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A BUILDER'S LESSON.

"How shall I a habit break?"
As you did that habit make,
As you gathered you went base,
As you builded now refuse,
Thread by thread the strands we twist
Till they bind us neck and wrist;
Thread by thread the patient hand
Binds anew its free we stand.
As we builded, stone by stone,
We must toil, unlayback alone,
Till the wall is overthrown.

But remember, as we try,
Lighter every task goes by;
Waiting in the stream grows dark
Toward the country drawn we sail;
Each used tide, each area adown
Shallower is than that before.
Ah, the precious years we waste
Leaving what we cannot to haste
Doing what must be undone
For contrast or love be well!
Time across the gulf we cast,
Ere heavy threads, till thou are fast
And habit holds the bridge at last.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

A FATHER'S DREAD

"Why is she still unmarried, if she has so many admirers—is she a man-hater?"

"Not in the least. Her affability toward them clearly proves her appreciation of men. The difficulty is all with her father, who appears to suffer untold torments every time he sees a man near her."

"How very extraordinary! And is she beautiful?"

"Decidedly so. Beautiful, young, charming in manner, rich. What more could be asked?"

"Nothing. It is quite sufficient. I am going to go generally and pay most devoted court to her, despite the cantankerous antics of her father."

"Are you speaking of Miss Tullingham?" asked another youthful eldsman, who was sitting in the same alcove.

"We are."

"Then I advise you to lower your voices. Young Greenwood over yonder is very desperate about her, and he is the sort of fellow who could be troublesome if the occasion required it."

The person designated, though delicately featured, was as tall and brawny that he looked as if he could indeed be troublesome in the broadest sense of the term.

He was oblivious to the conversation, however, and to all other present things if the expression on his face was a true index to his feelings. He was holding a newspaper in his hands, but it was upside down, and though he was mechanically cutting on his cigar, it had been cut several minutes.

At length he pulled himself together with a start, dropping both paper and cigar. A hasty glance about the room satisfied him that no one had witnessed his abstraction.

Presently he left the clubhouse, sauntering up Fifth avenue till he reached Thirty-fourth street, where for a moment he paused to eye the wavering shadows of his colossal self which a flickering electric light cast upon the crosswalk.

A few minutes later he was on a ferry, journeying toward an elegant but quiet Long Island residence quarter.

Exactly two hours after leaving the club he was standing before a handsome house ringing for admittance, but with a hand whose shakiness betokened sadly unsettled nerves.

The face of the man into whose presence he was shown bore the stamp of premature old age. Aside from the deep furrows in an otherwise fresh, fair skin, its beard and hair were of nearly snowy whiteness.

He arose with considerable difficulty, when his library door was thrown open, and a twinge of pain drew down the corners of his mouth when he saw who his visitor was.

"Again!" he said reproachfully.

"Yes; I am here now for the truth."

"It has already been told you."

"Only a portion of it. I want the rest."

"But"—

"Mr. Tullingham, you have refused me your daughter's hand in marriage."

"Yes."

"You have also done me the honor to say that that refusal is in no sense a personal reflection upon me."

"Certainly, and I can go much further. I can also add that not only have I no fault to find with you, but that so far as you are personally concerned I am altogether predisposed in your favor."

"Sir, I speak plainly because it is a time for plain speech," continued Greenwood. "I believe Miss Tullingham to be all that the poets of chaste and holy spiritedness; but I shall wed her just the same were she corruption personified. Mr. Tullingham, I love your daughter, and that love is great enough to excuse and obliterate everything, no matter what, which you might think it matters for me to consider. Aside from my own feelings in the affair, it is my delight to know that I am not altogether indifferent to her, and so, whatever your objection, sooner or later I shall marry her."

The old man brushed one hand swiftly across his brow.

"There is no other way than to be plain with you," he said, "though what will force me to destroy your peace of mind forever. Will you not waive this thing, which I can solemnly assure you that you will repent bearing?"

Greenwood gave one hand an impatient flirt.

"Go on," he said coldly.

"Twenty-five years ago, then," said Tullingham, "I was one of a party of seven gold seekers in the California thrice. That year at the beginning of winter we pushed northward into the mountains of Donner lake.

"The weather was severe, and for several days the skies were laden and ominous.

"Then it began snowing. Lightly, at first, but more and more heavily as the days wore on. No person who was out there ever saw such snow. Soon it had so changed the appearance of both mountains and valleys that for our comfort we should have been homeless if confused. At last even that guide to direction failed us. It was accidentally dropped by the man who carried it, and never recovered.

"Still we were strong hearted, still plunged blindly forward several days longer through the snow.

"Helplessly bewildered, we finally decided that our only hope was to go into permanent encampment till the storm was over.

"After we had been in camp ten days we had to remove ourselves with but one meal, and that a small one, each twenty-four hours. A few days more and even that gave out.

