### UNRETURNING.

Three things never come again: Snow may vanish fiber the plain, Blossoms from the broken clod, Verdure from the broken clod, Water from the river's bod, Forests from the mountain's head Night may brighten into day, Noon in midnight fade sway, Yet the snow shall come once more When the winter tempests roar, Blossoms each returning spring In her laden arms shall bring, Grass be green where plowshares run. Rivers fia h in autumn's san. Time shall bid the forests grow, Noon and midnight come and go; But though all thy soul complain. Three things shall not come again.

Never to the bow that bends Comes the arrow that it sends; Spent in space, its airy flight Vanishes like lost dought. When with rapid sim it sprang From the bowstring's shivering twang Straight to brain or heart it fied, One for all its course was sped. No w.id wal upon its track Brings the barb of vengeance back. Hold thy hand before it go; Pause beside the bended bow; Hurtled once across the plain, No spent arrow comes spain.

Never comes the chancathat passeds That one moment was its last, Though thy life u; on it hung, Though thy death beneath it swung If thy future all the way Now in darkne -s goes astray, When the instant born of fate Passes through the golden gate; When the hour, but not the man, Comes and goes from Nature's plan; Nevermore its count 'asace Beams upon thy slow advance Never more that time shall be Burden bearer unto thee Weep and search o'er land and main. Lost chance never comes again.

Never shall thy spoken word Be again unsaid, unheard, Well its work the utterance wrought, Wooor weal whate'er it brought; One for all the rune is read. Once for all the judgment said, Though it pierced a poisoned speak Through the scul thou holdest dear, The ath it quiver fierce and deep, The uph some stainless spirit's sleep; I. e. v...n, the flying string T. a jassing rage might bring. th shall give it fangs of steel. U.i mare all its barb reveal.

C't the tears of blood and fire; Pay with pangs of mad desire: . in, and soul, and all. CT a sentence to recall. Weetle with its fatal wrath, Cha wath fly ng feet its path. t all thy lingering days. E. e t deep with love and praise; Cree for all thy word is sped, None invade it but the dead, All thy travail will be vain-Speken words come not again! -Lose Terry Cook, in Doston Transcript.

DOROTHY WHITCOMBE.

ciously at them through her glasses. Her daughter-in-law, noticing these glances, stepped behind her and whispered: "Not so fierce, mother, not so fierce, or they will surely suspect something."

"Don't fret; perhaps you would like me tago up to them, and shake hands with 'em, and say why didn't they come before, and hope they'll stay, oh ! the wretches," and the old lady shook herself with a grim veho-

The two invaders were not so fierce and terrible-looking, indeed, for soldiers who had just won a victory; they looked strangely worn, weary and disheartened. Mistress Patty felt a stir of sympathy in her heart, for the younger man reminded her so vividly of her husband, who was so bravely fighting in the true cause; in fact, little Dorothy went up to him, laid her dimpled hand on his knee, looking trustfully up in the handsome face bent over hor, and said: "Papa."

"And where is papa, my dear?" he asked, gently lifting the child on his knee.

"Way, 'way off, fightin' the-" "Dorothy," her grandmother's voice sounded like gravel crunched viciously together, "your mother is going to feed the chickens and you'd better help her," with that she began to busily clear off the table. "I don't suppose you want any thing more?" she suddenly said, when the table was almost cleared.

"No, we have had sufficient, thanks to your kindness," courteously replied the older man.

"Tain't no thanks to me at all," she returned, tartly, "you're soldiers, so I had to do it."

"What an exceedingly curious cream cup," exclaimed the younger man, taking the curious piece of workmanship up and examining it, with the air of a connoissour. That was the last drop in Mistress Dorothy's cup of bitterness which was already overflowing. She had let them enter her house, given them their breakfast, and now, after allowing them all these liberties, always under protest, that they would now begin to confiscate her property was too much; she snatched the cream cup out of the astonished man's hands, and began excitedly: "You'd better go now, you'd better go, you've had your breakfast and a little rest, and at this time o' day visitors ain't wanted 'round the farm.''

