too, with the reverent throng had bent, in dear remoughtance or which dains, and laured, and gariand bright many a griss-grown mount, and the voices of comrades tell.

You were kind to the dead," be said, at las In a pleading, injured tone, lut what of the living soldier brave, Who in daily fight alone unt atrive for duty, nor-dream of fame— are he no token of hone claim?"

She turned with a smile, half tears, and plac Her rose on his bosom. "There.— My one last flower! It was meant for you, But, I was not sure—would—care. We give, unsought, to the noble dead, But the noble flying must ask, "site said. —Madeline S. Bridges

### MARION AND MILLICENT.

"Of course I can't advise you," said Marion Lang, rejecting responsibility.
"N-o," assented Millicent Dormer.
"You ought to know whether you 

I don't know. Thirty-three or five,

I suppose."

"Yes. Well, he's nobody yet, you know, and if a man is not somebody before forty the chances are—"Yes, yes, I know! oh, I know. You are quite right. He won't do at all. Young lawyers always have a miserable struggle getting on. I don't know just how much he makes a year, but I suppose it's dismally little. Gertrude Pycke married one of his chums last winter. But see what she came to. Her father helped her, too. But they lived in an awfully small way. No, I see clearly that it is not to be thought of."

And, having reached this conclusion. Millicent looked questioningly at Marion. The latter was a year or two older, handsome, collected, impressive, large and fair. She laughed out: "My dear Millicent. I believe you really care for this Gerald Kane. You

want me now to tell you that you had

better accept him; for I suppose he has already proposed." she added.

Millicent made no reply to this.

"Well," continued Marion. "I cannot tell you that. I don't think you would do well to marry him. Oh, I dare say he's delightful, these instinction constructions." he's delightful—these ineligible creature are always fascinating. That makes it all the harder to have an eye to the future. But unless one is very silly one tries not to let one's self be carried away. If you marry Geraid Kane you will proqably live in a mite of a house. You will probably have a servant who won't wear a cap—that class of servants objects to caps, you know. You will have to give up the continent in summer and 'take board' somewhere quite near the city, where 'Mr. Kane' can go in and out to his business conveniently every day. You

Oh, Marion! Don't!" Marion laughed again, showing all her magnificent teeth. "Am I telling you any thing but the truth? Is not that what you will have

Millicent, her hands in her lap, sat the picture of dejection in her blue and white bondoir. Involuntarily she cast a glance around it and Marion followed ndubitably it was the right setting for and violet-eyed and fastidious, and not accustomed to rough encounters with the world. Marion came closer to her friend and with a fine movement of her handsome arms, her slender. autiful hands drew the younger girl's fair face down to her shoulder. Such emonstrations were rare with Marion

"I am sorry, dear, if you really care for him," she murmured. And Millicent cried a little and then pushed her friend away.

Marion had her on her mind the rest

of the day.
"I hope she does not care very much for him," she thought. "It is hard, I suppose." From personal experience she did not know whether it was hard or not. She consoled herself at last by remembering, though there seemed a certain disloyalty in the act, that, perhaps, after all. Millicent, sweet as he was and gentle, and lovely, was not capable or caring as deeply as some others. "Now, if I really loved a man very much—but no, I hope I should have sense enough to do just what Millicent is doing."

That was in the last days of the

spring. Before another fortnight had elapsed Millicent had sailed for the continent still free, and so far as Marion could see, looking bright and happy enough, and Marion herself had left town with an invalid auot for a quiet summer on the Devonshire coast. "It is fearfully and wonderfully

stupid," she wrote in her first letter to Millicent, "and I shall read Browning and Herbert Spencer for four months without intermission." This letter she drove to the village office herself to post. It was a hot day, and when Marion discovered that there was no one in sight to take her letter or to hold her horse while she dismounted from her cart, she was filled with an unreasonable irritation. Her pug barked and she administered to him a sharp rebuke with her fan, while the norse fidgeted restlessly.

At that moment a dark man in light

tweed, looking very cold, passed and observed the predicament of the young woman, by this time flushed and angry of glance, and suppressed a smile.
"May I take your letter?" he said

civilly.

Marion's blue eyes met his in a straight look from under the rim of her broad white hat. The man was an admirer of beauty. He thought he had never seen a handsomer creature.

"Thank you." And the cart rattled

down the road, raising a little cloud of white dust which mounted slowly in the still, hot air. The following day Marion, calling on a friend in the cottage next to her aunt's, discovered sitting on the piazza

her deliverer of the morning before. "It was very considerate of you to come to my rescue, Mr. Crane." she Kane," amended their hostess, smil-

ing. Ah, I always blunder over names when new people are introduced to me." So his name was Kane? Marion looked at the man before her more at tentively. Thirty-three or five. Yes, that might be his age. She had decided that she would ask as soon as he had gone whether his other name was Gerald when the question answered itwhether his other name was

"I properly should have had the pleasure of meeting you before, and without coming as far as a village post-office in Devonshire. Miss Lang, I have heard Miss Dormer speak of you very often. You were away from town all

last winter, were you not?"

