

JUST BEYOND.

When out of the body the soul is sent,
As a bird speeds forth from the opened tent,
As the smoke flies out when it finds a vent,
To lose itself in the spending—

Does it travel wide? does it travel far,
To find the place where all spirits are,
Does it measure long leagues from star to star,
And feel its travel unending?

And caught by each baffling, blowing wind,
Storm-tossed and beaten, before, behind,
Till the courage fails and the sight is blind,
Must it go in search of its heaven!

I do not think that it can be so,
For weary is life, as all men know,
And battling and struggling to and fro
Man goes from his morn to his even.

And surely this is enough to bear,
The long day's work in the sun's hot glare,
The doubt and loss which breed despair,
The anguish of baffled hoping.

And when the end of it all has come,
And the soul has won the right to its home,
I do not believe it must wander and roam
Through the infinite spaces groping.

So, wild may the storm be, and dark the day,
And the shuddering soul may clasp its clay,
Afraid to go and unwilling to stay;
But when it girds it for going,

With a rapture of sudden consciousness,
I think it awakes to a knowledge of this,
That heaven earth's closest neighbor is,
And only waits for our knowing;

That 'tis but a step from dark to day,
From the worn-out tent and the burial clay
To a rapture of youth renewed for aye,
And the smile of the saints uprising;

And that just where the soul, perplexed and awed,
Begins its journey, it meets the Lord,
And finds that heaven and the great reward
Lay just outside of its prison!

SUSAN COOLIDGE in Congregationalist.

FRED WAS FORGIVEN.

Frederick Morton, Esq., 23 Peterborough Court, London, E. C., in haste, was the superscription, and the postmark was that of an obscure hamlet a hundred miles away from the gloomy, overheated metropolis that stewed and fretted itself into a dismal condition of damp stickiness on that hot and muggy day.

Fred Morton mopped his bearded brow as he entered his "den" after a laborious struggle with the stairs.

"What is so rare as a day in June?" he sighed patiently. "I suppose that thirty-one days in June would be even a rarer phenomenon if the truth could be known. Hullo! What's this, a business letter? Well that's rarer than the rarest day Madam Juno ever owned."

Fred Morton seldom achieved a triumph of a business letter. Regularly, once a month, came the precise looking missive from his maternal aunt, with the somewhat liberal remittance for his current expenses, always seasoned with much good advice of that sort which upholds the mortification of the flesh. Occasional flyaway notes from other relatives, and frequent short but touching appeals to his too apparent liberality from well wishers who desired loans of carefully considered sums, made up the extent of his usual mail receipts.

This letter, with its stamp on the wrong corner and its ill-spelled evidence of a desire for immediate attention, did not strike Fred as being likely to play any important part in his future. He picked it up, and speculating lazily as to whom it might be from and on what provocation it was written, he opened it and read as follows:

WOLVERTON, June 8.

DEAR SIR: I have found the pocket book you lost at Stratford on avon at least I think it is your pocket book it has your name in it. Dear Sir I hope you will excuse my boldness I am a single young woman with no friends but my father, he is very old and feeble and when he dies I will be a pauper in the wide world. Dear Sir I found this pocket book and I thought now is this a dispensation of providence perhaps it is my fault that throws us together, please pardon this but I live a lonely life I am 20 years old I am not beautiful but I am good and would be a true and faithful wife to a good man. I will give the pocket book to no one but you Dear Sir please answer soon to your newly friend Miss E. A. care of Miss Flora Ethel Arlington, Wolverton.

"Well!" said Fred in astonishment as he finished reading this singular epistle. Then he shuddered as he thought with dismay of the contents of that dreadful pocket-book, and his heart sank within him and a tremor of agony came over him as the vision of this husband-hunting rustic in possession of his lost pocketbook and its treasured contents presented itself. Not that he was ashamed of the sentimental notes from the pretty little American girl with whom he had flirted so desperately during the Winter—that was before his engagement to Miss Emmie Atherford, and for that matter neither had been the least bit in earnest.

But that unlucky book contained also half a dozen little missives from "his own Emmie," and Emmie lived in old Stratford, quite near enough to Wolverton for the finder of the book to reach her if so disposed. And it contained a letter or two from certain "old chaps" whose style of correspondence was quite too free and easy to risk having placed before his affianced, especially, as he had sworn to her that he had renounced all his wicked ways and lived only in the hope of becoming worthy of her dainty little hand and tender little heart, not to mention her £80,000, which latter, of

course, he did not particularly consider. "Horrors!" he said to himself. "I must get that book from this scheming rustic before she turns her attention to Emmie. What if she should see those letters from the little New Yorker, or from handsome Jack or from Bobby Racket!—or the photograph of Miss Piourette bearing her autograph supplemented with the lady's invariable formula—with my best love."

