One with thee to be, inding smiles togeth

your dark eyes leaning to mine their meaning mer glory gleaning come the seraph strain reh mine own, reveall sion's dewy feeling.

th, the strain is dying, and I hear you sighing, and your hand is lying Softly in my hair; and your lips are bendi on mine own and lendin

Now the purpe gimmer
Dimmer grows and dimmer
And the shadow grimmer
Spreading o'er the wall;
Bushed the music's bestir
Souls in kisses meeting,
Love and love repeating,
While the plovers call,
mapolis Journal.

ANCIENT LOVE STORY.

I sat spinning at my little wheel in the sun, for the autumn day was cold, when I heard someone whistling; and, looking up, there was young Squire Turner looking over. When he caught my eye he laughed, I blushed, and rose and made him a courtesy.

was a handsome gentleman, the squire, and the hand from which he pulled the glove shimmered in the oun with pearls and diamonds; and he was bonny to look at with his hair like spun gold in the October sun-

When I courtesied he bowed, making his curls dance over his shoulders, and said he .-

"I've spoiled one pretty picture that I could have looked at all day, but I've made another, so I'll not grieve. May I come in?"

'And welcome, sir," said I, and placed a chair for him. He was grandfather's landlord, but

for all that I felt uncomfortable, for I was not used to fine company.

He talked away, paying me more compliments than I was used to, for grandmother, who had brought me up, said, "Handsome is as handsome does," and "Beauty is but skin deep." Since I'm telling the story I'll tell

the truth. I had done wrong about knew that I wore Evan Lock's ring age: in my bosom, or that we'd taken a vow to each other beside the hawthorn that grew in the lane. I never meant to deceive, but grannie was old, and a little hard, and that love of mine was such a sweet secret. Besides, moncy seems to outweigh all made there.', else when people have struggled all their lives to turn a penny, and they knew Evan was a poor, struggling young surgeon. I thought I'd wait a while until I could sweeten the news with the fact that he'd begun to make his fortune.

Grannie came in from the dairy five minutes after the squire was gone, didn't tell her of his fine speeches, but there was a keyhole to the door she came through, and I have a guess she heard them.

That night we had something else to think of. Misfortune had come upon grandfather; but I didn't foresee that, when the half year's rent should come due, not a penny to pay it would be found.

All this time Evan Locke and I had been as fond as ever of each other. and he came as often as before to talk with grandpa on winter nights: and still every little while young Squire Turner would drop in and sit in his lazy way, watching me knit or spin. Once he was flushed with wine and over bold, for he tried to kiss me. But 'squire or no, I boxed his ears, and not more gently than I could help,

I could not prevent his coming, and I did not deserve that Evan should be angry with me. But he was-oh, so high and mighty, and spoke as though one like the squire could mean no good by coming to so poor a place as the school-master's. angry, and I spoke with asperity. For that matter, the squire would

be glad to have me promise to marry him," said L "He thinks more of me than-" "Maybe you like him better!"

"I don't say that. But bad temper and jealousy scarce make me over fond of another. I pray I may never have a husband who will scold me." Well, Evan was wroth with me and I with him-not heart-deep, though, I thought-and I did not see him for more than a week. I was not troubled much, though. I knew he would come round again, and maybe ask my pardon. For before you are wed you can bring your lover to his senses. So I did not fret at Evan's absence, nor quite snub the squire, who liked me more than ever. But one night

he door stood between grandmamma and me, looking at me, and so strangely that we both grew fright-At last he spoke:-"I've been to the squire's," said he. For the first time I had to tell him I couldn't pay the rent when due." I opened my lips. Grandmamma covered them with her hand. Grandpa

grandfather came in, and shutting

ew me to him. "Then'rt young, last," said he, "and they are right who call thee pretty. Child, could'st thou like the

re well enough to marry him?" Eh?" cried grandma. "Sure you

wandering?"
Figures Turner asked me for this
Figures Turner asked

"I dreamed of gold ring and white Christmas Eve," roses on "I knew the lass would be grannie.

