

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

"Come, Quelton," cried Jack Darcy, hurrying into my office one morning in June last, "drop those everlasting papers and take an hour's rest. I want you to go to the opera house with me."

"And for what, pray," I answered, "should I go to the opera house in daytime—the forenoon at that? Is it a rehearsal?"

"Rehearsal? Certainly not; it's the commencement exercises of the Girls' High School, and there is one thing, specially, on the program that I am anxious for you to hear. Get ready, man; it's time to go. It will do you good to see those pretty girls—two hundred and fifty of them, and listen to what some of them have to say. It will brush the cobwebs off that hard-worked old editorial brain of yours."

Now I could tell you how it was, but Jack's proposition roused in me a sudden but overweening desire to attend those exercises. It would be so radical a change from the amusements that I usually indulged in, something so bright and inspiring and beautiful, that I became, all in a minute, an enthusiastic about it as my bustling friend was.

I tossed aside the "exchange" that I had been scanning, laid a weight on my "copy" paper, seized my hat and actually hurried Jack out of the office and into the street on our way to the opera house. I suppose we are all subject to those sudden impulses, but mine astonished me, all the same; later in the day I came to the conclusion that some beneficent spirit had moved me.

As we entered the house, where a large audience had already gathered, the members of the graduating class were just coming upon the stage. This of itself was a pretty sight, and Jack and I found a place where we could see it to good advantage. The girls, whose ages ranged from sixteen to nineteen years, were all dressed in white, with just variation enough in material and trimming to take away the appearance of monotony.

Each girl carried a bunch of flowers in her hand, and wore upon her left breast the crimson and gold ribbon of the class.

Chairs were arranged in tiers from the front of the large stage to the rear, and the girls entered in two lines, one from each side. Those that entered from the right crossed the stage and passed to the chairs on the left, and those that entered from the left passed to the right. This semi-military effect was very pleasing, and made the scene orderly without being stiff.

When all were seated the exercises began, but it is not my purpose to describe them in detail. Jack soon let me know why he had asked me to come there, and that is what I am going to tell you about. He pointed to the fifth number on the program, and said:

"That is what I want you to hear—Miss Agnes Farrell's recitation. She is a remarkable girl. I want you to see and hear her to-day, and then I am going to tell you a story about her. She's a heroine—every inch a heroine, as gallant a spirit as ever animated the heart of a soldier. And yet she is one of the gentlest and most lovable girls you ever saw. But wait!"

I looked at the program and saw this: 5. Recitation—The Charge of the Light Brigade.

Agnes Constance Farrell.

The first four numbers of the program had been given, and then the principal of the school announced Miss Farrell. A fair-haired young girl arose from the front row of seats and advanced gracefully to the front of the stage. Her manner was easy and self-contained, but absolutely free from self-assertiveness; it was the manner of one conscious of her power, but too modest to make that consciousness apparent.

With a slight but graceful bow to the audience, she began to speak:

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
Forward the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns! he said;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred!

Clearly and distinctly the spirited words fell from those young lips, and as the fifth line of the stanza was reached they rung through the house like the notes of Cardigan's bugle, as he ordered that famous charge. Losing all consciousness of self in the ardor of her part, fired with the glorious spirit of the lines, she rose to a height of oratory almost sublime, and held her audience bound under the spell of her power.

I have never heard anything finer than her impassioned utterance of the fourth stanza of the immortal poem: Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Flashed the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered!
Plunged in the battery smoke,
They through the line they broke!

Reeled from the sabre stroke,
Shattered and sundered,
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

The slight figure of the girl trembled with enthusiasm, her face glowing like that of one inspired and her marvelous voice, sweet, clear and resonant, cut the air like one of those "singing sabres." At the close of her recitation the audience, until then rap in silent admiration, burst into a perfect storm of applause. I had never seen nor heard a more brilliant performance.

"Come," said Darcy, "we are going now. That is what I wanted you to hear. What do you think of her?"
"She is a wonderful girl," I answered, "simply wonderful. What do you know about her?"
"I am going to tell you," said Jack. "It is a very pretty little story of heroism, but it came near being a tragedy. Agnes Farrell is eighteen years old. I have known her for four years. She is one of the brightest girls I ever saw. Her tastes are intellectual and yet she is as far from being a 'book-stocking' as she could well be. Few of our editorial 'know-alls' are so well-informed in general literature, philosophy, natural history, science, astronomy as she is."

"And yet she has her sail boat on the seashore, and few men can equal her in its management. She swims like a fish and is as brave as a brave self. In fact, she excels in all outdoor sports that girls indulge in, and enters into them with as much spirit as she exhibited on the stage just a moment ago."

