AMONG THE TREES.

My good friends and lovers,
The beckoning trees
Entice my fleet courser,
The wandering breeze.

The oak and the chestnut, the hemlock and pine,
They civilly greet me, and ask me to dine.
The stalwart, the fruitful, the changeless, are here—
Their grandeur and triumphs I note and revere;
I marvel, and bow to these monarchs, and own
Their sovereignty here, where virtues enthrone.

Oak, chestnut and hemlock
And towering pine—
Their virtues abash me,
Though good friends of mine.

The birches, the elms and the maples, that grow
By waysides, salute me, and freely bestow
Their greetings, as tender as love half afraid,
Their gracious uplifting, their peace breathing shade;
My heart owns allegiance, my soul on its knees
Finds solace, communing with graces like these.

Elms, birches and maples
Are lovers of mine;
They woo me, and soothe me,
With graces divine.

A TIMELY DISCOVERY.

"Have you seen it?" questioned Cora Brown, excitedly.

"Seen what?"

Willie Lestrand lifted her soft, serious eyes to the girl near her.

"The wedding dress."

"What wedding dress?"

"Why, the one that is being made for the daughter of the head of the firm, Miss Rosalind Fielding."

Willie went quietly on with the ruffle she was blind stitching.

"I haven't seen it—no. We inefficient workers seldom get a glimpse of madam's masterpieces."

"That's so!" assented Cora, vigorously prodding a little emery strawberry with her needle. "It was only by chance I saw this. But it is"—she paused for a suitable word—"well, it is just heavenly!" she concluded.

Very crowded, very suffocating, was the fifth floor sewing room of the great dry goods establishment of Fielding & Moore in which the girls sat and sewed.

The capital of the firm was immense, its reputation really national. But the prices paid employes were discouragingly low, and the accommodation of the workers far from sanitary, if humane.

"I happened to be passing the room where they show shades by gaslight. Kitty Davis is assistant there this week, and she called me to come in. Madam wasn't around, so I did go in. Oh, Willie, you just ought to see it!"

"Why?" indifferently.

She picked up a spool of primrose silk and threaded her needle.

She was a small statured little creature, plump and dark. Her eyes were large, pensive and of hazel black; her complexion of rare pearl purity; her lips scarlet, sweet and seldom smiling.

"Because," said Cora, promptly, "You're not liable to see anything so grand in your life again. I'm certain I shan't."

Willie smiled.

"That is a cruel assertion, Cora."

"Well, it's true!" persisted Miss Brown. "Why, the satin would stand alone—it is the new silver white, of course—and it is paneled with embroidery of crushed pearl seed and crewel silk—daisies and oats and ribbon grass. They say the lace on the corsage (it is just like a seam cobweb) is 200 years old. And," sinking her voice in a reverential whisper, "the buttons are diamonds!"

Willie Lestrand nodded. She did not stop sewing, or seem much interested.

"Kitty Davis showed them to me," went on Cora, eagerly. "They are worth—oh, I don't know how many dollars she said—and her train is three yards long. My!"

She paused, quite breathless and ecstatic, and looked at her companion, whose silence seemed to irritate her.

"You don't care much to hear about fine gowns or fashionable folks," she said.

A strange and wistful look was that which Willie gave her.

"What have we to do with fine gowns or fashionable people?" she asked.

When she left the store that evening, she was joined by a gentleman whose acquaintance she had made since entering Fielding & Moore's, two months ago.

He was assistant manager of the store, and to him had the letter of introduction which secured her employment been addressed. He had persistently and devotedly followed up the acquaintance.

He had visited her at her boarding house, asked her out, sent her flowers. And—just three days ago—he had told her that he loved her.

"But," he had hastily supplemented his confession by saying, "I can't ask you just yet to marry me. I have a fair position, of course, but I haven't saved a cent, and I don't think I ought to urge a girl to share poverty—comparative poverty—with me."

It was a speech both plausible and prevaricating, but Willie's better judgment was blunted by the fact that the speaker was romantically handsome, and evidently also romantically in love with her.

But the fact she did not know was that he was tremendously ashamed of having lost the organ he presumptuously termed a heart to a mere sewing girl.

When he was her escort he tried as far as possible to avoid meeting acquaintances. He was immensely disgusted with himself for his infatuation. While enjoying her society and admiring her beauty, he resented his own preference for her.

