COME. WANDER BY THE BROOK.

or there, beneath the willow tree, hou turned thy pretty eyes on me, And promised to be mine! hen, whilst I drew thee to my breast, and thou didst let thy head there rest I pressed my lips to thine.

THE CAUSE OF HER GRIEF.

Her bosom was heaving With willest emotion; His gaze was bent on her With wildest devotion.

O. tell me, he whispered, The cause of your weeping, And why from your lover The reason you're keeping?

O, worse than that, Harry,
The fair maiden blubbered;
My papa wouldn't buy me
A new Mother Hubbard'

HELEN HYDE'S GOOD DEED.

"Yes," said the doctor, solemnly "she shows every indication of going into a decline. Rest, relaxation, change of air and scene—that's what

she ought to have."

Mrs. Dardanel looked perturbed "Dear, dear," she said, "what a pity Ard she's quite a pet of mine, too dear little thing. She is very quick with her needle and really ingenious and the way she puts trimmings on a reminds

"The seaside cottage would be the place for her," suggested Dr, Midland. "You are one of the lady patronesses,

I believe, and—"
"Yes, but the seaside cottage is full," said Mrs, Dardanel. "Not an inch of room unoccupied. I had a note from the matron yesterday."

"Ah, indeed!" said the doctor, fumbling with his watch seals. "Un-

fortunate—very."
"But," cried Mrs. Dardanel, an idea suddenly occurring to her much be-puffed and befrizzled head, "there is Mrs. Daggert's farm, a few miles further down the shore. She takes I believe it is a very nice place. It you think it advisable I'll take a nth's board for the girl there. really feel as if the dear little girl be

longed to me."
"An excellent plan," said the doc tor oracularly. "I have no doubt but that a month of sea air would make quite a different person of her."

Helen Hyde could hardly believe
her own ears when Mrs. Dardanel

beamingly announced her intention "The seashore?" she cried, her pale face flushed all over, "the real sea? Oh, Mrs. Dardanel, I have dreamed of it all my life. And for a whole bright summer month! Oh, how can I thank you?"

"By getting well and strong as fast as you can," said Mrs. Dardanel, really touched by the girl's innocent enthusiasm. "And here is a ten-dollar bill for you," she added, with a smile. "You may need some trifle of dress; or there may be a drive, or a picnic, or excursion going on in which you will want to participate."

Mr. Minim here for five weeks on, come, on, come up, come up with me!" and throwing himself into his job with a despairing onslaught, Mr. Spoopendyke missed his hold, fell over backwards into his seat, where he sat glaring at his distressed wife, the picture of baffled energy.

"That what ye wanted?" he hissed between his teeth. "Have we accom-

The poor girl's first impulse was to return the money. "No, you shall not give it back; it

Helen Hyde's heart beat high with delight when she first saw the Dagget farm house, a long, red building, with an immense stack of chimneys, a cluster of unbergetage. a cluster of umbrageous maple trees garlanded it about with shade, and a door-yard full of sweet, old-fashioned flowers, while in full sight of the windows the Atlantic flung its curling crests of foam all along the shining shore. Mrs. Daggett welcomed her warmly; she had been Mrs. Darda nel's housekeeper once, and knew the value of that lady's patronage.

"I've just one room left, my dear," she said. "Under the eaves of th house. "It's rather small, but it's furnished comfortably, and there's a given you better accommodations if I had received Mrs. Dardanel's letter a day earlier. But four young ladies teachers in the Ixwood Institute came yesterday, and I'm sleeping on a sofa myself, in the parlor. But we will make you as snug as possible, and the very first good-sized room

that is vacant you shall have"

And Helen was very happy in her little nook, from whose casement she could see the sparkling plain of the sea dotted with white sails.

Mrs. Daggett was a driving, ener-

getic business woman. Farmer Daggett was a vacant, honest faced man, who invariably fell asleep of an even-ing, with his chair sipped back against the wall—and every available inch of the house was filled with sum mer boarders-mostly ladies. Ther were only three masculine appendages to the house besides its master an old clergyman, whose parishioners clubbed together every summer to treat him to six weeks' vacation, liter ary man of large aspirations and small income, who had come thither for rest and opportunity to study up the "skeleton" for his next novel, and old Mr. Mifflin.

