### AT MIDNIGHT.

I wandered at midnight to the graveyard; The emelt of damp grass was in my nearfies I heard my heart throb in the pwful silence.

As a headleng diver, plunging in the ocean Sees diving allimnering through the gree darkness The swinging surges pulsating above him:

Sees the slimy keels of diligent vessels, With bubbling wake of ghostly foam in fur And a dull shine of sails swollen by temp

Sees lidless eyed monsters teering past him. And wrecks and drowned men constant

And wrecks and drowned men constant staking. While the muffled knell of the surf is tollin

So as I heard the sad lapse of the mill stree Down, down, quickly my spirit descended To the residence of dead men and women.

In an unserthly sepalchral twilight The grassy firmament was visible Flecked with white clouds of moti-daisies.

The craggy roots of the headstones protr Uncomfortably from the low ceilings of Tortuous obscure damp cavern.

Suddenly from ten thousand eyeless so A mild but awfulghareof light glowed? Lighting the streets of that benevolont

A hospitable city, whose gates were always

open;
With low priced tenements for God's populo;
people;
A cheap resurt for desolate age in winter.

The neighborhood was orderly and quiet. As from each coffin window a skull was a mockery at life's foolish satire

There was a wonderful sameness in cost Worn by rich ladies and their poor serve And no bills presented to embarrassed

Side by side lay the speudthrift and the

miser, maid and her rejected lover, prodigal and his unrelenting father

Noises there were of feet in sad procession. And gleams of eyes with curious sadness, Peering into the dark they soon or late u

My soul, moved by an irresistible impulse, Like the thintledown before the east wind Went through many anonymous avonues.

I heard a sound of deep perpetual thunder, Like life's flood tide throbbing in monotone pulses. Upon the shore that has no road or harbo

Was it a reality, or was it a vision merely I saw underground as my spirit descend

into into land of the mole and the gopher? a James Ingalis in Minneapolis Journal.

### ELEANOR IN LOVE.

She held in her hand the letter. Should she send it? That moment was one of those wistfully critical epochs of exis tence upon which may swing, as upon a hinge, the door of destiny.

Eleanor Armstrong stood in doubt. Why? It was a little thing, just a friendly letter to Jack Renshaw out in Texas. What matter? Why should she hesitate? Eleanor could not tell. Still she lingered, dimly prescient of that ewinging door of destiny. She had written his name across the

envelope; should she complete the address and let it go? Hers was a quick, positive nature, given to the obedience of impulse. It was vexing to be so puz-zled over so slight a thing.

An accident, if such it was, decided the question. A caller was announced. She descended to the drawing room, and the letter went to the box, gathered up with the rest of her mail by the hand of the maid.

"It was destiny," said Eleanor to her-

self in an afterthought.

After all nothing could come of it.

She was under no obligation to Jack Renshaw, nor to any other man, in fact. Then she wondered idly if she ever should care for any of them-one more than another—for Eleanor Armstrong, while no beauty, had grace and sparkle, and a subtle personal magnetism which drew about her plenty of admirers.

She favored them all by turns. summer it was Lew Hunter. She wen-boating with him up in lovely Chocorua where they summered, played tennis and climbed country roads and hills.

"He was so strong and good natured. and made such a good alpen-stock," she coolly explained to her anut, Miss Jane

Mears, who was her careful chaperon.

This year, last past, it was Jack Ren shaw, at the same place, Chocorna— "dear old dreamy town," Eleanor said, "I could never tire of it." Jack did not dance, cared nothing for tennis, and had no experience with oars; but he read poetry beautifully, and could tell her charming old idyls as they walked by the river

did not; and yet he had such a dreadfully intense earnestness about him that he positively frightened her sometimes, she said.

Now the summer was gone. Jack was in Texas, and Eleanor was in her city home with only Aunt Jane and memory Yes, there was always Fred Kensel. He lived in a handsome house up in the square, with a stylish mother and sisters. He was the oldest friend of all, and was always at hand, sometimes more than Eleanor wished. For in the last year their frank, unrestrained good fellowship had in some way taken on a color strong for ordinary friendship, and Eleanor often found herself uncomfortable and ill at case when Fred was near. She would declare the air was close—she must have the window open—and where was Aunt Jane? Or if they were on the street she complained of his pace; why did he lag so? Couldn't he walk up like any other man? Poor Fred unwittingly felt the smart of many thorns that winter.