"If she only did not work for her living," Harold Kent used to say to himself, "I might sacrifice the club and the bays, and a few other luxuries, and marry her. But if the truth should ever come out—good heavens, it woud be terrible!"

By which cogitation the measure of "H. Ashleigh Kent," as he signed himself, may perhaps be taken.

When she met him on this particular evening, Willie looked up with a smile. He was so tall, so handsome, had such a distinguished air and such a beautiful mustache and beard, it was hardly strange he should win recognition, if not affection. Or so at least that foolish little girl thought.

"I've heard of your good fortune," she said, brightly. "Let me congratulate you, Mr. Kent.

They still addressed each other quite formally. Though he had expressed his affection for her, she hadn't given him to understand she entertained any feeling more than friendly for him.

He looked rather annoyed she fancied.

"What good fortune?" he questioned.

"Why, that you have been appointed European buyer for the firm," she answered.

"Yes," the frown on his usually serene forehead deepening. "I've got it—at last. I suppose I shall go abroad—commencing the duties of the place in the spring."

Willie was silent. She expected he would say, "Now, I am in a position to marry." Or, "Now you must come with me, dear, as my wife."

But his conversation, while inferring devotion, was wholly non-committal.

The next evening, when he emerged from the employes' exit, she discovered that it was raining heavily, the dull, chill, dreary rain of early October.

She drew back. Cora Brown—who, to put it descriptively and alliteratively, was freckled and friendly—rushed up to Willie.

"Take my gossamer. Yes, you must. I've only one block to walk when I get off the cars—you have four. You must."

She thrust the little bag containing the cloak into Willie's protesting hand and ran off.

Feeling very grateful the girl, returning to the vestibule, put on the rain proof wrap, and then made a rush for her car.

As ill luck would have it, the first one bound for her street was an open car—one of several continued in service on account of a certain city convention which made multiplicity of vehicles necessary.

The short autumn twilight was falling as the car jolted on. In the first seat above the three reserved for smokers, sat Willie. She felt oddly cold, tired, discouraged. As she sat there thinking half remorsefully over the act which had made her one of those weary women, homeward bound from ill paid toil, she became conscious of voices in the seat directly behind her. One she recognized.

"It is a good place, Tom. It will pay me five thousand a year."

"That's good!" answered the other, heartily. "Glad of that, old boy! Suppose you'll be getting married soon now?"

"Well—no."

"Why not?"

"You see," in a much lower tone, "it's this way; I've kind of got in with Fielding."

"With Fielding!" in astonishment.

"Yes. In a personal sense. I've met him and he—you know what an erratic old chap he is—he has taken a great shine to me. He has actually had me sent an invitation to his daughter's marriage."

"What in thunder," questioned the other, "has that to do with your getting married?"

"Oh, nothing much!" replied Harold Ashleigh Kent.

Then, in a sudden burst of confidence:

"I'll tell you, Tom! You see, Fielding has another daughter."

"Well?"

"Well, when once I secure an entree socially into their house, I'll try and marry her."

"Great Scott!"

Kent laughed.

"Check, you think it, don't you!"

"I should—say—so!"

"Well, I'll bet you I'll do it, just the same."

"How do you know she isn't engaged?"

"I don't know, but I feel pretty sure she isn't. She is a philanthropist, I've heard, and all that sort of thing—one of those girls who put their life into charitable work."

"You've never seen her, then?"

"No."

"But the pretty little thing I've met you with at the theatre. What about her?"

"Oh," said Harold, uneasily shifting his position, "she's nice—awfully nice. I usually see her home in the evening, but missed her to-night. She always takes an Ogden avenue and La Lake street car."

Involuntarily Willie looked up at the square lights running along at either side overhead. She had taken—in mistake—a Lake street car.

"At least," went on Kent, "I haven't taken my own car for quite a while. I generally see her home and then walk across, on Adams—or rather from Adams."

"Are you," queried the other, who evidently was a familiar and privileged friend, "very badly stuck on Miss—what is her name—Lestrand?"

"Very!"—promptly.

"And yet you're not going to marry her!"

"Not—with a quiet decision—"if I can get one of Fielding's daughters. Do you take me for a fool?"

"No, not that; but I take you for an honorable fellow."

