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GRANDAM AND LITTLE CHILD.

"What am I thinking about," did you ask?
Well, a lady ought as I do
Down yet kind of homespun sitting so still,
And likes to speak out things you see.
So-oh, sit right down. I'm glad you've come in.
Yes, take the old cat to your lap.
My grannie!—well there, of course I might know
I'd above them up over my cap.

I was just wondering when you came in,
What could have possessed me that day,
When Parson West called to undertake us
To take in the new way!
You how think you wouldn't have done so, my dear?
But young folks were sort of afraid
Of preachers then, and the questions were hard—
Though I've often wished since that I'd said,

Poor Julia Jewett. I was thinking of her,
How she laughed in the wrong end time.
The tithing man called her name out as loud
It woke up old deaf Simeon Bell.
He used to grind all our grist. Oh, Vera Fox
To go with my father to mill.
He rode on the spot where he broke the wood
From the north lot over the hill.

Light up for me, child? Well, not just yet,
please—
There winter days are "but a little."
But this was my father's striking time, and
I love to the twilight to think
Just how he looked when he brought to the
gate
The big favorite old hymn—
"The day is past and gone"—mother joined,
too,
And Ruth, who sang alto, and Jim.

"Are they all dead now?" No, my dear, not
dead,
They've only passed into the olden—
Into that everlasting time which God,
In love, for his children requires.
I'll not there all soon. Must you go now, child?
Well, it's lots of good you've come on.
For young folks would think it worth while
to call
On a lady old as I'm.
—Grace Tuell Perry in Good Housekeeping.

"STRANDED."

"Love me! Oh, no, Jack! If you did you wouldn't oppose what is for my highest interest. You wouldn't want me to waste the best years of my life drudging among such common people when I have talent which can lift me to something better. No, Jack, you don't love me, for love is unselfish, and you think only of yourself."

Jack Clavering—a strong fleshed, fazen haired young fellow—turned to the window, and for a little while gazed in silence upon the summer world outside.

But he saw neither the blue sky nor the green earth. He did not hear the soft wind whispering among the budding blues, nor the robins singing in the apple trees pink with bloom.

These honest blue eyes were filled with tears wrung from the bitterness of his spoiled and cheated young manhood.

The words of his heedless, ambitious young wife had stabbed him to the heart.

"You think only of yourself!"

She—she adored Kate—could say that when he would have laid down his life for her sake!

He turned presently.

Here as he was, he had concealed every sign of what was warring within him.

"I will not oppose you, Kate, if you are really in earnest about the matter. But it will make a great change in our lives! Have you thought of that?" he asked her.

"I have thought of everything," she answered eagerly. Of course we must sell the odious little house and lot, and you can transfer your business to the other side. I am counting after your word, when I shall be established on the stage, you will go with me wherever I go."

"The life wouldn't suit me," he said. "If you are determined upon a career as an actress you must get along without me altogether. You will go the way you have chosen, my Kate, and I will go mine."

For a moment she looked grieved and reluctant.

But the new ambition was stronger than the older love, and such a separation did not seem so terrible after all.

She went to him and put her arms around his neck.

"But the parting will be without anger, and it will not be for always?" she asked him.

"We part without anger, certainly," was his reply.

And so it was settled.

And in a few weeks Kate had begun her new life in the city and Jack was journeying westward, whither he scarcely knew and hardly cared.

* * * * *

The curtain had rolled down for the last time. The play was over.

There had been no applause, no recalls. The company had played that night to a nearly empty house.

It had been the same night after night, to town after town, and city after city.

In rose satin and flimy lace, a glitter of jewels, the worth of which would not have paid her a night's lodging, the star swept her shining court train across the stage on her way to her dressing room.

One of her companions met her in the wings. The girl was crying hysterically.

"Oh, Kate!" she sobbed, "that wretch has gone! He has disposed of everything he could, and he has gone and left us to shift for ourselves."

"You don't mean the manager?" said Kate, aghast.

"I just do mean the manager, the heartless scamp! He has borrowed money on the stage properties—just enough to take him home, I suppose—and to went away the instant he could get the receipts in his hands bought. And here we are in the horrid place without so much as a dollar among us all."

It was all too true. Their manager had forsaken them, leaving the unfortunate company stranded in that remote little western town.

While leaving the theater, in the excitement Kate happened somehow to become separated from her companions.

She walked on, thinking some of them would overtake her. And presently she stepped on a bridge spanning a narrow stream which flowed in a sluggish current through the rambling little city.

