VOL. XIV.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SWEET GUM

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teaper, whose fat little spout and comic hospitality, but was cut short with tout ensemble at once inspired a longing Bless you, it's no put out, we have tween us." Marthy!" echoed through the house, fol- at home in my house." lowed by "Run quick old Tim's in the And thus it was that Paul Dorsey be- tones trembling slightly. sorn field, and my hands are all over to come a guest at Willow Brook farm.

on a spindle-legged table, the young girl ter, said;

stayof her progress. gazing with evident appreciation at the tion, while Marthy exclaimed: dimpled, blushing face, from off which the | "Why, mother! you are getting to be a | ness had stolen. of realish golden rings lying close to the won't work, he's so-so odd."

finely shaped little head.

theman with considerable emphasis

she hastily apological for with : and sounded so odd."

WHITE GOODS.

donly recollecting her errand. I forgot his hand, as exclaiming: By joye! that s nant reply, I wouldn't have you any different, and Martha touched slyly the gentleman hurrying after repeating:

was at the window making and have o coat sleeve in close proximity to her waist.

Cow! Him! Let me help you. I -I really am very elever with sows. In hands, fact I would like to make them a study."

Domestics, Notions, &c., At prices lower than they have been the house, thinking the gentleman would peared to be enjoying the subject under proceed on his way. To her astonishment however, he kept along by her side, ob-

"Why, yes, it's my home. I was born and for the first time that he could rememhere," answered Martha surprised.

Happy farm! I meam-a-it must summon him to luncheon. be a lovely place. You see, the fact is-Willow Brook form."

ing wide her blue eys. Whereupon the gentleman seanned with newly awakened interest a square envelope he had extracted from his breast pocket, as he added;

"I am an old I should say my mother.

thoughts ran very much in this wise. "Would be nice looking if he wasn't so Mr. Dorsey was getting to be almost as I shall sell my goods as low as the lowest catalogues. All I ask is a trial. to make us a visit. I never heard her ideal of manly beauty heretofore. speak of an old friend that had a son. I propose to maintain in the future the reputation gained in the past of baving

By this time they were proceeding up the path that loil to the farm's pretty rase farm's pretty parka, but within that garlanded porch, and having ushered the gentleman into the parlor we have already Lonnging ally in the depths of a willow been introduced to, with a demure little chair was Paul, while Martha, seated at

will award Promiums of 20, 20, 20 and 10 series o cr., 'Martha left him. In a few moments a comely, rosy-check-died softly away, whiching on its Roll of Romer. For particulus address.' cel woman came burrying into the parlor seat, Martha exclaimed: In a few moments a comely, rosy-cheek- died softly away, whiching round upon her

LOVE'S LAST FAREWELL you have a letter for me from an old believe you have looked at a book for two friend.

mations such as "Bless me!"

can, her pleasant face deepening into a over to Dapleston to do some shoping."

how time flies. When I last new you, fips. Not that I have forgotten her not Excuse me I-

The like beneath the worth window of one-hasn't time to think much of old days. Dorsey had left the room. Willow Brook Firm's wainscoted parlor You see your ma and I went to the same -How queer it is," soliloquized Martha, gayly by, waiting far and near its incense other, only somehow after both of me mar-through the hall. "I don't see why he of new mount bay. In its wake flattered ried we sort of dritted apart. Your ma should delike Joe so. Joe is always such a purple and gold a factority to poice a she married a wealthy city man, while I a favorite with every one. I hope I on at upon the window's ledge, then to get weelded to a well to do farmer, and so haven't offended him. I am sure I didn't soar boldly forward until it lit upon a co-gradually, we each went our own way, mean to." And with rather a puzzled rious old vas- beside an organ, whose yel- Not to forget each other though, as you look upon the fair young face. Martha repeated onslaughs upon her, their appar Alexander the Great. lowed keys gleamed softly in the half see and now my dear, excuse the liberty, closed the organ. darken of room. The butterfly and vow but it comes natural like, being you're. That evening as Martha stood by the the chair first and he rewarded for his youth's dandified dress. mercoted in the polished oak duer, and if Lacindy's son, I'll send one of the men meadow gate carressing old Doxey, the prowess with a kiss from its fair, sweet the rouge had been right they could have down to the village after your trunk, and more her quick ears caught the sound of occupant repeated the picture in the shining surface you'll just stop along with us and be as a familiar tread advancing toward her, and welcome as my own son, if I had one, and a moment after a voice exclaimed; A young girl was the sole occupant of Marthy and I will do our best to make -I am an idiot. Miss Martha, but I -I sort of frowning smile as peal after peal of debt ?" the room, with the exception, of course, of you comfortable, and motherly Mrs. Dan-hope you will forgive me. I couldn't hear boyish laughter distorted his calm comthe butterfly, who had winged his way to can laid her hand with an approxing put the idea of his monopolizing you all day, munion with his favorite evening paper, a small oval mirror and was busily making upon Paul Dorsey's slightly stooping I know you could never think or an old but he had not the heart to put a stop to his toilet, as his companion, humaning a shoulders, while he, coloring somewhat, back-worm like myself-still 1-1 have this improved game so it went merrily