"And—with a harsh laugh—you've found out your mistake?"

"Yes," gravely, "that I have, Kent."

Still more loudly the other laughed.

"Hard words break no bones," he said.

"No; but if I was that little girl's brother, I wouldn't restrict myself to words."

"You'd me a licking, I suppose!"

"I assuredly would."

Thanks for the good will!" laughingly. "Well, this is my street. I get off here."

"So do I."

So, instantly decided Miss Lestrand, did she.

As the car rolled on and the three were left standing in the wet and gloomy twilight, Kent suddenly recognized the young lady who was making her way to the sidewalk.

"Miss Lestrand!"

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'Tis lots of fun to sleigh ride when the weather's not too cold,
When frost upon your nose and toes and ears cannot lay hold;
But if you've got to freeze, to stay at home is just as well,
And put your feet in ice water and ring a dinner bell.

AN ANCIENT GAME.

Baseball has been played,
So the statement is made,
Since the time when the flood shut the land from the sky,
For while in the ark,
So the Scriptures remark,
The dove was by Noah "put out on a fly."

A TRUTHFUL PARADOX.

Most every one when servants they must hire
Those who are quite experienced require.
For doing hotel work all will attest
That inexperienced servants are the best.

FOUND WHERE IT IS NOT.

Though strange it may sound,
Yet I firmly insist,
Fault often is found
Where it doesn't exist.

—Chicago Herald.

Showing His Sympathy.

A 14-year-old boy went into his mother's presence with one eye black, his lips swollen and a ragged scratch across his cheek, the blood from which he had wiped off on his shirt sleeve. "Nicodemus," cried the parent as he sneaked in, "have you been fighting again?"

"Nope," he sullenly grunted.

"Then what on earth ails your face?"

"Jim Green's ma's dead," he replied.

"Well, suppose she is, what's that got to do with your bunged up face?"

"I seed Jim just now," answered the boy, "an' he looked awful sad and solemnsome."

"Well?"

"I didn't know what ter do to make him bright and chipper like, an' feelin' so sorry for him, I jest went up an' let him hit me a few licks."

"Did it help him?" asked the mother.

"Help him?" echoed the boy in a surprised tone, "course it did! Don't you think it'd make you feel good to bust a fellow that way what had licked you every week for a year?"—Atlanta Constitution.

Didn't Care for an Increase.

Vestryman—Doctor, we have decided to the church that you are not paid according to your merits, and we have concluded to raise your salary from five hundred to a thousand.

The Reverend Doctor—My dear brother, I hope you will do nothing of the kind. I have hard enough work to collect the five hundred, and I don't want the trouble looking after collecting another five hundred. I ain't very strong.—America

Too Much of a Good Thing.

"I will take a chance in the pincushion if you give me a kiss right here," said Shippen Clarke to the pretty girl who was teasing him at the fair. "Will you?"

"No," she replied; "but I'll give you ten for ten chances."

As this was too much for poor Shippen's pocket book, he jumped for the door, and pulled the door in after him.—Puck.

Poor Taste.

"What a lovely ruby you wear!" she said as she made a vain hunt for her eyeglasses; "but what a queer place to pin it. Why don't you wear it in your scarf instead of in the back of your neck?"

And the young man who was calling on that Boston girl remarked as he strode from the room, "It's downright poor taste to make fun of a boil."—Judge.

An Opening for a Young Man.

—Life.

A Pardonable Error.

Gazzam (just introduced)—And how are things generally in Philadelphia, Mr. Jaysmith?

Jaysmith—Beg pardon, but I'm not from Philadelphia.

Gazzam—Pardon me; my mistake. I'm a trifle near sighted, and I thought that was a paper collar you have on.—New York Sun.

[illegible]tation of the Period.

Fir[illegible] an aged 17)—Hello, me boy!
g[illegible] man (aged 60)—Hello, old man!

A Little Late.

First Train Robber—Shall we tackle the Pullman next?

Second Train Robber—Naw, 'taint no use. The porter has just finished brushing off the passengers.—Minneapolis Tribune.

The Reason Why.

Jones—Fish are spoken of as the fisherman's harvest. Why so?

Smith—I suppose it's because the fishermen have to plow the waves to get them.—Boston Courier.

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An Episcopal Rector.

J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn., writes: I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior.

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