# THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY.

e is a road to yesterdaywondrous thoroughfare, ere wanton breezes idly play blossoms scent the air. retches long and far and straight; wanders up and down; asses many an open gate nd many a little town.

to is a road to vesterday: Tasses grow beside. ees that spread and swing and sway hade the pathway wide, wers are a goodly sight, goes on and on s to many a starry night And many a cloudless dawn.

There is a road to yesterday. And we may trace its gleam In flecking shade or dancing ray Upon some little stream; Or we may see it, when, with eyes Half closed, we hear a song That calls up many a glad sunrise And many a twilight long.

There is a road to yesterday, And each one knows its start-The portals to this wondrous way 44 Is held within the heart; From there the pleasant courses lead As far as one can see-It rests on many a golden deed And many a memory. -W. B. Nesbit, in Chicago Tribune.

# A Comedy of Broken Hearts. By L. PARRY TRUSCOTT.

ACT I. HEY were both very young. tremendously in love, and astonishingly inexperienced. And to this, in itself, sufciently distressing mixture-of youth nd love and inexperience-she added worldiy-minded mother, and he the ery smallest thing that could posbe called an income. Also hey heaped the measure of their oint unhappiness with such trifles s unfailing obedience to the maternal coice, a reliance that was childike on the maternal wisdom, a self-deprecating fear of hurting a beoved object, and all sorts of maidenly and gentlemanly scruples behind the nge, but not by any means less fresh and sweet for that. They hadn't the suspicion of a vice, a selfish thought between them, and they were so obviously and entirely made for each other that it was, from the first, quite inevitable that they should be parted. They proved, indeed, only too easy to part. Even the world-minded mother would have been better satisfiel with a victory not so quickly won. Her daughter's tears hardly moved her more than the young man's gentle. her almost persuaded her to overlook the microscopic income, though neither made any but the most passive efforts to achieve that so desired end. But she hastily summoned her worldy-mindedness, and by its aid decided, once for all, that it would be a pity to disturb their angelic resignation for the sake of a poor and preposterously commonplace marriage. And she urged the man to accept a post that had been offered him in India with a voice so tenderly like her daughter's that he very nearly refused to comply-he missed from it the sting, goading to sacrifice, with himself and Fate. However, he did comply. The offered work held out hopes of advancement. of moderate but sufficient wealth, in the vague middle distance of life. And were bred of that solitary hope, wedded to desire, in the mind of a man very yeang, very inexperienced, very much in love? But he did not say anyand his future fortunes. He had promised her mother not to, and he was the very pattern of an honorable youth. And thus the girl, while he was away, was infrried into a marriage which she told herself would break her broken hears afresh. At any rate, it broke her split. But, then, she had never been considenously spirited.

weak to protest further, on to a homewardbound ship. They never thought of consulting him. Of ourse, he would want to go home. What Englishman of them all, chained by circumstance to the land of threatening liver and ever-present mosquitoes, would miss the chance of a break-down to take him back to England?

So it was that he awoke from the lethargy of extreme weakness to find the salt sea breezes blowing health back to him, whether he would or no; found the strong, hearty winds urging him to the pursuit of new ideas with a life renewed; found the restless waves hurrying him to the land he had so long wearied to see. Waves and winds cared nothing for his change of mind. As he sat brooding on his deck chair, he seemed to hear them laughing boisterously together over the frail fancies he held so sacred. "There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it," they seemed to say. (Waves and winds are proverbially blustering and coarse of wit.) "Why, she may be fat; she must be nearly forty, to judge by you! In England, the land of healthy, pretty women, a man may soon find healing for love-sickness. Man sad-faced reasonableness, and together alive! What is one woman among many, when all are fair? Choose a maiden fresh and youthful, and in her smiles forget a pale myth of an outlived age. You have managed without her all these years, and not done so badly-come now, own up! How much pleasure has there been mingled in your pretty pretence of sorrow? Even now you might be in a far worse case. Why, you might be bound, irretrievably bound, to a woman worn and aged, and changed in a thousand ways from the girl you remember-a woman you would not know if you passed her in the street! And, instead, you are free which he had lately come to associate as air-as free as we are-to make a fresh choice; to make love anew to a fresh heart-how much better than you could teach it were you raw and ignorant yourself you alone know!" But he put his lean, brown hands who can tell what other mad hopes over his ears; he would not listen to the voices of winds and waves. He clutched with all the desparation of a drowning man at his frayed belief in his own perfect faithfulness. He dething to the girl about waiting for him | fied the pagan creed of the untamed seas. He passionately vowed, for the sake of his cherished middle-aged selfrespect, to marry no young girl.

to the love of his middle-age. He seemed to know this woman by instinct. He had no question or need to worry her to learn all he required to learn about her.

