

TURNING THE CLOCK'S HANDS.

I found your Shortem standing there On the top of the highest chair...

A WILLOW BY THE BAR.

In the city of Newton, beside an old-fashioned country house, stands a large willow tree.

One evening a young girl sat in that barnyard milking. The sun was setting, and its last rays touched her dimpled arms.

So at least thought the young man who had stooped up to the bars and stood regarding the unconscious singer admiringly.

"Are you charming the birds and beasts with your music?" he said at length.

Molly started, and the color flashed over her face. "In which division do you class yourself?" she asked, saucily.

He laughed. "I certainly am not a bird," he said, "and I hope I am not a beast."

John paused by the bars, and, stooping, placed a willow wand he held in his hand in the ground.

She remembered the words and their double significance long after. A few days after this, her lover told her that he had enlisted in the army.

After a few months a furlough was granted John, and he started joyfully homeward.

When he reached the neighboring town he fell in with an acquaintance who was very glad to see him.

What if her cousin had stolen her heart away. She was all he had in the world to love.

It was Molly and a very handsome man whom John at once surmised was "Cousin Harry."

He stood still, looking at her. Presently she saw him and sprang forward with a glad cry.

"You have borne my absence well!" John said with a sneer. "You look quite contented."

"I mean this," replied her lover, all his fierce anger blazing forth.

Molly's face had grown very white and set. "I admire your choice of language," she said quietly.

"Never mind my language," he replied roughly. "It suits your conduct very well!"

"Will you promise me?" "Certainly not," replied Molly in a low voice. "My cousin was my playmate and has been a kind friend to me always."

"If you do not promise," he said, "I will never look on your face again!"

He snatched the pretty circlet from her and ground it savagely under his heel.

No one could tell anything about him. His comrades only knew that he had been a hard battle and the last they saw of him he was fighting gallantly.

It was announced that the bullet had entered the stomach. There was no outward bleeding and the physicians believe that M. Labori will die from the wound.

A later story has it that M. Labori was shot in the temple by a man who fired a revolver at him outside the court, and that the miscreant was arrested.

So five long years went by. Molly was outwardly but little changed, save that her laugh was not so merry nor her step so light as of yore.

Her cousin had married and lived near her. He and his wife were going to Euro and they urged Molly to go with them.

One day the party stopped at a house in a little German hamlet. They were to remain there a few days and to visit some noted places.

When dinner was over the hostess said to Molly: "There is an American gentleman in the next house quite ill."

"Do you think I might visit him," she asked. "I am sure Frau Gottlieb will be glad if you will, for the poor man seems to have no friends."

Molly's heart gave a great bound as she saw him, for pale and wasted as he was she recognized her lover.

She hurried out of the room, faint with contending emotions. How would he receive her? Was he still angry with her, or would the shock of her presence be too much for his strength?

"Oh, can Molly have put it there?" The next moment he chided himself for the foolish thought.

"Yes," she replied. "Thank you," he said, turning languidly away.

"The American lady told me to do so," said the woman. John started up. "Where is she?" he said.

"Next door. Do you wish to see her?" "Oh, yes! at once."

Molly obeyed the summons immediately and found herself in the presence of her lover. "John," she called softly, and going forward she knelt by his bedside.

He laid his hand on her hair, saying: "Molly, does the bit of willow mean that you are true after all?" "Yes, John," she whispered.

The next day mutual explanations were made, and John told Molly how after the battle that day he had been found severely wounded and had been nursed through a long illness by strangers who did not even know his name.

Happy days followed when Molly nursed her lover back to health. When he was strong enough, they went home together.

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SHOT HIM FROM AMBUSH

Maitre Labori, Counsel for Dreyfus, Fired Upon.

THE BULLET ENTERS HIS BACK.

Two Men Await Their Victim in a Narrow Lane—The Murderers Immediately Flee—Physicians Give It as Their Opinion that Labori Will Die of His Wound.

RENNES, Aug. 14.—Two men ambushed Maitre Labori, counsel for Dreyfus, and one shot was fired, hitting Labori in the back.

He had reached a point half way on his journey when two men who had evidently been lying in wait for him rushed out of a narrow lane and one of them fired a single shot from a revolver.

The murderers were only a couple of yards behind the victim and the bullet struck Maitre Labori in the back. The wounded man uttered an agonized cry and fell flat on his face.

A later story has it that M. Labori was shot in the temple by a man who fired a revolver at him outside the court, and that the miscreant was arrested.

THE FIRST NEBRASKA.

Troops Celebrate the Fall of Manila With an Elaborate Dinner.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 14.—Yesterday the First Nebraska celebrated the anniversary of the fall of Manila.

The regiment was one of the first to enter Manila and many experiences and reminiscences of the capture are retold by the boys to their interested friends.

In the afternoon the camp was thronged with large crowds of visitors and friends of the regiment.

ON VERGE OF STARVATION. Inhabitants of Atton Island in a Pitiable Condition.

SEATTLE, Wash., Aug. 14.—A private letter from Captain Slamm of the revenue cutter Grant, now with the sealing patrol in Bering Sea, states the inhabitants of Atton Island were found by him in straitened circumstances.

The inhabitants, numbering seventy-three—twenty-three men and fifty women and children—were in a pitiable condition.

The crew of the Grant gave the people all their spare clothing. The people were also suffering from a lack of salt.

Recruits for the Thirty-Fourth. CHAMBERLAIN, S. D., Aug. 14.—Lieutenant Cushman A. Rice of the new Thirty-fourth regiment left here yesterday for Centerville.

DALLAS, Tex., Aug. 14.—A negro named Edward Liscom and the wife of William Daugherty were shot at church, near Sumonville, last evening.

Nothing but Trade and Good Will. RIO DE JANEIRO, Aug. 14.—Col. Page Bryan, United States minister to Brazil, in an important communication to the Argentine press asserts that the United States want nothing of South America but trade and good will.

Women Unknown There. There is a monastery at St. Honorat, on an island near Cannes, France, which has existed since the fourth century.

The Striped Cucumber Beetle.

F. H. Hall of the Geneva, N. Y., Experiment Station says: Poisons can be used with success against these beetles for only a short time in the spring, when they begin to feed.

On small areas it may be advisable to shut in the small plants of the growing crop by the well-known cloth-topped boxes.

Bordeaux mixture, if thoroughly and frequently applied makes an efficient protection as the covers, is much cheaper and at the same time protects the plants from diseases.

The Bordeaux mixture is a much better repellent, according to station tests, than kerosene, turpentine, tobacco dust, cow-manure, burdock infusion, slug shot, bug death or any other known compound.

Bacteriologists now tell us, says the London Farmer, that the rosy condition sometimes assumed by milk or cream when "set" for ripening is due to the development therein of a certain form of bacterium.

The Cause of Ropy Milk. Bacteriologists now tell us, says the London Farmer, that the rosy condition sometimes assumed by milk or cream when "set" for ripening is due to the development therein of a certain form of bacterium.

WILLING TO HELP. Securing freedom from the grip of catarrh makes loyal friends for the liberator.

Pe-ru-na has been making friends of this kind for many years. It cures catarrh wherever located.

Fungi Destroying Trees.—It is not only cultivated plants and trees which are subject to destruction from insects and diseases.

Nitrogen exists in fertilizers in three distinct forms, viz., as organic matter, as ammonia, and as nitrates.

There is a monastery at St. Honorat, on an island near Cannes, France, which has existed since the fourth century.

Regulating the Butter Trade.

Before the factory system of butter-making became general in New South Wales, it was usual to arrange matters so that the calves were dropped late in winter.

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