But I put my head on grandfather's

must out now. 1 knew. "Witt have him and be a rich again?" lady" said my grandpa.

No!" I sobbed. "The lass is frightened," said grandmamma. "Nay, we must all wed once in our lives, my child."

Then grandpapa talked to me. told me how poor they had grown, and how kind the squire was, and I had but to marry him to make my grandparents free from debt and poverty all their lives. If I refused and and covered his eyes, an' your grannid what might happen.

"Surely she'll never ruin

sobbed grandmamma. "Ah, it was hard to bear, but now ring from my bosom, laid it on my I said,palm, and told them it was Evan Locke's, and that I had plighted my troth to him. And grandmamma called me a deceitful wench, and ring from my neck and give it to generals who showed the completest would break.

Oh. I would have done anything for them-anything but give up my true love. That night I kissed his ring and prayed that he might love me always. In the morning it was gone, ribbon and all, from my neck. I looked for it high and low, but found to weeping bitterly. nosign of it. I began to fear the loss of that dear ring was a sign that I would never marry Evan Locke.

The days passed on and he never came near me.

"Oh, it is cruel in him to hold such anger for a hasty word he had provoved," I thought. "He must know I love him."

Grandmamma would scarcely look at me-I know why now-and grandpa sighed and talked of the workhouse. I thought I should die of grief.

One day grandma said to me,-"It seems to me that your lover not over anxious to see you."

'Why not?" "Where has he kept himself this month or more?"

"He's busy, doubtless," said I smiling, though I thought my heart would room and seated me.

"You are going with him, maybe?"

"Where?" She went to kitchen door and beckoned to a woman who sat there Dame Coombs, who had come with eggs.

"I heard you rightly," she said. "You told me Evan Locke and his one thing. Neither of the old folks mother were making ready for a voy-

"They're going to Canada. My son, carpenter-and a good one, though I say it-made the Doctor a box for his things. The old lady dreads the new country, but she goes for the Doctor's sake. There's money to be

"I told you so," said grandmother. "I don't believe it," said I.

"They have sold the house and gone to Liverpool to take ship: and you may find the truth for yourself, if you choose to take the trouble. I'm po chatterbox to tell falsehoods about my neighbors," said Dame Coombs.

And still I would not believe it until I had walked across the moor and seen the shutters closed and the door barred, and not a sign of life about the place. Then I gave up hope. went home pale and trembling, and sat down at grannie's feet.

"It is true." I said. "And for the sake of so false a lad you'll see your grandfather ruined and break his heart, and leave me a widow I who have tended you from a baby.' I looked at her as she sobbed, and

found voice to say: "Give me to whom you will, since

my own love does not want me." I crept up-stairs and sat down or my bedside, faint and trembting. I would have thanked Heaven for forgetfulness just then, but it would not

The next day the young Squire was in the parlor as my accepted lover. How pleased he was, and how the color came back into grandfather's old face! Grannle was proud and kind, all the house was aglow, and only I sad. But I could not forget Evan—Evan whom I had loved so, sailing away from me without a word.

I suppose they all saw I looked sad. The Squire talked of my health, and would make me ride with him over the moors for strength. The old folk said nothing. They knew what ailed me; only our little Scotch maid seemed to think that aught was

wrong. Once she sald to me: "What alls ye, miss? Your eye is dull and your cheek is pale, and your braw, gran' lover canna mak' ye amile; ye are na' that ill, aither, I opine.

'No, I'm well," said I She looked at me wistfully. 'Gin ye'd tell me your all, I might

tell ye a cure," she said. But there was no cure for me in this world, and I couldn't open my heart to simple Jennie. So the days rolled by, and I was close on my marriage eve, and grannie and Dorothy Plume were busy with my wedding robes. I wished it were my shroud

they were working at instead.

One night the pain in my heart grew too great, and I went out among the purple heather on the moor, and there knelt under the stars and prayed to be taken from the world.

to be taken from the world.

'Ch, Evan, my Evan, how can I live without thee?" I cried.

As I spake the words I started up in afright, and there at my side was an elfish little figure, Scotch Jennie, who had followed me.

