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in another channel. At a sudden turn together of the past, of the road a gust of wind lifted the Wonderingly I listened while he told old palm-leaf from his woolly head, and me how long he had loved me; how it had carried it far away. "Now, dear mars'r," filled his heart with bitter grief when said Bill, laying his hand on that of Mr. Delafield, "you'll sartin let 'em breathe bis sister had deceived him or he should while I picks up my hat, 'case you see have spoken to me then; and how, in a how'll you look gwine into town wid moment of temptation, when he stood me bareheaded."

field saw the bat away over the fields, death should be his gival than a fellowand quietly taking a bill from his pocket min. Then as he thought how near I and placing it in the negro's hand, he replied, "That will buy you five such hats." ingly drew me closer to his side and told 'Yes, but de hosses, de hosses!" ex-

you see Ferd is gwine to gin out?" Mr. Delafield feared so, too, and more ginning to dawn upon him, it had been to himself than to his servant, he said, chilled by my manner, which he now un-"perhaps the cars will be behind time derstood.

-they usually are."

time an' all dat." The next minute he repented a speech whose disastrous effects he foresaw, and he was about to deny it as a fabrication of his own brain, when his master, who really saw signs of larging in the a peculiar whistle with which you spur

run himself almost down." As they approached the town, they heard a heavy, rumbling sound. It was the roll of the cars in the distance. A few more mad plunges and the horses and frothing at the mouth, just as the train was moving slowly away. With one pitying farewell glance at his dying grays, Mr. Delafield exclaimed, "Cut the harness instantly," and then with a bound bound sprang upon the platform, which he reached just as Bill called after him in mournful accents, "Ferd's dead, mars'r, Ferd is."

But little cared he for that. Rosa Lee was to be overtaken, and to accomplish this, he would willingly have sacrificed She cannot harm you now." every horse of which he was owner, even were they twice as valuable as the dappled grays.

Mr. Delafield, with closely knit brows and compressed lips, sat musing in the car of the time when Rosa Lee would be his wife. They were about half way between Augusta and Charleston and going at great speed, when suddenly at a short curve there was a violent commotion-the passengers were pitched forward and backward, while the engine plunged down a steep embankment, throwing the train from the track, and dragging after it the baggage car, which in some way became detached from the rest. Fortunately no one was seriously were simply mental, as he knew this accident would probably detain them for many hours.

The sun had long been set and the stars were shining brightly ere they were able to proceed, and it was after midnight when they at last reached Charleston. Driving immediately to the landing. Mr. Delafield, to his great joy found that the steamer bound for New York still lay at the wharf and would not start until morning. But was Rosa Lee on board? That was a question which puzzled him, and as there was no way of satisfying himself until morning, he sat down in one of the state rooms and rather impatiently awaited the dawn of day.

The hurry, the confusion and the excitement of starting was over. We were out upon the deep blue sea, and from the window of my state room I watched the distant shore as it slowly receded from view, and feit that I was leaving the land of sunlight and flowers. Notwithstanding the fatiguing journey of the previous day. I was better this morning than I had been for many months before, for I had slept quietly through the night.

An hour or two after breakfast Charlie came to me with a very peculiar expression in his face, and asked me to go upon deck, saying the fresh breeze would do me good. I consented willingly, and throwing on my shawl and a simple Leghorn hat which had been of much service to me at Cedar Grove, and which Mr. Delafield had often said was very becoming, I went out with Charlie, who led me to the rear of the boat, where he said we were not so liable to be disturbed. Seating me upon a small settee, he asked to be excused for a few moments, saying I should not be long alone. The motion of the boat produced a slight diz ziness in my head, and leaning my elbow upon the arm of the settee, I shaded my eyes with my hand and sat lost in thought until I heard the sound of a footstep.

"It was Charlie," I said, so I did not look up, even when he sat down by my side and wound his arm round me, wrapping my shawl closer together, oh, so gently! "Charlie is very tender of me since my sickness," I thought, and much I loved that he should thus caress me. It thrilled me strangely, bringing back to my mind the night when I sat in the vine-wreathed arbor, where I should nev-

For a moment there was perfect s lence, and I could hear the beating of Charlie's heart. Then leaning forward and removing my hand from my eyes, he pressed a kiss upon my lips and whispered as he did so, "My own Rosn!"

