Some day, some day of days, trending the With idle, heedless pace Unlooking for such grace, I shall behold your tace

Some day, some day of days, thus may

Perchance the sun may shine from skies May, Or Winter's key chill Touch lightly val- and hill; What matter, I shall thrill Through every vein with Summer on that

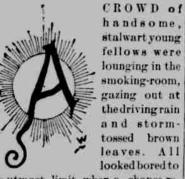
Once more life's perfect youth will all con And for a moment there I shall stand fresh and fair. And drop the garment care; Once more my per ece youth shall nothing

I shut my eyes now, thinking how 'twill be How, face to face, each soul Will slip its long control, Forget the dismai dole Of dreary fate's dark, separating sea.

And glance to glance, and hand to hand u

greeting.
The past with all its fears,
Its silence and its tears.
Its lonely, yearning years.
Shall vanish in the moment of that meeting

-Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. LOVE THAT WAS TRUE



fellows were smoking-room, gazing out at thedrivingrain and stormtossed brown leaves. All looked bored to

the utmost limit, when a chance remark from a newcomer called forth a query from Capt. Hartman.

"What did you say, Browning? Vera Colinsbee in town?

"Yes; she is to be at Mrs. Downing's reception to-night. You have cards, 1 suppose?"

"Of course he has, but little good youth.

At this remark agentleman who had paid no attention to the conversation laid down his paper and listened attentively, though so quietly that Capt. Hartman alone noticed the action.

"Why so disconsolate, my son?" was his laughing query.

"Why so disconsolate?" was the wrathful response. "When millionaires have sued in vain, to say noth-I, a poor young lawyer, and a Smith at that?"

A general laugh tollowed his remark, and he added:

"Without doubt she is the greatest flirt on earth, but she is just as surely the most charming, and I shall calmly continue to lay my suffering face. heart before her whose regal charms enthrall my brain."

"Hear, hear!" and, as if this was too much the crowd broke up.

Left alone, Markham turned to his friend, who at this moment rose to his teet, and, approaching him, said:

"Are you acquainted with Miss Colinsbee, Hartman?"

"Yes," he replied. "Come with me to know what that story was. to the reception this evening, and I'll present you. I have known Vera friend. You know I have no near for years, long before she went kindred, and very few friends. He abroad, and any triend of mine is sure of a welcome,"

"Thank you, Hartman; I'll avail myself of your kindness. Is Miss Colinsbee so marvelously beautiful?"

"I do not think you will say so at first glance, Markham, but if she fancies you and cares to please she is ir-resistible."

A troubled look came into his face, and he gave a quick glance at the man opposite; then continued; "Indeed, I don't know what to

make of Vera, sometimes. You see, her father and I were chums, and she became as confidential with me as with her brother; a more beautiful, truthful nature I have never known." A look of incredulity came into his

listener's face, and the captain noted it instantly.

"I see you cannot reconcile my statement with the remark you have heard to-day; but up to her father's death, and the time she left for Europe, I never knew a girl as beautiful as Vera less free from coquetry. And her present action is all the less explicable to me because I know Mrs. Downing, with whom she went abroad, is a woman worthy of all confidence, and one who would guard Vera from unfavorable influences. I am all the more anxious to have you meet her, Guy, because you are my dearest friend, and a man as far removed from the prevalent fash-ion of trifling as myself; and under-neath all her affectations I am sure there is a true, womanly heart.'

"You have groused my interest, Hartman, and I look forward to meeting your fair young friend with

acure." Some hours later, Markham was nding near the entrance of e long drawing-room, cont emplation of the lore him—the light of softly andles, the heavy perfume of the bright faces of beautiful and underseath all the

weet must He let his eves wander carelessly around the room, seeking if he could and a voice said:

"Come, Markham, Miss Colinsbee is waiting for you. Turning, he followed Paul Hartman, who led the way to a small al-

approached, and in a moment more the death. he was bowing to a fair slender young girl, who rose to meet them. Vera, this is my dearest friend. Guy Markham. Miss Colinsbee, Guy.

Seated beside her, Guy had time to it certainly was not, at the first up into his face. glance, but the frank, fearless eyes of wonderfully dark blue, purple, rather, though that is not a color poets are apt to rave about, held him as by magic,

Returning in a half-hour, Hartman unmindful of the passing of time.

Guy, saying:

number. Will you come with Paul

"If I may have that pleasure, I certainly shall not be foolish enough lounging in the to refuse. Good-night, Miss Colins- Guy's hasty departure, in reply to a

> From that evening Guy Markham became a frequent visitor in the drawing-rooms of Mrs. Downing, and indeed at all other houses where Vera Colinsbee was to be seen.

