

THE CLARION.

THE VIOLET'S MISSION.

Far down within the garden shade, Refreshed by evening dew, And fanned by breath of blushing rose, Within whose bosoms bees repose, And all its nectared sweets disclose, A modest violet grew.

It drank the raindrops, kissed the light That fell so softly down, From skies of blue far overhead, Upon its soft and mossy bed, And o'er its petals gently shed A light and radiant crown.

"The rose is bright, the lily fair— But I," the violet sighed, "Alone, unloved, I'm doomed to fade Within the gloomy garden shade, In simple homeliness arrayed, With every charm denied."

"But others have, why may not I. Some humble work fulfill? The Father made me weak and small, And beautiful still less than all, Nor graceful, bright, nor grandly tall, To do His holy will."

"Tho' mine a silent mission be In this grand, glorious earth, And echoing song may never tell The lasting work which I fulfill, Nor e'en the sorrows I dispel, God knows its simple worth."

"The sunshine's kiss falls just as soft Upon my lowly bed As e'er it fell on queenly rose; And life, and light, and sweet repose, Makes me as glad as aught that grows— Then why should I be sad?"

Thus spake the modest floweret low, Within the garden shade. Was it the whispering winds that bore The scarce-breathed words e'er field and moor?

Then ne'er again, we flower, deplore That thou wast ever made! For, from the wealth and grand array Of flowers, glowing, bright, A voice was heard, a hand was laid Upon the violet's mossy bed; It slowly drooped its trembling head, As if to hide from sight.

With gentle care the turf was raised On which the violet grew, Half frightened, soon in glad surprise, It wondering opened its timid eyes, And saw, in fancy, forms arise, More fair than it had knew.

From lordly halls to princely rooms Where flowers bloom and fall, When subtle orders bade the air, When pictures, sunny, bright and fair, And costly hangings, rich and rare, Are draped upon the wall.

Into a room—the violet thought A calm and sweet release, At length 'twas borne, when shaded gloom Enwrapped each nook, and faint perfume Stole out, and blended in the loom To weave a web of peace.

But Death with sweepingsythe stood near, To gather in his power Youth's wasted form and pallid face Whose lingering light still bore the trace Of hope, which naught can e'er efface; Not e'en Death's chilly hour.

A gleam of joy broke o'er the face So mournful, of the child. A happy smile, as rippling light, Transformed his features at the sight Of the wee flow'et's face so bright, So bright and yet so mild.

With outstretched hand he grasped the gem And laid upon his face— But ah! his soul had left its clay, Had down to realms of endless day, Where brighter flowers may cheer his way, And wrap his soul in peace.

O modest bearer of a joy Our hearts can never tell, Full well your mission you have done; Full well the frail race you have run, But better far the life you've won, Do nobly, grandly well.

Then say not more—"alone, unloved," Is still your destined way, But may our lives in beauty close, As free from sin and sorrow's woes, As yours—in peaceful, sweet repose, As well be lived our day!"

Senator Lamar's Speech on the Tariff.

New York Herald.]

He began with the remark that the discussion of the Senate bill had shown plainly that it is impossible to effect a very considerable reduction of taxation, and at the same time maintain the system of protection. The public demand for reduction of taxation had put a delicate task on the party in power. If the only question had been the relation of taxation to revenue, his problem would have been easily solved. But they chose to consider with that other question of a bounty to certain industries, and here began their troubles. This, he said, was probably the only country in the world where people were severely and superfluously taxed for a series of years only because their rulers were unable to devise a mode of reduction. The Republicans insisted on considering not the relation of taxation to revenue, but of taxation to certain manufacturers. The question with them lay in a tax was not what revenue it would produce, but how high a duty would protect the favored manufacturers.

FOR PROTECTION, NOT REVENUE. He quoted Mr. Frye who had said that if there was no debt to pay, no interest to pay no army or navy to support, his would still vote for a high tariff for protection. That, said Mr. Lamar, is the precise truth. We have had a tariff for many years which every one admits is too high for revenue purposes, but which has been enforced during a long period, not to pay the public debt, not to pay the interest, not to support the army and navy, not to pay pensions, not for the general expenses of the government, not at all; but only because to change it would be in the apprehension of some, to disturb the industries which it is supposed to shelter against foreign competition.

