I shall see,
When I am dead,
And all my life, a finished scroll, is read,
That all the poor, rude fragments writte

With faltering hand
Gather together in that scroll, and make
An epic grand. I shall bear

I shall hear
The noise and strife,
The clash and discord filling all of life,
Gather in one deep burst of harmony,
Whose sound shall ries
Grand, wonderful, with a triumphant swell,
And fill the skies.

So though the days may seem
Useless and pitiful and incomplete,
I still can trust my dream:
I know at last will come a triumph sweet,
When Death and I shall meet.
—Floy Campbell, in Lippincott.

The Wedding Coronal.



VERY small room, in a very small fire burning in the grate —this is our scene. There was no orna-ment, unless the pure white curtains, and and the yellow dim-ple of the April sunand the yellow dim-ple of the April sun-

shine on a somewhat faded carpet might be characterized as such, and the fresh loveliness of two girls who sat in the apartment struck you like an incongruity, it seemed as if they must be there by mistake.

take.
"Half a pound of beefsteak, Ruth, and a few potatoes, and a loaf of bread; that will do, I think," said the elder, thoughtfully, to a tall, gaunt old woman with a little market basket on her arm, who stood in the middle of the room, as

if awaiting orders.

"Aint that are a pretty clus' dinner for three, Miss Josephine?" said Ruth, giving her rusty black bonnet an extra

twitch.

"I know it, Ruth," laughed the girl;

"but we must regulate our expenditure
according to our resources, you are
aware. See!"

She held up a lank little purse as see

She held up a lank little purse as she spoke. Ruth smiled too—but she was looking, not at the purse, but at Joae-phine Carey, standing where the sunshine threaded her brown curls with gold and melted into hazel wells of light under her long dark lashes.

But she was not as regally beautiful as her sister. As Cecile Carey sat in the antique easy chair by the smouldering remnant of fire, it would scarcely have been difficult to fancy her a crowned queen.

She looked fretfully up from her em-

"And do you suppose, Cecy, that I, with all these priceless blessings at my command will stoop to take a poor cripple boy's inheritance from him?"
"But it is not his; it is ours'"
"No matter whose it is, I will not take it! Oh, Cecile, do you suppose my heart is of stone or adamant?"
"But Mr. Archeliff..."
"As a lawyer_as our lawyer Mr. broidery as Josephine spoke.

"Ruth, do tring a few oranges for dessert—I canuot live on this beggarly diet!" she said. "We cannet afford it, Cecile," inter-

posed Josephine, gently.

Cecile pouted.

"You don't care whether I starve or

Josephine's lip quivered.
"Dearest Cecile's it not better to bear up cheerfully and strive, not to repine?"

pine?"

"As if one could help repining in this dismal hole! And then since papa's bankruptcy and death our friends have all deserted us—of course, they would not come to such a place as this."

"Of course, then, they are not worth our regrets. But Cecile, you should not say all. Mr. Archetiff has been here acceptations."

"Yes," said Cecite, a little conscious-"Yes," said Cecite, a little consciously, as if she would have addel: "And I defy him to stay away while I choose to keep him with a smile or a glance." "But, then, Josephine, he is our lawyer." "The law business has long since come to an end," said Josephine, archly. "Never mind, Cecy, we won't investigate his motives too closely; and now, where is my sewing?"

Cecule looked rather scornfulls at the

Cecile looked rather scornfully at the plain calico dress which the busy fingers of her sister were working on.
"Things will be different when I am
Mrs. Archeliff," she mused to herself.

"Say what I will, she cannot be followed from this ridiculous piece of folly," concluded Cectle, "and she wishes when the has been absent since Wednesday."

The sunshine was creeping up the wall like an ebbing tide of gold, and the coarse indices of the wooden mantel clock were pointing to somewhere about 5, that afternoon, when Ruth put her stiff muslin cap into the room where Cecile was dozing over a book, and Jos-5, that afternoon, when Ruth put her stiff muslin cap into the room where Cecile was dozing over a book, and Jos-ephine still at work over the calico

"If you please, young ladies-

"Well?" drawled Cecile, sleepily.
"Mr. Archeliffe is here."
And, without further ceremony, she hered the lawyer into the apartment. When Josephine returned from a brief walk, she found her sister in high A tall, stately man, somewhere be-tween thirty and forty, with dark, heavy hair, straight features, and eyes full of quiet, thoughtful strength, he entered with the same chivalrous respect he had been wont to show the sisters when they dwelt in a superb mansion, and were

clothed with purple and fine linen.