But about Jack Renshaw; Eleas

cared nothing for him-she knew she didn't. He was a pleasant su friend, nothing more. He had light hair; she wouldn't marry a blonde, way. Then he was too serious, hair; she wouldn't marry a common, too "preachy." She wasn't going to marry a guideboard. Besides he as all of ten years older than she—might as well be her grandfather. No, Jac. Renshaw, for anything but a friend, was out of the question. Lew Hunter was more to her usind, and secretly to herself, she owned that Mr. Jerome Arthur, the tenor at St. Paul's, was nearer to her taste than either. But Mr. Jerome Arthur was as yet only a vague possibility. She had noot him cascally a dozen times or so. Thus she reasoned.

So the days went by, and the letter and Jack went almost out of mind. Occasionally a remark or tone of voice, a marked passage in some favorite be they had read, would recall him. The they may read, would recall film. Then memory would stir, and she would idly wonder if he got her letter, and when and how he would write. But the spec-ulation was one of indifference. It troubled her not. The issue was all too

vague as yet.

Lew Hunter was around occasionally she began to meet and sing duets with Jerome Arthur at the houses of friends, while Fred Kensel was in constant attendance for lectures, concerts and drives. Therefore, if Miss Eleanor's time did notelly, it at least did not drag; and she spent very few hours either in enuni or in serious reflection.

Miss Jane Mears was sometimes anxious for the future of her niece, and took occasion to remind her of the ultimate necessity of a choice and a judicuous set-tlement in life. Whereupon the spirited girl, with laughing audacity, averred that Aunt Jane herself was to be con-gratulated upon her own merciful preservation from such a climax! That good lady received the lively sallies of her mece with the good humored toleration of a mother cat under the attack of a frolicsome kitten.

"But, Eleanor, my dear," she would purr, "you know you cannot always go on in this way: you really must make a

"Make a choice-how shall I do it, auntie? Advertise for scaled proposals and award the contract to the highest bidder, or put the candidates in a bag and raffle for them?"
"Don't be absurd, child," responded

Miss Jane: "you know what I mean, of course. I am afraid you will go through the entire pasture and then take up with a crooked stick."

"Well, I haven't seen any quite

straight enough to suit me yet."
"Weil, well, my dear, I only talk to
you for your own good. I have been afraid you missed it when you didn't take up with Josiah Hawkins."

take up with Jonah Hawkins.

"Josiah Hawkins"—and "missed it, 
indeed! retorted Eleanor. "What did I 
miss but an antiquated old pig with 
dyspepsia and squeaky shoes. I trust I 
am not reduced to quite so low an obb."

"No, no, child; don't fly in a passion.

so; it isn't ladylike. I am only afraid you will never do any better, that is all." 'Do any better!' I should think I could hardly do worse than marry a man for whom I hadn't a spark of

and the girl's eyes flashed "Well, there, there," soothed the se-rene maternal cat, "don't let's talk any ore about it."

"No, but you mustn't begin it, and please don't soold me any more dear," succumbed Eleanor, with a kittenish embrace. And so the dialogue would end. And the autumn days went by. November came on, and no letter from

Jack. Eleanor began to think about it. Sometimes she watched, half uncon-sciously, for the postman, with a little sting of disappointment when he went by. Yet her intimacy with Mr. Jerome by. Yet her intimacy with an Arthur grew apace, and she was quite fascinated by his tender tones and dark,

December-no letter. Eleanor's feeling of mere question of the cause passed into the stage of positive pique. Her pride was touched. Not even to write to her, to leave any letter of hers unan to her, to leave any actor or hers unan-swered, when any other man would have written two. Well, if Jack Renshaw had a remote idea of her wearing the wil-low for him be had not read his p's and g's correctly, that was all.

So she sang more and sweeter duets with Jerome Arthur, smiled more graciously on Lew Hunter, and completely dazzled poor Fred Kensel with her affa-bility. On the whole she was rather glad be did not write—so she solilo-quized—for insanuch as she cared nothing for Jack, and never could, a corre spondence would be stupid and only lead to trouble.

Of course he cared for her—that is, well, of course he did! Then, in proof of that fact her mind reverted to the night last summer when they parted at the gate of the old farmhouse where she stopped. They had taken their last walk by the river. They had then sought the top of the "ledges" to watch the san set. Finally, in the twilight they had wandered back to say goodby at the gate. Jack was going tomorrow and she a week later. Their conversation was broken and intermittent as they came down the grassy road.

"Perhaps this may be our last walk forever," spoke his low, earnest voice. "Should you care if it were, Eleanor?"