NOT A BARRIER, BUT A BLESSED. The people demand a reduction of the burden of taxation, but the republican party asserts that it is no burden at all, but a blessing; it insists that duties, no matter how high, do not increase prices, but lower them; that high taxes increase the rate of wages, swell the profits of capital, cheapen products and divert capital and labor from unremunerative to remunerative employments, and thus they maintain that high taxes increase the nation's wealth and prosperity. To reduce the taxes would diminish these blessings and this accounts for that party bringing in a bill which professes to lower duties, while to every lowering of rates the republican Senators object.

PROTECTION NOT NECESSARY. He then went on to demonstrate historically and by numerous illustrations and facts that protection is not necessary to the sound prosperity of manufactures, and pointed out that even during the colonial period, when manufactures were protected to Americans, they were created and grew, so much so that our earliest exports after independence, were manufactures, and among them some of glassware, the makers of which, after a century, now come here clamoring for protection on the ground of being an infant industry. The difficulty which manufacturing has to contend with in this country, he said, is the superior attractiveness of agriculture by reason of cheap lands, and this has been so always here, so that protection has been the bounty paid by agriculture to support manufactures, and the profits of the farmer have been paid out to the forge and mill. He maintained that this exacting of tribute was, after all, ineffective. The testimony of manufacturers before the tariff commissions and the assertions of the Senators from manufacturing States showed that the present condition of the most highly protected industries, after a high tariff of twenty years duration, was one of embarrassment, tottering on the verge of disaster. This, according to the testimony of the protected manufacturers, was their state at a time when our currency is sounder than it ever was before, each one declaring on oath that if the duty affecting him is reduced at all his business will be destroyed.

DEPENDENT ON TAXATION. That is to say, said he, a vast organization of capital and labor professes itself to be dependent for existence on the taxation of the government. Two thousand millions of capital and a million of people are declared to be dependent—the one for profit, the others for bread and clothing and shelter—upon an act and a vote in Congress. That surely is not a tolerable condition. The very existence of this capital and these people is said by the Republicans to rest upon high taxes, a superabundant revenue and extravagant administration of the people's money. Protection does not protect against disaster; for the protected industries suffered as much in the period of 1875 as any others. But in 1860, when all was apparently prosperous, Messrs. Merrill and Kelley proclaimed that even then our protected industries were in a deplorable condition. It was our vast system of interstate free trade which had built up our manufactures, and they had flourished equally under high and low tariffs. There was nothing, he remarked, in the assertion that high wages require protective tariffs. The highest wages enable the most effective competition; the highest paid laborers in Europe were the English and Germany, France and Russia, where wages were much lower, were fencing out English high wages competition now with protective tariffs. Our own highly paid agriculturists sell their bulky grain and wool products after paying railroad and ocean freights on them in every market of cheap labor in Europe in defiance of the competition of much lower wages.

TRIBUTE TO MANUFACTURERS. In conclusion Senator Lamar said if he had said anything which left the impression that he was unfavorable to the growth and prosperity of manufactures in this country, he had been unfortunate in his mode of expression. No man appreciated their importance more than he did, and thereupon he paid an eloquent tribute to the elevating and ennobling influence of manufactures. If the protected manufacturers would listen to his voice he would advise them to make timely concessions on this subject, so that the departure from the system of protection might be gradual and free from any shock to existing conditions. He referred to a speech of Maculey's on the same question, where he warned the monopolists of England and referred them to the wisdom, sagacity and foresight with which the aristocracy of England had adapted themselves to the popular movement of parliamentary reform. By taking part in it they were enabled to direct its movement safely and wisely for themselves and thereby retain their moral and intellectual supremacy. He showed the reverse in the case of the French nobility, who, with dogged obstinacy, essayed a vain resistance to the great popular movement there which resulted in their overthrow and banishment to other countries, where they became dancing masters and music teachers to aliens and strangers. "I, sir," he added impressively, "have seen something of this in my own experience. I saw a great institution which was more firmly entrenched in statutes and organic law than the manufacturers are in this tariff law, become an object of popular uprising. I was among those, sir, who shared in the attempt to resist it, and I saw that institution go down with all its vast capital, with all the political privileges which it conferred, with all the constitutional rights by which it was guaranteed—go down beneath the irreversible fiat of the American people."

A GEORGIA couple waited over four years for a good opportunity to elope, and just as it came the girl's father took the young man by the hand and said: "Speak up to her, Thomas! I know she loves you, and I'd be tickled to death to have you for a son-in-law."—Oglethorpe Echo.

