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A LAST HYMN.

Uncle Frank had come from his home in Illinois to make a visit for the first time in many years that none but his older children could remember when he was with us last. But it took only a short time for the little ones to become acquainted. All were charmed by his interesting stories, his kindly, genial manner, and hearty participation in their amusements.

When Sunday came we had shown off our fine-looking relative at church, with very evident delight, had listened to his very interesting remarks before the Sunday school, and then, after our early supper, had gathered around the organ in the parlor to try and entertain him in return, and, possibly, to exhibit our proficiency in music with very innocent pride.

We had all inherited good voices from our father, who had taken great pride and pleasure in our musical training, until, from Emma, the eldest, to "wee" baby, our organ, our lullaby 3-year-old, we could sing anything we ever heard.

To-night Uncle Frank presided at the organ, with Emma beside her, and Arthur and Will at either hand, while Mabel was nesting in Uncle Frank's arms—her favorite resting place.

She was a darling little pet with all the youngest of our large family, and peculiarly dear to her two lovely little ones had died just before her birth.

Uncle Frank was strongly attracted to her, for she was the only one of the beloved who he had not seen before, and of whom he never spoke save with tender reverence and fond dimmed eyes.

We sang one after another of our favorite hymns, "Rock of Ages," "White Throne Song," "Ninety and Nine," etc., until at last Uncle Frank played "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

We all joined in filling the room with the sweet music of the dear old hymn. "Till all my work shall be done," sang dear little Mabel in her clear, sweet voice, and with such earnestness in her holy face that Uncle Frank drew the dear child closer to his arms, and caressed the soft flushed cheek.

There was a pause after the last "Nearer, My God, to Thee," swelled out with our united voices, the twilight was creeping on, and a sweet, solemn hush followed, which was broken at last by Uncle Frank.

"That recalls one of the sweetest, saddest memories of my life," he said, "I remember, oh, tell a story, Uncle Frank," Mabel cried, climbing to her feet and laying her arm around his neck, her soft cheek against his.

It was about another Mabel—a little older than you are," he said, returning her caress. "Do please tell us about her," Len said, and we all drew nearer in eager expectation of another of his interesting stories.

"It was one summer night, a year or two ago," he said, drawing Mabel to her old place on his knee, "I was returning from Peoria on a train well filled with excursionists for Niagara Falls; we were heavily loaded, and a little behind time, so we were putting on all steam and dashing along through the darkness at a rapid rate.

"Near my window I noticed a man, who very mysteriously and suddenly, without my knowledge, had entered the car. He was looking directly in front of me—a fine-looking man of about 40, and a little girl of some 12 or 13 years, evidently his daughter. She was a slender, delicate-looking child, with a face that attracted me strongly; it seemed a reflection of heaven itself. It was so sweet and lovable in expression. In the mirror at the front of the car, just a little ahead of us, I could see them distinctly, and could not help watching with growing interest the lovely face of the child. She had removed her hat, and her hair, with its masses of soft, wavy, brown hair, lay against her father's arm, while her eyes of clearest, deepest hazel were raised at intervals to his face with a look of devoted love.

"The faces of both seemed familiar, yet I could not at first recall where I had seen them. At last it came to me—he was a physician from a neighboring city, who had attended your Aunt Mabel in a slight illness when she was visiting in his town a few years ago, and the little girl accompanied him on one of his visits. It had occasioned to call your aunt by her name, and the doctor, looking up with a smile, laid his hand affectionately on the head of his child, as if saying, 'This is my Mabel.'"

"I recalled hearing at the time that the mother of the little girl was dead, and so devoted were the doctor and his child to each other they were never separated except from absolute necessity.

"I observed that the renewed interest after recalling this and noticed all the tender solicitude for her comfort on the father, and the confiding devoted love of the child. As the hour grew late, and some of the party began to nod wearily, some one struck up a familiar hymn, and the father filled the car, and all brightened up under the influence of the music. Hymns after hymn were sung, until there was a pause after 'Sweet English Land,' and I leaned forward and asked: 'Will you sing 'Nearer, My God, to Thee?'"

