SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

Unanswered yet, the prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years?
Does faith begin to fail, is hope departing,
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father has not heard your prayer;
You shall have your desire some—sometime—somewhere.

Unanswered yet, though when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to have it known.
Though years have passed since then, do not despair;
The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? nay, do not say ungranted;
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done;
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what he has begun.
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you will see, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? faith cannot be unanswered;
Her feet were firmly planted on the rock;
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock;
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries, "It shall be done sometime, somewhere."

—*Robert Browning*

TWOMBLEY'S FOLLY.

The Widow Appleby, called Aunt Samanthy by her neighbors, was tidying up a room which had been furnished for a sleeping-room, and had in it also a desk, a book-case and a little row of drawers, in which fragments precious to a geologist had been stored. The desk and book-case Aunt Samanthy regarded with reverence. The case she did not understand. Bits of stone, bits of ore; she emptied them all into her apron, and dumped them, with other odds and ends, out of the window upon a flower bed that had not been dug up that year. Aunt Samanthy had no heart for gardening. Things had gone very wrong with her, and the death of her old boarder, a returned California miner, who had made and lost several fortunes, had put the finishing touch to her woes. His room it was that she was now putting to rights, knowing that she should never see the old white head and kindly smile again.

"I felt it more than anything else, after losing poor Peter," she sighed, as a tear rolled down her cheek. "He was always so kind to me."

As she spoke there came a heavy step on the porch, and, looking out of the window, she saw her cousin, Jedediah Twombley, standing there. Jedediah was a rich man, lately made richer by an inheritance from his grandfather, who had lived to be one hundred and five years old, and leaving all to his wealthy grandson and nothing to his extremely poor granddaughter. It was natural that the thought should sting the widow as she looked at him.

"Morning!" said Jedediah. "Morning, Cousin Samanthy. I stepped up to get the shade. I feel the sun considerably, and my horse has lost a shoe, and I've sent Simon to get it fixed. Thought I'd light here and see how you got on."

"I don't get on at all, Jedediah," said Samanthy. "Not as I should if Grandpa Twombley had left me suthin, as I always reckoned he would; and now my poor old boarder is gone, I've got to that pass I've had to sell the cow."

"Too bad," said Jedediah. "Well, come and get a pan of milk any time."

"Two miles there and back; thank ye!" said the widow. "Do you know if I was you, Jedediah, what I'd do? I'd say, 'Cousin Samanthy, I'm rich and you are poor. I'll give you a little slice of the big un grandpa left me.' That's your Christian duty, seein' grandpa was a hundred and five, and weak-minded when he died. He'd hev done it himself an years ago, and you know it."

"Pshaw!" laughed Jeddiah. "But you're a woman; that's yer excuse for talkin' idiotic. I'm not a man man. I'll give you five dollars down, Amanthy, and property is property, and tills is wills, and not to be broken."

"Well, I don't set up for proud, and I'm so poor that this is a good deal to me," said Samanthy, taking the money. "I reckon grandpa's spirit is sound somewhere, prompting you to do right, seeing you influenced him to do wrong."

"Now, Samanthy, grandfather wasn't influenced by me; that I can tell you!" said Cousin Jedediah. "He always felt you made a mistake stepping off with Peter. Peter was one of them folks that never prospers. 'What's the use,' grandfather used to say to me, 'of hoping Samanthy, when Peter——'"

"Poor Peter is gone," said the widow, taking her handkerchief from her apron pocket. "Don't talk against him. He was just as kind as kind could be to me."

"No doubt," said Jedediah, hurriedly—"no doubt. I don't mean any chase. I always thought Peter quite—quite. But what was you a-doin' when I came in—house cleanin'?"

"I was cleanin' out the spare room," said the widow. "It's been shut up quite a spell—since the California gentleman died. I thought I'd let it, if I could. I might take a few boarders this summer if they'd come."

