The angel face that men had praised I closer scanned, with lorgnette raised My study not concealing; She bore it with the proudest case, She felt so confident to please, Such beauty fine revealing.

I wondered if an inner grace Matched all this loveliness of face, And used my mental eye-glass; Its searching crystal only saw A mind so free from rust or flaw That-I laid down my spy glass

I grew to love her day by day; She knew it, liked it—woman's way— Was pleased with the new-comer; She saw another slave enrol His heart for her serene control. And liked me—for a summer. I was a fool; I sought her heart; The calm face did not felga or start,

Surprise to seem to cover; She only said, with candid speech, She really had not meant to teach Me to become her lover. I smile to think that I have learned

(With lorgnette critically turned) So little worth discerning; For now I see, without my glass One great defect—well, let it pass; No heart. Was she worth learning -New York Post.

THE HERMIT.

A Tale of Mining Life in the Sierra Madre

[Philadelphia Times.] Away up on the main range—the Sierra Madre-of the Rocky Mountains, 12,000 feet keeping watch over the little basin in which are the cabins, collectively known as Mineral City. The mountain sides are seemed and ribbed with the rich silver veins of San Juan, and scores, of cuts, shafts and tunnels echo daily to the clang of drill and sledge as the hardy miners delve after the metallic treasures of these great storehouses.

Near the blacksmith where the not unmelodious ring of picks and drills being contain matters of importance? Had the old sharpened is heard all the day and far into man any friends or relatives living, and the night, a little cabin stands unobtrusively where were they to be found? All these upon its rocky foundation. There is an air things and many more came flitting through of neatness about its hipped roof of nicely his brain, and he did not hear his patient split "shakes," and its carefully hewn door | slowly raise himself in bed and stare about that speaks well for the patience, taste and him. The old man looked the room over, skill of the builder. In fact, the cabin is and then his eyes rested on the burly form pointed out as a fine specimen of frontier ar- by the fire.

The solitary owner and occupant of this little building was known throughout the camp as "The Hermit," Not, be it understood, because of his imitating those poor old beings of ancient story who dwelt in caves and fled at the approach of any one, but simply because he was a taciturn, quiet, old fellow, who worked his mine alone, and, when joining the rest of the men about the done and laying great stress on the interest fire in the saloon, always sought a corner, of the men. and rarely, if ever, took part in the conversa-

He was vastly different from any of his fellow laborers. He never drank; he never way "No," said the old fellow with the same swore; but in his quiet, unobtrusive way weary smile, but—but I thank you." would sit and gaze intently at the fire, un-mindful of the stories, the hearty laughter, the social drinking, and the absorbing game after being so fur down as you've been. of cards going on around him. Tall he was, You'll soon be all right—cheer up, and don't with a decided stoop in his shoulders; a long let your sand run out; besides I've got a beard, plentifully streaked with gray, and a letter for you." pair of wearied, restless, nervous, yearning "Letter—for me?" and the old man's face eyes, that somehow appealed to the rough, lighted up with an eagerness that sent a trebut good-hearted miners.

Mail came twice a week in Mineral City and the saloon was the postoffice. Regularly upon the carrier's arrival the hermit would join the crowd and listen with an eager, ex-pectant air as the superscriptions of the various letters were read out by the saloon keep-er, and then, when the last missive had been read and either claimed or set aside, he would lower his head and slowly slip away to his seat at the corner of the fireplece, with never then said suddenly a word. Every mail that went out carried a "Hold on, Georgia." letter from the Hermit, always directed to the same party, and every month he regis-tered one to the same address, which the boys shrewdly guessed contained such money as —very kind—and I've got nothing to show

