#### SORROW.

Sorrow, my guide, my teacher and my mate, To whose divine companionship I awe All that I feel and much of what I know. Think not I score, O Secret, that my fate

Hath brought me nigh to such a potentials, Yes, such a king as then are. Men may grow To love the cross they bear; and even so Should I love thee, whose pompof somber state

Is with me siways. I have seen these wind And pluck bis mores from the lips of Joy In mil-fruithen; set then art a rived. Even to the bibs then seemest to descrey. Then art more tender for, and far more fulr. Than she who size would havnt me—dumb Despeir.

-Exchange.

#### ON THE ROOF.

Have you never read of a person's hair turning gray in a single night? Of course you have. The old stary books are full of such tales. I can remember dozons of them—stories recking with gore and dank with dungeons, and grewsome with ghosts and other uncanny things. The heroine, and sometimes the hero, goes to bed at night with hair as black as the raven's wing, and along in the night come the horrors, whatever they are, and in the morning the raven hair has turned a snowy white

I can remember, too, that I never used to take any stock in such stories. I used to hear them read, and get up quite a respectable thrill at the most horrible portions, especially when the candle british, especially want for cashie flickered awhile, leaving everybody in total darkness, just as a deep groan was lieard or a long, shuddering cry. like the wind through the weeping willows in a graveyard.

Oh, yest 1 was quite susceptible to touching passages like those, and 1 used to harry up to bed and tuck my head under the clothes and shiver with the most timid of them. But somehow or most time of heart. But samenow other I could not accept the hair turning part of the story. I knew that hair, black or white, could stand on end, but that a good head of black hair would blench itself out between dark and day-

light was a little too much to swallow.

I know better now. I have had a little experience of my own which—but perhaps it is best to tell the story as it occurred.

It was on the roof of the cathedral at Milan. We had climbed the stairs in the late afternoon of a beautiful spring day, after paying the custodian the in-significant price he asked for all the glories visible from the elevated station. We had looked through the telescope— We had looked through the telescope— for another fee—and had each assured the others that we saw Mont Blanc perfectly well, without for a moment be-lieving what the others said or convincing them that we told the truth, and had ended our climbs by ascending to the highest point under the lantern—if it is a lantern—by the coriserew stair-case, which will scarcely permit any but the thinnest persons to pass when one is going up and the other coming down.

going up and the onice coming lows.

We were a party of four, and when
the roof was reached the youngest proposed a ramble over that pertion of the
structure. To this all but myself asstructure. To this all but myself as-cented. I was tired and proposed to rest awhile at the foot of the tower stairs, where the others were to pick me up on their return, so that we might all descend together. This was satisfactory and off they started.

For a time I was quite comfortable, and paid no attention to the passage of time: but I suddenly noticed that it was getting dark and that my companions had not returned. I called to them first in a moderate tone of voice, then more

loudly, but received no answer.

Fearing that they would be belated on the roof I started in search of them. I walked the entire length of the ridge of the main roof and peered down all the the main roof and peered down all the side passages in the gathering dusk, but caught no glimpse of my companions. Then I descended to the roof of the aisle and made a search there which was also fruitless. I became alarmed as the light failed, and ran from one point to an-other, calling out as I ran, until I found to my great distress that I had lost my to my great distress, that I had lost my way. I could see far below me the lights of the great city and hear the distant rumbling of the carriages as they drove past on the stony streets.

But I was as effectually lost for the moment as if I had been in the heart of an African jungle without a compass and no Stanley on the alert to hunt me up. In the excitement and despair which the consciousness of this fact produced, I rushed about so wildly that I slipped and fell on a long flight of stone steps, wet with the dew which had be-gun to fall. I was not conscious of any serious injury from the fall, but when I brought up at the foot of the stairs and tried to regain my footing, I found, to my despair and horror, that I was utter-ty unable to move my limbs. I was par-

alyzed.

The mental agony I suffered is inconceivable. Yet curiously enough I spent the first moments in speculating as to the exact nature of the injury I had susthe exact insure of the intry in a data tained. Had I broken my back or sim-ply injured my spinal cord? I tried to recall what I had heard my doctor friends say about injuries of similar character, but could not seem to remember anything definite. The words, "the fifth pair," flashed into my mind and appeared to connect themselves in some way with my condition; but whether it was the fifth pair of nerves or ribs, or of something else, I could not make out. I could not understand either how I

could have been so seriously injured without any sensible shock, but that my power of locomotion was gone there was no doubt. I could move my hands and

I began to speculate on the number of ngs one could do with one's hands me. This occupied me for what seemed to be an hour but as the train of thought was intercupted by a clock striking the hour of midnight. I con-cluded it must have been much longer, and wondered I had not heard the preceding hours.

