### REINCARNATION.

iler lustrous eyes, with their southern heat Look indifference into mine, And my pulses race with a fiercer beat 'Neath her maddening smile divine!

An icy chill in her sphinxlike glance Seals forever my hopeless woe. I my future staked on a loser's chance, And her only word was "No!"

In some other world, in an age outgrown-Say a million of years ago-We two must have loved as I now, alone, While I never then told her so! -Clarence Miles Boutelle in Godey's.

### AN AFTERNOON CALL.

My mother's illness had kept us home for months, but she was better and beginning again to take interest in magazines and newspapers. In one of the

latter she discovered this item: next week for Bar Harbor and other gay centers."

the ocean."

for George to bring around the cart and ordered me out of the house.

their sprays in our faces, and an occa- olina. sional breeze wafted us the fragrance of the elder blossoms.

through the tree tops to the creek far | became so sprightly she alarmed me. I below I could see the cattle drinking - told her if she couldn't help growing velvet skinned Alderneys, whose grace- vounger so fast I should have to send ful limbs showed pedigree in every line. home for an older chaperon. Then we Skirting the base of Rose hill we drifted about to other places-Sparkling turned into the avenue and climbed Springs last and longest. We staid at toward the gates, which formed a cres- a private hotel-fine old southern house cent and swung from huge stone pillars in perfect preservation-magnolias and almost hidden by woodbine.

way; otherwise the place was not in- go south be careful. You will think closed by wall or hedge-the great green every man you meet is in love with you hill stretched away in its beauty for |-they are all so devoted. every one to see. A rustic seat was placed hospitably on the boulevard that When I say a man I mean one who takes even a stranger might tarry and enjoy your breath away. There were plenty the view far away over the hill and val- of apologies for men and several women ley to that line of misty blue which worth looking at. There was a young marks the end of vision. On my way to | widow with a pensive air and a reperthe house I espied a hammock under the tory of touching allusions to her dear willow trees down by the spring. Surely husband, which were very fetching. a white dress was fluttering from it. She had more men about her than any Bidding pony stand I ran down the hill, woman in the house; in fact, she could

"My dear Harriet, how did you divine spoke of. that I was longing for you? But I did I am so depressing."

"Oh, but my mother is better, and besides I am always glad to see you."

no match for dumb brutes in affection. peat all her confidences to me! We chatter away all our best qualities, our affection and earnestness, and—that not care to hear her private affairs.' reminds me, you were not at church yesterday. I was. I sat in the pew be- think you might share the burden of tween the two doors, where the breeze woe which she thrusts upon me.' could fan me and the green trees look in at me (there were very few other specta- her or broke some of the tendrils she had

the shadow of the ivy on the outside, and all the other men being occupied with the choir boys sang like birds. The ser- the widow. He was merely trying to mon was so good-all about-oh, I for- keep me from stagnation, I'm sure. It get what it was about, except that he was absurd for her to grow jealous, but said the word translated 'good' means she did, and she a married woman! Visiearnest-to be good is to be earnest. I bly jealous! Perfectly preposterous, eswas afraid before that I never could be pecially when there was nothing between good, but now I am in despair. I never us. Were only amusing each other; realized how frivolous I was until Maud only passing away the time-the days married. She was always serious enough | were so long and delightful." for both of us."

We were sitting in the hammock, which vibrated slowly, encouraged by an occasional touch of her white slippered foot on the turf. Before us the spring trickled from the earth and ran away a tiny thread of silver, just water enough to keep the pebbles glistening and to give drink to the ferns which leaned over it. I congratulated Marian on the luxuriance of the green fronds, at Rose Hill?" knowing that the sisters were fond of them, as they had been gathering them for years on their travels, and each fern had its pleasant reminiscences.

"Now," said Marian, "there is an instance of how serious Maud is. It would when she hangs the California story on about to touch the pony with the whip a fern I know we brought from the Virginia mountains, or when she tells how she dug that one in an old churchyard in Morristown, N. J., near Washington's headquarters, when Aunt Letty herself | Time. I always knew Time was a womidentified it as one she sent us from Illi-

nois, from the banks of the Sangamon. "Didn't Lincoln wade or fish or something in the Sangamon? Yet I believe Maud is happier than I am; at least I am sure there is something lacking in me some man with no claim at all come and carry her off. Whatever she has had I have always had, until now she has a husband and I have none-not that I want one, but she might have waited.

"Since we were little girls we had planned that if ever there was a wedding in the house it should be a double one. was not an Apollo, and if I was exhausted in preparing for the wedding I was afraid to heave a sigh.

"I just fastened a smile on my face are places of martyrdom to him. His St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

idea of recreation is to go fishing with a lot of men and dress like an aborigine. So I told him if he could persuade Miss Brown to be my chaperon she and I would cut a swath. Of course she couldn't leave her sister and the children, but I whirled her off before she had

time to resign herself to stay at home. "When we left we were absolutely lifeless-she with overwork, I with ennui. We went south to the gulf. We were quite too listless to think. If some one would plan out a day, even an hour, for us, we were happy. One of us would say to the other:

"'What are you going to do?" "'I haven't decided. What will you

" 'I haven't made up my mind.' "'I believe I'll walk on the pier and

wait for an idea.' "'Oh, then, so will I.'

