## THE NEW MINISTER.

WV $\begin{aligned} & \text { Hat do you thitk, Aunt Vlo- } \\ & \text { letr The new minister is com- } \\ & \text { lig to-nighty }\end{aligned}$ Miriam Blake and her cousin. Eme
 wind so tresh a
tug were they. It was a very cheerful apartuent
with the crtmanoa carpet flooded wluh
October sunshitne, the canary singtug from his cage among the gerantums to the window-seat, and a bright wood
flre crackllig from the most buralshate of brass andiorns on the hearthfor Auat Violet loved an open fires
ond adhered to it through all the modand adhered to
ern
tanevatlons:
She man a wroman past thirty, yet
very pretis withal -a woman whoee type of thee asd form would siwasa
remaln youthrul. Brown hatr, with rtppling lights of gold upon tia wir with long lashes: a complexion wher the freah. White and red betokened.
perfect health and a smilling. cherry. red, meltung mouth, whose smiles be
trayed a singularly regular set teeth-Miss Vlolet Brown was perhape
yulte as attractive in her mature wo manhood as
er girl-dass.
"
is the parsonage all in readiness?"
"All prepared, 1 bellere. And what An prepared, i beliere. And what
do you think, Aunt Vlolet." went on
niriam, with girllal Siriam, with girltah eagerness,
oid Mrs. Marsh golng there with two daughters to prepare tea, and
make it 'sort o' hum-like' as sbe says or him the first nightr
And Vlolet smiled over "Wby," struck In Effe Towers, "the "Not quite as old as the hills," nal
Aunt Violet, quiety. "Sarah Mars ot be more than a year or two older.
"Oh, Aunt Vlolet!" sald Ewe, coas. ingly, stealling both arms around Mises
Brown's slender waist, "nobody ever thinks of your belug old essk", nald Aunt Violet, serenely. , as she sat looking her aunt full tin有 1 wish Mr. Smi Aunt Vlolet shrugged her shoulden dently common cognomen but yo want to change it itto the
hackneyed name of Smith?
II wasn't thinking of the name
Aunt Vlolet-1 was only reffecting to yseif what a "I whall make.
MIriam."
ay girl. "Why rettlest of our whole set, yet whe your sweet-pea complexton and thos
b/g lanocent eyes of yours But here Eme 'Towers interrupted,
apeaking gravely with serious glance. peak now, Mirlam makes Aunt Violec ppolutment years and years ago."
-Aunty! Did you really?'
aays, I had a lover," returned Aunt
Vlolet, calmily. "And what tnterrupted the curreat of true lover ${ }^{\prime}$ ny power. Clarence, that wa hi mame, was hanty and tmpulatve, and
my folly theensed him. So we parted. "And ts he marrled now $r$ " or heard from him tivee. He wan aly spending the summer vacation,
college student, to our quiet village. "What was his last namer" "N'importe, Miriam, do not let diainter any more of the horrid pant.
have told you my folly. Hee that And noie of Mlrtam Blaken at onalnga could win from Aunt Violet oy further conifidences.
You are not an old mald, darting
annty," sald Miriam, "but Sara Marshit is, and I mean to enter the liat with her myself to win the new minters ravor. The parsonage would ame all prety neat for such a bird a lemation, and full of dettctons little hope he's young and good-looking, "He's Just thitry-Ave," and Efte, "for Deacon Alden told me so.
"Did he say whether be wis good

## "No, he aldn't,

"red for hilm lookn.". Dencon Alden Thirty-Ave-that in rather old-bich eform at thirty-Ave," observed Mir am, peasively. "If Aunt Vlolet won have him I'll try my chance"
I shall never marry," gravely re trated Aunt Vlolet, with more seri way geemed to call for, suld Mirlam,
"If that's the cane," rin go and rip up the breadths of my ruftles done up. One can't to too care
ful of one'n advantage of costume at
such a critienl tme and 1 know Nebit able Marsh has got a white drean with blue rosebuds all over it"
"Aturtam, what a ratulepate you are" and Ettle.
"Doutt I tell you I need a minnater
for a huaband fort for a huaband, just to wober
down $r^{\prime}$
And with the Parthen arrow of And with this Parthian arrow of re
tort, Mise Mirian quitted the noom,
tits Wrim kfte following her.
Provently she came back. $\operatorname{lng}$ merrily luto the room.
"rve found out my futw.

## "What is it

novetty-John Smith inhed once more like a twinkling bl of thatetodown.
Violet Brown wat gnsing into the
coral depthe of the brigt had fallen through the loga on the bearth. Somehow, spite of ber asaer tion of self-reliance and lndependence,
whe felt very lonely that October aftier moon.
"Til "Perhape a a tutte exerclee will disat pate this gathering despondency". Ste ted a round hat under her
curtis, put on a coquettinh acarlet ctr uris, put on n copuetumh scarlet Ct
ile, tanseled with white silk, which, acoording to her loving nleces, "made
her look like a delliclous littue Red riding Hood," and went out toto the
treah autumn alr, where the woods.

