TWO SITUATIONS.

Yes, all alone, I sigh,
Not by land nor sea,
Yet not alone am I,
I dream day and night of you,
Thinking ever more I sue,
Lovely for me.
Yet I wish I cannot cease I hope,
Chained for my sleep,
That tender hand I press
Broke my chains.

Yes, all alone, I sigh,
Though she is here,
More than alone am I,
Here on this cheap seat,
In loving eyes I see
No love for me.
In that sweet voice I hear
Naught for my ears;
Yet sadder I repeat,
Not one caress.

—Arthur Reed Kimball in New York Sun.

DR. WEDMORE.

The provincial young man has never possessed any attractions for me, and it is certain that if I had not gone up north to stay with Daisy Drysdale, I should not have known so well such a striking specimen of the type as Dr. Wedmore. He was not a bad fellow, but one to see so pleased with himself! Conceited, indeed, is rarely modest, in the limited circle of country town society a young manda pursued with too much primness and stolid behavior may deceive for a very short time. Dr. Wedmore was in his own mind as to his personal charms and manifold charms.

Dr. Wedmore was a stoutish young man of thirty-two, with nondescript features and a slow, portentous manner. He had a large and increasing practice in the suburb of Northaw, where his medical skill was in constant request among the spinsters and widows of that somewhat damp and shifty neighborhood. The highly esteemed were his ear in the sickroom that these ladies would send for him at all hours of the day or night, until the good doctor in self defense took to sending his red jaded assistant to some of his more distant patients imaginative.

Daisy Drysdale's husband was a manufacturer in Manchester, and, like other manufacturers, he lived as far away from the factory chimneys of that thriving city as possible. So his brand new red brick mansion lay on the other side of the suburb of Northaw, and the society of Northaw supplied nearly all Mrs. Drysdale's intellectual recreation. Poor Daisy! How she missed London and the Upper Bohemia! She had a gaiety for giving little dinners, but of what use was that, seeing the component elements of which her parties were to be henceforth composed? Still she was not to be baffled, and Mrs. Drysdale constantly entertained. The night after I arrived one of these dinners was given in my honor, and I was sent down to the dining room with Dr. Wedmore.

I shall not easily forget that night. Accustomed to the manifestly indecorous goings of London young men, I was astonished at the naive manner in which this country Adonis tried in vain to hide his sullen admiration. It came out in every word and look. It was a case of "love at first sight" on the part of Dr. Wedmore. Before I left the dinner table he had offered to lend me a horse, proposed that he should drive me to a meet ten miles off and expressed a wish that I should know his three sisters.

But the next time I saw him my head was tied up in a flannel shawl and my throat was as swollen I could hardly speak. The doctor had been called in hastily, the Misses Wedmore had been too much for me, and I was down with a malignant sore throat.

The doctor came every day, and once he came twice, to wash a patient in lulav and paint my throat with some mysterious compound. He constantly slanged the treatment; it was as if he could never do enough. He even used to bring me flowers—and who ever heard of a doctor taking his patient flowers? Daisy was convulsed with amusement. She said that when she was ill she sometimes used to have to send for Dr. Wedmore two or three times before he appeared, he was so busy.

At the end of a week I was better, and in ten days I was quite well. I really felt very grateful, for I knew that the doctor had saved me by his assistant care from a dangerous illness. I wonder if he took my gratitude for—something stronger? Anyway, as I told Christina when she scolded me for the whole affair, it was not my fault. I hadn't fallen in love with Dr. Wedmore—that's all.

The thing came quickly to a crisis. We were all invited to spend an evening at the doctor's house. In the north they have a mysterious meal called "high tea," which is apparently a source of no little comfort and even of self righteousness. It enables the partakers thereof to allege truthfully to the lands of "late dinners" indulged in by the inhabitants of the south. And so, if you are invited out in Northaw, be sure you will be regaled on tea and cold chicken (doubtful mixture), on hot cakes, jam, marmalade and current buns. To this evening meal, then, we were bidden by Dr. Wedmore.

