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AGNES ELTON'S DREAM.

A STORY.

Three or four of us were sitting in a friendly cottage, one evening talking about dreams, and the folly of believing in them.

Agnes Elton, the friend whom we were visiting, was not married, though past her thirty-first birthday; those who knew her best, knew that she had her waking dreams, as well as other girls, but had not put them aside, and given her life to the care of her brother Fred, who was three years older than she, and also unmarried.

It was not likely, now, that either would ever marry, they were so wholly devoted to each other; but there was no pleasant place in which to spend a few days than their cozy home.

Agnes, it was noticed, had not taken any part in the conversation, but sat listening with a look on her sweet face which told us all that she was thinking, if not talking.

"Agnes," said one of us, "why don't you say something? Don't you ever have any sad dreams?"

"I believe I have more than most people," was the answer.

"Oh, do tell us some of them! I'm sure it would be interesting. Do you believe in them, Agnes dear?"

Agnes smiled, and lightly shook her head as she said:

"Not always. But if you will not laugh at me, girls, I will tell you one which I certainly did believe in—and always shall."

HILL ARS LETTER.

We are pleased to read about the cordial friendly greeting that our people are giving to Mrs. Gen. Grant.

I sympathize with her especially because she came into this sin-struck world the same year and month that I did, and was born and raised in Dixie; and she dividing about the same number of slaves that my wife did and lived off their hire up to the day of Lincoln's proclamation of freedom in 1863, and then lost them just as my wife lost hers.

We are all even up to that point, and besides she was a Southern woman and her sympathies were with our people and would have remained so if the fortunes of war had not drifted her lord and master the other way.

A well-dressed and sharp-faced woman passed into the lawyer's office, and very shortly was standing by his desk.

"I beg your pardon," she said, in salutation, "but can you spare a few moments of your valuable time?"

"I am very busy, madam," he replied, "but, if you have anything of importance to communicate, I shall be glad to hear it. Pray be seated."

"Thank you, no," she said, looking around at a clerk or two in a nervous fashion. "I am a woman with a history, and—"

"Excuse me," apologized the attorney, seeing a fear appearing on the horizon; "possibly you had better stop into my private office with me, where you will not be interrupted."

Humorous.

A man may be as honest as the day is long, and still do a great deal of mischief during the night.

Insomnia is a frequent forerunner of insanity. This explains why so few policemen become insane.

"She," "Why is it American women are so much more attractive to foreigners with titles than English women?"

"In the case of a trusted employe," said Uncle Eben, "you can't allude to his appearance, but you are sometimes obliged to form very positive conclusions by disappearances."

"At the fortune teller's—That is a very dark future that you predict for me, madam? 'Why, sir, what could you expect for a woman? Pay me a shilling, and I'll see what I can do for you.'"

"Dealer—Can't you tell you one of those stychoplastic pens? The price has come down to \$1. Scribble—Is that so? Now, if you can persuade the ink to come down I might buy one."

"Thought plowin' was putty hard work," grunted Uncle Zeke, "but dinged it this 'ere ridin' in street cars an' holdin' on t' th' straps haint made my arms lamer than they've been since I wuz vaccinated."

"Mama," said Willie, "do you pay Jennie \$15 a month for looking after me?"

"No, sir," said mamma. "She looks after my nurse, and I pay her for that. Well, I'll pay her \$6 by it."

Mr. McClure at Birmingham.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., March 8.—A. K. McClure, editor of the Philadelphia Times, delivered an address in Birmingham last week to a packed house.

After addresses of welcome by Mayor Van Hoose and President Moore, of the Commercial Club, Mr. McClure was presented and began his address after professional applause.

Fourteen years ago and in the same spot he said the predicted the sale of Alabama iron in Pittsburg, Pa., would be \$100,000,000.

Mr. McClure then went on to say that he would like to diminish Alabama of the threatened combination of the West and South on the free silver issue against the rest of the country.

He stated that he had seen the train in my dream, and here were only my hands to stop it—if it ran on to the main track, it would dash with a head-on collision, into the other train, just around the other end of the curve.

"I groaned out one word of prayer for him, and took hold of the switch-bar, and he yielded; the switch was thrown, the track was cut, and the downward train ran into the switch instead of on, to crash into the up-train.

And then, girls, I fell, in a dead faint by the side of the track. When I came to myself, I was lying on my back, my head with a coil under my head, Fred sitting in a half-post beside me, and two or three rough but kindly faces bending over me. The engineer on the up-train was looking from the window of his cab, and saw me turn the switch and fall.

"They could not stop there long, of course, but they saw that I was all right, before they left, and Conductor Coker, of the down train, said I should hear from that road, before very long. I expected to hear that Fred had lost his place again. But he was so thoroughly frightened, so entirely sobered by what had happened, that he believed in me, and he was a good leader to him. When I told him my dream, and that it sent me to save his life and the long train, he broke down and cried like a child, and kneeling beside me, he took a solemn oath that it should be his last drop of liquor—he would never drink again."

THE OLD FRIEND.

And the best friend, that never fails you, is Simmonds Liver Regulator.

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Kentucky lawyer was standing on the steps of the Covington postoffice the other day, when an old colored man came up and touching his hat asked:

"Kin you tell me is dis de place where dey sell postage stamps?"

"Yes, sir. This is the place," replied the lawyer, seeing a chance of a little quiet fun, "but what do you want with postage stamps, uncle?"

"To mail a letter, sah, of course."

"Well then, you needn't bother about stamps. You don't have to put any on this week."

"No, sir?"

"Why, for no?"

COUGHS, COLDS, La Grippe, Headache.

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