"I'll pay for an advertisement," said Jedediah, who was worth a million and a half; "and I'd let you have lots of cucumbers off our place. You could grow things here now, if you was to seed this bed up instead of pitchin' rubbish on it; you could grow radishes under your window. Summer boarders generally thinks radishes hulsome."

"I jest emptied the bureau drawers out onto the bed. There was a lot of rubbish in 'em; and I meant to dig it over, only I ain't very strong."

"I'll let Simon dig it," said Jedediah; "and you seed it, and it will be a comfort to you."

By this time, Simon, who had been slowly driving up hill, stopped at the gate, and Jedediah called to him sharply:

"Simon, you jest take the spade and dig over Mrs. Appleby's garden. I'll drive home myself. Good-by, Samanthy. I think that idee about summer boarders is a good one;" and jumping into his wagon, drove up the road, glad to be rid of his poor cousin.

Simon looked after his master with a very peculiar expression.

"Some folks is born for luck and some for children," he said sententiously. "I've got four."

"And I've got three," said the widow. "Now, Simon, don't you do that unless you feel like it. I know you have plenty to do."

"I'd jest as lief," said Simon. "What you been throwin' out here, Mrs. Appleby?"

"Rubbish out of my California boarder's bureau drawers," said Mrs. Appleby. "What he kept it there for, I dunno."

Simon laughed, and, stooping, picked up one or two bits of something and put them in his pocket.

The bed was nicely spaded when Mrs. Appleby looked out again, and Simon was gone.

As Mr. Jedediah Twombley sat on his porch that night, counting up the profits of his hay crop, a voice behind him cried:

"Mr. Twombley, I've got suthin' I want to show you."

He turned. It was Simon who had spoken, and he held in his hand a fragment of something that looked dark and heavy.

"See here," he cried in a whisper; "I've been to the gold mines in my time, and if this ain't gold I'll give up and says I'm lacking."

"Why, to be sure, to be sure!" said old Jedediah, clutching the little chunk of ore in his hand. "To be sure. Where did you find it?"

"Why, in the Widder Appleby's garden. Dug it up out'n the flower bed you told me to spade up for her," said Simon.

"Then there's gold on the place," said Jedediah. "I've always said there was gold here; I've always said so."

"Yes, I've heerd you," said Simon, with a twinkle in his eye. "Now what a thing that'll be for the widder. A gold mine on her place!"

"Hush!" whispered Jedediah, with his eyes gleaming greenly in the twilight. "Hush, Simon; promise me you won't tell her or anybody. I'll make it all right with you. You're kinder uncomfortable where you be, with your small family. I'll allow you to hev the frame house on the hill, at the same rent. Don't mention anything about it. I'll make it all right with Mrs. Appleby; though, after all, this mayn't be gold."

"P'raps not, but old miners like me rather calculates to know," said Simon. "Ef you don't mind, I'll move up to the frame house to-morrow. Wait a bit. Let's go over to the widder's. I'll pretend it's to sow the radish seed, if you'll give me some; and we'll see if there's any more there."

"Good!" said Jedediah Twombley. "A bright idee!"

Accordingly, to the widow's surprise, Simon took the seed over; and, the sowing done, brought back to his master, waiting in the wagon under the trees, three or four more specimens of the same ore, which Jedediah took, at once, to a celebrated mineralogist of the nearest town, who declared that where these came from there was assuredly a gold mine. And trembling with delight, Jedediah went back to walk around the widow's house in the moonlight, where she, seeing him through the curtains, took him for a tramp, and was frightened almost out of her senses.

Several things happened to startle her that day. The first was the appearance of Simon at her door in the early dawn, as she was boiling her solitary cup of coffee over some splinters of wood.

"Widder," Simon whispered, solemnly, "tend to what I say, and don't forget it. Mister Twombley is goin' to make you an offer for your place. Don't let him have it cheap. Rise on him as bold as brass. Don't chin about anything. Don't tell him nothin'. Jest say, 'I won't sell for that,' until you get what'll keep you comfortable. Mind, do as I say; don't ask questions, don't chin. You'll give yourself away."

