THE SECRET.

The workman wrought for himself alone
And shaped his fancy in marble stone;
Strangely hewn to his mood and whim,
Precious and perfect, it seemed, to him;
But the master saw it and turned away
Bitterly smiling, as who should say:
"Here may be genius, my son, no doubt,
But only a genius could find it out."

The workman wrought with a sadder face,
A nobler image of wondrous grace,
Subtly lovely in limb and line,
Blest with the touch of the gift divine;
But the master sighed, as he held his hand:
"To us 'tis given to understand;
But what is here for the throng below—
Our little brothers who do not know?"

The workman summoned his wit and will,
And made a figure with pleasing skill,
Set it up where the world might gaze,
And reveled deep in the people's praise;
But the master frowned as he said: "My son,
Worse than this may never be done.
You have mocked the gift of the gods on high
For the base delight of the vulgar eye!"

The workman toiled in sorrow and shame,
Forgot himself and his hope and fame,
Working for nothing but work alone,
And the thing he fashioned was scarce his own;
But the people wondered and wept and smiled,
Youth and elder, woman and child;
And the master said: 'You have done your part.
The simple truth is the goal of art."
—Francis Dana, in Youth's Companion.

A Romance of the Agony Column.

By Marion Morris.

NEITHER of them—that is to say, neither Dick Beresford nor Olive Bassett—quite understood how the disagreement which had led to the breaking off of the engagement had come about, but then it so frequently happens that people who are fond of each other quarrel about nothing at all, and wonder how they could have behaved so foolishly. Anyhow, the misunderstanding had arisen, and a certain gold ring, purchased by Dick only six weeks previously, had been returned to him by registered post, with a cold little letter that well nigh drove him to the verge of despair.

Another man in the circumstances would have refused to accept his conge and would have gone straight to his sweetheart's house and demanded a reconciliation on the spot. But Dick Beresford was not as other men. Pride was his predominant fault, even as it was the fault of the girl he loved, and pride rose up in his path and barred all return, unless Olive made the first overtures in the direction of reunion. Thus did it come about that two people were made intensely miserable, and doubtless would have remained so but for the intervention of an extraordinary incident which the lines that follow will endeavor to describe.

One evening, some six months after the canceling of the engagement, Olive sat with her teacup in her hand, looking intensely woebegone. Her mother, who was the only other occupant of the tea table, regarded her with anxious expression.

"You look miserable, dear," she said, softly.

"I am miserable," replied the girl.

There was a short pause, and then Mrs. Bassett observed:

"Ever since you sent young Beresford away you have been anything but yourself."

Olive laughed bitterly.

"I wish I were anybody but myself," she made answer, putting down her cup with an abrupt gesture, "and, better still, I wish I were dead."

"Olive!"

"Mother, it is the truth. I've nothing left to live for, and the days seem to me like weeks."

"It is your own fault. You dismissed poor young Beresford in a moment of temper and now you are sorry for it."

"Sorry or not, it was as much his doing as mine. He had no right—positively no right—to use the words he did."

"I think you were both in the wrong, and if you were sensible you would write him a nice little note suggesting a reconciliation."

"I would sooner be burned alive first."

The girl's cheeks flamed, and she stamped the floor with her small feet so passionately that Mrs. Bassett looked up in alarm.

"I love Dick now as I have always loved him," she said presently, "but do you think I could ever humiliate myself to do what you advise? It's out of the question."

"Suppose he came back to you of his own accord, how then?"

Olive shook her head decisively.

"You don't know him as I do, mother mine," she replied quickly. "He used to say that we were a well matched pair, for both of us were as proud as Lucifer. And so we are. Each of us wants the other to speak first, and so we're at a sort of deadlock for ever and ever."

"In my young days," returned Mrs. Bassett, "men were different. If a man loved a woman he put his pride in his pocket and did not pause to consider who should be the first to apologize for a fancied grievance. But that was 30 years ago," she added, with a smile, "and times have changed."

Olive made no comment on this reflection. She was thinking of the happy days which she had enjoyed with Dick—of the long, delightful evenings at the theater, of the pleasant Sunday afternoons, of the myriad joyous hours that go to make up the courtship of a man and a maid, and for a moment her eyes grew soft with happiness. But soon the dull reality forced its way back into her brain, and she sighed heavily.

That same afternoon Dick Beresford was lounging in the smokeroom of his club, feeling intensely depressed. Already he had had recourse to several drinks to revive his drooping spirits, but these adjuncts to gayety did not produce the desired effect.

"The stuff they sell at this club grows worse and worse," he remarked savagely to his chum, Jack Allingham, who sat in the adjoining armchair. "I shall really have to say something about it in the suggestion book."

"Seems all right to me," replied Allingham in a cheery tone. "There's something troubling you, Dick, apart from the whisky. Come, out with it, and let's see if I can help you."