startled at its toiler, spread its brilliant appetite. I don't wonder Lucindy is fret- to her, and as dear as a brother to me, upon the little hands holding tight to her wings and floated swiftly out into the sun- ted about him. She writes that he is Dear Joe! I don't know what we should breast a ragged doll. shine again. Snatching a snowy sun bon- always taken up with books, that she have done without him." She paused, Great sobs convolsed the tiny creatur not from its peg in the half. Marcha flow can hardly ever coax him to go about a hit the tears gathering in her pretty eyes, as she half ran along the dusty read. down the garden path across to an adjournith young folks and enjoy himself. I've Paul drew nearer, then hesitated, as Mar-Oh. Dod, tell me where my mamma ent meadow. In her burry she falled to be a thinking Marthy, if you was just to the continued: notice a gentleman sleety advancing to kind of make believe you needed his help her direction, until two masculine hands now and again about the garden and such, and they are to be married in just six forth. "Oh, Dod, tell me where my it would do him a sight of good, and he'd weeks." With an exchanation of surprise Mart never suspect it was for the sake of his an awfully glad-I men I wish the raised her pretty blue eyes and met a health," and Mrs. Duncan laughed, a low, them joy, and all that sort of thing," and so there was no pursuit. pair of decidedly good looking brown ours, pleased laugh, at the thought of the decep- Paul Dursey advanced still nearer the

smobinact had slipped, disclosing a crop regular conspirator. But I am afraid it "Martha, do you think there is a ghost weary little first the distance had been

I beg your perdon." murmured Mar- himself perfectly at home; so the morning you will sum it up lemently, and make my ing the sound of laughter within, and at that the blushes and dimples waxing after his arrival he withdrew from the sentence as easy as you can, then gatherdeeper, but I didn't see you I was in breakfast table to his own room, and forthing courage from Martha's half averted she toiled up the steps to the piona, and give you 825 for the flat, won't we KITCHIN A DUNN. with commenced to unpack his books pre- face, and the extreme pinkness of the one approaching the nearest window, sat down "Don't mention it. Wouldn't have paratory to a good day a study. Every- visible ear, he laid his hand caressingly missed the the pleasure for anything. I thing was at last arranged to his satisfact upon hers, adding : I like to be run into, averted the gen-tion but somehow his thoughts were Martha do you think you can forgive strangely wandering that day, although me for for loving me?" the lips of Murtha at this speech, which of his surroundings. A pair of blue eyes have done myself?" came the low answer, pane, and a wail, "Oh, Dod, I want my sounced to glance mackingly from the followed naively by "But I did not know materia too," burst from the quivering I didn't mean to, really; but what you musty page he fain would master, and he it until to-day, when I thought I had of mouth. caught himself repeating aloud the old- fended year. I nearry you I never appropriated being a unito itself the sweetest of sounds by reason odd—or anything?" stammered Paul, in words seemed to cut through the clear sharply "indeed we are not, are we John?" "You couldn't do it again, could you? [ashioned name of "Marthy," which took "And and you don't mind my being of its connection with no pretty an owner. his excessive joy. "Oh, the cow!" exclaimed Martha, sud- Suddenly, with a third, the book fell from "You are not a bit old," was the indig-

