Thyme; One's freer spirit off receives offense; Beyond brick walls and dreary chimne

The sweat of industry exhales in grime; Beyond the purious of discuss and crims And baunts where honest lives grow hard and

Beyond all these in what tranquillity, Gind as the sides that over them do rest, The fields appeal their new mown fragrancy To winds retreshed on some clear strain's

Or laden with wood spents and minstrelsy Of the ministense of the bough and meet!
-William Scrutners in Home Journal

A LOVE STORY.

The house in which this little story came to pass was one of the smallest and numblest in the whole village, The linien tree in the yard was tall enough to hingle roof, moss grown with age. Un- and John's face were a cloud. der the caves and in the ingles good fairies had taken up their quarters, and stable and granary, field and meadow, were blessed with prosperity and growth.

It had always been that way since Hubert and Kathrine came there to live They brought with them but little more for a dowry than courage and health and strong, willing, working hands, for the little farm was not their own. They and leased it for a term of years. From season to season they prospered, and naterial bliss came with overflowing hands when a little dark haired girl was added to the flaxen headed young-The girl hadn't come in the usual way, like the boy, whose arrival the stork had beraided from the housetop, ent suddenly and unexpectedly. In the adjoining parish a distant relative of Kathrine's had died, and fearing no reinsal had left her dark eyed baby girl to Hubert and his wife. They were asonished, to be sure, when one morning the mail carrier lifted out of his small country wagon a bundle wrapped in a ed checked pillow, with a letter from the dead woman acquainting them with the tiny stranger's mission. Mistress Kathrine was not long at a loss what to do, and she soon persuaded her hushand, who shook his head a little doubtfully at first. Their own boy, John, was almost 5 years old. No, the undertaking was not such a momentous one after all, and the old pine cradle that had been stowed away in the garret was brought down into the bedroom of Hubert and bis wife.

Thus was little Liz's entrance made. She grew out of the cradle and into short clothes, and soon her little, quick feet pattered over Mother Kathrine's clean kitchen floor and over garden and field. Her long, dark braids flew in the wind, and her bright, brown eyes stole their way into every one's heart. John ept good company with the little sister. In summer they hunted for berries together in the woods, and when the winer came they coasted down the hillside a little sled the boy had himself built. They climbed the trees and picked the apples from the branches that plates on the wall. would not give them up to Hubert's vigorous shaking. When other youngsters troubled the child or made her cry, John came to the rescue and proved an able bis chair close to the girl's and laid his champion.

The years sped on, and the prosperity and good fortune of the farm grew on apace. The homespun linen in the cupboard was piled up high, and the penules in the trunk were first turned into silver and then into gold. When the rase ran out, the farm became Hubert's property. He bought adjoining acres and planted them with grain, and the ows and calves in his stables augmented peyond his hope.

'The strange child has brought us luck," Mother Kathrine was wont to say, until she forgot altogether that Liz was not her own flesh and blood.

'John must have the advantage of a etter education than I had," declared Inbert, when the lad was 18 years old. I'll send him to a good commercial college, and I'll keep him there as long is he can find anything to learn."

So John was sent away a good many undred miles from bome. The farmer's boy should see the world. He shouldn't choose his vocation ignorant of its ways, and if he found anything that gratified his tastes better than the simple farm life, Hubert was willing to make the sacrifice and set him up in business

After three years John came back, ready to settle down and live and work on the farm like his father. He found biz as much changed as she found him. Before her stood a broad shouldered nun. Self consciousness was in the serihas face, and the sprouting mustache saited it well. The half grown girl he membered had blossomed into a beauviul maiden.

Soon after John's return Hubert and athrine wondered why their boy and rl, who had been the best of friends I their lives, no longer got along well ogether. There were little bickerings and differences all the time. When Liz t as gay, John was mad, and when he trased her she resented it. When, as for a quiet, confidential chat with her, he snubbed him and gave him crusty answers, and when he ordered her about. as men like to do with their women tolk, she flew into a rage. Out of their insignificant quarrels came serious difficulties. Mother Kathrine, who in all the years of her married life had been accustomed to even, quiet ways, was distressed over the breaking up of her peaceful household. She mediated, admonished, pleaded. It was all in vain. Father Hubert lost his patience and threatened to box his sou's ears and drive him from home if he could not get along with the girl. One morning, after another turbulent scene the night before, Liz came with tearful eyes and pale cheeks to her foster mother.

"Mother," she began, "I have been thinking that father should not have cause to send John away on my account. Let me go out to service myself."

At first Mother Kathrine objected. Then she sat down and studied over her daughter's proposition. Perhaps the child was right. It might do her good

while at any rate.
It did not take Liz long to carry out her plan. The pretty, well behaved girl found service in a small summer resort in the neighborhood. The male guests admiration. took a bit more-freedom with the pretty lassic than she hard, and the cook proposed to her about once a week. She refused him peremptorily every time, but at last, tired of his p.rsistence, she decided to go home on Sunday to consult store," with Mother Kathrine about changing her place. How much homesickness had part in this resolution Liz would not own to herself.

