A TRAMP'S COURTING.

He was hungry. That is not an alarming condition when one is in easy reach of a restaurant or the home table. But hungry, cold, and not overclean, in a little Wisconsin settlement, with not a cent in one's pocket, is to any but a professional tramp an embarrassing position to be in.

It was in just that position that Tom Hamilton found himself one summer morning. He, with three or four others, had been spending a couple of weeks among the famous trout streams of Wisconsin. He had made friends with two noble red men who served them as guides.

At last these pleasure-seekers separated. Tom's vacation had not quite ended, so he was to remain a little longer.

The next day he discovered that he had lost his purse. Then he lost his hat in going over the rapids. His coat was demoralized; his boots had lost the shine that distinguished them on State street.

What few effects he had brought with him were either in the hands of the rest of the party, for they had taken charge of the luggage, or in the hands of his aboriginal brothers.

That morning his cogitations were something in this wise:

"Well, Tom Hamilton this is a rather interesting state of things. Twenty miles from a railroad station; with no money, no clean clothes, no friends.

"I do charge you, Tom Hamilton, with being a tramp. That's what you are; and now be true to your character, sir, and make a successful tramp. Perhaps, however, you had better take an account of your stock; in other words see what your resources are.

"First, two soiled handkerchiefs, evidences of former respectability; a bit of rhyming composed and sung by our campfire, evidence of extraordinary mental power; a photograph of Cousin Bessie, showing that I have known the refining influence of female friendship; a copy of Tennyson, a couple of cigars, and an empty matchbox. These are my possessions this a. m. Now here is a little hamlet where I ought, according to poetic tradition, to find every latch-string out and every man ready to clasp me in his arms and call me brother. ready to share the last crust of bread and the last cup of coffee with me."

Tom reconnoitered a little after the fashion of a thoroughbred tramp. One woman offered to give him his breakfast in return for an hour's devotion to her wood-pile, but he fully intended to be consistent, and so he declined her offer.

He noticed a large, pleasant-looking farm-house, set well back from the road. The lawn in front was as smooth as a floor. He noticed a flower-bed in the distance, gay with bloom. He saw the hanging baskets in the porch, and he looked upon the place critically as though he had meditated purchasing instead of asking for a breakfast.

"This looks inviting. This house has a fine expression, for houses have expression as well as their inmates, and there is a young lady swinging in that hammock. I know she is young, because she has on a light-blue dress, and any one not young ought to know better than to wear light-blue. She has also fair hair and blue or gray eyes.

"This is a somewhat ridiculous way for a hungry man and a temporary beggar to reason, but it shows that my exposures and privations have not impaired my powerful intellect."

He tried his fate at the kitchen door.

"Sure, now, its hungry you are, and it's something to ate ye're wanting."

"If you please,"

"Then I'll be asking the mistress."

"Can't you give me something without?"

"Av coorse I could, young man, but is's Nora O'Flaherty that obeys orders."

"Certainly, Nora, give him something." he heard a very sweet voice say in answer to Nora's inquiry. "What sort of a looking man is he?"

"Ah, Miss Ruth! he's a wicked-looking chap, wid the blackest eyes I ever see in a living cratur's head, and he just takes in everything at a glance. I'm afraid he's a thafe, Miss Ruth."

"Did you leave him alone?"

"Not I. Maggie is there and she'll kape her two eyes on him."

"Go and give him something to eat, and I'll come out and take a look at him. But watch him well."

In a minute or two more Tom was sitting on the back porch eating a bowl of bread and milk and blackberries. Norah had given him a seat at the kitchen table and had set forth other food, but he had taken this pastoral dish and retired to the porch.

"He may be a dacent fellow after all," Norah soliloquized.

Pretty soon he saw approaching him as fair a vision as had graced his eyes for many a day. It soon materialized into a dainty little lady, apparently about 19, with a cloud of light-brown hair, large hazel eyes, and a sweet but resolute-looking little mouth. She wore a light-blue morning dress, and a rose at her throat and carried a book in her hand.

"The lady took a seat in a chair at a little distance, gave him a quick glance, in which there were sympathy and distrust mingled, the sympathy predominating, and said:

"Good morning."

"Good morning, madam."

"Have you walked far?"

"Quite a distance."

"You look tired."

No response. Tom thought if that was the worst thing that could be said of his looks he would be thankful.

"Are you looking for work?"

"Yes, ma'am," he answered, boldly.

"Do you understand farm work?"

"Some kinds."