'Why do re call for your true love now?" she asked. 'Ye sent him frays for the sake o' the young squire." I surned on her fiercely.

'How dars you follow me and watch

"Dinna be vexed," she said. "Ju-t bide a wee and answer what I speer. It's for love of you, for I've seen ye Great Captains Who Were Calm Under wastin' like the snaw wreath in the sun sin' the squire wooed ye. Was it shoulder and hid my face. The South your will the lad 'at loved the ground double nature. In order that he may

ye walk on should have his ring make prompt and well-reasoned de-

"What do you mean?" said L "I'll speak gin I lose my place, said Jennie. "I rode with the mistress to the young doctor's place over past the moor, and there she alighted and gave him a ring, and what she said I dinna ken, but it turned him that the two qualities are not often the tint o' death, and said he, perfectly united, and that when they There's na a drop o' true bluid in any woman!' And he turned to the wall military genius. vexed the squire, Heaven only knew drove home. That's all I ken-wull it do?"

"Ay, Jennie," said I: "Heaven bless you for telling me."

I flew to the cottage and stood bethere was no help for it. I took the fore grannie. Trembling and white

"Tell me, grandma, have you grandpa looked as though his heart Evan as if from me?—you whom I'vo would break. She turned scarlet.

but one true love now-the squire." written on your face."

I have loved for forty years. I did it murderous fire, Murat received a disto save him. Could I let a girl's patch to which an answer was refancy stand in my way and see him a quired. Though his mettlesome horse beggar in his old age?

When I came to I was alone with in the other, and began to write a re-Jennie. I bade her get my hood and sponse. cloak and her own, and come with asked the prim old housekeeper to let me see the squire.

She stared at me for my boldnessmoment he stood before me in eve happened. ning dress, his cheeks flushed, his

"Agatha, my love, I hope no chance brings you here at-"

stopped him. "Not your love, Squire Turner." I line. said. "I thank you for thinking so It well of me, but after all that has passed, -"

I could say no more. He took say hand as I began to sob. "Have I offended you in any way.

Agatha?" he asked Not you. The offence-the guilt -oh, I have been sorely cheated!"

And then I broke down again. came to me, and I told him all-how we had been plighted to each other waiting only for better prospects to te wed, and how, when he honored me by an offer of his hand. I angered my grandmother by owning to truth, and of the ring grannie had stolen from my neck, and the false

message that had been sent my promised husband as if from me. "And though I may never see Evan Locke again, 1 said be another man's true love, for I am

his until I die." As I thus spoke the rich color died out of my listener's face-the handsome young squire was in tears.

At last he rose and came to me. "My Agatha never loved me," he "Ah, me! The news is bad-I thought she did. This comes of

vanity. "Many higher and fair have hearts to give as well as I. Mine was gone

ere you saw me," I said. And then, kind and gentle, as though I had not grieved him, he gave me his arm and saw me across to advise you." the moor, and at the gate paused and

whispered: "Be at rest, Agatha. The Golden George has not sailed yet.'

I liked him better than I had ever done before that night when I grannle I would never wed him.

Oh, but he was fit to be a kingthe grandest, kindest, best of men, who rode away at dawn on the morrow and never stopped till he reached Liverpool and found Evan Locke just ready to set foot upon the Golden George and told him a tale that made his heart light and sent him flying back to me. Heaven bless him!

And who was it that sent grandfather the deed of gift that made the cottage his own, and who spoke a kind word to the gentry for young Doctor Locke that helped him into practice? Still no one but the Squire, for whom we taught our children to pray every night. For we were married, and when our eldest child was two, the thing I needed to make me quite happy happened, and from over the sea, where he had been for three years, came our stately young Squire with his bonnie bride beside him, and at last the half had a mistress of its own-a sweet girl who loved aer lord

as I loved Evan. This is an old story. Her that I remembered a girl I saw in her coffin withered and old. They opened the vault where the Souire had slept ten rears to lay her beside him. I have othing left of Evan, my life love, but a memory; and it seems as if every hope and dream of joy I ever had were put away under tombstones. Even the Golden George, the great strong ship that would have borne my dear from me, has mouldered away at the bottom of the sea. And I think my wedding ring is like to outlast us all, for I have it yet, and I shall be ninety to-morrow. Ninety! It's a good old age, and it can't be long now before I meet Evan and the ong now before a more gates.—Wav-

How smillon we get what we ex-

COLD-BLOQDED GENERALS.