"But let me tell you the story that I referred to. Her father has a cottage at a quiet little place down on the coast, a place separated from the mainland by a broad, generally flat inlet, where may be had delightful sailing and fishing. The family goes there every summer."

"I spent three weeks there last season, and it was during that time that the incident happened of which I am going to tell you."

"A family by the name of Graham has a cottage near the Farrell's, one member of which is a boy about Agnes' age. His name is Harold. He is a great sailor, too, and his boat, the Ariel, is almost as well known for its achievements as Agnes' Spry. In fact, there has always been a sort of good-natured rivalry between them, for while Agnes and Harold are warm friends, they would never race on the relative speed and other qualities of their two boats."

"No actual test had ever been made, for they did not care to have a regular race; they rather shrank from the publicity that a race would give them. But one day in July an opportunity occurred that neither of them disposed to decline, and so they at last matched their little crafts in a race each other."

"It happened more by accident than design. Harold had gone out early in the morning for a sail around the inlet, taking with him only one of his friends, Sam Colton. Two hours later Agnes took her boat out, with her younger sister, Betha, as her companion. This was both unusual, for Agnes is so good a sailor that no one ever thought of forbidding her to go even alone, if she so desired."

"The girls had not been out long when they saw Harold's boat just turning the point of a petty green, reed-grown island of the western side of the inlet. There was a brisk wind from the south, and the Ariel was feeling its full force as it rounded the island and turned her bow toward the north, where the brown-broven body of water stretched out before her."

"It happened that the boat was headed in the same direction, and as they were now fairly abreast of each other, though still some distance apart, the conditions for a trial of speed were almost irresistible. In fact, they were irresistible, for Harold's boat stood up in the stern of the Ariel and stood up in the stern of the Ariel and stood up in the stern of the Ariel."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Watts, "married misers are too numerous to be worth mentioning."

"When He Looked at the Bill,"
"I wish I had been Noah,
She—Why?
He—I'll bet no seal would have been allowed to board the ark.—Cleveland Leader.

POPULAR SCIENCE.
Generally speaking, we say that the curvature of the earth amounts to about seven inches to the statute mile; it is exactly 6.99 inches, or 7.962 inches for a geographical mile.

Lightning is zigzag because, as it condenses the air in the immediate advance of its path it flies from side to side in order to pass where there is the least resistance to its progress.

Scientists say that no negro has ever tamed an elephant or any wild animal, though negroes frequently perform with wild animals after they have been cowed into submission by white men.

she could regain it or could realize what it all meant, the nose of the Sprite had thrust itself with tremendous force into the Ariel and trembled her over like an egg-shell.

"Harold and his friend were thrown into the water, which was quite deep at that place, and they disappeared beneath the surface like stones. Young Colton came up again almost immediately and was clinging to the half-submerged sail of the Ariel when Agnes had brought her boat about and was preparing to give aid to her unfortunate antagonists. Harold was nowhere in sight."

"The brave girl did not hesitate a second; she rightly supposed that the young fellow had become entangled in the rigging of his boat, and if that were true, he would drown unless someone went to his rescue. Giving a few hurried directions to her sister, she threw off her hat and plunged into the water where Harold had gone down."

"The accident had given young Colton so great a shock that no help could be expected from him—Agnes must save Harold by her own exertions or he must perish. She was cool and undaunted in spite of the trying situation in which she found herself, and taking a quick mental note of the surroundings, she dived underneath the water."

"Presently she reappeared, bearing Harold's unconscious form. Colton was able by this time to come to her assistance, and together they got him on the deck of the Sprite, and promptly began their efforts to restore him to life."

"They had a hard fight of it, but they conquered at last, for Harold soon opened his eyes and smiled up into the face of the gallant young girl who had put his life in jeopardy and then saved it by her heroic action."

"Now," added Darcy, "you know why I admire that young girl so much. This story has never been told before to anyone but the friends of the two families, and I tell it to you now, Quelton, with the distinct understanding that you do not tell it with the true names of the parties."

To my readers I will say that I could not resist the temptation to relate the incident, but I have kept faith with Darcy—I have not given you the real names.

A Laundry School.
"This is the way we wash our clothes," is a familiar phrase in the playground and the nursery; it has now a new and very practical meaning for the little girls attending board schools in London. Laundry classes, at which they may acquire at least one useful accomplishment, have been established in various parts of the metropolis, and according to the annual report of the school management committee, have proved thoroughly satisfactory.

