THE ADVOCATE.

MANKIND DIE POOR.

I have a secret I will tell you:
'Tis not good news, but it is always true;
Sad truth it is and will be evermore,
It is, that almost all mankind die poor.

Our ancestors worked hard their bread to win;
They had their sorrows, often mixed with sin;
What comes so hard goes easy from our store,
Fathers and children often all die poor.

Most men die poor—they did and always will,
Few shall rule, the rest must serve with skill;
Joseph from the pit is lord of more
Than swarms of dark Egyptians dying poor.

Does farming pay? With wit and force combined
Surely is the farm that feeds mankind;
Farmers are richer round the world I'm sure,
But farmers often grumble, and die poor.

Only to work and save makes wealth abound,
A thousand ways to scatter tempt us round;
Little to get and many burdens sore,
And some get ugly that they should be poor.

Ah, well! who cares? All history surely tells,
They who have money do not have all else;
Each man may be a splendid soul I'm sure,
Where Christ and all the apostles died so poor.

All heaven's best gifts to men are freely given,
Life, joy, love, song, worship and hope of heaven,
Hosts of good fellows here and gone before,
And God's especial blessing on the poor.

Eternal forces given to his control,
God helping man he grows a splendid soul;
A miracle is wrought with hope of more,
Tell me, how can eternal hope die poor?

The great procession keeps its course sublime,
Wide as the world, long as the stream of time;
With heroes, saints and sages evermore,
All in the same old fashion, dying poor.

Even so, father, if thy will it be,
We bow our hearts right royal unto thee,
Thy children make life glorious evermore,
And so we die victorious and poor.

—James B. Wiggin in Cambridge Press.

AN AWFUL CHARGE.

The little combination freight and passenger train that runs from the entrance of the great Hoosac tunnel away up through the mountains along the bank of the Deerfield river waits patiently on its narrow gauge side track until its larger contemporary from Boston comes up and empties out whatever of its freight and whoever of its passengers are destined for the little villages farther up in the mountains. As soon as the Fitchburg train has pulled out of the station and into the tunnel the smaller combination is left master of the field, and, after backing coquettishly from its side track with many a puff and flutter and much ringing of a not untuneful bell, it starts sturdily around the curve and begins its journey of twelve miles over an up-grade track.

One quiet evening in the earlier part of July a young woman, accompanied by a girl who seemed to act in the capacity of maid rather than companion, alighted from the 5 o'clock train from Boston, made some inquiries of an official at the Fitchburg station and then made her way across the tracks to the other train which was waiting respectfully at a distance. Just as the train from Boston was about to start a young man came hurriedly to the platform of the car, looked earnestly across the tracks and then disappeared inside the car to return a moment later with a tan leather satchel, an umbrella and a cane. He looked nervous and annoyed, but crossed the tracks and climbed into the single passenger car on the narrow gauge road. The car was a combination passenger and baggage car, and he climbed in at the baggage car end. Presently the train backed from the side track and started along its up grade journey.

The young man took up a position before the open side door of the baggage end of the car and seemed to give himself up to admiration of the country through which they were passing, though he cast furtive glances into the other end of the car, where the young woman had taken her place. She was seated near the middle of the car, on the sunny side, and her maid was two or three seats behind her with wraps and umbrellas and the various other paraphernalia that a fastidious young woman carries with her even on a short journey. Having made these observations the young man gave more perfect attention to the landscape and looked less frequently into the car proper. The girl was evidently unconscious of his presence, or at least unmindful of him. She looked steadily out of the window and seemed to be enjoying also the beautiful scenery.

But presently the young man began to grow more nervous and restive. He moved uneasily from his position to the open doorway and sat down on a box in the middle of the car. Then he went back to the door and leaned away out, looking up the track. Then he went back to the box again and arranged his four-in-hand nervously. Suddenly he got up and walked resolutely down the car to where the young woman was seated. He walked much in the manner of one who has determined to take a bath in very cold water and goes at it with his nerves at the sticking point and his eyes shut. The young woman was much interested in the landscape as he came up, and she did not notice him. He was obliged to call her attention.

"Grace," he said.

She turned from the window with wondering eyes and looked at him a moment. Then the light of recognition drove the wonder slowly from her eyes and she held out her hand languidly.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Marden?" she said.

He took her hand slowly; he almost hoped for it. He had been trying all the way from Boston to get up courage to speak to her, and now her cool, surprised "How do you do" was almost too much for him. There was not even a traceable note of resentment in it. There certainly was nothing of pleasure.

However, he pulled himself together and took the seat which she made for him beside her.

