Methinks the flowers are bushed in sleep, nor The mystic symbols which upon the moss The white moon easts through yonder swaying

Where I in solitary search must cross.

at is the same old fairy forest still; But where are all the heroes dressed in gold? and where the symphs who beckoned me until I thought them real—ere yet the world was old?

Lost dreams of youth and faith are ne er

For I myself am he whose hands did wrest substance from the visions I adored.

Felix N. Gerson in Philadelphia Ledger.

ONE SUBSCRIBER.

Phœbe Mumford came down to breakfast one morning in very low spirits. There seemed no doubt that the mortgage would be foreclosed at last. Her father's mind failed more and more. Everything was forlorn and wretched. She had been gazing at a rose colored picture of the past to which distance lent enchantment. She saw her buxom, comfortable, loving mother; her young aunts, who petted ber; a kind though grave father; a lover, Billy Barton, who adored her, and went away to sea and who had not been heard of since. There was a little misunderstanding that she was too proud to explain. Now how gray and dull was life! The dear mother gone, and though doubtless she watched over her daughter, human eyes cannot see those loving angels. The aunts married: one in California, one in Colorado, one in Canada, with families of their own. The father changed, since the terrible illness that followed his wife's sudden death, to a Erembling, querulous shadow, who requited all her love and tenderness by sinding fault with her for her having been born a girl.

"If I had a son," he used to say, "things wouldn't go to rack and ruin while I'm poorly. It's the only fault I ever found with your good mother, that she had a girl instead of a boy."

"Poor father! he used to be so different." Phobe would say to herself; "and it is a shame that I am not a young man." But still, when a woman finds herself unappreciated, her heart must ache.

A son never would have made the feeble old man so comfortable, waited on him so patiently, spared him so much. The "bound girl," little Hannah Jane, from the poor house, was bright and Tractable, but there was still much to do: all woman's work, though; nothing that could keep the heavy mortgage from foreclosing, or the man who farmed what land there was left "on shares" from cheating them unmercifully; nothing that brought money in.

Phæbe felt that, and it pained her more than the thought that her thirtieth birthday was close at hand, though no woman ever lived who did not shrink from that thought with a shiver of horror.

Wiping the tears away, Miss Phœbe beft the table and took up the newspaper -a big New York paper full of politics, which she read to her father every day and which was almost his only pleasure. She glanced down the column of deaths and marriages, and saw there no name that she knew. She read an account of the appearance of the sea serpent at the shore near a certain hotel, and of a frightful murder that made her blood wun cold. She read the wise words of the weather prophet, who predicted a vising barometer, and glanced over the advertisements "Spinkins' electric colhar button, warranted to cure everything," offered testimonials from kings and warriors, and tempted her to go down and buy one for pa-or would, had she had the money to throw away on a eruel imposture.

DOBBS CO., on receipt of ten cents and a stamped and directed envelope, will send to any lady or gentleman directions how to make a forne at their own homes

She was not much impressed by this magnificent offer. But here was some-

WANTED in our office, a lady of education and deal Salary \$50 per week. Apply at once in on. Church member preferred. COZZEN & CO.,

"Dear me!" cried Phoebe to herself, "afty dollars a week! I think I am refined. I certainly have had a good education. I read everything I can get to read. I am a church member. If I could get the place, I could go to busimess regularly like a man, give pa most of the fifty dollars a week, save The place, perhaps, and certainly buy she electric collar button."

Visions of her father restored to health and vigorous old age; of the mortgage paid off; of herself kneeling at her father's feet while his hands rested on her head and said: "My daughter, I no longer regret that God never gave me a son, since he sent me you," rushed through her mind. She slipped from the big horse hair covered arm chair, and, kneeling before it, hid her face in its great dimpled back, and with her handkerchief to her eyes, prayed to be helped. And when she arose it seemed to her that a strong, unseen hand led her; that there could be nothing to fear

or dread; nothing before her but success. She gave her father his breakfast with many smiles, and faily laughed when he said: "Now, if you were a boy you could just go along with me to the polls and wote for Puffingham. I want that man so be elected; he's got the right views about property. But you're a girl, poor

whing-a girl. Little he knew what was in her mind. She read the political articles through and had just time to eatch the train, giving Hannah Jane directions for the clinner.