It was some time before Helen Hyde fairly comprehended who old Mr. Mifflin was. A bowed, bent over little man, with silver hair curling over the collar of his coat, a ruffled shirt like the pictures of our Revolu-

shirt like the pictures of our Revolutionary fathers, and blue eyes which glistened behind a pair of silver spectacles, he shuffled in and out to his meals in [an apologetic fashion, and sat all the bright afternoon under the maples staring at the sea.

"Who is that old gentleman?" she at last ventured to ask Mrs. Daggett. That lady frowned impatiently.

"It's old Drddy Mifflin," said she.

"And I wish it was anybody else!"

"Is he a boarder?" asked Helen.

"Well, he is and he isn't!" rather obscurely answered Mrs. Daggett, who was picking her currants for a pudding, while Helen sat by and watched her. "But he won't be here long. You see, my dear, he has no friends. When Daggett and I came down from Vermont and bought this place we got it cheap because of old Mifflin. We were to give him the northeast chamber, and they were to allow him so much per month for his keep. It ain't everybody, you see, would be willing to have an old man like that

ezy Point has got to be a fashion able locality in summer time, and things are altered; and, what's worse, his folks have left off sending the

"I wonder why?" said Helen, with

"I wonder why?" said Helen, with her large, dreamy eyes fixed pitifully upon the old man, who sat in his usual place under the maples, wistfully watching the sea.

"They're dead, p'r'aps," said Mrs. Daggett. "Or, p'raps they've got tired of him. Anyhow, it's three months since we've heard a word, and I and Daggett have made up our minds that we can't stand it any longer. So we're going to put him on the town. Lawyer Boxall says it's legal and right, and they can't expect anything else of us. Squire Sodus is to send his covered carryal next Saturday, and old Daddy Muffin'll suppose he's going for a ride. And so things will go off smooth and pleasant."

Lacks to Become a Summer Resort.

"My dear," said Mrs. Spocpendyke, fanning herself vigorously and looking anxiously around the car. "My dear, don't you think it is awfully warm here?"

"Open the window then," suggested Mr. Spoopendyke. "Press your thumb on the catch and raise the sash. Give it a hard jerk that'll loosen it."

Mrs. Spoopendyke followed instructions, split her glove, knocked the skin off her knuckle, and then sat down in a high state of perturbation."

pleasant." Helen "Smooth and pleasant!" Helen

the little one-horse carryal which shad and the girls from Ixwood Institute were to have hired together to drive over the hills and glens all those sweet, misty, summer afternoons; of the excursions to Twin rocks by steamer, upon which she had counted; of the new black bunting dress which she had decided to buy. She must abandon all these little darling extravagances if she indulged this other fancy.

"If there could be any choice," she said to herself, and then she got up and went softly across the grass and clover blossoms to where "Daddy Miffin" sat.

"Do you like this place?" she said very softly.

"It's home, my dear," he answered,

"It's home, my dear," he answered,

"It's home and I don't care about having it up."

"It ain't, eh?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, bracing himself for another attack. "I s'pose you've got some kind of an idea that this is a sert of refrigerating process I'm going through! Maybe you think this ex ercise is calculated to precipitate an early frost and ruin the peach crop," he continued.

"Perhaps it is stuck at the top," spoopendyke, turning suddenly on her. "Somebody's been here and screwed it fast to the roof! P'raps he's up there yet, holding on to it, but if he is, he'll think a steam jack marking it up."

"It sin't an'!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, train's howled Mr. Spoopendyke, bracing himself for another attack. "I s'pose you've got some kind of an idea that this is a sert of refrigerating process I'm going through! Maybe you think this ex ercise is calculated to precipitate an early frost and ruin the peach crop," he continued.

"Perhaps it is stuck at the top," Spoopendyke, turning suddenly on her. "Somebody's been here and screwed it fast to the roof! P'raps he's up there yet, holding on to it, but if he is, he'll think a steam jack marking it up."

very softly.
"It's home, my dear," he answered,

of one even poorer and more friendless than herself, and for a year she
paid two dollars a week steadily, and
Mr. Mifflin never knew what a danger
had menaced him.