"It used to be 'Frank,'" he said in answer to her "Mr. Marden."

She laughed easily. "Oh, yes, but that was ever so long ago."

"It was long ago," said the young man; "it seems an age."

Miss Grenville made no reply. She sat there brown eyed and self contained, and presently looked out of the window again. The young man made another issue.

"What on earth brings you to this forsaken region?" he asked.

Miss Grenville looked at him inquiringly. "Is it forsaken?" she asked. "I think it is very pretty."

"Well, yes, pretty, but not—well—exciting."

"Do you like excitement?" asked Miss Grenville sweetly.

"I do not, but you do—or used to."

"Did I? I think I must have changed."

"Probably; you are changeable," said the young man very bitterly.

The young woman made no reply. Marden looked uncomfortably at his boots for awhile, then he made a third attempt.

"Will you please tell me where you are going, Grace?" he said.

Miss Grenville turned slowly from the window.

"I think you had better call me Miss Grenville," she said.

"Very well. Miss Grenville, will you please tell me where you are going?"

"Certainly. I am going to visit my aunt at Wilmington. And you?"

"I am going to Wilmington, too—on business."

"Are you? Then you must know about the coach from Readsboro."

"Well—er the fact is—I don't. I decided to go very suddenly—that is—I couldn't find out about the stage."

"Oh," said Miss Grenville.

"I have no doubt it will be all right," observed Marden, for want of anything better to say.

"Oh, no doubt," said Miss Grenville, perhaps for the same reason.

But when they arrived at the terminus of the road they found that it was not all right. The stage was there, but every available seat but one had been taken. It was growing late and Miss Grenville was in despair.

"You might go and let your maid come in the morning," suggested Marden heroically.

The maid was interviewed on this subject, but was fearful and obstinate. Then the young man made another suggestion. The maid might take the available place and he would drive Miss Grenville over. He was sure he could get a horse. He would have to do it on account of his business anyway. Miss Grenville defended her position, but finally surrendered. The maid took the place in the stage and Marden went in search of a horse.

Half an hour later, as the sun was going down behind the hills, a cadaverous looking horse, with almost a suspicious dislike to anything like haste, drew a single buggy out of Readsboro and along the pretty road toward Sadawga and Wilmington. They passed the outskirts of the village, and the road began to grow prettier and more closely hemmed in with trees. The cadaverous looking horse moved on with an uncertain jog that was a cross between a run, a trot and a walk. The result was a sort of hop. Miss Grenville made some attempts at conversation, but her companion rewarded her with silence. She made several uncomplimentary remarks about the horse which were witty enough for an ordinary occasion, but Marden did not smile—he did not seem to be paying attention, so finally she subsided into her side of the carriage and said no more. Presently Marden spoke.

"Grace," he said, "do you know why I am up here?"

Miss Grenville looked up innocently.

"Of course," she said. "You told me you had come on business."

"Which was not true, as you know. I came because I followed you from Boston."

"Frank, how dare you!" said Miss Grenville indignantly.

Marden went on quietly.

"And while I was standing out there in the baggage car"——

"I thought you were going to fall out of the door," continued Miss Grenville suddenly. Marden looked at her and then went on again quietly:

"You did not see me. You were surprised that I was on the train when I spoke to you."

"Oh!" said Miss Grenville.

"When I was standing in the baggage car I made up my mind that you would have to talk to me. I am more sure of it now. I have been trying to see you for two months, and you have been able to keep me from it. I know I am a brute, and that if you wanted to throw me over and not tell me why I ought to stand it, but I can't, and I'm through trying."

Miss Grenville laughed uneasily. A bough from one of the trees that skirted the road hung over within reach and she snatched a couple of its leaves as they passed.

"I wonder what kind of a tree that is?" she said. Marden took the green bough from her hand and threw it into the road.

"Grace," he said, "why did you throw me over?"

Miss Grenville looked around as if for some avenue of escape, but none presented itself and she leaned back again in the carriage.

"Perhaps," she said at length, "perhaps it is better to talk it over. Though (hurriedly) you know it can never make any difference now."

"Of course," admitted Marden, "I never dared to hope that."

"It is very hard to tell," continued Miss Grenville.

"Did you ever care for me?" asked Marden.

Miss Grenville looked at him with wondering eyes.

"Do you think that I wanted to do it?" she said.

Marden's face brightened wonderfully. "Do you mean that somebody forced you to give me up?" he asked.

"No, only I had to. One can't marry anybody when that person isn't what thay thought he was," said little Miss Grenville, getting confused in her generalization, but with a very convincing air. Marden made no answer and his companion continued. "You know I always said that I never could marry anybody who was not perfectly gentlemanly and"——

"Do you mean that I am not a gentleman?" said Marden.