"Oh, certainly, with pleasure," the little Mabel said, turning to me with one of her sweet, expressive smiles. "It is papa's favorite, and mine, also."

"One of the party started it, and clear above all the rest, a controlling element, rang out the most beautiful of all our old hymns. Never had it seemed so sweet, so comforting, before.

"I thought like a wanderer, Bright light glows, sang the clear voice as our train sped on through the darkness, only a slender rail between us and eternity.

"In a mirror I watched the child before me. Her eyes were raised, and her face wore the rapt expression of a musical enthusiast and a religious devotee.

"There let the way appear, Steps up to heaven, straight she sang, and her eyes seemed looking straight through the shining portals into the celestial city, and her face to catch a gleam from its radiance.

"Angels to beckon me, Nearer, My God, to Thee."

"An imagination I almost saw the angels beckoning the dear child, as I watched the glow of enthusiasm, the rapt expression of devotion in the sweet face before me.

"The doctor was watching her, also, and a shadow of pain passed suddenly across his countenance. With a quick movement he drew his child nearer, as if to move, to feel the presence of angels of celestial visitants, and would fain hold his darling back from their welcoming arms.

"On rushed the train; clearer and sweeter sounded the music.

"Or if on joyous wings, Leaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars forgot, Upward I fly."

"The glow deepened on the beautiful face, the eyes were filled with holy rapture, of intense devotion, and on the wings of her enthusiasm I, too, was borne upwards, where suddenly there was a terrible shock, a crash, the falling of heavy bodies, crashing into us and huring us down from a great height. The lights went out, and through the darkness and terror, the indescribable confusion, echoed cries for help, shrieks and groans and prayers."

"Oh, Mabel! His darling!" Uncle Frank said with deep emotion, clasping the dear form closer to his arms, "how can you understand that the other Mabel—the sweet little singer—was found under all that wreck, next day, clasped closely in the arms of her dear father? Death had come so suddenly that her face still wore the look of holy rapture—of sweet peace in her eyes. Surely the angels had beckoned her, and the dear Lord had answered her unassuming prayer and drawn her nearer to himself!"

Refining Oil. Toledo Commercial. Few people in Toledo know that Mr. Homer T. Yarnan, whose inventions of processes for distilling and evaporating waste oils would have revolutionized the oil industry, had died just before his birth.

Scenes in the Roman Senate.

Everybody has heard the statement that "Caesar's wife should be above suspicion," but everybody does not know under what circumstances this statement became a proverb, was first made. We are informed by Plutarch that when Caesar—the great Julius—was a young man, Publius Clodius, eminent both for his riches and eloquence, but in intention of his life and in his purpose, was the greatest and most prodigious of his day, and was in love with Pompeia, Caesar's wife, and it was generally whispered that she was not averse to that day that she was not averse to Clodius. But there was a strict watch kept by Pompeia, and she was not to be trifled with.

An interview was had between the two, and Clodius, however, was a bold spirit, and not to be thwarted by the vigilance of his wife's law. It came to pass after awhile that the time approached for the celebration of the festival of Bona, a Roman goddess. "Now it is not lawful for a man to be, nor so much as to be near," whilst the rites are celebrated, but the women by themselves performed the sacred offices. When the festival comes, the husband, with every male creature, quits the house. The wife then taking it under her care sets it in order and the principal ceremonies are performed during the night, the women playing together amongst themselves as they keep watch, and music of various kinds going on. As Pompeia was at this time celebrating this festival Clodius, who as yet had no beard, and so thought to pass unnoticed during the night, the women playing together amongst themselves as they keep watch, and music of various kinds going on.

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A Romance in Real Life.

One of the most celebrated will cases that have ever been tried in the United States was the one tried in San Francisco last week, and the decision of the Court awards the estate of Thomas H. Blythe, dead, valued at four millions of dollars, to his natural daughter by an English woman.