During the year they were attended by 12,262 aspirants to proficiency in the art of cleansing and beautifying articles of every day wear. There are now seventy-one permanent laundry centers, and two others are building. Each school consists of one classroom, with accommodations for fourteen children, and is fitted with desks and seats, thirteen washtubs and ironing tables, a copper and a sink. The whole work is under the superintendence of Miss Lord and Miss Jones. At present there is a deficiency in the supply of instructresses and a number are being trained under the former's supervision. The salary of the superintendents commences at \$750 per year, and rises to \$1,000, with a small addition for traveling expenses. Instructresses' salaries rise to \$350.

Too Numerous to Mention.
"Did you ever notice that almost all these misers reported in the papers are single men?" asked Mr. Watts.
"Yes," answered Mrs. Watts, "married misers are too numerous to be worth mentioning."

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"I wish I had been Noah,
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Snow appears white because it is an aggregation of an infinite number of minute crystals, each reflecting all the colors of the rainbow; these colors, uniting before they reach the eye, cause it to appear white to every normal eye.

A sun dial made for London would be useless for either Paris or Edinburgh. The altitude of the pole star varies with the latitude, and hence is greater at Edinburgh, and less at Paris than at London; and as the style must always point to the polar star, the angle it makes with the dial-plate must vary with the latitude.

Dr. Burton Ward, according to the Medical Age, declares that there "is one infallible symptom indicating whether one is sane or not. Let a person speak over so rationally and act over so prudently, if his or her thoughts remain inactive there is no doubt of insanity. Lunatics seldom make use of their thoughts when writing, drawing or calculating."

RECOVERY OF A BICYCLE.

It Had Been Sunk in the Harbor for Revenge.

Among the residents of Bermuda are two brothers, one of whom, besides being an enthusiastic yachtsman, is also a swift and skillful rider of the bicycle. Some time ago, shortly before the date set for a bicycle race, in which he was to be one of the contestants his wheel mysteriously disappeared and all efforts to find a trace of it proved fruitless, says the Boston Transcript. One day, about fourteen months after the bicycle had been presumably stolen, a fisherman who was angling out in the middle of St. George's harbor for floating fish, hooked a large one, which instantly plunged into the depths of the harbor in a vain endeavor to escape. The angler played with him for awhile, and then, feeling the line tightening in his hand and the strain become steady, began to haul up. He soon realized that he had at the end of his line one of the heaviest catches which he had ever made, and (what he could not understand about it) that it was almost apparently a dead weight. He hauled away, however, until there appeared above the water not only the fish that he had hooked, but a bicycle, around the handles of which the fish, in his efforts to escape, had wound the line a number of times. When the astonished fisherman had sufficiently recovered from his amazement at his curious catch he took the bicycle ashore. There it was soon identified as the one which had so inexplicably disappeared.

Strange to say the machine, in spite of the fact that it had been at the bottom of the harbor for fourteen months, was but little damaged and was easily put in running order again. For some time no clue as to how it found its way to its watery hiding place could be discovered. Eventually, however, several circumstances came to light that pointed to a man with whom the bicycle rider had once had trouble. At one time whenever he rode past this man's place the dogs which were kept there would run out and bark and snap at the rider, causing him considerable annoyance and trouble. At first he contented himself with simply driving off the brutes as best he could, but when he found that they were set upon him by their master he took prompt measures to have the man arrested, brought into court and fined. From various circumstances that were found out regarding the disappearance of the bicycle there seemed to be no doubt that the owner of the ugly dogs was responsible for it and that he stole the machine and sunk it in the harbor in order to be revenged on its owner.

Quick-Witted Bostonian Who Knew the Dangers of the Undertow.
Here is a story which is too much to the credit of two ladies and a gentleman to be wholly suppressed. They are all strong swimmers, and can battle with the waves in valiant fashion, says the Boston Transcript. They chanced to be in the sea at one time lately, and on a shore where the undertow is irresistible a short distance out. The man suddenly felt himself in that strong, terrible outward pull of the waters of the mighty deep. He understood immediately that he and his companions would shortly be no more unless by tremendous instant, individual exertion they pulled for the shore. In that treacherous current not one could help another. How to get "those girls" ashore without terrifying them and putting them in still greater danger through their fears was the problem of that terrible moment.

The man solved it like a hero. He made a sign, a sound of personal distress, and began swimming in shore. His companions in the waves heard and saw his white face. Both believed, as he meant them to, that he was threatened with cramps, and swam in shore too, calling out cheerful, encouraging words to him as they pulled for the shore, assuring him that he would soon be all right; that they could get him in safely if he really should give out, and other words to that effect. It was not long before this man of moral courage stood upon the beach in safety, and those he had thus rescued from death stood on either side of him and heard what it would have meant for them to have spent another moment in that out-rushing tide.

