

Over the midnight hills I heard
The whisper of a welcome rain,
And the daisy jasmine faintly stir'd,
And brushed on the open pane.

And swiftly the chiming showers draw
Aigh
And sing on the throbbing eaves,
And the jasmine utters a fragrant sigh
That thrills through her whitened
leaves.

To earth's parched lips the low clouds
give
A far-drawn halm from above:
And the jasmine weeps, "I live, I live,"
And the murmuring shower, "I give."

A LOUISIANA LOVE STORY.

By Matt Crim.

Three years after the close of the war the Pingers found themselves almost at the end of their resources. They owned a plantation near Marion, Louisiana, and lived upon it, because it could not be sold and they were too poor to go away and leave it unsold, as so many of their neighbors did when the slaves were freed. Mr. Pinger was an indolent, easy-going gentleman with very few practical ideas and no business experience, and Mrs. Pinger possessed less ability to get on in the world than her husband. She could not adjust herself, to



Then some one seized her,
changes of fortune with cheerfulness,
but grieved plaintively every time
she attempted to do her hair or darn
Mr. Pinger's clothes. She thought of
Victor reaching it in the far west
instead of being at home with plenty of
money and a servant to wait upon
him; she looked at her lovely daughter,
Marie and Katherine, and wondered
where and how they were to get
husbands. She moaned over the
sadness of life, read Miss
Bradford's novels, much in vogue in
the south at that time, and left the
entire management of the house to
Marie, the one faithful loving old
creature who preferred serving them
to taking her freedom.

The Pingers lived in a big two-story
log house with an open entry between
the main lower rooms and a back and
front gallery. The grounds were ample
and well shaded, with roses, crape
myrtle, azalea and other blooming
shrubs growing in the open spaces
between the trees and along the walks.
A fruit hedge bordered the garden
fence, and sweet plums flowered along
the vegetable beds. But an air of neglect
seemed to hang over the whole
place, and Katherine decided in
desperate mood one day that something
must be done or the house itself would
tumble down.

She possessed more energy than all
the other members of the family put
together. She managed to startle
them quite often with the bold sight
of her youthful fancy, but still they
regarded her with a temperate degree
of admiration. Mrs. Pinger regretted
that she was not as pretty as Marie,
but Mr. Pinger considered her even
more attractive than her sister.
"She lacks flesh," objected Mrs. Pinger.
"But she makes it up in spirit," said
Mr. Pinger.
"Spirit is not the substance most
valued in this world, my dear. Men
always like—admire—plump women."
"Well, well, Katherine is only a
child."
"She is eighteen, just two years
younger than Marie, and quite old
enough to marry, if there were some
one to marry her."
Mr. Pinger slipped softly away. He
didn't care whether the girls married
or not, so they were happy and the
problem of a livelihood for them could
be solved. He often vexed his head
into a positive ache over that thought,
and then he would take down his gun
and the dogs and go for a tramp over
the hedge crown fields, or find refuge
in a shady corner of the gallery with
an old book or the weekly papers from
the "city," as New Orleans was called
in that part of the state.

Katherine's thoughts were more to
the purpose than her father's, for they
took definite shape one day while she
lay on the grass by the private hedge.
No one could have admired Marie
more fondly and proudly than Katherine—
Marie with the golden hair and
white skin of a pure blonde, and such
ravishing arms and shoulders. But it
was against Marie's peace that the
young schemer plotted. Katherine
knew nothing about love, and she determined that her sister should marry
for the benefit of the family. What if
she did like John Bernard, who kept
a store in Marion? Could he add to the
family fortune? No; John Bernard
would never do. She must marry
Prosper Devereaux, who possessed
money as well as youth and good
looks. He lived in New Orleans, but
he owned a plantation in Marion, and
he had attended the same country
school with the Pinger girls. Katherine
detested him heartily in those days
because he teased and frightened her
with dreadful ghost stories. But now
they were grown, and he had come to
Marion for the first time since the
war, and in all the country there was
no one so handsome, so daring and
gallant as Prosper Devereaux.
"Yes, she must marry him," said
Katherine to herself very firmly. "It

is her duty to make a good match. I
would if I could. Yes, I'm sure that
I would marry an ogre if he could give
papa and mamma comfort again."
But she had too much discretion to
plainly show the path of duty to her
sister. She must be guided gently into
its clear, smooth way.

