

As flow the rivers to the sea
Adown from rocky hill or plain,
A thousand ages toiled for thee

And all the old heart-sweetness sung.
The joyous life of man and maid,
In forests where the earth was young

AN ELOPEMENT

By Charles Stell.

I was the Chicago, Milwaukee and
St. Paul depot on a bright morning
in August, and the large, busy
station was full of people.

taken fate into her own hands, and
came to the city to be married to Mr.
Wilson, unknown to her parents.

He had been there for nearly an hour
restlessly pacing the room from one
end to the other. From it he could
equally observe the entrance which
led to the departure platform and the
one which led to the street beyond.

As they walked down the street,
Miss Swift raised her eyes to her lover's
face with a strange expression in
their depths.

And at last his patience was reward-
ed. There came quickly toward him
from the platform, a slight, girlish figure
dressed in white. A pair of large
blue eyes lit up her face, and a mass of
auburn hair waved on her fair, open
brown. He stepped forward and took
her hand.

Charles Wilson was destined to be a
physician. He had obtained his
diploma and intended to go out to
Washington Territory. He had a small
income, besides what he expected to
make out of his profession.

After a few moments, when the people
had dispersed, Charlie suggested
an adjournment to a neighboring hotel,
where she could rest and have some
refreshment.

There was no time for an answer. As
he finished, one of the front wheels of
the cab rolled off, the vehicle turned
over, and horse, driver and passengers
fell down together.

When she joined Wilson he looked
decidedly cross. A man hates to be
made to appear ridiculous, and he
knew that they could not have pre-
sented a very edifying spectacle in the
accident; still, he expected not to have
vented his anger on the girl who accom-
panied him.

Strange to say there are compara-
tively few people south or west of New
England who know what a coon-cat is.

they started to climb the bluffs and try
to reach the depot. It was a task of
great difficulty, for both the wet grass
and the earth were slippery, and they
had to pull themselves up, hand over
hand, grasping the bushes and trees
to help them.

The new name for a combination of
corporations is "a community of inter-
est."

Lulu did not flinch; she had reached
such a state of misery that she almost
felt she did not care what happened.
Their wading through the small rivulets
with earth and water, her thin summer
clothing clung to her like paste, and
her white dress was a sight to behold.

Arizona newspapers declare that deer,
antelope and mountain-sheep will soon
be exterminated there unless immedi-
ate steps are taken for their preserva-
tion.

"What shall we do?" asked Lulu.
"We will wait until evening," an-
swered Charlie, lightly. Then, turning
to Mrs. Clement, he said, "Tell Mr.
Clement that we will return at six
o'clock, please."

Some confiding British financiers
have come over here to look after the
alleged rights of the minority stock-
holders in certain corporations. These
must be desperately ignorant Eng-
lishmen to imagine that minority
stockholders in America have any
rights whatever.

"What on earth can I do? Shall we
go to the hotel?" he asked.
"No. I will go home. I am sure
that will be best."

The traditional office boy who gets
excused from duty to bury his grand-
mother during the baseball or circus
season has found a prototype in real
life. A Connecticut lad was convicted
of stealing and was sentenced to jail
for one day, his term being thus limited
because his grandmother was dead
and he wanted to attend her funeral.

"I am entirely in your hands," she
replied.

Farmers should encourage the es-
tablishment of canning factories near
at hand, even if they have to invest
somewhat in the stock in order to get
them started. There is profit in grow-
ing fruit and vegetables when there is
a market close at hand.

"I am perfectly willing, if you wish
it," she replied.

Interest is added to the Pacific cable
project by the announcement that
Germany is planning to lay a cable of
her own across that ocean, to serve
the needs of her extensive empire and
of her vast and increasing commerce.

"No. I think it will be for the best
to put an end to our engagement. Per-
haps I have expected too much. But
after a girl has forsaken home, par-
ents, everything, in fact, for a man
who can calmly sleep the precious time
away—well, I—I think it is best for us
to part."

