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A MELODY.

Who is most to the heart's desire,
Woman, or man, or evening star?
Where the moon goes sailing along?
Those, or the flying of wings afar?
From the light of sorrowful eyes?
Not those; but the seed of fire,
That, sown in the soul,
When earliest love,
Flings suddenly out into song
Rad, or merry, is all the same,
So it sustains the sight of shame
And erects a name
On the pillar of Jubilant Song.

TIMELY REPENTANCE.

"If I have made a mistake it is not my fault," said the colonel with an air of resignation, as he bade farewell from sadness into gravity.

"You do not mean that it is mine?" demanded Miss Vernon Leigh with a heightened color and a haughtiness in her mien.

She was assured that she must be looking very pretty. But he—the beauty lover!—seemed to have suddenly no eyes. From feigned the indignation became real. The young lady, with a sort of outraged grandeur of gesture, drew the colonel's letter from her pocket.

"Perhaps you had better take your letter again." Her head was high, and in her tones was sarcasm.

"No." The colonel were impassive now. "I have no use for the letter. I thought I should receive it from your hands under other conditions. But we are all prone to illusions."

And now he was gone. Vernon Leigh would not mind. No, indeed!—she began to walk rapidly. Had he not accused her, indirectly, of flirting? These old bachelors, these men of thirty-six or more, how intolerable they become! Flirt with him? She? There were plenty of others. He need not have thought himself exceedingly singled out. Had he fancied she would throw herself at his head, be only too glad, too eager? If a man wanted a woman very much he could see more than once; not expect that he would be caught up at the very first intimation! Ah! He was so very proud, was he? Well, Vernon Leigh surely could show a little pride, also!

* * * *

"Bredren, God love you and Brudder Smith love glory, but God do hate de way you goes on and Brudder Smith take it. Hyar I been a-worrin' for a quarter of an hour an' I ain't made no way at all!" Thus spoke Brother Smith, the revivalist, at Hominy Grove Church two days after. Interrupting himself in the sermon that, by mounting degrees, was to reach a point of intensity so vibrant that every sinner present was to be brought to irresistible conviction of original iniquity and need of grace.

Naturally the prolonged tramping in and out of the congregation, the interrupting preponderance of late comers and of early comers, who were served with sundry marital pretexts for going out, that they might again re-enter, were stumbling blocks in the second part program of Brother Smith. Rapping his fat, oily knuckles upon the cover of the good book and glaring with ominous significance and majesty from the platform to the swarming floor below—

"He divided de righteous from de ungodly," read or paraphrased Brother Smith, "like dem we hab been pointin' up and down disher house to-night, Bredren Brudder Smith, goin' to be angry with you right soon."

This was a trying moment for Eunice to be making her way precisely across the aisle, and under the awful shadow of the platform itself. Half the glory of the moment seemed snatched away. Those shoes, those loose arrided Suede gloves, that pale blue feather on the yellow hat, the white veil wound about her youthful visage and—crowning beatitude—that India silk gown with the vines—they reschuah on a pale green ground to have swayed up the aisle to the very furthermost and topmost bench, in the sight of the full congregation, with all those beauties of apparel, that would have been an instant to live for. Now, faintly abashed, Eunice squeezed into a tight place on a near bench, and the three starched skirts under the India silk gown creaked and rustled in protest.

"Dey was puffed out wid pride and hypocrisy," paraphrased Brother Smith, never at a glance into the affliction of the offending starch. "An'—wid de richeasness of de iristocracy."

Again he looked up from the book and stamped his feet upon the platform and beat his cushiony hands together.

"Yes—ye-es" murmured Elder Johnson, beginning to rock to and fro in his seat.

Eunice felt a rill as of cool water trickle down her spine. Brother Smith had been looking straight at her again.

"Dey was puffed out wid de richeasness of de iristocracy," aptly repeated the revivalist, feeling that he was making way at last and that the excitement was beginning to mount.

"Ye-es. Dat's so."

"Bress de Lord!", from a sister in the back of the hall who was beating time with her feet on the floor. One or two, then six or eight, then twenty and forty, took up the rhythmic stamping, and Elder Johnson accompanied it with a beating of the palms on the knees in unison.

"But God is too smart for a sinner man!" suddenly whispered Brother Smith.

