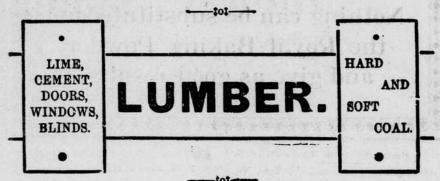


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BABY'S ASLEEP.

Snug in her hammock here, Under green trees, Swinging so languidly, Lulled by the breeze;

Boftly with silken cords Baby is tied; One little dimpled foot Straying outside!

Beauty lines lavishly Fashion her face; Rosy blooms blushingly Touch it with grace.

Down through the orchard boughs Comes the soft air. Tenderly kisses her. Plays with her hair.

Perched on an apple bough. Bending above, Swings a sweet oriole, Singing of love.

Hushed are the kaudids, Hid in the grass, Listening as Brownie folks

Sing as they pass. Here comes a honey bee

From his retreat, Drowsily humming home, Heavy with sweet.

Softly some drowsy god Closes her eyes. Fair as forgetmenots Under blue skies!

Walking in Wonderland, Baby's asleep, Dreaming of Brownie folks

Or of Bo-Peepl -R. Way Smith in Cleveland Leader.

A TYPEWRITER GIRL.

There was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in the St. Clair household.

Caroline, the youngest daughter, had decided to carve her own fortunes, as those of the family were getting in a most entangled condition, and "unbeknownst" to her worthy relatives had sought and secured a position as typewriter in one of big, wicked Chicago's well known business houses.

"It's a disgrace to the family!" Broth-er Bob declared, and he donned his overcoat and repaired to the clubhouse around the corner. Mamma wept loud-ly; papa fumed faintly. "John Vandergast!" moaned mamma.

'He will never look at you again! A daughter of mine a typewriter!"

Caroline's short upper lip curled slightly more than already curled by nature, although an apprehensive look did come into her great hazel eyes.

"If you think, my dearest mother, that I am going to starve here in this remote quarter of the woods, even in the most genteel style, just for a lock from Mr. Vandergast, you are vastly mistaken."

"There are other employments for a woman-such a public position! And typewriters are alw: : .)-so talked about!"

"In the newspa. "Led Caroline. "But no one will down task about me!" she finished, with stern pravery.

Before it was time for Caroline to leave for the distant city her father had altogether ceased his fuming and was considering the advantages of his daughter's assistance. Of late years the struggle had been a hard one for him. His wife had always been a society woman and extravagant; indulged sons and fashionable daughters, whose marriages had each cost him a small fortune, had so reduced the estate made in his prime that now, in his old age, bankruptcy con

Saturday evening I give to preparations for the Sabbath." Then she turned to her Remington, and

the old gentleman groaned in an aside. Caroline was flushed and wrathful. "The old sinner!" she was fuming to herself as she took his dictation in shorthand. "As though he thought I could not understand!"

Caroline was past 20 and considered capable of taking care of herself, yet she felt as injured and insulted as though the white haired man had ogled her as he did the youngest and most flippant girl in the house.

But Caroline did not wish to lose her position, for it was an unusually paying one, and it began to be an effort to her to repel the insinuation of the senior partner without offending him. She soon detested him most heartily.

One morning the junior partner came in very much flurried. "Vandergast is in town," he said. And

despite herself Caroline reddened and then grew pale.

"Hey? You don't say! Well, that's

ducedly inconvenient just now." "He will be looking into accounts, and we are not prepared for that at present," said the youth significantly. "No," mused the other, and then they

held a lengthy consultation, during which Caroline was on the qui vive to catch every word. But they spoke guardedly, for all that

her outward appearance was one of such indifference. Evidently it was of enough importance to not trust her fully.

"Yes," said the senior at last, "that will be the best plan. We will secure the bonds at the bank to put a good face on things, and then he will not be likely to look deeper until after the crisis. It would ruin us for him to withdraw his shares now."

All this was Greek to Caroline until she remembered several communications she had taken which were in regard to speculations, and then it was clear to her. The junior partner went at once to the bank, and the old gentleman seemed somewhat worried.

Caroline gave no sign, but she made a resolution, and when 3 o'clock, her hour for quitting work, came she said calmly: "I believe I must sever my connection with this office today. I wish to return home.

"But you must, sir!" said Caroline,

Whether it was her John or some other Vandergast, she had determined to warn him and then go home for a vacation until she secured another position. And when she looked on the hotel register she knew it was her John.

"Why, Caroline," he said, when he came in, his face lighting up. "This is a most unexpected honor. I was hurrying business matters so as to get home tomorrow to see you."

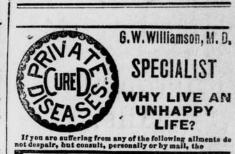


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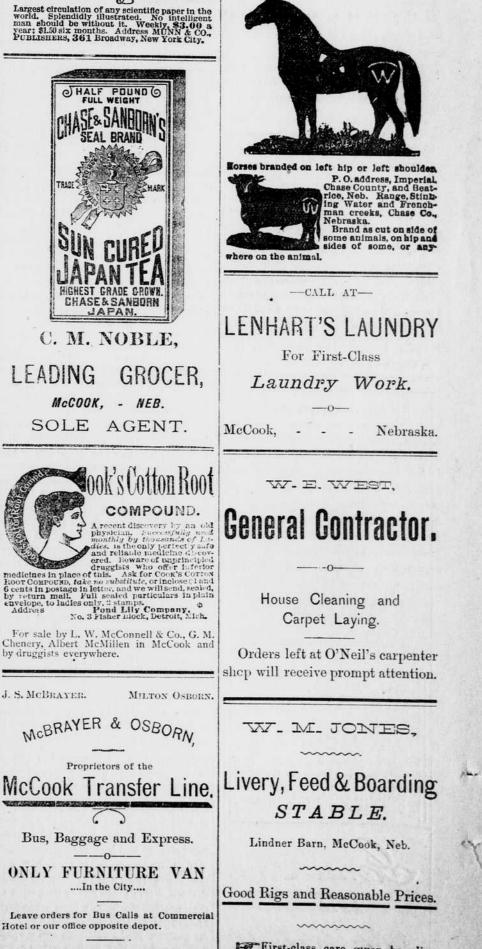
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"Ah-ahem! Do I understand you mean to quit us at once?" "Yes. I wish to return home tomor row morning," she returned imperturbably "This is rather sudden. Indeed I do not see how I can let you go at once."

with decision. So he made out her check and bade

her a suave goodby, and a few minutes later found her in the hotel waiting for John Vandergast.

