- BY MARY SHAW.
- I shimmer softly on the floor, I gleam a glow uncanny; I linger lovingly, and pour Soft light in nook and cranny,

- Give the fuel (my life) a stir, Note the flames that follow Rouse, dreamers, then. Do no Act wisely, and look aloft.
- You'd scarcely deem my radiance sprui From a somber stick of wood, Nor guess the power, its fibers 'mong, For vast evil or great good,
- Nor think, perhaps, some flower fair, Sprung from earth mixed with ashe Nor that you breathe the same pure Which helps feed my bright flashes.

And when I die, as when I glow, I tell a true life-story; I fade, the ashes fall, and, lo! They live in a tlower's glory! UTH KAUKAUNA. Wis.

DO LISTEN TO REASON.

evening in June, Major Hartwell was roused from the deep and painful reverle into which he had fallen by a step in the hall and a knock on his parior door.

"Come!" he said, and a smile lighted up his grave, handsome face, for both step and knock were familiar to him, and if there was any man on earth whom he held near and dear, that man was he who now entered.

and dear, that be-tered.

"I was beginning to wonder what had be-come of you, Arthur," stretching out a wel-coming hand, which Arthur Hazard took in

coming hand, which Arthur Hazard took in a warm gras unusually busy," and Arthur throw himself into a chair. "I've been getting ready to leave town for a few weeks, that time to even think of my friends."

"Then you've come to say au recoir."

"Yes; I'm off to-morrow by the early train. I wish you were going with mo. Gyril."

I."
can't leave the city now. Besides, I uldn't enjoy having nothing to do. I nen't taken a vacation since I left the y. Where are you going?"
o a pleee called Westholt, down in the world of the called the control of the control of

row, the memory of which was very painful to him.

"I am going to visit the big man of the place—Squire Drayton." continued Arthur, carelessly. "I made his acqua niance a few months ago by the merest accident, he was pleased to take a fancy to me, and invited me to his place. Some one was telling me the other day that the Squire had one of the pretifiest daughters imaginable. So you can prepare yourself for anything He paused, laurhing, and expecting some facetious reply; but Major Hartwell was silent. The shadow had deepened on his face into a look of pain.

"What's the matter, Hartwell? You look as if you had seen a ghost. Are youenvying me my good nick?"

"Mail and the seen a chost. Are youenvying me my good nick?"

Ah! You have been there before me, then?"

"Yes; I was once ongaged to be married

"Yes: I was once engaged to be married to Lois Drayton."
"You were? Excuse me. Major, if I be. Lois Drayton."
"You were? Excuse me, Major, if I had nown that I would never have spoken as I d; but no hint of anything of the sort had see reached me. Are you willing to tell me nout it?"

To see the control of the sport had ever teached me. Are you willing to teil me about 117.

Teas: had I not been. I would not have mentioned it at all. It isn't a very long story, but I think the avery unusual mentions at the control of the contr

Twish, for your sake, I could get at the root of the mater, Major. Suppose I try, I will have a good opacitually, you see."

I wish, for your sake, I could get at the root of the mater, Major. Suppose I try, I will have a good opacitually, you see."

Your interest. But there is not you that you they your interest. But there is not you think you will succeed. No: I must hear my sorrow as best I can. I must not hope, for hope would end only in despair."

In the train the next day, on the way to Westholt, Arthur Hazard remembered the story he had heard, and he folt a great curiosity to see the heroine of so peculiar a talk.

tale.

Squire Drayton was the richest landed proprietor in the large and fertile county in which Westhott was situated. His house was a kandsome, rambling building, surrounded by trees, and overlooking beautiful gardens, rich pastures, and well-tilled fields.

definition of the season of th

"I have never told any one that. I never shall. It is useless to ask me to do so. I would die sooner."

Will you not let me t-fl him?" asked Artur. "Will you not let me explain to him that it was through the machinations of the sound of the sound of the sound of his bride, and that you were cruelly cheated? Miss Lois, did you not know enough of the character of Rose Ellis to make you doubt—"

Lois started up, her oyes glittering, a deathly pallor on her lovely face, cried. "I "Rose! Was It Rose? she cried. "I "Rose! Was It Rose? she cried. "I "Rose! Was It Rose? she cried. "I "Rose! Was the Rose? she preceded it. Mr. Hazard, how did you discover this? For heaven's sake, tell me! Do not keep me in suspense!"

She sank back, trembling, on the sofa, her delicate hands clasped in piteous appeal.

For a moment Arthur was silent. He see the sound of the sou

Mere de l'acception d

LETTER FROM BILL NYE.

tory of a Visit to Stuart Robson, Who Was Full of Reminiscences and All of Them Interesting—The Comedian's Impersona-tion of the Grave-Digger.