Beresford was in that melancholy condition when a man seeks sympathy from the nearest available source, and, encouraged by young Allingham's friendly manner, he decided to relate to that gentleman the incident in connection with Olive. He therefore proceeded to do so after some little hesitation, whilst the other man listened with a half amused expression.

"Well," said Beresford at length, when the recital was concluded, "what do you think of the business?"

"I think you're a fool."

"Thanks for your candor, but your remark, whilst admirably forcible, is hardly helpful. I want your advice, not your objurgations."

"Advice! Great Scott, what's the use of asking for advice? Isn't the solution of the difficulty as plain as the head waiter's hint for a tip when he's given you an extra bad day's dinner? Write to the girl at once—or, better still, see her at once, and 'make it up,' as the kids say."

"Allingham, I can't do it."

"You won't, you mean."

"Can't or won't, it's all the same. When I was a boy I was thrashed for ten days running because I refused to admit that I was in the wrong, and I believe that the same old pride, or whatever it is, sticks in me still."

"Then the sooner you get it out of you the better, for that kind of pride causes more bother than half the other vices that flesh is heir to. Anyhow, I've given my opinion, and you must take it or leave it, as our pawnbroking friends say."

"I'm afraid," replied Beresford, slowly, "that I shall have to leave it."

The other man took up a newspaper and said no more, whilst Dick Beresford followed his example. Languidly raising a copy of the Blade from the floor, whither it had fallen from the limp hands of a fellow member, he perused the columns of that journal with anything but absorbing interest.

His eyes ran listlessly from page to page; presently he lighted upon the section of the newspaper known as the "Agony Column." Presently his gaze became glued to the printed page, his heart beat like a steam hammer, and he leaped from his chair with a low cry of delight.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Allingham, looking up sharply. "What's the matter?"

But Dick hardly heard the words, and had he heard them he would not have waited to answer his chum's question. Racing in the direction of the hatroom he flung himself into his overcoat, and then rushed down the club steps at breakneck speed.

A hansom crawling westward swayed towards him. Dick jumped in and shouted to the driver to drive "like Jupiter" to the address he gave him.

All the way Dick was hugging the club copy of the Blade to his heart, and was murmuring to himself in a delirium of new-born happiness.

"The dear, sweet little girl," he muttered, "how good, how kind of her to make the first overtures, whilst I, like a stiff-necked ass, have been hanging in the wind, too infernally proud to say a single word of apology."

With these and similar reflections, the young man consumed the tedium of the long drive, and when at length the cab drew up at Olive's door he leaped out with alacrity and flung the man half a sovereign.

"I expect 'e's backed a winner today," thought the latter as he drove off.

The maid servant who opened the door in answer to Dick's summons on the bell was a new arrival and did not know him. When, therefore, she inquired his name in order that she might convey it to her young mistress, he said abruptly:

"Tell her simply that—er—there is a gentleman who wishes to see her at once."

This would give Olive a surprise, he reflected, and would be a more interesting method of return than the formal announcement of his name. With swiftly beating heart he waited in the spacious hall whilst the maid departed, but he had not long to wait, for, after a moments' interval she tripped back and said politely:

"Miss Bassett will see you if you will step into the library, sir."

Beresford followed the servant towards the room in question, and the girl, having thrown open the door and said simply: "Here is the gentleman, Miss," retired to the basement. Olive, wondering whom her unknown visitor might be, advanced towards him, and then fell back a step or two.

"Dick—Mr. Beresford!" she breathed.

"My own darling!" he cried, as he took her in his arms and covered her soft cheek with kisses. "What joy it is to be with you again. Forgive me for all my folly."

Olive could hardly speak for joy. That Dick should have come back to her now when she had abandoned all hope of seeing him again seemed to the girl wonderful, and a long pause ensued before she could trust herself to frame the first words.

"It was I who was guilty of folly, not you," she murmured, stroking his cheek gently; "it was I, all the time."

But Dick would not hear of this. He vowed that he was the original sinner, and that whatever blame there was in connection with the disagreement should rest upon his shoulders. Thus did the two foolish mortals wrangle in loving accents, and it was not until the affair had been compromised by each allowing the other to admit that perhaps there was a tiny measure of fault on both sides that Olive asked shyly:

"Dick, dear, I—I want to ask you a question.

"Go on, my own pet."

"What was it that made you resolve to—to come to see to-night?"

A puzzled expression swept over his features.

"I could not very well have done anything else," he made answer, "seeing that you hinted that if I came back everything would be all right again."

It was now Olive's turn to look puzzled.

"Hinted?—I don't understand," she murmured. "What hint did I give, Dick dear?"

He smiled and placed his hands on her shoulder.

"Why, you little goose," he cried, "surely you haven't forgotten your sweet advertisement in the 'agony column?'"