"There were men about too. One-"Miss Marian Ross arrived Saturday | perhaps forty years old-took a fancy to from Sparkling Springs, Va. She leaves me. They teased me about him, and I hadn't even ambition to retaliate-just let them tease. At first I had a mild in-"Go over and call," said my mother; tention of transferring him to Miss "perhaps she will give you a whiff of Brown (they would have made a nice match), but it proved too much trouble. Before I could demur she had rung He would do anything for me and nothing for her, and we needed some man to devise amusement and do the talking I chose a short cut to Ross hill, a for us. He tried to make us promise to country road bordered breast high with return some time, although we hadn't blackberry and elder bushes. There spoken of going. He persisted in trying was much up hill and down dale work to make us promise, and we were too and many a loose stone over which to inert to oppose him. So one day when stumble, but the pony was fresh, trees | he was out in a boat we stepped on board shaded the road, wild grapevines waved | a steamboat and went up to North Car-

"Beautiful country! Oh, the flowers on the North Carolina hills! I began to Crossing a bridge and looking down appreciate the scenery, and Miss Brown cape jasmine and pickaninnies. While The gates barred entrance to the drive- I think of it let me warn you if you ever

"There was one man at our hotel. to be received literally with open arms. | command all of them except the one I | grew his disposition. Carlyle's invalid-

"When I arrived he was dancing a not like to add myself to your burdens. good natured attendance on a young matron unhappily married and exceedingly pretty, infantile type, theatrical tend- men; Carlyle called the public "mostly ency to pose. She had wrapped her-"I am so tired of myself that I feel as self about him like a vine and gave him if every one else must be tired of me too. daily bulletins of her troubles. Just I was even grateful to my horse for seem- think of it! How can a woman? And ing glad to welcome me home. We are what did that man do but come and re-

" 'Do not tell me,' I would beg. 'I do

" 'Neither do I,' he would laugh, 'I

"After I came perhaps he neglected fastened upon him. It was only natural "The yellow windows were framed by that he should show me about a little,

> As she spoke she kept nervously twisting a ring which I had never before noticed on her hand.

"When did you get that?" I asked. "Oh, he gave it to me," smiling.

"So you are engaged. Please tell me what he is like?" "You shall see for yourself. He said he

would come on this winter:" "Then there will be another wedding

"What do you mean?" with arching brows and surprised eyes. "I do not expect him-he said so; that was all?"

"You mean that you do not care for him to come?" To this she would make no reply, only break her heart to know that she had looked at me in a mocking way, and I half the associations attached to the rose to go. We climbed the hill arm in wrong ferns, but it only makes me laugh arm, and I jumped into the cart and was

> when she leaned over, placed her hand on the back of the seat and whispered: "All that talk about Father Time is a mistake. They ought to say Mother seek their opposites for wives. It is

an because-time-will-tell." She picked up her skirts with one hand, threw me a kiss with the other and ran into the house. My eyes and thoughts followed her until a tug at the reins apprised me that pony had started now that she is married. After one has for home on his own accord, delicately owned a sister so long it is hard to have intimating that an afternoon call should sorrow. He became a chronic scold. end before evening.-Chicago News.

Intelligible Price Marks. proved that a majority of customers himself. And genius as he was, his but when I reminded her she laughed at of figures unless he is sure he is among the other hand, may be written as one he idea, said waiting for me was hope- the favored ones who get the benefit of who loved his fellow man. Humanity and not know the true merits of this wonder less; that such an indecisive person as I the lower scale. It is said to be the had so large a place in his universe that ful medicine. - Chas. A. Thompsen, Des wouldn't know my fate when I saw him. | practice with the medical fraternity of | there was no room for self. Then I couldn't help saying that if my some towns to grade their charges to Not a pleasant man to live with for a fate expected me to recognize him he patients according to the style of house term of years was Thomas Carlyle. It would certainly have to be handsomer in which they live, and the same idea is doubtful if the sunny temperament of than her Henry. Of course there was a prevails so much as to retail stores that | Emerson could have maintained its sunpect even in my own mind that Henry down to stores because they could get a with such a human bear.—S. Watterson of more than forty years. Can you ask larger discount.

Other ladies are careful never to dress very well when shopping, and this shows how firmly the impression prevails that and kept it there till all was over. a genuine one price store is a novelty. When I took it off after they were gone | The easiest way to get over this im- of that city. "They don't waste anypapa said I looked like a ghost in my pression is to have every article marked thing. The meat, the entrails, everyown house. He offered to take me in plain figures, so that the customer thing is made use of but the squeal. somewhere, but I know pleasure resorts | may see that one price prevails for all .-

# LIFELONG FRIENDS.

THE STRANGE FRIENDSHIP OF EM-ERSON AND CARLYLE.