"I don't half understand you," said the widow; "you hev sech curious expressions kinder, but if Cousin Jedediah offers much for two acres of stones and a house like this, he's goin' crazy."

"Mebbe he's seen a ghost," said Simon; "but you mind me."

He was off. Not too soon, for the wheels of Jedediah Twombley's wagon rattled down the road the next moment, and Jedediah stood at the door in the place of his servant.

"What you said kind o' teched me yesterday, Samanthy," he said, "and I've been thinking. What you want is rest. Sell your place and go board in the village. I'll buy it. It ain't worth much, but what'll you take?"

The widow looked at him. It was not benevolence that shown in his eyes, but greed.

"Well," she said, cautiously (some of the same blood ran in her veins, and she could bargain also), "well, what'll you give?"

"Five hundred dollars!" said the rich man. "Eh?"

Samanthy shook her head.

"Eight!"

"Lor', no," said Samanthy.

"A thousand!"

Samanthy turned pale, but shook her head. "I reckon you're calculating I'm half-witten," said Samanthy.

"She knows about the gold," said Jedediah to himself; "or—yes, some one else knows and has made an offer."

The miser and the gambler sometimes mingle in one man. They had in Jedediah Twombley.

"Fifteen thousand dollars!" he cried, hurriedly. "You can live comfortably on that, eh?"

"Grandfather's ghost has appeared," thought Samanthy.

"Well," she said, "if you'll drive over to the lawyer's and pay me now, I'll do it."

Ten minutes after this the two were sitting side by side in the wagon. Two hours more, Samanthy was, in her own opinion, a rich woman, with no fear of suffering before her, and no more need to toil for her bread. She was to leave the cottage that day, and, bewildered by her sudden prosperity, she was packing her few poor possessions, when again, as in the dawn, Simon stood at the door.

"Sold it?" he asked.

"Yes," said the widow, breathlessly, "for fifteen thousand dollars. I reckon grandpa appeared to him."

Simon put his hand in his pocket and drew out a bunch of something.

"What's that?" he asked.

The widow looked at what he held toward her.

"It's a bit of the rubbish I threw out of that case there," she said.

"It's gold ore," said Simon. "Your California boarder had a lot of specimens of it in that case; he often showed 'em to me. I was a miner once; I took an interest in 'em. You throwed 'em into the radish bed; I dug 'em up out of it. I jest showed them to Mister Twombley. His idee has always been that ther's gold in these mountings. He thinks ther's gold on your place."

"And he wanted to give me five hundred dollars!" said the widow.

"It's all right for you, and I didn't tell no lies," said Simon. "I did dig up them specimens in the radish bed."

The widow lives at ease in the village now and keeps her own counsel; and there is a big hole, with a windlass near it, where her home once stood. People call it "Twombley's Folly," but Jedediah Twombley intended it for a gold mine, and spent a little fortune also in working it several years.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Good Advice to John.

"Now, John," said a mother to her son, "listen to me, for I am older than you, or I could not have been your mother. Never marry a young woman, John, before you have contrived to peep in at the house where she lives, at least four or five times before breakfast. You should know how late she lies in bed in the morning. You should take notice whether her complexion is in the morning as it is in the evening, or whether the morning wash and towel have robbed her of her evening bloom. You should take care to surprise her, so that you may see her in her morning dress, and observe how her hair looks when she is not expecting you. If possible, you should be where you can hear the morning conversation between her and her mother. If she is ill-natured or snappish to her mother so she will be to you, depend on it. But if you find her up, and dressed neatly, in the morning, with the same countenance, the same smiles, the same neatly combed hair, the same ready and pleasant answer to her mother, which characterize her appearance and deportment in the evening, and particularly if she is lending a hand to get the breakfast ready, she is a prize, John, and the sooner you secure her to yourself the better."

