

OVER THE RANGE.

Over the range—
The rifted range, where the purple and gold
Of the high hills lit like a picture unrolled—
We pitch our tents.

By the groves of the gnomes, by far-voiced
streams,
That cry like lost fan in our lotus-dreams:
Where our dream-dulled ears catch the sor-
rowful sigh.

The piteous plaint of the pines as we lie
In their shadowy dens.
Over the range—
Bohemia blest; while the sun's sandaled
feet

Still circle afar in their fiery beat
Through dust and heat
By the marts of men. Here the gold and
blue;
And the star-strewn ways are our ways, and
you

As I will forget toil's pitiless rods;
Aye, forget, while we drink the wine of the
goats,
For the grapes are sweet.
Over the range
In peak-sentined parks, by dim-aisled
groves,

We lay down our lives and lift up lost
loves,
O dear heartsease!
We kiss them swift, for these dreams are
brief.

As I breeze that fondles the falling leaf.
They vanish away as the red rivers run
Thro' tangled hills to the fugitive sun
By the sunset seas.

Over the range—
The purpling peaks—when our dole is done,
Our locks grow gray 'neath an olden sun—
Life's love grown strange.

We will close the book that is read, and
have done.
With holy hands, we will pitch white tents
By shimmering streams on a shadowy shore
And wake from idyllic dreams no more
Over the range.

—[Tom H. Cannon, in Chicago Times.]

A PARDONABLE DECEPTION.
BY D. J. FINLAY.

Moonlake cottage had been untenanted
for two years, and as a matter of course
the subject was a theme of gossip.

Everybody wondered why the heir to the
property did not make his appearance.
Of course there was no particular reason
why a man could not leave his house shut
up while he amused himself elsewhere;

founded, as a close observer might
imagine, seeing them together on this
particular morning.

They had gone out for a row on the
lake, and seemed to be enjoying the so-
ciety of each other very much.

Looking at them now, as they are un-
der the shade of the large trees which
skirted the lake, it would be hard to find
a more perfect type of physical beauty
than each possessed.

Mr. Mansfield was a man of fine per-
sonal appearance, and had all the cul-
ture and refinement of a true gentleman.

Miss Forrester was decidedly good
looking; a blonde in every sense of the
word, but not what is vulgarly called "a
washed-out blonde," for she had all the
blood and freshness of a country girl
accustomed to plenty of fresh air and
exercise.

"That is a decidedly old-fashioned
cottage," said Mr. Mansfield, as they
came in sight of Mr. Walpole's place;
"do you know the history of it, Miss For-
rester?"

"Oh, yes," said she, "but I don't sup-
pose it would be of much interest to you.
I believe the man who built it was an old
English gentleman who took a fancy to
the situation and bought the place. It
was said that he lived a rather reckless
life and killed himself by high living.

The property then descended from one
to another, and now it belonged to a young
gentleman whose name is Walpole. It
has been vacant for some time, and no-
body seems to know anything about the
present owner."

"That is rather a strange history,"
said he, "and it has aroused my curiosi-
ty. I would like to have a look at the
old place some day, if you will act as
companion and guide."

"I think I would make a poor guide,"
said Ella, "but I will go, nevertheless, if
it is any pleasure to you."

"Thank you," he replied; "anything
in which you are concerned cannot fail to
have an interest and pleasure for me;
therefore if it is convenient for you we
will go to-morrow afternoon."

This arrangement, and a few others of
a similar nature being amicably settled,
they returned to the house, and were sur-
prised to find the family waiting supper
for them, as it was long past their tea
hour.

That evening was rather an unpleasant
one for Mr. Mansfield, as there was no
opportunity for him to spend it with Ella.
Conroy had arrived, and she was
obliged to entertain them, although if the
truth must be told she would much rather
have been otherwise employed.