no caw was to be seen, and remarking that her infectious laughter floating metrily ing doubtless some of the hands had housted upon the baling air as she chatted away old Tim, Martha turned her steps toward to the young man at her side, who ap-ing? discussion as much as herself. As they, reply, sucreeded by a second disappearance disappeared from view Paul, with rather on Martha't part. a blank look, resumed his seat and sought "Are you acquainted at Willow Brook to apply himself to his interrupted task. but not with the old arder did he work.

ber, he listened auxiously for the bell to The days slipped into weeks, and still that is, I have a note for Mrs. Duncan, of Paul Dorsey remained a guest at Willow Brook Farm, and it became no unusual "My mother?" ejaculated Martha opon-sight no see him obedientiy following Mar ha's directions concerning the uprosting of certain weeds, or the fastening of some vine more securely about its support. An honest, bronza tingo had replaced Pant's mes sallow complexion, and the baskswell, they had become secondary, a montime it might take, all things favorable to Mrs. Duncan congratulates herself upon place him on equally as good a footing her happy fore-thought that was working had not sent him to sock out your ald with the daughter, while Martha's own such a change in her friend's son, and friend had have remained a backelor to

> The sun burn of scoreling but upon the ing his betrothed's lips with his sun. broad gravel path just butside of the quaint room a restful cooln as held sway. R

"Good afternoon, sir, Martha tells me been wasting the whole morning? I don't rian Catechism.

days"-this last, it must be owned, with a

"Yes, from my mother," and the gen- slight air of triumph as she continued, tieman held toward her the letter. Having penitently "I am afraid I have been to read it through, interrupted with excla- blame, but to-morrow I will leave you free to mend the whole day with your books, Who'd have thought it?" Mrs. Dun- for Cousin Joe has promised to drive no

"Hang Cousin Joe----"Mr Domey!" from Martha's astonished

you were only a little shaver. It must be "I beg pordon, I really-I hope you nigh outo faurteen years ago. And to will have a delightful time, Moss Dancan. think of Lucindy's remembering me all I assure, I shall a-enjoy it immensely these years and sending her son to see being left to my books and confound it

a bit. Only with one thing and another And before Martha could reply. Paul

merry time, dusted carefully a squatty endeavored to think her for her warm, been very happy, and I forget sometimes on that—that there is such a difference be- Meanwhile, outside a wear figure was

for tea brewed in such morel quarters. At lots of room, and it will be a real pleasure. Martin's cheeks had been growing rosier. She was evidently a fugitive, for she was that moment a voice calling "Marthy" to me to see Lucindy's son making himself and rosier, while a strange, wild joy surged hatless, and her stockings had fallen down through her veins, as she answered, her from her knees, and were rolled about her

That evening after her visitor had re- I have been playmates, and since father mass of tangled golden curb- floated back Hastily replacing the ancient heirloom aired Mrs Duncan observing to her daught alied he has been so good and kind to in the breeze, and the sweet violet eyes mother, helping her about the farm and in were welling over in great tears, which darted from the room, while the butterfly. -Poor young man, he hasn't a bit of every way, that he has become like a son rolled down the raidly checks and plasted

little figure into whose eyes a sweet shy. the updrawn curtains. It was only a few

of a chance for me? As it's my first great, Paul Dorsey had been told to make attempt at anything of the kind, perhaps She paused at the gateway, and, hear

"Whe should I fossive you for what I

the dainty dimity curtains with clamsy whereupon she immediately disappeared poor little girl outside." from view, and from somewhere in the Martha, accompanied by a tall studwart region of Paul's waistcoat pocket a muf-However, when the field was reached fellow, was passing down the garden path, fled little voice might have been ejaculation motionless with pity, on the tiny creature

A week or so later a stylishly dressed, middle aged lady was sitting tete a tote

with Mrs. Dancan, who was observing: "Dear me, Lucindy, you've no cause to eyes. thank me. I had withing to do with it. Not but what I am real pleased that your Grace could say, son and my daughter should come together, but I had no more thought of it

A slight smile stirred the lips of Mrs. Dorsey as she remarked: "You are just the same as over, Mary

than yourself."