"If I get the place, old Mrs. Williams must come and live here," she said to erself, as she walked. "I'd feel perfectly safe then, and she'd be glad to have the spare room and her board."

A fresh color was on her cheek, and a bright sparkle in her eye as she stepped into the car. She wore her very best things-precious and well saved-but

she must look her best. And she did; for hope is as great a beautifier as fresh bonnet strings, and when reaching No. street she climbed the long and rather dirty stairs until she reached the office of Cozzen & Co., with a hopeful

The door of the room stood open. The opposite roofs were visible through the unshaded windows. Some girls stood at a table folding pamphlets; others sat at another directing envelopes. Behind a barricade of walnut desk and iron railing sat a portly gentleman, bland, and wearing a good deal of white hair, from which a pair of round, black eyes, and a very round nose, blackened at the nostrils with snuff, peered out and gave him the appearance of one of those poodles which belies of years ago were fond of carrying about with them.

Another lady, with downcast eyes, was gliding from the room; and another woman, with rather a coarse manner. tossed her head in indignation as she pushed past the first.

"Poor things! they have applied for the place and have not got it," said

Pheebe: but she could not feel sorry. The portly gentleman arose behind his railings as she looked toward him, and bowed.

"Walk in," he said. Phæbe also bowed politely.

'Your advertisement"- she faltered. "Yes, yes," said the gentleman, "I understand. We have had throngs of ladies here. H'm! Sit down."

"I do not know what your position is, sir," said Phoebe, feeling very bravealmost like the son her father had always wished for, she thought; "but I can do my best. I have an education. I am a church member. I read a great deal. I think I can talk a little on a subject I understand. And amongst so many books"-she glanced at the shelves -"I certainly should find the employment congenial; only I must go out of gar. town every night."

"That would be very easy," said the gentleman. "You could arrange your hours to suit yourself. You are exactly the person we want. I see in your face that expression I look for in vain in so many faces-intelligence." The gentleman gave a little leap on his chair and spread his hands abroad. "Vivacity!" He repeated the action. "And with a fine personal appearance. You are the very woman we need. I speak in a purely business way. We must think of these things. You suit us."

Could it be? Could it be? Phoebe trembled with joy. Fifty dollars a week -her dreams realized—her father happy! Meanwhile the gentleman arose from his

"This," said he, taking a thick volume from a shelf, "is the volume." Phæbe looked at it with a happy smile

and waited for more. "Have you ever taken subscriptions?"

asked the gentleman. "No," said Phœbe; "but I"-"Ah, yes, you will be very successful,

I am sure," said the gentleman. "We give you a list of streets, numbers, names of residents. You call with the book; ask to see Mrs. So and So, or Mr. So and So: send up your name: your card is preferable. You rise when the person enters; say 'How do you do, Mrs. So and So? I feel that you would be interested in this work and called to show it to You then talk in such a manner that the person subscribes for the book. On receiving the money we give you the percentage. You see?"

"Yes," said poor Phœbe, who, under the revulsion of feeling, was on the verge of a fainting fit. "Yes. It is like the man with 'Dosem's Family Medicine,' and the other books, who comes to our house sometimes. But you give fifty dollars per week?"

"Fifty, dear madam!" cried the man, laughing and rubbing his hands gayly. "At ten cents on each book you can easily get a hundred subscribers a daysix hundred a week; sixty dollars for the six days' work. With your mesmeric power-I see it in your eyes-you will make more."

Poor Phœbe began to feel better. It would be terrible work; not at all what she supposed; but-anything, anything for father and the homestead!

"This is a specimen copy," said the gentleman. "You buy this little book for your names. It has a pencil attached; twenty-five cents. And you leave one dollar deposit for the book.

"Is that necessary?" sighed Phœbe. "Well, we exact it of all," said the amiable Mr. Cozzen. "What would you have? We can't make exceptions; we should offend others."

Phoebe paid the dollar and a quarter, took the book and walked away, glancing at the outline of her "beat," which was far up town.