It was a non-combatant in the strife for life who remarked: "That fellow was a great philosopher. He knew how to appeal to the new woman when swimming her strongest against the old order of things. He only offered his plea to the 'eternal womanly' to woman's maternal need of taking care of the sick or the helpless. Those girls will probably always think it was their own physical strength and powers that rescued them from death by drowning; but it was really the 'eternal womanly' bent upon helping one they believed in danger and need."

The Stuttering Man.
A stuttering man told a friend of his yesterday that very frequently he had to walk from the top to the ground floor of the tallest office buildings. By the time he was able to say "Down" the elevator was usually four or five floors below him.—New York Times.

Useful Wastes.
"That man Hooley is the most peculiarly extravagant fellow I know."
"What has he done?"
"Bought an umbrella."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Can Albert Anything Now.
"Mrs. Gaskell, I hear your husband has taken to smoking."
"Yes, he's getting to be a regular tobaccoist."—Chicago Tribune.

His Grip on Fame.

The Chap Book tells a story of a well known huntress in London who in her own drawing room introduced John Drew to a gentleman named Montefiore. She eulogized Mr. Drew's abilities and the genius of his acting, the Drew family's talent, and after she had said all that was possible about him she thought it was necessary to say something nice about Mr. Montefiore. She hesitated a moment, and then, turning to Mr. Drew, remarked, "You may remember that his favorite uncle was frightfully mangled on the underground last year."

Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.—Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind. March 20, 1893.

General Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning with Grant" in the Christmas Century, deals with General Grant's demeanor during the battle of the Wilderness. General Porter says that even during the most critical moments, General Grant manifested no perceptible anxiety, but that he was visibly affected by the sight of blood. During the second day of the battle Grant smoked about twenty strong cigars, his highest record in the use of tobacco.

When bilious or costive, eat a cascade candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

How to Use Fur.
If any one happens to have on hand some short, broad pieces of fur which are not heavy in appearance, she may utilize them, especially if they should be ermine, for the bolero fronts of an evening waist. One of the loveliest frocks I have seen this winter was trimmed in that way.

HIS IS THE TIME of year... when men... and women... become weakened by... the weather... er, and run down generally... The first parts that the weather affects are the kidneys. The urea is not thrown off, but is forced back upon the lungs, and disease results—caused by weakness of the kidneys.

HERE IS ONLY ONE SURE WAY known to medical men for promptly checking troubles of the kidneys and restoring these great organs to health and strength, and that is by the use of

Warranted Soft Cure

It has stood the test of time; it has saved thousands of lives; it has restored millions of sufferers to health; it has done what was never done before; it has made men stronger and healthier; it has made women brighter and happier; it stands alone in all these qualities. Do you not think it would be wise for you to use it and thus avoid the dangers of the season? Insist upon having it.

Large bottle, or new style, mail order at your drug store.

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Alligator Fashion.

"I like the looks of the high standing collar," said Cholby. "The only objection I've against it is that when you chew gum you have to hold your jaw still and move the whole top of your head, you know."—Chicago Tribune.

One's Tough Balsam
Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

To give and grudge is no better than not to give at all.
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

There are 1,300 women postal clerks in England.

"It will go away after awhile."

That's what people say when advised to take something to cure that cough.

Have you ever noticed that the cough that goes away after awhile takes the cough along? And he doesn't come back!

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Cures Coughs.

Comfort to California.
Every Thursday morning, a tourist sleeping car for Denver, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Los Angeles leaves Omaha and Lincoln via the Burlington Route.

It is carpeted, upholstered in raton, has spring seats and backs and is provided with curtains, bedding, towels, soap, etc. An experienced expression conductor and a uniformed attendant, porter accompany it through to the Pacific Coast.

While neither as expensively finished nor as big to look at as a palace sleeper, it is just as good to ride in. Second class tickets are honored and the price of a berth, wide enough and big enough for two, is only \$1.00.

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Dr. Kay's Renovator
It is a positive cure for the worst cases of dyspepsia, constipation, liver and kidney ailments and all nervous or blood diseases. At this time of year it is invaluable as it renovates and invigorates the whole system and purifies and enriches the blood. The very best nerve tonic known. It has two to four times as many doses as liquid medicines selling for same price sold by drug jobs or sent by mail on receipt of price, \$1 and \$1.50. Send for our booklet. It treats all diseases, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, etc. Dr. J. Kay Medical Office, 111 West Broadway, New York.

Prepared by Dr. J. Kay, New York.



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