This is very good advice to John; and as for Jane, if she is wise, she will be quite careful to find out where the young man spends his evenings, what company he keeps, how late he stays out nights, and how he looks and acts in the morning; how he speaks of his father and to his mother, how he treats his sisters, and other men's sisters, and then if all is satisfactory she will not regret that she looked before she leaped.—*The Christian Woman.*

A Florida Snake Story.

TWO GIRLS, BESIEGED BY RATTLERS, WITNESS A HOT BATTLE.

MIAMI, Fla., Aug. 29.—That big rattlers still exist here the experience of Misses Fay and May Barnes, living some five miles from here, conclusively proves. The girls were out berrying last week, and went down into the Pony Creek hammock, a wild and dismal stretch of dark woods and heavy underbrush. Late in the afternoon, while getting ready to return home, May stepped on a rotton log, which broke and let her down into a deep hole which it concealed. As she fell she heard a dismal and curious rustling, rattling noise, but the fall so scared her that she did not think what it might mean. She screamed out loudly, and Fay, who was a short way behind, came running up. May then was in the hole, only her head being visible.

"Hurry up, and help me out!" she screamed, as her sister came up, "There's snakes in here, I'm sure, and the poor girl almost fainted in the intensity of her fright.

Fay set to work like a brave frontier girl, as she was, and tried to pull May out; but it seemed an impossible task, as she had sunk into the hole so deep, and the rotten wood had almost wedged her in. Seizing May by the shoulders she pulled lustily, but to no avail. Then after a moment's thought, she took off the shawl that she wore, and twisted one end to a big limb near by. This made it so that the imprisoned girl could aid herself some. Nerving themselves, and with a "pull all together," they strained, and with delight both saw they were successful.

May came up out of the hole and sank fainting on the ground. As Fay turned to help her she was horrified to see the heads of several vicious and angry looking rattlers emerge from the hole, and their loud rattles were echoed from several points around them in the forest. Hastily catching up her sister, with superhuman strength that she was surprised at afterward. Fay carried her fainting and helpless sister off out of the threatened danger. Soon, under her energetic treatment, May opened her eyes with a shudder, but as she neard the loud hisses of serpents that had escaped out of the hole and saw their horrible aspect, she screamed out loud in her fright. Fay proved the heroine of the occasion, and, getting her sister on her feet, she managed to get her up on a tall pine stump that stood some five or six feet above the ground, as she saw it was impossible to carry May off in her present unnerved condition.

As the girls scrambled up on the stump out of present danger the angry rattlings of the snakes became very startling, and their vicious hissing made the girls shudder in spite of their present safe quarters. The snakes became more and more angry as their numbers increased, and they began surrounding the stump on which the two girls now cowered praying for help and ever and anon shouting for aid. The sound of their voices plainly angered the rattlers, and they soon presented a solid ring around the stump. They would crawl up as near as possible and then coil up and strike at the imprisoned girls, but always falling back with hisses of rage and venom.

One of the largest managed to hit the top part of the stump and his fangs held him there a moment, but May, with a quick movement, arose on her feet and stamped on his head, completely crushing it. His squirming body fell back among the others, and the long body thrashed around in their midst till, aroused to the utmost fury by this disturbance, which they did not seem to understand, the others fell on this dying reptile and bit him time and again. One of the fiercest made a "mislick" and hit another, and this one retorted with a vicious bite that stirred up a war at once, and then the fight became general. The vicious and ugly-looking rattlers struggled around that stump in one mad fight, hitting one another, hissing with impotent rage and thrashing about madly in their dying struggles. The girls looked on with big frightened eyes, devoutly hoping that their deliverance was working itself out. The sickening stench from the poisoned fangs of the serpents began to effect the girls, and both soon fell forward in a faint, the broad top of the pine stump fortunately holding them fast.