Their Views Were Almost Diametrically Opposed-Dissimilar in Temperament and Tastes-Disliked Each Other as Thinkers, but Loved as Men.

minds.

But perhaps one of the strangest literary friendships was the lifelong inti-

Emerson glowed like a sunburst.

Carlyle seemed to despair of the fuare of the race and believe that the crazy old world was rattling on the down grade to destruction. Emerson was one of the most persistent optimists in all history. The past looked great to him, the present looked grand and the future looked grander. Carlyle's style was jerky, explosive and smashed together like a railroad wreck. Emerson's tyle was compact, smooth and epigrammatic. Carlyle wrote long histories like "Frederick the Great" and the "French Revolution," which read like a long drawn out series of spasms, as if their author's pen was afflicted with the St. Vitus dance. Emerson wrote short, compact essays, in which every thought was packed in the smallest possible compass.

Both Emerson and Carlyle were semiinvalids all their lives. But Emerson's invalidism only served to draw out the latent sunshine of his nature. The more he was chastened by disease the sweeter ism made him rage like a caged tiger. All his life long he thundered lurid deson wished to be known as a lover of fools."

Carlyle ever spoke of with respect.

lengthy work and probably his masterpiece, was first brought out, in book form, in America by Emerson. The first words of warm appreciation that the book received came from this side of the Atlantic. In England it was received with gibes and sneers and cortempt. It was, and still remains, one of the strangest books that was ever written, but it is full charged with Carlyle's volcanic and dynamic genius. Emerson was one of the first to appreciate this

They both hated each other as think-

ers, but loved each other as men. This friendship ought to demonstrate that the strongest attachments grow up sometimes between men of entirely divergent tendencies of thought. Men seek their opposites for friends as they easy for one man to like and respect another man without agreeing with him. It is possible, however, that if Emerson and Carlyle had been thrown into closer intimacy they would not have continued their friendship so long. | forehead. Carlyle was not an easy man to live with, as his own wife discovered to her He found fault with his food. He scolded if a draft of air blew too rudely upon his cheek. He was mad if a dog barked. Very few stores now adhere to the old a cat mewed or a hen cackled. He hated plan of eipher marking. Experience has all his neighbors inversely as he loved prefer goods to be marked in plain fig- style seems to indicate that he loved ures, no one liking the idea of two sets himself very intensely. Emerson, on

Ford in Yankee Blade.

One Thing That Goes to Waste. "One secret of the Chicago packers' great fortunes is simple," said a resident They can't catch that, so it is wasted." -Cincinnati Times-Star.

The friendship of Goethe and Schiller. of Beaumont and Fletcher, of Irving and Paulding, of Socrates and Plato. have often been noticed as among the friendships of literary or philosophical

macy between Emerson and Carlyle. This intimacy was not fostered by personal contact, for Emerson and Carlyle met each other only upon two or three occasions. All their lives a wide ocean of space divided them, and a wide ocean of tastes and temperament. It would be hard to find two men who were more totally unlike. Carlyle was fierce, tumultuous, the most terrific scold in all history. Emerson was mild and benignant as an afternoon in September. Carlyle frowned like a thunder cloud, and

The views of these two men were almost diametrically opposed. Carlyle, especially in his later days, seemed to believe in an absolute monarchy. He admired the czar of Russia. His great historical heroes were men who had ruled men with a hand of iron. Emerson was a firm champion of republican institu-

Yet these two men, so dissimilar in their tastes and temperaments, maintained a lifelong friendship, and in fact Emerson and Edward Irving were about the only men of this generation that

"Sartor Resartus," Carlyle's first genius and help to find it a public.

All of Carlyle's successive books as they appeared found a warm admirer in Emerson, though he must have violently disagreed with many of their senti-

A perpetual ,correspondence was kept up between the two men. In this correspondence Emerson was at his best, and Carlyle never was more characteristic than in his letters to Emerson. He must have, in his inmost heart, despised the theories and thoughts expressed in Emerson's books, for his whole life was a battle against these theories and thoughts. But in spite of this radical difference of ideas there was something about the man he liked. Emerson must have abominated many of the expressed opinions of Carlyle, and yet he was powerfully impressed by Carlyle's person-

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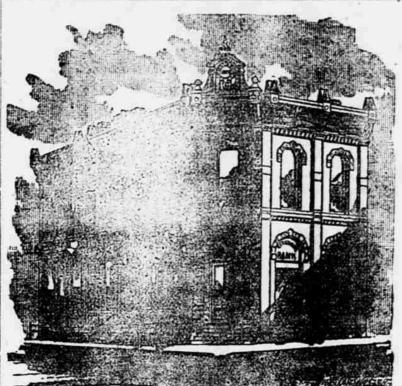
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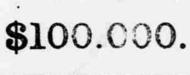
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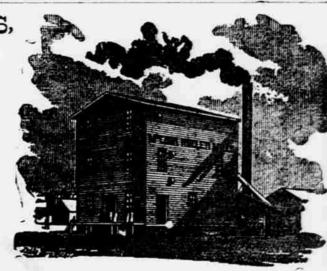
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