"Why, no, of course not. That was why I—why I liked you."

"Oh!"

"And I always thought you were the most perfect man in that respect."

"Thank you! I am very grateful; but will you tell me when it was that I failed to be what you thought me?"

"And I always thought you were the most generous and unselfish man I ever knew, and I am certain that I never had any reason to change that idea."

"Well?"

"And you know there was never anybody else that I cared for."

"Well?"

"You were always so handsome and so brave and—and—yes, I will say it—and so loving."

"Well?"

"So you must see that I could not have wanted to do it."

"Oh, but that does not explain why you did do it."

"I know it. Only it is so hard, and, Frank, you are not helping me a bit."

"I don't see why I need to. You were independent enough to throw me over and make me miserable for life."

"Have you been miserable, Frank?"

"I think I have almost died," said Marden solemnly.

"Have you? I have been miserable, too, Frank. And I have missed your steps and your voice and your laugh—I have missed your laugh very much, Frank."

"We used to have such pleasant times together, Grace."

"Yes, and mother says that the house sounds so lonely without you in the evening."

"I thought a great deal of your mother."

"I know you did. Yes, we did have happy times. I shall never forget them. And to think that now they are all over. I came up here because I hoped I would forget about it, and now (tearfully) you have brought it all back—again—and I know I shall go on feeling worse and worse—and"——

Poor little Miss Grenville fell to sobbing as if her heart would break. It was more than Marden could stand.

"Grace," he said, "don't. Let's patch it up in some way. Tell me what I did and let's fix it up."

"We can't," sobbed the young woman from her corner.

"Well, tell me anyway."

"It won't do any good, Frank, but I'll try if you say I must."

"You really must."

"I know you'll laugh at me and say I'm a goose. You always did do that."

"I will be sober as—as a prayer meeting," vowed the young man.

"Well, then, it was about that Miss Sanger. You know what you said about her."

"I know I must be very stupid, but I don't quite remember all about it. You had better tell me. Where did I see her?"

"At the pond, and it is really to your credit that you don't remember. I shall think of that and be grateful, Frank, in after years. I said she was horrid, and you said she was clever and had beautiful eyes."

"I think I do remember now. She was the girl who had such a funny squint, wasn't she?"

"I don't think I ever noticed that, Frank."

"Well, she did. And she didn't know who Ibsen was. That was why I said she was clever and had beautiful eyes—I meant it the other way, you know."

"Did you really, Frank? Then I have misjudged you all this time."

Half an hour later Miss Grenville lifted a happy but tear stained face from Marden's shoulder and looked doubtfully up at him.

"Frank," she said.

"Well, sweetheart."

"I don't believe I know who Ibsen was either. Was he one of those horrid nihilists?"

"No, dear," said Marden, gravely, "he wasn't quite that; but I guess it doesn't make any difference now."—J. T. Newcomb in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Never Omit That.

Dr. Pitter—Then you could do nothing whatever for the patient?

Dr. Paresis—No. Except in my bill, of course.—New York Epoch.

A Cure For Paralysis.

Frank Cornelius, of Purcell, Ind. Ter., says: "I Induced Mr. Pinsco, whose wife had the paralysis in the face, to buy a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. To their great surprise before the bottle had all been used she was a great deal better. Her face had been drawn to one side; but the Pain Balm relieved all pain and soreness, and the mouth assumed its natural shape." It is also a cure for rheumatism, lame back, sprains, swellings and lameness. 50 cent bottles for sale by T. G. Julian. 5-4t

At Work Again.

The farmers met at Carlisle last July and organized an insurance company for isolated property only. The territory occupied by this company is Bourbon and adjoining counties, hence includes this county. While they have as yet done no work here, they are growing rapidly in Nicholas and Bath counties. They now have about three hundred thousand dollars insurance. We understand that Cole Templeman, the President of the Alliance in Nicholas county, will soon go to work among the farmers in these parts. This company is of same nature as the company that has been in operation in Fleming county for sixteen years, and they have paid on an average during that time about $1.69 per $1,000, and carry insurance against fire, lightning and wind storm of any description. This is less than one-fifth of what we are paying for fire only, and when we remember that they pay all a man carries, it is no wonder the farmers are favoring the company.

Two Farms For ale.

187 acres of blue grass land ½ mile from Somerset church, Montgomery county. Also 89 acres on Grassy Lick 3 miles from Mt. Sterling, Ky. Both farms well improved. Apply to

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