Very Trying Circumstance

The great general should have cisions, he should be calm and incapable of excitement in great and sudden emergencies. But, in order to animate his soldiers and keep them up to a high moral pitch, he should be capable of enthusiasm and high spirits. It is needless to say are found so joined the result is

Gen. Grant was one of the coolest men in the world; but his splendid confidence and cheerfulness often partook of the nature of enthusiasm, and inspired his soldiers, as well as in after years his civilian fellow-citizens, with ardent admiration and sympa-

It is a somewhat strange thing cheated me and robbed me of my love that France, the nation of hot blood, by a lie? Did you steal the troth should have produced a long line of sang froid on the field of battle. Napoleon sometimes assumed a certain ardor, but nothing could excite 'Your love" said she. "You've him if he did not choose to be excited. Murat, Napoleon's dashing 'You have done it." I cried. "It's chief of cavalry, whose splendid enthusiasm won many desperate She looked down at that, and fell charges, could be as cool as his master

upon occasion. At the taking of Moscow, while the "My own love was breaking his heart," she said. "My husband and troops sat in their saddles under a was trembling, Murat laid the reins I fell at her feet like a stone, and upon the horn of the saddle, took his snew nothing for an hour or more, note-book in one hand and a pencil

Suddenly a shell fell and exploded me, and off I went across the moor in on the ground close by. The horse the starlight to where the hall win- leaped into the air and swung wildly dows were abaze with light, and around. Murat simply transferred the pencil to the hand that held the note-book, calmed the horse with the other hand, and then went on writno wonder-but called him. So in a ing his dispatch as if nothing had

A shout of admiration went up eyes bright, and led me into a little along the line. Murat saw that the enthusiasm aroused by his trifling act had created a favorable moment for a charge. He gave the order, and his men swept clear through the enemy's

It is said that Gen. Reynler once saved the French army in Calabria, in 1896, from a complete rout, simply by the manner in which he smoked a cigar. The English infantry fire had compelled the French to retreat. Reynier fearing a panic, remained to the last and brought up the rear. Though the English fire was murderous, he had lighted a cigar, and his He waited patiently till strength retreating men noticed that the puffs of smoke went up, as his horse moved slowly on, with absolute regularity.

Puff! A wait. 'Puff! Another wait. Puff! The enemy were pouring on, firing vigorously as they advanced, but nothing could accelerate Reynler's smoking. His soldiers rallied under the inspiration of the queer

spectacle, and got off in good order. Perhaps the most cold-blooded commander who ever lived was the French tactician, but totally neglected the morale of his men. He was never seen on horseback, and never showed himself before the lines. On one occasion, when he was simply a General of the Division, the impetuous Marshal Oudinot, puzzled to know what to do in an emergency, asked Saint-Cyr's advice, frankly telling him that

he was "non-plussed." "You Monseigneur," said Saint-Cyr, "are a Marshal of the Empire, and I am a General of a Division. I shall faithfully carry out your orders, but it would not be becoming for me

Later on Saint-Cyr succeeded to the command of the army, and then adopted a peculiar method of general-He formed his plan of battle clearly, precisely and with admirable foresight. Then he sent his orders to his subordinates, and shut himself up in his quarters; absolutely forbidding entrance to a single soul. Then he took out his violin and went to studying a hard piece of music as tranquilly as if he had been in the midst of profound peace.

The battle which won Saint-Cyr his baton as a Marshal of the Empire was fought while he was fiddling in his tent. He had apparently foreseen everything, and the carrying out of his plans completely crushed the enemy. - Youth's Companion.

Ancient Rings.

Once there was a peculiar significance attached to rings. They were regarded as a token of authority. The Emperor's signet ring placed in the hands of an official invested him for the time with his master's power.