It was Sunday afternoon, Katherine
took a book and a chair and went
out under the big cotton wood tree
in the front yard. She pretended to
read, but in reality watched the public
highway with fluttering pulse and
anxious eye. At last Prosper Devereaux
appeared in the distance, riding a
handsome high-stepping bay horse.
The blood flew to Katherine's face,
light to her eyes. Did man ever be
before sit his horse with such ease and
grace? Could any girl be so blind as
not to prefer him to John Bernard?
He rode up to the gate, dismounted
and entered. Katherine went to the
edge of the walk to greet him, for it
was her plan to meet Marie's lovers
and give them welcome first.

"Why, Katherine are you really glad
to see me?" the young man exclaimed,
divided between surprise and pleasure
at the sweetness of her greeting.
"I am indeed," she said and blushing
a deeper rose than ever.

"I can remember the time when you
scowled if I came near you, and your
eyes were quite wicked with anger.
Now they are—let me see them, Katherine. I want to make sure that they
are kind and soft."
"You must not tease me now, Mr.
Devereaux."
"Mr. Devereaux! How can you? Did
we not once write our lessons together,
write our problems on the same black-
board and share our lunches?"
"You are thinking of Marie."
"No, I am thinking of you. Oh, yes,
I know you are years younger than I,
but you were a smart little thing."
"Please go in," she said interrupting
him eagerly. Somehow his persistent
eyes confused and troubled her.

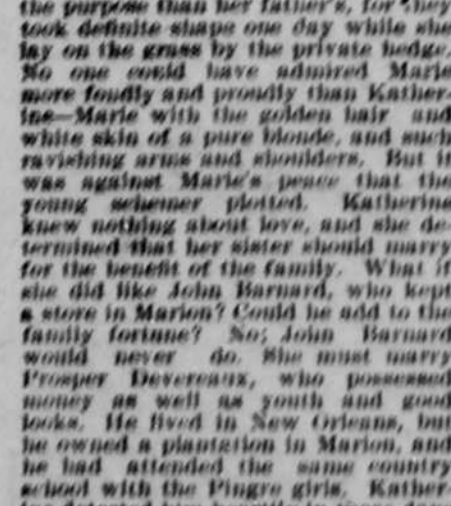
"You are coming with me?"
"No, Marie—you will find her in the
parlor."
He accepted his dismissal easily,
and Katherine went back to her seat,
cooling her scarlet cheeks against her
joshes.

Presently another young man rode
into view on the dusty highway, but
no admiration brightened Katherine's
eyes this time, no racing color warmed
her cheeks. She merely watched him
out of the corner of her eyes while he
dismounted, fastened his horse to the
gate post and came in. No smiles
or flattering welcome for him.

"Good evening, John."
"She looked up over the top of her
book."
"Good evening, John."
"Whose horse is that?"
"Mr. Devereaux's."
"Oh, is he here?"
"Yes."
"Is Marie at home?"
"Certainly. Why should Mr. Devereaux
call if she—"
"He could come to see you, I suppose,
the spark of jealousy in his
heart flaming up."
"Mr.," she cried scornfully, then fell
back and laughed. "Why, don't you
know he used to call Marie his sweet-
heart?"
"I know he always made a fool of
himself," violently.
"Oh, no, more than some people I
know," said Katherine sweetly.
"Mr. Devereaux drew a little nearer to her.
"Katherine, do you think—ah—does
she like him?"
"And conscienceless Katherine said:
"I think she does, John; in fact, I'd
rather not."
"I understand," he cried, growing so
pale that she felt sorry for the wrong
impression she had given him. "Girls
are all vile coquettes."
Katherine watched him ride dejectedly
down the road, and wondered
that the fate of Ananias and Sapphira
did not overtake her for her duplicity.
Devereaux made only a brief call.
"Going so early?" said Katherine
regretful and surprised, when he came
out.