Then, one day, she returned to the dropped topic of her early love, and there was the merest trace of excitement in her voice.

"His name was Charlie," she said, "that boy I told you about. Don't you think that makes it more than ever a coincidence-our love-since your name is Charles?"

"I used to be always called Charlieonce," he said, absently, for he was looking very intently at her. Her pale cheeks flushed almost youthfully. "I wonder," she went on, "you have no story to tell me-no old romance. Surely you met some one abroad-or before you went abroad?" She was looking younger and brighter than he had ever seen her. It was marvellous, the transformation of just that touch of color in her cheeks-how it rounded them, helped her to shake off the marks of trouble, the hand of Time. To-day she had laid aside her heavy black-black never suited her-

and her hair was more loosely twisted, perhaps. And then, in her eyes-a most unusual thing-was a stray gleam of fun and mischief, showing her alive to the comedy that springs sometimes

from heart-breaking issues; in this instance the comedy of her having recognized him at once, although so much had come into her life between them; of his having failed to recognize her,

although she had never for a clear hour left his thoughts.

But he knew her now.

"How can you ever forgive my blindness?" he said. But it seemed his blindness had pleased her. "Cannot you see," she

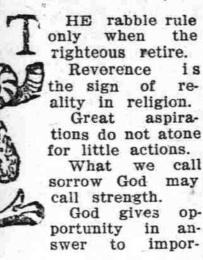
asked, "that I might prefer to be loved | for what I am now rather than for something I was once but never can be | cloak for the sores of sin. again? Now I know that you love me because I reminded you of a girl you used to love, but also for myself-, woman growing old. You do not only love me because you used to love me and think it is your duty never to leave

off doing a thing you have once begun."

A. P. MOONEY. Tonsorial Artist, next door to Post Office. Razor honing to perfection. r also repair shoes and can guarantee

my work. Just try me. TRYON, N. C.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.



tunity. Individual righteousness will secure universal reform.

Our duty to the present is paying our debts to the past.

Word-energy is seldom work-energy.

The corrupt church breeds public disease.

Life's little frets call for its largest faith.

Morning prayer sets a picket for the day.

Happiness can ony come in where it goes out.

The heavy laden are likely to rise the highest.

Love is the best lens with which to view another.

Truth knows how to be tolerant without truckling.

A sad world cannot be sweetened by a sour religion.

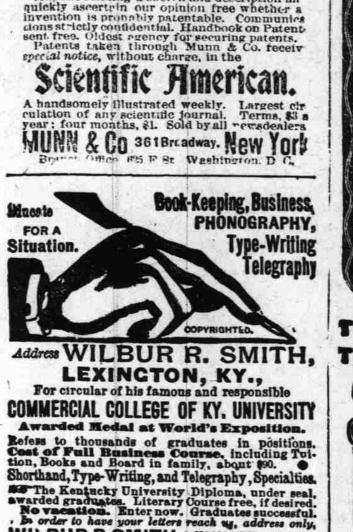
The robe of righteousness is not a

The absence of sanity does not prove the presence of sanctity. Don't buy your frills before you

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#### ACT II.

Herein lies a story often told already. So many times written so many times read, that the greatest indulgence of reader and writer alike are surely craved for it. She, tricked by a misagainst her inclination, to become a the pale mother of pale children. He, the barrier dividing them, lured by a forform hope across half a lonely life-112.0

his hair was thickly flecked with gray. his pockets were comfortably lined class of quiet, shy men. and his position assured, when, quite Genally, he learned that the woman husband and her ailing children, now Whose fidelity he had clung to through all lost to her, but she did not find all their separation and silence had much to tell him about them. She spoke inited him within twelve months of to him more about an early attachment their parting.

ther image from him and lived to uncertain smile.

## ACT III.

And he kept the letter of his vow. He certainly married, and only a few months after his return; but the wife he chose was nearly of an age with himself-a widow, frail and delicate, and faintly reminiscent of a byegone prettiness. The first time he saw her, before they were introduced, she reminded him of his old love. He could not have said how or where, but it proved an attraction strong enough to taken idea into a marriage much chain him to her side, to bring him quickly to her feet-he who had never self-facing but never interesting wife, done anything before without the utmost deliberation and thought. And ignorant for years of the full extent of she was not by any means generally fascinating, only one of those gentlecolorless women who fail to interest even their friends, but who generally lik figure had lost its old boy'shness, succeed in obtaining and holding fast the warmest attachment of a certain

> Her past was peopled by her former that had proved unfortunate. She

He told himself that every dividing shook it out of the rose leaves and Jear, every hard-working day, every lavender of memory in which she had breathless night, had built his long laid it for his inspection-a eld love more firmly into the fabric crumpled, faded relic of her girlhood. of his being. In the early twenties, "We were both very young. His name Energing her to be false, he might have was Brown, too," she said, with her and corrugated .- Chicago Inter-Ocean.

he no less ultimately happy for the | He remembered afterwards that she

And she owned to having done what little she could to keep up a delusion that had come by chance; the chance that had kept him dreaming of a girl life. still as a girl for-well, long past her girlhood.