Rings are first mentioned in the Bible in Genesis, chapter 41st and 42d verse: "And Pharoh took his ring from his hand, and put it on Joseph's hand, and made him ruler over all Egypt "

When the Israelites conquered the Midianites, they 'took all their rings and bracelets, and offered them to the

Ahasuerus gave the ring from his hands to the Jews' worst enemythus giving him unlimited control to do with them and their property whatever he pleased.

The father received his prodigal son joyfully, and sealed his forgiveness by putting a ring on his hand. The Egyptians regarded their rings

both as business vouchers and as or naments. The signet rings being ways used for scaling documents, and however used, their rings were always buried with them-and in later years are often found in their tombe.

Ivory or blue porcelain were worn by the poor. Plain gold rings, engraved with some motto or .e head of their dieties, were much prized; and three or four were often worn on the fingers, and also on the thumbs. Among the Jews no one was in full dress without the signet ring, and ladies had their rings set profusely with costly gems rubles, emeralds and chrysolites being the most valuable. - Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher in Godey's

Great Bowling.

Roch S. Robb of the Treasury Department has just returned from a short sojourn at Atlantic City. and brought with him reminiscences of an experience on a bowling altey which approaches the marvelous, says the Washington Post. Strolling into a bowling alley, he stood idly looking on at a game in progress. Soon a finelooking woman, who had just made her appearance, approached him with a challenge to roll a game.

"It's the only exercise I take," she explained, "and you surely will oblige

He couldn't refuse, of course, but informed her of his being a score

years out of practice. But this not cut any figure, and the game be-Mr. Robb's fair antagonist bowled in great form, while he was not far behind. The strikes and spares were so common with the two that soon everyone became interested, and a whisper went around that they were both professionals and were giving a free exhibition.

The lady rolled up a total of six consecutive strikes, and this made Mr. Robb a little anxious.

"You will excuse me taking off my coat," he said. "Why, certainly," she sweetly replied, and off came the coat.

Strike followed strike until eight went down to his credit. "It seemed as if I couldn't help knocking them all down, and no matter how I would start the ball down came all the pins. There never was such rolling before if the keeper of the altey is to be believed, and when I finally won by a short margin there was a burst of applause. Dr. Daily was present, and when the keeper of the alley saw that the doctor knew me, he asked him who we were."

Why, that's so-and-so and his wife. They are two of the best bowlers in the United States," was the doctor's answer. Then the owner came up to me, and in the hearing of the lady invited me and my wife to make use of the alley at any time, free of charge. The lady enjoyed the joke, and for the sake of appearances I escorted her until we were out of sigha I did not see her again."

The Germans have some educational ideas which we in this country have borrowed with profit, and there are still others which we might be wise to adopt. Among them, no doubt, are the wall maps of different species of pestiferous weeds, which hang in schoolrooms where the children can see them as long as they go

to school A practical idea underlies the displaying of these maps. It is well came from as far south, as known that farmers are prone to County, more than forty treat all weeds alike and hardly to Thomas Lincoln came, and observe any difference between them: | his boy Abe. whereas the natures of weeds differ day, in which Abe and Dan as much as the natures of any other handspikes many times, plants do, and the sort of treatment which will exterminate one will sometimes increase and multiply an-

It is important, therefore, that the farmer and gardener should understand the weeds which they are try-

ing to exterminate. It is here that these German wallmaps come in. They show colored pictures of the most pestiferous weeds. in all stages of growth, and also the ways in which they scatter their seeds and propagate themselves. By learning them thoroughly, through seeing them day by day on the walls, the child grows up with a knowledge of

the best way to exterminate them. it has been proposed that our agricultural societies offer prizes for the best labelled collections of weedsnot for the purpose of encouraging their cultivation, but in order to extend a knowledge of them, and thus contribute to their extermination.

