

## ARTHUR'S DEVOTION.

"Elinor," tenderly, "I have loved you so long. Must the devotion of years have been lavished in vain?"

The pleading accents awoke no answering sentiment. The fair, white face was calm. A faint, pitying smile hovered around the tender curves of the sweet mouth.

Disdain, he thinks, were better than such supreme indifference. "Elinor!" What a passionate yearning is in the lowery!

"Don't, please, Arthur, I almost feel as if I must be terribly to blame for your suffering."

"You to blame? Ah, no dearest. I could not help loving you from the moment when, a youth of 15, I first saw you in church. I said to myself then, 'Arthur Gordon, there is the one girl in the world for you!' From that time forth my only happiness consisted in thinking of you; planning what I could do to give you pleasure. After four years of such worship I have been unable to move your heart. I have touched your life so lightly that, were you never to see me again, you would not bestow upon me one regret."

"Indeed, you wrong me," interrupted the young lady, earnestly. "Elinor Garrison never forgets a friend—and who has been a truer friend to the orphan than you, my brother?"

Gordon raised her dainty hand to his lip with reverential gesture. "I accept the title, dear love," he said, gravely. "If I may not be more to you, at least I will be your brother, ever ready to care for your interests, loving you with all my might, yet hoping for nothing in return."

A slight blush stained the pale cheeks.

"You are too noble, Arthur, you deserve more. Forget me and find another upon whom to pour out such disinterested affection."

"The world holds no other for me," he answered tenderly, a beautiful smile illuminating his frank countenance.

Meeting those clear, gray eyes, Elinor felt that he was a man to be trusted. Why could she not care for him as she desired? Rich, handsome, upright, what more could any woman demand? She sighed.

"You have heard the latest, of course, Ellie?" gaily inquired a pretty girl, as she tossed aside her gloves preparatory to spending an hour or so with her friend.

"No," answered Miss Garrison.

"Why, I thought he must have told you himself, so I ran over purposely to hear all about it."

"Of whom are you speaking?" was the quiet response.

"Of Arthur Gordon. His engagement to a Miss Marion Hepworth, of Boston, is just announced," watching Elinor furtively as she answered.

The latter looked courteously interested—noting more, as she resumed the etching which Olive Lindsey's entrance had interrupted.

"You are not mistaken, Olive?" with a great assumption of indifference.

"Certainly not," with some spirit, as the young lady drew a tiny package of rick-rack from her pocket and began to work nimbly. "Brother Frank heard it at the club last evening. You know, Ellie, I never repeat a story unless very sure of its truth."

Miss Garrison smiled. "I was not doubting you, Ollie," she said soothingly. "I know you are not a bit of a gossip." A moment later: "Have I shown you my new spring suit?" adroitly turning the conversation.

Once fairly launched upon this fascinating topic, Miss Lindsey forgot to refer again to Gordon's engagement, and after a half hour that seemed interminable to Elinor took her leave.

"So," thought Elinor, while her red lip curled half scornfully, "this was the end of all those protestations of undying fidelity."

It was a disappointment to find him no different from other men. Her heart beat more rapidly at the recollection of his last words:

"The world holds no other for me." "Ah, whispered Elinor, triumphantly, he loves me only. I wish Miss Hepworth joy of her prize."

In a village one's private affairs are common property. Everyone knew of Gordon's long devotion to Miss Garrison. All were anxious to see how she would stand her knight's desertion.

But none were able to read her real feelings, though many were the surmises.

Gordon was away on business. At the close of a fortnight he returned and sought Elinor's house the first of any.

Her greeting, though free from embarrassment and perfectly courteous, yet had a something indefinable; which struck the gentleman.

"Elinor," he said softly, and his melodious tones thrilled the dormant heart of the woman. "You are not like yourself. Have you forgotten our parting compact, little sister?" a silky moustache touching the averted cheek.

"That agreement is no longer binding," she cried indignantly, her usually gentle eyes flashing. "Do not dare to touch me, Mr. Gordon."

Excitement lent an additional charm to the mobile face. Gordon gazed at her admiringly. His love, restrained for years, would no more brook control. In an ecstasy of longing he caught her in his arms and kissed her madly,

over and over, until the scarlet hue of the beloved countenance warned him to desist.