Mr. Mansfield being thus thrown upon
his own resources went out for a quiet
stroll. The night was fine and bright,
and as he walked along his thoughts were
of the beautiful girl who had been the
bright star of his life since he came to
Moonlake.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.
JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN
OF THE PRESS.

A Romance—Not for Him—She
Thought it Strange—A Curious
Combination—It May Be So, Etc.,
Etc.

A CITY OF PALACES.
A Glance at London in the Middle
Ages.

You have now to learn, what I believe
no one has yet pointed out, that if Lon-
don could be called a city of churches, it
was much more a city of palaces. There
were, in fact, in London itself more pal-
aces than in Verona and Florence and
Venice and Genoa all together.

These palaces belonged to the great
nobles and were their town houses; they
were capacious enough to accommodate
the whole of a Baron's retinue, consist-
ing sometimes of four, six, or even eight
hundred men. Let us remark that the
continual presence of these lords and
the following did much more for the
city than merely to add to its splendor
by the presence of great houses.

By their presence they kept the place from
becoming merely a trading centre or an
aggregate of merchants; they kept the
citizens in touch with the rest of the
kingdom; they made the people of Lon-
don understand that they belonged to
the realm of England. When Warwick,
the Kingmaker, rode through the streets
to his town house, followed by five hun-
dred retainers in his livery; when King
Edward IV. brought his wife and children
to the city and rode out to fight for his
crown; when a royal tournament was
held in Chepe—the Queen and her ladies
looking on—even the boys understood
that there was more in the world than
mere buying and selling, importing and
exporting; that everything must not be
measured by profit; that they were
traders, indeed, and yet subjects of an
ancient crown; that their own prosperity
stood or fell with the well-doing of the
country. This it was which made the
Londoners ardent politicians from very
early times; they knew the party leaders;
they felt bound to take a side; and they
quickly perceived that their own side
always won, which gratified their pride.

In a word, the presence in their midst
of king and nobles made them look beyond
their walls. London was never a Ghent;
nor was it a York; it was never Lon-
don for itself against the world, but
always London for England first, and for
its own interests next.—[Harper's Maga-
zine.]

A Brakeman's Rapid Ride.
Frank Bisbee, a brakeman on the New
York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad,
took the fastest ride he will probably
take in this world the other afternoon.

He rode on the top of a freight car from
Haydenville, Mass., to Hospital Hill,
Northampton, a distance of six miles,
in five minutes. The car was "kicked"
down the line, but went too far and
struck the down grade. Bisbee put on
the brake, but it did not hold and the car
dashed over the rails at a frightful speed.

At one time, when the car had not
reached its fastest, the express on the
other line ran by its side for a short
distance, but the car, with its solitary
passenger, soon left it behind and did not
slack up until near Florence, where there
is a slight up grade, and Bisbee, as he
heard it, prayed that it would stop his
dangerous ride.

But up the hill went the runaway and
then down the other side, where there is
a down grade of sixty feet to the mile as
fast as Northampton. The people stand-
ing at the depot held their breath and
opened their eyes with surprise as the
car, now going at the rate of more than a
mile a minute, ran by. Bisbee, who was
standing and clinging to the brake
wheel, waved his hand to his brother, who
is baggage-master at the canal depot, and
who, as he saw the terrible peril his
brother was in, dropped his baggage and
started down the track to the rescue. The
mile further was Hospital Hill, and the
agitated baggage-master breathed more
freely as he saw the runaway begin to
slack up and in a few moments come to
a standstill, while his brother quickly de-
scended from the roof unharmed.—[New
Orleans Picayune.]

Island Customs.
Natives of the Maldiv Islands hold to
certain ways of domestic life that to us
seem decidedly unscientific. To eat alone
insures their highest idea of happiness;
to retire into the most secluded corner of
their homes, to draw down the cloths
serving as blinds, that there be no loo-
p-hole through which an outsider might
peer in, is essential to their pleasure
while refreshing the inner man. One
writer suggests that such caution may
arise from fear of enemies prowling
about; possibly, says another, lest incan-
dalous, nakedly traced in hieroglyphic
form, be cast upon their food, or, by
some wild-wind tramp, rites of hospitality
be demanded at their hands. In the
latter case the interloper would probably
be an inferior, and to break bread or eat
salt with any one beneath the host in
rank, riches, or dignity is among these
peculiar people an utter impossibility.