At the end of that time the old

The bother about it, dear,
purred Mrs. Spoopendyke, patting
his head tenderly. "I'd rather have
his head tenderly." "I'd rather have
hi

"My grandfather will need your care no longer," said he. "We have been fortunate in our Australian in vestment, and I am prepared to buy the old farm back again and settle

here permanently."
And when Mrs. Dardanel began to think about getting her winter ball dresses made up she received a note from Miss Hyde which ran as fol-

"Dear Mrs. Dardanel:—I am sorry to disappoint you, but I cannot undertake any more orders, for I am going to be married next month to Ambrose Mifflin, and we are to live at the Daggett farm. And oh! how proud I should be if you were to come here and visit me next summer, when the roses are in bloom and the strawberries ripen. Ambrose is all that is nice, and I have the dearest old grandfather-in-law in the world. "Affectionately."

And all this life's romance had grown out of Helen's mouth at the teaside.

Seven years have elapsed since James Lick, the California millionaire, at his death left a vast amount of property for public uses, and not a dollar has reached the designated objects. The trustees, who receive \$1,000 a year each, have just been censered by the California pioneers.

SPOOPENDYKE.

"That the best you can do?" de-

bation."

"Smooth and pleasant?" Helen
Hyde looked across the grassy lawn
to the little old man with his mild, abstracted face, his ruffled front, the
silver hair that glistened in the sunshine, and the white, claw-like fingers
that slowly turned themselves backward and forward as he sat there.

"He owned the place once," said
Mrs. Daggett, "but his sons turned
out bad, and indorsed for Squire Sodus's cousin, and lost everything.
And here he is in his old age without
a penny! What is it, Becky! The
oven ready for the pcast Yes, I'm
coming."

And she bustled away, leaving
Helen alone. A sort of inspiration
had entered into the girl's heart as
the set there with the briny smell of
the ocean filling her senses, the rustle
of the maple murmuring overhead.

Sne took Mrs. Dardanel's ten-dollar
by lift one her pcaket, and looked long
and carnestly at it. She thought of
the ocean filling her senses, the rustle
of the maple murmuring overhead.

Sne took Mrs. Dardanel's ten-dollar
by lift one her pcaket, and looked long
and carnestly at it. She thought of
the little one horse carryal which stand
and the girls from Ixwood Institute
were to manifest independence,
for the bring smell of the boxe, leaving a
piece of the bark behind. "Oh, ho!"
had entered into the girl's heart as
she sat there with the briny smell of
the ocean filling her senses, the rustle
of the maple murmuring overhead.

Sne took Mrs. Dardanel's ten-dollar
by lift one her pcoket, and looked long
and carnestly at it. She thought of
the little one horse carryal which stand
and the girls from Ixwood Institute
were to have hired together to drive
were to have hired together to drive
were to the surface off the lock, leaving a
piece of the bark behind. "Oh, ho!"
had entered into the girl's heart as
she sat there with the briny smell of
the ocean filling her senses, the rustle
of the maple murmuring overhead.

With which exordium Mr. Spoopen
dyke who is engineering this
by preventing the top of the car!"
With which exordium Mr. Spoopen
dyke dealed the so

"It's home, my dear," he answered, seeming to arouse himself out of a reverie. "It's home. I've lived here eighty odd years. I could not live anywhere else."

"But there are other places pleasanter."

"It may be, my dear, it may be," he said, looking at her with troubled eyes through the convex lenses of his glasses. "But they wouldn't seem the same."

Helen went to Mrs. Daggett, who but if he is, he'll think a steam jack machine is working underneath him! Look out up there, she's coming. Brace yourself for your fight to the spheres, for Spoopendyke has got a grip on now that'll last till something gives way!" and the worthy gentleman took hold once more and toiled, while his wife dodged suspender buttons and back strap buckles.

"I think I saw it move," she remarked encouragingly.

"Did, did ye!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, whose hands were numbed

Helen went to Mrs. Daggett, who was baking pies and rolls and strawberry short-cake all at once.

"Mrs. Daggett," she said, "here are ten dollars which Mrs. Dardanel gave me to do as I pleased with, and I please to give it to you to keep old Mr. Mifflin here for five weeks longer."