"I will never forgive you," she panted, breaking from him—"never!" tears rolling swiftly down. "Leave me!"

"What have I done? I have lost her respect, her friendship," thought he regretfully. Yet the bliss of that supreme instant, when he had held her close to his throbbing heart, more than repaid for the self-denial of the past.

And Elinor? Bewildered, frightened, aroused from her calm apathy to consciousness of the truth, she buried her burning face in the soft pillow, sobbing. The impassioned, uncontrollable ardor of the man had in one moment swept away the barriers of coldness and pride. Elinor Garrison knew that she loved. But, alas! the knowledge came too late.

Walking homeward, Gordon received so many congratulations upon his engagement that he began to feel annoyed. "Simply because I visited Elinor first, they must need link our names," he muttered. "It is well she does not hear it. I only wish it were so," a smile playing around his firm mouth.

"Well, when is it to be?" called Miss Olive, saucily, as obeying a beckoning finger, Gordon drew near her as she sat by the open window. "Now, do not pretend ignorance," she continued, "for I want to hear all about her. Is she beautiful, rich, etc.?"

"I shall be better able to answer you when I hear the fair one's name," was the laughing reply.

"What an actor you would have made! The lady lives in Boston, whence a certain gentleman has just returned."

"So, then, they have not referred to Elinor," thought Gordon thankfully.

"I assure you, Miss Lindsey, that I have no idea of whom you are speaking."

Olive laughed. "Miss Hepworth, I believe her name is."

A tall, slim, drabish spinster rose before Gordon's vision. His mouth twitched, but he said nothing.

"Well," said Olive, inquiringly.

"Oh, excuse me, please; good afternoon," and, much to the young lady's surprise, the tall figure was striding down the street.

"Manners," she gumbled, as she closed the window.

Entering the familiar side-door, Gordon stepped lightly into the room he had so lately quitted.

Elinor sprang hastily to her feet. The traces of weeping were evident. She would have fled, but strong arms detained her, gathering her in a close, fervent embrace.

A truthful voice murmured tenderly: "It was all a great mistake darling. How could you doubt me Elinor?"

"Was it not worth while, since it showed me my heart?" was the low reply, as her shy, glad eyes were lifted to meet her lover's.

## Swedish Manners.

From "My Sweden," in London Society.

One great peculiarity of traveling in Sweden is the extreme quiet and lack of flurry. The Swedish are a taciturn and noiseless people. They do much by signs, and never shout; a Swedish crowd makes singularly little sound. Swedes, even of the lowest class, never push or jostle. It is the custom to do so much bowing and hat lifting that one is obliged to move more slowly than in England to give time for all this courtesy. When a train leaves a platform, or a steambot a pier, all the lookers-on lift their hats to the departing passengers and bow to them, a compliment returned by the travelers. If you address the poorest person in the street you must lift your hat. A gentleman passing a lady on the stairs of a hotel must do the same. To enter a shop or a bank with one's hat on is a terrible breach of good manners. If you enter or leave a coffee-room you must bow to all the occupants. Passengers on board the little steamers which ply about Stockholm invariably raise their hats to the occupants of any other boat which passes near them. The very men in charge of the locks on the canal bow politely to the sailors as the boats go through. Imagine English barges indulging in such amenities.

## Alaska Glaciers.

From the San Francisco Call.

James Denman, Principal of the grammar school which bears his name, returned recently from a month's excursion among the romantic islands and picturesque inlets of Alaska. Mr. Denman devoted much of his attention to the glaciers, compared with which he pronounces those to be seen in Switzerland, and other parts of Europe to be "babies." Muir Glacier, in Glacier Bay, named from the distinguished naturalist, is a spectacle whose grandeur can not be described—a vast frozen river of ice, ever slowly moving to the sea, and piling the enormous masses higher between the mountain banks until their summit towers hundreds of feet in air. Where the point of the glaciers pushes out into and overhangs the water, vast fragments breaking apart every few moments of their own weight, and falling with a thundering crash into the sea, to float away as enormous icebergs, it affords a spectacle which can only be understood and appreciated by one who beholds it with his own eyes. From the summit of Muir Glacier no less than twenty-nine others are to be seen in various directions, all grinding and crowding their huge masses toward the sea, a sight which must certainly be one which few others can equal.