"Oh, don't be so solemn," exclaimed ie. "Of course we shall have more dozens next summer. He detained her gently by the arm, "But would you care if we never did,

I asked you!"
"Jack Benshaw." facing him audaci-

onsly, "did you ever been an owl? You positively make me think of one some-

His face paled a little. His mouth had a firmer look as he walked in silence by her side to the gate. Hesitating a moa firmer look as no warren in sinche of the ride to the gate. Hesitating a mo-ment while she coquetted with her para-sol and shifted some wild flowers un-easily from one hand into the other: "Goodby, Eleanor," very gravely. "Goodby, Jack," vivacionaly.

Goodby, Jack," vivaciously.
Is that all—can you say nothing else?"
"Why, what should I say?" she laugh-

ed.
"Say that you care—a little—for our summer ended—if you do," taking her

"But what if I don't?" withdrawing

that member. He looked at her challenging face

moment, seriously.

"Goodby," he said, and turned and
walked away. Eleanor tripped lightly
over the threshold up to her room, flung
off her bat, immediately sat down, and -yes, true to the inexplicably contra

yes, true to the inexpicacity contra-dictions of girlhood, cried.

She remembered it now with a smile, half of incredulity, half of self con-tempt. Why did she cry? True again to the inexplicabilities of girlhood she did not know

Three weeks after the parting scene he had received a letter from Jack in Texas, purely friendly, but the closing paragraph of which was this, "May I expect an answer, and may I hope that you do regret, just a little, the ending of our summer idyl!" So Eleanor had written her reply warily eschewing the subject of "regret," however, and that was the letter to which she had received no re-

The winter days were on. From in difference to curiosity, from curiosity to and creace to carriestly, from carriestly to pique, and now from pique to anxiety and fitful depression her feeling had passed. From a careless dream of se-curity in his regard she had awakened to doubt and uneasy question. Had he never cared himself for their summer idyl! Of course she didn't, she stoutly maintained to herself, but someway the growing conviction of his indifferent was extremely unwelcome to her.

If the truth must be told, her anxiety were on Miss Eleanor, and she even moped a little, dismally sometimes, at twilight in her room, and pretended she had a headache when Fred called. She dropped by degrees out of the duets and petulantly declared it bored her to sing. Her friends and Mr. Jerome Arthur implored, but she was obdurate. Neither passionate glances nor tender tones had power to move her more. Then she subbed Lew Hunter and privately voted

him stupid.

Miss Mears noticed capriciousness of anis mears noticed capricionsness of appetite, and was anxiously solicitous. Did Eleanor sleep well nights? Had she a pain in her side? A dizzy head? Was her tongue coated? And wouldn't she have on a porous plaster or wouldn't she take some tonic batters? To all of which her niece objected with laughing contempt.

"What do you think about going to Chocorua again this summer?" inquired Miss Mears of her niece one morning the following June. They were sitting at breakfast, and Eleanor was dallying with her coffee spe

"Oh, that stupid little town, no. Any place but there," was the quick response.
"Why," said her aunt, in mild surprise, "I thought you liked it so much last year. I am sure the farm house was cool, the vegetables fresh, and you know

you thought the river scenery was de lightful." At mention of the river scenery Elea nor was conscious of a pang at her hear like paint but she answered carelessly One tires of things sometimes. I should

like a change."

That evening as she took down her long hair in her aunt's room, before re-tiring, she said suddenly, and with a little nervous flutter, "Yes, let's go to Chocorus, auntie; you know you like it, and the Kensels are going, and it's as good as any place, effor all."

good as any place, after all."

Miss Jane Mears received the proposition without surprise, baving had twenty years' experience with the fluctuating inclinations of her niece. So it was arranged.

month later found them settled. There were numerous gay young peo-ple, Fred Kensel, his sister and Jerome Arthur among the rest, and Eleanor walked and drove and sought out her old haunts by the river. But there was a lack, a haunting memory, and a wist-ful pain which her heart sought in vain

were playing tennis in the field near the farm house which was the temporary bome of their choice, when a carriage passing, the driver raised his hat and

passing, no drew up. "Jack Renshaw!" exclaimed two o "Jack Renshaw!" exclaimed two or three, recognizing and running toward him, rackets in hand.

aim, rackets in hand.

Eleanor felt as if stunned, but, being
possessed of too much tact and pride to
allow herself to seem disconcerted, she
approached with the others and offered approached with the others and arriage her hand. He leaned from the carriage in greeting them all, and Eleanor felt, when he took her hand, that his eyes were seeking her own. But she could were seeking her own. But she could scarcely look up. Her old fearless confidence was gone, and she blushed half angrily at her disadvantage. Jack Renshaw recognized, too, the

Jack Renama recognized, too, cas difference, and a something intuitive di-rected his reply to the general impor-tunity whether he would not be with them before the season was over. "Yes, certainly, I think I shall," was

his reply as he drew his reins and drove

He had told them that a telegram night him from Texas a m he bedside of his mother, who was critically ill, and whose only son he was, Her home was in an adjoining town. the was now convalencent, and he was to return south in September.

