

MY POOR WIFE.

BY J. P. SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

"Don't, Paul—don't stare at me like that!" cried my wife, leaning forward on her chair and laying her small hot palm across my eyes, with a gesture half scared, half petulant, that irritated me vaguely. "I—I don't like it, dear."

"I beg your pardon, Helen," I responded somewhat humbly, drawing back. "I really was not aware you objected so pointedly to my looking at you."

"I don't—I don't!" she broke in eagerly. "How could you imagine such a thing? It was the expression of your face, Paul, that took me back for the moment, when I turned my head and found you sitting there watching me with such a critical, searching sort of look, almost as if you—you—"

"As if I what, sweetheart?" I asked, appeased by the caressing touch.

"As if you saw something in me you could not quite make out, and did not like at all—at all! But I was mistaken in that, wasn't I, Paul?"

Then, after a moment's pause, as I did not reply—

"Sure it was only foolish fancy on my part? Say it was only that—ah, say it was only that, love!" she whispered, in the soft drawing brogue I was learning to like.

"Well, dear," I answered slowly, "as you press me so, I must admit I was a little surprised, after leaving you on the lawn romping with the dogs in the very ecstasy of high spirits, declaring that even the twenty-first of June was too short a day to be happy in, to find you half an hour later sitting here alone, to all appearance a prey to the profoundest melancholy, your eyes perfect wells of despair, looking as if the burthen of existence was too heavy to be borne another summer's day."

"It was heavy—so heavy! You are right. I could not have borne it much longer. For the last twenty minutes I—I have been your widow, Paul."

"Oh," I said, with a feeling of unaccountable relief, stroking her tumbled silky hair, "I see! You were my widow, madam—a very flattering and satisfactory explanation of your appearance indeed! But, dear, don't you think, all circumstances considered, it is rather premature for either of us to don the weeds even in spirit yet?"

She was nineteen, as fresh and as hardy as the mountain heather she had lived among all her life. I was twenty-five, stood six feet one in my stockings, and had not known an hour's illness since I had the measles many years before.

"That was not the kind of widowhood I meant," Helen said, looking at me with a touch of pathetic reproach in her strange eyes. "Your death, your mere bodily extinction, Paul, would not grieve me for long; I should cease to mourn you soon enough."

"Mrs. Dennys," I exclaimed, in mock indignation, "explain yourself, please! You surely would give me the conventional year of crape at the least?"

"No, I wouldn't—not a year, not a week, not a day, for I would die the same moment you did. Do you think I could live and you dead, husband?"

"And yet you say you were my widow for full twenty minutes, true daughter of Erin?"

"That was because I had lost you in a way that severed us in life as well as in death."

"Lost me in a way that severed us in life as well as in death? This is dreadful weather for condurms! I give it up!" I responded languidly.

"I—was widowed, Paul, because I had lost your love—because you cared for another woman more than for me," she returned, in a low voice, looking at me with eyes full of tragic denunciation, as Rebecca might have looked at Ivanhoe, as poor La Valliere at Louis when she bade him her last good-by outside the convent gates.

I laughed a little too boisterously, I felt, and drew her to my side.

"To be sure, to be sure," I assented volubly. "I never thought of that solution! How long is it since I first learned to care for you, ma belle? That day you and I slipped down the mountain side through the yellow broom?"

—let me see—seven, eight, why, nearly nine months ago! A long spell of constancy—almost time I should be wearying for another love, isn't it? Some men, you know, would like a change of wife with every change of coat; but as I happened to be of rather conservative kidney, I think I ought to be able to wear one wife to three coats at the least, and I believe I courted you in the very cloth your fingers are caressing now. It's getting a bit shabby, to be sure; but—"

"You may treat my words lightly," she interrupted, leaning over me with half-closed eyes, a bright pink spot burning on her cheeks. "I still stick to my opinion, something tells me I shall lose you, as I say—some day!"

"Feed your melancholy on the fancy," I retorted, with peevish unreason, feeling somewhat that I had said too much, "if it pleases you. I wonder if your morbid eye of prophecy sees any chance of my losing you as you are to lose me?"

She seemed at first not to understand, then answered quickly—

"You lose me? Oh, no, no! Whatever happens, no matter how bitterly you may make me suffer, you could not lose me that way."