a letter to the hermit, for his continual ex- derstand all the good news it contains." pectation and his regularly bitter disappoint. ment touched them, but they argued it would not be what he wanted, and so the idea was abandoned Several of them asked the post- chap years ago-not such a good-for-nothing master to lay aside their letters without reading aloud their addresses that the contrast Georgia—married the best girl in old Pennmight not be so painful to the hermit, and none of them gave vent to any joyful exclamations when the mail brought them favors, as was their wont. The old whisky keg at sylvania. I was mighty happy—too happy, partner—that's what made it go so hard when she died. We had one child, a girl, and we called her Alice—my wife's name. She the corner of the fireplace, was always re-served for the hermit, and come when he and so very, very pretty. It was hard lines might, he never found it occupied, or, when on me, Georgia, and scmehow I got to drink-sitting there was he ever crowded. And so ing. I know it done me no good, and I know these rough frontiersmen showed in various it wasn't right, but a man doesn't reason ways their sympathy for their lonely and silent companion, of whom they knew noth- and drank. I sold everything and put my ing save what his pinched, careworn face, girl, my little Alice, with my wife's brother.

Alice, remembered that the hermit had not They wouldn't let me come into their house, been to work that day or the day before, and | and they said I'd killed my wife by drinking. when night came on and the keg in the cor- Georgie, it was a lie-a damnable lie. ner remained unoccupied the boys concluded never drank a drep till she died, and

Georgia, "an' it sorter strikes me that we might call in and see"

As this met the approval of all the men. Georgia and Roney started up to the hermit's cabin. A dim light crept around the edges of the flour sack that acted as a curtain for hairs of his beard. the little square pane of glass constituting a window, and after consultation, the two messengers concluded to take a peep before making their presence known.

Georgia put his face to the glass and peered intently within The hermit sat on the earthen floor enveloped in a torn and miserable blanket. His hat was off and his long gray hair was tangled and unkempt, His eyes, which Georgia could plainly see, as he sat nearly facing the window, combined with their usual pleading expression a sort of fe-verish glitter, and the whole attitude of the man was one of despair. In his hands he held what appeared to be a photograph and an old | was in '67, and she was ten years old. He letter, and he never moved his eyes from took no notice of my letter-

The rest of the room that came within Georgia's field of vision betokened cleanliness, but at the same time extreme poverty for eyen that rough country. Georgia withdrew his head and his companion took a look, after which they both softly retreated some little distance into the timber and paused.

The next day passed and the next and the hermit gave no signs of existence. That evening the mail came in, and among the letters was one, in a woman's hand, John Harman, Mineral City, San Juan County, Col. There was not such a personage in the County, 30 far as the boys knew, but Georgia suddenly suggested that it might be for the hermit. This seemed most probable, and he was deputed to carry it up and deliver it, if correct,

As before all the knocking failed to obtain an answer and Georgia, after a moment's hesitation, put his shoulder to the door and with as little noise as possible burst the wood, en button off that served as a lock. The next instant and Georgia was in the room. The hermit lay extended on the floor, his face flushed and hot with fever, and his long, thin fingers nervously grasping and relaxing again the torn blanket on which he tossed. "What's the matter, old pard?" said Geor-

gia, as he raised the old man's head. The fevered eves turned toward his face. the emaciated fingers opened and the poor lonely old fellow said huskily: "Don't tell her!"

"Who-tell who?" "Alice-poor little

Thinking of his folks in the States," muttered Georgia, and then tenderly and carefully he lifted the sick man in his arms and then strode away to his own cabin. The news of the hermit's sickness sprea

shrough the camp, and blankets and food came from all quarters for his use. The store was ransacked for the best it could afford. A terrible slaughtering of mountain grouse took place, that rich broths might be made above the sea, rests a little mining camp for the invalid. One man traveled sixteen or some twenty or twenty-five rough log miles to Silverton to secure a can of peaches, for the invalid. One man traveled sixteen cabins. Right on the edge of the timber | and the men almost fought in their anxiety line! Tall spruce pines below; bare, fagged to act as nurses and watchers. Georgia rocks above. North, south, east and west | thanked the boys, but kept them away, adhuge peaks tower in their massive grandeur, | mitting only one or two to aid him in the care and rear their stony heads to the rising and of the old man. But despite all his attention setting sun, and seem like grim old sentinels | the old fellow sank and sank, and it soon became evident that the mountain fever had

one more victim. One night Georgia sat smoking his pip and musing. The owner of the letter had been found, for in his ravings the old man had often mentioned the name of Harmar, but the boys feared lest he should die before reading it, and this perplexed Georgia sadly. What was he to do with it, and might it not contain matters of importance? Had the old

"Georgia," he said. In an instant Georgia sprang to his feet and hastened to the bedside. "Why, pardner, durn it- yer-yer getting

better, ain't you?" The old man smiled wearily.