"My father is in need of help. He is away from home for a few hours, but if you are inclined to wait till he returns I think he would give you something to do; but perhaps you were going somewhere in particular."

"No, madam, I was not, and I will be glad to wait."

The truth was Tom had fallen in love with the blue-robed maiden, and enjoyed the sensation; and though at this moment he would have given a half year's income for a change of raiment, he still felt grateful to the fate that had led him to this spot. After he had finished his breakfast he told Ruth that if there was any little piece of work he could do till her father's return he was ready to undertake it.

Ruth didn't know; she thought there must be something, but she didn't just know what.

She tried to be very dignified and very business-like and failed completely. Finally she said that if he understood using the lawn-mower he might employ himself in that way for awhile.

"Papa is very particular about the lawn," she said.

He could easily believe it, for it was already as smooth as a carpet; but he began his work somewhat cautiously it must he confessed.

Ruth came out and gave some little directions. The wind blew her flossy hair about her face in a bewildering fashion and heightened the color in her cheeks to actual rosiness. The sight of such loveliness set Tom's heart beating tumultuously.

The adventure was beginning to assume an embarrassing character; he wanted to be "himself again." Having assumed a false position, he found it difficult to extricate himself.

"This s rather comical, Tom," he said to himself; "here's a croquet ground, and you are a skillful player; here's a lively young lady, and you have been known to be agreeable to lively young ladies. Here are all the facilities for a summer idyl, and yet—and yet—— The man who casts off his real character and assumes a higher has some excuse; there is the element of ambition in his deception, but the man who voluntarily abjures his birthright for the fun of the thing is a great idiot, and you are that man, Tom Hamilton. Next time you masquerade, be a Polish count."

Then he heard the piano. There was a skilled hand upon the instrument, and in a moment arose exquisite strains from "Norma." Tom resigned his position as amateur gardener and threw himself under a tree to listen.

Then followed a brilliant rendering of parts of "Fra Diavolo;" than an aria "Don Giovanni." This she commenced, proceeded a certain distance, hesitated, tried again, stopped; again and again was this repeated.

Tom had several good gifts; he was a good musician and could whistle beautifully. There was something positively exquisite in it—low and tender and sweet, or clear and strong, as the spirit of the music bid.

He thought, "I am not presentable in your parlor, but I think I can help you, if I am a tramp." So he commenced the aria she failed upon, that sweetest of all arais, "La ci darem," without a false note.

The melody with all its tender, soft earnestness, its slow, swimming tones of passionate languor fell upon her ear. She tried again; this time he, from his position under the tree, accompaned the piano. Again she faltered at the same place, stopped, while he carried it through to the end.

Then he saw Miss Ruth on the porch, and her sweet voice reached him, in these words, gentle and courteous, and yet with just the slightest touch of authority:

"I wish you would come here a moment."

Tom walked slowly toward her.

"I wish you would whistle that passage again, where I failed, you remember. I haven't the music. I tried to play it from memory," she exclaimed. "And you whistle it with wonderful accuracy, and wonderful precision, too."

Tom colored with pleasure, through the mosquito blotches that adorned his face.

He raised his hat, and said: "I will stand outside and accompany you; or, if you will grant me the pleasure, I will play it for you."

Miss Ruth lifted her hands with astonishment and replied:

"I have seen some curious people in my life, but I don't know as I ever saw a—a—tramp who understood opera music. No! certainly not in this region of the country."

"Miss Ruth," Tom said, "you know the poet says 'things are not what they seem.' I am a living illustration of the truth of that statement. I am not what I seem, but I don't know as I can prove that to you. However such credentials as I have I lay at your feet," and Tom solemnly took from his pocket his two soiled handkerchiefs, the picture of his Cousin Bessie, his copy of Tennyson, the two cigars, and the empty match-box, and also the fragment of rhyming.

My name is Thomas de Quincy Hamilton. I live and practice law in Chicago, as did my father before me. I have wandered like a lost sheep for a day and night in the woods near here, in consequence of an injudicious love of nature and an unwise reliance upon the red man's word."

He handed her the copy of Tennyson and the picture. She glanced at the first, saw the name written in it, laid it down; but when she looked at the photograph she cried out." Bessie Granger!" and with the impulsiveness of a girl of 18 carried the picture to her lips and gave it a kiss that made Tom wish himself a small bit of pasteboard for a moment.

"Why this is the picture of Bessie, my old room-mate at Vassar, and you must be her Cousin Tom, of whom I've heard her talk by the hour together."

"Your penetration does you credit. I am that same Cousin Tom."