People looked and wondered, looked and admired. Fitted by position as well as nature, apparently nothing could be more appropriate than their union, and no one suggested that Markham was but another victim to Vera's charms. She was so simply glad to see him, she talked with him so unreservedly, that for once Madame Grundy was nonplused, Only once Paul Hartman entered

as Guy was taking his leave, and as he noticed Markham's lingering hand-clasp, and the lock bent upon will it do him, or any one else, for that matter," said a melancholy flashed into his mind, and after Guy had gone, he crossed to where Vera was still standing, and raised ber face between his hands.

"Vera, it I thought for one moment that you were playing with Guy I would lose all my confidence in you, dearly as I love you."

Her face flushed, but her eyes met

his unflinchingly as she answered "Believe me, Paul, I honor your

friend too highly to do aught that would cause him pain.'

One atternoon in the first of June Guy came in to read with Vera; he ing ofgilded-youth, what chance have found her in a little room, half boudoir, half a rose garden, for the windows ran from floor to ceiling, and in through the open panes came whole sprays of roses, testooning one entire side of the room. Vera was lying on a lounge, but

rose to meet him:

"Are you ill?" he asked hastily, as he noted the extreme pallor of her "No, I'm only tired, I think, I am

glad the season is over.' She stopped suddenly as sheraised "A fine monsieur, an Englishman her eyes to his, for something she

saw there seemed to check the light words on her lips. 'Miss Colinsbee, I am going away, but before I leave I have a story to

tell you. Will you come over here by this window?" She followed him silently and sunk into the chair he placed for her. It

did not need the woman's intuition

was friend, brother, all, to me. Shortly after leaving college he went to Europe to complete his studies. Letters came regularly for a long time then grew less and less frequent; finally they ceased. I was surprised, worried even, until I heard indirectly that he was deeply in love with a beautiful woman. And while our separation grieved me I con-soled myself with the thought that in the end I should be richer; that his beautiful bride would be my friend also when he brought her back to America-for she was an Ameri-

He paused, and, aroused by the long silence, Vera looked at him. She had been vaguely interested, but the expression on his face shocked her and she started to her feet. He motioned her back with a wave of his hand, and then mastering his

emotion, said hoarsely:
"Vera, my friend was Arnim Schrarder." She grew pale as death, but said nothing. "Shall I go on?" She bowed silently.

"One day there came a letter me, telling me of the wreck of his life by the fickleness, to call it by no other name, of his love, and closely following that was the news of his death-by his own hand."

"Guy had been gazing fixedly out of the window, and, all unnoticed by him, Vera had risen, and was stand-ng, white and trembling, by his side. "Guy!" and as her voice broke the silence he started, as if a trumpet had sounded. "Guy, was that all Arnim told you?"

"Was it not enough, Vera?" he ask

ed, sadly.
"No, he should have— "Vera, stop! I must not listen to you. My friend was truth itself, and, though you were young, and in many ways excusable, his gave lies between us. I must not listen, because I dare not. I sought you to win your love, and make you feel what Arnim felt. But one should not play with fee.

throbbing, sobbing undertone of for I, who never loved before, love he threw open a door into a private you with every fiber of my soul and being. In spite of all that lies between us, I could live forever on your discover Vera Colinsbee. Suddenly love, from the world apart, if love touch, be felt a hand laid on his shoulder, was all. Oh, Vera, Vera!" And throwing himself into a chair he covered his face with his hands.

How long he sat he knew not, but when he looked again his eyes met Vera's. Hers bore the look one sees cove. The crowd parted as the two in a wounded fawn's when hunted to

"Vera, I can endure this no longer. Oh my love, my beautiful love! Some time, darling, we can meet and be all we cannot be now. Vera came across the room, and,

study the face before him. Beautiful laying her hands on his breast, looked "Guy, you have sealed my lips, but

Hove you, and shall love you forever. He kissed her forehead sadly, slowly, as we earess our dead, and so they parted.

The winter season opened without found Guy still seated by Vera, all the leadership of Vera Collinsbee, for she had withdrawn from society after "Well, Vera, I always dislike to a long illness during which her life spoil a pleasant chat, but I can't give was despaired of. But her illness up our favorite waltz for even Guy." had only left her more beautiful than
Vera rose and gave her hand to ever, with an added charm in the had only left her more beautiful than When he met me he won, not my love, new expression that bad come into "I must say good-night, Mr. Mark- her face. A prominent artist was ham, as I am going home after this heard to remark that "the soul had however, had I not discovered-no been awakened in Vera Collinsbee.