"Thisiciso a liftis perarvery." linfies, were abowering thelr leaty tro phes on the waiks belo
iered thetr silent atalee.
"Autumn," she thought, sndly, "how
con it has come upon ua! ADd it ut a little whille stice spring wa here with her dew and roses My
spring has vaninhed, too, and unilike
the
 Heigho! I wonder what I was born
into this world for. I doa't meen to e of very much use to anybody"
be of very much use to anybody."
Violet was thtnktng thus, a llttle pen.
atvely, ss she ast on a mose enamelo
dively, an she ast on a mosnenameled
fallen tree, tappligg the dritta of yel
. low leaves with the point of har panaai, and letting the froeh, trigrani
find blow the gold-brown curis back from ber forehead. Bhe was not think
bow pleturosque was lig bow pleturosque was har atutude
nor bow benutiful her face looked tn in oval clearness, with ptnk fushee a elther cheek, but both these freter rruck the perceptions of a tall string or carrying a velise in bhe left hana,
who had just crossed the stlle leadig ho had just crossed the stile leading
from the mala rond, and entered the保 roode.
He ralsed hia bat with a courteous
notion an Misn Brown started at drancing footatepe. "1 beg your pardon ntatentionally starlied you." "Not at ail" Violet looked up eari "Perhaps you can dtroet me to the shortest cut across theno woods to
Millhambury? I am not gulte certal of to my localltes.

## "You are on the direct path now

## acrutinixingly into her face. "I thought it was fallar

 eexcluimed, "and now I know it tolet! who would have thought of Vlotet eaf, but she atrove to control ber"The worid is full of Jast such She had half turned a enteman had put down his valise with was evidenty tnclined not to pari With her so readilyustop, Vlolet-do
love! I have so longed to see you, all heso years. Tell me that you have ot entirely forgotten the past-that
ou have stlll a word of tenderneas




 She wes toen nooe Claresece thought the the mamenatar

 tremuloua hande alama to bice there


 anew for overy bappy patr of lovere
and Clarence and violet stood th Paredise now when the arst all-aboorbed worde and glances of thetr new happtnese had been exchanged, "I don't comprehend
this at all. How did you come here? and how did you know where to find "I did not know where to and you,
violet. Chance bas been my fritend here, and as for my opportune appear ance on the seene, it to very enailly a aske charge of the pariah of Milliam
bury." "Clarence, you are not the new min "But 1 am the new minnister
"His name to Johu 8 mithb" I bog your pardon, mi
is John Clarence
ismin

## it to John Clarence Smith."

y amuating to the reverend gentlema at her stide.
Old Mirs. Besabel Marsh and her
wo elderly, hand-favored daughters, had got the parsonage all ready, even
to HIghting the evening lamps on the stugy table, and poiktog the clear an
thracte tre that burned to the dintng thracte fire
room grate
Miss Mehetable had turned the
Mom Mrate
mombler of crimeon currant felly tol itamber of eritimson currant jelly tithto and diaposed the
the green sprigs of paraley to the most
striking offeet round the thinly cut allices of bolled tongue, while Mit
Sarah made a Leantag Tower of Ple of the buttermilk bsciuts, anc whink
ed the fies away from the sugnr-basin. In readinese for the expected guest, and nike to
camene not"
"The kitt
"
all ateeped," mald Mra. Marah, ans she sat in the Hy rocking echatr, to trone
of the Are. "Itll be appled if be doatit
come prevti noon."
"He'til be heree presently now," sat
Mase Mohetable, loosening her curl 30se Mahetable, loosentigg her curi
trom thatr confintag papera "oth, ma I wonder if
wove done?
"He can't help It." sald Mrs. Marnh double chagces of betng the mir on ber nother finlaw. But the words were oot an her upe and the triumphant
tections yet in her mind, when knock came softly to the door, and
Miram Blake entered, rony with her twlight.
"Have you heard the news"" anked
uriam. "I thought I'd come orer and Miriam. "I thought Td come over and
tell youn The new mintater hing come."
"Bakes allve" ejuculated Mra.
"I doa't Dilleve It," sald Mehetable "Oh, but be has for I've soen him
And you aeedn't atay here any longer for be has concluded to remaln at our Mra. Marsh and her daughters both "What an airth foes 1
"I'Il tell you a vory,
ret," cried the delighted Mrestam. He's an old bean of Aunt Vlolet and the engngement has been renewed
and my dear little blueeyed aunt io be the mintater's wife the very nex
nonth that ever dawn upon usio "Land $\rho^{\prime}$ Goshen"" eried Mrs. Mare "Well I neverf" sald Mises Sarah. "Ishouidn't thlak," venomousily con
mented Misa Mehetable, "that he want to marry an old mald. "There are more old malda than on sophteally. "Bo it you'll kindly lock
op the room, T'It take the key back to my new uncte-thint-ts-to-be. I had
thought of setlige my cap at the new
mininter myentf but I che he pulm to Aunt Violet"
ange tripped thome, through the dunk are of the herself at the dincomnt nd Mr. coxily together over the Are when uhe ehurned, and, na sho passed through
the room, the only panaed to throw er arms around violet's neck, and "What do you think now about never
marrying. Aunt Violetr"-The HearthWe don't know that the Latin scriptions on tombatoves stand for Ent have an idee that, tranalated inte
Engliab, they would mean: "Eo's al