A MUCH abused editor wrote to a brother journalist calling him an ass, and thoughtlessly signed himself, "Yours, fraternally."—Chicago Eye.

ple. Sir, I warn the manufacturers of this country. The handwriting is upon the wall of this protective system, and I trust they will have the intelligence to decipher its import."

THE TARIFF.

Extract from Speech of Hon. H. L. Muldrow.

Mr. Chairman, I have watched with some degree of interest the progress of this debate, and have been struck from time to time with the inconsistency of members when their speeches and their conduct is compared. We have found too little consistency upon both sides of this Chamber in regard to the cardinal principles underlying this tariff bill. Whenever you strike one peculiar interest in any section, the members living in the region where that interest is located rally to its support, and whenever any such interest is thus touched upon you generally find that some general principle which has been contended for is ignored.

In regard to the question whether we should reduce or increase taxation, I stand in favor of reduction, and whenever we reach any branch of industry touched by this bill, I intend to attempt to be consistent. I stand for a reduction of duty all along the line, whenever it can be made without injury to material interests which ought to be regarded to some extent, and perhaps incidentally protected, where that follows in establishing a revenue tariff. Sir, why should the advocates of a tariff for revenue favor protection on sugar or on rice or on turpentine when they are in favor of no protection on anything else? [Applause.]

I stand here to advocate those ideas which I believe to be right upon principle; and favoring reduction of taxation, I shall favor it whether it pinch the toes of a man from the South or one from the North. I want cheap machinery for the benefit of the Northern manufacturer and cheap machinery for the benefit of the struggling manufacturers of the South. I want cheap machinery so that we can have cheap products for the consumer North and South.

In reference to the proposition now before the committee, we find that wherever there is already under the present tariff, a duty so high as to prohibit importation there is no increase, but in almost every case where the duty is not prohibitory or nearly so, the bill now under consideration provides for a greater duty. Why, sir, the importation of common earthenware yielded last year to the Government only about \$9,000 of revenue, and there the present rate is unchanged. But when we come to the next article, which yields a substantial revenue for the support of the Government, this bill proposes to increase the rate of duty so as to practically inhibit the importation of that.

How can this be in the interest of the consumers of this country? You propose not only to levy a tax which will prohibit the introduction of the commonest class of these earthenware goods, but you go a step beyond that and levy a tax upon iron-stone china and crockery which are in the households of many laboring men among us.

Now, sir, let us, if we favor the protection of labor, have some regard for all the labor in the country and not a particular class of labor. The people must be fed all over this land, who are not engaged in manufacturing industries, who are not found at the forges, nor in the iron and coal mines of Pennsylvania, Alabama, and elsewhere. The farmers of the land should have some consideration and their interests in some degree subserved by the legislation of this Congress.

Lost, an Heiress.

Up till the present time no information has been gained, notwithstanding the vigilance of the search which is being made, which can lead to the discovery of the young woman alleged to be the daughter of an English Baronet, who had been deserted when a mere infant by her parents nearly twenty years ago at Kingstown. Numbers of persons remember the circumstances of an elegantly dressed female infant being found on the doorstep of Mr. Thomas Carey, Sussex Parade; also the baptism of the infant and her removal to Rathdown Union Workhouse, Loughlinstown. A vigilant search has been made through the old admission books and other records of the workhouse, and one entry was found referring to the period when the child had been deserted. It records the admission of a female infant who had been deserted in Kingstown; but, strange to say, there is another entry which states that this infant was taken out of the workhouse two days after her admission by a woman who then resided in Green street. It is said that this entry can not refer to the missing heiress of £10,000 a year and an enormous amount of accumulated money. It is stated that as much as £2,000 is offered for trustworthy information that will lead to the discovery of the lost heiress, and it seems that the story of the desertion of her child at Kingstown was told by her mother when on her deathbed, a short time since.—N. Y. Sun.

The Grant Pension Bill.

In the House Military Committee, Chairman Henderson read a report favoring the placing of Gen. Grant on the retired list. He recapitulated the services rendered by Gen. Grant during the rebellion, and contended that this recognition was due by the country as a compliment to his military skill. Representative Bayne took issue with the Chairman, and inquired if Gen. Grant was in need. To this Mr. Henderson replied that Gen. Grant was worth several hundred thousand dollars, but would repeat that the proposed retirement bill was merely a compliment. Messrs. Steele and Spaulding took the same view of the case that Mr. Bayne did, and upon a vote as to adopting or rejecting the report, the yeas were Messrs. Henderson, McCook and Spooner, and the nays Messrs. Bayne, Steele, Spaulding, Upson and Wheeler, so the report was rejected, and that will probably be the last heard of the Grant bill this session.—Washington Cor. Globe-Democrat.

