

A SONG OF LOVE.

I was as poor as the poorest, dear, and the world—it passed me by; But not that day when you came my way, with the love-light in your eyes.

AN ECCENTRIC LADY.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.



ESSIE SPARKLE had seen better days. It was not until her eyes began to fail her with such ominous rapidity that the doctors bade her leave off her profession of typewriter and stenographer and devote herself to something else, that she realized how serious was her position.

day, its foundations burned in funeral ivy and masses of blue-gray hemlocks. She rang and she knocked, and she knocked and she rang, until she was almost inclined to go away again in despair, when at last a shuffling footfall was heard in the hall, and a tall, gaunt female in blue spectacles, and carrying a lamp in one hand, came to the door.

self," said the voice, growing more and more imperious in its accents. "Open the door, please." "I can't," said Bessie, in desperation. "The key is gone, I tell you."

WORDS OF WISDOM. Love is a creature of circumstances. A woman despises a bad man of her own making. What a true gentleman is, he was in the beginning.

ESCAPING DEATH ETERNAL. OBVIOUS TRUTHS PRESENTED. By Dr. Talmage in a Forceful Manner—Salvation to Be Had for the Asking.

been carried on by members of the church. There are men in the churches who would not be trusted for as without spiritual security. They leave their business dishonest in the vestibule of the church as they go in and sit at the communion.