That night Eleanor pleaded weariness and retired early to her room. But she could not sleep. She did not try. With-out a light, and in her flowing wrapper, she sat long, dreaming in the wide went window; dreaming of all things, of last summer and of the dull, gray future. But through every vision there moved one central figure. All else revolved about that. One face haunted her mem

ory, one voice thrilled her heart. She rose at last and nervously paced the floor. Why should she think of Jack Renshaw? Why could she not shut him out of mind? She—Eleanor Armstrong —who always had sailed on the crest of the wave, to find herself now chopping dismally in the trough. It was too ex-

asperating.
Yet again and again the same vision haunt-d her memory, and ever and ever, against her will, the same questions forced an answer. Why could she not forget him? How well he looked! Why had she never noticed his fine expression? What ease and self possession were his! Why had she been so blind before? And so, and so she vexed herself as the night

ours wore away. Within a week Jack was back at Cho-Within a week Jack was once a corus, a guest at The Elma, the village inn. Eleanor saw him constantly, was obliged to do so, since he was a general fevorite, although not given to games.

favorite, although not given to games, His attitude toward her was perplex ing. Politely indifferent, he neither shunned nor sought her. Eleanor was, as always, gay. But her gayety was fitful; now bordering on extravagance, as when she dashed after a hay cart with Fred; now relapsing almost to sobriety, as when she sought the kitchen to assort rags with old Annt Eunice.
One afternoon following the arrival of

One afternoon following the arrival of the daily stage she and the Kensel girls proposed walking up to the village post-office for letters. They were joined on the way by Fred, and at The Elms by re-enforcements, including Mr. Jerome, Arthur and Jack. At the postoffice de-livery Kitty Kensel volunteered to call for letters for the company.

"Mr. Jerome Arthur, one; Miss Grace E. Morris, two—three! more than your share, Grace Morris; Miss Persis G. A. Fratt, two and a card; Miss Catharine Kensel—that's me—one; Miss Eleanor Armstrong, card and letter—oh, see! and a dead letter, too; ""A 'dead letter; Oh, let's see!" cried

all the girls, huddling together.

Jack Renshaw stood at Eleanor's right,

looking quietly on.

Behold her rosy cheek doth pa

And paleied grow her lily he

She dare not rend the mystle.

ran on the giddy girl who had delivered the letter. Eleanor flushed and wrenched the en-

velope in laughing contempt.
"See if I dare not!" she exclaimed.
The inclosed letter fell to the floor, with the addressed side conspicuously uppermost. Jack stooped and restored uppermost. Jack stooped and restored it to her, inevitably reading the super-scription as he did so. Eleanor at that moment read it also. "J. H. Renshaw"—nothing less, noth-

ing more. In amazement and confusion she raised her eyes to his, which were eagerly regarding her The lightning of recognition flashed between them.

There it was, her own letter of a year ago sent to the dead letter office on account of an unfinished address. She re membered it all. She had written his name, nothing more, that day when she was hesitating to send the letter. A callhad interrupted and made her forget. Then the maid had mailed it as it was So Jack had never heard from her, and she had never heard from Jack

Eleanor hastily thrust the letter in her pocket and hurried from the office, fol-lowed by the chattering company, whose attention was already caught by another matter.

Jack soon took his place by her side on the homeward way. Neither spoke until they came to where the old path led out from the main road and through the meadow along the river.

The shadows were long and cool, and the golden sunset light swept down the depths of the quiet water like a reflected

sky.
"Eleanor," said Jack, pausing at the turn, "I think I see how it all was; I think I understand. Do I not?"

Her heart beat thick and fast. She

would not trust herself to speak; she only looked away to the sky.

Shall we walk by the river tonight?" he continued, "and would you care now, as I would, not a little, but with all my soul and for all my life, if we never had

walked together again?'

Eleanor lifted her eyes to his with a look which answered his foundest hope, as they turned and went down the river

"But really, Jack, you do make me think of an owl sometimes—you look so very solemn and wise!" she said, with a flash of her old audacity, as they came again in the twilight down to the farmhouse gate. - Elmira Telegram.

## It Didn't Pay.

Commander McCalla, of the navy, who was convicted of tyrannical and cruel conduct toward his men and suspended for three years, has seen two other commanders promoted over him in the last year, and it is said that he is heart broken. His case may teach others a good lesson.—Detroit Free Press.

