HEART SORROWS.

Every bosom hath its sorrows. Every heart its bitter woe: Masks they are, instead of faces. Which are passing to and fro.

Could we know the weary watchings, Could we count the silent tears— See the hearts all seared and bleeding, Toiling on through weary years,

Struggling with oppression, maybe Striving 'neath misfortune's ban. Smiling, while the soul is starving, For the sympathy of man-

Would we not withhold the censure Trembling on our thoughtless lips? Ah! we know not of the trials Which have wrought this dark eclipse!

Hope and faith in God are stranded; Friendship fades like morning dew; Wrong and scorn have seared and blighteo Hearts that once were brave and true.

Sin and poverty, it may be, Drugged for him life's bitter cup; But, remember, he's your brother, Lend a hand to help him up-

Nor with rightcous indignation, Or a Pharisaic pride, Fold too close thy spotless garments,

Or, pass on the other side. -Mrs. Mary Ware, in Woman's Work.

A FIRST ATTEMPT.

By J. A. Flynn. *******************

IT'S an awful nuisance, Will and Flo getting engaged!" said Will's young brother, ruefully.

"I don't mind their being engaged," said Flo's young sister, stroking her cheek thoughtfully with her tennis racquet. "But I wish they weren't always off by themselves. They make up such a good set."

"And there's no one else this morning," said young brother Ralph, flinging his racquet, discontentedly, into the corner of the tent. "I'll give you 30, and service every time, if you like to have a single, Maudie."

Maudie shook her head decidedly. Lalph was a fine partner—a tall, lissom boy just 16, and growing into a grand athlete-but as an opponent he was rather trying for a little girl two years his junior. "You play too well, Ralph," she apologized, "and I get so hot. Father says you play better than

"Not if he's a good player," avowed Frank, frankly. "Will can beat me when he likes. But there isn't much difference between a boy and a man in anything, really, you know."

"Oh, but men can do lots of things boys can't."

"What things?"

"Oh-well-smoke."

"Look here!" said Ralph, confidentially, producing an ugly little clay head with a vulcanite stem. "Oh, Ralph! You don't really, do

"Don't I just? I say, Maudie, let's go down by the brook, and I'll teach you to smoke, if you like."

Little Maudie made a funny mouthbig sister Flo couldn't make prettier faces than she; and Ralph had once confessed to a chum that he "liked the look of that kid." "I should be sick, I expect, and I don't think I want to learn, Ralph."

"Well, let's go down by the brook, and I'll smoke," said the boy, grandly. Of course, he didn't insult her by saying: "Don't tell"—that was quite unnecessary. So they went and sat on the grassy bank, and he had a few-a very few-whiffs at his nasty pipe. Then they started catching tiddlers with their hands, and putting them in a pool scooped out of the mud; and he let the pipe go out. A man would have relit it, but Ralph felt that he had done enough for honor.

"Grown-up people don't care about catching tiddlers," remarked Maudie, didn't want to, or both. It's no use suddenly, as he deposited the seventeenth unhappy fishlet in the pool.

"Not women. Men do. They like everything that boys do, so far as I can see. Boys can do everything that men can; but girls can't do what women can. Though I can't see that women do much."

"Oh, but they do. Lots and lots of

"Well, they ain't much good at games, anyhow. They don't care about them really, anyone can see."

"Some of them do. I do." "But you're not a woman. kiddie. Mind! you'll be in," and he rescued her adroitly from overbalancing, as she hung over the brook. It did not occur to him that a woman might have lingered a superfluous second in a man's arms, just as his pretty comrade did in

"But you won't care about it really," observed he, disregarding the threat as unworthy of serious notice. "You'll like women's things."

"What things?" "I don't know, do you? What things

ing her hands in the pool, and waving about." them in the air to dry. Will would have riped Flo's hands dry himself, but

handkerchief. "Girls can't do those things," he ob-

"Oh, but they could," she averred, "only they haven't anyone to do them with, Boys are so different than men. Of course, they can't make love, or anything of that sort."

Ralph rested his chin reflectively up- any girl was ever half so nice. Don't on his hand, and kicked holes in the you think you could promise to marry bank with his heels. "They don't want me when we grow up?" to; they could if they liked."