The contestants were Florence Blythe, Alice Edith Dickson, alleged widow of Blythe; the Williams heirs of Liverpool; the Blythe Company, the Gipsy Blythes, the Savages, of London; the Scotch-Irish Savages, James Will Pearce and William David Savage. The Court's opinion held that according to the laws of the State Florence had established her claim to Blythe's paternity, the latter having acknowledged her as his child.

The central figure in the Blythe contest was Florence, who was born at No. 10, St. Charles street, London, 1872. She is now a slender girl of medium height, and well educated for one of her age. She resembles her father and has a peculiar expression on her countenance which lends a strange character to her appearance.

She is a natural child, her mother having yielded to the millionaire under promise of marriage. Blythe met Julia Ascraft while on a visit to England. She then a young girl and quite pretty. When Blythe departed for America he left a note requesting Julia to name the child as "Verona if a boy; Florey if a girl." The child, when born, was christened Florence.

When Blythe was informed of the little girl's birth he manifested deep interest in her. He took her to his home, and he was her father, and whenever he spoke of the girl it was with expressions of affection. When she was old enough to write she corresponded with her father, and his replies indicated that he was fond of her, and intended to bring her to America to reside over his home.

At the time of his death he was preparing plans for a residence on the banks of the Colorado, where he expected to live with Florence's mother and the girl. Florence Blythe was one of about 200 claimants of the estate of the girl's story. He was apparently without law, and strong evidence in the form of letters and other documents was introduced to substantiate it. She is a comely girl and has throughout the trial enjoyed much of the public's sympathy.

Probably no man was ever credited with more birthplaces or had a more obscure history than Blythe. He lived in San Francisco for over thirty years, accumulated a vast fortune through his business as an oil rich man, and when he died no one could write an authentic biography of him. His estate was large, no one of indisputable relationship to him was known, no will could be found.

It was in 1890, and soon after according to the recollection of parties who know him, began raising vegetables in South San Francisco. Later he peddled fancy goods and notions on the streets, by which he accumulated a fortune of more than \$1,000,000. This is proven by the fact that many of his speeches are largely made up of newspaper quotations.

Two American Factors. THE GOOSE AND THE DUCK. A Goose who was sunning himself on a bank was much put out by the important airs assumed by a Duck, and finally observed: "Thank Heaven that I wasn't born with such an air as you've got."

"For with my 'Good Looks, either' retorted the Duck. "Bah! your Colors fade in the Wash!" "Your Voice is Cracked!"

"It is, eh? Let us go to the Gobbler and discuss this matter." We will ask him to Decide between us." When the Gobbler had looked them both over and heard each one Sing, he picked his teeth with a Straw, looked very Wise for a time, and then said: "Well, now, but up to this moment I had credited you with Good Looks and Common Sense. Now that you Particularly draw my Attention to yourselves I find you both so Homely that it makes me feel as though I had been deceived either of you has Wit enough to keep your head Above Water."

MORAL. One's Broken Nose never looks so bad until you Break off its Symmetry.

THE MAGPIE AND THE TRAVELERS. One day as a Magpie had taken a seat on the limb of a tree near the Highway, two Travelers came along and halted under the shade of the tree. They soon observed the bird, and, never having seen one of its Species before, one of them called out: "Behold the Eagle! What a noble Bird!"

"How Beautiful! How Grand!" added the other. Filled with conceit, the Magpie began to Chatter her satisfaction at these Words, but she had scarcely opened her Mouth when one of the Travelers Exclaimed: "What Fools we are! I know from what I have heard that this Bird is only a Common Magpie!"

"And let her Begone!" added the friend, as he picked up a stone and sent it Whizzing at her head.

MORAL. A Crow, who had heard and seen all about being noticed himself, now Scratched his ear and murmured: "If some Folks would only keep their Mouths shut what Credit they might get for what they don't know!"

Half the boys in Butler are humming "Little Annie Rooney," which has won its way into an exorbitant popularity, and succeeds "McInty" as a catchy, popular melody. McInty and the grip were the country at the same time, were well mated and suited the wintry season, for while the grip was severe and painful, the "McInty" ditty was mock-tragic and coarse.