"Am I to thank the gods, I wonder? What, Helen! Through treachery, desertion, indifference, brutality even, you will still cling to me like a limpet—eh? Are you sure, quite sure there is no other way but commonplace dissolution through which I can shake you off? Think, wife—think!" I retorted banteringly, when, to my surprise and alarm, the look of scared, almost agonized, melancholy stole over her dark winsome face again, her arms tightened convulsively round my neck, her burning lips were pressed close to my ear, as she gasped out—

"You know—you know—you—you have guessed how you can lose me, then? I—I feared you would—soon—soon. Oh, they ought to have told you in time! It was wrong—wrong, I tried to tell you often, but the words wouldn't come. I—I am not to blame. Oh, Paul, Paul, my dear, if you had not taught me to love you so well—I—I—"

CHAPTER II.

Thoroughly startled I sprang to my feet, roughly lifting her from the floor whither she had sunk, and held her firmly before me.

"Helen," I cried, "do you know what you are saying? What—what in the matter with you? This is the way you went on that day, at Lucerne, shortly after we were married; what do you mean? I—I insist on an explanation! Speak out at once—I tell you at once!"

She looked at me with gleaming eyes, and utterly colorless face, her lips moving, but no sound coming.

"What is it?" I repeated, my wrath rising, horrible suspicion blackening my mind. "How have you deceived me? What have you done that I—I should have been told before I married you? Helen, speak, or by Heaven, I'll—"

"I have done—nothing," she answered, standing straight before me, not the least sign of fear in her face. "You may kill me if you like, I sha'n't mind much; but I have done no harm, you should know that well. One day of my life was as dull, innocent, uneventful as another until I met you."

"Then what do you mean by these hints and wild words? Why—why do you thus torture, and try to raise a demon in me, little me?" I asked, very much ashamed of my brutal outburst.

"Tell me, Helen?"

"I don't know—I don't know," she replied, bursting into tears and laying her white face on my shoulder.

"I mean—nothing—nothing. What should I mean? I—I can't help it, I suppose. Oh, pity me, pity me and bear with me if you can, dear boy! It's—it's not all my fault. My poor mother was like that before I—I was born."

"Your mother, dear?" I asked presently, when she was quite herself again, and apparently as much ashamed of her outburst as I was of mine. "I never heard you speak of her before. Do you remember her at all?"

"No; she died when I was a baby; but I often heard Molly speak of her," she answered quickly.

"And your father?"

"My—my father?"

"Yes, did you not know him?"

After a slight pause she said—

"No, I did not know him. I believe he died even before her. He was an Englishman, and they knew very little of him at home. Granny did not like him, I believe. Paul, let me sit up; Miss Stopford is coming up the avenue."

I withdrew my arm quickly, and, moving into the shade behind her chair, said as carelessly as I could—

"So she is. You and Eddie seem to be striking up a powerful friendship, Helen; she was here yesterday afternoon, and on Tuesday morning also; wasn't she?"

"Yes; don't you like her coming?"

"Of course I like it. I don't think you could have a pleasanter companion than Edith, or one who—"

"Could civilize me more effectually. I quite agree with you; Edith is doing her best to tone me down, Paul; I hope she may succeed. How pretty she is!" sighed Helen, as her visitor passed the window where we were sitting. "I think she looks fairer in blue than in any other color, Paul. I often wonder how you escaped falling in love with that girl."

I shrugged my shoulders vaguely.

"You have known her since she was a child, haven't you?" she pursued, as I made no reply.

"Yes. During my sister's lifetime she almost lived with us. She and poor Lily had the same governess, studied together—all that, you know."

"And one seldom falls in love with a person one has known all one's life—looked upon as a sister, you mean, Paul?"

"I suppose not."

"And yet your namesake, long ago, Paul, gives the lie to that theory."

"My namesake?"

"Yes; the Paul who loved Virginia."

"Oh! He was an unusual specimen of tropical produce; besides, it's not fair to quote him as—"

"Hush! Here she is!"

Greetings! the new comer over.

I retired to a distant window, and took up the Field; but my eyes wandered from the close, cramped print to the heads of the girls bending over their work, and thought what a charming picture they made in the chastened golden light, and how reflectively my wife's dark tumbled locks threw out the smooth coronet of burnished gold that crowned Edith's stately head.