And, so, we suppose, we may say of this scheme, requisite in pace.

THE OLD LOVE.

A Sketch from Life.

The sunshine falls pleasantly through the vine-leaves on to the broad white threshold: soft breezes rustle over the corn-field and through the beeches and past the fragrant garden and the low homestead, laden with a thousand perfumes and a thousand happy sounds; the bees fly hither and thither, intent upon their summer toil; the swallows sweep in glad, rejoicing life through the blue air; snatches of song break from weary human lips, so bright is the Summer afternoon.

That home among the meadows the green hills have known many years. Ivy is thick around its windows, and moss and lichen hide the time-stains on its gabled-roof. But its old age is well cared for. Not a spot dims the brightness of the low casements, the gravel walks are trim and clean, the garden is bright with roses and carnations and stately tiger-lilies. Look through this lower lattice, left open to the air. It is the keeping room of the farm, with scrupulously white floor and shining oak tables and chairs. Green fir-branches are piled up on the hearth, and a big China bowl of roses is on the side-table between the family Bible and the few volumes that form the library of the house. A cat is sleeping on the low stone sill in the sunshine; but the room is empty. The busy mistress of the house is in the kitchen beyond; the light of the hearth flashes out of the open door, and there is the murmur of voices. It is ironing-day, and the servants are hard at work over the stout shirts and working-suits of the large household of boys and men.

Work is not pleasant to think of on such a heavenly day; there is a picture more suitable in the vine-wreathed porch. A girl is sitting on the stone seat, with some blue knitting in her hand, and a book upon her knees. But she is not knitting or reading; her hands have fallen upon the open page. She leans back against the stone arch of the door gazing out at the corn-field and the trees and the village tower.

They see nothing of these things, those grave, dark-brown eyes; the sight of something more than outward form fills their vision. She is looking at Life—Life as the young see it, that wonderful, mystical unreality—Life as it appears with the halo of first love on its fair brow.

A sweet, pleasant face she has, frank and clear and truthful. It is the face of one who has never known much trouble—of one who has lived a happy, innocent life, with kindly people in the beautiful country. Her book is a pretty copy of Longfellow's poems. There are marks here and there which have been made by a strong masculine hand, and the pages fall open naturally where these are thickest. It is plain that Miss Millie has a guide in her reading. The shadows of the vine tremble on her dark-brown hair and over her simple gray dress; the faint rustle of the vine-leaves seems an echo of her thoughts, and whispers of love and happy days to come.

She rises presently, and passes down the little garden path, knitting as she walks. From the garden gate one can see along the footpath under the elms. She stands there looking. Somebody crosses the stile, and comes along the narrow way; but it is not "the somebody." It is only a woman—but no common, every day visitor at the farm; and Millie's brown eyes open in wonder, and she stands hesitating, with a shy flush on her face, not daring to run away, but longing to do so, and asking herself in intense astonishment what has brought Miss Ingelston from the Manor House.

Miss Ingelston seems quite unconscious of Millie's gaze. She comes along with a rapid, imperious step, swinging her white parasol and calling now and then to her dog, which seems tempted to rush into Farmer Leighton's corn. The quick step and haughty carriage of her head suit the masculine beauty and the stately figure of the heiress of the Manor. "I have come to see you," she says, sitting down on the mossy mounting-stone, and throwing her parasol on the grass. "I came from London yesterday," she goes on, after Millie's shy expression of thanks. "How bright you look here! Your garden is in its glory." "Will you come in and have some flowers, Miss Ingelston?" asked Millie. "But Miss Ingelston shakes her head, and begins to play with her dog's silky ears.

There are strange, sad memories between these two women, so widely parted by wealth and rank. Years ago, in early girlhood, they had been fast friends, but pride had stepped in and torn their friendship asunder, and the heiress had been away from her village home, in the great world of fashion, almost ever since. They have met but seldom, and then in the presence of others. This is the first time, since their old familiar companionship has been broken, that they have been lone together. The consciousness of it keeps them silent, and Millie's pulse beats wildly, and the cheek of the heiress grows pale with sad thought.