Ruth held out her hands to him and said: "To think that I should have given Bessie's cousin his breakfast on the back porch and bid the servants keep an eye on him; it's too comicial;" and they both laughed heartily, which helped sweep away the last trace of formality and embarrassment.

When Ruth's father, Mr. Williston, came home an hour later he was astonished beyond measure to find his daughter sitting on the piazza, reading aloud to a demoralized-looking youth, who sat at a respectful distance, in an easy chair.

His first thought was that Ruth had found some one on whom to experiment in a philanthropic way. She was probably trying to sow good seed in very poor ground, but he was soon disabused of that idea, as their merry laughter and chat reached his ears. He was not long in making investigations, which were, as we can understand, perfectly satisfactory.

Tom told his story; Ruth supplemented it with an account of her suspicions and Norah's watchfulness.

He said: "Since I am again within the pale of good society I find the demands of an 'effete civilization' strong upon me. I can think of nothing that would go so far to reinstate me in my own good opinion as a bath."

Mr. Williston escorted him to his son's room and placed it and its belongings, including the son's wardrobe, at Tom's disposal.

So the young man who ate his blackberries and milk on the back porch in the morning sat, clothed and in his right mind, at a pleasant tea table that evening and discussed music and art and fishing with the young lady who had feared for the very spoon he ate his breakfast with.

He accepted Mr. Williston's invitation to spend a few days with them.

"For truly," said his host, "you are the most delightful tramp we ever entertained; your going astray has brought us a great pleasure. I am here myself partly from one of the causes you have suffered from, excess of confidence in mankind. But, after all, we find this a very pleasant summer home."

"I had wondered," said Tom, "how it came about that you should choose to live here. But my wonder has been absorbed by gratitude that you did, be the cause what it might."

There followed three delightful days; days filled with music and mirth and "converse sweet;" days golden with heart-sunshine, radiant with budding hopes; days love-crowned and glorious.

Tom rode away, the bliss of a hundred summers in his heart, for the little Ruthie had heard his last request as graciously as she did the first, and we are all invited to the wedding to take place about Christmas.—Chicago News.

Don't Mistake Brutality For Frankness

Those good folks who cry out so loudly for naturalness seem to be oblivious how largely the friction of every day life is avoided by well-considered artificiality which makes a well-bred person conceal his feelings from the persistent button-holer, or the even more polished and enviable artificiality which enables the well-bred possessor of tact to shake off the attentions of the bore, whose conduct, let it be remembered, is thoroughly natural? What is more graceful or necessary than the artificiality with which a person of delicate taste will conceal from a stranger or a dear friend the pain that is being endured or the grief that is felt?

Those folks who pride themselves on their naturalness are, after all, only indulging their innate selfishness it cost a little trouble to be artificial; it is ever so much easier to speak out whatever first enters our heads. Beshrew such naturalness! A little artificiality will contrive to rob of its sting and annoyance a criticism or a piece of advice which would otherwise fail of his purpose if it be any other than to ruffle the temper of the recipient. With a little more artificiality introduced into married life it is not evident that the sum of misery caused by "incompatibility of temper" would be reduced? But no. We are told that we must be natural; and so husband and wife go their own ways, regardless of each other's feelings, to conciliate which in any manner would demand a call upon that artificiality which is so universally decried and clumsily practiced. Would it not be far happier for both were they mutually to pretend to overlook each other's troublesome feelings? Would not thus a grain of artificiality succeed in enabling even characters, otherwise utterly incompatible, to get on very satisfactorily? Indeed were this not well understood by a great number of excellent people how miserable would be the world!

Diamond Covered Boots.

Few persons would think of looking for fresh knowledge of the simple blacking of a boot; but it is nevertheless a most interesting subject.

"Did it ever occur to you." said a chemist, "what a remarkable and unique process the blacking of a boot is. You see, we smear the boot with a preparation of bone-black, which is entirely devoid of lustre; and then, by the friction of a dry brush, make it shine like the sun. There is not another process like this anywhere in the arts, so far as I know, and I never read anywhere any scientific explanation of the process. I have a theory of my own, however, which I will give you for what it is worth.

"The key to the mystery lies in the fact that diamond is nothing more than crystalized carbon. The blacking is little more than carbon paste, and the friction of a hairbrush being one of the most efficient methods of generating electricity has the effect of crystalizing the carbon of the blacking. As soon as this is done the boot is covered with millions of infinitely small diamonds, and of course begins to shine, as a mass of diamonds would. Of course this is not a perfect explanation of the phenomenon. What part the other ingredients of the blacking play, and especially why it is that the blacking must be moistened. I cannot tell; perhaps some one else can. But I feel pretty sure that the bootblacks are engaged in turning blacking into diamonds."