"I have come here on business," he said, breaking the momentary pause that musued after the usual greetings; "business that imminently concerns both of you young ladies. While examining some wills and leases relating to an entirely different case, I accidentally stumbled on a clue which, when followed up, brought me to the knowledge that you are heirs to considerable property, which has for some years been enjoyed by those who possessed neither right nor title to it." clothed with purple and fine linen. by those who possessed neither right nor title to it."
"The wretches!" interrupted Cecile,

"The wretchest" interrupted Cecile, assionately.
"Nay," he said, gently, "the present ossessor is quite ignorant that he has one any wrong, whatever suspicions a father may have bad on the subject."
"And how soon—when—" stamered Cecile.
"Do you may a subject of the considerable arrest of th passionately.
"Nay," he said, gently, "the present safether may have bad on the subject."

"And how soon—when—" stamered Cecile.

"Do you mean how soon do you come" instead, to the little room where Jose-

into possession?" he asked, as she paused abruptly. "Within a very few weeks, I trust—as soon as the troublesome forms of law can be gone through with. Acting as your legal advisor, I have already given notice to the young man."

"Then it is a young man. Poor fellow?" sighed Josephine "What sort of a person is it, Mr. Archeliff?"

"I know nothing. Miss Josephine, except that he is about sixteen, and a cripple."

cripple."

"A cripple?"

"Yes; a martyr, I am told, to spinal

"Yes; a martyr, I am told, to spinal disease."
"And this is the only property he

possesses?"
"All, I believe."

"All, I believe."
"But tell me about it, Mr. Archcliff!" interrupted Cecile, with kindling
eyes and deepening color. "This property—in what does it consist?"
"In Audle y Hall and its estate to begin with, and further, in stocks, land,
mortgages and railroad shares, amounting altogether, I think, to something
like afty thousand dollars."
"Twenty-five thousand each—that is
very little," pouted Cecile, rather disappointed. Mr. Archliff smiled.
"For you to gain, perhaps; but a

very little," pouted Cecile, rather disappointed. Mr. Archliff smiled.

'For you to gain, perhaps; but a great deal for him to lose."

He glanced at his watch and rose.

'I will see you again to morrow morning, young ladies. In the meantime, I suppose I have your authority to proceed as expeditiously as possible?"

''Certainly," said Cecile, eagerly.

'Pray let there be no delay that can be avoided. I am all impatience to come into my new property."

She smiled as she spoke—a smile that made her seem like some fair-haired angel. The lawyer looked at her with a long, penetrating glance, as he bowed good-bye. Cecile wondered, with a beating heart, what that grave, wistful look meant.

beating heart, what that grave, wistful look meant.

"Put up* that horrid calico thing, Josey!" she exclaimed, when they were alone together. "Don't, pray, work any more to-day. I'll send Ruth out after some oranges and jelly and iced cake, and we'll have a nice little banquet. Oh! if you knew how I have longed for these little dainties after our anchorite fare! Why are you looking so grave, Josephine? Why don't you rejoice with me?" Josephine looked up into her sister's radiant face.

Josephine looked up into her sister's radiant face.
"Because, Cecile, I see nothing to justify. us in any great amount of rejoic-

"Nothing?" Josephine Carey, what

"As a lawyer—as our lawyer, Mr. Archeliff has acted entirely right. He has discovered this inheritance and

taken proper steps to place it in our hands—it is for us to decide whether we will accept it or not!"

"'As if we should hesitate for a mo-

"I shall not, Cecile; this poor cripple has greater need of the money than we." "Josephine, are you in carnest?"

"I am."

Cecile grew scarlet with anger.

Very well—you will do as you please.

I shall not relinquish my share of this scanty property for a baseless whim. Is it not sufficient that this boy, or man, or

whatever ne is, has enjoyed our rights and comforts all his life?"

Josephine did not answer; she baw bow useless it was to argue with her sister, but not the less was her own mind

made up.
And when Mr. Archeliff called the

"Say what I will, she cannot be

wery pleasant change after these miserably cramped quarters."
"Does your sister accompany you?"
"Oh, no—she will remain here and open a little day school. The idea of Josephine Carey teaching school for a

"You will come and see me soon, at Audley Hall," said Cecile Carey, bend-ing her sweet eyes on Mr. Archeliffe's grave brow, as he bade her adieu at the

"Did you tell him, Cecy?"

intensity.

"I am.

Quixotism.

"Nothing?" Josephine Carey, what do you mean?"
Josephine rose and stood quietly before her sister.
"Cecy, look at me!"
"So I do look—what of it?"
"I am strong and healthy, am I not?"
"Yes—of course."
"With hands that are not useless and a heart that will not fail?"
"Yes."

since the evening he had brought tidings of the discovered inheritance. Since then she had slyly avoided his presence, dreading to read disapproval in his face. Now, however, there was no evading the

"And do you suppose, Cecy, that I,

The state of the control of the cont "Yes."
"What did he say?"
"Nothing at all—it is evident he is very highly displeased, however."
Josephine's heart sank within Ler.
"I must do my duty," she thought, pressing her hand to her throbbing temples, "no matter whom it may offend. My duty—my duty!"
It was almost a sob, in its agonized

to depend is the "labyrinth," and the same effect is produced by cutting the nerves communicating with it.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

"Miss Carey," he said earnestly regarding her," I have come to speak to you with reference to this very unusual decision of yours respecting the Audley property. Few girls in your crecumstances would have acted as you have done."