She was a most beautiful woman—tall, fair, with soft blue eyes heavily lashed, and a faultless profile. Never before had I seen her look so attractive as she did on that evening while she directed Helen's little clumsy brown hand across that square of oatmeal cloth on which such wonderful birds, butterflies, and flowering vegetation were to blossom into life. Her dress, of a light blue stuff, trimmed with delicate lace, fitted her exquisitely, and there was a suggestion of graceful poetic perfection about her general appearance, her every movement, that was most soothing to the senses that lazy summer day. I felt as if I could have watched her with unsatiated pleasure for hours at a stretch—a daughter of the gods, divinely tall and divinely fair—while Helen, my wife, was a most distinct child of earth, small, dark-haired, dark-eyed, with unformed babyish features, and a skin which, though pure and healthy, lacked the delicate peach-bloom of the other. Was she ordinarily pretty or almost plain? I still asked myself that question after nine months of matrimony, and could arrive at no satisfactory solution. For Helen was seldom the same, either in mind, manner, or looks, two hours together.

One hour she would look, even in the most partial eyes, dull, commonplace, hopelessly unattractive—the next, for no apparent cause, her appearance would change, her cheeks glow, her eyes gleam with a light that I vaguely felt for a moment would, in most men's opinion, dim Edith's placid beauty into insignificance. She had certainly very strange eyes—I never could ascertain their exact shade. Sometimes they were deep, dark, still, like water in heavy shadow—again, they were all life with flickering tawny lights, as they were that moment, when raised to Edith's in rueful expostulation.

"Oh, Miss Stopford, please don't ask me to change my wool again! Let me finish to the stalk in this brown yellow."

"My dear Mrs. Dennys, impossible! You have only three shades in the leaf as yet, and I have changed my wool as many as three-and-twenty times in a single spray of virgin wool."

"Have you? Then I'll never be an artist in crowls!" laughed Helen, the cloth dropping lazily from her hands; whereupon Jim, her little terrier, thinking the lesson over, jumped briskly up on her lap, upsetting her workbasket, the contents of which rolled over the waxed boards—scissors, tapes, needles, bodkins went right and left. A stout reel of black cotton traveled languidly my way, and, stooping to pick it up, the golden hair of the only woman I ever loved brushed my forehead deliciously.

"Meet me at the end of the cedar-walk in half an hour," she said in a quick whisper, with downcast eyes, fumbling for the reel that I, in my agitation, had dropped again. "I have something to say to you."

I nodded, lay back in my chair, and instinctively held up the paper to shade my face from observation. When my wife called me over to drink a cup of tea, I glanced apprehensively into a mirror to see if the color had faded from my temples yet. No, it was still there, burning brightly, even through my tanned skin.

"Meet me at the end of the cedar walk in half an hour," I repeated stupidly, again and again, as I strolled across the lawn towards Bretton Hall, the residence of General Stopford, Edith's uncle, and my grandfather's brother. "What does it mean? What can she have to say to me? I can't understand it."

(To be Continued.)

THE ROMANCE OF ALUMINUM.

Aluminum is a metal which we are supposed to owe to modern science; but a curious passage of Pliny's works, which has hitherto received but little attention, indicates that it was discovered once before, as long ago as the first century of the Christian era. During the reign of Tiberius, a certain worker in metals appeared at the palace and showed a beautiful cup composed of a brilliant white metal that shone like silver. When the artificer was presenting it to the Emperor he purposely dropped it on the floor of the chamber. The goblet was so bruised by the fall that it seemed irretrievably injured; but the workman took his hammer, and in the presence of the court repaired the damage without delay. It was evident that this metal was not silver, though it had almost the same brilliancy, besides being much more ductile and considerably lighter. The Emperor questioned the artificer closely, and learned from him that he extracted the metal from an argillaceous earth. Tiberius then asked if anyone besides himself knew the process and received the proud reply that the secret was known only to himself and Jupiter. This answer was sufficient. The emperor had reflected that if it were possible to obtain this metal from so common a substance as clay the value of gold and silver would be greatly reduced, so he determined to avert such a lamentable catastrophe. He caused the work-shops of the discoverer to be wholly destroyed, and the luckless artificer was seized and decapitated, so that his secret might perish with him. It is thought that this metal must have been aluminum.

Disarm a critic and he will kick you.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

OUR BIRTHRIGHT LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text: "To This End Was I Born."—John, Chapter xviii, Verse 37—The Manifest Responsibilities of Parentage Set Forth.

