

Forever Young. The wild world hastens on its way. The gray-haired century nears its close. Its sorrow deepens day by day.

When Romance Was Over.

Miss Dora Dight, on her thirtieth birthday, received the first love letter of her life—the first offer of marriage. It was handed into the dormitory of the "Physicians' Orphan" house.

"I am," she answered—"I am, indeed. Now is your time. You can take back your offer, Dr. Emory. Everything can be as it was before."

"Let the romance come after war, if it can," said Miss Dight. After this, they walked about the garden awhile, and the day of the wedding was set.

In fact, a little regret stole into her heart as she walked about the place where she had been so independent, so respected, and wondered whether she would be happy in the future.

"At least," she said with a degree of bitterness, "I matched him with his romance in out of the question between two like us."

"My dear Dora! You have known me since you were a baby. Do you like me well enough to marry me?"

It was not a love letter, calculated to flatter the heart of a woman of any age. At first she said: "I will refuse him."

"I am glad to find you here," said a deep, old voice. "I thought you would be sensible enough to do what I asked, but I was not quite sure—not quite."

"The usual reason moves me," she said. "I am in love with you. I think it best to marry you, and I know no one like you—no one. I've had two wives before, I admit."

"I am a practical woman," she said. "If I marry you, I forfeit a good position that may become for life—an independent position. It is dangerous."

"My dear, you'll have half of all that is mine, and I'm not poor." "You don't think me young, I know," she answered.

"But," said Miss Dight, with cruel distinctness, "the trouble will come when you die. You have made a mistake; you are older than poor father. If you leave me a widow, your sons will make every effort to take everything from me; I shall be left with nothing, my place gone, my habits of industry, my business. I make no doubt you have heard of such cases; I have."

The suitor sat—and who can marvel at it—stricken quite dumb by this speech. At last he gasped: "You are candid."

"But you remarked in your offer to me that of course you and I had done with romance long ago."

That afternoon he took a long, long ride to the sea shore, and stabling his horse at the hotel, walked down to the beach. "The sea" was over. The easterner expected only a little chance custom. It was a day when driving clouds made it not enough to be pleasant. There he sat down behind a high mound of sand and watched the sea.

"That would be unjust," she said. "It would be a will to be contested. Leave me a home and an income." She named the sum sufficient to keep it up.

"That is moderate—sensible. And you will say 'yes,'" he said. "I promise, of course, I shall make it better than that, still leaving my sons no cause for complaint; but it is not my fault that we are not more romantic."

"Let the romance come after war, if it can," said Miss Dight. After this, they walked about the garden awhile, and the day of the wedding was set, leaving time to find a new location for the establishment.

"I matched him with his romance in out of the question between two like us." "My dear Dora! You have known me since you were a baby. Do you like me well enough to marry me?"

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CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

LITTLE BOB AND THE BOYS. "What were the little birds saying, Mamma?" They seemed to be talking to me. While Dolly and I were playing just now.

"I'll be five, and going on six." Mamma, they won't know me at all. And I'll have to tell them just who I am. I'll have grown so old and so tall. They'll be as surprised as grandmamma was.

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TONS OF TREASURE.

Enormous Wealth Buried With Turkey's Sultans.

Their Tombs Containing Gems Valued at \$300,000,000.

The Sultan of Turkey wants money and he has none. He has none and yet he might have plenty. Where he might find the money without having recourse to English or French capitalists is what I propose to tell you.

There is a treasure in Constantinople, the treasure of the "Thousand and One Nights," Aladdin's treasure, and the celebrated door that will show you mines of gold and precious stones when you bid it open.

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MONKEYS.

This region of wood is the patria of the monkeys.

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What is Good.

"What is the real good?" I asked in musing mood. Order, said the law court. Knowledge, said the school.

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HUMOROUS.

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