Give Warning of Approach of Clore Serious Trouble.

## Do you experienoe fits of depression with restieanness, alternating

 With extreme irritability, bordering upon hysteria? Are your spiriteasily affeoted so that one minute you laugh, and the next fall into convulane weeping? Do you feel something like a ball rising in your throat and threatenand sound; pain in the ovaries, and eapecially between the shoulders sometimes loss of voice; nervous dyspepsia, and almost continually cross and snappy, with a tendency to ery at the least provocation If so, your nerves are in a shattered condition, and you are threat. oned with nervous prostration. Undoubtedly you do not know it, but in nine cases out of ten this is
oaused by some uterine disorder, and the nerves centering in and about the onused by some uterine disorder, and the nerves oentering in and abousthe
 you will be prostrated for weekis and months perhaps, and suffer untold
misery.
In purpose than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; thou

How Mrs. Holland, of Philadelphia, suffered among the finest physicians in the country, none of whom could help her-finally cured by Lydia $E$ Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.
"Drar Mra. Pinkhak:- For over two years I was a constant sut
 the ntreet. I could not sleep nights. aking Lrigdia E. Pinkham's. Vegetable Compound I veel better, and whs able to go out and not fee an if I would fall at II cannot say enough in bebalf of Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine and heartily reommend all suffering women to try it and find the
reliof I did. "-Mms. FLoazwos HoLLMM, 622 S. Cifton St, Philadelphia, Pa.

Another case of severe female trouble cured by Lydla E. Pinkharn's Vegetable Compound, after the doctors had falled.
"Dana Mna. Porkiax:-I was in poor health for aeveral yeara,
I had femalo troublo and was not able to do my hounework alone. I olt tired, very nervous, and could not sleep. I doctored with several
dootors. They doctored me for my stomach, but did not relleve me. Irend in your book about your medicine, and thought I would try it
I did ag, and am now cured and ablo to do my work alone, and feel
good. I was alwisa very poor, but now weigh one hundred and fifty pounds Ithank you for the relief I have obtained, and I hope that every
woman troubled with fernale weskness will give Lydia E. Pinkham's

 How whall the faet that it whil help them be made plain ?
How whall the fact that it whi help them bo made plain
Surely you gannot wioh to reraman weak, and nick, and diseoun
red, exhaunted with each day's worla. You have nome derange
 Lsast Request. An amateur sportswan had mistaken
calf for a deer and the calf wn reathing ita last martyr, mother," gapped the dying theop that ntood near by, "tell mother
that I died game"" - that I died game." Another strugzle
over.-Chleago Neme.
To Break in New Stose.



Tribute to Woman's vantty,
Traveling beautieane nevt take panasge
an an ocean liner without a spirit on an osean liner without a spirit
lamp to heat their curling tong. Thi practice imperiln the chip through dan
per of fire. One of the big steamathin en of fire. One of the big steaman ite
Inen has fited every tateroom on
cessels with an electrical apparatus for vessels with an electrical a
beating the curling tong.

Hotel Proprietor-I have a scheme
ander get ahead of the other hotels.
Clerk-What is the idea?
Clerk- What is the ideat
Hotel Proprietor-I think me might eep a divorce lawyer on the premises
nd let the guests have his services and let the guesta have his wervices
without extra charge.-Town and
Countr, Country.

What He Thatak.
When a man boaste that he has no
ducation he makes a mental roeervaducation, he makes a mental reeerva-
ion that he is pretty smart anyway.ion that he is prety sman
Washington Democrat.

Twlas Bors in Dubils. Irieh women can boast of having
wina more frequently than any other women in the world, Twinn are born
in Doublin about once in every Efty.
two birtha, as againat a general world average of one in eighty.

## Dizzy?

Appetite poor? B ow el Head ache? It's your liver Ayer's Pills are liver pills, all Ayer's Pills are liver pills, all
vegetable. Want your moustache or beard Bucxing han's dye

Next Thage in Lane.
The oldest mason if begifning to go hla name in the papern again, nays the
Cbicago Record-Herald. Look out for
another of George Wanhington's body another of George Wanhington's body anvante.

Fex