After Pilate had succided, tradition says that his body was thrown into the Tiber, and such storms ensued on and about that river that his body was taken out and thrown into the Rhone, and similar disturbances swept that river and its banks. Then the body was taken out and moved to Lausanne, and put in a deeper pool, which immediately became the center of similar atmospheric and aqueous disturbance. Though these are fanciful and false traditions, they show the execration with which the world looked upon Pilate. It was before this man when he was in full life in a court of Oyer and Terminer. Pilate said to his prisoner: "Art thou a king, then?" and Jesus answered: "To this end was I born." Sure enough, although all earth and hell arose to keep him down, he is today emplaced, enthroned and coroneted king of earth and king of heaven. That is what He came for, and that is what He accomplished.

By the time a child reaches ten years of age the parents begin to discover that child's destiny, but by the time he or she reaches fifteen years of age, the question is on the child's lips: "What shall I do? What am I going to be? What was I made for?" It is a sensible and righteous question, and the youth ought to keep asking it until it is so fully answered that the young man, or young woman, can say with as much truth as its author, though on a less expansive scale: "To this end was I born."

There is too much divine skill shown in the physical, mental and moral constitution of the ordinary human being to suppose that he was constructed without any divine purpose. If you take me out on some vast plain and show me a pillared temple surmounted by a dome like St. Peter's, and having a floor of precious stones and arches that must have taxed the brain of the greatest draughtsman to design, and walls scrooled and niched and paneled, and wainscoted and painted, and I should ask you what this building was put up for, and you answered: "For nothing at all," how could I believe you? And it is impossible for me to believe that any ordinary human being who has in his muscular, nervous and cerebral organization more wonders than Christopher Wren lifted in St. Paul's, or Phidias ever chiseled on the Acropolis, and built in such a way that it shall last long after St. Paul's cathedral is as much a ruin as the Parthenon—that such a being was constructed for no purpose, and to execute no mission, and without any divine intention toward some end. The object of this sermon is to help you to find out what you are made for, and help you find your sphere, and assist you into that condition where you can say with certainty and emphasis and enthusiasm and triumph: "To this end was I born."

First, I discharge you from all responsibility for most of your environments. You are not responsible for your parentage or grand-parentage. You are not responsible for any of the cranks that may have lived in your ancestral line, and who a hundred years before you were born may have lived a style of life that more or less affects you today. You are not responsible for the fact that your temperament is sanguine, or melancholic, or bilious, or lymphatic, or nervous. Neither are you responsible for the place of your nativity, whether among the granite hills of New England, or the cotton plantations of Louisiana, or on the banks of the Clyde, or the Dnieper, or the Shannon, or the Seine. Neither are you responsible for the religion taught in your father's house, or the irreligion. Do not bother yourself about what you cannot help, or about circumstances that you did not decree. Take things as they are, and decide the question so that you shall be able safely to say: "To this end was I born." How will you decide it? By direct application to the only Being in the universe who is competent to tell you—the Lord Almighty. Do you know the reason why He is the only one who can tell? Because he can see everything between your cradle and your grave, though the grave be eighty years off. And besides that, He is the only Being who can see what has been happening in the last 500 years in your ancestral line, and for thousands of years clear back to Adam, and there is not one person in all that ancestral line of 6,000 years but has somehow affected your character, and even old Adam himself will sometimes turn up in your disposition. The only Being who can take all things that pertain to you into consideration is God, and He is the one you can ask. Life is so short we have no time to experiment with occupations and professions. The reason we have so many dead failures is that parents decide for children what they shall do, or children themselves, wrought on by some whim or fancy, decide for themselves, without any imporation of divine guidance. So we have now in pulpits men making sermons who ought to be in blacksmith shops making plowshares; and we have in the law those who instead of ruining the cases of their clients ought to be pounding shoe lasts; and doctors who are the worst hindrances to their patients' convalescence; and artists trying to paint landscapes who ought to be whitewashing board fences; while there are others making bricks who ought to be remodeling constitutions, or shoving planes who ought to be transforming literatures. Ask God about what worldly business

you shall undertake, until you are so positive you can in earnestness smite your hand on your plow handle, or your carpenter's bench, or your Blackstone's Commentaries, or your medical dictionary, or your Dr. Dick's Didactic Theology, saying: "For this end was I born." There are children who early develop natural affinities for certain styles of work. When the father of the astronomer Forbes was going to London, he asked his children what present he should bring each one of them. The boy who was to be an astronomer cried out, "Bring me a telescope!" * * *