She had stood there a long time waiting, gazing down into the dark rolling water and absorbed with her despondent thoughts, before it occurred to her that the others must have proceeded her from the theater building.

And there was little probability that any of them would come back to search for her.

But what did it matter?

It was a calamity in which each one must help herself or himself.

And doubtless they had all by now settled themselves somewhere for the night, at least.

They had all of them, even the little snobbette who had stalked so disconsolately, been members of the profession longer than she.

They were used to its ups and downs, its shifts and expedients. And most of them had experienced exactly the same predicament before.

Now, in her distress and perplexities, Kate remembered that they had forgotten all about her.

"There isn't one of them who cares enough for me to miss me, to wonder what I will do, or what will become of me," she thought, as she stood there on the bridge alone in the night gloom.

"And this is the career I once fancied so full of pleasure! This is the end of my dazzling hopes, my lofty ambitions! Well, tonight is but the emblem of it all! In love, in everything which makes one's life sweet and blessed, I am indeed—stranded."

Perhaps it was only natural in such a time that she should recall her olden home.

How pretty it was, how dear, that simple little cottage in the quiet village!

The old apple trees where the robins would sing so riotously must now be pink with bloom.

And the peach trees—how beautiful it was in blossom when the petals used to fall in showers against her tiny bay window!

Had the new owners driven the swallows away from the eaves—the wren from her nest in the sweltering elem of the dead and franchless leaves?

Perhaps they had pulled down the dear little house altogether and erected some grander structure in its stead!

Suddenly she shrieked out her arms passionately. Shudified her sad face to the cold, unanswering stars.

"But, oh!" she murmured, "if I could only rest my tired head beneath that dear old roof tonight I think I could die content."

A listless, uncertain trend upon the planks of the bridge at that moment distracted her thoughts and aroused her to the imprudence of her position.

She must not remain there. She must go.

But where?

How strange, how pitiful it seemed that in all the wide world she had no place to lay her head!

The footsteps came close. With a half frightened glance she saw a tall man, broad shouldered, roughly dressed, with a great shaggy yellow beard, and with a pair of piercing eyes which seemed to look her through and through.

He had paused and regained a number of times, but she had been too engrossed with her sorrowful reflection to notice him before.

He walked directly to her.

He grasped the rail of the bridge with both hands, and she marveled vaguely to see that he was trembling.

"You are one of the unfortunate theatrical company! Can I be of any service to you?" he asked her, abruptly.

"Who are you?" she cried in alarm, as she shrank back from him.

His reply was uttered in a strange, rapid and vehement whisper.

"I am like yourself," he said. "Some years ago I had a happy home and a wife I adored. She went away from me, and since then in hope and happiness I have been stranded."

For an instant she stood as if suddenly turned to stone. All the life within her seemed concentrated in her great, dark, burning eyes.

"You, Jack! Oh, God! is it you!" she exclaimed, at length. "You, who used to be so proud about yourself, so brave of spirit, has this!"

"Do you care?" he asked her.

"Do I care!" she repeated passionately. "I care so much that I would give my very soul if I could undo what I have done. I have failed in my career, but I might have succeeded, Jack, could I have had your love. I could do nothing without your love, Jack."

She was crying now, softly, hopelessly, not daring to believe that she was still dear to him.

He put his roughly clad arms about her and drew her unresisting head to his breast—against that shaggy, tangled beard which with his careless attire she had fancied a sign of. Heaven knows how much, destitution and vagabondage!

"You have always had my love, sweetheart. Do you think I could ever have ceased loving such an adorable woman as you are, Kate! Our trouble was all my fault, too—all my contemptible stubbornness," said he.

"Oh, Jack, how good you are to say that, when you know it isn't true," she murmured, with her arms around his neck and her lips upon his.

"Well, darling, we will begin over again. I have never sold the little cottage—I couldn't, because we had once been so happy there! And I have made a big fortune in the mines back here. So you shall live where you like and wear diamonds and cloth of gold, if you choose. Or, if you would rather stay on the stage, you can have a company of your own and a theater of your own, if you desire. And you need not fear ever again being stranded."

"No, Jack. Neither of us need fear ever again being stranded," she answered solemnly, and with a meaning he could not mistake.

But Kate left the stage altogether. She had talent, and in time she would no doubt have succeeded more than tolerably.