Brother Johnson was seized with convulsive laughter and Sister Chloe threw out a sharp shriek.

"Ye-es! Ye-es!" ran down the room and one elder slapped his thigh in hysterical enjoyment.

"Glory to de Lamb!"

They were fairly started now. Brother Smith had prayed at the beginning of the "protracted meetin'" that this might be the "most bustin' up revival disher town of Hominy Grove" had ever known and it looked as if those prayers were about to be answered.

"De debil was one of de greatest angels," went on Brother Smith, more vibrant yet with thrilling his audience in proportion upon sequence of discourse. "An' he fight wid God for de sinner man! De debil he fight and de angels dey fight! Dey fight wid de dragons! An' he tell you, bredren, de debil, is de mightiest of dem all! I think I see him!" jumping aloft and shrilling and panting. "I think I see him a-fightin' wid God! I think I see him a-fallin' down! I think I see him a-goin' down, a-goin' down! Down! Down! Oh, my God!" breaking into a chant. "Oh, my God! I think I see, I think I see—"

"Hi!" yelled a sister.

"Lord, Lord, hab mercy!"

Eunice, convulsed, had started to her feet and was shuffling and straying to the accompaniment of all the starched skirts.

"Come on de bench oh de mournin' manners!" exhorted Brother Smith, who had shrieked himself hoarse. "Remember I tole you de debbil mighty angel and he got you—he got you sah, which you know is! He one of de great angels, yes! Yes! I shouldn't wonder if he be one of de seraubeom angels!"

"Lord hab mercy!"

Eunice was dissolved in tears. Reckless of her finery—of Miss Vanon Leigh's green India silk, with the vines of pink rosebuds—she had thrown herself on her knees before the mourners' bench, the bench of the "seekers." Brother Smith had come down from his platform, remarkably composed and businesslike after all his emotion, and was exhorting each of the weeping women prone on the ground near the altar, while the congregation intoned a rousing hymn. Eunice, being the "most no 'count gal" in Hominy Grove and the most "puffed out with pride" and the love of fine clothes—"other belongings in general" to whomsoever it might be most convenient to steal from—had, suddenly, in short, become a "seeker" anxious to repent to "fellowship."

Now, it happened that while Brother Smith was doing so much good work at Hominy Grove Church bitter tears were being shed for a different occasion at a house on the village main front, not more than two miles away.

"What has happened to Colonel?" said Captain Leigh, looking up over his batter cakes at the supper table. "They say he's going away." His humorous old eyes turned to his daughter's white-rose face. Either his dulled imagination had had a sudden youthful renascence or else more of a white-rose face than usual.

"I did not know that Colonel Sems was going away," said Vernon. Her fingers were so limp and cold, surely every one at the table must see how hard it was to hold knife and fork.

Oh, for the silence and the shelter of her own room!

They were reached at last and the white rose hung upon a broken stem in verity now. No more superb little firs of the head and shoulders; no more latent disdain; no more haughnute sayings to that latent detrimental ache in her heart: "What care I?"

He was going. She had sent him away. He would never, never come back.

Never? Was there no way, no way at all, to keep him—to bring him back?

Oh, his letter! Passionately impatient, the poor pretty, cold fingers began to upturn the contents of drawers, of clothes presses. Where—where was that India silk gown with the pink rosebuds which she had worn that last afternoon they had walked together? It was a pretty gown and he liked it and the letter was in the pocket of it, and she had scorned him—scorned him so that she had not deigned to draw it out or touch it since.

But, alas, it could not be touched now! The press, silk with the pink vines had disappeared. The big southern house had been open all day and she in another part of it, and there was a negro revival at Hominy Church. It was not difficult to realize just how the India frock had vanished.

Vernon Leigh threw herself down and wept. What cared she for the India silk gown, though it was one of very prettiest gown? All her wardrobe might have gone to Hominy church for good and for ever if only, if only her letter had not gone, too! Now she could not send it to him. And that one little act would have been the one and sole one which would have brought him back.