Georgia's Munchausen on Pigeons.

Reading your pigeon story reminded me of a pigeon story I have heard my friend Mr. John O. Holmes tell. It ran thus: "One morning before it was light I went up on Pigeon Creek to shoot pigeons. I tied my horse to a swinging limb and waited for it to become light enough for me to see how to shoot. When it was light enough I shot at some pigeons near by and when the smoke cleared away I noticed that my horse was gone. I looked all around for him, but could not see him nowhere until, hearing a groan, I looked up and saw him hanging in the air. I had tied him to the top of the tree on which the pigeons were roosting, and when I fired the gun the pigeons flew, the tree straightened up and carried my horse with it. Friend John is a strict member of the church."—Talbottom (Ga.) New Era.

The Robber and the Traveler—A traveler who fell into the hands of a robber on the highway and was despoiled of his money was inclined to argue the matter, saying: "Come now, but convince me that this is just and honest." "I have nothing to offer," replied the robber. "While I do the robbing my lawyer does the talking, and we whack up even. When my duty ends his begins." Moral—The jury was out only five minutes before returning a verdict of not guilty.—Detroit Free Press.

WITH THEE.

If I could know that after all
These heavy bonds have ceased to thrall,
We whom in life the fates divide—
Should sweetly slumber side by side—
That one green spray would drop its dew
Softly alike above us two,
All would be well; for I should be
At last, dear loving heart with thee!

How sweet to know this dust of ours,
Mingling, with feed the self-same flowers—
The scent of leaves, the song bird's tone
At once across our rest be blown;
One breadth of sun, one sheet of rain
Make green the earth above us twain;
Ah, sweet and strange, for I should be,
At last, dear tender heart, with thee.

But half the earth may intervene
Thy place of rest and mine between—
And leagues of land and wastes of waves
May stretch and toss between our graves.
Thy bed with summer light be warm,
While snow drifts heap, in wind and storm,
My pillow, whose one thorn will be,
Beloved, that I am not with thee.

But if there be a blissful sphere
Where homesick souls, divided here,
And wandering wide in useless quest,
Shall find their longed for haven of rest,
If in that higher, happier birth
We meet the joys we missed on earth,
All will be well, for I shall be,
At last, dear loving heart, with thee.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

Coffee had just been served and the room was filled with smoke and that genial afterglow of pleasant, reminiscent talk that always follows a good dinner, and especially a dinner where old friends have met, old friendships been revived and old stories told. These men had been comrades in war and served under the same flag, held the same political opinions and suffered the same losses. All but one had told his story, when our host turned towards him and said:

"Well, Harrison, we are waiting for your story."

Harrison smiled deprecatingly, gazed into the fire, and then began the following in his soft, Southern drawl:

Well, my story happened when we were in Georgia, just outside of Marietta, and our mess consisted of six men—two Georgians, one Alabamian, a Virginian, myself and a Creole with a beautiful face and a tenor voice that would charm the birds from the trees, named, singularly enough, Orphee. We became a very tuneful set under his inspiration, and exchanged musical information with much generosity. Our favorite air was that famous camp song, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." You should have heard us sing it. Orphee's tenor, my baritone, and the three other fellows chiming in softly, until the very pine trees stopped whispering to listen, and the fire burned softly in admiration, and war somehow did not seem so hard and cruel. Well, one dark night we were sitting around the fire, discussing with unwearied enthusiasm the prospects of the cause, when we heard irregular footsteps outside, and paused in our talk to listen.

"You can turn in here until further orders," said our Lieutenant's cheery voice, and a minute afterwards a short thick-set man entered. He made an apologetic little bow, shook himself like a dog, and, taking off his large wideawake, disclosed a dark, square face, with shy, dark eyes, blue-black hair, and a wide, firm mouth. He smiled tenderly, giving an air of great sweetness to an otherwise sombre face. He sat down on a blanket, Turkish fashion, quietly hoped he was not disturbing us, and then dropped his eyes meditatively on the ground. Silence reigned. We were too disconsolate to be polite, and so listened uneasily to the slow, indefinite stirrings of the wind through the trees, when suddenly a new sound arose, as of stealthy, uncertain footsteps coming nearer and nearer. The newcomer pricked up his ears, and his face wore an expression almost approaching guilt. "A spy," was my first illogical conclusion, as I rose to my feet and waited expectantly.