"A month or so ago," said the

drummer, "I was making a trip through Tennessee, and one evening stopped at a very respectable farmhouse, about 6 o'clock, to stay all night. I was informed by the proprietor that I could be accommodated, but that I couldn't get any supper until about 9 o'clock, were going to have a wedding and supper would be postponed until that hour, when something extra would be had. I was very hungry, but it was a long drive to the next place where I could stop, and I accepted the conditions I took in the whole show, and in due time we had a most beautiful supper, in country style, and right in front of me was a big iced cake, cut, ready to serve. They didn't get around to me very soon with the substantials, and to stay my hunger I took a piece of that cake. The old man, at the foot of the table, noticed me, but didn't say anything. I waited awhile and took a small piece more, and he became fidgety. Still they didn't come to me, and I tried again, but the old man wouldn't have it.

"Hold! hold, my friend," he ex-claimed tragically; "coarse-feed your-self first; coarse-feed yourself first." After that I waited patiently for the coarse feed to come around.

"An! I catch you buying a porous plaster, do l? I thought your devo-tion to fresh-air theories would bring you to this?" "It ain't the pa The signet ring was usually of that does me good," answered bronze or silver; but among the rich crank; "it is the ventilation obtaining ware used for ornaments. through the boles."

BOTH GENTL

One Was a Burgiar, the o

Here is a story which through the Paris pay Aurellen Scholl

A well-known Paris Viscount de Saint-Rie the other evening Having forgotten his wasn't able to ake part poker at the Sporting Ch a carriage and gave the to take him to his house Saint-Florentin. Of con hour, his valet de cham! Saint-Rient entered his by means of a night key into the parlor he foun en leavoring to open a litt stranger turned roun! him enter. Saint-Rieg his hat, and in a courteo

No doubt, sir, you are Sure enough,"replied "I am sorry to disturb tinued Saint-Rieul.

·· How could a fellow iter the burglar, "that a r world like you and such clubman could come home this." "I forgot something (

my presence would be is The burglar sighed, sort of luck of late, and ing for a good stroke, the which are already laid, I in here to keep my hand h

afraid I might gee rusty." "Your explanations an factory, indeed," said s but, since I happened to time, just be good enough Certainly, su."

Take a cigaren "With pleasure," said! because I would be some skunked (bredouilla." The stairway is lighted the viscount, 'so that it a necessary for me to she way. If the concierge sho

that you have just left if Rieul. "Thank you, sir." "Light your cigar." "Oh, don't take the trost

discreet enough to ask a you are coming from tell in

have matches." "Adieu, monsieur." "I have the honor to sale And the burglar went qu

Lincoln as a Wrest At the time the Lincoln Goose Nest Dan Needhan champion wrestler in in County. This county bisd one in which the Linux Needham had often becats would find his match in I coln's boy Abe, but he t that he could "fling him ! out of four any day he is raising on the Ambra 'Raisin's" at that time "neighbors" from many mi and I am told that at this After the was suggested. At first A willing to measure arms who was six feet four and as panther; but when Thomasaid, "Abe, rassel im," Abe

his coat, and the two sto

face. Four times they we

each time Needham was the

At the close of the four the combatants again sto face, Abe flushed but smill trembling with anges. He glance at the honest go face of his opponent cooled and extending his road said, "Well, I'll be --this they were warm fried and though he was a str crat, he had nothing but for Abe. Several of his b near the old homestes Point township, Cumberla Illinois. One daughter, W. P. Davis, -a brother of -resides on a farm near Nebraska. Uncle Dan, 25 him, now sleeps in a que yard hidden away in a de A braver heart never beats his life was humble, I also

he did not lack for a welco Eternal City. — The Center

Man in his arrogance

and anon to harrangue of and foolishness of wor Well, let him. Who can asks a writer in the Dete Certainly not the woman on her way serene and s ing in the depths of b heart that it is some his condemns that safe his snare his fancy. Woman frills and furbelows wo and many and many that he had been and many that he had been th sight indeed, and man would be the first total dress, I must adus very sensible, but the about it that for useles anything that woman of thought of. I am refer little flap that is placed the bosom of the shirt is supplied with a button-is what reason nobody has able to dictover. It seems to be consistent man shirtless flap before he make hat dap hefore he cism on the apparel of his