"Tell me all about it." Georgia briefly recounted the story of hi

illness, touching but slightly on what he had

"But now, old man, you'll soon be up and among 'em," he concluded with a cheerful

lighted up with an eagerness that sent a tre-mor through Georgia's honest heart lest the missive, after all, should not be for him. He got it, however, and gave it into the trembling hands.

I know-like her mother's. Oh, how long it has been coming—but now—" said the poor, weak, shaking hands vainly strove to open it.

"Yes, sir," said the fellow, "it's her writing,

"Let me," said Georgia, kindly.

The old man let him take the letter, and then said suddenly, in a low, even tone:

Georgia paused the poor fellow was able to scrape together for it—nothing but confidence. I'm going to tell you something, Georgia, and then—
The boys had often debated upon writing then you can read that letter and you'll un-

He paused a moment and closed his eyes. Then he continued: "Georgia, I was a likely sort of a young and yearning eyes told.

One day the mail came in and the hermit was not there. This was so unusual that it led to considerable speculation among the led to

boys. Then Roney, whose lead lay near the | have made a man of me, but they didn't. | rect and use it for good?" "Pards, I reckon the hermit may be a leetle off, and might kinder need help," said was alone in the world; alone with my great grief, and-" and the old man's voice broke, and his poor, thin hands went nervously over the blanket, while the tears stole from

> "Well, Georgia," he said presently, "they got an order from the Court giving the guardianship of my child-my Alice-to her uncle, because, they said, I was unfit to take

"Yes," said Georgia. "After a whille I wrote to her uncle and I told him of my new life, and asked him if I couldn't at least write to my little girl. That

"He's a-," broke in Georgia, but sud-denly checked himself before concluding. "Then I thought he hadn't got it, so I got my money together and went East. But he had, Georgia; he had. It was no use, though. He wouldn't believe in me, and wouldn't let me see my little girl. He said he would give \$1,000,000 to have that fish-home removed. Lessured him that such cases. she should never know but he was her father, bone removed. I assured him that such cases 3 p. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday-school at 8 a. m. "Well?" said Roney.
"Burned queer," said Georgia.
"Kinder sick lookin", eh?"
Georgia nodded his head thoughtfully.
"Let's see the boys about it," said Roney, and they both retraced their steps to the saloon.

She should never know but he was her lather, at least until she was of age. I tried the Courts, but I spent my money without changing the decree. Then I gave it up, and came back West again. I gained one thing, though. The Judge said that when Alice was twenty-one she should be offered the choice of coming to me, her father, or restricted the unwelcome intruder. I smiled The boys listened with interest to the re- maining with her guardian. I had to rest and proceeded to introduce the forceps, but

tary and eccentric occupant and joined their | the poor old man softly murmured, "Little Alice, little Alice."

Georgia tore open the envelope and unfolded the letter, and the old man feebly drew nearer in joyful, happy eagerness. "My uncle," read Georgia, unsteadily. "has informed me of my relationship to you, I have only to say that I regret that the man whose habits killed my mother should also bear the title of father. I sincerely hope that the Almighty will pardon where we can not. ALICE HARMER."

Georgia turned toward the old man. "My God," he said, "the Hermit is dead!"