But while all admitted the result, no one save Paul Hartman was in any way cognizant of the cause. After pletely that I ordered him from me, question, she said:

"Your friend and mine has gone Paul. I love him, and he loves me, but we are parted as relentlessly as if the grave lay between us.'

He never questioned her again. only grew more tender to her than before. And except that he received a few hurried lines from Guy, written on board an outward bound steamer, he had no tidings of him.

As for Guy, he was roaming, not where fancy led, but where bitter thoughts drove him. Strive as he would against it, he could never close his mind to one picture-Vera, so beautiful, but with such an expression of agony in those exquisite eyes of hers as seemed to drive him mad. And if that were not enough he had the ceaseless longing of his heart to contend against.

He had told her he loved her, and he did. He loved only as strong men men-men who have not frittered away their heart upon fancies, changing with each new fair face. He could recall every moment he had spent with her; the poems they had read, the songs they sung together; every giance, and every tone of her voice. Once he felt he must yield; the pain

and constant repression were wearing his life away. He even went so far as to pack everything up preparatory to a return, when, as he took up a newspaper to wrap around something, his eyes fell upon an ominous notice. All rushed back on him in a flood. Arnim, his betrayal, his death -Vera, and his own treachery to the memory of the dead.

"Arnim, Arnim, forgive me!" he ried, and felt like one condemned.

He sat for hours, but when he arose he had a stern purpose in his heart. He was still going not to the woman he loved, but to the friend who had loved her.

or was he an American?-well they are as much alike-had come to live with them. He was so distin- to look through the old papers of but dared to suggest to the unhappy guished, so rich, it was a pity he was so ill

"He was not ill, only wanted perfect quiet." he managed to make his loquacious though good-natured hostess understand. And in a short time they left him to himself.

"He spent the most of his time by Arnim's grave, feeling as if he were in some measure making atonement. Fortunately even for the best and visest of us-

By unseen cords a hand divine Always our life is leading; Influences unfelt incline Each day's proceeding.

The mystic power that shapes events Is silent in their molding.

But through all plans and accidents
It is unfolding.

He received an urgent summons to return to America and attend to the affairs of a young cousin, whose husband had died suddenly. He went at once, and though he tried to banish it his one thought was Vera Col-

He even looked for her when he sprung to the shore, and chided himelf as he did it. Vera, his beautiful Vera, on that dirty wharf! Seated in the train that was bearing him in-land he gave himself up to the dear delight of dwelling on the happy days that had fled.

How it happened no one knows, but among the names in next morn-ing's Times, in the column marked, "Badly wounded," was "Guy Mark ham, Boston, fatally injured."

There was a long account of a most horrible railroad accident, but Paul Hartman saw only that one line, and, hastily summoning a cab, drove at once to Vera's home. He found her at breakfast, and made an effort to appear at ease; but she gave one searching look into his face, and turned so pale that he sprung to her

"Tell me-is it about Guy?" she murmured.

For answer he placed the paper in her hands. She read but a few lines when she ran to the door and gave "You will go with me, Paul?" she

asked. "Yes"-and she was gone Is a few minutes she was in her carriage. Paul by her side, rolling toward the hospital. A few whispered words to the attendant, and

Paul stooped and laid his hand upon Guy who opened his eyes at the

tailed him

Taking Vera's hand he led her forward. Sinking by the bed she laid her face gently against Guy's cheek. "My love!" was all she said. Paul left the room silently. "Vera, I am dying, but I love you

die than to live on separated from you as I am. Guy, nothing but this could make me say the words that must hurt you socruelly. But I cannot let you

so, my darling, that it is easier to

think of me as you do longer. He looked at her wonderingly, and she continued:

"Forgive me now, my love, for what I must say, but Arnim was as untrue to you as to me and himself. He was married when I met him, but had deserted his wife to live with a pretty young country girl who was as ignorant of his wife's existence as I. as I know now, but my girlish fancy, he was so handsome and brave. should certainly have married him, matter how I did it-his marriage and duplicity. In the scene that followed he betrayed himself so comas he told you. That night he shot it was his only escape from the law, for his sins had found him out."

Guy raised himself upon his pillow with an effort, and laid his face upon her hands. "Forgive me, Vera! Forgive a dying man!"

"Not a dying man, Guy! Live for me, my love!" she replied. And he did .- Waverly.

The Tall Tower Idea.

It has been remarked of the Eiffel tower as a specimen of engineering which they did not cling to like a it is simply a variation from the rich aunt. ordinary method of iron bridge building. The American engineers who visited Prance, England and across the Frith of Forth as far material is easily sustained.