'Yes," said Marion. He had spoken of Millicent very quietly and naturally. "He has either more command over his emotions than most men. thought Marion, "or he did not care as much for dear little Millicent as he ought to have done."

fore the week was out they were friends.

"And I don't make friends very born at Haddam, Conn., who also lived easily either." said Marion. "But.you" to be 86, and never had any doubt of

"Are you apologising for having admitted me so soon to the privileges of companionship?" said Geraid Kane, with his quiet smile.

Marion flushed a little. She was not

sure that she always liked his smile. It was masterful in its own calm, unobtrusive way. And Marion being some-

what masterful herself, resented its tacit assumption of power.

'Oh, dear no, I should never think of apologising. Did Millicent use herself to apologise to you for things?" she asked cruelly.

Kane looked at her.

'I don't know what you mean."

Marion bit her lin. She wondered

Marion bit her lip. She wondered as the days went on how he had bap-pened to care especially for Millicent. Of course Millicent was the dearest littie creature, but —. And then Marion deliberately turned her thoughts

on other things.
"Where is Miss Dormer now?" Kane asked her one day. 'You hear from

her, I suppose?"
"In France. Yes, I hear from her. Shall I send her a message from you?"
"Thanks, yes. I wish you would present my remembrances to her. She present my rememorances to ner. Sae is one of the most charming girls—of the type—I think I ever met," he added, placidly.

A moment later, looking round, he caught an expression in Marion's face that made him exclaim:

"I wish you would explain to

once for all in what way you connect me in your mind with Miss Dormer?" He looked masterful enough now Mariou met his challenging glance, then said with an impulse she could not her

self have accounted for:
"I was admiring, simply, the way is
which you bear your defeat." She was abashed after she had said it. Kane was slient a moment, then throwing his arm over the back of his

chair:

"My defeat? Did you suppose that
I—proposed to Miss Dormer, perhaps?"

"I—" began Marion, confused.
"I see," he said quietly. "I never
did. I admired her; I saw a great
deal of her. Some friends of mine—
and of hers—probably thought that I
—but no. Much as I admired Miss
Dormer I did not admired her, in that

Dormer I did not admire her in that way. It is strange that lookers-on can make this distinction. It is plain enough, though, to the interested par-

Poor Millicent! It has not been plain enough to her, thought Mariou, "No," he continued, "and I should not have proposed to Miss Dormer even had I had the inclination. I should never have expected such a girl, brought up as she has been, to marry a poo man, such as I am, Marion was silent in her turn a me

ment and she looked away. voice, "but it is unjust to them to criti- and Advertiser, sise their course to harshly-"

Kane laughed. "It is kind of you to defend those girls, but you know very well that you She turned her eyes full upon them. You are mistaken. I think as they

"You, yourself, would not marry a poor man with his career, his way, to bildren gone, and the claim was in the "No." Her heart was beating fast. reason has failed.

Kane rose and stood looking down at "I don't believe you." he said. "You may!" she cried.

He did not seem to hear. "No. he processes of her thought. It was do not believe you. You are a woman, a dainty place. It was full of flowers, books (which Millicent rarely opened). How you libe! yourself! You don't bric-a-brac, soft rugs pictures. It was sheltered and perfumed bower, and you have within you." "Mr. Kane-

Again he seemed unaware of the interruption. He seemed to be pursuing, ry rapidly, some train of thought.
"After all, why should not I speak?" he said. "You are not an ordinary port, girl. You can understand. You are an exception in all things. Why should I walt what the humdrum ideal of what is proper would consider the right length of time before telling you I am desperately, enduringly in love with you? I ask you to be my wife. You are the only woman whom I ever

have asked." Marion was standing now as well. He looked into her white face. "Then you have your answer! I have

already given it to you."

"And I refuse to give that answer a second thought. I repeat that you do not know yourself. If you loved a man you would marry him if he offered you a crust and a cup of cold water.' "And who tells you I love you?" She tried to laugh him to scorn, but it was a dismal failure.

Kane's brows contracted as with spasm of pain. The motion barely

will. Don't fight against it. We were made for each other. You will see. I can wait. I have been very premature. Do not turn me away, that is all I ask. I shall never refer to this again until you give me permission. Only give me a chance! And now let us

talk of other things."
This was still early in the summer The leaves were beginning to fall and Marion's invalid aunt was talking of returning to town, when Marion came to her one day with a great secret, a great piece of news. Marion. usually so self-possessed, told it with flaming cheeks, with halting voice.

"So-that is the reason why that roung lawyer kept coming on here from London all through the season?"

an evening. In the course of the conversation Mr. Arnold took up a volume London all through the season?" "Yes, aunt."