The book was a collection of receipts, advice to youth, selections from Bryant's poems and fun from old jest books. It had also many patent medicine adver-tisements bound between its covers, and four or five portraits of "beauties" with their heads on one side and a simpering smile upon their faces.

Poor Phoebe! she hoped against hope as the street car took her up town, and still cherished much more of that comforting emotion than could have been expected, when her feet touched the red hot flagstones of Fifty-seventh street, and the tall residences stared down at her with half their doors closed with those wooden barriers that say to all who look, "Family gone to Europe." But yet there were steps that might be climbed, and Miss Mumford climbed

them patiently. She saw a sweet, old lady, who beamed

on her and said: "We've such a large library now, we can't really add to it. There's not room in the house for another book."

She saw a sarcastic lady, who said: "Greatly obliged for the attention. It is a wonderful book-wonderful, but I couldn't understand it. I have to read lighter things. My brain, you know, won't bear too much."

She saw a decided lady, who said: "No, no, indeed! oh, no!" and opened the door.

She saw a contemptuous young lady, who simply shook her head, and rang for a footman to "show this person out." ger.

mustache and an eye glass, who was gallant and offensive. Then she received many "not at homes" from angry servants, who knew her errand well, and felt that they had been troubled to open the door unnecessarily. After many long, hot, wasted hours she found that her next number was a drug store, and entered it, thankful for its cool shadow. She was hot, thirsty, wretched. She longed for a glass of the ice cold soda water, but had only a little change, which must serve for fares, in her pocket.

peated her little story-her talk about the book. The druggist smiled as he glanced at the volume. "I vould not half such drash in mine

She stood before the counter and re-

house," he said. "You vaste your dime mit a book like dis." "It seems worthless to me," said poor Phœbe, sighing.

"You get dook in, like some oder beoples, mit dem rascals," said the German. You look dired, madame, and not vell. Go home and rest-I atvise you as a doc-

her, threw down the price of a tooth brush he had bought, and seizing his purchase, followed Phœbe out of the

tried to read it, but the letters danced before her eyes. Her head was so hot. so heavy, she must go back to Mr. Cozzen's, get her dollar, give in her subscription, tell him that she had failed. She would feel better after she had rested, she thought-better. How kind

toiled over the earth every day with the same results.

"Very foolish to give it up so," he declared. "The first day never counts. I have ladies on my list making a hundred Send for free book explaining the Histodollars a week who got no subscribers on the first day, and— Oh, your dollar? Yes, yes! And here is your percentage—ten cents. But you ought not to despair when you have secured the name of Capt. Barton on your list. Well, gooddollars a week who got no subscribers on

She was gone, threading the streets that led to the ferry. The boat first; then the train. Was that the train coming? What a roar! How black it was! She staggered, but she did not fall to complaints "Brown's Bronchial Troches" the ground. Some one caught her in manifest remarkable curative properties.

Out of darkness, out of rest, out of strange communion with her mother in | march of the Ame | strange communion with her mother in | ier than the pen. another world, Phoebe floated back to life again. A woman sat beside her and "She's all right now," said a voice of

the family doctor order. "Only faintness; not sunstroke." Then peace again: and waking, much

"My poor father!" she sighed. "He must be so terrified! Some one has been

so kind: but let me get to my father at "All in good time," said the motherly

woman at her side.

"Your father won't be anxious. Phoebe," said a man, and her only subscriber stepped where she could see him. "I found your name and address in your little note book. I went and told him you'd be home to-morrow. You don't remember me, Phœbe?"

Phæbe smoothed her dress and sat up on the chintz couch and looked at the speaker.

"You subscribed for my book," she said.

"But before that," said the man. "Before I had a beard and went away to sea with no hopes of being captain. Don't you know Billy Barton, Phœbe!"

"Oh!" cried Phœbe. "Is it you?" "I thought I knew you," said Capt. Barton. "I followed you, wondering if I dared speak; and you looked so ill. So was there when you fainted." He took her hand and held it and lifted

it to his lips before he put it down. "The same sweet girl," he said, softly. Good night. Peggy will take good care

of you. Every one who falls sick at this hotel knows Peggy." By next morning Phœbe was well

again, but Capt. Barton insisted on seeing her home. "What did pa say?" she asked. "Are

you sure he was not worried?" "He said," replied the captain, with a smile, "that girls are never to be depended on, and that if he had had a son he never would have cut up such

Phœbe felt the tears rise to her eyes. "The old gentleman is very much broken," said Capt. Barton. "He does want a son as well as daughter; don't you think so Phoebe?"