Once, when I was apparently dying, sound of that voice had called me back to life, and now with a cry of joy I sprang to my feet, and turning round asid, "Come to my bosom, Rosh. Hence-

forth it is your resting place." The shock was too much for me in my weak state. A faintness stole over me, and if I obeyed his command, it was be cause I could not help it. When I rewere around me, and my head was rest-

CHAPTER XXIII .- (Continued.) should be angry in his way, and I have But Bill's entreaties were all in vain, learned to be a very little afraid of him and his distress was at its height when since that morning when on board the

he saw me about to marry another; how over my pillow, he had asked that I Glancing over his shoulder, Mr. Dela- might die, for he would far rather that had been to the dark valley he shudderme how he had wondered at Dr. Clayclaimed Bill, almost frantically. "Don't ton's leaving me so abruptly, and how sometimes, when a ray of hope was be-

"You cannot conceive," said he in con-Without considering the consequence, clusion, "what my feelings were yester Bill answered, "No, they won't; 'case I morn when I bade you adieu, nor yet hear how they hired an engineer who can you comprehend the overwhelming drives all afore him-gits ahead of de delight I experienced when I read that letter and felt that you would at last be mine.

When he had ceased to speak, I took up the story and told him of all my own feelings, and that nothing would ever have induced me to think for a moment nervous, fiery Ferd, said, "Bill, you have of becoming Dr. Clayton's wife but the belief that he was engaged to Ada, a up the horses. Make it now; Ferd has story which I told him his sister affirmed when I went to her for counsel.

"And so Angeline played a double part," said he, sighing deeply. "I never thought she could be guilty of so much deception, though I have always known reached the depot, covered with foam she was averse to my marrying any one." Of Ada he said that never for a moment had he been engaged to her. "She is to me like a sister," said he, and though I know she has many faults, I am greatly attached to her, for we have lived together many years. She was committed to my care by her father, and I shall always be faithful to my trust. And f, dear Rosa, in the future, circumstances should render it necessary for her to live with us, shall you object?

> He had talked to me much of his love, but not a word before had he said of my sharing his home at Magnolia Grove. so I rather cognettishly answered, "You talk of my living with you as a settled matter, and still you have not asked me if I would "

A shadow for a moment darkened his face, and then with a very quizzical expression he made me a formal offer of nimself and fortune, asking me pointedly if I would accept it, and-and-well, of course I did what my readers knew I would do when I first told them of the dark man at the theater-I said "yes," and promised to return with him to Magnolin Grove as soon as my health would treating me as if I had been twenty permit, which he was positive would be in a very few weeks, for he should be my daily physician, and "love," he said, would work miracles."

Thus, you see, we were engaged-Richard and I.

CHAPTER XXIV. Over the New England hills the hazy light of a most glorious Indian summer was shiping, while the forest trees in their gorgeous array of crimson and gold. lifted their tall heads as proudly as if they heard not in the distance the voice of coming sorrows and the sighing of winter winds. The birds had flown to their Southern home, where I fondly hoped to meet them, for I was to be a bride-Richard's bride-and the day for my bridal had come. We had been everywhere-Richard and I-all over the old Sunny Bank farm, sacred to me for the many hallowed associations which clustered round it, and very, very dear to him because it was my childhood's home. So he told me when we stood for the last time beneath the spreading grape vine, and I pointed out to him the place where years before I had lain in the long green grass and went over the fickleness of one who was naught

to me now save a near friend. Together we had sat in the old brown chool house-he in the big arm chair. but no matter where I sat -- when I told him of the little romping girl with vellow hair, who had there first learned to con the alphabet and to trace on the gayly colored maps the boundary of Georgia, little dreaming that her home would one day be there. Then when I showed him the bench where I had lain when the faintness came over me, he wound his arm closer around me-though wherefore I do not know. Together, too. we had gone over the old farm house, he lingering longest in the room where I was born, and when he thought I didn't see him, gathering a withered leaf from the rose bush which grew beneath the window, and which I told Fine I had

planted when a little girl. For a few days we lingered at my mother's fireside, and then, with the fall of the first snowflake, we left for our Southern home; Richard promising my mother, who was loath to give me up, that when the summer birds came back and the roses were blooming again by the door, he would bring his Rosa to breathe once more the air of her native We stepped at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and it was not until the holidays were passed that we landed at last at Charleston and took the cars for Chester, which we

reached about dark. With a loud cry of joy, Bill, who was waiting for us, welcomed back his masfer, and then ulmost crushing my nugers in his big black hand, said, with a sly stood face to face with Richard Delafield, wink, which he meant should he very ex-who, stretching his arms toward me, pressive, "I know now what mars'r killed dem hosses for!" at the same time making some apology for the really sorrytooking animals he was compelled to drive in the place of the deceased Ferdiand and Frederic. As we drove through he town, I could not help contrasting turned to consciousness, Richard's arms my present feelings with those of the year before, when I thought I was leave ing upon his hosens, while he whispered ing it forever. Then, weary, sick and to me works which I leave to the image wretched, I had looked through blinding ties, as I dere not give them to the tears toward Magnolia Grove, which be-Uncle Dick I eail him- was now my home, while at my side,

my husband. 'You tremble, Rosa," said he, as we drew near the house, and he bade me be calmer, saying the meeting between myself and his sister would soon be over.