A few champions of the American
trotter are uncomfortable because the
number of pacers bred in this country
has made remarkable gains in compar-
ison with the total of trotters.

"I am sure that he could sleep at such
a time, after all the sacrifices she had
made for him! The very thought of it
filled her heart to overflowing, and hot
tears fell from her eyes."

A new industry has developed
abroad, having its origin in an Ameri-
can custom. Straw hats are now
made for horses. Our humane truck
drivers have been wont to protect their
horses' heads from the scorching rays
of the sun by a coarse harvest straw,
with two holes cut in the brim for the
equine ears.

"I wish we had told them at home,"
faltered the girl.

How the Umbrella was Introduced.
About 150 years ago on a very wet,
disagreeable day, a man walked
through the streets of London carrying
an umbrella.

"If you could go to sleep at such a
time, you might be sure I was not go-
ing to wake you."

Not an Extraneous Aid.
An observing and experienced coun-
try merchant gives this information
and advice to other business men:

"What do you say to our having a
sail, Lu?"

Why the Stars Twinkle.
Many persons suppose that it is due to
the changes that are constantly going
on in the star's own fires, the effect
produced on our eyes being much the
same as that produced by the flashing
and flickering of a terrestrial fire.



The Mum Family.
There is a funny family,
Of which I often hear,
In which the difference in size
To me seems very queer.

Now Minnie Mum is always shown
To be exceedingly small,
While Max I, Mum, a giant is,
So very large and tall.

This thought I might have given you
In one short rhyming verse,
And that would be the minimum,
Or, what would be much worse,

Few Chinese toys are of a durable
nature. There are not many toy shops,
but cheap playthings are sold by an
itinerant vender of small wares, whose
approach is announced by the beating
of a gong, which calls the children as
the music of the Pied Piper of Hamelin
is said to have done.

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There are few persons, perhaps, even
among the most indifferent observers
of the heavens, that have not seen
some of the brighter stars, say, Sirius,
Arcturus, Capella, Vega, Aldebaran
or Rigel, flashing like great jewels, with
all the rainbow tints when near the
horizon.

"I am sure that he could sleep at such
a time, after all the sacrifices she had
made for him! The very thought of it
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Say good-by er howdy-do—
What's the odds betwixt the two?
Comin'—goin'—every day—
Best friends first to go away—
Grasp of hands you'd rather hold
Than their weight in solid gold.

Mixes just like laugh and cry;
Deaths and births, and worst and best,
Tangled their contraries;
Every jinglin' weddin' bell
Skeerin' up some funeral knell—
Here's my song and there's your sigh;
Howdy-do and then good-by.

"What—? you doing for that baby?"
"I'm simply avoiding all the advice
my friends have given me."—Harper's
Bazar.

"Walk this way, madam," said the
bowedlegged floorwalker, but the lady
refused to walk that way.—The School-
master.

"I've turned highwayman," chuckled
the sofa. "What!" exclaimed the
chair. "Yes; I held a couple up last
night."—Philadelphia Record.

"Stranger—Could you direct me to
the Carnegie library?" Citizen—"Car-
negie library! There is none in this
town." "What!"—"Indianapolis Press.

"I heard about the widow's mite,
A cobbler, lean and small;
And when the deacon passed the plate
He placed therein his awl."—
Philadelphia Record.

"If I ever get married, it will be to
some struggling young fellow whom I
can help to make a fortune." "Give
me some struggling millionaire, whom
I can help to spend one."—Brooklyn
Life.

"My volume of poems is filled with
typographical errors!" cried the poet.
"Yes," replied the disgusted publisher,
"Even the proofreader seems to have
balked at reading it through."—Phila-
delphia North American.

"It is no use to feel me wrist, doc-
thur," said Pat, when the physician be-
gan to feel his pulse, "the pain is not
there, sure—it's in me stumnick."—
What-To-Eat.

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