"No, they couldn't. You couldn't."
"Yes, I could, as well as you." "Oh, no, you couldn't. My part is easy—at first. I have only to look nice.

her lap and looked languishingly at him. Then suddenly-it was very shocking, but history demands strict truth—she put out her tongue at him. "Is that part of the programme, kid- ished treasures of rural and suburban

"Yes-with a silly boy like you." "What would you do if I were sensi-

"Nothing." "Then how-"

"You'd begin, don't you see!"

Ralph blushed and felt a bit uncomfortable. He didn't hold to the schoolboy dictum that girls are of no account.

But flirtation at first hand seemed rather awkward, and if any of the fellows heard of it! So he paused, doubtfully, whilst Maudie bit her lip and frowned.

"You'd better catch some more tiddlers," she remarked, with a naughty light dancing in her eyes. "That's the sort of thing for boys-silly, big boys!"

A bad-tempered lad would have grown angry, and a dull lad would have felt humbled; but Ralph was neither. So he just pinched her ear slightly and teased: "If you found me a very nice girl, I'd try."

The hot color rushed all over poor little Maudie's face, and something choking surged up in her throat. Ralph was so big and strong; she did admire him so much, and looked upon him as quite her property. A tear came up in her eye, almost, that he should want some one nicer; but she didn't say anything.

"Perhaps I ought to find a girl for myself?" he suggested. She nodded, constrainedly. "She ought to be a bit younger than

"Of course."

"And pretty and nice." "Certainly."

"Well, who shall it be?" There was a mischievous twinkle in his dark eyes. He knew very well that there was no girl so nice as Maudie. "I know. I've just thought of one. Guess!"

"I don't want to know," said she, sulkily, plucking viciously at the long

"She's awfully jolly," continued he, reflectively; "and pretty-my word! I know she likes me. I think I shall marry her when I grow up."

"You'll change your mind, most likely," said Maudie, savagely, "and she's I don't believe he's anyone—only pre-

"No, she isn't. I'll show her to you some day."

"I don't want to see her."

"You'll have to." "I won't."

"You will-now." He put one strong erm right round Maudie's waist, and held her dangling over the brook. "Look," said he, pointing to the wavering reflection in the stream, "Isn't she

Pretty Maudie blushed and laughed and willfully shut her eyes. "I don't see anyone," she said, in a soft, pleased little voice, "You'll drop me, Ralphie." "Yes, I will, if you don't look at her and say she's pretty." She opened her eyes a little, but she looked at him.

"Who's pretty?" "The young person in the water."

"That boy-do you mean? No-not very." She turned her laughing, saucy face up towards his. Her eyes were so blue and big, her long hair brushed so softly against his face, and her mouth looked so cherry-ripe and fresh, that he couldn't help kissing her a good many times. Ralph always did things so thoroughly, you know! And Maudie didn't struggle, because a grown-up woman wouldn't have, or because she asking me which, for I never could understand female ways; and I don't believe anyone ever could.

Then they sat down very close together on the bank of the brook, with their legs dangling, and said nothing for a moment. She looked half pleased and half shy; and he, to tell the truth, looked rather foolish.

"I wish I did understand making love, Maudie girl," said he, slowly. "Boys don't like it."

"I expect they do, if they once be-

"But a boy couldn't make love really." "Perhaps-with practice," he suggested. Do you know, I don't think he was such a very simple boy. "Oh, no; not really."

"Why?"

"Because he couldn't fall properly in love. Not very much, you know.' "When I'm a woman, Ralph, I'll play Maudie gazed at him with saucer-eyes you at tennis, and beat you," she said, that looked fathoms deep. I doubt whether she was quite a guileless little zirl either; and I don't believe there is

such a thing! "I think he could," said Ralph, decid edly, "if the girl were you, Maudie."

"But people would laugh at him." Ralph winced a little. "Of course, he wouldn't make a fool of himself before "Oh, flirting; going for walks with people-like men," he said, loftily. young men; being engaged, perhaps-I "But he might like her very much, and expect," answered little Maudie, wash- make love to her when no one was

"Ah! Might."

"And he might promise to marry her I'alph merely tossed over his big pocket when he grew up; and she might promise him."