So, in the end, he married his first love, having fallen in love with her the second time. So two hearts, once set aside as broken, were very credibly patched for further use.-Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

### Fads in Wrapping Paper.

More and more is the esthetic creep ing into trade. It has even extended to wrapping paper. In this respect the druggists are the leaders, as the purchases at pharmacies are not bulky, and the proprietors can afford to be artistic in small details. The druggist who wraps up a small parcel or bottle in white paper and ties it with a red string is behind the times. The up-todate pharmacist pays almost as much attention to getting attractive wrapping paper as he does to the purity of his drugs.

"I have adopted this soft, dull-tinted unglazed gray as my shop color," said one druggist. "It is distinctive and acts as a sort of advertisement for me, for customers become acquainted with it. For tying I use nothing but this orange cord. I have not noticed a marked increase of custom from my efforts to make the bundles things of beauty, but I am convinced it will pay. Naturally we feel we are doing a great educational work when we turn a bottle of bitter medicine into a symphony in gray and orange."-New York Press.

#### Frogs in Sandstone.

While excavating for a basement under a store building at Muskegon. Mich., workmen unearthed three live frogs in the sandstone eighty feet below the surface. The soil in which the frogs were found is a mixture of hard, dry sand and rock, and it is certain the frogs have been buried at least thirty years. The spot on which the building stands was at one time the shore line of the Muskegon Lake, but as the city grew the edge was filled in until now the water's edge is nearly 300 yards from the building, and a brick paved street now runs where thirty years ago the' lake's waters rolled. All three frogs hopped about after they had been exposed to the sun for a few minutes. All three were entirely blind. The frogs were greenblack in color and their skin was tough

On the Altar of Beauty. It is customary, according to the evidence of a doctor at an inquest at New Delaval yesterday, for girls and young women in certain colliery districts in Northumberland to eat uncooked rice, oatmeal and starch, in order to induce a pale complexion. which is held in those parts to be a mark of beauty. In the case under investigation a young woman named Jane Mold had died of perforation of the stomach caused by eating uncooked rice as an aid to beauty. Other cases arising from the practice are, it was stated, under treatment.-London Mail. Gold Medal Wedding Cake. Cousin Madge, writing in London Truth about the recent Cookery and quite a sensation. Her wedding cake won a gold medal. It was in three

Christian. There is no dotage to the Christian

A creedless religion may easily be deedless.

Living with

The waste of time sows the weeds of eternity.

Patience and earnestness are passwords to success.

Minor Mention. The Kurds are taking up arms in Kurdistan.

Bobby Walthour may give up motorpace bicycle riding.

Carpenters at Columbia, S. C., have secured a nine-hour day.

California mine owners have organzed to fight the labor unions. Thugs, calling themselves "Apaches," re spreading terror in Paris.

Every year Germany's population inreases at the rate of 800,000.

In Holland children are allowed to work in the factories at the age of tweive.

Minneapolis (Minn.) building laborers have made a demand for twenty-five cents an hour.

Richard Croker is said to have offered Souire Silver \$635,099 for his extensive Letcombe estate, in Wantage, England. Former Senator John L. McLaurin, of South Carolina, is now a corporation lawyer, and says he is glad he quit polities.

The Empress Dowager of China is selecting fourteen Princes of her own blood for study in Europe, America or Japan.

The United States Government spends about \$500,000 a year for horses for the army-an average of something like \$100 a head.

