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LIGHT.

All is dark about our feet—
Pale the pale sky overhead—
'Neath the trees the shadows meet,
From the world the day is fled.

Faltering our way we trace,
Where the dreaded terrors lie;
But we upward lift our face,
To the wondrous sunset sky.

Here we stumble as we go—
There the star paths are so sure.
In our freedom do we know,
That some laws must still endure?

For unlike the stars above
We ourselves must choose our way—
And for us, great God of Love
Grant Thy Light at close of day.

May we, when the shadows fall
Lift our faces up to Thee.
Through the darkness hear us call,
Be our guide—since we are free.

—Mrs. Edna Judson Wilde, in N. Y. Observer.

New Lamps for Old

"HOW good of you to come," said Mrs. Lambert, leaning over the side of her yacht and looking down on a man in a boat.

"How good of you to have me," he replied, cordially, looking up.

He ran quickly up the ladder and caught the hand she offered him. She could not meet his questioning eyes, but turned away and dropped into a basket-chair, under the shelter of the deckhouse.

"Well?" she said, as he drew up a chair beside her.

"Well," he echoed softly, and touched the back of her hand lightly with the tip of his fingers. "You are wonderful, Mamie. Have you made a bargain with Time that he leaves you unfanned by his blighting wing? You look exactly the same as when we parted three years ago—"

"Three years?" she interrupted quickly. "Oh! it can't be as long as that."

"Hasn't the time seemed long to you?"

"No—yes," she answered, confusedly. "I mean—you see, so much has happened to me since then I've lost count of time."

"Poor little woman. I wish I had been at home during your—trouble; but there were prospects of fighting on the frontier, and I couldn't get leave, and, as a matter of fact, I didn't hear of George's death till December—nearly three months afterward. Why didn't you write to me?" he added, reproachfully.

"I couldn't," she said, shortly.

Her mouth was trembling and her fingers nervously picking at the silk fringe of her sash. He thought it a trifle absurd for an eleven-months' widow to display emotion at the mention of a husband who had treated her notoriously badly, and for whom she had never pretended the smallest affection.

She jumped up and stood at the top of the ladder to welcome the return of her guests.

"I think you know them all," she said, looking over her shoulder at Maj. Tempest; "it is only a family party, with the exception of Sir Christopher Sheridan and Miss Baird."

"Miss Baird?" he repeated. "What Miss Baird?"

But Mrs. Lambert was watching a tall, gray-haired, elderly man, who was still in the boat, and did not answer.

Anthony Tempest leaned over the side of the yacht and looked at the ascending party—two men and two girls. One of the girls turned her face up.

"You here!" she cried, smiling. "Oh!"

Tempest felt his heart beat uncomfortably fast and the blood sing in his ears, as he interrupted his hostess' introduction.

"We are old acquaintances. Miss Baird and I met in India last winter."

"What is troubling you to-night?" said Sir Christopher, kindly. "You look desperately sad."

He was sitting alone with Mrs. Lambert in the bows. From the deck saloon came the sound of music and laughter. Joan Baird was singing songs from a comic opera to Anthony Tempest's guitar accompaniment. There was a little wind, and the lights of the yachts looked like low and wavering stars against the dark sky.

"I am lonely."

"Come to me."

"I have told you before—I cannot. Do not ask me again."

"Tell me why. You have said that you would tell me—now," he urged.

"There is some one else," she answered, slowly, drooping her head. "You know what George was—and I had a friend—"

"He was more than a friend. I loved him, and now that I am free—"

"He still loves you?"

"Yes."

"And you?"

He peered through the darkness and tried to read her face.

"Not now."

"Then come to me."

"Do you still want me—after this?"

"Yes, if you want to come."

"When will you marry me?" he said, presently.

"I don't know—perhaps never," she answered, despondently. "I'm not free."

"But you will be?"

"I don't know."

The music ceased somewhat abruptly; the two performers declared the saloon too hot, and strolled out on to the deck, where they slowly paced up and down. After awhile they came to a standstill close to the wheel.

"So our delightful week is over," she sighed.

"I wonder if you are half as sorry as I am?" he said. "Mike Baird—Joan—tell me, are you really sorry? Do you care for me a little?"

"You know I care very much," replied the girl, looking straight into his pleading eyes.