Do you wait for extraordinary qualifications. Phillip, the conqueror, gained his greatest victories seated on a mule, and if you wait for some caparisoned Bucephalus to ride into the conflict you will never get into the world-wide fight at all. Samson slew the Lord's enemies with the jaw-bone of the stupidest beast created. Shamgar slew 600 of the Lord's enemies with an ox-goad. Under God, spittle cured the blind man's eyes in the New Testament story. Take all the faculty you have and say: "O Lord! Here is what I have, show me the field and back me up by omnipotent power. Anywhere, anyhow, any time for God." Two men riding on horseback came to a trough to water the horses. While the horses were drinking, one of the men said to the other a few words about the value of the soul, then they rode away, and in opposite directions. But the words uttered were the salvation of the one to whom they were uttered, and he became the Rev. Mr. Champion, one of the most distinguished missionaries in heathen lands; for years wondering who did for him the Christian kindness, and not finding out until in a bundle of books sent him to Africa he found the biography of Brainerd Taylor and a picture of him, and the missionary recognized the face in that book as the man who, at the watering trough for horses, had said the thing that saved his soul. What opportunities you have had in the past! What opportunities you have now! What opportunities you will have in the days to come! Put on your hat, oh! woman, this afternoon, and go and comfort that young mother who lost her babe last summer. Put on your hat, oh! man, and go over and see that merchant who was compelled yesterday to make an assignment, and tell him of the everlasting riches remaining for all those who serve the Lord. Can you sing? Go and sing for that man who cannot get well, and that will help him into heaven. Let it be your brain, your tongue, your eyes, your ears, your heart, your lungs, your hand, your feet, your body, your mind, your soul, your life, your time, your eternity for God, feeling in your soul: "To this end was I born."

It may be helpful if I recite my own experience in this regard. I started for the law without asking any divine direction. I consulted my own tastes. I liked lawyers and courtrooms and judges and juries, and reveled in hearing the Frelinghuysens and the Bradleys of the New Jersey bar, and as assistant of the county clerk, at sixteen years of age, I searched titles, naturalized foreigners, recorded deeds, received the confession of judgments, swore witnesses and juries and grand juries. But after a while I felt a call to the gospel ministry and entered it, and I felt some satisfaction in the work. But one summer, when I was resting at Sharon Springs, and while seated in the park of that village I said to myself, "If I have an especial work to do in the world I ought to find it out now," and with that determination I prayed as I had never before prayed, and got the divine direction, and wrote it down in my memorandum book, and I saw my life work then as plainly as I see it now. Oh, do not be satisfied with general directions. Get specific directions. Do not shoot at random. Take aim and fire. Concentrate. Napoleon's success in battle came from his theory of breaking through the enemy's ranks at one point, not trying to meet the whole line of the enemy's force by a smaller force. One reason why he lost Waterloo was because he did not work his usual theory, and spread his force out over a wide range. O Christian man, O Christian woman, break through somewhere. Not a general engagement, and made in answer to prayer. If there are sixteen hundred million people in the world, then there are sixteen hundred million different missions to fulfill, different styles of work to do, different orbits in which to revolve, and if you do not get the divine direction there are at least fifteen hundred and ninety-nine million possibilities that you will make a mistake. On your knees before God get the matter settled so that you can firmly say: "To this end was I born."

And now I come to the climacteric consideration. As near as I can tell, you were built for a happy eternity, all the disasters which have happened to your nature to be overcome by the blood of the Lamb if you will heartily accept that Christly arrangement. We are all rejoiced at the increase in human longevity. People live, as near as I can observe, about ten years longer than they used to. The modern doctors do not bleed their patients on all occasions as did the former doctors. In those times if a man had fever they bled him, if he had consumption they bled him, and if they could not make out exactly what was the matter they bled him. Olden time phlebotomy was death's coadjutor. All this has changed. From the way I see people skipping about at eighty years of age, I conclude that life insurance companies will have to change their table of risks and charge a man no more premium at seventy than they used to do when he was sixty, and no more premium at fifty than when he was forty. By the advancement of medical science and the wider acquaintance with the laws of health, and the fact that the people