## PRESENTED AT COURT.

A Woman's Story of a Presentation at a Royal Drawing Room.

Do you think you can go to a "drawing room" without learning how to make a proper reverence? No, indeed. You must go to a cozy little house in the West End, where a very elegant and quaint little old French lady will show you all you have to do for a guinea a lesson, and then on the afternoon before the great day you go to see the lady who is to present you to get the important tickets, and to receive explicit instructions as to your line of conduct, for, as the lady belongs to the diplomatic circle, she will be in the room with her royal highness, and you must enter alone. At her house you meet some gentlemen, and one tells you that when he was presented was the only moment in his life that he has known what fear was, and that he was in agony lest he should trip over his sword, and you think of your three or four yards of train, and you are sure that it will be much worse than a sword. And another tells you that the young ladies usually are white and trembling with fear, and that often they make a terrible fiasco; they tell you of one poor unfortunate, who, instead of kissing the queen's hand when it was extended to her, shook it vigorously, then realizing what she had done, lost her head completely, and, forgetting all the great line of personages, turned her back and incontinently fled.

By the time you leave your instructress' house, you are trembling in every limb, and you spend all the rest of the evening making courtesies to the chairs and sofas, and fervently hoping that you may not disgrace your country on the morrow.

Your landlord's daughter devotes herself to you for the next day, and makes the most helpful and obliging of little dressing-maids, and at last you are ready, all pearls, lace and shining silk. It is quite a long drive to the park, but suddenly you see the Horse Guards and then you know you have arrived, and inside the gates you find hundreds and hundreds of people waiting to see the carriages pass and standing on tiptoe to catch a glimpse of you. All the way up the long drive the Horse Guards, in their long plumes and brilliant scarlet, are stationed at right and left, and inside the palace gates is a long row of horsemen standing close together, and you alight to the sound of martial music. When you have left your wrap in a room near the entrance you go up a very grand staircase, past men with spears called "Beef-eaters," dressed in red and yellow; you hand one of your tickets to the queen's page, and are ushered with a great many ladies into a huge room, all red and gold, and there you sit for quite a long time gazing at the lovely views of the park through the wide windows, and studying the dresses.

As you pass the door to the presence chamber you drop your train from your arm, and the two chamberlains—or whatever they are called—quickly and deftly straighten it to its full length as you walk slowly forward, at the door of the throne room some one takes your second card; and then you hear the lord chamberlain pronouncing your name in a very loud voice, and now you are bowing to the princess, you wish the ladies behind you would not come quite so fast, for you feel hurried and are conscious you are not making your reverence the way you were taught; you courtesy to the ladies next the princess; but how many there are, or what they look like, you have not the least idea; you see the prince quite distinctly, and you walk sideways and make a series of little diminishing bows to the row of dukes or princes or whatever they may be, but of them you retain not the faintest impression. Suddenly you feel your train hustled on to your arm, for in your confusion you have forgotten to hold your arm out properly, and the great deed is done! It has lasted in all about fifteen seconds; you haven't seen anything very distinctly, and you retain only one idea, that her royal highness was dressed in light yellow—but you have been presented at court, and surely ought to be satisfied. The next day your name appears in the Court Circular.—Christian Union.

## A Thundering Big Organ.

Letter in San Francisco Alta.

The organ has 2,704 pipes and fifty-seven stops. Some of the pipes are thirty-two feet long and large enough to admit the bodies of three men, the towers that rise on either side are forty-eight feet high, with a niche left between them for the Goddess of Music. This immense temple of music, which is nearly as large as a cottage, is elaborately carved by hand.

It is impossible to estimate the cost of it, as it was built in early days, when freighting was done by ox teams across the plains, and many of the workmen only received provisions for their labor. But they are a people who will not be outdone, and when the Episcopal Church built their beautiful organ here the Mormons at once began to improve theirs, which was all show and framework, and have already expended \$10,000 on it. Sitting in that vast auditorium, 200 feet long by 150 wide, where the acoustics are so perfect you can hear a pin drop from one end to the other, amid the cool and silence and solemnity of the vast amphitheater—for it is circu-

lar in its formation, with the melodious, rhythmical, silver-toned strains of that powerful organ, under the master hand, one is exalted for the time being, and feel, as I imagine he will when brought to face the great Master. When listening to the grand offertory (in D) by Baptiste I imagined I knew what Dante's "Inferno" was; pandemonium seemed let loose, when a low voice in a minor strain began to sing, and one could only think of the wail of a lost soul, and the tears unbidden start—so sad, so sweet, so far away is this voice, which after all is no voice at all, but only the effect of the organ. Then comes a burst of melody, like a hallelujah chorus from a thousand seraphim and cherubim. The effect of the "Cornelius March," by Mendelssohn, on this superb organ, played by this brilliant performer, can be more easily imagined than described.

