THE VOYAGEURS.

With limbs refreshed we rose at dawn, And marked the paird meon that still, like some sweet watcher vorn and wan, Hung der the shadowy southern hill. Our ready boats were on the shore, Our seady boats were on the shore, And on the stream that ashen light Which speaks the last caress of night; And so we rowed away once more.

The dreaming the received fast, Indistribution of the second fast, Indistribution of the second fast, So keen the first, so high the last, Then straight behind us rose the sun, Acd finabled his armied beams before— A thousand spears of light, and more, Upgathered swirtly into one!

Our liquid way was payed with gold, All gleaming as a cat of mail. Above the waters high and bold Up leaped the fish, with glittering scalf The sun ascended bright and strong; The purple hills grew green and clear; And like a chorus in our ear A thousand birds broke into song.

A thousand once some not song. We possed the village, dreaming still, And white and phasily forther down, Witbin a holicov of the hill, Another little silent town, And in the meadows, still as stone The cettle, frosh from bush and brake, Stood calm-syed by the mirror lake, Like shadows gazing at their own!

Like shadows gizing at their own! And so all day we rowed, and made Our way o'er river, stream and laie; And ere the evening fell, had laid Straight miles and many in our wake. While, lite a guide who held in store Our, creating place, the beaming sun, Th it followed at the dawn, strode on, And i.ke à bescon blazed before.

And i.ke a beacon blazed before. By night we pressed the welcome strand, And camped upon the grassy plain; While slow, majesticality grand, The round moon rose to life again. Our wood the blazed upon the shore; The tents were pliched: our axes rang; Thogether brock and kettle sang: rose of the prock and kettle sang; e.e. - Charles Rogers, in Youth's Companion.

ELEANOR.

BY JENNY WREN.

offered? How r



WAS working in the mill that first day Miss Meredith seased through it -1, a had of 16, in far father's em-ploy; she, the wealthiest helress in our state. Yet is stopped when to us state. Yet is stopped when the came to that part of the machinery was directing and watched me cager y. I had seen the men turn, one by and their work, in respectful ad-nit ofton of her beauty. It was little and gaze. Thad a taste for mechanism is fattal inheritance some called it, from by father, whom we had found dead, one ran unfinished model. But, yonug is I was, Mr. Crane, our superintendent, one bright summer morning, bending over an unfinished model. But, yonug as I was Mr. Crane, cur superintendent, had confidence in me, therefore had as-signed me the work Miss Meredith had herored me by pausing to watch. He was by her side, now. Rumor said he was wooing the young hefress; but as regards that, we mill-hands had little opportunity for judging; only, in one brief glance I dared take of the pure, lovely face, smilling so brightly down upon us, I doubted whether he or any man were worthy. "It requires more skill than any other," Mr. Crane answered, "But I have great faith in George, although on chiest on the low con which I could not these. But before Miss Meredith left the mill she again approached me. "Come and see me this evening, George. I want particularly to speak with you."

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left for mie her good by, since they were to cross the seys and might not be back for many 3 year. "Married and gonet." Take a knell the words fell on my ear as I shently tarned my head away, and the bitter tears rolled one by one down my cheek. Ah, how fittle was i in her life who had helped fill mine with auch gladness! Yet she had not forgot-ten me. The honse was in the eare of servants (her father kaving joind them), but the library was left epen-tome, with the privilege of spending there as many hours as I would. Ten years passed on. I held Mr. Crane's old position now. I had won it through a discovery I had made of great value to the owners, and which (like all else that I was, or might he) 2 owel to Miss Meredith. I could not think of her as Mrs. Crane, not even when Herned they were coming home again, with the little girl, born the first year of their marriage in Florence, but without the father who had so wor-shiped her, whose body lay in a foreign grave: not even when, going up a tier her arrival to offer my rescetful wel-comes, she came forward, holding by the hand a little girl, hose sunny hair fell to her waist. My cyces glanced from the mother to the dild. Was it in that moment I transferred my heart's homage? I know not. I only know that for the little creature I would willingly have little creature I would will have had. "We are so prond of you, George," Mrs. Crane said, kindly. The mill grew and prospered in the would have grae into the work it would would have grae into the work it we have. "We are grae not how the work it work."