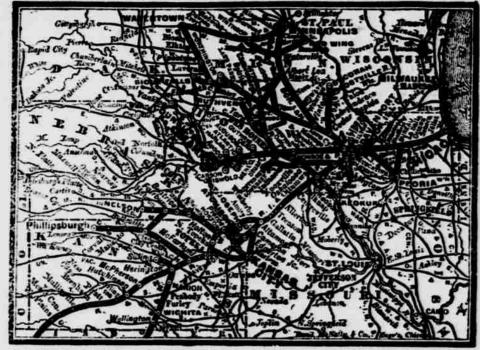
"But, my dear madam," the young man broke in, "I assure you I meant no harm, and really my friend and I need a rest so badly that we are afraid we must tres-pass on your hospitality," 'here a faint mile crossed the young man's face, "a little longer; give us but a bed to rest our weary limbs a little while and then we will

Dame Dorothy looked at the young man sternly. "In my days, young man, when folks told us we wan't wanted we got out." "But, madam," the older man interposed, "circumstances alter cases, remember that these are strange days, and strange things happen in them; but by the way, madam, are you a Tory or a rebel?"

"Taint none of your business," was the



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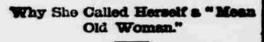


## THE TRALERS LUMEER CO.

WILL MAKE-

Bigg ...





The sun was slowly rising in the East. Mrighter and brighter grow the great round ball, until with a sudden movement it seemed to burst, and a golden, dazling food sovered the sky; the birds were slow-In wakening; first a faint peep was heard and as faintly answered, then a sudden twitter, and the air was full of bird-voices. The flowers were lazily, drowsily opening their dainty petals, and all nature, re-freshed by a still night's slumber, awoke to E probable day of joyous

It was just after the battle of Long Isl-and, where the Americans, pressed in on every side, had suffered a serious defeat, and the Tories were everywhere; in the bushes, up the trees, taking possession of confortable farm houses, anywhere where rest was to be found there also was found a

Good Farmer Whitcombe, among all this mass of British, was a true patriot in the callse of freedom, but, residing as he did in a Tory neighborhood, outside from very near neighbors he was thought to be a loy-

alist. (Freat constornation reigned in the hitchen of the farm-house on that beautiful morn-ing, for news of the American defeat had just reached there. Joel Ashley, the boy who had brought the news, just now added to his tale: "And do. you know that they wre going to the different farm-houses, demanding shelter and food. I shouldn't wonder a bit but what they would soon be here," he added, comfortingly.

"The assiy varmints, not a rest or a mor-sel of food will they get here, and if they demand it, why, they will find out with whom they have to deal," and certainly Mis-trees Doruthy looked fierce enough to make to bravest heart quail as she stood with one hand upraised, as if to strike the foe with a large iron spoor which she held, and the other hand placed defiantly on her hip. "Sht sh!" murmured the old man, "if

thine enemy hunger,-"

"Now, father, you just keep quiet; there's nd use in quotin' Scriptur' to me, when I know them Britishers are comin'; you know If 'twent for your blindness and my bein' a woman, there would be two of the best soldiers in the Continental army as they would want."

Just then was heard the patter of tiny feet, and the door was burst open, admitting a fittle girl, followed by a young woman. "The Tories have beaten!" exclaimed

Miss Dorothy.

"Not" the young woman answered, in surprise

"But I say that; they have, and, what's more, they'll probably come here and ask for lolgin' and food. I'll give if to 'emtood for thought." And Mistress Dorothy, Sustled around setting breakfast on the

"Well, well," was all Patty Whitcombe could find to say, but she finally exclaimed? "Hother, if you refuse them admission they may solve the property and fire the house." "That's so," the old, woman said, musing-ly, "I suppose if it comestathe worst we'll her to let them in. Breakfast is ready;

THEFE PERSES APA

"Well, will you allow us a bed?" he "I think it's time you was a startin'," was the laconic answer.

"Then since it becomes a necessity I demand it in the name of-" Here something seemed to choke him, for he seemed unable

to go on. "Well, if I must I suppose I must, but if ever I wished a feather bed was filled with ever I wished a feather bed was filled with pine needles, I wish that thar one was," and with that she opened a door disclosing accomfortable bed-room. They silently en-Gred the room, and she, with a bang of the door, fied to the kitchen. "There, I've gone and done it," she said, in high wrath, "I've harbored two British soldiers under my roof, and if any body ought to be taken be-fore General Washington and convicted as a spy I feel like that one. Joel Ashley," she said, suddenly, turning to the boy who was the sole occupant of the room and who was gazing at her in bewilderment, "I've got an errand for you." "Yes'm," he said,

got an errand for you." "Yes'm," he said, meekly enough. Joel was always meek when the madam was in such a wrath.

"You know where the Continentals are stationed about ten miles from here, ch?" Jacl nodded. "Well, you just stir yourself and go over there and tell their commander there are two redcoats in this house and if they want them to come for them right away, right away, mind you; now hurry."

