Mountain St., Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM.—Three years ago I was a sufferer from chronic dyspepsia, was irritable and cross, and can say that after taking seven bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was entirely cured. I take great pleasure in writing this to you and would be pleased to be interviewed by any one who is afflicted with that distressing complaint. I am very grateful to you."

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## RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Varying Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

N uplook is the best outlook. Growth makes glad Christians. The engine may be built in a day, but it takes years to perfect the engineer. God may deny you many things, but He will certainly give you the kingdom.

Divine discontent alone leads to perfect content. The place of prayer becomes the bosom of God. Pain and pleasure are vibrations of the same chord. He who falls before Him will be raised beside Him. The greatest motive forces are the ones that cannot be moved. To jump down a man's throat is a poor way to get to his heart. If our hands would touch humanity, our hearts must touch heaven. A man's power with men often depends on his persistency with God. There is much difference between a man of sorrows and a sorrowful man. A man is best known by what he does when he thinks nobody is looking at him.

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## RECENT INVENTIONS.

String is not needed to tie a new paper bag which is square in shape and has a place of the attached to one side, with a sharp prong designed to impale the other sides as they are folded, when the prong is bent flat to fasten the sides.

A combined tent frame and cot has been patented having cross pieces attached to the uprights at each end of the tent to carry side strips, to which canvas sheets are fastened to form the cot, the height being adjusted by sliding the crosspieces on the posts.

For melting snow and ice on sidewalks a Russian has patented a hand-propelled roller, which is formed of two cylinders, the inner one being perforated, with openings in the outer one to admit air to the fuel chamber, to heat the roller as it is drawn along.

A California woman has designed a new "tea ball" for infusing the water in the teapot, comprising a perforated globe with an open neck with floating around the neck to keep the ball on the surface of the water and prevent the leaves from mixing with the tea.

Typewriter operators will appreciate a new indicator for use on tabular work, consisting of a small finger attached to the base of the machine and extending upward to the paper, showing at a glance where the carriage must be set to write in the desired column.

To protect glass oil cans from breakage a Minnesota man has designed a case of wire netting fitting the cans closely, with coils of spring wire expanded into the netting to stand out at right angles to the side of the can and receive any sudden blow which would otherwise break the can.

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BUBBLES.

With their pipes, and with a pan  
Filled with soap-suds pure and strong,  
Little maid and little man  
Play with bubbles all day long.

No chapped hands will worry mother—  
No stained clothes; they play secure;  
Ivory Soap, unlike all 'thers,  
Cannot hurt, because 'tis pure.

In the housework, as in play,  
Tenderest skin or frailest lace  
Washed with Ivory day by day  
Is not harmed the slightest trace.

Half the housewife's care and troubles  
In the cleaning work befall;  
Common soap the mischief doubles—  
Ivory Soap prevents it all.

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