The Educating Influence of the Stage. Philadelphia Becord.] It can not well be controverted that amuse ment is one of the primary needs of human nature. The instinct of play is early developed in the child, and it is an iron necessity more than anything else that makes a man give it up when the stern duties of life press upon him. The man of leisure, who has no such spur to toil of either hand or brain, often wearies, indeed, of frivolities and idle ness, and applies himself with zeal to some engrossing and arduous labor. He finds a pleasure in busy occupation apparently for its own sake. After all, however, this pursuit is a kind of play for him. In this live age of the world there is but slight love anywhere of mere indolence. The energies of body and mind must have free course. 'The rush and hurry of events; the swift succesilization and national life the world over: inspiration which impels men who would be peers among their fellows to throw themselves into the arena of eager, exultant ae-

Thus does the old law of work hold good. and the dignity of labor is asserted as a trait of the truest and best nobility of life. But a man can not be every moment aiming at an object and seeking to gain a purpose. Not only must he have rest, but recreation, if only as a change of effort, is needful for him. He must be sometimes free from care. He must now and then cast off the monotony of business, leaving shop or office and the worry and even the thought of his vocation, and disport himself at something which is not simply the means to an end, and which he can enjoy in, of and for itself rather than for the results it is to win.

of the ready-made resources for amuschement which we of the city find at hand the theater supplies, perhaps, in its season the easiest of access, the cheapest and most convenient. What are the objections to it? Religious—have sometimes looked askance at it. Some denominations of Christians denominated evil. Is this view in fact correct? Is it not rather its abuses and its illicit developments, rather than the stage itself, that should be discountenanced? Are its inevitable incidents and tendencies vicious and immoral? Is not the pure and legitimate drams a fact, and is not this form of it not only a positive benefaction to markind but also a valuable moral monitor? These questions are not new, but they are beginning to Of the ready-made resources for amusoalso a valuable moral monitor? These ques-tions are not new, but they are beginning to be asked with a new earnestness and candor, which is a hopeful sign. A clergyman of the winds and the constant shooting the Burlington Conference, St. James', Picca-dilly, a paper upon the relations of churchmen toward the stage. He declared, in his singularly temperate and serious essay, that it was the duty of the church not to ignore or gratory birds have mated, decided where to institution, but to utilize, guide and purify what may be and often is a great power of good. Since people will be and should be amused, their needs in this direction should be an amused, their needs in this direction should be an amused. The feathers is often wanting, but a few not be denounced, but regulated. The poor he held, had better be sung to and made to placed in the crotch of a tree, on two forked iteration. Panem et circenses, he said, is a human and not a purely pagan cry. This generation must learn that there is a religion of amusement, as it has already learned that there is a religion other trees are occupied. From half a dozen tence and worship. We are concerned, he remarked, not merely as men but as priests, in the existence of public amusements, the want of which is a most fertile source of sin and crime. Among these amusements the theater is foremost in popularity and power. To ignore the drama is inhuman; for the dramatic instinct is found in all, especially in childhood, when instincts are fresh and unwarped. It is unwise to turn aside from what may any day ascend or descend to conscious and active energy for good or evil. The drama in great cities is the chief and almost the only source of moral teachings to the thousands. "The play's the thing" by which not only to "catch the conscience of the King" but of the people not only of the

reached by the ministrations of the clergy. street. Hours of service, 12 and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 9 a.m. and Not long ago the present Bishop of Dur-ham, England, said in a sermon: "The stage 2. p. m. in its purest ages was the pulpit not only in name but in teaching. What is there is to prevent the English stage from taking its proper place as the most useful ally of the school and pulpit by promoting all that healthiest in morality and most bracing to the intellect? Is it wise to cut ourselves off

The One Certainty. Lightly I hold my life with little dread. And little hope for what may spring therefrom; But live like one that builds his summer's home For coolness on a dried up river bed, To paint the walls, and plans no golden dome, Knowing the flood, when autumn's rains are come, Shall roll its ravening waters overhead.

And wherefore should I plant my ground and sow?
Since, though I know not of the day or hour,
The conqueror comes at last, the alien foe
Shali come to my defenseless place in power,
With force, with arms, with ruinous overthrow,
Taking the goods I gathered for his dower.
—University Magazine.