He lived alone with his sisters, who were curious of like kind. They were all stately, with manderspirit features and had slow and somewhat pompous manners. To see all four of them together inclined one to indescant mirth. It was impossible not to have any doubts, but only more self satisfied. The Misses Wedmore were considered to have a pretty taste for art; they painted everything within reach with sprawling red roses or startling white daisies, and the doctor was of opinion that his sisters' artistic talent was of the first order. Miss Ada, too, sang songs by Pinsuti and Millie Wellings. The doctor liked Miss Ada's vocal efforts; while the Miss Emily was literary, she assiduously read Miss Edna Lyall and Rider Haggard, and of these authors we discoursed solemnly until "tea" was announced.

The air was full of ominous portents. The doctor's manner, when he invited me for the second time to partake of cold chicken or pressed ever the with increased hospitality too earnest could, was full of certain concealed pride, while a humbly conquering expression was in his eyes when they rested upon me. It was with "intention," as the French said, that he showed me the photograph album, full of aunts and cousins, after tea, and the good doctor looked quite sentimental when I lay on Miss Ada warbled a romance, with a waltz accompaniment, entitled "The Love That Will Never Fade." I began to feel cold all down my back.

Five times did I get up, cross the room, engage either of the solemn Misses Wedmore in feverish conversation—I always ended by finding the doctor at my elbow. At last I resigned myself to my fate and sat down to talk to him. I imagined that the state of drama in the spinsters of Northaw would be a safe subject and one unlikely to lead to a declaration of a tender nature, but in this, it appeared, I was mistaken. We got on to the subject of fevers, and to convince me on a certain point the doctor suggested a reference to one of the medical books in his company. Once inside the little room, which lay just across the passage, Dr. Wedmore shut the door and advanced toward me with that particular expression which is so intolerable in a young man one doesn't care for.

I put on my most indifferent manner and ingested with much interest the reverse of medical books in their glass cases.

"So kind of you," I said hurriedly to fill up the dreadful pause, "to take so much trouble. Most doctors only laugh when I say I want to know any real fact—about your dreadful trade." I added with flippancy, seeing that the man was not listening to a word I was saying, but was gazing at me as the fascinated rabbit is popularly supposed to regard the charmer.

"Dorothy," he said at last, "how can anything be a trouble that is done for you? I wish you would let me tell you how much I love you."

A sharp rap at the door interrupted this speech. A servant came in.

"Please, sir, Mr. Brown is very bad, and Mrs. Brown says will you come at once, and bring some of the drops, and she hopes you won't be long."

"A three mile drive," said Dr. Wedmore, with a sigh, "and I shall see no one again tonight." He took my hand and held it fast.

"I will bring the book tomorrow morning," he said. "Shall I have a chance of seeing you alone? Try to be alone when I come," and, wrenching my hand violently, the doctor disappeared.

"Daisy," I said, hurriedly, in the carriage going home, "I am sorry to say, dear, I shall have to go home by the 10.15 tomorrow. I—I had a telegram just before we came out."

"You had a telegram!" What nonsense, Peggy. Why, you came to stay a month, and you've hardly been twelve days."

"Twelve days! Good heavens! Why, how time flies!"

"Oh, it's that, is it! And so you don't like him? Well I think you're silly. You might do much worse. How much better to marry some one like that than an Irish Hungarian or a Polish count? Still, he was not to be baffled, and Mrs. Drysdale constantly entertained. The night after I arrived one of these dinners was given in my honor, and I was sent down to the dining room with Dr. Wedmore.

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THE FREE PASS FIEND.

He Makes the Life of a Theatrical Manager Weary.

"This," said a theatrical manager, "is a very pretty room; it ought to have a half built around it, that might reflect in the eyes that the surrounding countries could see and admire. Between whiles, when you are not being stood up and mulcted for your money, they stand you up for passes. Upon my honor I was introduced to a man on Monday and on Tuesday he buttonholed me on Fifth avenue and said he would like to come down and see us. 'So you shall, my boy,' said I, 'the box office is open from 9 to 9 and your dollars are always welcome.'

"Another time I was a sort of enforced escort to a young lady who was belated and had missed her friends. I knew her slightly, and, as a gentleman should, offered to see her home. There isn't a blessed relative she has that I haven't passed into this house, and only the other day the young woman met me and said her sister was going to be married, and wouldn't I give her a box, so her brother-in-law-to-be could give a firewall sing party. I dined at a first class restaurant last week, where they serve superb claret punch, and the clerk, he struck me for two bottles of champagne. You might just as well use the other side of that check to make me out a pass."