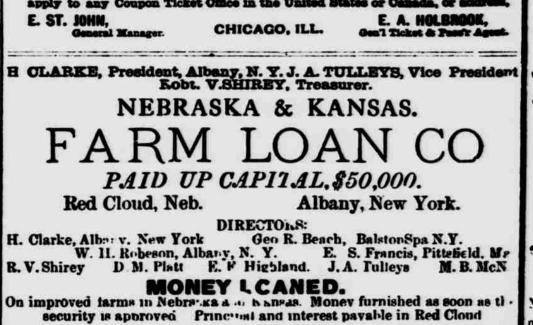
sway, right away, mind you; now hurry." And Joei did hurry. Madam sat rosking herself violently to and fro. "There, you've gone and done an-other mean thing," she said to herself, an-grily, "Doin' a mean thing is jist like tell-in' a he, you do one and you'll surely do an-other; I guess I'll just peek in the room and see if they've set it afire yet." She tipteed across the hall and looked through a crack in the door, then her conscience crack in the door, then her conscience smote her worse than ever; carelessly ly-ing on the bed, his fair, handsome fase looking so worn and thin even in sleep, he reminded her also of her soldier boy. The older man was wearily writing at a table, resting every once in the while, but soon resuming his task.

"I'm a mean old woman," she solilo quized. "But-they're Britishers." That settled the question, and she returned to ber work.

Morning entered into afternoon, and aft-ernoon slowly melted into early evening. the shadows were gently creeping over the land, the birds were twittering a good night, and still the soldiers slept. Solly, cantiously, a band of fifteen men were ing their way towards the Whitcombe farm house; nearer and nearer they got, until you could see that they wore the Conti-nental uniform. They reached the house and were met by its mistress; she pointed to the room where the soldiers were, then saf herself rigidly down in her rockingchair to have an argument with her con

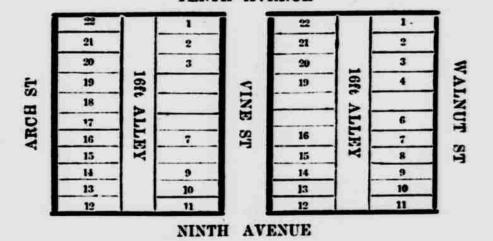
science. Suddenly-what is that she hears? A hearty faugh re-echoed throughout the house. She hurried to the door where the soldiers were. And what did she see? Her two red-costs shaking hands heartily with the Continentals. And what does she hear?

the Continentals. And what does she hear? "Captain," one of the men says, "we had given you and the Colonel up for lost, and the camp was in sore distress about you." And he, the admirer of the cream jug, an-swers in a full, rich voice: "The Colonel and I were surrounded by the British on every side; we just escaped capture, stole these uniforms from two dead Tories and travelad, weak and weary, through bogs and swamps to join you, but, overcome by fittigue, stopped here for a few hours' rest. But how did you come here!" "We came to capture two British soldiers, but instead have found our Colonel and our Captain. Three cheers, men, three cheers!" the camp was in sore distress about you." And he, the admirer of the cream jug, an-swers in a full, rich voice: "The Colonel and I were surrounded by the British on every side; we just escaped capture, stole these uniforms from two dead Tories and traveled, weak and weary, through bogs and swamps to join you, but, overcome by fatigue, stopped here for a few hours' rest. But for all her bravery, Patty felt a sort of Thint heartedness creeping over her; the these worst fears, atood twa soldiers in the these worst fears, atood twa soldiers in the unform of the likted redcents. "Good marning, goed mistress," said the older man, stopping forward, "I pray you to give use bit a breakfaid for we have had a long fast, end my comrade here is all but com-



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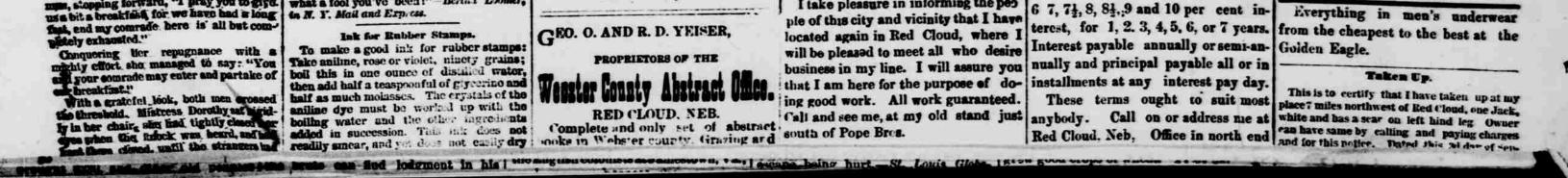
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