Value of a Doctor's Services. care of her. Georgia, if but one kind word had been said—only one—I wouldn't have been the fool that I was. Well, I left and came West. Stopped drinking. I have never touched a drop since Alice was taken from me. You believe me, Georgia."

[New York Medical Record.]

I was called at midnight to visit a gentleman who had just returned from a late dinner, where he had succeeded by hasty eating in lodging a large fish-bone in his throat. I provided myself with an emetic, a pair of esophagus forceps, and other paraphernalia designed to give him relief, and hurriedly repaired to his room. I found him pacing Bright street. Hours of service, 11 a. m., up and down the floor with a look of intense 3 p. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday-school at 9 a. m. distress and anxiety, occasionally running his fingers down his throat and gagging. He told me, in tones of despair, that he thought it was all up with him, but begged me, if the service, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday-school The boys listened with interest to the report, and pulled their beards and scratched their heads in attempts to obtain a solution as to what ailed the hermit. Many and various were the explanations given, and then they decided that Georgia and Roney had better go back and knock at the door and inquire, at any rate, if anything was wrong; so thereupon the two once more started up the trail. They knocked, first softly and then harder, but elicited no response or caused any show of life within.

WILD PIGEONS IN MICHIGAN.

The Flight of Millions Toward The North -How They Build Their Nests. [Correspondence of the Detroit Post, April, 25.1

Something more than four weeks ago the biennal flight of pigeons to the woods of Northern Michigan, for which the hunters had long been watching, commenced. These birds on their journeyings from the South to the far North stop every two years for two or three nestings in Michigan, usually coming in immense numbers. On the alternate years, when beech-nuts are not abundant in this State, they takesome other course in their their northward flight. Formerly, their first nesting was in Allegan or Ottawa County. Of late they have generally settled first in Shelby. Oceans County, and later in the season in Binzie and Emmet Counties Two years ago they skipped both Oceans and Benzie Counties and nested first in Emmet, near Petoskey. This year their first flight was to the same section, but they soon discovered that they had been fooled by the warm weather further South. The weather about Petoskey was still cold, the bay was frozen ever, the snow was deep in the woods, the prospect for good feeding was bad, and after a day or two of apparent irresolution and many erratic flights the birds, as if by com mon consent, took their course to the neighborhood of Platte River in Benzie County As a local publication stated at the time, "they came in clouds, millions upon millions. It seemed as if the entire world of pigeons sion of new phases in affairs; the continual was concentrating at this point. The air was changes and transformations in society, civand still they came, millions upon millions the tireless activity of movement which more." They spread over an area of more marks the modern time—all these bear an than fifteen miles in length and six to eight miles wide, and the prospect for a time was that the nesting would be the most extensive ever known in the State. The news speedily reached all parts of the State, and it is said that in a fortnight's time 3,000 huntersprofessionals, amateurs, greenhorns-had invaded the country from all directious, surrounding and penetrating the nesting-

It was noticed, however, by old hunters that the birds did not settle down to domes tic life as quickly as usual. The roosting birds-that is, those who had not yet mated -outnumbered the nesting birds a hundred to one. Some of the more zealous and inconsiderate sportsmen entered the nesting woods and commenced popping away at the nests themselves, a snow-storm followed, high winds prevailed, and many of the roosting birds, disgusted, postponed their anticitpated

the Church of England recently read at the nests have been deserted before any birds were hatched. One nesting is about the same as another. condemn the influence of the stage, now a settle, and have staked off their claim, they recognized and widely-established secular proceed at once to construct about the slightlaugh than be groaned over with relentless branches, or anywhere else in the tree where there is a religion of health, as well as of peni- to fifty or sixty nests are built in a tree, and ington St.