Well, if Martha only turns out haf as good a woman as yourself, I am satisfied that

Martha admitted with a slight blush, that the end of his days," interrupted a misculine voice, while a girlish treble exclaimed buried the day before and her little heart whenever he happens to get a fittle close to sallow. Wonder if mother will ask him handsome as her cousin Joe her beau "Oh, Paul!" the rest of the sentence was filled with longing for the dear ca her on the sofa, there are ten chances to being forever lost by Paul duringly sent-

been introduced to, with a demure little chair was Paur, while and the good keys a guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or courtesy and the words, "I will send noth the old organ, drew from its aged keys a guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or courtesy and the words, "I will send noth the old organ, drew from its aged keys a guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or courtesy and the words, "I will send noth the old organ, drew from its aged keys a guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or courtesy and the words, "I will send noth the old organ, drew from its aged keys a guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or courtesy and the words, "I will send noth the old organ, drew from its aged keys a guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or courtesy and the words, "I will send noth the old organ, drew from its aged keys a guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or courtesy and the words, "I will send noth the old organ, drew from its aged keys a guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or courtesy and the words, "I will send noth the old organ, drew from its aged keys a guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or courtesy and the words, "I will send noth the old organ, drew from its aged keys a guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or courtesy and the words, "I will send not be a guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or courtesy and the words," and the old organ, and the

Prosident Cleveland is able to "Do you know, Mr. Doney, you have from memory the entire Shorter Presbyte

"I WANT MY MAMMA!"

TINY ORDITAN'S PITEOUS WAIL FOR MOTHER-LOVE-THE YOUNG BEART OPPRESSED BY A SENSE OF DESOLA-MOTHER BACK-A STORY OF TO DAY.

The red October sun had disappeared

the radiant stars maned overhead. Toward the south, stretching down the valley like the tail of a little comet, the Ob, Dod, I want my mamma, too. lights in bundreds of suburban villas

repose. In one of the villas an updrawn aging editor's desk, waiting for an apcurtain revealed a pretty sight. A bear-pointment on the regular staff, the drawing-room, and from opposite cor- wishing to let the candidate down easy. ners two manly little fellows were making rent object being to see who should gain

room glamed up now and then with a

toiling up the road from an adjacent house. "Since I can remember Consin Jac and legs exposed to the chill autumn sir. A

"Joe is engaged to my dearest friend and again that plaintive little ery broke

Presently she arrived at the house with

rods from her own home, but to the

tracted by the brightly lighted windows. and looked in. seemed to bring a fresh sense of desola-

tion to the little heart without. The adden head haid beavily against the bright

"Oh, Dod, I want my mamma, too?" The game coased suddenly, for the glass to the ears within.

One of the boys ran to the window, but drow quickly back, and with amazement and pity in his voice eried out:

"Oh, mamma, cone quick! There's a

lovingly into them. "It is little Grace Meredith," she ex- Young girls are timid and shy in car claimed in wonder. "Why, durling, how used, and if a follow is not pretty certain did you come here all alone?"

mother breast, and scating herself in a the refusal of her for a year or more, and chair wiped away the tears from the sweet at the same time manage to keep his neck

who had left his paper and was regarding finds out the principal things she desires the group with curious emotion, "John, to know of him before she allows him to go over, please and tell Mr. Meredith his become assuranted. The school girl of good to be with the children, poor, moth port concerning him and then sells to him

give her what she so much desired.

tiful distinct days when God in His good- without one of Ella Wheeler's flecey yarns Hush! darling, hush. Mamma is waiting cross with a "yes," that pierses him to the for you way, way up beyond the shining very soul.

TION-APPEALS TO GOD TO GIVE ITS

chind the distant hills in the midst of glories indescribable, and deep-brooding had sunk wearily to rost and the tiny night hung over the quiet valley. Toward the north, the thick elustering

perrol like surious eyes into the outer HE WAS LIKE ALL THE

is," the baby voice implored. And ever Burdette, in the Brooklyn English

No one had yet missed her from home.