Meanwhile John had been unbampered. It was quiet once more about the place since Liz was gone, but they were not any merrier. The two old people spread its protecting arms over the low missed the girl every hour in the day,

"I think it's time for the boy to marry," said Hubert one day to his would be a great good fortune for our John."

"And we, father?"

"We would have Liz at home again." The richest girl in the village was a miller's daughter, and John grew thoughtful when the subject of his marriage with her was broached to him by his parents. After a little contemplation he came to the conclusion that the miller's daughter was really a good looking lass, who had always shown fondness for him. In future he would not lose an opportunity to play the agreeable to her.

When Sunday came—the old folks had gone off on a visit-John donned his best clothes, and with the silver mounted pipe in his mouth strolled through the village toward the mill. When he came to the milldam, he paused. Here it was where he had pulled Liz out of the water. What a dear little thing she was then! He crossed the brook and glanced into the garden where the miller's daughter sauntered up and down between her flower beds. It seemed strange and foolish to him all at once that he should go in there and propose to her, and the mill and the quaint little house and big forest behind lost all attractiveness for John. He turned and started for home much faster than he had come away.

On the bench under the linden tree sat a girl in holiday dress. In her hand the held a rose. She arose and came toward him, holding out her hand.

"Good afternoon, John," she said. "Liz!" he cried and in a moment held her in his arms and kissed her soundly. She pushed him aside a bit, and the hot color mounted from her throat to the roots of her dark hair, but she said nothing and went into the house with him.

Within it Was shadowy and cool. The blossoms of the linden tree sent their fragrance through the open window and slanting son rays danced merrily over Mother Kathrine's shining tin

The bullfinches sang in the trees and the water splashed gayly as it fell from the spout into the trough. John pushed arm around her shoulder.

"Liz, we've been such good friends always; but we are not brother and sister after all."

"No, that we are not," answered Liz softly.

"And that's why I think you had better be my wife. Will you, Liz?" Liz said not a word. With downcas eyes she plucked the rose to pieces that still was in her hand, nodded her head and smiled, as she had been wont to smile. The bullfinch finished his song, the linden tree spent its fragrance, and nations those who were addicted to canthe sun shone on as if nothing had happened, while the lovers sat in the dusk vigorous. He sought to prove this by and waited for the home coming of their parents. -St. Louis Republic.

Lady Beaconsfield.

We do not know enough of that strange and attractive personality, the wife of Lord Beaconsfield, and any contributions to our knowledge of her are very welcome. "Though the good fortune a writer in Cornhill Magazine, "was mine only once I have a strong remem- In some races, however, the flesh of brance of her. It was in the year she men, though less palatable than that of died, but she had theu, at 80 years old, very evident remains of the vivacity which Disraeli marked when he first pass into the eater. - San Francisco Exmet her in 1832. Seen at a distance, in aminer. a dimly lighted room, what first struck me about the small, dark, quick eyed figure was the strangeness of its attire -homage, it might have been, to her Dizzy's early tastes. What I suppose should be called the bouice of her gown was a sort of dark originson or bright claret colored velvet tunic (but like nothing else that I have ever seen), go ing high in the nees, and with went a took for an order of some know the terrer upon the left breest. This unusual nec oration was possing till, on being taker. up to her, I saw that it was a framed oval miniature of her busband, probably was often the case at first, he sat down 'by Ross.' This was her decoration, pinned on the breast in exactly the right

Pennies Not Popular. R is estimated that many hundred pennies are collected by the car conductors in the course of a day, and as they cannot turn them in at the end of unison: their day's work they often have trouble in disposing of them. In speaking of this a cable car conductor said to a reporter: "Women are almost sure to give us pennies, and they often search their pocketbooks for these coins. We usually give a number of pennies back in change when a bill is given us, and we see that women get their fair share. The reason why the company will not receive pennies is because it would take too long to count them all."—New York Mail and

She Deserves a Monognent.

A little group of advanced women, girls with strong ideas of the rights of women, believers in their free competition with men and repudiators of the idea that women should be treated with to eat the bread of strangers, for a little more deference than men, were talking when one of them began:

"Oh, girls, what do you suppose? I bought two men a drink." "You did?" exclaimed the chorus in

"Not in a saloon, I-hope?" anxiously inquired one who was not as advanced

"No; of course not. It was in a drug

"Oh, do tell us all about it!" "You see, I was walking along the street with two men, when one of them suggested that we go in a drug store and get a drink. I made up my mind that I would not go in a drug store and let any man boy me soda water. I determined that I should insist upon my rights as a woman and buy the drinks. So I said I would go if they would let

me pay for it."
"You brave girl!" wife. "The richest girl in the village is casting sheep's eyes at him. If he wants The very idea! But I told them my her, I am sure he can get her, and that principles, and finally they agreed, although the mean things laughed. Then we went in. You don't know how afraid I was that they would pay for the drinks anyhow. But I was too quick. When the clerk laid down the check, I just grabbed it, and I wouldn't give it up, and when we went out I reached the cashier first and laid down just the right amount. The cashier seemed surprised. I don't see why. But I actually bought sods water for two men. What do you think of that?"

