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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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THE FAMILY BIBLE.

[The following is a very old poem, and we have not seen it for years. We give it for the benefit of those who have not seen it, or would like to copy it.]
How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful romances and innocent joy;
When, blessed with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with music, with peace from on high,
[I]t was the chair of my sire and my mother,
The seats of their wisdom as ranged on each hand
And richest of books, which exalted every other—
The family Bible that lay on the stand.
The old family Bible, the dear blessed Bible
The family Bible that lay on the stand.

That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At noon and at evening, could yield us delight,
And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation
For mercy by day, and for safety by night.
Our hearts of thanksgiving, with harmony sweet
ing,
And warm from the heart of a family band,
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling.

Now in the Bible that lay on the stand,
That volume of books, which exalted every other,
The family Bible that lay on the stand.

HER FALSE FAITH.

It all comes back to me now, the utter
misery and despair that came to me when
I knew my darling was false to me—
false to every one.

When I think even now of that one
great sorrow of my life, and of the woman
I loved, the woman I loved brought to me
what I am to-day, master of the staid
house, owner of almost countless wealth,
but alas! wifeless and childless—a lonely
glorious man.

I will tell you my story, and the story
of others as well, but I must tell it in my
own way, so I will begin at the beginning.

I was only twenty-five when I first met
Arlie Cameron, and she was then a beautiful
girl of eighteen—a simple, gentle girl,
I believed, who knew nothing of
vanity or ambition, or anything that
women of the world hold dear.

I was naturally romantic, and, like the
"Lord of Roma," my greatest ambition
was to be loved for myself alone, not that
I had very much to tempt a woman with,
but I was the youngest son of a wealthy
family, and my mother's fortune—a considerable
sum—had become mine at her death.

I never told Arlie Cameron this, I let
her think me a struggling lawyer, and as
such I wooed and won her.

I made her my wife and took her to a
pretty, rose-bordered cottage, and our
honey-moon was to me a dream of
possession and delight, and if a disappointment
was felt by Arlie, she never gave the
slightest sign of it to me, but I knew now
that a tempest of passion and bitterness
was rising within her towards me, and why—
why?

Because another had fallen in love with
her beautiful face—another, to whom she
never mentioned by name nor her own
marriage.

This I learned afterwards, and more
than this, for I learned of stolen meetings
by moonlight, of kisses and caresses be-
tween my wife and her secret lover.

I believed I had tested her love enough,
and I went away for a few days, my in-
tention being to tell my people of my
marriage.

I did so, and received their assurance
of a welcome for my beautiful wife, and
then, with big, beating heart and
palpitating throat, I pictured how the
glad light would leap to Arlie's eyes
when we met—pictured her delight at the
costly dresses and jewels I had ordered,
her child-like astonishment at the beauty
and elegance of the new home to which
I would bring her.

It was June, the red roses bloomed
fragrant as they twined round the columns
of the rustic veranda, and mixed their
rich perfume with the faint, sweet odor
of hyacinth and muscigone.

I almost ran up the garden-path in my
eagerness to clasp my darling to my
heart.

No thought came to me then, as I
stood at the door with sunshine around
me, of the horror that awaited me when it
would open.

Almost imperceptibly I rang the bell for
the second time, and glanced up at the
windows to see if my darling's face was
smiling down upon me in all its bright-
ness.

Perhaps she had seen me and was com-
ing to the door herself, but no—the foot-
step was slow and heavy—slow and heavy
even for Jane, I thought.

Jane was an old servant of my father's
family whom I had brought to the cot-
tage, bidding her keep my secret for a
while.

As she opened the door, something in
her face—which was very pale, I noticed
—struck a chill like a sudden foreboding
to my heart.

"What is it, Jane?" I said anxiously.
"Where is my mistress? Is she ill?"
"What is the matter, Jane? For God's
sake speak!"

I went to pass her, but she caught my
arm, and broke into tears.
"Oh, Master Guy! Master Guy!" she
cried, "she is gone—gone without a word
to me, but she left this for you."

Her hand trembled as she drew out
the note bearing my name. Poor old
soul! she more than suspected the fatal
truth.

Mechanically I opened the letter, but
not even at the first reading did I realize
what had befallen me.

The woman I worshipped, the wife I
had adored, had fled from her home with
another.

The words of the note almost stunned
me. A woman whom I had believed
pure as a lily had perished, and the
thought that I could have loved a woman
capable of writing them made my
soul grow sick.

"I made a fool of myself," she wrote.
"When I became your wife, I would
never have done so, only I thought you
were a kind of thing, for I had
heard a hint of things you had done before
you met me that did not speak for lack of

gold, but I find now, too late, however,
for my satisfaction, that you are really no
more than a man who has left you. I
cannot say much more than that I never
loved you, and that I worship the lover
when I have fled with him, and he can
give me wealth and position, for he does not
know or even dream I am a wife. It is
not likely that you will seek me. I know
you too well for that; so an avowal, I was
going to say, but remembering that means
till we meet again, which I hope for from
the bottom of my soul we never shall, I say
instead, goodbye."