"Then we had nothing with which to satisfy our hunger but the moss which we dug down through the snow and tore from the rocks, and the bark from the branches of dead trees.

"Soon, so awful was it all, a great distrust grew up among us. Each man feared that he would be fain and eaten by his neighbor. After that none of us dared sleep.

"For two nights and days we stood and sat around that roaring fire with unclosed, glaring eyes.

"Then the end came. One after another each succumbed beneath overwhelmed. We yelled and laughed and danced about like the maniacs we were, cursing the gold which had lured us into our trouble, the mountains which shut us off from our fellow beings, the snow, the fire, God and each other.

"That night, from sheer exhaustion, we fell like stricken beeves in the snow around the fire, and while the others slept, I arose and took an ax and slew them—all of them—my six poor comrades.

"And then, having killed them, I cut great chunks of flesh from their dead, helpless bodies, which I cooked and ate.

"How long this fearful feast was kept up I do not know, but it must have been for a considerable time, for it was many weeks after the storm had ended before some settlers found me, in a valley to the westward, prone upon the ground and breathing heavily.

"I was picked up and nursed through a terrible fever, which followed, every moment of which I made hideous with muttered disclosures of my deeds and fears and orgies around that awful camp fire.

"Two months later, as soon as I was well enough, I came back east to my young wife, but without my knowledge of my crime. I had no recollection whatever of the period I described to you. Those to whom I resided in portions at the time of my illness regarded everything I disclosed as mere mad ravings—the hallucinations of fever and weakness. And so it was not till my return to California, a year later, that I was told of my wicked conduct.

"No sooner did I hear them, though, than it all came back to me with the most fearful clearness—the reaching snow, the maddening hunger, the distrust my comrades and I bore each other, the murders, the cannibalism—everything.

"Well, Mr. Greenwood, after I was told of my fever raviings, I went to Donner lake and searched till I found that valley of death beyond it. I still did hope that I might have been only delirious after all. But at the site of that wretched camp fire was evidence beyond doubting, the bones of my murdered comrades, one arm, legs, all the familiar and damning array. It was more than conclusive. I surrendered myself to the authorities, who thought me laboring under a delusion. They instituted a private investigation, but were confronted with so many elements of doubt that they soon dismissed me with the opinion that it was a case in which the Almighty alone had jurisdiction.

"So I left my merciful judges and came home.

"But a terrifying fear had seized me in that California courtroom which my subsequent studies satisfied me was only too well grounded. Mr. Greenwood, I have consulted every obtainable authority on the subject of heredity, and substituting other names and places have laid the matter before the most eminent specialists. The result in each and every instance is the same. Not one ray of hope offers itself from any source. My daughter cannot marry, because sooner or later either she or her children will inherit from me an appetite for human flesh!"

For a brief interval, perhaps a minute, Kenneth Greenwood sat staring at Tullingham in horrified silence. The significance of what he had heard was so overwhelming that he could not grasp it all at once. Presently his lungs filled with a gasp, and then, stifling into a moan the impulse to shriek out his despair, he ran out of the house and pushed swiftly away in the darkness, unnamed, hopeless, wrecked, fleeing from the unknowable and unseen.—Pittsburg Leader.

Started on Time.

When the railway was first opened in a new part of India it took a long time and many a bitter experience to convince the natives that a train always started on time. Shortly after the opening of the new line a deputy commissioner sent his native servant with his letter bag to get on board the mail car. Presently the man returned with the bag, having missed the train.

"You had not half a mile to go, and you know that the train left the station at 3 o'clock," said the angry commissioner.

"Yes, truly," answered the native, in an aggrieved tone; "but then it strikes 3 here the train goes from there."

Soon after practice the native had never known before, and he did not think it creditable to the company.—Temple Bar.

A Superstitious Creature.

He—You acknowledge that you—ahem—like me, you refuse.

She (hesitatingly)—Yes, I must. Thirteen is an unlucky number.

"Eh?"

"You are the thirteenth man who has proposed to me, and if we should become engaged I'm afraid something dreadful would happen."

"You are horribly superstitious. What could happen?"

"I might marry you."—New York Weekly.

Get Your Gloves Too Large.

The heavy walking gloves which are the efficient command for street wear by women who dress well should be worn a quarter or half size larger than the ordinary glove, for one is supposed to put them on with great care and to permit one's hands to move about with perfect freedom.—New York Journal.

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3.00 sundry sizes, Cloth and Goat,		" 2.00
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1.50, Rip and Grain,	- -	" 1.00
2.50 California Serge Tops,	- -	" 1.50

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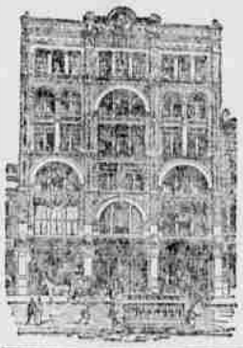

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