"You were a hero!" declared the girl who was the first to recover her breath. "Some day your sex will erect a monument in your honor. "-Chicago Times-

His Awful Brenk.

The fair girl from Boston gazed upon Harold Bentley's face, and a new feeling took possession of her. He was one of Cleveland's most aristocratic young men and as handsome as a Greek god. After they had been introduced they

strolled away from the crowd, and he told her about his sisters and his mother, who were in Europe, and Beatrice Montgomery suddenly realized that toe flame of love was beginning to flicker in her

She talked vivaciously of her days at Wellesley and of her explorations in the rich mines of Sanskrit and of her investigations of the Mahatmas and the occult flapdoodles of the far east.

Then he told her about his horses and his rubber tired traps, and they gazed into each other's eyes and sighed a lot of long drawn sighs and were beginping to feel that they had passed through the pearly gates and were strolling through streets that were paved with gold.

At last Beatrice Montgomery said: "You have told me about your mother and your sisters being in Europe, but you have said nothing about your father. Is he with them?"

"No," the handsome young man replied after a painful pause; "he is not with them. My mother is a widow woman."

When the doctors had finally succeeded in bringing the fair Boston girl out of her swoon, she waved her hands at Harold Bentley and wildly cried: "Take that man away!"-Cleveland

Leader.

Digestible Women

An extraordinary discussion on the subject of cannabalism took place at the recent meeting of the Ethnographical society in Paris. A curious tribute was paid to the superior qualities of woman, but one which she will hardly appreci-

A member of the society read a paper in which Le declared that among savage nibalism were the most healthy and descriptions of several races.

This argument was directed partly against vegetarianism, for savages who abstain from eating one another usually have a meager supply of animal food.

The scientist further made the shocking statement that the flesh of women was much more nutritious and digestible than that of men. Many savage meeting Lady Beaconsfield," says tribes recognized this fact and ate only women when the supply was sufficient. women, was preferred because the virtues of the deceased were supposed to

They Were Ready.

One of the district school trustees was a crank on the subject of fire, and when he called around with the examining board he always confined his remarks to a question addressed to the pupils as to what they would do in case the building should catch fire.

The teacher was acquainted with his hobby, so she prompted her scholars as to the answer they should give when he arose to propound his accustomed in-When the board called, however, this

particular trustee, perhaps from a desire to emulate his associates in their addresses, rose and said: "You boys and girls have paid such

nice attention to Mr. Jones' remarks, I wonder what you would do if I were to make you a little speech?"

Quick as thought 100 voices piped in

"Form a line and march down stairs. '-Detroit Free Press.

Heard From.

Bacon-Do you remember you prophesied that young Blowman would be heard from when he got a little older? Egbert-Yee, I believe I do remember saying something like that.

"Well, your words have come true He's moved next door to me and has taken up the cornet. "-Yonkers StatesCURED AT 73 YEARS.

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SAMUEL O. STONE Grass Lake, Mich., Dec. 28, 1894.

I have been troubled with heart disease 15 years or more. Most of the time I was so bad it was not safe for me to go out alone, as dizzy spells would cause falling. I had severe palpitation, shortness of breath and sudden pains that rendered me helpless. All physicians did for me was to advise keeping quiet. In August last I commenced taking

Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, and before I had fin'-hed the first bottle I found the medicin vas a God-send. I have now used four bot in all and am feeling entirely well I a '73 years of age and have held a grudge agar ust patent medicines all my life, but I wi' sot allow this to prevent giving my testin ay to the great cure your valuable remed nas wrought in me. I do this to show r appreciation of Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee' at the first bottle will benefit All drugr a sell it at \$1, 6 bottles for \$5, or it will be end, prepaid, on receipt of price by the great Cure Restores. D.. Miles' Heart Cure Restores

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for coming year do not forget to place the Farm Journal of Philadelphia on same. The paper gives practical infor-mation in regard to rural affiairs.

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Mr. R. B. Greeve, merchant, of Chilhowie, Va., certifies that he had consumption, was given up to die, sought all medical treatment that money could procure, tried all cough remedies he could hear of, but got no relief; spent many nights titting up in a chall; was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery, and was cured by use of two bottles. For pas three years has been attending to business, and says Dr King's New Discovery is the grandest remedy ever mide, as it has done so much for him and also for others in his community. Dr. King's New Discovery is guaranteed for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. It don't fail. Trial bottle free at Charman & Co's Drug Store.

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