"Yes, I could not love Marie all the
afternoon. Ah, I see that you are still
reading the same page. How rapidly
you progress."
Katherine blushed and closed the
book.
"I have been entertaining a visitor."
"No that was the reason you wished
to get rid of me?"
"No, no."
But he merely lifted his hat and
went away. It was altogether a most
trying afternoon for the young
schemer, for presently Marie came out
and looked pensively toward the vil-
lage.
"I wonder why John didn't come?"
Katherine trembled guiltily. "He
did, but went away again."
"Why?"
"I told him you were entertaining
Prosper Devereaux."
"You made him angry, Katherine. I
know you did."
"Yes," said Katherine firmly. "Prosper
Devereaux—"
"Is not worth as much to me as one
of John's little fingers."
"But, Marie—"
"I wish you would attend to your
own affairs," and then she walked
away into the dusky garden, crying
softly.

Katherine longed to run after her,
for those tears were like so many
scalding drops on her conscience, but



Katherine went to the Edge of the
Walk to Greet Him,
she hardened her heart for the sake
of the family.

It was the night of the monthly
dance at the village academy. The
old house was in that condition when
it was almost ready to tumble down,

and the few people in the community
who disapproved of dancing declared
that it would be a just punishment on
the frivolous if it did. It stood within
a stone's throw of the church and
graveyard.

The Pingers rarely missed one of
these parties, and Marie had a new
dress for that occasion. It was Katherine's
turn, but she insisted upon
sacrificing herself to her sister, wear-
ing an old gown made out of two silk
skirts, the gay plaids of the swaying
furiously at the gayer stripes of the
other, but as the ball room usually
presented a kaleidoscope combination
of make-shifts, she wasted no regret
on her appearance. Still, with all
Marie's beauty and the beguilement of
white swiss and lavender ribbon, Prosper
Devereaux devoted himself to
Katherine, while John Bernard hung
aloof from Marie also, glancing jealously
at every man who approached her.

It was a wretched evening alto-
gether, and the moment they were at
home and shut into their room Katherine
cast herself down at Marie's feet with
her head in Marie's lap, tears
spilling the new swiss forever.

"I am so wicked and miserable."
"What have you done now?" ques-
tioned Marie sadly.

Katherine whined.
"Do forgive me, Marie. I did it all
to make a match between you and
Prosper Devereaux."
"Oh, Katherine!"
"And I have been such a liar, such
an awful liar, I told John that you
loved Prosper!"
"Katherine!"
"And he called you a vile flirt, and I
did not defend you."
"Poor Marie looked pale as a ghost in
the flickering candle light."
"You have spoiled my life, Katherine."
"Yes, but I have spoiled mine also,
Prosper asked me to marry him and I
refused."
"Refused!"
"Yes; and he will go away to New
Orleans where I shall never see him
again," she said so.

Marie took her by the shoulder, giv-
ing her a gentle shake.
"You love him?"
"With all my heart."
They looked at each other, both fair
faces flushed and tender, then lip met
lip in a forgiving kiss.

"Why did you refuse Prosper?"
"As a just punishment to myself."
"Katherine, you are a goose."
"Marie, my heart is broken."

It is hardly necessary to say that
Marie and John made it up and were
married, and Katherine was left alone
to go to parties with her mother, who
knew nothing about her love affair
and was still seeking a husband for
her. It was quite a year later that
they went one night. Katherine pro-
tested, declared that she hated parties,
but her mother insisted. Light-
ning played along the horizon as they
drove through the country, and distant
thunder rumbled and died away.

An hour, two hours, had passed be-
fore the revelers were aware that a
storm had stolen upon them. A lurid
blaze of lightning, a roar of thunder,
and every one paused.

"We had better get out of here while
we can and run over to the church.
This building is too unsafe in a storm
like this," cried an old man, calling
his granddaughters.

In the rush for the stairs Katherine
was separated from her parents, but
she had an umbrella and darted out
into the open air. The ominous still-
ness had broken. Tree tops were bend-
ing, a swirl of dust rose from the vil-
lage street. Rain and wind came to-
gether. Katherine's umbrella was
snatched from her hand and she
caught one fleeting glimpse of it as it
carried away on the black wings of
the gale. Then some one seized her,
drew her within the shelter of the
academy.