When he said that, he looked like the Billy Barton of the long gone times. A few months afterward he asked the same question, adding:

"Won't I do?" And so it came to pass that Phoebe, instead of ending her life as a solitary spinster, married a man who loved her truly. The mortgage was paid off the old place, and the farm was no longer managed on shares. And the old gentleman, what with freedom from care and luxurious living, grew stronger and brighter in every way; much fonder of his daughter, too, as in the olden time. So that one day when Phœbe Barton came down to breakfast and sat waiting for those other two, and thinking of the day with which this story begins, she laughed softly to herself and

declared: "And I'm really the happiest woman in the world today, I believe, after all." -Mary Kyle Dallas in New York Led-

Then she saw a grandpapa with a dyed | THE WESTERN SETTLER'S CHOSEN SPECIFIC.

With every advance of emigration into the far West a new demand is created for Hostetter's stomach Bitters. Newly peopled regions are frequently less salubrious than older settled localities on account of the miasma which rises from recently cleared land, particularly along the banks of rivers that are subject to freshets. The agricultural or mining emigrant soon learns, when he does not already know, that the Bitters afterd the only sure protection against malaris and those disorders of the stomach, liver and towers, to which climatic changes, exposure and unaccustomed or unhealthy water or diet subject nim. Consequently he places an estimate upon this great household specific and preventive commensurate with its intrinsic merits, and is careful to keep on hand a restorative and promoter of health so implicitly to be relied upon in time of need.

The Maiden's Sollloquy. She How can I ever accepthim? He is rich and smiable and I like him, but his hair is red, and red is so horribly

ALL REFORMERS

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Have at some time been called bigots, faor."

A customer, who had been looking at three descriptions of the greatness of his deeds.

A customer and rest—I atvise you as a doctor."

A customer, who had been looking at three descriptions of the greatness of his deeds.

SNOHOMISH, Wash., Aug. 19, 1891.

Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, Seattle, Wash.—Dear loctor: Will have to write you that I am DOCTOR: Will have to write you that I am surprised to find myself so greatly improved "Let me see your book, madame," he said. "Very nice; I'll subscribe. Give me your book, I'll write my name and residence."

He did so. Phæbe thanked him, and late to try your medicines, but with death saring me in the face I determined to do not have in so little time, and am pleased to say that I could not give your medicines too great in so little time, and am pleased to say that I could not give your medicines too great in so little time, and am pleased to say that I could not give your medicines too great in so little time, and am pleased to say that I could not give your medicines too great in so little time, and am pleased to say that I could not give your medicines too great in so little time, and am pleased to say that I could not give your medicines too great in so little time, and am pleased to say that I could not give your medicines too great in so little time, and am pleased to say that I could not give your medicines too great your medicines too great your medicines. staring me in the face I determined to do so. I am pleased that I did it, for at this date I have received tenfold the price of the medicines. If I should say one hundred fold, it would not be overvaluing the difference in my health. I feel like another man. Yours respectfully,
JAMES H. HYSOM.

rested, she thought—better. How kind that man had been. But he subscribed for her book—she knew it well—out of sheer pity; as one gives alms to a beggar.

She was in Mr. Cozzen's office again. He looked at her out of his bush of white hair. His black eyes and black nose more poodle like than before.

She had wasted her day, risked sunstroke, failed in her effort, and crushed her hopes. What did he care, if he had one subscription more? A book agent was almost sure to get one, and hundreds with the subscribed in the restment have done for me. I hope that every one who is suffering as I was will hear of Dr. Jordan and his most valuable medicines. Yours most respectfully, Mrs. C. Armstrong.

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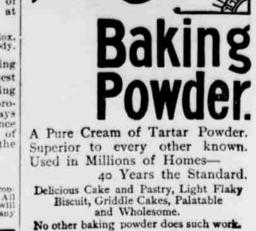
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