The flap of the tent stirred slightly, cautiously; the wind rose and swept the darkened landscape; the rain poured down with a rush, as if to give a tragic significance to what was about to happen, for—something did happen—the flap was suddenly pushed aside, and a goat walked in and went straight to the stranger, who received her with an indescribable tenderness of look and gesture. "A rum go," said the Virginian under his breath.

We all agreed, but contented ourselves with staring at the strange spectacle of a man and a goat fondling each other with uncouth marks of affection. After a while we resumed our old lazy positions and silently awaited further developments. The little man signed the goat to a remote spot, where she lay down, and then, turning towards us, said as if taking up an unrepressed thought: "You see, boys, I could not help it if Nannie would follow me. I have been good to her, and she remembers it. I had to leave home secretly to escape her, and all through the journey I felt like a scoundrel, and now—well, here she is."

He stopped abruptly without waiting for comment, and lay down with a short good night. I lay awake several hours after the others, wondering idly as to the probably tie which bound the new-comer to the goat, but arrived at no solution. From that night Parsons and his goat became a subject of never ending speculation to the mess. He was very quiet and unobtrusive, never resenting, although contriving to evade, impertinent questions, and bearing everything with a good nature amounting to stupidity. As for the goat, she became the hapless butt of the whole division. We called her derisively "Miss Anna," treating her with an amount of mock consideration that made Parsons' eyes fairly glisten with appreciation. The second night after their arrival we began to sing, as usual, when the Virginian rose, and in a speech, the delicate humor of which I shall not attempt to reproduce, begged that "Miss Anna's rest should not be broken by our rude chanting."

I shall never forget the broken, tender, deprecating little reply that came from Parsons, and how we consented at last to sing. His face was so rapt as he sat beating time with his forefinger and occasionally quavering out an effective "Dying To-night, Dying To-night," we sang as if our very life blood was ebbing away, that I began to realize the absolute cowardice of ridiculing a perfectly innocent, unconscious man. I began to try and shield him from the fun-makers, and was finally joined by Orphee, who became and eloquent partisan. As for Parsons, he grew almost to worship the handsome, sweet-voiced lad.

One luckless afternoon, Parsons, Orphee and I, strolled off together, leaving "Miss Anna" to the mercies of our mess; but tormented by some vague presentment of evil, I induced my companions to return a little earlier than they intended. As we neared the tent my ear caught the sound of derision that came first from our Virginian, and were then finally caught up by the others and then ended in peal after peal of laughter. We pushed eagerly in. Alas! "Miss Anna," decked out in the most ridiculous toggery, had been tied between four stakes driven into the ground and the men were engaged in pricking her with pine burrs until the poor animal fairly writhed with agony. In a minute we had freed her and Parsons held the poor bleeding creature close to his breast. His small, square figure seemed to rise and dilate with a certain sense of superior power, as he turned his blanched face and blazing eyes upon the crowd.

"You call yourselves gentlemen," he said harshly, "you who have tortured a poor, dumb, defenseless creature left in your care. Thank God, my meaning of the word is different! You have no excuse. You are all supposed to be men and honorable men, men who are fighting for the rights of their country, and yet you can amuse yourself with such senseless cruelty as you have practiced this afternoon. You have branded yourselves as cowards and liars, for"—and here his voice broke suddenly—"I trusted you."

There was an ominous, threatening stir in the little tent, and several men stepped out towards the speaker, picturesque in his very unpicturesqueness, whose grotesque figure stood out sharply against the bit of landscape showing through the opening in the tent. But his face awed them back. The goat turned and moaned pitifully, rubbing his nose against Parson's coat with mute insistence. His face softened wonderfully, be seemed to forget the men, his anger, everything, and he whispered to her in soft, caressing tones.

"You have followed me through thick and thin, Miss Anna. When the overflow came and we were starving, it was you who struggled back to us through the water, and it was your milk that kept us alive. Everything then depended on your strength. We called our baby after you and when the poor little one died it cut me cruelly, cruelly. I cannot forgive this day's work. Be brave, Miss Anna, be brave," and putting his cheek on Miss Anna's head the tears fairly rolled out of his eyes.

He stopped a minute, drawing in his breath in short, quick little sobs and threw out both hands with a forlorn gesture of abandonment.

"Oh! great God! I was so lonely when wife and babies all were dead, and I loved Miss Anna then; I love her now as the one relic left me of that beautiful, vanished past. Then the war came and I tried to leave you, thinking it would be best, but you followed me to be ridiculed, despised and even tortured. All the conduct of the past week breaks over me and I see what a blind fool I have been."