Philippine Islanders are quite the re-
verse; sociability is their very life, and
the hearty companionship at a distance
the height of pleasure; if no person is near,
search will be made in haste, for, how-
ever hungry the savage may be, he will
not eat alone.

D'Israeli says that the Ottobachens are
naturally social in feeling, and even gen-
tle in their intercourse with one another.
At the hour of sunset the members of a
family place themselves at a distance of
two or three yards from each other, turn
their backs, and in such modest fashion
eat, each from his own basket, in pro-
found silence.—[Harper's Bazar.]

HE EVIDENTLY TOLD THE TRUTH.
A certain caravan orator at a fair,
after a long yarn descriptive of what
was to be seen inside, wound up by say-
ing:

A PRETTY FAIR SHOW.
Mrs. Snubbing—I wish I could do
something that you would admire and not
criticise as you always do.

A NEVER-FAILING SCHEME.
Hunker—The rain-inducing business
is a new thing entirely, I believe?
Bloodmopper—Nonsense! I could al-
ways bring on a smart shower by going
out without an umbrella and with my
boots nicely blacked.—[New York Sun.]

A STATIONERY CONVERSATION.
"You have so much address I can
hardly be expected to compete with you,"
said the letter to the envelope.

THE "HIDDEN HAND."
Alfred de Boiselaque returns from his
club with a black eye.

PUTTING HIS WORD INTO PRACTICE.
An aged clergyman met a man loudly
declaring against foreign missions.

BURGLARS ABOUT.
Little Girl (weeping)—Somebody has
stolen my doll.

NOT DEEP.
He—I always have you in my mind.
She—I don't object. There is no dan-
ger of my getting beyond my depth.

NOT ALL BRAIN WORK.
Physician—Do you ever take any
exercise?
Cholly—Aw yea—I will my own
cigalvettes.—[Epoch.]

THOUGHTLESS.
Mrs. Brooks—You say the doctor
didn't get there until two hours after her
dog died? That's very strange.

THE USUAL WAY.
A woman came after
The very first man;
And that is how the trouble began.

TOO GOOD ALL OF A SUDDEN.
College President—All the boys have
attended prayers regularly this week.

VERY LIKELY NOT.
"I think I'll let my mustache grow,"
said Chappie.

SOUNDS AT SEA.
It is a well-established fact that the
wide-spread sails of a ship when rendered
conceivable by a gentle breeze are most
excellent conductors of sound. The cele-
brated Dr. Arnott relates the following
circumstance as a practical proof of this
assertion:—A ship was once sailing along
the coast of Brazil far out of sight of
land. Suddenly several of the crew,
while walking along the deck noticed that
when passing and repassing a particular
spot they always heard with great dis-
tinctness the sound of bells chiming
sweet music, as though being rung by a
short distance away. Dumbfounded by
this phenomenon they quickly communi-
cated the discovery to their mates, but
none of them were able to solve the eni-
igma as to the origin of those seemingly
mysterious sounds.

THE TROTT'S APPEAL.
Don't visit the commonplace Winne-
peaukee.

HAPPY MAN.
"Ah, Jonesy, old man," said Hicks, as
he and Jonesy walked home from the
club; "there's a light in your window
for you. You married men—"

ANXIOUS MOTHER.
Mrs. Lovely—My dear, you must ac-
cept some one of your many admirers
pretty soon.

A Drummer in a Dilemma.
It appears that a Western drummer
was bidden to that festivity known as a
lawn party, and the tale further showeth
that among the refreshments provided on
that festive occasion were some cherries.

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