"Did, did ye!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, whose hands were numbed by his exertions. "Did ye notice which way it went? What'd ye do to the thing when ye tried it?" he demanded, a new idea occurring to him. "Don't ye know ye broke it when ye were fooling around here? Come up, will ye? Oh, linger not, but come, oh, come, come up, come up, with me."

little more. My employers are going to pay me generously in the city, and I feel myself growing better able to work every day."

So Helen Hyde adopted the cause "Don't bother about it, dear,"

At the end of that time the old gentleman's grandson came from some wide, wild region across the sea, a tall, dark-eyed young man with the mein of a prince in disguise.

"My father has been dead for a year," he said, "and his papers have only just been thoroughly investigated, so that I have just learned for the first time that there are arrearages due upon my grandfathes's allowance. I hope he has not been allowed to suffer—"

"I don't care," soliloquized Mrs. Spoopendyke, as a brakeman stepped up and opened the window with a little jerk. "My husband may not be strong, but he's willing. And the gett. "We've taken excellent good care of him."

"You are a noble hearted woman,"

At the end of that time the old gentleman's grandson came from still writhing under the sting of defeat. "If you're coel enough, what'd ye hoist me up there like a hired man for? Oh, you're cool enough! If I had your temperature, I'd fit myself up with a band of music and a barroom, and hire myself out as a summer resort!"

"I don't care," soliloquized Mrs. Spoopendyke, as a brakeman stepped up and opened the window with a little jerk. "My husband may not be strong, but he's willing. And the instantion.

A North Carolina woman, who formerly dug ginseng in order to secure money, with which to subply her husbsnd with tobacco, has just discovered a mica mine in the mountains which is supposed to be worth \$20,000.

possible, the properties of the control of the cont

and as it is the first wealth and the first requisite of success in every un-dertaking, these conditions deserve

"You do that again and I'll appeal anger, and you turn your brother off.
This will come back to you, some to the driver?" he gasped.

"Oh! you villain, you know what!"
"Madam, upon my word I don't
understand!" "Sir! you winked at me three dif-

"Sir! you winked at me three different times!"

"I did! great Scots! Madam, but I wasn't aware of it! I am the holder of 95,000 barrels of oil, and am being squeezed so hard that I am scarcely in my right mind! Wink at you! Why, woman, if oil should even advance 28 cents per gallon, I wouldn't dare wink at a hotel waiter! Squeezed out of \$16,000 in one hour, and then charged with having a corner on the winking business! Madam, I——"

But she rang the bell and left him alone.—[Wall Street News.]

The man who invented the first steam-whistle has recently died. He never forgave himself, and his latter days were apent in remorse and Canada.

Influenced by a temperance leader, a rich English miller has destroyed cellar of port wine.

a cellar of port, wine.

It is stated that 1,000,000 cattle have died from the plague in Russia during the last four years.

Professor Huxley advises the London Sanitary Protective Association to obtain powers from Parliament to have a few builders. hang a few builders.

A careful examination of the ruins of Ischia shows that the great destruction was due in part to the filmsy manner in which the houses were constructed.

The expenses of the extra session of the Legislature of Pennsylvania are already in excess of \$300,000. The Republican Senators have decided that only two meetings per Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear

The Republican Senators have decided that only two meetings per week shall be held.

Dr. Venukoff during his late journey in Central Asia discovered the horse, the camel and the goose in their wild state. No alarm was shown by some of their number after others of their associates had been shot.

Shipman, Illinois.

Shipman,

mother will sign and Some day it will come back to you send to you smilingly, and with the innocent, heaven born confidence of childhood, clapping its little hands, that would not harm a fly, in your face. The childish action delighted its author, but it ahnoyed you. You were busy and reproved the little one. Two pearly tears stood in her great blue eyes, her lips faltered, and she turned away from you. The era of childhood, with its happy fleeting will erase the unkind word, will erase the unkind word, where and various diseases peculiar to where and various diseases peculiar to where and various diseases promise.

and as it is the first wealth and the first requisite of success in every undertaking, these conditions deserve careful study and consideration.—

Boston Traveller.

