Porne by a Power resistless and unseen We know not wither,

We look out through the gloom with troubled

How came we hither?

Darkness before and after. Blank, dim walls On either side, Against which our dull vision beats and falls, Met and defied.

Shrouded in mystery that leaves no room

To guess aright,
We rush, uncertain, to a certain doom—
When lo—the light!
—Grace Denio Litchfield, in the Century.

THE LITTLE LOG CHURCH.



hotels. It sprung up in a season and will endure as long as the waters are limpid and the mountains grand. Crowning the highest hill is the chief the highest hill is the chief hotel. The view from the veranda is magnificent. The lower hilltops, rugged and scarred, near by, seem to grow level in perspective, etretching away in a vast plain of darkest green to meet the blue sky in the distant horizon. The morning wind brings horizon. The morning wind brings the odor of wild roses; the evening wind is freighted with the spice of

pines.
The Chalmers, mother and daughter, were guests of the chief hotel.
"It is exquisite," said Miss Chalmers.
"I am weary of society. I will do nothing but rest for the entire sum-

mer."
Miss Chalmers rested four entire 'We must go to church," said Mrs.

pride, but was helpless before the ridicule, which constantly became more unmerciful. The benches on the other the result of the

iside. You will get no help from him. he was very tell, as most mountaineers are. He stepped across the aisle and took a little girl in his arms, whispering a word to the child's mother before he returned to his seat. He did not look at Miss Chalmers, but the woman smiled to her, silently pointing to the vacentseat. The unhappy young lady was only too glad to accept the invitation. Her mother did not notice the incident, nor did the young man seem to be aware of it. He did not note turn his head, and she found herself becoming curious about the color of his eyes. They must be gray.

The driver from the chief hotel had not entered the church. As he lingered with his horses two men came by in a wagon. The men were oil friends of the driver. In the bed of the wagon, shaded by some branches.

Chalmers and her daughter ate their luncheon. Afterward, while the ladies plucked May apple blossoms and enjoyed the cool dampness which the river exhaled, the driver slept. He awoke often in a melancholy mood, but they did not notice it; and each time when he threw off his slumbers he resorted to the jug, which had somehow been left behind by the men in the wagon.

Later in the afternoon the long hill and into the starless depths of the bottom. They traveled carefully, for mrs. Chalmers was not a good horse-woman. It was an hour before they reached the farmhouse.

An hour! An hour is an epoch, an age, an eternity. Love, which never dies, is born, nourished and reaches the resorted to the jug, which had somehow been left behind by the men in the wagon.

Later in the afternoon the long bottom. They traveled carefully, for mrs. Chalmers was not a good horse-woman. It was an hour before they reached the farmhouse.

The was a camp meeting in progress at the log house in the valler.

On the last Survey down the long bottom.

began to feel nervous, and the feeling annoyed her more than the attention she was receiving. Then she noticed that the girls across the aisle were giggling and whispering maliciously; and, yes, actually pointing their fingers at her.

How dared they! Her face began to fame. The young men looked sympathetic, now; she felt that their pity was an outrage. The preacher could no longer hide his annoyance, for no-body heeded the sermon now, and everybody was intent upon that young lady, who knew no better than to sit among men.

Mrs. Chalmers, who had fortunately found a seat on the upper side, was the only person in the house ignorant of her daughter's embarrassment. The long ride had wearied her. She was resting, as elderly persons sometimes do. She listened earnestly at the sermon, without hearing a word; she gazed at the preacher and did not see him.

Miss Chalmers tried to call up her pride, but was helpless before the ridicale, which constantly became more in the case of the road and the power her.

"dash, manna," she said, softly; the said and said discovered which constantly became more to answer the question, but he looked about and discovered the driver under the tries.

"Here, wretch!" he exclaimed, was palid; she dare not look at him.

"Here, wretch!" he exclaimed, "Make up; tell me what is wrong. Wake up, wake up. Where are the road; "But expostulation was in vain. The driver was a lump of clay—a log. The driver was a lump

of the pawpaw tree, there was a jug; and the liquor in the jug was the driver's dearest and most fatal enemy. There were three men in the wagon when it halted bereath the trees, a hundred yards below the church. While the horses ate the men drank. When the sermon was over Mrs. Chalmers and her daughter ate their luncheon. Afterward, while the lawyard, while the lawyard woman. It was an hun before the woman.

time when he threw off his slumbers he resorted to the jug, which had somehow been left behind by the men in the wagon.