Something in the merry scene within

The beautiful lady came swiftly to the window. For one moment she gazed, lying huddled up against the pane, then, Oh, Paul! suppose somebody is look- quickly raising the broad sish, she put out her arms and gathered the little girl

contleman with grave questioning eyes, when she looks as though she was a very but said nothing. Her mother had been artless ereature, and fighting shy of him

ness shall give the child back to its and before he has had time to eatch his mother and the mother to her child. breath he will find himself nailed to the

atars and you shall so to her, dear, when

God has made you ready for the change." And so they southed little Grace and sang to her, and the boys brought out Jack playthings for her, and all were so good and gentle to her that for a time she forgot the sormess in her boson and was

white-robed form by still in the crib that had been found for it, the beautiful taily's lights of a town sent up a pliny challenge eves again overflowed as a tremendous sob reached her ear and in her show little Grees again marmared her haby petition,

GREAT MEN.

But you drink?" said the manager "Yes," replied the young man, "so did

"And you are a dude?" glancing at the "So was Disraeli." "And you are a liar?"

"And you are head and ears it "Like Alexander Dumas." "And you are a glutton?"

"So was Napoleon Bonaparte."

"So was Peter the Great." "And you swear occasionally?"
So did George Washington."
You are liable to get drunk?" Like Daniel Webster.

You are not a college man?" Neither was Lincoln." "And then you write a wretchedly il-gible hand?"

Like Honee Greeley. "And you can't make a speech? "Like Grant"

"Like Grant"

"Like Grant"

"Like Grant"

"Red," said the manager, plunging into a heap of manuscript, "anyhow, we don't want you, you won't do. Good to want you, you won't do. Good T. LOLLORS

The young man turned away exceedingly sorrowful. "It's no sort of use," he said, "a fellow combines in his own brain and person, the traits of all the great men from Alexander to Grant, and can't even Liquors of get a place on the Brooklyn Engl. This and Cheapworld is growing too last for genius.

WERE NOT MAN AND WIFE,

"There are some queer couples in this world," said a Dearborn street, real estate agent. "The other day a man and a woman called to see about venting a flat on the North side. The woman did all the talking and turned to the man for confirmation and corroboration. He always agreed with her and he did it very meck-

"Well," says the woman finally, "I will

"Yes'm," replied the man. "And I'll pay the rent promptly, too, won't we. John?"

"Yesm" "And I'll take good care of the house

"Rot." I inquired, as is usual, in ases, care you man and wife ?" "Man and wife! exclaimed the

"Not much. I'd have you know that in this family we are wife and man, sin't we, John y

"Yes in." COURTING A WIDOW.

The Bloominston Mail, whose editor probably married a widow for his second wife tells the difference between courting a widow and a young girl:

he has found precisely the angel he is The lady pressed the child to her warm looking for, he can manage so as to have out of the reach of promise suit when he W W. HALL "I want my mamma," was all little happens to meet some other sweet-faced angel that seems to him to be better The tears spring said only to the lady's suited to his tast. It is different with a widow. She gets rid of her shynose at own sweet eyes.

"John," she whispered to her husband, the earliest convenient opportunity, and little girl is with us, safe and sound. It trusts lesself to a fine young fellow on And," she added, as the gentleman was 60 or 90 days sight without security; but about to leave, "ask him, please, to let her the widow, like a thrifty wholesale house, stay with us no night. It will do her goes out and examines the mercantile re-The child looked from the lady to the sized up before he comes to market, and on her own terms for each. She has him resset she had lived and thrived upon. one that he will never look any further, "I want my mamma," she said again. but will backle right up to her and put in tones that seemed to imply they could the question fairly and squarely, and when he has done so she is not going to trem-"Yes, dear," said the lady, soothingly, ble all over and blush and ask for a week tears dropping from her eyes upon the or a month in which to make up her golden head. "Yes, dear, you shall have mind. She will just wind her arms mamma one of these day, one of the beau- around his neek and look up in his face

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