"Little Annie Rooney" is certainly adapted to the soft summer season, when the balmy zephyrs blow and all nature including the human article, bills and coos. This is the refrain that comes floating out of windows these summer evenings, is whistled on the streets and is sung or brayed—mostly the latter—by a great many people; listen: "She's my sweetheart, I'm her beau, She's my Annie, I'm her Joe, Soon will I marry, never to part, Little Annie Rooney is my sweetheart."

The new postal cards, which will shortly be printed, are of two sizes—the bigger ones, which have twice the area of the present postal cards, being intended for business communications that require a very well crowded, and for other purposes demanding space. Both cards have a representation of a stamp, a small portrait of General Grant.

Waterbury, Conn., is suffering from what may almost be called an epidemic of typhoid fever, due to the contaminated milk served from a dairy farm that is situated in the city. The city engineer, a member of the health board, was one of the victims to whom the disease proved fatal. One of the daily papers, commenting on this says: "This man has labored long and earnestly in the field of public health, so far as the removal of unfavorable conditions within the city limits was concerned, and as a member of the board of health his attention must have been called to many subjects in the field of sanitation that were not connected with drainage. But in the prime of life he has been cut off by poison sent to the city from a farm where the farmer himself lay ill of typhoid fever, and from which an employee had recently been taken to the city hospital, there to die of the same malady. If so well informed a civil engineer and practical sanitarian as the late Mr. Weld was willing to use his family milk sent from a herd and a dairy farm that had not been subjected to sanitary inspection, we cannot expect that the average citizen will strive to protect himself under similar conditions. The frequent sanitary inspection of suburban dairy farms is required for the protection of the inhabitants of the cities in which milk from those farms is sold. This is only another warning, adds The Christian Union, to every citizen. You may protect your property from burglars by bolts and bars, but the lives of those dear to you, who have a right to look to you for protection, depend on your intelligence for their health, for their lives. Instant public officers doing the work for which they are appointed; in every way see that your own home is conducted on such a basis as to endanger public health. See that your neighbors' does not endanger the health conditions of your own home, and these frequent public calamities will be avoided. They are preventable, and it is criminal carelessness to live under conditions that make them possible."

He Tells It on Himself. General George A. Sheridan of Louisiana, who has not been in Louisiana for so long a time that he would hardly know the direction of the compass to New Orleans, tells a story about the procreancy of New York child, which is also a good joke on himself. He was riding in a Sixth Avenue street car the other day, when a nurse entered with a curly-headed boy of about 4, who was crying violently. He was making his way through the crowd, and the General, thinking to be every one in the car, even as if it had been on himself. He was riding in a Sixth Avenue street car the other day, when a nurse entered with a curly-headed boy of about 4, who was crying violently. He was making his way through the crowd, and the General, thinking to be every one in the car, even as if it had been on himself. He was riding in a Sixth Avenue street car the other day, when a nurse entered with a curly-headed boy of about 4, who was crying violently. He was making his way through the crowd, and the General, thinking to be every one in the car, even as if it had been on himself.

"There, stop. What's the matter with you anyway?" "There was a flash of indignation across the youngster's face as he drew himself up, stilled a new outcry, gulped once or twice, and looking out of his tear-stained eyes straight at the General, responded indignantly: "None of your—business."

The General did not ask any more questions, but glanced slyly about to discover all the lady passengers looking shocked and all the gentlemen intensely amused.

"Anything wrong with the coffee this morning, John?" "No. It's good enough." "Biscuits all right?" "I haven't any fault to find with the biscuits." "Steak cooked 'right?" "Yes, it was just what I wanted with the steak. What are you driving at Maria?" "No complaint to make about anything?" "No. What in the world do you—?" "John, I wish you would leave my fifty cents to buy some ribbons."

A man learns from experience in everything except in marrying. "General Butler in his prime advises to ambitious young men say, 'Never do a mean thing for money.' Let us add to this suggestion, never do a mean thing for anything whatever. Whether the world hears of it or not, it will abide with you as long as you have a conscience—and the General seems to have that. You have lost the thing that best excuses your living. No, young man; do not trifle with your self-respect. Vote the Republican ticket and be respectable even if you don't make a