Go and sit down, or else take a little walk and be back in ten minutes." Of course George Sand did not return.—An Englishman in Paris.

Where the English Poets Are Buried

Of Shakespeare Westminster abbey contains only a monument. His bon contains only a nonument. His Sones, as everybody knows, rest at Stratford-upon-Avon, and Milton is bouored only by a bust. The author of "Paradise Lost" is buried in the Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, and there is no reason to doubt that the dean and chapter of his day would have refused him the right of day would have refused him the right of sepultare in the abbey when he died had it been then asked for. Even so late as the beginning of the Eighteenth century the phrase, "second to Milton alone," which had been proposed as an epitaph for the poet Phillips, was "ruled out" by Dean Sprat, who regarded the name of Milton as too detectable to appear in a Milton as too detestable to appear in a

Milton as too detestable to appear in a building dedicated to religion.

Thirty years later not only Milton's name but the bust to his memory was admitted, aithough the accompanying inscription was not of a felicitous char-acter. Byron was actually refused burial in the abbey; Goldanith lies in the precincts of the temple; Gray was buried in the country churchyard, that at Stoke Poges, near Slough, in which he wrote his immortal "Elegy;" and of more modern bards Wordsworth, Tennyson's immediate predecessor in the lauresteship, is buried "by Rotha's stream" in Grasmere churchyard, while the heart of Shelley and the body of Keats are interred in a Protestant come-

tery at Rome.

Posterity is the only sure judge of poetical renown, and who can doubt that were Keats and Shelley to die now they would as a matter of course be accorded a place where Browning and Tennyson lie. It is a safe prediction, however, that our descendants will not hold us of the Nineteenth century to blame for admitting into the poets' cor-ner the remains of the author of "Morte d'Arthur" and "In Memoriam."—London Telegraph.

Being Near at Hand.
"I suppose," said an English woman
to two American travelers on the deck
of one of the big transatlantic steamers, that you intend to visit Shakespeare's birthplace.

"Oh, yes," was the answer; "we shall go to Stratford by all means. You have en there of course?"

"No; I never have been. Very few English people go there, but it is a great

resort for Americans."
"Why is it that English people take so little interest, comparatively, in the "Why is it that English people take so little interest, comparatively, in the town which produced so great a genins?" "Well, I cannot account for it, except possibly on the theory that one is never so likely to visit what is always within

one's reach as are those who go to a strange country with the special object of sightseeing. Why, on this very steamer I have met an American who told me that, although his home is close to New York, he has never visited your Metropolitan Museum of Art in Central park except once, while he has been a number of times to the British museum, and repeatedly to the Louvre. Now, I fancy that if he lived a few hundred miles from New York, and occasionally went there to 'see the sights,' he would have a much more intimate knowledge of the museum than he has now, when it is within his reach every day, or at least every week."—New York Tribune.

The old proverb, "Any port in a storm," has often found practical illus-tration in the empirical treatment of tration in the empirical treatment of disease. Time was when even regular practitioners in the art of healing in-cluded in their professional armament, along with many simple remedies of real value, other matters, the very men-tion of which might almost suffice to en-gender illness. We may feel thankful gender illness. We may feel thankful that we have now entered upon a later and more scientific era, and that such extraordinary drugs as weasels' gizzards does' hoofs, snails, and other even more repulsive horrors, do not now find a place

m any pharmacopoin.

There still exists, however, a species of medical folklore, and some of its prescribed wisdom available for use in illness is of the most remarkable kind. Times of panic, by throwing a population to some entent on its own resources for treatment, are spt to create a demand for these survivals of a dark age. This happened lately in Germany, where a toad cooked with much care was swal-lowed as a cure for cholera. As to the result we are not informed. Most of us would probably choose to suffer rather than thus attempt our own relief.—Lon-She don Lancet.

# Taking It Easy.

"My poor Eugenie," began Geor Sand to Delacroix, "I am afraid I he got bad news for you." Delacroix, without i interrupting his Delacroix, without interrupting his work, and just giving her one of his cordial smiles in guise of welcome. 'Yes, my dear friend, I have carefully consulted my own heart, and the upshot is-I grieve to tell you-that I feel I cannot and could never love you." Del-acroix kept on painting, "Is that a fact? he said. "Yes, and I ask you to pardon me and give me credit for my candor—my poor Delacroix."

Delacroix did not budge from his ease! "You are anever with me are you

easel. "You are angry with me, are you not? You will never forgive me?" "Certainly I will. Only I want you to keep quiet for ten minutes. I have got a bit of sky here which has caused me a good deal of trouble; it is just coming right.