"Parsons, you're to go on picket duty to-night, and you had better start now," called in the voice of our lieutenant. The men, now thoroughly ashamed of themselves, came nearer and were about to offer some heartfelt words of apology, but Parsons turned away, and delivering "Miss Anna" over to Orphee, said pleadingly:

"If anything should happen to me, you will take care of her?"

Orphee's eyes filled with tears as he pressed the extended hand.

Without another word or look Parsons strode out into the dark.

"We're brutes, cowardly brutes!" said our Virginian, disgustedly.

"I would rather face a million Yankees than hear that man's story told in that voice again," said another.

That night was a weary one. We could not forget the solemn figure, the dark, patient face, the broken, harsh, tender voice, and the pines above the river far away seemed to mingle their grief at our cowardice and brutality. Meanwhile "Miss Anna" slept peacefully on the best blanket of the mess, while we lay there sleepless, thoughtful, unhappy, even the greater issue of the war momentarily forgotten.

With the dawn came action. The Yankees were upon us, and we fought like wildcats. As evening came on the fight was suspended, and when our mess met everybody was there, "Miss Anna" included, except Parsons. We had made up a scheme to beg his forgiveness and to swear to be gentlemen, at least. Each of us had a separate speech of apology to make expressive of shame and contrition. When night settled down and Parsons did not appear we grew anxious, and sat silently around, not daring to breathe the great fear uppermost in our minds. "Miss Anna," too, walked up and down uneasily, sniffing the air and rubbing her nose against any convenient shoulder. As we sat thus our lieutenant called in to me:

"Harrison, step here a minute."

I arose and went out a little unsteadily.

"Parsons was hurt last night on guard, and has asked to see you. Go now; there isn't much time I'm afraid."

He turned to lead the way.

"I may tell them?" I said.

"No use,' he answered shortly, as Orphee's stricken face appeared in the doorway.

Well, I followed him to the rude hut selected for our hospital. It was lighted by torches, and the surgeons were busy with the men who had fallen in the day's fight. In the farthest corner of the room lay Parsons. I knelt down by him and took his hand. He smiled faintly, reassuringly and whispered:

"It's not so hard—it was so quick, you know—just a flash, a burn, and then a dull pain. Only I lay there so long, Harrison, that I thought everything very clearly out, and I'm sorry. How could those fellows know! I am afraid I lost my temper. I'm such a devil of a fellow when I lose my temper," he said pathetically, "and Harrison, I beg pardon, old fellow—but, Miss Anna!"

His eyes apologized amply for this inquiry, and I went in search of the men and their charge.

They followed me eagerly, and we unconsciously fell into a procession and moved through the door with "Miss Anna" in our midst. It must have been a strange sight, a half-dozen men and a goat marching solemnly up the aisle of the rude cabin, but to the credit of human nature, be it said, nobody laughed or seemed to observe the humorous side of the situation.

"Miss Anna!"

The voice broke like a sob across the stillness, and the faithful friend pressed close to her master's side. The strong men who had faced death so unflinchingly all day quivered and shrank before this new phrase. Orphee looked longingly into the dying face as the white lips murmured of bygone days, of baby hands and tender, wifely kisses.

"Miss Anna," the voice began again, weakly, "the boys all know and love her," and then suddenly recollecting, he turned his eyes on the manly bearded face around him, and noted their moist eyes, then with the old frank smile of appreciation he muttered: "Dying to-night, dying to-night. Sing it, Orphee."

The river rushed and sang, the wind sighed airily through the sorrowful pines, but distinct and clear rose the voice of Orphee, that sweet high tenor, thrilling with tears and pathos. It quivered and fell as it reached the chorus, and the "dying to-night" was sobbed out on his knees as he held the poor, cold hands close to his breast. The wounded men turned on the rough floor, the surgeons desisted from their work, and one little fellow, his breast shot to pieces, crossed himself involuntarily, stirred by the sorrowful sweetness.

Again Parsons spoke:

"Be good, boys, to 'Miss Anna. No better, truer sweetheart could you find. Say with me now, God bless 'Miss Anna.'"

And we said it with him.

"Amen," he answered solemnly, and with a spasm of pain he was lying there quite still, smiling tenderly as of old, with "Miss Anna" close to his breast.

"And 'Miss Anna?'" asked the host.

"Was shot down the next morning in the first charge."