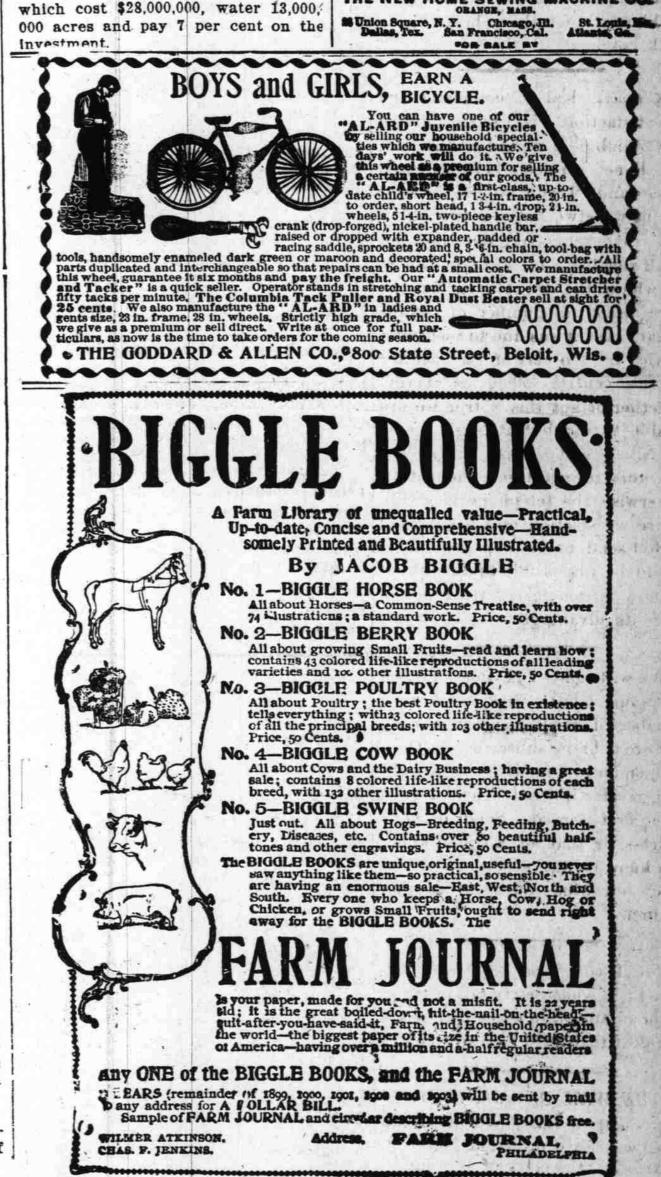
Germany takes good care of the laborer. The State has insurance companies for the sick and the aged, and accidents are well regulated.

New Haven (Conn.) lamp makers will form a local union of their own. They have been under the jurisdiction of the Metal Polishers' Union.

Chief Inspector Watts, of the District of Columbia, says his rogues' gallery collection contains about 16,000 pictures and the records of 36,000 crimin-118.

Jake Stahl, the Boston American's new catcher, is an Illinois University boy. He stands six feet three inches high and has a tremendous reach and stride.

In sixty-five Berlin schools the children are taught how to take care of potted plants.



MANNAMENTAL THE CELEBRATED CORNISH AMERICAN PIANOS AND ORCANS. WWW

the broken-hearted.

same source, but he shrank nervously to conversation. from doing so. To know what man-

leased wound. But, coming now, so seemed to look at him rather curiouslate, after so long, it unmanned him. ly, as though expecting a question he told himself again that he was did not put; as though she was surthereforeken, and, absorbed in that prised but not ill-pleased that he should Yoy, betrayed by a single individual, let the subject drop. At the time he here is a forgot to rail at the whole false was only afraid of distressing her with which is the acknowledged panacea of continuing it. He believed she had made a special effort on his behalf, and The news had reached him not only he was unwilling that she should take

taidily, but with a singular lack of trouble to please him when he was so on all-just the bare fact of her mar- well pleased without. He had been have at that far-off date, and nothing quick to notice that, as a rule, beyond mere. No doubt, he might have col- her little ailments and the most trivial lected further information from the passing events, few things stirred her

Yet he fell honestly in love with ner of man had supplanted him-what her; fought and conquered for her sake good could that do him? That any his ingrained reluctance to set any man had been allowed to appropriate woman in the place of the woman who what he had so long looked upon as had failed him. This was the sort of Food Exhibition in that metropolis, his own seemed in itself a sorrow dense woman she might have grown into, he says: "Violette's lovely cakes created enough to darken the remainder of his said, in self-defense. An occasional days. Habit chained him for a time trick of speech or gesture in his new to his work, but his interest was gone idol would remind him quite startingly tiers, and was splendidly ornamented and his health began seriously to fail. of his old idol; but he decided that with freehand piping, the lowest tier How much that was due to continuous women were more clike, after all, than in a design of small white roses, the residence in a trying climate, how he had thought them. Although he second tier covered with 'piped' lily much to the blow, it would be difficult half-despised himself for unfaithful- of the valley, and the upper one raised to determine. He, at any rate, exon- ness, he half-excused himsel.' because, in the form of a temple, the walls of at least, he was faithful to a type. The which were of the mobcaps of lily of erated the climate.

But for all that, he was forced to love of his youth seemed very near to the valley; and the pillars were formed leave it. His friends carried him, too him as he gave himself unreservedly of clustering roses."