"Yes - they - might," murmured Maudie, looking at her shoes. Then the Maudie's eyes sparkled very wickedly. boy's great arm went quietly round her waist, and she let herself be drawn close to him, looking as happy as-a woman! "I know it sounds soft, Maudie," he said, bashfully, "but, on my honor, I do like you an awful lot. I don't think

"Yes," she whispered, nestling her pretty head right into his shoulder, "? will, Ralph." And she did!-Madame.

Just see me!" She smoothed her hair accommodated in St. Paul's cathedral married a domestic. and dress, folded her hands desnurely in on festive occasions.

REJUVENATING OLD TREES. Scientific Method of Imparting New

Vigor Into Decaying Trunks.

die?" asked her cavalier, giving her a homes. They are the most costly, too, as every finished product is costly into which has entered those transforming and creative processes which only long reaches of time can furnish. An old house may fall down or be destroyed by fire, and, while we mourn the loss of the visible sign of old associations, a better and more beautiful structure can be made to take its place. But when an old tree that has been the guardian He was too nice for that—and so was of the home for generations and stood there before the home was founded surrenders to the blast the loss is beyond repair, for a long time at least. As there is no immediate remedy possible the need of precaution becomes all the greater. When one of these old sentinels begins to show signs of disease and decay and year by year grows more attenuated in its branches and weaker in leaf growth and power we watch it as we watch a friend attacked by a slow but incurable malady. But remedies are now being discovered for almost every ill of the body and successful tree surgery is or may be as common

as the higher form of that science. A recent number of Garden and Forest discusses the rejuvenescence of old trees and gives practical directions for effecting it. Directly to the point are two illustrations of the same tree, a venerable oak in the Arnold arboretum. The first is of a tree with far-reaching branches, but marked by infallible signs of decrepitude, the leafage scanty and the general prospect of life discouraging.

The second illustration shows the same tree 12 years later, shorter of limb, it is true, but displaying vigor in every leaf and fiber, and exhibiting every characteristic of youth and strength and rivals. hepeful promise of longevity. No miracle, not even one of nature's, has been performed. The result is simply one of skillful tree surgery, of intelligent pruning according to the De Care system, which instead of sending the tree blood long distances through collapsed and withered arteries contracts the area and applies the nourishing forces in such a way that they can be assimilated and made to promote

the growth of all the members. The process is one which almost any intelligent farmer or tree owner should be able to apply. "Vigor can be restored to a tree in this condition by sure to. I don't want to talk about such | shortening all its branches by one-third nonsense. I dare say she's nasty; and or one-half their entire length. The you're horrid-right down horrid! And only care needed in this operation is to Berkeley. cut back each main branch to a healthy lateral branch, which will serve to attract and elaborate by means of its leaves a sufficient flow of sap to insure ning will be of interest to many Asheville the growth of the branch." These directions must be carefully observed to in this city. Sunday's Rome Tribune says: prevent further decay, and care must also be taken to leave the lowest limbs the longest, so that the greatest possible leaf surface shall be exposed to the light. So if some old tree, near road- will occur Wednesday night at 8:30 o'clock side or dwelling, that has been the at the First Baptist church landmark of a century, shows alarming symptoms, the owner should not despair efore he has treated it according to the general plan here laid down .-Boston Transcript.

> NAMED "SMOKY ORDINARY." Origin of the Title of a Virginia Town

-Incident of the Revolution. "Smoky Ordinary," a pretty little Virginia village, owes its name to an incidentof the revolutionary war. In the early days of this country inns and hotels were known as ordinaries. There was a good-sized country inn at the place where Smoky Ordinary now is established.