How long the fight lasted they knew not, as their first recollection of recovery was to hear the guns and shouts of their friends. Their eager replies soon brought their rescuers to them and a frightful scene met their eyes. Scattered about the stump were fifteen or more big rattlers dead or dying, mutilated and torn up in their mad fight together. Only three were found alive and these were around the stump, coiled up and eying the girls' forms on it. They were soon dispatched and the poor girls brought down from their fearful position. Their exposure and fright proved quite telling and both have been ill ever since.

Old hunters think that May fell into a rattler's home, and that she was not bitten while in the hole because it was dark in there, her body filling up the opening so that the snakes were too bewildered to strike.—*Globe Democrat.*

A Coincidence.

By a strange coincidence at the moment when the city of Colon was being nearly destroyed by fire the International Society of Paris was thinking of improving it on a large plan, and the Colombian newspapers were discussing the value of the land and the buildings at Colon Aspinwall. El Mercurio, in a second article published in answer to El Porvenir of Carthagena, admitted that the figure of $12,515,000, which it had announced at first as representing the value of the hospital, railroad buildings, residence of the director, etc., might be reduced by half. It added, though, that, including the price of the land occupied by the defunct canal company, the above figure would be raised to $33,712,500. These discussions among Colombian papers about the real value of the main portion of Aspinwall originated from the pending negotiations between the government of Bogota and Lieutenant Bonaparte Wyse, who is now in Colombia working to obtain a prolongation, in the interest of a new company, of the concession granted to the former one for the cutting of the interoceanic canal. These negotiations do not seem to be on the road to success. The latest newspapers from the country which owns the isthmus show that a strong opposition has recently been developed against the new plan of action proposed by Mr. Wyse. The latter has lost his good humor, forgot his usual polite diplomacy and savagely attacked the papers which said they had no faith in his scheme for cutting the canal any more than in his ability to raise the necessary funds. La Nacion and El Telegrama answered Mr. Wyse's attack with great bitterness, and Senor Argaes, director of the latter paper, wrote that "In regard to the question of millions, the only thing Mr. Wyse pretends to know is that Colombia owes him the millions he imagines she has made" by granting him in 1876 the canal concession, the terms of which have not been complied with by the Panama Canal Company.—*New York Tribune.*

The following good story is told of Bishop Galloway: A year or two ago he preached to a large negro congregation on one of the plantations of his old friend Peter James. At the conclusion of the service one of the ardent colored brethren thus addressed him. "Bishop, we are mighty proud you have come here to-day to preach to us poor niggers. We are mighty proud. "Yo' sho, do preach pow'ful." Yo' don't preach like a white man; yo' preach jes' like a nigger.—*Ex.*

monwealth.

Add a small quantity of salt to the bran that is fed to the cows.

Young Tommy is a very talkative boy. The other day his uncle promised him ten cents if he would go an hour without speaking a word. Tommy wanted the dime very bad, and set out bravely to keep perfectly still from five to six o'clock. He watched the clock very uneasily and eagerly, however. By and by the hands pointed to 5:30. Tommy looked up and exclaimed at the top of his voice: "Well, half of the time's gone, anyway!"

After a long and tedious session, Congress has at last adjourned, and many of the members will be kept busy during this month and a portion of November looking after a re-election.

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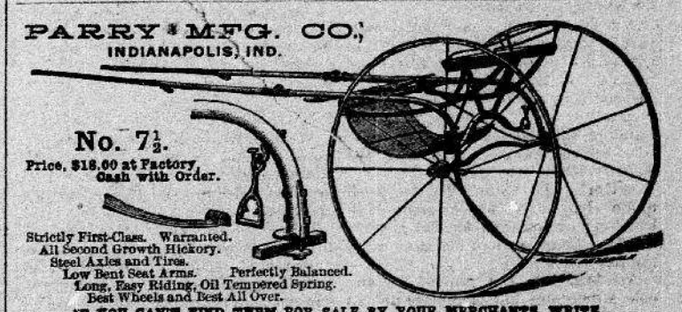

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