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Vermont street. Hours of service: 10:30 a.

m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9 a. m Allen A. M. E. Church, Broadway. Rev. R. Titus, pastor. Residence, 113 Oak street. Hours of service: 10:30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school at

Corner Blackford and North streets. Revcultured but of those large masses who are not J. Holiday, pastor. Residence Missouri

> Sixth street, between Mississippi and Tennessee. Rev. S. G. Turner, pastor. Residence, 251 West Fifth street. Hours of services, 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday

at 2 p. m. Brauch M. E. Church. Blackford street, between North and Michigan streets. Reverend J. C. Hart, pastor. Residence, Massachusetts avenue. Hours of service, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9 a. a. m.

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C. H. LANIER, W. M. sponse or caused any show of life within, save the extinguishment immediately of the light.

"No use," whispered Roney, and without further words they left the cabin and its soli
"No use," whispered Roney, and without further words they left the cabin and its soli
"No use," whispered Roney, and without further words they left the cabin and its soli-

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Depart.

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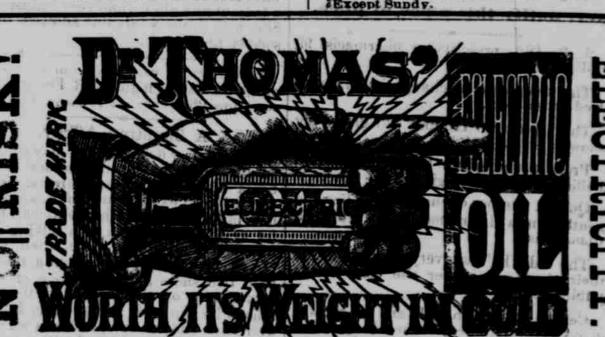
& Pitts. Exts 4:20 am
Dayt.&C.Ex.t/ll :00 am
Rich.&D.Ac fg 8:45 pm
N. Y., P., W.,
B.& P. Extsh 5:45 pm
Dayt. Ext/2...... 4:20 am
Dayton Ext/2 12:46 pm
Dayton Ext/2 12:46 pm Perre Haute, Vandelie and St. Louis. Chie go Bailroad, Chie go Bailroad, Chie go Bailroad, Cincin. F. Mail 7:25 am Cincin. F. Mail 7:25 am Cincin. Ac. 5:25 am C. & St. L. F. L. & 1.15 am Cincin. F. Mail p12:25 pm Cincin. F. Mail 6:05 pm Western Ex. ... 6:35 pm C. & St. L. F. L. & 1.0:55 pm C. & St. L. F. L. & 10:55 pm C. & St. L. F. L. & 10:55 pm Lafayette Ac. ... 11:00 am Chi. Mail p. ... 12:56 pm Lafayette Ac. ... 11:00 am Western Ex. ... 6:45 pm Chicago Mail. ... 2:50 pm C. & B. F. L. & 11:20 pm Evening Ac. ... 5:40 pm Indiana, Bloomington and Western.
Pacific Ex....... 7:45 am East & S. Ex.... 4:10 am Crawfordsville (Champaign Ac. 11:00 am Day Rx. & Mail. 5:40 pm R. & T. Spec.... 8:00 pm R. I & W. Ex†BC11:00 pm

Mail & Cin.Ex. 4:15 am Mail. Accom...... 4:85 pm | Weste n Ex 9:85 pm Mi. & CairoEx.. 8:15 am Spencer Acc..... 9:20 am Spencer Acc.... 8:20 pm Ml. & CairoEx.. 5:35 pm Indianspoiis, Peru and Chicago.

M.O.FtW.&T.... 7.25 am | C. & M. C. Ex.† 4:00 am | C. & M. C. Ex.† 4:00 am | C. & M. C. Ex. 1:00 am | C. & M. C. Ex. 6:10 pm | T. & Ft.W. Ex. 5:25 pm | D.,T.&C.Ex.†,11:10 pm | C. & M. C. Mail, 9:50 pm

effersonville, Madison and Indianapo Depart. | Arrive, | Arrive Caire and Vincennes Railrond. Cairo Mail..... 2:80 pm Vinc. Mail......12:20 pm

Through Ex... 7:55 am Tuscola Ex.... 1:30 am Through Ex... 5:30 pm Trains marked thus * indicate sleeper.
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