At three o'clock the next morning while the first little cold breath, precursor of the dawn, was creeping up through the pines, Eunice, with the other converted sinners who had grovelled before the bench and been prayed over and sung to since eleven the night before, crawled out into the grove, a much rumpled and tear-stained figure. The blue feather had lost its crispness and the starched skirts their assertiveness. But, after all, it was the India silk gown that had suffered most, which was, however, did not prevent that, when at sunrise Miss Vernon Leigh, who slept on the ground floor, opened her heavy, reddened lids the first object her weary glances rested upon was the pale green glimmer of her lost gown strewn with its pinkish buds.

The shutters had been opened from the outside during her sleep and the gown laid over the window sill.

With one bound Vernon was out of bed and had clutched her mysteriously restored property. In the pocket was the rustle of paper and in a moment more she was carrying and laughing over her letter—over his letter!

The sudden repentance of Eunice and her new religious fervor had led just in time to the happiness of two lives.

For an hour before his train left the Colonel was found by a small black boy in rugged breeches, who held a most disreputable-looking envelope in his hand. Nothing was added to the letter, but the boy said it came from Miss Vern.

And so, when a tall, eager figure came stalking up toward the house the pilasters it was met by a whity rose that was a white rose no longer, but a pink one, and that looked up with willing eyes in which was every charming remorse and every expectable promise.

Edible Earth.

Much has been written about the earth-eating tribes of various countries, but it is not generally known that the inhabitants of Penacova, a village in Portugal, have for generations eaten a variety of earth found in the neighborhood. It is said that any of them leaving home is afflicted with a singular malady with gastric symptoms unless provided with a supply of the earth. The reason of this is probably the presence of arsenic in the earth which is known to produce such singular effects upon its habitual consumers. The fact that Dr. Vogel has found none in it by a cursory examination, but on the contrary has detected that it contains about double the quantity of nitrogen found in similar soils from the adjacent fields, lends probability to the view that the active substance may be an alkaloid. The whole question could be easily settled by a competent chemist, and it is to be hoped that some one will undertake its investigation.

Want 'Em Bad.

A Pennsylvania man advertised that he was pale, knee-spring, homely, and cross, but wanted a wife, and in response he received fifty-four letters from women who said they'd take him. In each, he selected what sort of a home has fallen upon him, need be discouraged in facing the matrimonial world.

Beware of the Cat.

Says a Philadelphia surgeon: "Unless a dog be suffering from hydrophobia his bite is easily cured, but the bite of a cat at any time is a serious matter and will cause more trouble than a wound inflicted by any other animal. A cat's claws also inflict wounds which may result very seriously."

Hard to Break.

"What was that noise I heard in the parlor last night, Maria?" "It was William breaking his engagement."—Boston Gazette.

THE OMNIBUS.

Pressed for time—Mummies.

When two souls have but a single thought they should stop spooning and take up another.

Mr. Gould cannot deny the impeachment that at one time in his career he was a poppin' Jay.

Exhorter—Brother do you want to be saved? Young-broker (absent minded)—Anything in it?

The merchant may know nothing of the pugilist, but he has daily struggles with the price-fighter.

If you don't want people to look always on the dark side of life give them an occasional peep at the other side.

Every heart knoweth its own bitterness. Many a man who looks happy is wearing a shirt his wife has made.

"Before we were married," said she, "his displays of affection were positively overdone." "And now?" "They are very rare."

Tommy—Paw, what is famo? Mr. Figg—Fame, my son, is something a man makes money out of after he is dead.

If you have found some one who knows how to scratch your back just where it itches you have come pretty near finding your affinity.

An agricultural editor says that the best article he ever saw on milk was cream. Some city people think that it is not very widely copied.

"I hear that you are going to marry a widow with $10,000, B.—You have got things mixed. I am going to marry $10,000 with a widow.

Milicent—What do you think, Maud? Mr. Bullion has proposed to me. Maud—Well I always thought he'd marry anybody who would take him.

If you are told that you resemble a great man say nothing. It may be that the resemblance will cease the moment you open your mouth.

He (tactlessly)—And do you think baby will resemble me, wife? She (tartly)—I shouldn't wonder; he keeps me awake at night often enough.

"Grand opera comes high. Doesn't it?" said her husband, referring to the price of admission. "Not very high in the neck?" she replied, glancing at one of the boxes.

One thing I ought to tell you before you make up your mind to marry my daughter; she sits all day at the piano." "Oh, I don't mind that at all if she doesn't play."