But it was not that which I dreaded. It was the presentation to his servants. to whom I bore the formidable relation of mistress, and for whose good opinion cared far more than I did for that of the haughty Mrs. Lansing. Something like this I said to Richard, who assured me that his household would love me because I was his wife, if for no other reason, and thus I found it to be. As we drove into the yard, we were surprised at seeing the house brilliantly lighted, fortunately his thought were diverted steamer "Delphine" we sat and talked while through the open windows forms of many persons were seen moving to and fro.

In a displeased tone of voice Richard said, "It is Angeline's work, and I do not like it, for you need rest, and are too much fatigued to see any one to-night, but I suppose it cannot be avoided. Ho, Bill," he called to the driver, "who is here?"

"Some ob de quality," answered Bill, adding that "Miss Angeline done 'vite

'em to see de bride.' "She might at least have consulted my wishes," said Richard, while my heart sunk within me at being obliged to meet strangers in my jaded condition.

Mrs. Lansing, it seems, had in her mind a new piano for Lina, their present one being rather old-fashioned, and as the surest means of procuring out, she thought to please her brother by noticing his bride. So in her zeal she rather overdid the matter, inviting many of the villagers, some of whom were friendly to me and some were not, though all, I believe, felt curious to see how the "plebeian"—thus Ada termed me—would demean herself as the wife of a Southern planter.

Dusky faces, with white, shining eyes, peered round the corner of the building as the carriage stopped before the door, and more than one whisper reached me. "Dat's she de new miss, dat mars'r's

liftin' so keerfully." Upon the plazza stood Mrs. Lansing. her face wreathed in smiles, while at her side, in flowing white muslin, were Ada and Lina, the former of whom sprung gayly down the steps, and with wellfeigned joy threw herself into the arms of her guardian, who, after kissing her affectionately, presented her to me, paying, "Will Ada be a sister to my wife?"
"Anything for your sake," answered

Ada, with rather more emphasis on your than was quite pleasing to me. Mrs. Lansing came next, and there was something of hauteur in her manner as she advanced, for much as she desired to please her brother, she was not yet fully prepared to meet me as an equal. But Richard knew the avenue to her heart, and as he placed my hand in hers he said, "For the sake of Jessie you will

love my bride, I am sure." This party was followed by many more, and ere I was aware of it, Mrs. Richard Delafield was quite a bellewhat she said, what she did, and what she wore being pronounced au fait by the fashionables of Chester. Upon all this Ada looked fealously, never allowing an opportunity to pass without speak ing slightingly of me, though always careful that Richard should not know of it In his presence she was vastly kind, sitting at my feet, calling me "aunty," and vears her senior.

Toward the middle of August, invitations came for us to attend a large wedding in Charleston. I was exceedingly anxious to go, having heard much of the bride, who was a distant relative of my husband, and though both he and Mrs. Lansing raised every conceivable objection to my leaving home, I adroitly put aside all their arguments, and ere Richard fully realized that he had been coaxed into doing something he had fully determined not to do, we were rattling along in a dusty Charleston omnibus toward one of the largest hotels, where rooms had been engaged for us. The morning after our arrival, I went into the public parlor, and as I seated myself at the piano I saw just across the room, near an open window, a quiet, intelligent looking lady, apparently twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age, and near her, sporting upon the carpet, was a beautiful little girl, with flowing curls and soft, dark eyes, which instantly riveted my attention, they were so like something I had seen before.

At the sound of the music she came to my side, listened attentively, and when I had finished, she laid one white, chubby hand on my lap and the other on the keys, saying, "Please play again; Rosa like to hear you."

"And so your name is Rosa?" I an swered: "Rosa what?"

'Rosa Lee Clayton, and that's my new ma," she replied, pointing toward the lady, whose usually pale cheek was for an instant suffused with a blush such as brides only wear.