IN ROBSON'S ORCHARD.

boy and the insulting language he used to me yesterday?'
"Do not speak of it,' said the old man

"Do not speak of it." said the old man softly. 'He told the doctor and me and his mother about it has hight. He was very sorry indeed, your errand is unnecessary, however, sit, the boy is mother about it has hight. He was very sorry indeed, your errand is unnecessary, however, sit, the boy is mother about it has high the was highly for the order of the common to the common to the common the common to the common the

nas made a bet that ne would get in and hear the address. Or perhaps he is a man who furnishes gloom for iunerals. He looks like it. Did you notice his sad face? Mr. Robson then came away, and, taking a slow train for Cohasset, was very soon home.

home.
Probably since the days of Damon and
Prythias there has rarely been such deep
devotion and affection between two men as
that which existed between Robson and



HIGH JINKS AMONG THE TRAGEDIANS.

Charile Thorne. Everything about the place brings back to "Rob" the memory of his old friend, especially the welcome that I horne always had for him when he got thome. Thorne was always there first, concained behind a big tree near the door when the consisting of a tim milk pail with the ball under his chin, armed with a rolling-pin, and, shielding himself from attack by and, and the consisting of a tim milk pail with the ball under his chin, armed with a rolling-pin, and, shielding himself from attack by a shielding himself from attack by his consisting of a tim milk pail with the ball under his chin, armed with a rolling-pin, and, shielding himself from attack by burst forth, and alter a Shitkam, no would of welcome, he would suddenly cast away his armor and execute a breakdown on the green.

At one time Robson was playing the favored from the rolling of the work of the control of the contro



thought, in some short, lucid, bromide in-terval, remember what the great and only Forrest told thee. (Curtain.)

Attention.

It is impossible to overestimate the effect of simple earnestness and concentration in the affairs of life.

"It sometimes wonder where I should be now, if I had always given my whole mind to my work," said a middle aged man, engaged in a pursuit for which he had no particular love. He occupied a fairly good position, as it was, and was "well respeckit." but the something beyond, which he might have attained, had his energy and force of will been stronger, would always haunt him:

Larkin Dunton, a practical educator, says in writing about this very point, that he once asked a boy a question in regard to his enjoyment of a certain study, and received this reply:

"Oh, the time spent on that doesn't amount to much, for the teachers don't care anything about it."

That carelessly spoken reason would exactly touch the root of many a similar matter. The teacher has no interest, no stimulating enthusiasm, and so the boy has none. A clerk is content with doing mechanically the liberal amount of work required of him and the strength of the strength o

lar matter. In teacher has no interest, no stimulating enthusiasm, and so the boy has none. A clerk is content with doing mechanically the liberal amount of work required of him, and his employer feels no interest in opening before him the way to a better position. There is no affair of practical life, no matter however unimportant, which is not marvellously influenced by carnestness or sloth.

"Why don't you mend your harness some rainy day, instead of tying it up with strings?" asked some one of a boy who had taken a summer's contract to drive a milk wagon.

"Oh, he don't care," said the lad, pointing to his employer, who sat on the fence dangling his feet, and smoking, "he'd as lieves' twould be all string, if 'twould hold together,"

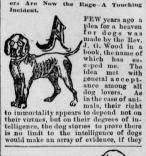
But the time came when it did not hold together, and then boy and mar parted, while a river of spilled milk rolled between, and neither could realize that it was only their common "shif'lessness" which had been the cause of the separation.

The Indians, with their fondness for

"shif-lessness" which had been the cause of the separation.

The Indians, with their fondness for symbolic titles, called Phil Sheridan. "The little-man-that-means-business."

Very few men deserve to wear the name after him, but those who have any intention of succeeding to one reflecting a faint degree of its luster will need to throw an exceeding earnest pees into every act of their daily live—Youlk's Companion.





could be brought together and presented, that would reasonably insure the dogs a place, if, indeed, such a one has not been provided.

An instance of higher intelligence displayed by dogs was displayed in a spaniel owned by Mr. William Mackin, a government official of Quebec. Spot was accustomed to play with a kitten, whose flower-like face gave her the name of Pansy. Spot would take Pansy's head in his mouth and gently roll her to and fro. One Sunday morning the two were at play, and, as it proved, the dog was too rough, and as it proved, the dog was too rough of the play with a kitten when the let go of the kitten she did forward, to entire her to play. But the kitten did not move. Then Spot came to her, turned her over with his nose, teased her with his paw, and began to show signs of great uneasiness. He would pause, then begin again to coar her to get up.

At length he seemed to realize that Pansy was dead, and that he know the meaning of death, its sense of loss, and also its practical results, he proceeded to show.