Teacher—Correct. Woman is in the feminine gender. Now the sentence speaks of a young woman in fashionable attire. What gender is attire? Bright Boy—Masculine.

She—My poor dear father knew Washington so intimately, and I myself was born on the 22d of February, so of course I feel like—like— He (helping her out)—Like a relic.

Her lovely smile is thriven,
The world we deem a sham.
In fact, she has no pious grown
She won't eat deviled ham.

"He is wedded to his art," said Hicks, apropos of Sketchy, the artist. "You're wrong. He pays too much attention to his art to be wedded to it. He's engaged to it," said Mrs. Hicks, scornfully.

"Why, hello, old boy, I haven't seen you since you were married. What are you doing now? Travelling for the house, I suppose?" "No, not exactly. Since I became wife's cane I have become a floorwalker."

First Actor—You never introduce your wife to any of your gentleman friends. Why is that? Second Actor—Because I would be one of them. None of them will elope with her. I've tried it time and time again.

An eye to the future. "I don't see how you can be pleased at the idea of your brother marrying here. She's so fast and harum-scarum. She'll never make a good wife." "Oh, but she'll make such a delightful chaperone."

"There is one thing about you, d'Auber, that I can't understand," said Schumble. "What is that, old fellow?" "That with your unequaled taste in art you should have such a large collection of your own pictures."

An old lady was consoling a Belfast man who was recently injured by a telegraph wire. After learning how the accident took place, she said: "Bad luck to 'em. They are all humbugs. The celestial lights all ought to come down."

Mrs. Porkly—I often wonder how people manage to understand each other in France. Mrs. Gotham—How absurd. Mrs. Porkly—I don't think it absurd at all. Both my daughters speak French and they can't understand each other.

Somebody has computed that if thirty-two million people should clap hands they could reach round the earth. When a young man is in love he does not need to have more than one person to clap his hands to reach around all the earth contains for him.

Countryman (buying a new suit of clothes) Pears to me, Mister, that these pantaloons are too short. Lowestein—Vy, my friend, dot vas our special style for suburban residents. You don't haf to roll dose clothings up and look like von of dose silly dudes.

"Will thou take a little smack with me?"—Terry Tolerod to the sailor sea. Then drooped her lashes modestly,
And mildly, meekly blushin'
She said, "I will participate
In such diversion as you state,
If you the same will designate
A labial concussion."

Mrs. Visite—Good afternoon, Miss Blank! Is your mother at home? Miss Blank—No. She has gone to Mrs. DeMugg's progressive conversation party. By the way what sort of a party is that, Mrs. DeVisite? Mrs. DeVisite—It is one at which the conversation begins with art, science and literature and progresses very rapidly to fashion, gossip and servants.

Impossible.

"Johnny," said the teacher to the bad boy in school, "I should think you would pause sometimes to reflect on the consequences of your conduct. I am afraid you will end by bringing your father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave."

Johnny was thoughtfully silent for some time. Then he said in a subdued tone:

"Teacher?"

"What is it?"

"Maybe you didn't know when ye said what ye did that pop has used hair dye for the last two years."—Washington Post.

A Barrel of Bostonr.

The story is told of an old-time Bangor merchant who had a propensity for picking all the stray buttons that came in his way, that during his long life he had filled a barrel with them. After his death some one had the curiosity and patience to go through the lot, but failed to find two buttons of the same pattern.

HER ACCOMPLISHMENT.

Nobody Could Guess It, and It Proved a Strange Revelation.

The women of New York society in many cases are accomplished in very odd ways, and a party of men the other night passed an interesting quarter of an hour in recalling some of the uncommon talents of their feminine acquaintances. One handsome young woman was an adept at blowing the conch horn; another was a very successful carver of rings; one of the most sedate young ladies in town danced a clog to perfection; a dutiful and beautiful wife made all her husband's trout flies, and her husband was renowned as a successful fisherman; a middle-aged and wiry girl, famous for her waltzing, was a scientific boxer and could give her clever brother a breezy fourround battle; a lady who rode in the Park each day occasionally showed to her friends in the country how she could stand on the back of a cantering horse; a fair mermaid of Newport could smoke a cigarette under water; these and a half hundred other wondrous performances were told of women by the men that knew them, and the catalogue grew. Finally a young fellow who had been listening lazily to the conversation spoke up in drawling tones, and the attention of the company became riveted upon him.