"But," she says, "it isn't that I love the profession less, it is that I love my home and my husband more."—Buffalo Bows.

The largest and heaviest building stone ever quarried in England was taken from the Finchingfield quarry, near Norwich, in February, 1888. It was one piece, without crack or flaw, and weighed over thirty-three tons; it was 10 feet long, 6 feet high and 3 feet wide.

Remembered for Her Kindly Acts.

Here is a story from Western Pennsylvania which matches any told by Miss Wilkins and other delineators of New England thrift and unconscious humor. A certain woman who died recently was one of the small class of interior New York followed the fortunes of her husband, a Calvinistic minister, in his first charge, a "Center" church near the Ohio line of the Keystone state. The people with such discovered that she had married the congregation, and, as it was a widely scattered one, her time was fully occupied.

The most persistent element of her attention and efforts was to aid those to whose assignment disturbed she was summoned within a week after her arrival. The spiritual dying woman revived, however, the next day, and for two years devoted with great regularity frequent periods of approaching dissolution. At every fresh reappearance of this sinner the minister's wife was immediately sent for and always promptly responded, which, as the former was three miles away, often meant a night in attendance.

Finally the old lady really did die and was duly and properly buried. The relieved minister's wife settled down at last in the parsonage, asking for its mistress. After some desultory talk upon the virtues of the departed the latter produced a small parcel carefully wrapped. "Ma," she began, using the long, flat "a" of the neighborhood, "thought a right smart of you, and she used to tell me to have something of hers to keep. So she wanted me to hang you these. They're as good to new, 'cause not never wore but so much. You can't use 'em right away, but by and by they'll come in handy. If they don't fit they can be fixed over."

Mystified, but doubtful, the minister's wife took the package and the visitor left. Then she opened the paper. It contained the dead woman's false teeth!—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Caution in Story Telling.

An adventurer was related over a soldier's camp fire at San Juan hill, in words pen serving, and his not yet been in type. The present commanding the department was a guest of the mess, and a captain told a story.

The captain said that he had been dining in one of the smaller cantinas near Fort Apache shortly before, and had just looked an immense trout. He praised him up and down strong, became intensely excited, and was just about to land a wife when he heard a dreary growl, and, looking up, perceived an immense bear on the opposite side of the narrow creek. The captain was not anxious to lose his fish, and the bear was making for him. Neither did he care to lose the fish. So he quickly snatched the fish in his left hand, drew his revolver with his right, killed the bear, and then landed the trout.

There was a lull at the end of this story. The heavens would be how what the general would say. Pretty soon he asked, "What did you do with the bear, captain?"

"Gave him to mess, general," was the reply.

"And the fish?" continued the general. "He was such a fine one that I put him back to the creek. I don't believe in spoiling the sport of future generations."

There was another lull. Presently the general asked, "Do you call that a true story?" "Yes, sir," replied the captain, with his left hand, "I don't call it either." Then again came the general to the charge. "Couldn't you fix that story up so that you would be killing a rattlesnake with one of your feet at the same time?" The captain rose and walked away.—New York Sun.

Strangers in the City.

Three Springfield young men, two of them employed in a dry goods house and one in a crockery store, visited Boston to combine business with pleasure. When they set out to see the town, the first attraction to catch their eyes and engage their attention, in which they passed half a day. Then they wandered about the crowded thoroughfares and came upon another museum, into which they plunged with feverish eagerness. After they had paid their money and entered the doors, they found that they were in the same museum again, although they declared they had walked four miles. The manager of the institution regarded them with a cheerful smile as they departed, asking them to come again.—Springfield Homestead.

That's Different.

Dora—Jack says he loves you.
Cora—I don't believe it.
Dora—Nor do I.
Cora—You see a horrid calm.—New York Epoch.

A Suggestion.

If you are troubled with rheumatism or a lame back, allow us to suggest that you try the following simple remedy: Take a piece of flannel the size of the two hands, saturate it with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind it on over the seat of pain. It will produce a pleasant warmth and relieve you of all pain. Many severe cases have been cured in this way. The Pain Balm can be obtained from Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

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3:00 p. m.	4:00 p. m.	5:00 p. m.	6:00 p. m.
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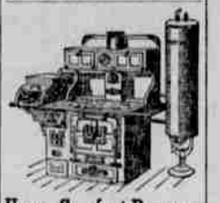

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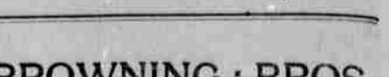

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