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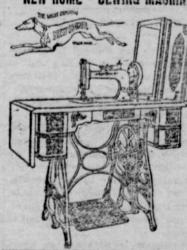
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A SIGH AND A SONG. Love's a gigh and love's a song. Love's a cigh and love's a sone.

Love's a gloon and glory;

Shall we linger with him long—

Hear the old sweet story?

Heights to climb and deeds to do;

Shall we dream the springtime through?

Welleday! Love leads to May; Though the winter's round us, Somehow, in his artful way, With a wreath he's crowned us. Heights to climb and deeds to do, Shall we dream a litetime through? Yes, if love in gloom and gleam Come in sweetest seeming; If he but direct the dream, Sweet will be the dreaming!
Shall we only dream and go?
Yes, if love will have it so.
—Atlanta Constitution.

It Kept John Hobbs From Marry-

It was just 3:30 by the dusty clock that did duty in the editor's office of The Daily Telegram, when John Hobbs, manager and general factotum for that enterprising paper, from which derived a snug little income, suddenly remembered the day of the week. It was Thursday and on the following evening the most select concert of the season would take place, where the social set of Wrensville would be in

Now for nearly a year John had been a frequent and more or less regular caller on Miss Mabelle Whitney, the very pretty daughter of a very rich

merchant. He had intended to invite her all along, but this delay in his invitation might mean a disappointment. He would soon know and why not embody in his note a declaration of his affections, and so put to the test whether she returned his love or not. This seemed a happy thought, so he began:

My Dear Friend-May I hope for the pleasure of your answer will not be "No" to the more mo-mentous question, and a refusal of my invitation I shall consider as a refusal of yours, with deepest regard, John Elliott Homes. For a man of so brilliant a mind this was really a very lame proposal, but John signed his name with a conscious-

ness of having said just enough and not too much, feeling quite sure in the depths of his honest devotion to her that her answer would be what he hoped. With this load off his mind he turned to the perusal of his afternoon mall, with which his desk was littered. Another story from the pen of Miss Davenport. Well, this one he had better reject, for she was really getting beyond her depth, or so it seemed to him. To be sure, she sketched her characters with an artist's skill and be amused, and her heroines never seemed happy, and, what was more, never married the heroes, nor any one else, for that matter. He did not want to personally say "no" to this girl, in whom unconsciously he had become so interested and whom he recognized as a clever writer, sure to win

taking up the stub pen which had certainly seen better days, he dailed of in, yours very truly, John Elliott Hobes. notes in their respective envelopes and addressing the same he rang for the

to accept more of her work, and so

Friday morning dawned dull and rainy, with little prospect of clearing weather, and as John sat in his office animal, and, feeding entirely on rice, it his courage and spirits were at ebb tide. It was all owing to the weather, he thought, and not a premonition of fallure. Anyway he had stopped at the florist's and ordered a box of gorgeous They taste something like young squir-

received by this time. Just then the postman opened the door. Not a line from her in this mail, cels and frogs, for example." only some advertisements, a bill or two, three cards of invitation, a check, thanks for that, and last of all, a small envelope in the well known handwriting of Miss Davenport. A reply to his dismissal of the day before, he presumed, and, fearing to open the

My Dear Mr. Hobbs-The contents of yo My Dear Mr. Hobbs—The contents of your setter, although a very great surprise to me, have
made me very happy. It is hardly necessary for
me to add that I "accept" your invitation and
shall expect you this evening. With regards from
my mother and seif, I am, most sincerely,
Mildness B. Davenport.

What did it mean. What invitation did she accept and why should his leta half in height. Also a good woodshed ter make her very happy? Quite the on premises. For further particulars reverse, he had supposed. It sounded like some mystery of romance from her versatile pen, but it was no jesting matter he reflected, remembering the concert and his anxiety of mind concerning his answer from Miss Whitney. Just then, in his reflection, the door was flung open and a messenger bey sang out: "Mr. Hobbs! Very important. No answer." And depositing a package handed John his book for signature. John recognized the handwriting of the address and hastily tore it open. A large bunch of violets met his astonished gaze and a letter, which read as fellows:

by some mistake was sent to me. As to my style, I consider it presumptuous on your part to pass any comment on what cannot possibly be of in-

Poor John read it with sinking hear Poor John read it with sinking heart, many nests there are crops too utterly miserable to express the grass, and that it is not degree surprise it merited. Another riddle to other regetation by the case.

read, he thought. Was the whole world turning topsy turvy and with it his powers of comprehension? First, a letter of acceptance for au invitation which he had not given, and now this withering refusal and the return of his poor, despised violets. Well, goodby to his dreams of love and future bliss and the castles he had built in his vain ambition. The disappointment he would bear so bravely no one would suspect its existence. But how explain to Miss Davenport her mistake, and, picking up her letter, he carefully reread it. Her quotation of the word "accept" was a bit strange. Its bilindness suggested his own use of the word. What if he had made a mistake in the letters and inclosed them in the wrong envelopes? In that case he could understand all but his own asinine stupidity. Was ever man in such a box before, engaged by letter to a girl ne did not love and refused by the woman he did love and in a way that left no chance for explanation that he could see. Perhaps later he might find a way to enlighten Mabelle as to matters, but how to explain to Miss Davenport without cruelly wounding her pride and making matters worse? Of course he must call tonight and take her to the concert, trusting for some chance to straighten out this tangle. John Hobbs never forgot that evening, and how he avoided actually committing himself by asking that question he presumed he was expected to ask, but in spite of his uncomfortable position and unenviable frame of mind found himself enjoying the music, and could not but notice his companion's attractive face and charm of manner, and that her well bred com-