It is a far more phenomenal perlever plan a structure extending, ous with, or to wear away the barunsupported by false work, for a thousand feet over an arm of the sea. That was the wonder our engineers witnessed in Scotland, and face of company coming to tea. Did it was immeusely more impressive you also hear that she was mad and than the simple iron edifice, notable threw it away! She did nothing of chiefly for its perfection of details the kind. Instead, she cut it up in and colossal proportions, that is slices, made a delicate little custard.

ved her.

The simple villagers were delighted. centennial for the erection of an iron ed to having rhubarb sauce brought to 1876 Dr. Corrigan continued? tower 1,000 feet high, and that it to the table more than three times in ident of Setoa Hall College. He the Fourth of July centennial, and see how closely the work proposed her rhubard sauce, or any other sauce and rejected for the banks of the that chanced to offend by its too see how closely the work proposed which has been erected on the Seine. -Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The Art Of Prolonging Life, Dr. Robson Roose in Popular Science Monthly.

Exercise is essential to the presertion. The vigor and equality of the and the aereation of the blood are portant organs of the body. In youth, the vigor of the system is often so great that if one organ be vicariously, and without any con-sequent damage to itself. In old age the tasks cannot be thus shifted from one organ to another; the work allotted to each sufficiently taxes its strength, and vicarious action cannot be performed without mischief. Hence the importance of maintaining, as far as possible, the equable action of the vital processes assigned to each shall be properly accomplished. For this reason exercise is an important part of the conduct of life in old age; but discretion is absolutely necessary. An old man should discover by experience how much exercise he can take without exhausting his powers, and should be careful never to exceed the limit. Old persons are apt to forget that their staying powers are much less than they once were, and that, while a walk of two or three miles may prove easy and pleasurable, the addition of a return journey of similar length will seriously over-tax the strength.

The Wyoming Constituional Convention has fixed a limit for the tax Benjamin Franklin Butler.

"Ben" Butler retains his place as one of the most distinguished lawvers in America. Butler first saw the light in New Hampshire, in 1818. Jersey, August 13, 1840, of p. "Paul!"
"My dear Guy--" and his voice He is a graduate of Waterville Col- who were natives of Ireland. lege, and a lawyer by profession. Lowell, Mass., has been his place of residence since he began practice. He was elected to the Massachusetts house of Representatives in 1853, and to the State Senate in 1859.



Butler was a delegate to the Democratic Convention of 1860, held at Charleston and Baltimore, He tought in the war as Brigadier- Genhimself, not because he loved me, but eral and Major-General. In 1862 he assisted in the capture of New Orleans, of which he was made Governor. He was relieved of his command in 1864. Butler was elected to Congress in 1866, and subsequently several times. In 1882 he was elected Governor of Massachusetts.

Things We Throw Away,

I have been told by many ladies that they never throw away any thing: I have been defied by others to mention anything except dirt

Now, to begin does any housewife ever throw away crusts and odd pieces of bread, or does she only slip them into the catch-all, when no one Scotland a few weeks ago, greatly is looking? All ye that are liable to admired the Eiffel, but regarded the be tempted in this way know that bridge in course of construction crusts carefully saved can be made into griddle cakes, puddings, meat dressings, fish cakes; and when dried more remarkable. They do not con- in the oven and ground up with the sider it a remarkable thing to erect rolling-pin they can be used for thickan iron tower 300 meters in height, ening soups and gravies, or for any It reposes perpendicularly upon firm purpose for which rolled crackers foundations, and the weight of the are used. The pan of crusts carefully kept will save the measure of meal or crackers, and leave another formance to build out on the canti-little coin in the purse to be generriers of narrow means.

You have heard of the lady whose ake disappointed her in the very the leading attraction of the French exposition.

We have mentioned that there was a proposition before the committee of managers of the Philadelphia experiences, said her husband objectwas rejected because the estimated succession! Of course she threw it cost, \$1,000,000, was held to be ex- away, and, of course, he twitted her travagant. It would be worth while with being wasteful. Oh, if one had woman that she might have taken Schuylkill has been followed in that great familiarity, and have made of it a nice large tart, with fancy twisted bars across the top, and thus she would have mollified the tyrant, man.

They Bolted a Farmer.

"Tramps, headed for Detroit, vation of health; inactivity is a po- came along to my place the other tent cause of wasting and degenera- day," said a Wayne county farmer. "and, as I was busy cutting corn circulation, the functions of the skin and in a hurry to get the work and the perestion of the blood are all promoted by muscular activity, for awhile and then agreed to take a job, They higgled and haggled which thus keeps up a proper bal, hold at \$1 a day, pravided I would ance and relation between the im- give them a lunch to begin on. It was about 10 o'clock in the forenoon and I brought out a lunch and they sat down in the field sluggish another part will make to eat it. I've seen tramps before, amends for the deficiency by acting and while they were eating I had one of my boys turn out my three dogs and post them where they might do the most good.