There was silence for a few minutes, and then Harrison raised his glass and looked wistfully around. In an instant the glasses were refilled, and with reverently bowed heads and hushed tones the whole room drank to the memory of "Miss Anna."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Miss Haygood's Muscle.

From the Memphis Avalanche.

Miss Haygood is of small stature, compact mold, and apparently muscular beyond most women, and weighs 104 pounds. She has brown hair, blue or violet eyes, and a pleasant expression of countenance, but an air also of firmness and decision of character. The first two tests, viz: drawing a gentleman easily around the room by applying her hand to a chair or an umbrella held by him, or the third test of holding a billiard cue in her open palms at an angle of forty-five degrees with such firmness that a strong man, or even two strong men, could not force the point to the floor, were certainly remarkable in a woman so small, but might have been accomplished by a woman of very great physical strength.

But the next tests were different. One of the gentlemen present were requested to lift the lady by her elbows, held taut at the waist. This he did, but when told to try it again utterly failed to raise her an inch. Two strong men then raised her by holding her elbows on each side with the greatest ease, but on attempting it again they could not raise her weight a particle from the floor.

A chair was brought—an ordinary dining-room chair—and a gentleman weighing about 130 pounds was placed in it. Astride of his knees another gentlemen of about 145 pounds' weight was placed, and between the two a third gentleman of at least 150 pounds was seated. All raised their feet from the floor as the chair was tilted back and held balanced. The little woman then approached the back of the chair and placed her open palms along the arms, or staffs, supporting the chair's back.

Observing the reporter narrowly watching her, she requested him to place his hand between her hand and the chair to prove that no pressure was exerted. This was done, and only the lady's thumbs touched the back of the chair. Then, without an effort or the contraction of a muscle, or the slightest pressure on the reporter's hand, the chair and its living freight was raised about fourteen inches from the floor. The weight, including the chair, was at least 450 pounds, and John L. Sullivan could not have performed the feat so easily accomplished by the little woman. This test was convincing.

The Fan's History in Brief.

Kan Si was the first lady who carried a fan. She lived in ages which are past and for the most part forgotten, and she was the daughter of a Chinese mandarin. Whoever saw a mandarin, even on a tea chest, without his fan? In China and Japan to this day every one has a fan; and there are fans of all sorts for everybody. The Japanese waves his fan at you when he meets you by way of greeting, and the beggar who solicits for alms has the exceedingly small coin "made on purpose" for charity presented to him on the tip of the fan. In ancient times, among Greeks and Romans, fans seem to have been enormous; they were generally made of feathers, and carried by slaves over the heads of their masters and mistresses, to protect them from the sun, or wave about before them to stir the air.

Catherine de Medici carried the first folding fan ever seen in France, and in the time of Louis XIV the fan was a gorgeous thing, often covered with jewels, and worth a small fortune. In England they were the fashion in the time of Henry VIII. A fan set in diamonds was once given to Queen Elizabeth upon New Year's day. The Mexican feather fans which Cortez had from Montezuma were marvels of beauty; and in Spain a large black fan is the favorite. It is said that the use of a fan is as carefully taught in that country as any other branch of education, and that by a well know code of signal a Spanish lady can carry on a long conversation with anyone, especially an admirer. The Japanese criminal of rank is politely executed by means of a fan. On being sentenced to death he is presented with a fan, which he must receive with a low bow, and, as he bows, presto! the executioneer draws his sword and cuts his head off. In fact, there is a fan for every occasion in Japan.

"Hark! did you hear that rapping? 'Tis the voice of the unseen. A spirit calls anon." "Nay, George; it is ma, gently tapping on her chamber floor. This seance must break up. To-morrow, O, my love! we wash."

A Prominent Merchant in Trouble.

Old moneybags mopes in his office all day,
As snapping and cross as a bear;
The clerks know enough to keep out of his way,
Lest the merchant should grumble and swear.
Even Tabby, the cat, is in fear of a cuff,
Of a kick, if she ventures too near;
They all know the master is apt to be tough,
And his freaks unexpected and queer.

What makes the old fellow so surly and grim,
And behave so confoundedly mean?
There's certainly something the matter with him—
Is it stomach, or liver, or spleen?
We've guessed it—his liver is sluggish and bad,
His blood is disordered and foul.
It's enough to make any one hopelessly mad,
And greet his best friend with a growl.

The world-wide remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, will correct a disordered liver and purify the blood, tone your system and build up your flesh and strength.

A French chemist found that his wife had given him poison and shot her.

What It Means.