He took her in his arms and kissed her passionately, then almost pushed her from him and turned away with a groan.

"Good God! What am I doing?" he exclaimed.

She caught his coat sleeve.

"What is the matter? What do you mean? Don't you love me?"

Her big gray eyes stared at him wide open and afraid, and her voice faltered.

"I'm a blackguard—a scoundrel. I love you, and I've made you love me, but I can't marry you. Oh! Joan, Joan!"

"You are already married, oh—oh!" and she covered her face with her hands.

"No, no," he cried, "but—"

She turned toward him and gazed at him with all her love in her eyes.

"But what?" she asked.

"I'm engaged—I mean, I'm going to marry some one else."

"Is that all?" she said. "Oh, Tony, how you frightened me! That's nothing—you can break it off.

"Well?" she said, nervously, laying her hands on his shoulders.

"I can't break it off," he said, drawing her close to him. "I'm sort of bound to her, you know."

"I don't want to know any more," she interrupted, quietly. "Let me go," and she stepped back a pace as he released her. "Good-by," she added, brokenly, "I—I'm sorry."

She turned suddenly, ran quickly along the deck and down into her cabin.

"Come here, Tony," called Mamie from her nest of rugs and cushions where Sir Christopher had left her. "Come and talk to me for a moment. Must you really go to-morrow?"

"Yes," he replied, gloomily.

"What is the matter?" she said, quickly.

"Nothing."

"Are you vexed with me about anything?" she asked, anxiously.

"No. Why should I be?"

"I don't know, but you haven't been near me the last three days."

"You always seemed to have Sheridan in your pocket."

"Are you jealous?"

"Oh, no!" and he laughed, but with an air of embarrassment.

"Don't you think we had better get married at once?" he said, suddenly.

"Married? No—no!" she cried, starting forward; then leaned back among her cushions, and continued,

"GOOD-BY, I—I'M SORRY."

in a subdued voice: "Don't you think we are really much happier as we are?"

"What do you mean by 'as we are?'"

"I mean—not married."

"But—I don't understand. Don't you want to marry me, Mamie?"

"Do you still love me?" was the soft counter-question.

"Yes."

"As much as you loved me three years ago?"

Antony Tempest pulled his mustache and looked away.

"Let us be honest with each other, dear Tony. Of course it is rather humiliating that, after all our vows and tears and protestations of eternal fidelity, we should have fallen out of love with each other and into love with some one else; but I'm afraid it is a fact, isn't it?"

"Yes," he said, looking at her with amazement through the darkness.

"If I tell you my secret, will you tell me yours?"

He nodded.

"I want to marry Sir Christopher. And you?"

"Joan," he said, smiling, and lingering tenderly on the name.

Then he knelt beside her and took her hands.

"Mamie, Mamie, what a clever little witch you are! Do you know that, in spite of everything, I am inclined to be jealous of Sir Christopher?"—Ladies' Field.

Bad Manners in London Streets.

Weak, nervous and elderly people are often made very uncomfortable by the overcrowding of the London pavements in the more frequented parts, while busy men are driven to despair by the obstacles to direct walking. Of late the inconvenience experienced has been increased by the fact that the people of London are, on the whole, less orderly and well-mannered than those of a previous generation. The deterioration of public manners of the men, and especially of the boys, in the street is a subject of constant remark among those whose memory carries them back only ten or 15 years.—London Lancet.

Many persons have had the experience of Mr. Peter Sherman, of North Stratford, N. H., who says, "for I suffered torture from chronic indigestion but kodol dyspepsia cure made a well man of me." It digests what you eat and is a certain cure for dyspepsia and every form of stomach trouble. It gives relief at one even in the worst cases, and can't help but do you good.

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PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar" has realized in various ways the enormous total of $485,000, all of which has been turned over to the families of soldiers fighting in South Africa.

Sir Henry Joly, lieutenant governor of British Columbia, with the assistance of the Natural History society of that province, is preparing to import large numbers of song birds from England and eastern Canada.

Prof. George Adam Smith, of Glasgow, denies that the churches of that city are losing their grip on the workingmen. He declares that if it were not for the working classes the evangelistic tone of religious life in Glasgow would not be kept up a week.