"I knew a far more extraordinary girl than any you have mentioned, ones upon a time," said he. "She was the sister of a classmate of mine at college. Rich, I think. Was a swell. Blonde girl, tall and straight and jolly, for I used to go rowing with her when I visited 'em up the river. Pull a wonderful oar, too, and was clever in other ways. One of her talents, though, was certainly remarkable. I never found it out until I'd known her for three weeks. Never paraded it. Seemed to take it as a matter of course. When I did hear of it at last I spoke to her father about it, and he agreed with me that it was a very rare accomplishment in a girl. Not that it was especially needed in women, but there were emergencies when it might come into play. I was rather struck with the charm of the thing. In fact it rather clinched the good opinion I had already formed of the girl, and I asked her to marry me. The wedding will be in two months."

There was a pause. The speaker apparently went into a reverie that he had no intention of disturbing. Finally a bowl went up.

"Well, what is the wonderful accomplishment of this girl, Billy?"

Billy roused himself, and looked about at the faces of his friends.

"Oh, didn't I tell you?" said he. "Why, she can cook."

That Third Party.

The constant presence of a third party at the fireside and table, says Mrs. P. T. Barnum, is especially distressing in the early days of wedlock. The presence of one who is not "of ourselves" may often restrain what is worst in us; but, alas! it always restrains what is best.

There must always be in the most perfect unions and the best ordered lives some little friction which will once in a while find expression. The gentle protest with which, if alone with your husband, you would disarm his fractiousness dies in your throat because of the third person. The loving caress with which you would close his lips and make him ashamed of himself is as impossible to you as if you were paralyzed. If misunderstood, pride will not let you explain, and your retort indignantly; or, at best, keep silent with an aching heart, and in time you grow to hate that third person who has come between you, and who is none the less eating holes in your marriage garment.

It may not be possible, without neglecting a sacred duty, to have your house cut to yourself, but I charge you—as you value your mutual love and happiness; be inflexible in your resolution to keep some waiting hours out of every twenty-four when the fireside shall be sacred to you and your husband; when you can tell each other your thoughts, your hopes and your fears, with no stranger intermeddling with your joy.

The Vestibule Car is Safe.

The improvement in palace and drawing room cars in the last two or three years has been very great, as I learned in talking with a railroad man who is here from the west to buy cars. "The most notable feature in their improvement," said he, "is their greater strength and safety. It is next to impossible for passengers to be hurt in one of the modern vestibule trains, no matter what accident may happen, short of rolling down an embankment or being pitched off a bridge or into water. The vestibule ends of cars are so strong that in an accident I went through the other day, where a train running nearly fifty miles an hour dashed into a freight train on a side track, not a passenger was even scratched. There was a big fat man crossing from one car into another, who was in the middle of the vestibule when the train struck, and he was the least shaken up of any one. The new framework under the cars is made of steel, and the lighting and heating apparatus makes it impossible to injure passengers by burning."—New York Press.

Effects of Frost on Building Stone.

Experiments on the frost resisting power of natural and artificial building stones have been made with twenty-one different kinds of natural building stones, three to six test pieces of each being used. The tensile strength, dry and wet, their capacity for absorbing water, their alteration in volume, tensile strength and behaviour toward water after freezing and thawing twenty-five times and their specific gravity were determined. Out of this number of samples, ranging from limestone to sandstone, only six were found to resist repeated freezing. One of dolomite, one of diorite and four sandstones. Four other samples were found to resist freezing fairly, but not absolutely; but forty-seven natural and artificial stones similarly tested, only three were found thoroughly unaffected, while eight proved fairly resistant.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Much Married.

There is no sympathy so deep and sincere as that which arises from experience. At a wedding in Arcadia, Ga., the other day, the bride was married to her ninth husband, and seven of her former husbands were present at the ceremony to sympathize with the ninth victim.

Burns & Scalds are cured by **Jacobs Oil** used according to Directions with each Bottle.

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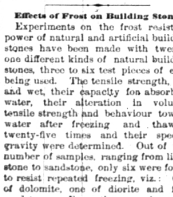

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