I knew now why I had felt interested in the child. It was the father whom saw looking at me through the eyes of brown, and taking the little creature in ny arms, I was about to question her of her sire, when an increasing glow on he lady's cheek and a footstep in the hall told me he was coming.

The next moment he stood before me -Dr. Clayton-his face perfectly unruffled and wearing an expression of content, at least, if not perfect happiness. I was conscious of a faintness stealing over me, but by a strong effort I shook it off, and rising to my feet, I offered him my hand, which he pressed, saying, "This is indeed a surprise, Rosa-I beg your pardon, Mrs. Delafield, I suppose? I nodded in the affirmative, and was bout to say something more, when another footstep approached, and my husand's tall figure darkened the doorway. for an instant they both turned pale, and Dr. Clayton grasped the piano nervously; but the shock soon passed away, and then as friend meets friend after a brief separation, so met these two men. who but the year before had watched together over my pillow, praying the one that I might live, and the other that I might die.

The fervid heat of summer has passed, and the hazy light which betokens the fall of the leaf has come. On the northern hills, they say, the November snows have already fallen, but we are ctill hasking in the soft sunlight of a most glorious autumn; and as I write, the south wind comes in through the open window, whispering to me of the fading flowers, whose perfume it gathered as it floated along. Just opposite me, in a willow chair, with her head buried in a towaring turben of royal purple, site Juno, a middle aged

with his arm round me, was its owner- woman, nodding to the breeze, which ocensionally brushes past her so fast that she lazily opens her eyes, and with her long-heeled foot gives a jog to the rosewood crib wherein lies a little tiny thing which was left here five weeks ago today. Oh, how odd and funny it seemed when Richard first laid on my arm a little bundle of cambric and lace, and whispered in my ear, "Would you like to see

our baby? Jessie was she baptized, Mrs. Lansing's tears falling like rain on the face of the unconscious child, which she folded to her bosom as tenderly as if it had indeed been her own lost Jessle come back to her again. Upon Ada the arrival of the stranger produced a novel effect, overwhelming her with such a load of modesty that she kept out of Richard's way nearly two weeks, and never once came to see me until I was sitting up in my merino morning gown, which she had embroidered for me herself. Ada has a

very nice sense of propriety. There is a rustling in the crib-the baby is waking, and at my request Juno brings her to me, saying as she lays her on my lap, "She's the berry pictur' of t'other Jessie," and as her soft blue eyes unclose and my hand rests on her carly hair, which begins to look golden in the sunlight, I, too, think the same, and with a throbbing heart I pray the Father to save her from the early death which came to our lost darling, "Jessie, the Angel of The Pines."

(The end.)

'FOREIGN" CHEESE MADE HERE.

Almost All the Best Products Are Successfully Imitated.

Simple folk who pride themselves upon their gastronomic taste are sometimes heard to speak scornfully of American cheeses, but perhaps in nine cases out of ten they eat and praise as an excellent example of the foreign product a cheese that never crossed the Atlantic. Camembert and Brie are the only soft cheeses that are imported in considerable quantity, and even they are manufactured in the United States,

It is confessed that the native Camembert and Brie are not so good as the foreign article, but the cheesemakers of New York and New Jersey have come at length to produce admirable Roquefort and good imitations, if they may be so called, of many other famous foreign cheeses. The French cheesemakers, with the conservatism characteristic of rural Europeans, have neglected to adapt their products to the American market.

The Brie cheese from abroad, for example, comes in a large disk, that puts it beyond any but those who consume it in large quantities, whereas the native Brie is made in small cakes. that may be purchased for family use. The sale of Gorgonzola cheese, which is still imported, is much less than it would otherwise be if made in smaller parcels.

Only two or three English cheeses are now imported in large quantities, and the so-called English dairy cheese is a native product. Meanwhile, enormous quantities of American cheeses are exported to Great Britain. Some English heesemakers have taken to putting up their products in jars instead of bladders, in this way making them more easily preserved.

German and Swiss cheeses are imitated here, though less successfully than some others. As to the Italian cheeses, they are made without any pretense of concealment wherever there is a considerable Italian quarter, though the imitations are not liked by the Italians themselves, and cheap Italian cheeses are imported in great quantities. Parmesan is a great favorite with Italians, since it is cheap and in various ways useful. Limburger is imitated here, as is Neufchatel.