posure was enhanced by a quiet modesty and seriousness of manner to which he had been blind before. Somehow John found himself saying he would call on Sunday evening. which he did, and really enjoyed the companionship of these two refined women. This call was repeated several times during the following month, and still John had not asked the question, but on the contrary had begun to wonder why he had not before noticed the many attractive qualifies
Miss Davenport possessed. As no
word of explanation had passed between him and Mabelle Whitney, it

was useless to anticipate any hope in this direction. As for Mildred Davenport he had grown to admire the many beautiful qualities of her womanly sweetness. As a daughter she was devoted and thoughtful, and then the thought grew in his mind, would she not make an ideal wife to the man who should be fortunate enough to win her? Had he really any chance, he asked himself, a dozen times a day, and one night soon after he quietly told Mildred the whole story, saying, "And now that my mistake has been the means of my flud-ing out what real love is and should be, will you, knowing all the story of think you overestimate its value. was decidedly original in plot and action, but the public, his public, must ing to a better, truer affection, accept a devotion which I will prove by my whole life is yours and yours only?" and Mildred's acceptance was given and not implied.-Boston Post.

'The current impression that Chinamen eat rats-I mean ordinary American rats-is all nonsense." said Dr. he had already made up lds mind not nese missionary, chatting about his ex-James J. Mason, a well known Chtperiences in the Flowery Kingdom.

"The truth in regard to it is this: There is a small animal in China known colloquially as the tsui-chow. that is often bred especially for food. It infests the ricefields, and is about the size of an ordinary rat, but has a longer body and a head shaped some-"I flatter mys If that is neatly done," thing like that of a ferret. It is a very thought John, so hastily placing the prolific creature and is sold in enermous numbers in all the markets of the great cities-neatly cleaned and skewered apart and strung in bunches of

20 or 30 on bamboo reeds. "The tsul-chow is strictly an edible naturally has very delicate and savory flesh. I have eaten them, and if I had been able to get the rat idea out of my mind would have relished the dish. violets sent his love, and they must be rels, and alive or dead are certainly much less repulsive than many things we commonly esteem as delicacies-

> Mountain of Salphur. The Soufriere, or sulphurous moun-

tain, is considered to be the greatest natural curiosity of St. Lucia, and, in fact, of the West Indias. It is situated about half an hour's ride from the town of Soufriere, to which it has given its name, and nearly two miles to the east of the Pitons, and is at the foot of two small hills, both of which are quite bare of yegetation on the sides facing the crater. It covers a space of about three acres, and is crusted over with sulphur and alum. There are several caldrons in a perpetual state of ebullition. The water is quite black in the larger ones, but in the smaller ones it is quite clear. Visitors never fail to boll some eggs in one of the smaller caldrons, obtaining them from one of the creole guides, who keeps a supply on hand for that pur-

Do Ants Plantf

Ants are very industrious seed collectors, and may be seen tolling along their paths laden with seeds, which are stored up in granaries in the nest. In the clear space round the nest there is frequently a patch or patches of a peculiar kind of grass that produc seeds that are much sought after by Sir-Allow me to return your property, which the ants. It has been said that the ants make the clearing, and sow the seed of this grass on purpose to reap the crop, but evidence is yet wanting to show that the grass is intelligently sown and not accidentally. The facremains, however, that on or aron

UNCLE ELI SHOCKED. fie Gets an Unpleasant Insight Inte Modern Patriotism [Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.] "Jim," says I as I goes into our town cooper shop the other day to git a new bung fur a bar'l, "I'm thinkin some of runnin fur the office of supervisor."

"So'm 1," says Jim. "But how kin you?" "Same as you."

"But think of your duty, Jim. It's the duty of a freeborn elector to do the lierin and the votin and let somebody else hold office."

"Then you may holler and vote fur "Look a-here, Jim," says I as I gits over my surprise at his promptness, "has it occurred to you that the fate

of this nashun is tremblin in the bal-"It has," says he. "Do you want ruin and desolashu

to overtake this fair land?" "Not by a jugful."
"And do you want the Magna Charta of liberty used as a dish towel and the constitution of the United States chawed up by calves?"

"Then you must take your place at the polls, shoulder to shoulder with other patriots, and help b'ist me intooffice. It's the only thing that'll save the kentry fur which our forefathers fought, bled and died."

"I know a better way," says he as he shaves at the bung. "You do the shoulderin and h'istin, and I'll fill the It does beat all how patriotism and the principles of our grandfathers are

bein lost sight of in this day and age.



"On the contrary. I'm inclined to

Mrs. Newrich-That Mrs. Hyart is a stuck up thing. I know just as much about music as she does. She needn't Mrs. Browne-Why, what has she

Mrs. Newrich-Oh, she tried to trip me up today; asked me if I'd ever-heard somebody's "Songs Without Words."-I'hfladelphia Press.

And Glass Costs Money. "Why do you leave your window open at night? . Aren't you afraid of burglars?"

"Yes; that's the reason. If I kept the windows shut, they'd probably break the glass."-Philadelphia Press. A Justified Pup.

"My mother-in-law has gone to the

"You look pleased." 'Yes; she'll have to admit she has found something that she can't walk over."--Indianapolis Journal. Needed in Their Business.

"President Hadley of Yale talked to the senior class about "The Mighty Power of Patience." That would have sounded better if ddressed to the medical class.-Cleve land Plain Dealer. There Are Others.

Dear, delightful little dude, if a man shoe

You are not the only monkey in the As you strut along the street, looking

Tis a selfish world, dear boy; every measure

our joy
Is poliuted with a dash of cutting pain
There are clouds in every sky; sadness
every eye;
Into every life must fall some chilling
Bear your trials fike a man, struggle on