see her; should learn if, as yet, she had gained the prize. She welcomed me with a new, strange shyness, but ny resolution had made me calt to coldness. No, she was yet heart free, her mother told me. What had I hoped that at her words a greet weight rese from my heart? The im-provements had been made. The next day I was to return to my work, when it was proposed that we should go in the party through the mill to withers its working. Standing by Eleanor's side, we involuntarily paused before the one quiet worker who filled my place when years before her mother had so paused and made the turning-point in my life. All rushed over me with lightning speed, and when Eleanor bent closer to examine the intriente machinery, turn. speed, and when Eleanor bent closer to examine the intriente machinery, turn-ing carelessly to me to ask some ques-tions a light something whirled in the air, a faint scream burst from my dar-ling's pale lips, the light drapery she wore fluttered in the awful wheel, which in another moment would have caught and ernshed her fragile form. No time for thought, no hope of res-cue if an instant's delay. How it hop-pened, no words could paint; but ere an-other 30 seconds had gone by, Eleanor stood pale and trembling, eafe, while my right arm hung helpless by my side.

side, "Oh, George, George, I have killed you!" I heard her say, in a tone which even in that moment thrilled me, but I strove to answer, the agony sickened me, all grew dark, and in my strength and manhood I fell forward at her

A choking sob somewhere near me was the sound I heard, as, opening my eyes, I found I had been borne back to Mrs. Crane's house, and eaught a

wardly away. The mill grew and prospered in the years which rushed so swiftly by. I would have gone into the world to seek wider scope for my ambition but for a something tugging at my heart which kept me chained. I was an honored guest now at the old home. The poor, friendless boy no longer songht ad-mittance to the library, but with econ-summate tact was made to feel himself a friend. Mrs. Crane's honse, and eaught a glimpse of a girl's retiring figure. Mrs. Crane was sitting by my bedside, while my right arm was already handaged. When I was stronger they told me the truth. It must be amputated. I made no murmur. So would I have laid down my life. But now never must is herak my love. No gratitude must influence Elennor's, at pity's call. But, oh, how barren stretched my life before me, as, the operation over, I lay one morning friend. But how had I repaid the kindness ffered? How recompensed my debt of



a week. The increase is sometimes nore rapid but this shows a satisfac-tory progress. Little boys of five and six may wear lace collars and euffs with fine eloth or velvet suits in the afternoon or evening. Nipple collars and euffs of embroidery with a full rullie around the edges look well also. They cost from \$1.50 to \$3.50, the price depending upon the fineness of the material and the elaborateness of the material and the elaborateness

Stanley J. Weyman's surname is pro-nounced Way-man. Constance Fernimore Woolson is buried in Rome, Italy. Mrs. Hungerford is quoted as saying that her nom de plume originated among some friends when once at an "at home" she was langhingly intro-duced as "The Duchess." She was born in Ireland.

SUGGESTIONS FOR MOTHERS. MENTAL ANXIETY KILLS. A baby loses in weight during the first two or three days after it is born. The gain should then begin and continue a the rate of about a quarter of a pound a week. The increase is sometime: How Coustant Strain of Care

Wears Away the Brain. action is Brought About Through constant Striking of a Ham-mer on the Cells.



HOW MENTAL ANXIETY DESTROYS LIFE.

a stroke. Such a succession of blows from a bammer would, of course, in-jure the brain irretrievably almost im-Jure the brain irrefrievably almost im-mediately, but that is the principle. For just in this way does the annoy-ing idea, the maddening thought that will not be done away with, strike or fall upon certain nerve cells, never censing, and week by week diminish-ing the vitality of these deflente organ-isms that are so minute that they can only be seen under the microscope.

A scientific writer recently said:

Evolution

works by two factors; viz: Heredity, or that which tends to permanency, and Environment, or that which tends to variation. The first reproduces the past; the second adapts the present. This is true also as to

Business Evolution.

It is fortunate if a business man has the hereditary endowment of honesty, industry and perseverance, but these are not of themselves sufficient to ensure the highest success. He must be open to the influence of environment, in close sympathy with the spirit of progress, and quick to adopt modern ways and means. The

Successful Men

of former generations would not succeed today with the same means they long ago employed. Neither should the business man of today expect the largest success without intelligent and persevering use of modern methods. Among modern ways of obtaining and maintaining business, nothing is more reasonable or adaptable than

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