To the man or woman who has never been ill, the word "health" is meaningless. But to the one who has suffered and despaired, health appears as a priceless boon. To the thousands of unfortunate women who are suffering from some of the many forms of weaknesses or irregularities peculiar to their sex, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription holds forth the promise of a speedy restoration of this "priceless boon."

The cotton crop of the southern states is in good condition.

The spooks and goblins that delight
To fill with terror all the night;
That stalk abroad in hideous dreams
With which dyspepsia's fancy teems,
Will never trouble with their ills
The man who trusts in Pierce's Pills.
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets:—vegetable, harmless, painless, sure!

An English spirit medium claims to have paid a visit to the Planet Mars.

W. C. Boner is now reaping the benefit of a course at Elliott's Business College, Burlington, Ia., as book-keeper for a large Lumber Co. at Buffalo Gap, Dakota.

A violin made of clay is now on exhibition in Berlin.

The Most Remarkable Thing Ever Known.

Among all the patent devices and drinks ever set before the public, none have been so popular as the Moxie. Indeed, so large was its sale, there grew to be a general struggle all over the country to nullify its trademark, that all might have the right to use it; but it all ended in favor of the discoverer, Dr. Thompson, of Lowell, Mass. It takes the place of medicine and electricity in paralysis; of stimulants among the drinkers; and of nervines among the nervous, weakly women, with whom it is very popular.

The school census for 1888 shows that there are 802,651 individuals in Chicago.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Bracelets of carved amber are something novel.

Half Rate Excursions.

The first of the series of Harvest excursions via the Missouri Pacific railway and Iron Mountain route to Arkansas and Texas, will leave August 21st; others to follow September 11th and 25th, October 9th and 23d. Tickets will be sold at one fare for the round trip with a limit of thirty days to return and ample stop-over privileges.

Our greatest agricultural industry this year is raising flags.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

All wealth and no health makes Jay Gould a blue Jay.

The successful farmer is he who thinks and then acts.

Paine's Celery Compound

For The Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, and all affections of the Kidneys.

AS A NERVE TONIC, It Strengthens and Quiets the Nerves.

AS AN ALTERATIVE, It Purifies and Enriches the Blood.

AS A LAXATIVE, It acts mildly, but surely, on the Bowels.

AS A DIURETIC, It Regulates the Kidneys and Cures their Diseases.

Recommended by professional and business men. Price $1.00. Sold by druggists. Send for circulars.

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$5 to $8 per day. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Hold erCo., Holly, Mich.

GOLD is worth $500 per lb. Pettit's Eye salve is worth $1,000 but issold at 25c a box by dealers

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DWIGHT'S SODA

Salt Rheum

Often causes great agony with its intense itching and burning. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, cures salt rheum and all skin diseases. It thoroughly cleanses, renovates and enriches the blood. Give it a trial.

"After the failure of three skillful physicians to cure my boy of salt rheum, I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and Olive Ointment. I have now used four boxes of Ointment, and one and a half bottles of Sarsaparilla, and the boy is to all appearances completely cured. He is now four years old, and has been afflicted since he was six months of age." MRS. A. SANDERSON, 55 Newhall Street, Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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Endow them with a legacy that they cannot squander, by sending them to be educated at the UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.

The 45th collegiate year will open Tuesday, September 4, 1888. The spacious and elegant buildings have, during the past year, accommodated 500 resident students. Every facility is afforded for acquiring a thorough knowledge of Classics, Mathematics, Law, Science and Music.

A thorough Commercial Course is also a distinguished feature of the institution.

Special advantages are offered to students of the LAW DEPARTMENT.

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A separate institution (St. Edward's Hall) for boys under 13 years of age, who are taught by the SISTERS OF THE HOLY CROSS, under whose maternal care they pass nearly the entire day in receiving instructions in the elementary branches of an English education, together with a fundamental knowledge of Latin, French, German, Vocal Music, Violin, Piano and Drawing, preparatory to enter either the Junior or Senior classes of the University.

Board, washing, mending, tuition and entrance fee for session of five months in Minim Department, $130.00. The eighty-eighth session will open Tuesday, Sept. 4, 1888. Before concluding where to place your son or wards send for a catalogue, which will be sent free, and you will find full particulars as to Course of Study, terms, etc., with illustrations of the main buildings of Notre Dame. Address, REV. T. E. WALSH, C. S. C., Pres. University Notre Dame, Ind.

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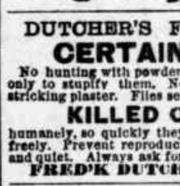

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