It had never occurred to Fred that he had lost the book while in Stratford on a visit to his Emmie. He thought that the streets of London had ingulfed it and had comforted himself with the hope that the solitary Bank of England note in it had tempted the finder to destroy the less useful contents. But here it had turned up in the hands of a female octopus, who had reached out one feeler toward him in a manner to make his blood curdle. Prompt action was clearly necessary. He dashed off the following telegraphic message and sent it:

Miss E. A., care Miss F. E. Arlington, Wolverton: Sorry, but can't marry you. Am already married. Will try to make it up to you some other way. Keep the pocket-book, but return my letters.

FREDERICK MORTON.

An hour later Miss Flora Ethel Arlington, the lady of Arlington Hall, stately and elderly, held a telegraphic despatch in her hand. "Emmie," she said to the bewitching creature in pink and white who had responded to her summons, "I think this is for you, dear."

The feeling of nervous apprehension with which every woman opens a telegraphic communication did not deter Emmie from getting immediately at the contents. She merely glanced at the address. "Of course, it can't be from Fred," she said to herself, "he doesn't know that I am here or that you are my aunt. And he wouldn't send to my initials anyway."

A moment later bells were jangling and maids were summoned in greatest haste. Miss Emmie had sunk down, a heap of pink and white prettiness, at the feet of her aunt, Miss Flora Ethel Arlington, in a dead faint.

Brightest and busiest of all the bright and busy maids who humanely helped Miss Emmie to regain her consciousness and its attendant misery was Miss Etta Archer. This young person was the first to spy the despatch lying where poor Emmie had let it drop. She started when she saw the signature, but did not permit her surprise to prevent her spreading her skirts over the paper as she knelt beside the fainting girl. Nor did her assiduity interfere with her securing the document unobserved by the others.

Escaping to a retired corner, she read the lines that had been so disastrous to Emmie's peace of mind. Being a young lady of strong nerves, she was not similarly affected. She only remarked: "Well, if I hever!" and then: "If I haven't been and writ to Miss Emmie's young man!"

Miss Etta was a young person of resource. The housekeeper's room was free to her. Thither she went and wrote the following:

WOLVERTON, June 9.

DEAR SIR: Your telegraph got into wrong hands and will ruin me I think. Dear sir, hope you will not tell every body you had a letter from me; I will keep your book and letters till you send me your solemn oath and affidavit that you never had no word from trawly Etta Archer.

WOLVERTON.

P. S.—Soon as you send me your affidavit I will send you all you things.

This epistle was mailed at about the same moment that the missing despatch was taken up from behind the divan where Etta had carefully placed it, to be found when the inevitable search should be made. The replies to the two were as follows:

MISS ETTA ARCHER: I trust that no harm has followed my reply to your letter. Inclosed I hand you the affidavit you ask for. Yours respectfully, FREDERICK MORTON.

And the bulky envelope contained a document, signed and sealed by notary, setting forth that Frederick Morton, being duly sworn, deposes and says that he will not divulge the fact of having had any communication of any sort from Miss Etta Archer, of Wolverton, and that he will at all times steadfastly deny any acquaintance with or knowledge of said Miss Etta Archer, etc., etc. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of June, 1881, etc. etc. And the response to his diplomatic telegram, on the ingenuity of which he had congratulated himself, was:

ARLINGTON HALL, Wolverton, June 9.

Sir: My niece is in receipt of a telegram bearing your name and containing expressions showing that if it did not come from you it must have been sent by some one conversant with your private life. I write in hope that you and my niece may possibly be made the victims of a cruel practical joke and that you may sustain your good reputation by speedily clearing the matter up or by giving a satisfactory explanation. I enclose the despatch.

Yours Respectfully,
FLORA ETHEL ARLINGTON.

This letter coming at the same time as Etta's frightened appeal for silence, caused Fred some little anxiety. "Here's a complication," he mused. "I've evidently got to square myself with all these people before I can get back my pocket-book," and so he sent the affidavit to Etta and the following to Miss Arlington:

London, June 11, 1881.

DEAR MADAME: I am in receipt of your kind and considerate note of yesterday. Permit me to explain that my despatch was not intended for your niece, but for an en-

tirely different young lady. It was, of course, misdirected by mistake.

Yours sincerely,
FREDERICK MORTON.

"There," he remarked, with a feeling of relief. "I think that will do the trick. I believe I have missed my vocation. I should have gone in for diplomacy."