HE WINKED.—During the last break in oil, a woman who had ridden for four or five blocks in a street car with a lone gentleman suddenly turned appn him with:

"You do that again and I'll appeal anger, and you turn your brother off the kind word, with the source and the last that howls forth its anger, and you turn your brother off the kind word, with the last reason and the sharp vivid lightnings only intensify by their violent contrast the awfulness of the darkness. The beggar's plea for shelter is punctuated by the blast that howls forth its anger, and you turn your brother off the kind word, with the last reason and the sharp vivid lightnings only intensify by their violent contrast the awfulness of the darkness. The barry with the last break and the sharp vivid lightnings only intensify by their violent contrast the awfulness of the darkness. The barry with the last break and the sharp vivid lightnings only intensify by their violent contrast the awfulness of the darkness. The barry with the last break and the sharp vivid lightnings only intensify by their violent contrast the awfulness of the darkness. The barry with the last break and the sharp vivid lightnings only intensify by their violent contrast the awfulness of the darkness. The barry with the last break and the sharp vivid lightnings only intensify by their violent contrast the word.

Some day it will come back to you.

A beggar stands at your door. The rain is dashing in torrents through the black atmosphere of the night.

This will come back to you, some day.

If you are impatient, testy, ill-humored, spiteful, malicious, cowardly and mean, your whole life will be a constant reckoning with evil actions whose enormity is only equalled by the increasing wickedness of the future; and an unatoned past is always the precursor of a more reprehensible future. A bad heart is a boomerang of passions, whose evil consequences always fall on the head of their luckless author. On the other hand, all good deeds work in a similar way, with the rules that govern promises and conclusions, causes and effects; if either good or bad, the result will be in conformity with the nature of the deed. Your bad deeds and good deeds are juries that sit upon the destiny of your life and decide the verdict of happiness or despair.

The Boston Water Board has decided to introduce water meters.

I am happy to know, dear reader, that U will always be in "luck."

Berlin has an egg exchange. The city consumes 12,000,000 dozens of eggs annually.

The consecration sermon of the new Bishop of Argyll and the Isles was preached by Canon McColl in Gaelic—probably the first time a sermon has been discovered at a depth of 440 feet near Osborne Hollow, Broom county, N. Y. The flow is sufficient to fi.l a three-inch pipe as rapidly as it can be pumped.

One member of the Senate of Georgin, according to the Senate of Georgin, according

One member of the Senate of Georgia, according to common re-port in that State, can neither write nor read, but he is represented to be an excellent man and highly esteemed. In one year there were 1,171 divorces in Switzerland; the population is only 2,846,102.

The codfishing in Iceland this season has been almost a failure, owing son has been almost a failure, owing the churches at Portland, Me., week before last, the beneficiary being a small friend. John H. Lick of Lebanon, Pa. has offered to contribute \$26,000 and ten acres of ground toward a new college in his neighborhood. personal friend

A VOICE FROM THE NORTH WEST.

THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY.

Opon a Subject of Vital Interest. Effection

Milwaukhe, Wis. — The Daily Sentiad, which is the leading morning paper of this State, writes: "St. Jacob's Oil, the wonderful remedy for rheumatism, has been used by a large number of people in this city, and with effect truly marvelous."

Black lace of all kinds, but especially Spa ish, is much worn at the moment.

the Welfare of All.

The following remarkable letter from one of the leading and best known scientific writers of the present day is especially significant, and should be of unusual value to all readers who desire to keep pace with the march of modern discoveries and events:

"A general demand for reformation is one of the most distinctive characteristics of the nineteenth century. The common people, as well as the more enlightened and refined, cry out with no uncertain voice to be emandigated from the slavery of censervatism and superstition which has held the masses in gross irmorance during a large portion of the world's history, and in the time of the 'Dark Ages' came near obliterating the last glimmer of truth. Dognatic assertions and blind capticides are losing caste among all classes of all countries. People are beginning to think for themselves, and to regard authority much less than argument. Men and women are no longer willing that a few individuals should dictate to them what must be their sentiments and opinions. They claim the right to olve for themselves the great questions of the day and demand that the general good of humanity shall be re-

week shall be beed.

See heard of the beed of the beed

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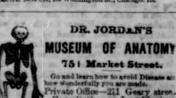
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