Near this hotel were two storehouses, in which were kept enormous stores of tobacco. While Cornwallis, the English lord and general, was marching with his army through the Virginias, he came upon this tavern and the tobacco-houses. The main army under Cornwallis passed the place unnoticed, but the foraging corps under Tarleton, immediately followed. Tarleton set fire to the two warehouses and left them to burn down. The tavern was not fired. The storehouses were filled with the partiallydried tobacco, which burned very

slowly. For days it smoked, and the smoth ered fire soon consumed the store of each tablet. tobacco. The smoke from the burning houses enveloped the tavern with a thick mantel of smoke, which hung of the community named the place the and most certain remedy for coughs, colds smoky ordinary. A post office was later and all throat and lung troubles. established at the tavern, and the name

of Smoky Ordinary was given it. The old tavern still stands there just as it did in the days when Lord Cornwallis marched by it with his soldiers from England, and the room where Tarleton's horse foragers took refreshments is still there. The place was somewhat remodeled by Gov. Atkinson's father, who converted it into a residence and schoolhouse. He taught school there for several years.-Kansas City Journal.

Cat of the Commonwealth. No cats are brought into the state by using DeWitt's Little Early Risers, house, but they come of their own sweet the famous little pills for all stomach and will, and stay a great deal longer than liver troubles. their presence is desired. When the guide gathers his tourists about him in Davis handed down 400 pensions decisions. the house lobby and lifts his umbrella to point to the honored names in the skylight above, the visitors are sure to see the form of a cat stretched at full would have lost her by close of invested twenty-five cents in a bottle of length on the glass. The cat is not "One Minute Cough Cure.". It cures dead, however, as the whole force of coughs, colds and all throat and lung the sergeant-at-arms can testify, but is troubles. simply taking a snooze in the genial sunlight. She came in through the Bulfinch front and sought the roof. She feeds his old customers. He is prepared to serve on mine, and nobody can get within all kinds of delicatessen goods. 100 feet of her. If she is surrounded at the Derne street end she soon makes a break through the line of her pursuers clans for the cure of eczema. He was and adjourns to the vicinity of the quickly cured by using DeWitt's Witch gilded dome. At present she spends Hazel Salve, the famous healing salve for most of her time over the skylight in piles and skin diseases. the state library .- Boston Transcript.

-The heir presumption of the house -As many as 36,000 people have been of Austria-Hungary, is reported to have Our large room is filled with holiday goods.

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Asheville, N. C.

Mrs. Gennie Stubbs Ludlow, of Asheville, left the city to-day after stopping here a day or two on her way to Washington city. Mrs. Ludlow is well known here her father having been rector of the Episcopal church at one time.-Greensboro Record.

The Spartanburg Herald says: Mrs. Robert Bingham and Miss M. B. Woodward, of Asheville, are visiting at Mr. Jas. Cofield's on Oakland avenue.

Col. W. H. S. Burgwyn has returned to Mrs. C. E. Gray has returned from a

trip to New York. J. H. Young, of Old Fort, is registered

W. L. Miller, of the United States geological survey, arrived yesterday after-H. L. Myers and Miss S. P. Myers, of

Pennsylvania, were among yesterday's ar-W. P. Harris was here yesterday from

W. R. Williams, of Atlanta, arrived yeserday afternoon. William Howard of Syracuse, was among

'esterday's arrivals. E. B. Jones, of Hickory, was here yes-

Charles W. Johnson, of Boston, is at the J. A. Bell arrived yesterday from Knox-

John A. Law, of Spartanburg, arrived

GRAHAM-M'WILLIOAMS.

J. N. Norwood, of Wilmington, is at the

A wedding in Rome, Ga., to-morrow evepeople, as the bride was once a student at

"The most brilliant social event of the coming week will be the "American Beauty Wedding" of Miss Willie Theo McWil-Mams and Mr. John Meredith Graham and its attendant festivities. The wedding

"The church will be decorated with palms, and with its brilliant illuminations the church will present a picturesque scene. The music at the church will be furnished by Ford's orchestra instead of

"The ceremony will be performed by Dr. R. B. Hadden, pastor of the church, and will be simple and impressive. "A large number of prominent guests from various southern states, will be present and quite a number have already ar-

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Resolutions in favor of statehood for Oklahoma were adopted by the Territorial

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ed for eight years from dyspepsia and

chronic constipation and was finally cured

Assistant Secretary

Mrs. Mary Bird, Harrisburg, Pa., says: 'My child is worth millions to me; yet I

D. Gross has refitted and remodeled his

J. A. Perkins, of Antiquity, O., was for

A pear-shaped turquoise at the end of a dagger pin is a fashionable hair orna-

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