## High Speed on Railways.

Trials of railroad speed are becoming common, especially on new roads, as they are supposed to be good advertisements of the excellence of the track. One of the fastest runs ever made in this country was that of July 9, on the West Shore road, where a party of railroad men, in a train of two cars and a baggage car, were hauled from East Buffalo to New York, 423 miles, at an average actual running time of 59.7 miles an hour. One 15 mile stretch was made in the following number of seconds for each mile: 60, 57, 53, 53, 52, 53, 54, 54, 49, 48, 47, 47, 51, 50, 43 (the latter being at the rate of 84 miles per hour). This time was taken with a stop watch, so that it is absolutely correct. A run of 202 miles was made in exactly four hours, which, deducting 34 minutes for arbitrary stops, makes the actual running time between the two points 206 minutes; which is claimed to be the best run of the distance ever made. The distance from East Buffalo to Newark, 93 miles was made in 89 minutes. This equals, if it does not surpass, the speed of the "Flying Dutchman" train on the Great Western Railway of England, which has been considered the fastest train in the world. Recently an accident occurred on that train which resulted in the death of the engineer and fireman. At the coroner's inquest, testimony was given as to the speed of the train, as shown by the block books of the different stations. At Western Junction the rate was 64 miles per hour, while between Yatton and Bourton a speed of 81 miles per hour was attained. In view of this speed, and before that on the West Shore was known, the Railway Register inquired: Will the time ever come here in America when a journey speed of 50 miles an hour can be made? If it does, the traveller will leave St. Louis at one o'clock in the afternoon and be in Chicago for a seven o'clock supper. He can take the two o'clock afternoon train out of New York, and arrive at Chicago so as to have breakfast before eight the following morning.

Of course such speed is possible only to the best of roads and rolling stock, and even then such a trifle as the breaking of a bolt, the crumbling of a stone under a tie, the loosening of a spike or a little unusual pressure of wind on the concave side of a train in rounding a curve, might cause a disaster. And even if accidents are escaped, the wear and tear of such high speed is greater than that of the lower rate. One of the largest railroad capitalists of this city, commenting upon the frequency of these experiments and the tendency of employees and young officials to try them says: "They are not good railroads, because they are neither necessary nor profitable. They enormously increase the risk of accident, and a company which permits them could not escape heavy damages in case of injuries arising from them. If they advertise the road it is an advertisement of doubtful value, for while it proclaims good material well put together, it announces wild and ambitious operating." This, he thought, would tend to divert travel to more conservative lines, though he admitted that it might also attract some.—Boston Daily Advertiser.

## Tasted of the Staves.

I like to talk with boys about 60 years of age and get them to telling their reminiscences. By boys I mean those hearty old fellows who, though their hair has turned gray, have as much young blood in their veins as they had when they were one-and-twenty. "I suppose you all have heard of old Farmer Allen," said one of these jolly patriarchs the other day. "He was a great temperance man, you know. Well, thirteen years ago we all went to camp at Portland, and Farmer Allen belonged to my command. One terribly hot day we had a clambake, and in the tent was a big barrel of champagne punch, strong punch, too. Allen came along very hot and very thirsty, and looking in the tent saw the barrel of punch. 'Hello, boys! got some lemonade, haven't you?' said the old man. 'Yes,' replied the boys, winking at each other, 'help yourself.' The farmer went in, took one glass, smacked his lips, took another, and liked it so well that he wanted more. In a little while he came out of the tent looking very rosy and very unsteady in his movements. He reflected a moment, and then said: 'Shay, boys (hic), thash almighty fine (hic) lem made in thash bar-(hic) re; but (hic) don't you think (hic) it tashs (hic) a leetle mite of the staves?'—Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

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