As Fred mailed his highly explanatory effort he felt quite elated at getting so adroitly out of rather an awkward affair. "Funny idea," he said to himself. "Fancy my telling the heiress of Arlington Hall that I regret that previous entanglements will prevent my marrying her. I must tell that to Emmie."

It seemed to Fred that the whole affair was so intensely funny that he must sit down and write his Emmie all the ludicrous and laughter provoking details. He proceeded as far as "My dear Emmie," when the recollection of the affidavit loomed up like a rock in mid-ocean and blocked the way. Upon reflection he thought he might as well not tell Emmie anything about the matter. Young ladies, however, sensible and gentle, are apt to view quite seriously anything which even looks like levity in the matter of such questions as love or matrimony. "The least said the soonest mended," reflected this young Talleyrand, and he wrote Emmie the usual letter of commonplaces, spiced with those little endearments with which young people in love are so easily fluent, and which bear in mind, are never commonplaces.

Fred's airy reply to Miss Arlington's note turned the vinegar of her indignation into the gall of resentment, and poor little Emmie was forced to conclude that Fred was a shameless and heartless wretch. She spent a dismal hour sorting out and taking a last reading of his letters, and after kissing them a tearful farewell, she made a neat package of them, adding Fred's crowning bit of of heartless effrontery, his last letter, promptly forwarded from Stratford and torn open in the vain hope the mystery was to be cleared up at last. Its failure to refer in any way to the singular conduct of the day before was the last straw. Pressing her pretty lips, swollen with weeping, to the engagement ring, she included the jewel in the package and asked her aunt to address it to Fred. "For I can't," she moaned despairingly.

The following day Emmie's brother, Jack, received two letters. The one from Fred was as follows:

DEAR OLD CHAP: I am in no end of trouble, and through no fault of mine; but if you don't help me out I'm afraid it's all up between Emmie and me. Briefly, I had reasons, for which explanations are barred, for sending a queer despatch to an anonymous correspondent in Wolverton, who obtained my address through finding my lost pocket-book. In some mysterious manner the message has fallen into Emmie's hands and she now sends me back our engagement token, and, by the same token, I beg you to see Emmie and tell her it all a mistake. Run over here and I will advise you how to proceed, as the affair is so complicated it will require some diplomacy, which is hardly in your line. Whatever you do, be sure to make full explanations, just as I detail the facts. Better come here first, however, and talk it over. Don't delay.

Yours, in suspense, FRED.

Emmie's letter to Jack ran: MY DARLING JACK: You are all that's left to me now. Oh, Jack, dear, something terrible has happened. I got the most frightful despatch from Fred telling me that he is married to some dreadful woman, and its all over between us. Dear Jack, it can't be true, can it? You always said he was the soul of honor. If you were not such a dear old stupid I would ask you to see F. and find out what it all means. But don't speak my name to him whatever you do. I shall never see him again, and my heart is broken. Oh, Jack, dear, pity poor little Emmie, and come here at once and see if you can do any thing. Come immediately, do, to your loving little sister, Emmie.

Jack was no diplomatist; he never troubled himself about the adroit way to do things. He just went along in his own easy way and usually let matters shape themselves. And that is what he did in this case. He placed the two letters in two envelopes and sent Emmie's to Fred and Fred's to Emmie. "I have no head for problems," he said to himself.

The next day Fred busied himself getting ready to leave London for a Summer trip to the country. Just before he started he received a short but consoling letter from Emmie. It ran:

WOLVERTON, June 14, 1881.

MY POOR ABUSED DEAR: Your letter to Jack didn't explain things a single bit, but I've found it all out. Don't you see, you dear old goose, that Miss Flora Arlington's my aunt, and has been all the time! And did you never notice that my initials are E. A.? I did, anyway, and I've found out who your other E. A. is, too; and she's quite penitent now, and wouldn't marry you if you asked her (I'd like to see you). But she has sent back your precious pocketbook and all its rubbishy contents, and you are to come here at once and be—forgiven.

Your own
EMMIE.

That evening Fred was at Wolverton being forgiven.

Millions of Shad.

A statement prepared for the annual report of the Fish Commission shows by river basins the following distribution of shad the last season: Penobscot River, 100,000; Kennebec River 800,000; tributaries of Narragansett Bay, 1,125,000; Hudson River and estuaries, 1,079,000; tributaries of Delaware Bay, 5,000,000; tributaries of Chesapeake Bay, 68,149,000; tributaries of Albemarle Sound, 5,822,000; tributaries of South Atlantic coast, 3,560,000; tributaries of Gulf of Mexico, 7,048,000; inland waters, 1,014,050. total 92,421,000. This number is greatly in excess of the output of any previous year, and the production has been attended by no increase of expenditure.