He shook her hand warmly and looked closely into her face to see if he might venture any further greeting.

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	The above articles will be distributed, by counties, among parties who chew SPEAR HEAD Plug Tobacco, and return to us the TIN TAGS taken therefrom. We will distribute 226 of these prizes in this county as follows: To THE PARTY sending us the greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS from this county we will give
	KNIFE
- 2	To the ONE HUNDRED PARTIES sending us the next greatest

Total Number of Prizes for this County, 226.

CAUTION.—No Tags will be received before January 1st, 1894, nor after February 1st, 1894. Each package containing tags must be marked plainly with Name of Sender, Town, County, State, and Number of Tags in each package. All charges on packages must be prepa

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list of the people obtaining these prizes in this county will be published in this mmediately after February 1st, 1894.

DON'T SEND ANY TAGS BEFORE JANUARY I. 1894.

stantly stared him in the face. "I regret, daughter," he said as the

train whistled and they were out on the station platform, "that you are going so far from home. But I know how you would feel to begin labor here, and I fully appreciate your efforts in assisting me. The burden is growing heavier with every year," and he sighed.

"Somebody has to do something," returned the daughter sententiously. "And I know you are fully capable of

taking care of yourself. God bless you, my girl." And the careworn father was prouder

of his typewriter girl than of his wealthiest and most beautiful daughter. But once on the car and steaming Chi-

cagoward Caroline was not quite so brave, and despite her tall, dignified self one or two tears rolled down her aristocratic nose and defied the superior little

curl of her short upper lip. What if John Vandergast—they had been such friends before he left for Europe, and although Caroline · had not given her promise, for she was not sure of herself, she had consented to speak with him again upon the subject when he would return.

Now she was sure of herself-bat John?

"It is one more test!" she said sternly to herself as she brushed away the impertinent tears, "and a good one too. I am so glad I defied mamma and took the business course at college."

In the excitement of her new life Caro line forgot her little thoughts that might have been called sentiment. She passed the ordeal of critical examination by the other typewriters in the office with supreme indifference and so impressed her employers with her dignity that they were half afraid of her.

As a typewriter she was invaluablerapid, correct, distinct, her every sheet perfection itself, but there was no social intercourse nor pleasant conversation. "That girl," declared the junior partner, "actually scares me. She's too pret-

ty to be such a prude." 'Ye-es," drawled the senior, and that afternoon the venerable gentleman asked

her how she spent her evenings. "Sir!" inquired Caroline. "You-excuse me, but you are young

and not homely, and you will pardon an old man if he takes an interest in your welfare in this great city."

"Ah, yes!" Caroline drew a long, ex-pressive breath, and a close observer would have said that her nostrils dilated something like those of a high strung horse. "Sunday evening I attended services at St. James; Monday evening I devoted to literature, Emerson, Carlyle and Renan being my favorite authors; Tuesday evening I attended the musi-cales, and Wednesday evening I attend prayers: Thursday evening I again devote to reading: Friday evening I generally attend the opera or concert, and back to me as yet .- Somerville Journal. class house-moving outfit.

lover's liberty with Caroline.

"You have made my stay a long one and a tedious one to me by denying me the privilege of writing to you," he said in reproach.

"Yes, I know, John," she rejoined hastily, for she was afraid her blushes might encourage an embrace, "but you know I am a typewriter now, or was an hour ago." And she looked at him defiantly. He laughed.

"I understood in one of my letters from home that you had accepted some position here in the city, but I could not learn where or what it was. I am sure you are the same if not more to me for that. Typewriters are a fine set of girls." An unmistakable satisfaction came into Caroline's face.

"I am-so glad you do not think less of me than you did," she said, under her breath. Then she recollected her errand. She told him what she knew, and he listened with a grave face.

"I am glad you told me. It is providential you were employed there. So they are speculating, and from what you tell me my thousands would have been higher than the moon by day after tomorrow. I will withdraw them for you, my queen, this very day."

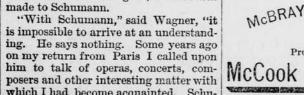
Then as there was not a minute to lose Caroline bade him goodby and hurried to her boarding house. The next morning she was homeward bound, John Vandergast's promised bride.

Several months later there was a quiet wedding in the St. Clair homestead, and the typewriter daughter was the highest honored the worldly mother had.-Belle V. Logan in Chicago News.

Two Great Composers.

Dr. Hauslick once asked Schumann how he got on with Wagner. "Not at all," replied Schumann; "for

me Wagner is impossible. Doubtless he is a very clever man, but he talks too fast-one cannot get a word in." Some time after, in an interview which Hauslick had with Wagner, allusion was



J. S. MCBRAYER.

which I had become acquainted. Schumann looked at me stolidly, or rather he looked into space, without saying a word. Faith, I took leave of him almost immediately. He is an impossible man."-London Tit-Bits.

Better Than the Average.

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