"And you take your best friend's cast-off admirers? "He never cared for Millicent in that way, aunt! It was all a mistake, and first heard of him, Hartley Coleridge Millicent does not care for him now, for I have just had a letter from her

happy 'And you-" Marion laughed. "Oh, I shall be poor, but very happy

also, I trust!" Miss Dormer was married at a fashionable church in November, Miss Lang, very quietly, a month later. "And are you to live in a little house Marion?" asked Miss Dormer the, day before her own wedding.

"Probably, dearest!" "And shall you spend your summers

"In some quiet suburb where 'Mr. Kane can conveniently come up and down.' Yes, yes!" laughed Marion. Then with a sudden rush of tears in her eyes, she threw her arms about her

"Oh, Millicent, I hope you will be as happy as I am!"

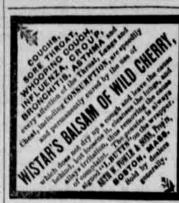
A Venerable Jurist. David Dudley Field, now in his 86th year, seems as capable of hard work and severe intellectual effort as he did He has been practising at the at 50. New York bar, of which he has been one of the most conspicuous members nearly half a century, for sixty-two years. His labors in the cause of law reform have been constant and untiring, and his voluminous work, en-titled "Outlines of a National Code," the object of which is to substitute arbitration for war between nations, has aroused attention, and gained high praise abroad as well as at home. He has traveled widely, met distinguished men of all countries, and is regarded in his profession as a prodigy in legal lore. He is named after his father, a New



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"Men are very severe in their judg-ment of girls situated as Millicent is, who hesitate to marry in the way you suggest," she said, finally, in a low ary signs of old age.—N. F. Commer-

An Incident of Frontier Life,

A man named Melhir, near Scattle, was injured and lost his reason. A man came along and jumped his claim, and Melhir disappeared. His wife went to look for him, and when she rearned her cabin was destroyed, her possession of strangers, and now her

A POEM'S HISTORY. The Origin of Bryant's Musterplece and How It Was Received,

At the age of 21 years William Cullen Bryant was licensed to practice law in the courts of Massachusetts. It was not the calling for which he was fitted; his nature was too shy and sen-sitive for the life of conflict by which lawyers win fame and fortune; but law seemed to him the readlest means of earning his bread, while literature, to which he would gladly have devoted himself, offered him the scantiest sup-

While he and his father and the other members of the family were discossing where he should nail up the sign of "William C. Bryant. Attorney at Law," he walked over the hills to Plainfield, a small village four or five miles distant from Cummington, where his father resided. The motive of the journey was to see what inducements the village offered for the practice of

He felt "very forlors and desolate," for the world seemed dark and his future uncertain. The sun had set in a sea of chrysolite and opal, and he stopped to contemplate the brilliant sky. Suddenly he saw a waterfowl winging its way along the horizon, and Transacts a general Real Estate Business watched it until it was lost in the dis-

The contemplation gave him such a stimulus that he went on with new strength and courage, and when he reached the house where he was to stay for the night, he sat down and wrote the lines "To a Water-fowl," the con cluding verse of which expressed the hope imparted to him by the flight of the lone wander:

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight.
In the lone way that I must trend alone,
Will lead my steps aright."
Mr. Bigulow's "Life of Bryant," to

which we are indebted for the story of the poem's origin, also tells an anecdote illustrative of the admiration it excited in England.

Once when the late Matthew Arnold was in the country he was visiting at a home where Mr. Parke Godwin, Mr. Bryant's son-in-law, happened to spend of Mr. Bryant's poems from the table, and, turning to Mr. Godwin, said:

"This is the American poet," and after a pause he continued: we were both lads then-came into my father's house one afternoon consider and she is engaged. They met this ably excited, and exclaimed, "Matt. do summer. He is rich—and she is very you want to hear the best short poem you want to hear the best short poem in the English language?"
"Faith, Hartley, I do,' was the re-

'He then read a poem To a Waterfowl' in his best manner, and he was a good render. As soon as he had done he asked. 'What do you think of that?' "I am not sure but you are right, Hartley. Is that your father, was my

reply. "No, he rejoined, father has written nothing like that.' Some days after he might be heard muttering to himself:

"The desert illimitable air Lone wandering, but not lost," Yet this poem which many persons deem the best the poet ever wrote, slept for three years in the author's portfolio neither read, seen, nor even heard of by any other living soul .- Fouth's Con

Antiquity of False Teeth

A Rome doctor has discovered in many of the skulls of different Etruscan tombs, as well as those deposited in the various museums, interesting speci mens of ancient dentistry work artificial teeth. The false teeth were in most cases carved from those of some large animal, and in many in stances were fastened to the natural ones by gold bands. The skulls examined date as far back as six centuries before Christ, which proves that dentistry is not a modern art.

A New York tailor makes a living by making over pantaloous that have been turned inside out.



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