According to local tradition, the earliest maker of "foreign" cream cheese in this region, was a Frenchman, whose first customers were a few fashionable restaurateurs. He produced in small quantities almost perfect imitations of French cheeses, and delivered them to his customers himself. The manufacturer of these cheeses has now so extended that many grocers make no effort to keep a stock of foreign cheeses. As yet, however, the conservatism of the commercial world seems to make it nécessary to stick to old names and foreign labels.

"No Kick Coming."

A railroad engineer who has been in the service so many years that his hair has grown iron gray and his visage as stern as a warrior's widle he has driven his iron monster over the parallels of iron, recently experienced his first collision. He came out of it with a badly demolished engine and a sufficiently smashed-up leg for any occasion.

The surgeons took him in charge and by dint of splints, bandages, skill and patience saved his injured limb and got it on the road to recovery.

The other day he walked out for the first time, and as he hobbled along on crutches, the injured member looking very unwieldy indeed, a friend hailed him with: "Hello, Jim! how's that leg of yours getting along?"

The veteran has gray eyes, as clear and penetrating as a youth's, and they twinkled with a tonic effect as he said, laconically:

"Oh, I can't kick."-New York Times.

Stable Yard Gossip. The Cow-Have you heard of this new food they are making out of chopped cornstalks?

The Horse-No; but they needn't try it on me. I won't touch it. The Cow-Oh, it isn't for us. It's for human beings.

Used No Typewriter, Anyhow. "Have you any system in doing your work?" asked the inquisitive friend. "Yes," replied the struggling author stiffly. "I have always used the Spencerian system."

On all South London street rallways the fare is now 1 cent.

OLD **FAVORITES**

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A Lost Chord. Seated one day at the organ, I was weary and Ill at ease, And my fingers wandered idly Over the noisy keys,

do not know what I was playing, Or what I was dreaming then, But I struck one chord of music Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight. Like the close of an angel's psalm, And it lay on my fevered spirit, With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow. Like love overcoming strife: It seemed the harmonious celu-From our discordant life. It linked all perplexed meanings

Into one perfect peace, And trembled away into rilence, As if it were louth to cease, I have sought, but I seek it vainly,

That one lost chord divine,

-Adelaide Anne Proctor.

And entered into mine. It may be that Death's bright angel Will speak in that chord again; It may be that only in heaven I shall hear that grand Amen,

That came from the soul of the organ

Song of the Silent Sand Into the Silent Land! Ah! who shall lead us thither?

Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather And shattered wrecks lie thicker on th strand.

Who leads us with a gentle hand, Thither, O. thither, Into the Silent Land!

Into the Silent Land! To you, ye boundless regions Of all perfection. Tender morning visions Of beauteous souls, the future's pledge

and band: Who in life's battle firm doth stand, Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms Into the Silent Land?

O, Land! O, Land! For all the broken hearted The mildest herald by our fate allotted Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand

To lead us with a gentle hand To the land of the great departed, Into the Silent Land. -Henry W. Longfellow.

BOY SELLS HIS HEAD FOR \$3,000.

Arthur Jennings, a 17-year-old peanut vender of Florence has achieved national publicity because of a deal into which he entered some time ago witha wellknown Eastern medical college for the sale

of his head after death. The lad, through sickness when very young, was affected with an enlargement

of the cranium and has long been an object of study for local A. JENNINGS. physicians, who are

surprised that he has lived as long as he has. Arthur's head has not grown any for the past year, but it is now large enough to cause the boy a great deal of inconvenience and may result in his sudden death almost any day. The head measures thirty-two inches

in circumferences and is said to be the largest cranium on a human being in the world. Local physicians say the enlargement is due to water. The head is so large that the spinal column has been affected, and young Jennings is compelled to use a cane when he walks to keep from losing his balance. His body is far below normal size.

Jennings has already received \$1,000 on the deal. The remaining \$2,000 will be paid to his beirs after his death. Young Jennings laughingly refers to the sale of his head and thinks he has perpetrated a good joke on the college. "I feel all right and do not believe I am going to die very soon," he says.

Beyond Help.

One of the street philanthropists who always has an eye and ear for childish troubles stopped to comfort a stout little boy who was filling the air with lamentations. "What is the matter, you little

dear?" she asked, solicitously. "M-my b-brother's got a vacation and-and I haven't!" roared the afflicted one at last.

"What a shame!" said the comforter. Then you don't go to the same school, of course?"

"I-I don't go to school an-anywhere yet!" came from the little boy with t fresh burst of sorrow.

Thirty Hibles a Minute.