"I stocked an infant under the chin the other day and said it was the living image of its mother. I got a letter from its father the next day asking for two seats at the matinee, 'and please,' he added, 'keep the third chair vacant if you can. Baby is going along, as it is nurse's day out, and the little fellow may want to have his mother's knee.' Another day in a crowded street car I exchanged cry sent for a strap, to which a young lady was holding on. What do you think, she came into my office only this morning and wanted to know if I wouldn't be so 'perfec' as to give her a seat in the theater also. She thought I was so much of a gentleman she didn't mind in the least asking me.

"My purse begs for passes. My landlady demands them and pays off her milk bill with them. When I treat a man he looks as if he expected a pass at the bottom of the glass. The street car conductor thinks one ought to go with every fare I pay him. Young women present me with roses, meaning a 'wink' not pass, and I detect the 'dickey' sort of expression, and their brothers walk along the avenue with me and call me 'my boy' and want to know what night 'me and sis' can find a couple of seats. Then they take some cigars and go for me. But for the cock of the rake walk give me a fellow on Fifth avenue whom I asked Monday to send me down some things C. O. D.

"We don't trust theatrical people at all, my dear sir. We find it doesn't pay." I wanted the things straightaway and with difficulty made up the sum out of the change in my pocket. The next night the gentleman was at the theater door just as I came forward.

"I suppose it's all right?" he said.

"What's all right?" said I.

"Oh, you know me. You did business with me yesterday. Isn't it all right?"

"I didn't wait to say a word, but I rushed home and for five minutes yelled blue devils up the chimney of my fireplace, after which I went back to the theater and for two hours couldn't break the nose of people waiting for passes."

Then the manager, sighing wearily and wiping his perspiring brow, wrote on the margin of a newspaper, "Pass Mr. Jones and party to box." When he finished he whispered: "My last girl's mother's divorced husband, who at the present time is dangling in again with the old lady. If things continue blooming there will be a double wedding."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Women Being Recognized in London.

Women are fast obtaining substantial recognition in the governing of London. There are women members of the board of education and various other important bodies, and if women choose there may now be women dock commissioners. In a bill before parliament dealing with the election of dock commissioners, Mr. Courtney, chairman of the committee, moved, and it was carried, an amendment to strike it, "peaboworthy" step by striking out the words "male persons," so that the franchise might be conferred on women. The promoters of the bill said if ladies might vote they might also be come commissioners. "And why not, asked Mr. Courtney, "if they are good business women?"—London Letter.

A Fast Growing Vine.

The Kudzu vine is probably the most rapid growing plant in the world. It belongs to the bean family. The leaves look something like a Lima bean, and was once called Dolichos japonicus. It will grow easily sixty feet in three months. It was introduced into America by the Japanese during the Centennial exhibition. It is said that in its own country it has flowers like bunches of wisteria. For some reason American summers do not seem long enough for it. It rarely blooms.—Meehan's Monthly.

A Beautiful Effect in Mahogany.

A peculiarly fine effect in mahogany is obtained by sawing crotches. A piece is sawed just above and just below a point where two limbs shoot out on opposite sides. When such a piece is properly cut up into veneer the crotches show in beautiful plumelike markings through the middle of each sheet.—New York Sun.

A Comparison.

Judge—What sort of a man, now, was it you saw commit the assault?

Constable—Sure, your honor he was a small, insignificant critter about your own size, your honor!—Exchange.

Out of Sight.

Aunty—How did you catch such a cold?

Wee Niece—Lookin at sue rollydallydillse.—Good News.

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We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with Moss's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, 25 cents. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufd by JOHNSON, PRATT & CO., 15 and 17 Main Street, Salt Lake City.

"German Syrup"

Asthma. "I have been a great sufferer from Asthma and severe Colds every Winter, and last Fall my friends as well as myself thought because of my feeble condition, and great distress from constant coughing, and inability to raise any of the accumulated matter from my lungs, that my time was close at hand. When nearly worn out for want of sleep and rest, a friend recommended me to try the valuable medicine, Boschee's German Syrup. I am confident it saved my life. Almost the first dose gave me great relief and a gentle refreshing sleep, such as I had not had for weeks. My cough began immediately to loosen and pass away, and I found myself rapidly gaining in health and weight. I am pleased to inform thee—unsolicited—that I am in excellent health and do certainly attribute it to thy Boschee's German Syrup. C. B. STICKNEY, Picton, Ontario."

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