Suddenly the full horror of my condi-tion flashed upon me. I was not only doomed to remain where I was, helpless and alone, during the long chilly hours of the night, but there was no certainty that I would ever get away alive. My friends would never dream that I was

there. They had undoubtedly con-cluded that I had gone down and if they mosed me would search everywhere but in the right place. It might be days before the particular spot in which I lay would be visited, and in that case it would be too late. Starva-tion would do for me, even if the injury I and received did not. In my anguish i shrished aboud, but was dully con-scious all the time that nobody could hear me. Visitors and custodians alike must have departed hours befores and even if my cries were heard from the streets below nobody would attribute

them to their real source.

To the feeling of acute anguish succeeded one of blank despatr. I no issuer speculated on the possibility of being discovered, dead or alive. There was a dull leaden feeling at my chest and I found myself repeating mechanically old rhymes and jingles and saying the alphabet backward, as I once learned to aiphabet backward, as I once earned to do in seeking relief from insomms. Yet at the same time I was conscious that my whole life was passing in review be-fore me, as they say it does when one is drowning or being hanged. I remem-bered that saying, too, and without any cessation of the review I wondered in my doubled consciousness if I were undergoing the sensations of a drowning man, or of one being hanged, and wished

undergoing the sensations of a drowing man, or of one being hanged, and wished I could put them down on paper for the benefit of the rest of mankind.

What struck me as singular was that the clocks kept on striking twelve. The second time they did this I thought I must have lost consciousness for an entire day and that this was the second midmeth. and that this was the second midnight But when the third stroke of twelve came from half a dozen clocks, I knew could not be two days since I had

I thought first that I had become de I thought first that I had become de-mented; and then it occurred to me that if I were I could not reason about it in that fashion, so the clocks themselves must be crazy. This theory satisfied me until the striking began again, when i went off in another fautastic speculation. My friends had discovered that I was missing, and were having the bells rung

missing, and were having the bells rung to keep my spirits up.

Oh, the long, long weary hours I spent in waiting for a glimpse of day-light. I had no hope that daylight would bring me any relief, but the pros-pect of staying where it was endless mid-night seemed unendurable. I groated and wept and dug my mails into the palms of my hands until it seemed as if the blood would come: but I did not even feel any sense of pain.

It must have been after the clocks had

struck midnight a dozen times or more —I kept no exact account—that I saw in the distance at what seemed to be the farther end of the cathedral roof two faint glimmers of light. Presently there were two more and then two more until there was a regular procession of them. I tried to shout, but had become so weak with cold and suffering that I could not raise my voice above a whis-

per.

The lights nevertheless approached, growing gradually stronger, until 1 could see that they were borne by several black-robed figures who were marching beside a coffin. As the procession moved slowly toward me I began to wonder what it meant, and whether funerals took place at midnight on the roof of Milan cathedral. Then I speculated a moment on the propriety of disturbing the obsequies even in my exturbing the obsequies even in my ex-treme need. Suddenly it dawned upon me that this was my own funeral, and I knew that I was either dead or had gone mad. In the supreme august of this discovery all memory of past suffering was blotted out, and I entered on a new period of the most exquisite torture. Fortunately, it was of brief duration. As the foremost of the moving figures reached me 1 felt a grasp on my arm voice called in my ear

"Wake up, father; it's time to be going down. I guess you must have had your yoke turned."

It was my daughter, and beside her were the rest of the party, flushed with their ramble on the roof. I straightened out my cramped limbs, which must have gone to sleep about the time I did, and pulled out my watch. I had been there

just difteen minutes.
I don't mean to be understood that my I don't mean to be understood that my hair really did turn gray in that night of horror on Milan cathedral. In the first place there is not much of it and what there is has been tolerably gray for some years. Put I do mean to say that I am no longer incredulous as to the possibility of such a capillary change as the story books tell about. I am quite sure that if any man or wannersally sure that if any man or woman really had just such an experience as I thought I had, his or her hair would turn gray provided of course he or she had any hair that was not gray already.—True

What He Would De. Miss Elderly-What would you do if I hould tell you my age?

He-Multiply it by two.—Brooklyn Life.

Springfield, Mass.

#### FAR AND WIDE,

Notion this bread continent alone, but in maintai breeding incipied regions, in Junatemata,
Mexico, South America, and Edward, in Junatemata,
Mexico, South America, and Indiana of Patanas
and the South America, and Indianas of Patanas
and Continent and South and Patanas
and Indianas. The militor is stomach litters atinquiries maintain. The militor, the freshly arrived
inquiries in the sulfer of the virgin sail newly
rabbed of its forcest by the age of the planeer,
find in the superb satisfied is specific a preserver against the possonous minema which in
vast districts rich in natural resources is yet
firtile in disease. It smithilates disorders of
the stomach, liver and bowels, fortifies those
who use it against risesumits aliments bred and
fostered by outdoor exposure; infrases genia
warmth into a frame childred by a rigorous temperature, and roles of their power to harm morin
g and evening mists and vapors ladee with
hurfulness; arrengthens the weak, and conquers heighent kidney trouble.

Columbus was considered.

Columbus was considered a great Italian be-cause he made an egg stand on end, but nows-lays Italians think nothing of having a peanut stand on the corner.

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that comes from continued suitering.

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[SRAI.]

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