"After eating their lunch the tramps cast their eyes around to see where I was, and, as I had my back turned to them, they bolted for the highway. I didn't say a word, but the dogs tumbled to the trick and were on hand." "Did they bite 'em?" was asked.

"Isn't that what dogs are for?" he innocently replied. "I guess they bit 'em. I heard a good deal of yelling and whooping for the police, but the police didn't show up. When I went over so investigate the tramps were half mile down the road, running for victory or death, while each dog was playing with a bundle made up of coat-tails and trouser-legs. Mebbe them tramps got ahead of me, but if you happen to meet 'em just ask 'em if they think they did."—Detroit Free Press.

NEW YORK must be getting dull. Two nephews of John Jacob Astor, levy for State purposes at four mills have sailed to Zanzibar to hunt lions on the dollar, except in cases of schools, public charities and payment on State debts. County taxes are limited to 12 mills and cities and towns to eight mills.

and other fieres quadrupeds of the African jungles. They will be joined by William Astor Chanler, a brother of Amelie Rives's husband, who is already in the tropics.

Right Rev. Michae. L. Corrige The Right Revenred Michael ustine Corrigin archbishop of York was born in Newark, educated at St. Mary's C Wilmington, Delaware, who spent two years, and at Mour Mary's Emmettsburg After graduation, in 1859, he Europe, and was one of the students with whom the Ame College in Rome was opened studied Italian and Hebrew year, and then began the stud

As a student he evidenced remark As a student heev menced remarkability and energy, and won a ber of medals in competition the students of the Propaganda of the Irish and Greek colleges was ordained priest in the Lat sexactly Basilica, on September 19, 186 cardinal Patrizi, and a year beaution of his course. Cardinal Patrizi, and a year is the completion of his course student of theology. This is was done him in recognition of excellent conduct as a student was made a Doctor of Divini the year 1864 after a rigorou amination.

In the summer of the same



he returned to his native con and was assigned by the late ! bishop Bayley, then Bishop of ark to the professorship of Dogm Theology and Sacred Scripture the directorship of the Ecclesia Seminary of Seton College, Additional to the of this appointment Dr. Cor. also undertook missionary wo South Orange and Springfield, Jersey. He was made preside Seton Hall College in 1868. I Archbishop Bayley's stay in in 1870, Dr. Corrigan was ad trator and Vicar-General of the cese. Three years after, Popell pointed him Bishop of Early in his episcopate he foun appointed Archbishop of Petra Condintor-Archbishop with Card Archbishop McCloskey, in 1880.

Separating Oil and Water.

being considered advisable on

count of the increasing infirmitie

the venerable prelate whom he

called upon to assist.

A good story told of a ce chemist is to the effect that a m facturer of some patent compo or other came into his laboral one day with a bottle containing unwhoiesome-looking mixture.

"I would give a hundred dollars, said, "to know what would make water and oil in this emulsions

The chemist looked at it 'Very well," he said, "write f check.

"Check?" the other echoes. vonr check for a hundred dol You say you are willing to give and for that price I am willing tell you what will make the and oil separate." The visitor hesitated a mo

and then wrote his check for the named. The chemist carefully posited it in his pocketbook then quietly dropped into liquipinch of common salt. Instal the water and oil separated, whether the client was satisfied not be had got what he wanted he had paid his own price for Boston Letter to the Provid

Mock Wedding of Children.

At the fair grounds at Jersey the other day about two thou children were treated to a sur entertainment that made the ones wild with delight. It consi of a mock wedding of two little year-old-children-Lester Danie Lord Fauntleroy and Jessie Find his bride—Marmaduke Fox, 10y old, officiating in clerical robes. little bride was arrayed in a be ful dress of cream albatross, en-tr with garniture of flowers and wr of orange blossoms. They cam on the grounds in an elegant of carriage, and after the ceremony around the ring in a splendid cart drawn by a Shetland pony. Senator Chapman's 5-year-old as driver.—Globe Democrat.

Then you mal Christe "Are you mm)ttees, odified be "I am not nted in Can you

answer th

miled at the mis taken up

ems to b be harmon Mr. Reed country nd wanted r. Reed to n his gift.

The estin

Secret the previous before this e as complet urred for his added to uld not b hat fiscal y

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