"In the 'agony column?'"

She echoed the words with pained surprise, and it was obvious that he was speaking to her in the language of enigmas.

"Yes; I came across it whilst glancing at the Blade at my club this afternoon, and you may be sure I lost no time in coming after that. See, here it is."

He pulled forth from his breast pocket the copy of the newspaper and pointed to an advertisement which ran thus:

Dick—Forgive and forget. Perhaps I was wrong. Who knows? But let bygones be bygones and come soon to your sorrowing Olive.

A mighty flush came into the girl's cheek as she read the words.

"Dick," she breathed, "I—I never inserted that announcement. Until this moment I had never set my eyes on it, and I cannot for the life of me understand how it got into the paper."

"But I can," he replied with flashing eyes, as he threw his arm around her slender waist and pressed her more closely to himself—"I can"—

"You?"

"Yes. The affair is simply the result of a coincidence of names—a blessed and glorious coincidence. Some other couple, named respectively Olive and Dick, have quarreled, just as we quarreled, and the Olive of the advertisement, like a good sensible girl, was the first to say 'come back.'"

Olive nodded sagely.

"Yes," she acquiesced, "yes. That is the explanation."—Chicago Tribune.

Tempus Fugit.

An up-town woman recently went with some friends to Cape May by water, and became interested in the picturesque attire of the weather-beaten features of an old chap in sailor togs who boarded the boat at Chester. He spoke to nobody, but sat in his chair and gazed afar until the landing was in sight, when he arose, made a voracious inroad on the huge plug of "navy" he had been using on the trip, took from the folds of his blouse a huge telescope, and proceeded to sweep the horizon. Then he turned, doffed his cap, and courteously passed the glass to the ladies. When they returned it, one of them remarked:

"That is an excellent telescope, sir."

"Yes, miss—it be that," he replied. "That there 'scope was given to me by Lord Nelson."

"Nelson?" repeated one of the ladies. "Why, he's been dead nearly a hundred years!"

"Well—I'm—blowed!" exclaimed the sad old tar. "'Ow the time do fly!"
—Philadelphia Times.

Testing the Sermon.

The minister of a parish in a part of New England where doctrinal points are considered of great importance says that his test of a satisfactory sermon is the opposite of that which is commonly applied.

"My clerical friends in the city tell me that so long as their congregations appear wide-awake and interested they feel encouraged," he said to a visitor, "but with me it's different.

"Of course I wish to interest the congregation, but if I look over to Deacon Drew's pew, and then to Deacon Snow's, and see them with their eyes closed and heads nodding, I feel that all is well. Just as surely as I discover them wide-awake and alert after I've been preaching for ten minutes, I know that there's something wrong, to their minds, and that I shall hear what it is as soon as the service is over."—Youth's Companion.

Her Mother's Friend.

A fond mother impressed upon her infant daughter that when she was naughty it was Satan who made her so. On a subsequent occasion there was an extra disturbance in the nursery, with much stamping of tiny feet and derangement of the furniture. "Elsie," cried her mother, entering the room, "what does this mean?" And a small voice replied, "Oh, I s'pose it's your old friend Satan again!"—London Globe.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Grove
Cures Grip in Two Days. on every box. 25c.

Exonerated.

When the urgent call was received at the doctor's office he was out attending another patient, and consequently did not reach the house until two hours afterward. As he entered he met the undertaker coming out. "Ah!" he exclaimed, with a look of deep chagrin. "This is bad. I am, then, too late."

"Don't blame yourself," said the undertaker, composedly. "It is not your fault. You were not here."—N. Y. Herald.

Only One of the Kind.

"Those European kings seem to have a lot of trouble with their ministers."

"Sure."

"They're constantly making changes in their cabinets."

"Naturally."

"Why naturally?"

"Because if all the ministers should be in harmony some day they'd discover that they didn't need a king at all."
—Brooklyn Eagle.

Expensive.

Clarence—What's the matter, old chap? You look all cut up.

Reginald—My sister is going to marry a duke.

Clarence—That's nothing to feel downhearted over—you ought to be proud.

Reginald—Yes; but I can't afford to be proud. It's going to cost the old man such a lot of money that I'll have to go to work.—Judge.

His Only Excuse.

"Your honor," testily cried counsel for the plaintiff, "I protest this case should go on; the defense has secured many postponements, and it's learned counsel is never ready because he is afraid—"

"I've got a good excuse," interrupted the "learned" counsel for the defense.

"I deny it. 'Ignorance of the law excuses no one.'"—Philadelphia Press.

The Popular Thing to Say.

The sermon was exceptionally long, and the minister had just reached the seventh division of his subject.

"And now, dear brethren," he exclaimed, "what shall I say more?"