Sidney Cooper, R. A., the famous painter of cattle, was 97 this year and is hard at work on a picture for next year's academy. The painting is a five-foot canvas—a picture of sheep. It is painted from studies made by Mr. Cooper in 1845. The artist works from nine till 12:30 every day and says he feels better than for the last four years.

Senor Corea, the Nicaraguan minister at Washington, is without doubt one of the busiest diplomats of the corps. He is the son of wealthy parents and was educated at the best schools of Nicaragua and Guatemala. Before entering the diplomatic service he had made quite a reputation as a jurist. He was district judge of Totoncapan and had written several treatises on law and philosophy.

An old legal paper has been discovered in the prothonotary's office in Wilkesbarre, Pa. It is an affidavit of defense prepared by the late Jay Gould, in his handwriting, and bears date of 1855. Gould was then in the tanning business in Gouldsboro, Pa. and he had difficulties with his creditors. In his defense he claims that he had built the largest tannery in the world, and instead of being worried by his creditors he thought he should receive encouragement for developing the resources of the country.

Recently the governor general of Canada and Lady Minto were made the victims of an awkward mistake. An aid-de-camp in waiting was desired to send out about 100 invitations for a reception. On the afternoon appointed the viceregal host and hostess were ready to receive their guests. The band played, the tea and coffee steamed away on the refreshment tables, but in vain—nobody came. At last it was quite evident that some mistake had occurred and the officer was questioned, when it was discovered that he had entirely forgotten to send out the cards.

MOTORMAN HAS HIS WOES.

Getting a Clear Track in the Down-Town District Is One of Them.

"Get off that track, Simpkins, Jones & Co., shouted the motorman in charge of a Wentworth avenue car. "Get off that track and forget your old tricks."

The lone passenger on the front platform, smoking his cigar and reading the signs on either side of the street, paid no attention to this shout but a few minutes later the motorman startled him by yelling at the top of his voice, says the Chicago Chronicle:

"Caruthers & Doyle, get a move on yourself, and give a white man a chance to pass you. Get out of the track, or I'll bump you hard."

From Washington street until the Twelfth street viaduct was reached the active motorman kept up a tirade on the drivers of wagons, addressing them at all times in the name of some well-known firm, although the lettering on the wagons could not be seen by the interested passenger. Considering the motorman somewhat of a marvel, the passenger questioned him, and was rewarded by an insight into the business of operating a street car in the downtown district.

"I have been on this run for several years," said the man in the bearskin coat, "and during that time I have been pestered by teamsters so persistently that I know every wagon and driver by sight. Should Smith & Jones change drivers or wagons I am on to the fact just as soon as I get alongside of the wagon. It takes time, but it pays in the long run. I know the fellows that will get out of my way by jollying, and, on the other hand, I know the fellows who must be abused before they will pull out. Sometimes one tap of the bell will suffice, but on other occasions a fusillade is needed to make way for the car. There are tricks in all trades, even in the business of running a street car."

Curio Hunters in Rural England.

Nowadays there is scarcely a cottage too remote to be visited by the furniture collectors. Most districts are scoured by the agents of the large furniture firms in London, and the rural folk are beginning to understand the value of their old oak chairs and grandfather clocks and their beloved china handed down from generation to generation. On genuine old willow pattern plates and dishes there is a great run nowadays, and many a cottage dresser has been shorn of its glory in consequence. Still, some of the poor people—a honor to them—cling to their old sticks and plates and refuse to be tempted by the offers of the old curio hunters.—N. Y. Sun.

Correct.

"Johnny," queried the teacher of the new pupil, "do you know your alphabet?"

"Yes'm," answered Johnny.

"Well, then, continued the teacher, "what letter comes after A?"

"All the rest of them!" was the triumphant reply.—N. Y. World.

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" 6, Daily Way Train	12.10	P. M.
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" 2, Daily Express	4.25	"
" 620, Sunday Only	4.30	"
" 8, Daily Express	5.20	"
" 18, Sunday only	8.40	"
" 22, Daily Except Sunday	6.50	"
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WESTWARD.

No. 3, Daily Express	12.30	A. M.
" 17, Daily Milk Train	8.05	"
" 1, Daily Express	11.23	"
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" 5 Daily	5.15	"
" 27, Daily Except Sunday	5.50	"
" 7, Daily Express	10.15	"

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