A SERMON INSPIRED BY A VISIT to the Colossoum. Its Ruine Freech Eloquent Sermons to the Cworld and an analyses. The sewerleman strikes at this word and then flings the net over the head of the sword and an algebra the sword and an algebra the sword and she was the Eloquent Sermons to the Cworld.

Text: "I am ready to preacy the general to the colossoum. Its Ruine Freech Eloquent Sermons to the Colossoum of the Colossoum of

At once ten thousand safton currents flow And rain their odors on the crowd below.

But where was the sport to come from? Well, I went into the cellars opening off from the arena, and I saw the place where they kept the byenas an illons and panthers and wild boars and beastly violences of all sorts without food or water until made fleres enough for the arena, and I saw the underground rooms where the gladiators were accustomed to wait until the clapping of the people outside demanded that they come forth armed—to murder or be murdered. All the arrangements were complete, as enough of the cellars and galleries still remain to indicate. What fun they must have had turning lions without food or drink upon an unarmed disciple of Jesus Christ!

At the dedication of this Collseum 9000 wild beasts and 10,000 immortal man were slain, so that blood of men and beast was not a brook, but a river; not a pool, but a lake. Having been in that way deficated, be not surprised when I tell you that Emperor Probus on one occasion threw into that arena of the Collseum 1000 stags, 1000 boars and 1000 ostriches. What fun it must have been—the sound of trumpets, the roar of wild beasts and their ground of trumpets, the roar of wild beasts and their ground of trumpets, the roar of wild beasts and their groans of dying men while in the gallery the wives and children of those down under the lion's paw wung their hands, and there was a "Hai hal" wide as Rome and there was a "Hai hal" wide as Rome and there was a "Hai hal" wide as Rome and excitement it must have been when two com-

the gateries, a trace as early to be gateries, and the spear into his body until he dead?

The audience had two signs, either of which they might give. If they waved their flaze, it meant spare the fallen contestant. If they turned their thumbs down, it meant say him. Occasionally the audience would wave their flage, and the fallen would be let up, but that was too tame sport for most occasions, and generall the thumbs from the gallenous he he was the thumbs from the gallenous he he was the thumbs from the gallenous he he was a ciange of programme in that wondrous Coliesum. Under a strange and powerful machinery, beyond anything of modern invention, the floor of the arena would begin to rock and roll and then give away, and there would appear a late of bright water, and on its banks trees would spring up rustling with foliage, and tigers appeared among the jungles, and armei men would come forth, and there would be a tiger hunt. Then on the lake in the Coliemum under the would be a sea fight. What fur! What lots of fur! When pestilence came, in order to appease the gods, in this Coliesun a vance ships would float, and there would be a sea fight. What fur! What lots of fur! When pestilence came, in order to appease the gods, in this Coliesun a sacrifice would be made, and the people would throug that great amphitheatre, shouting. "The Christians to the wild beasts!" and there would be made, and the people would through that great amphitheatre, shouting. "The Christians to the wild beasts!" and there would be a crackling of human bones in the jaws of leonine ferocity.

But all this was to be stopped. By the outraged sense of public decency? No. There is only one thing that has ever stopped accuety and sin, and that is Caristianity, and it was Christianity, whether you like its form or not, that stopped this massacre of centuries. One day while in the Coliesum a Roman victory was being clebrated, and a careful and more data and and they are and christian Telemokus, and as a result of the overdone cruelty the hours

only a continuation of Vaspasian's Coliseum.

The cruelties of the world generally begin in nurseries, and in home circles, and in day schools. The child that transfixes a fly with a pin, or the low feeling that sets two dogs into combat, or that bullies a weak or crippled playmate, or the indifference that starves a canary bird, needs only to be developed in order to make a first class. Nero or a full armed Apollyon. It would be a good sentence to be written on the top line of a child's book, and a fit lascription to be embroidered in the arm chair of the sitting room, and an appropriate motto for judge and jury and district attorney and sheriff to look at in the court house, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy!"

And so the ruins of that Celiseum preach

man seven feet six inches tall.

The bride was fifty years old, and her grandmother, aged ninety-eight, attended the wedding.—Boston Herald.

Nearly 4,000,000 tons of coal were mined in Colorado during last year.

Catarri rai "I Than parti "Gentlem manity I w years I ha-tailure, get I had a ver some time

some time

HOO

INDIGES' Suffere

MRS. MII for eight y culties." If thing hurt in a terrible ent. I had doctors an whatever, Swamp - bottles, Ca what, Not

Valu ed in ters fr the m cal pro

sion sp

ing res Sco of codphosph tered w the que as pala to dige

Prepared b Maydings v S. S. S. taker bealth for a

15 He W "Permit me certificates in properties con is certainly o