"Amen," suggested the thoughtless man who had just waked up.—Chicago Post.

An Optimist.

"Do you think that the world is very wicked?"

"I assuredly do not," answered Miss Cayenne. "No on is surprised at any one's being good. It is the normal state of affairs. It is only when people do wrong that any astonishment is professed."—Washington Star.

He Had.

"Have you ever written anything," said his cynical friend, "to make the world happier or better?"

"Rather," quoth the insurance agent who sometimes dabbled in verse. "I have written $400,000 worth of life insurance within the last year."—Chicago Tribune.

Where the Trouble Comes In.

He—I hope you didn't believe what they said about me.

She—I make it a point never to believe more than half I hear.

He—But the trouble is you women generally believe the wrong half.—Brooklyn Life.

Uncle Reuben Says:

"I kin sot down an' gib my feller man advice by de hour an' feel as complacent as an old hen about it, but de minit my feller man begins to advise me I git all upsot ober it an' wonder what de idiot am talkin' 'bout.—Detroit Free Press.

Not Going to Be Slighted.

"Ah, what a clever man your husband is," said Mrs. Oldcastle. "It was very lovely of him to tell me that I was not growing old, but merely gradually undergoing the transformation that is necessary to make an angel of a beautiful women. Still, I gave him a Roland for his Oliver."

"Did Josiah give you an Oliver?" her hostess exclaimed. "I'll make him give me one the minute he comes home from the office. I wonder if he got it from one of them friends of his that was here yesterday from Denver?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Two Meanings.

When first I kissed sweet Marguerite,
When first I kissed sweet Marguerite,
She blushed rose red,
And sternly said:
"You mustn't!! Stop!!!"
Last night I kissed sweet Marguerite,
Last night I kissed sweet Marguerite,
She blushed rose red,
But sweetly said:
"You mustn't stop."
—Utica Observer.

DIDN'T WANT VARIETY.

Johnson—Will you have another drink?

Johnstein—No; I'll take the same.
—N. Y. Sun.

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The Doctor—Yes; I understand what ails you. You can't sleep. Take this prescription to the druggist. (Next day)—Good morning; you look better to-day. Have you slept well?

Petersen—Like a top. I feel like a new man.

Doctor—How many sleeping powders did you take?

Petersen (surprised)—I didn't take any. I gave a couple of them to the baby.—Dagbladet.

Not in a Sawmill.

"Shut that door!" bellowed the irate merchant. "Where were you brought up, sir—in a sawmill?"

"Well, I'm not sure as to that," replied the young drummer in honeyed accents, pressing both hands to his ears, "but of one thing I can assure you, sir, and that is that I was not brought up in a boiler factory."—Syracuse Standard.

Opera Night in Eden.

Eve had just arrayed herself in a girdle of fig leaves.

"Oh, Adam," she cried ecstatically, "Isn't this just lovely?"

"Beautiful!" assented her spouse, with a sardonic grin. "I suppose you are attired for the opera?"

Hastily linking his arm in hers, he led the way to a grove where the pterodactyls were singing.—N. Y. Times.

The Weight of Evidence.

First Monkey—Prof. Baboon delivered quite an interesting discourse on the question: "Do the human animals think?"

Second Monkey—What is the professor's opinion?

First Monkey—Well, he doesn't know, exactly. He says they certainly do a good many things which indicate that they don't.—Puck.

Following Orders.

Mrs. Hiram Offen—Here, Bridget, see how dusty it is under the bed.

Bridget—Yes'm.

Mrs. Hiram Offen—Haven't I impressed upon you that you must sweep under the beds?

Bridget—Av course, ma'am, an' how could the dust get there if I hadn't swept it under?—Philadelphia Press.

Nine Times Out of Ten.

Archie—Uncle Archibald, what is a reformer?

Uncle Archibald—A reformer, Archie, is a man who thinks he can cover up his own shortcomings by loudly calling attention to the faults of other people.—Brooklyn Life.

Why?

The day it breaks though it never falls—
The reason I'm sure I can't see;
The night it falls but it does not break—
It's very perplexing to me!
—St. Nicholas.

ENFANT TERRIBLE.

Venerable Aunt (who is about to depart)—Oh, I do hope I won't miss the train.

Little Johnny—You won't, auntie; papa set the clock half an hour ahead.
—Fliegende Blaetter.

A Change of Texture.

"Her cheek was velvet," thus declared
His sweet love-note; but when, in court,
These notes were read aloud, he thought
Her cheek was of a different sort.
—Town Topics.

Notice
Special Coat Sal
At the NEW STORE.
We have decided to make a duction on all Ladies Coats for the holidays, so as to give everybody a chance to buy a brand coat before Christmas at a red price. This sale will go into to-day. We will surprise our customers when they learn prices.
Remember, every coat is new and the styles are beautiful.
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