"It's too late to hunt any other shelter,
Katherine," said a voice in her
ear.

She lay panting, breathless, against
the arm holding her.
"I did not know that you were here."
"I came to-day and supped with
Marie and John."
A vivid flash of lightning passed
into the murky room, then out again,
leaving dense shadows. Devereaux
held his companion with a firmer clasp
when she attempted to move away.

"I have given you a year to change
your mind, Katherine. You see, it is
difficult for me to realize that the
woman I love does not love me? Does
she love me, dear; does she?"
"Marie has been talking," she ex-
claimed, then paused, self-betrayed.

The old academy creaked and trem-
bled, but not a board fell or was riven
apart. Many another gay, innocent
party might gather within its walls
and dance away the night.

When Mrs. Pinger missed her daughter
she instantly went into hysterics
and could not be brought out of them
until she saw Katherine entering the
church leaning on Prosper Devereaux's
arm. Then it was truly wonder-
ful the way she recovered and
beamed gently upon all the company.
—New York Advertiser.

Agricultural Ants.
Some ants keep slaves, we are told,
and others keep cows, or substitutes
for cows. Others still make a busi-
ness of raising mushrooms. These
last are the leaf-cutting ants, so called.
They live in tropical America, and are
very destructive. They have been
known to ruin whole plantations of
orange and lemon trees.

They cut circular pieces out of the
leaves and carry them off to their
mounds. What they do with them
was a long question, but Mueller, who
studied these ants in Brazil, and Belt,
who studied them in Nicaragua, have
ascertained that the leaves are not
used for food, but as manure on
which to grow a minute species of
fungus. In other words, these leaf-
cutting ants cultivate mushrooms.

They are described as taking the ut-
most pains to keep the mounds neither
too dry nor too damp. Sometimes the
inexpertness brings in grass and un-
suitable leaves, but these are invariably
carried out and thrown away.

When the chambers get filled with
leaves that have been exhausted as
fertilizers new chambers are built and
fresh leaves are gathered. Youth's
Companion



It was the night of the monthly
dance at the village academy. The
old house was in that condition when
it was almost ready to tumble down,

The "New Girl."
A bright specimen of the "New Girl"
made her appearance before a magis-
trate on Saturday. The top of her
head, says the London Daily Tele-
graph, was just on a level with the rail
of the witness box, and Mr. Dickinson
was considerably surprised to hear a
small, shrill, piping voice issue from
some one he could not see, and say:
"Please, sir, I want a summons for
abuse." "What's that?" asked the
learned gentleman. "Stand up," cried
the usher of the court. The applicant
stood on her tiptoes, which enabled
the magistrate to see her eyes and half
her nose, and repeated: "Please, sir, I
want a summons for abuse." "Cer-
tainly not," replied Mr. Dickinson,
promptly. "If grown up people are
foolish enough to take out summonses
for mere vulgar abuse, I am not going
to encourage children to do the same.
Go away home." The litigious girl
frowned and went away.

Hegeman's Compound for Glycerine,
Cure for Rheumatism and Pain, Tender of the Feet,
Cholera, Piles, etc. G. G. Gould Co., New Haven, Ct.

The Winter Bonnet.
Flowers, as well as feathers, appear
on the winter bonnet, but in making a
choice one must consider what wear
will be given to the bonnet and whether
bright-hued blossoms will harmonize
with the hair and the toilet. The
style of coiffure has much to do with
the arrangement of the bonnet on the
head. If the hair is parted the bonnet
is placed a little further back than it is
if either a pompadour or bang is worn.

Five Figs Cure for Consumption both
in its family and practice. Dr. J. W.
Farrington, Boston, Mass., Nov. 2, 1894.