I rushed up the stairs, but there was
very little sign of confusion or disorder
there. It must have been well meditated
and on sudden decision came to, Ah,
Heaven! she had gone calmly, almost
systematically, about her elopement.

I stood up the stairs, but there was
very little sign of confusion or disorder
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face to face with Arlie, who held an
open paper in her hand.
"What do you intend to do?" she said,
the papers dropping from her fingers.
I saw at a glance was my father's will,
for he owned other wealth beside the en-
tailed estate.

At this instant a servant entered, and
Arlie stole out without hearing my an-
swer.

I left the library then as well, and went
out into the grounds, walking up and
down in the deep thought, when the
sweep of a dress told me some one was
near, and I turned to meet her again.

"You will spare me, Guy? You will
not betray me?" she cried, clasping my
arm.

I shook her off.
"Do you think I would be a party to
your crime?" I said.

But still I shrank from telling Vernon,
for he was a perfect devil when his tem-
per was aroused.

"Meet me here to-morrow night," I
said, "and I will give you my decision;
but, Arlie, dare to attempt my father's
life again, and as sure as there is a God
above me, I will hand you over to the
law. Oh, woman, could you not wait for
wealth and position a few short
years?"

I did not dream that at this moment a
pair of eyes—Vernon's eyes, dark with
sudden-born jealous rage—were fixed
upon us, but Arlie must have seen them.

She pushed me back.
"You must not tempt me to leave my
husband, Guy Howard," she cried.

"Vernon, where are you, to save me from
this man?"

"You would steal my wife from me, you
scoundrel!" I heard Vernon's voice cry as
he rushed forward beside us. But I will
send a bullet through your cowardly
heart."

I saw a pistol gleam in the air. I felt
a sharp, sudden pain in my side, then as
I fell I thought I heard a woman's scream
and the second report of the pistol, and
then I remembered no more.

When I awoke to consciousness again I
was what I am now—the lonely master
of all this vast estate, for I had been too
late to save my father's life, and as Ver-
non had raised the revolver the trigger
had caught in an overhanging bough and
the other bullet had entered his own
heart.

I never married again, never would
wedded another? People call me a
misanthrope, but never, thank God, a
cynic, and wonder why it is so, but none
ever dream of what Vernon's wife had
been to me.

I never married, though I was at li-
berty to do so, for after my recovery Ar-
lie went away, and four years after I
looked upon her dead face, all its beauty
mellowed all its delicate perfection gone
by the life she had led.

This is the story of Vernon's Hall, and
the reason why I, its master, have never
been charmed again by the light of
woman's eyes, nor won by a smile on her
lips.

THE MODEL WIFE.

THE WOMAN WHOM HUSBANDS LOVE
MORE THAN THEIR CIGARS AND
HORSES.

Scripture and history, and poetry vie
with one another in sounding the praises
of the model wife. The man who is blessed
with a companion worthy the name of a
wife, in two instances, and begs the rest
from every one who comes near him. He
never goes off his feet, not even when he
sleeps, and he never loses his temper, while
we had him, never once, when something
had annoyed him. That was in winter
quarters in Bridgeport, but I soon got my
quiet by putting an additional iron clasp
on his tasks.

"But how can you handle such a col-
lossus?" asked the reporter, glancing up
at the fourteen feet in height which
represented the 24,000 pounds of elephantine
matter.

"We drive four stakes in a square, and
fasten ropes with pulleys to each leg.
Then we pull the legs apart until his na-
sties belly touches the ground. In that
way we throw him, and leave him fasten-
ed until he begins to log off. After
that he is treated with kindness until an-
other day becomes necessary. But, as I
say, Jumbo is a very pleasant fellow and
well behaved."

"I presume the elephants soon learn
to know their keepers," suggested the
reporter.

"That they do, but not every elephant
is kind, they grow wicked as they grow
old, especially the bulls. We are more or
less in danger all the time, but we become
accustomed to them as a man will to a horse.
They all have a special hobby of liking.
For instance, Hebe, one of the members of
the herd, some years ago developed a great
liking for a camel. Whenever the latter
lay down Hebe would stand over him, put
her trunk around his neck, blow on him
and express her love in shrill, trumpeting
of delight."

"Pip, another of the herd, took to
children, and when Frank Melville, the
bareback rider, traveled with us, Pip
showed a remarkable fondness for his
little son. The animal recognized the
child every time it came into the tent,
and was almost frantic if the boy didn't
come up and fondle his trunk."—Chicago
Herald.

UTILIZING THE MOSQUITO.

[From the Medical News.]
The idea may soon be forced—such are
the works of science—to regard even the
mosquito as a blessing in disguise. Dr.
Carlos Finlay, the Cuban physician, be