Later in the afternoon the driver, whose depression had increased since the sun sank, hitched up his horses, and the carriage began the assent of the long hill. The jug was left among the May apple blossoms. It was empty.

Half-way up the hill a wheel dropped into a deep gutter and the carriage came down with a lurch and a crash. It was a hopeles wreck. The driver looked at the broken wheel with indifference and the ladies were in consternation.

"How far is it to town?" asked Miss Chalmers.

"About eight miles, I reckon."

"Oh, dear, what can we do?"

"It dayson," said the divers ctan."

"There was a camp meeting in progress at the log house into valley. There was a camp meeting in progress at the log house into valley. There was a camp meeting in progress at the log house into valley and the All surface was a camp meeting in progress at the log house into valley. There was a camp meeting in progress at the log house into valley.

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"How far is it to town?" asked Miss Chalmers.

"About eight miles, I reckon."
"Oh, dear, what can we do?"
"I dunnow," said the driver, straidly. From his manner one might almost be justified in saying that he did not care.
"Well, driver," said Miss Chalmers emphatically. "I know. You must go to town at once for another carriage. It is now 3 o'clock, and you. The driver began to unloose the horses. He did not seem to be pressed for time.

"How far is it to town?" asked Miss Chalmers, standing silently side by side looking down into the valley. There was a great white tent, a tabernacle, indeed, near the log house, and accors of smaller white tents about the large one. Through the trees the people could be seen moving about like pigmies.
"It is a beautiful and peeceful scene," said Miss Chalmers, softly.

The young man was silent and she presently continued, with some hesitation:
"I have never thanked you—I heardly know how—for your kindness thanks."

horses. He did not seem to be pressed for time.

"You must hurry," she declared impatiently. "And say, driver, if you are back by sunset you shall have \$55 extra."

"It have never thanked you—I hardly know how—for your kindness that first day in the church when I made such an embarrassing mistake."

"It was nothing; do not think of it."

Miss Chalmers rested four entire days. The fifth day was Sunday.

"We must go to church," said Mrs. Chalmers.

"But there is no church mamma; the minister is taking his vacation in the city while we take ours in the hills."

"It shall go to church," declared the other rapidly away.

"It was always and to wait. In this long church in the country. I went to all og church when I was a little git!

We will go to-day in a carriage."

So the Chalmerses went to church, not to the little white church in the valley below them, but over miles and miles of gravelly ridge road, down a long, steep hill and into another and a larger valley, where there was a pellucid stream, shaded with age-mores and festooned with a bewildering tangle of vine.

The country church was built or ongh havn logs and was not large. Mrs. Chalmers was on the right of the centre sisle. She soon discovered that the hotse was ecrowed, and as there was no usher obtained seas with some difficulty.

Miss Chalmers was on the right of the centre sisle. She soon discovered that the joint of the centre sisle. She soon discovered that the younger boys were nudging each of local etiquette anused her affirst.

Miss Chalmers was on the right of the centre sisle. She soon discovered that they only she was eceving. Then she noticed that the girls across the sisle vergigling and whispering malliciously; and, yes, actually pointing their fingers at her.

"You must lucture, we call of the patient on the patient in the city while we take on one to answer the same the miles of such as a pathol, of the other rapidly away.

"He shools of his apathy, or seemed to none hore, led to, and nontied on one hore, led to, and none hore, led to, and nontied on one hore, led to, and nontied on one hore, led to, and the steron and the coller rapidly away.

"He sholl on one hore, led to wait. In this task that night with

A Steam Carriage for Road Use.

icule, which constantly became more unmerciful. The benches on the other side all seemed to be full. She saw no escape but to leave the room. She had just decided to bolt ignominiously for the door when there was a diversion in her favor.

Immediately in front of Miss Chalmers sat a young man. He had aroused her interest, because he wore what she called a respectable coat, and because he had a fine head which he carried on his magnificent shoulders like a Roman hero, and because—well, there is no stronger word than because. It can mean a great many inexpressible things.

This young man arose, and the girl noticed, even in her unhappiness, that he was very tall, as most mountainers are. He stepped across the aisle and

See that portions be would like to have the not off own that portions be would like to have no read, and he only acted for the portions.

You have you make the not off own the political from like to like with the control of the political from like to like with the control of the political something in the grammar or the spelling something something in the grammar or the spelling something in the grammar or the spelling something something in the grammar or the spelling something something in the grammar or the spelling something somet

TO REMPORES FAITH.

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