The Bible publications of the Oxford University Press have been issued for 300 years, and can be published in 150 languages and dialects. Every year fully 600 tons of paper are used for this purpose alone. Orders for 100,-000 Bibles are quite common, and the supply of printed sheets is so great

readily filled. On an average from thirty to forty Bibles are furnished every minute. When there are no men in the family, a woman occasi nally gets a turn at being sick without feeling that she

that an order for 500,000 copies can be

is stepping on some other person's privilege. Whenever a boy sees dirt he wants AMERICA'S MANSIONS.

Type of Buildings the Great Wealth

of the Country Has Produced. Readers will recall how many pages of the Architectural Record have been devoted in recent years to the representation of costly city houses and country places erected not only by the Vanderbilt family, but by the Goulds, the Astors, Messrs. Poor, Whitney, Wetmore, Huntington, Benedict, Bourne, Foster and others-a register of the great opportunities that have been provided for the American architect by the astonishing increase of wealth in this country, and an indication also for the world at large of the new and interesting development of American social life, which as ye, has attained to barely more than its beginning. Nothing comparable to it exists elsewhere in the world, writes H. W. Desmond, in Architectural Record. The buildings it has produced (and in the future will demand) are very decidedly differenced from the English country house, their nearest contemporary analogue. They differ even more from the American homes that arose after the war and when prosperity returned to the country. Neither are they at all kindred to those old colonial houses which added the chief charm to our early social life, the remaining examples of which still retain an indestructible atmosphere of delight. The squire of the old days, or, rather, his American counterpart in the Southern planter and the New England trader, has been replaced by the merchant prince. and the homes the latter is now creating, especially along the eastern littoral, may best be likened to those which the merchant princes of Medician days erected in a manner and with a purpose not entirely dissimilar

patible with American life. The Old-Fashioned Woman. Oh, well I remember the home of my

to the manner and purpose of their un-

dreamt-of American successors. These

buildings are the registers, and, let us

hope, enduring chronicles of our very

latest days, of our rapidly accumulat-

ing wealth, of the prodigious rewards

of high finance, and the extraordinary

degree of luxury that has become com-

childhood. The hill that I climbed in the sunlight and dew: The rabbits that hid at its base in the

wildwood. The hunters that often would trouble them, too. But better than these was the ivy-grown

dwelling-Oh, why did I ever away from it roam?

Where lived the dear woman whose story I'm telling, That old-fashioned woman who made

it a home. That love-fashioned woman. That sweet-fashioned woman

That old-fashioned woman who lived in the home. Oh, where has she gone with her aprons

and knitting Her calico gown and her sunbonnet dear?

She never was one that was given to flitting. Her home was her temple, her empire, her sphere.

She cared not for riches, nor travel, nor pleasure; The wealth that she craved was beneath her own dome, Her husband, her children, her friends

were her treasure, That old-fashioned woman who lived in the home. That dear-fashioned woman, That soul-fashioned woman,

That old-fashioned woman that lived in The ivy-grown walls of that homestead are falling.

The brambles have choked out the blossoms—the weeds Grow wild and unsightly—the night hawks are calling When day into darkness and silence

recedes. Oh, never again shall I haste there to gather The flowers that grew in the sweet

scented loam When my heart and my steps were as light as a feather To greet that loved woman who made

it a home. That old-fashioned woman. That home-fashioned woman, That God-fashioned woman that lived in

the home. -Chicago Record-Herald. An Unfortunate Investment.

The story of the man who paid the minister his marriage fee in yearly dividends, according to the value of the matrimonial goods, is matched by one which the Philadelphia Telegraph relates.

A Southern clergyman had married a pair of negroes. After the ceremony the groom asked, "How much yo' change fo' dis?"

"Well," said the minister, "I usually leave that to the groom. Sometimes I am paid five dollars, sometimes ten, sometimes less,"

"Dat's a lot ob money, pahson. Tell you' what Oh'll do. Ah'll gib yo' two dollahs, an' den ef I fin' I ain't got cheated, I'll gib yo' mo' in a monf." A month later the groom returned.

"Ah's yere, lak Ah promised, pah-"Yes," said the minister, expectant

"Ah tol' yo' dat ef it was all right, Ah'd gib yo' mo' money, didn't Ah?"

"You did." "Well, pahson, as dis yere am a sort of spec'lation. Ah reckon yo' owe me about a dollah an' eighty-five

cents, an' Ah come ter git it." At High Altitudes. Balloonists who ascended about 10,-

found a temperature of 27 degrees below zero. At the end of a hard day, when you

000 feet in Europe, the other day,

look over your work, how little you have accomplished!