A Muscular Christian.

A few weeks ago the whole Town of Edinboro, Pa., was by the ears over the liquor question. The temperance element won the fight, and not a single license was granted in the place. The Rev. W. W. Dale, a Methodist minister, was active in the fight, and was particularly aggressive. Quincy Biggers, proprietor of the Biggers Hotel, and who was among the disappointed applicants, made some very offensive remarks about Mr. Dale's course. Mr. Dale went to Mr. Biggers to demand a retraction, whereupon the irate liquor man turned to and proceeded to give the preacher a drubbing. Mr. Dale, when a college boy, was recognized as an athlete, and was very clever with the mittens. The assault opened up his college days, and he sailed in. But for the desperate interference of the neighbors Biggers would have been frightfully injured. As it was, he was a badly whipped man. When the parson got on his muscle he invited the whole liquor element to come into the alley, but they waived their claims to pugilistic honors. The congregation over which Mr. Dale presides were so much pleased over their minister's disposition of the matter that they proceeded to raise his salary.—Cleveland Leader.

A Story of Tom Moore.

An old lady who used to be much in London society relates a touching story of the poet Moore. On one occasion, when the once brilliant wit and writer was in his old age losing his memory, the American was asked to sing for a small company of which he was one. She complied with the request, and sang: "Believe me if all those endearing young charms." The poet listened with evident pleasure to his famous and charming piece, and when the singer finished he said with much earnestness:

"Will you please tell me who wrote that beautiful song?"

"Why, Mr. Moore," she answered, "you certainly can't expect me to believe that you have forgotten your own work." The old man regarded her in an instant with pathetic look, the consciousness of his infirmity and broken mind evidently forcing itself upon him. Then he buried his face in his hands and burst into tears. Tom Moore, the brilliant, fiery favorite of London society, could only weep for what he was in remembering what he had been.—Boston Courier.

A Puzzled Barrister.

An amusing story is told of Counselor Oberfield, who is one of the oldest and generally one of the brightest men at the bar. He was arguing a motion before Justice Cullen, and in support of it quoted a decision. "But," said Justice Cullen who is one of the best-read Judges on the bench, "that decision has been reversed by the Court of Appeals." Counselor Oberfield scratched his head for a second, and then he said: "Well, your Honor, I must bow in deference to the opinions of the learned Judges of the Court of Appeals, but I must say they make laws a sight faster than I can read them." Whereat there was a smile throughout the court. If the lawyer had been younger he might have been fined for his slight lapse into profanity, but his gray hairs saved him.—Brooklyn Union.

The Tricycle.

One of the things noticeable in the rise and progress of the wheel in Washington is the great increase within two or three years of the number of women who ride tricycles. A few years ago Mrs. Belva Lockwood attracted much notice by appearing on the streets on a tricycle. She was the first woman to

try it at the capital. The machine she used, though a new pattern at the time, is old-fashioned now. The tricycle of the day is made with crank and pedals, and a graceful woman who rides properly seems to acquire new grace upon it. After Mrs. Lockwood appeared on the street some other venturesome women tried the machine, and used to ride for pleasure, chiefly at night. Some months ago, however, a number of ladies, who were enthusiastic riders, banded together in a club, with several gentlemen, and every pleasant evening a long train of tricycles, with their twinkling lamps, could be seen sweeping along on some of the wide avenues of the city. The woman's tricycle club was out. Gradually, however, ladies began to appear singly on the street in broad day, and now a woman on a tricycle attracts no more attention than a woman on a horse. Probably five hundred of the "very best" women residing in the city now take their exercise upon these vehicles, many of them owning their own wheels.

We have heard both Democrats and Republicans say that there is nothing better for a cough than Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup; this old reliable remedy never fails to cure a cough or cold at once, and may be obtained at any drug store for 25 cents a bottle.

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One of the most intelligent dogs in a neighboring city is Donald, who is never more proud than when he knows he is useful. Every evening he goes for the milk, and brings back the can without spilling a drop of the liquid, though he is all alone and without supervision. The other night the cork came out of the can as he approached home. He placed the can on the ground, turned over the stopper, and seemed greatly distressed. He realized that something was wrong. Once he felt terribly abused. As he was trotting along with the can in his mouth, a rough-looking fellow cried: "Get out, you cur." Donald, as if appreciating an insult, lowered his tail and crept home with a most injured air. As soon as he had given up his can he slunk into the most remote corner of the stable and nursed his insult for hours.—Boston Journal.

Gunpowder is a prime necessity in modern warfare.

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