know better how to take care of themselves, human life is prolonged. But do you realize what, after all, is the brevity of our earthly state? In the times when people lived seven and eight hundred years, the patriarch Jacob said that his years were few. Looking at the life of the youngest person in this assembly and supposing that he will live to be a nonagenarian, how short the time and soon gone, while banked up in front of us is an eternity so vast that arithmetic has not figures enough to express its length, or breadth, or depth, or height. For a happy eternity you were born, unless you run yourself against the divine intentions. If standing in your presence my eye should fall upon the feeblest soul here as that soul will appear when the world lets it up, and heaven entrance it, I suppose I would be so overpowered that I should drop down as one dead. You have examined the family Bible and explored the family records, and you may have seen daguerotypes of some of the kindred of previous generations, you have had photographs taken of what you were in boyhood or girlhood, and what you were ten years later, and it is very interesting to any one to be able to look back upon pictures of what he was ten, or twenty, or thirty years ago; but have you ever had a picture taken of what you may be and what you will be if you seek after God and feel the spirit's regenerating power? Where shall I plant the camera to take the picture? I plant it on this platform. I direct it towards you. Sit still or stand still while I take the picture. It shall be an instantaneous picture. There! I have it. It is done. You can see the picture in its imperfect state, and get some idea of what it will be when thoroughly developed. There is your resurrected body, so brilliant that the noonday sun is a patch of midnight compared with it. There is your soul, so pure that all the forces of diabolism could not spot it with an imperfection. There is your being, so mighty and so swift that flight from heaven to Mercury or Mars or Jupiter and back again to heaven would not weary you, and a world on each shoulder would not crush you. An eye that shall never shed a tear. An energy that shall never feel a fatigue. A brow that shall never throb with pain. You are young again, though you died of decrepitude. You are well again, though you coughed or shivered yourself into the tomb. Your everyday associates are the apostles and prophets and martyrs, and most exalted souls, masculine and feminine, of all the centuries. The archangel to you no embarrassment. God himself your present and everlasting joy. That is an instantaneous picture of what you may be, and what I am sure some of you will be. * * *

What a strange thing it must be to feel one's self born to an earthly crown, but you have been born for a throne on which you may reign after the last monarch of all the earth shall have gone to dust. I invite you to start now for your own coronation, to come in and take the title deeds to your everlasting inheritance. Through an impassioned prayer, take heaven and all of its raptures.

What a poor farthing is all that this world can offer you compared with pardon here and life immortal beyond the stars, unless this side of them there be a place large enough, and beautiful enough, and grand enough for all the ransomed. Wherever it be, in what world, whether nearby or far away, in this or some other constellation, ha, home of light, and love, and blessedness. Through the atoning mercy of Christ, may we all get there!

His Birthday Gift.

When Mrs. Ransom went away for a fortnight's visit, she called her two boys to her and said, firmly: "Now, Rob, I want you and Ned to promise me that you will not tease papa to take you to the football game next week. If he wants to go he might wish to be with some friend, and not have the care of little boys like you. And don't forget that you are to give papa something bought with your own money for his birthday." The boys promised, and the mother departed. The fact that the birthday and the football game occurred on the same date seemed particularly unpropitious. But the day before, Bob had a sudden inspiration, the glow of which was soon shared with his brother. On Mr. Ransom's plate at breakfast the next morning was a somewhat soiled envelope on which was printed in painful letters, "Happy Birthday." Opening it, the beneficiary found two dingy quarters wrapped in a half-sheet of paper which bore the words, "To by a ticket for the game." And looking up, he encountered the gaze of four wistfully hopeful eyes, whose owners had no reason to regret their strategy.

Expecting Too Much.

A drill sergeant was unpopular among his men. They found him too particular. One day he had on hand a party of recruits whom he was putting through the funeral exercise. Opening the ranks so as to admit the passage of the supposed funeral cortege among them, the instructor, by way of practical explanation, walked slowly down the lane formed by the two ranks, saying, as he did so: "Now, I'm the corpse. Pay attention!" Having reached the end of the line he turned, regarded the men with a scrutinizing eye for a minute, and then remarked: "Your 'ands is right, and your 'eads is right, but you 'ave'n't got that look of regret you ought to 'ave."

Civilization Moving Eastward.

A father with a long file of girls and a wife and baby in a wagon drawn by two brindle oxen passed through Hope, Ark., on the way to Porto Rico, to settle on a piece of land.—Dallas News.