With every evidence of distress he carried her off to the side of the walk. There he day a hole, put the kitten in it, covered it carefully with earth, and went away. When the family returned from



church they expressed their surprise a not being met as usual by the dog and church they expressed their surprise at not being met as usual by the dog and eat.

Dogs are now so completely members of the family that they share the politics and prejudices of the family. A young woman from Canada is an ardent Tory and her black and-tan is just as zealous. "Gladstone gives you this piece of cake," she says, and the dog turns up his nose with an unmistakable sneer and walks away.

"No, Lord Beaconsfield left it to you in his will," and the dog runs back wagging his tail and eats with the greatest satisfaction.

"What would you do for your country?" she asks, and he throws himself motion-less on the floor. He would die for the country.

"But what would you do for your mis-





Bernard Plinlimmon will rejoice that he has been successfully operated on for a large fibroid tumor. Dr. Glover, who was the surgeon, has preserved the trophy, which is no lote of its kinu. Plinlimmon, he says, was an admirable patient, the was strapped onto the operating table, which is an ordinary kitchen table with holes in which are inserted hooks, placed in a line describing the dog's body, and through which the tares are passed. Plinlimmon seemed to know that only kindness was meant him, and submitted willingly to the preparations. The area to be operated on was then rendered insensible by hypodermic injections of cocaine, and then the knife was applied. Three times a day the wound was dressed, and after a time when the dog was brought, without a word he would lie down and raise his raw for the doctor to begin. The wound happily healed by first intention, and in

erree weess l'initimmen was weil.

Pliulimmen is the most expensive deg la the country. Mr. Emmet paid \$5,000 in the country. Mr. Emmet paid \$5,000 in the most expensive and the language of the language of



sights in the shopping region is men with their arms full of roly-poly puppies in their most enticing stage of babyhood, and surrounded by a constantly changing but always admiring crowd of women and girls. First one and then another of those little pull balls is put down on the walk and allowed to waddle and try to steer its way alone about the pavement. A baby's first steps are not more beguling, and a chorus of feminine endearment rises on high. These impromptu dog marts are very popular, and appearances seem to show that they are also profitable. The fishion in dogs, as in otbor things, is fickle. The flimsy Italian greyhound, the pug, the skye, the toy terrier, and such had their day. At present the fox terrier is supreme. It is tyranny of fashiout that brings the fox terrier to town. He has no natural affiliations with streets and parks, in which an inhuman edict demands that both in winter and in summer



GREYHOUND:

dogs shall go muzzled or with a leader. The fox terrier belongs to stables, woods, and lances. But he is with us and is very much at home.

Of all breeds of pet dog none has met with such general favor as the skye. But skye is a comprehensive term. The true skye is not, in fact, a pet dog at all. The real skye is a long-bodied, low dog, with a gold and blue hard wiry coat, and a terrier head built for killing. But all sorter for combinations of Yorkshire and Scotch terriers have resulted in a harmless silken, long-haired pet dog, which goes by the name of skye.

A rarer, but one of the most lovable dogs, is the cocker spaniel. There is a lively group of these dogs in almost all the fine stables.

The most ultra fashionable dog is the caniche or French poodle. The poodle allows for costume, as it were, by shearing the long frowsy coat in whatever way



the fancy of its owner may dictate. It used to be the mode to give him a leon-ine appearance, but later styles make of him a leon-ine appearance, but later styles make of him a dude. He usually he wears of one of his legs siles and his bangles.

Authorities on dogs say that there is no difference in intelligence among different breeds, but the genee among different breeds, but the genee among different breeds, but the sense and teachable. Mr. de Ruiz, the Consul from the and the Associated for the control of th



has since been with him. Puck is not only a pure-blooded, perfect canine, but had been taught many tricks, which he soon began to show off. Nothing was ever known of his antecedents, but he has always showed such an interest in music, and such readicess to display his accomplishments, that it is supposed he belonged to some show of performing dogs. No less remarkable are his high-bred manners, and his habits which are so gentlemently and refined.

Japanese dogs, Mexican hairless dogs, queer little creatures from Buenos Ayres, and the hilter creping dachshund are preferred by individual tastes. The bull-terrier pup, which is so fascinatingly ugly, has found friends among women of courage and pronounced tastes. St. Bernards and mastiffs are now among the appointments of any well-ordered country place.—Mary Gay Humphreys in Chicago Inter-Occan.

Boarding-Bouse mistress (at Sunday dinner)—Mr. Jones, why do you not cat some chicken? Jones (who has labored fifteen minutes trying to carve a leg)—Thanks, I never work on Sunday.

Many professions are crowded, but there is always room at the top. Take the clevator, young man, and you will eet there.

SLIM waists are often the result of mere force of habit.