Satanic Baseball.
"Out, foul fiend!" cried Luther, pant-
ing heavily.
Satan regarded the black spitch
where the ink bottle had splashed on
the wall, and a cynical smile played
upon his features.
"I acknowledge," he said in the bland
manner for which he is celebrated,
that somebody has made a base hit, but
scarcely comprehend under what rule
you thereby render your decision."
And while the bleachers applauded
to the skies he walked serenely to the
bench and sat down with the rest of
his nine.—New York Recorder.

The Value of Trees.
How many farmers and others, too,
whose places are destitute of fruit and
shade trees. Again, how many rented
places are devoid of trees of all kinds.
Has the land-owner ever stopped to
consider that a small orchard, a few
yard trees around every tenement
house will greatly enhance the value,
attract and hold a better class of ten-
ants, make life more enjoyable, and
that too at practically no cost? We tell
you there is a great deal of selfishness
when we look abroad and see how
 stingy and selfish many are with their
tenants, and oftentimes perchance some
good farmer rents his farm and moves
away and is so selfish as to reserve all,
yes, all the fruit produced, denying even
this to his tenant. Land-owners owe
their tenants and the public generally, a
duty by planting at least a moderate
quantity of trees. This is a wise pub-
lic policy.—Ornamental Tree Growing.

A Terrible Possibility.
The question of expediency of dis-
banding the militia company was being
agitated one town-meeting day in a
certain hamlet not a thousand miles
from Boston. The tavern keeper, a
most pompous individual, who had
courtously preserved silence during
several noisy harangues, threw a final
terrible bomb into the camp of the in-
concordists by the solemn interroga-
tory, delivered in his most impressive
manner:
"Gentlemen, let me ask you this:
What could we do without militia in
case of a resurrection?"—From the
"Editor's Drawer," in Harper's Maga-
zine.

Necessity reforms the poor, and society
the rich.

Such ills as
**SORENESS,
STIFFNESS,**
and the like,
ST. JACOBS OIL
WIPES OUT
Promptly and Effectually.

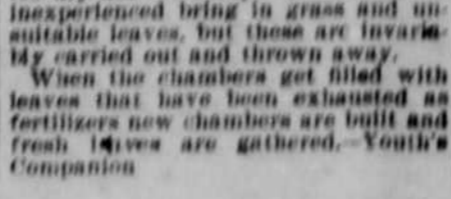
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A Delightful Theory.
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came to my notice," said a patent agent
to P. W., "was that recently brought
out by an old German. His idea is to
build a massive pillar in the center of
the Atlantic ocean and place upon it a
revolving bridge, one end touching Liv-
erpool and the other New York, so that
people in England desiring to go to New
York could get on at the Liverpool end
of the bridge, and vice versa."
"By a semi-circle turn of the bridge
the passengers will be brought to their
destination."
"When I asked him how he could get
the pillar in the ocean, and where the
power would come from to turn such a
structure, he admitted that he had
overlooked it, and when I told him fur-
ther that there was danger of the ice
in the Arctic regions being an obstruc-
tion to the turning of the bridge, he
decided to carry the idea no further."
—Pearson's Weekly.

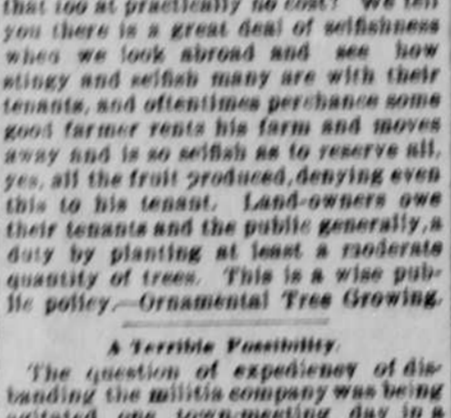
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It has given satisfaction to millions and
met with the approval of the medical
profession, because it acts on the Kid-
neys, Liver and Bowels without weak-
ening them and it is perfectly free from
every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug-
gists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is man-
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The plains of Jousilla were uplifted
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In 1783 the earthquake in Calabria
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and precipices; in some cases, the fis-
sures were 600 feet wide, and went to
an unknown depth.

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the more it goes on. It is invaluable in all
cases, indigestion, pain and every kind of weakness.

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Hair to its youthful color,
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ment should work for us selling medicinal waters,
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