"You are going to be married?" she says presently, looking up at the farmer's daughter. "Yes," replies Millie briefly. "So should I be. The world says so." Miss Ingelston hesitates, and the remainder of her speech is spoken with a proud composure that cannot hide the deep feeling prompting the question. "Have you heard from your cousin lately?"

Millie's simple glance cannot see the pain of the dark eyes hidden under their drooping lids. She thinks her companion cold and stern, and answers quickly: "He is coming home, Miss Ingelston." "When?" "Now—soon—for a little time, to take his mother back with him, and his wife."

Miss Ingelston makes no remark on the news. For a time she goes on playing with her dog; then suddenly she lifts her proud head and looks Millie in the face.

"Who is the woman he is going to marry?" Millie's gentle face shadows. "Didn't you know, Miss Ingelston? He is coming back to marry me." "You!" The word sounds like a cry. The dog barks sharply, and hurries from his mistress. It is no wonder, for her delicate hands have torn and wounded its ear in the blindness of her pain. "You are surprised," says Millie. But I always loved him, even when—" "O, hush! interrupts the heiress. She gets up with an ordinary remark, for some village folks are coming along the footpath, and in silence she turns away.

The Manor is a small, unpretending house, though the finest park in the country surrounds it. There is one room worthy of the owner's wealth and rank—the billiard-room, which is built in the west wing. At the lower part of the room is an immense bay-window that looks out upon the croquet-lawn.

One bright morning, soon after her conversation with Millie, Miss Ingelston stands in this bay-window, by a little round lapis-lazuli table. A desk is open on it, and she is turning over its contents. There are very few—half-a-dozen letters, in a bold, manly hand, a little silver cross attached to a luxuriously-worked chain, and a portrait. This last Miss Ingelston takes out and looks at earnestly. It is the picture of a young, eager, handsome face, with eyes that smile and lips that seem trembling with fun.

Eight years ago, when Miss Ingelston had been a penniless girl of seventeen, living with her mother closer to Millicent Leighton's home, being a daily visitor at the farm, Mr. Leighton's nephew had come to the village for change of air after a long illness. He was the son of the farmer's only sister, who had married a clergyman, a poor curate, and their only child was trained and educated carefully by his clever, refined, scholarly father and his bright original mother. He was a child of "many prayers," and he well fulfilled his friends' dearest wishes. When Miss Ingelston first saw him, he was in his early manhood, bright and eager and impassioned, and it was no wonder that he soon learned to love the girl who seemed to understand all his vague longings for fame, and who alone, of all the friends of the farmer's household, could appreciate his scholarship and his varied knowledge of books.

They seemed one of those couples whose course of true love was indeed fated to run smooth. They were engaged, and everybody was delighted; and no shadow was in the future but the shadow of brief parting. Ernest was an engineer, and he had just obtained an appointment under the Russian Government. It was decided that he should go out and prepare his home, and that Eleanor should go to him. The future appeared as sure as the past, when, by a freak of fortune, Eleanor's uncle became the lord of the manor. Eleanor was his heiress, and she and her mother left their little cottage for the Manor House, and a new life began for the heiress.

Alas, love was not proof against the new temptations, and there were those around her ever willing to lure her to neglect her old friends. Her lover was too proud to try to win back the heart which pride was stealing from him; and, before he started for Russia, their engagement was broken, and Eleanor was set free. Eight years have passed since then, and she is still free—the thought sends a strange thrill through her heart—free, and he is coming home—her old love, her only love! Pride cannot stand in the way, for he is a fitting mate in rank and wealth now for the heiress, and the world would smile upon their union.

She puts the picture back and with a smile locks the little desk. There is a mirror in the room, and Eleanor looks into it for a moment as she passes out. Those eight years have only ripened her beauty; and, looking into her rich, dark eyes, she thinks of Millicent Leighton's simple face, and smiles again.

Millie is in the fragrant garden, but not alone. One would not recognize the face of the bearded man beside her for the portrait in Miss Ingelston's desk; but the eyes are the same still, though their smile has grown more thoughtful. His arm is round his companion, and he is looking down at her blushing, happy face as he talks and tells her of the home that is ready for her in Russia.

"Only for a time, Millie; then we will come home, and settle down in some pleasant English house." "And you will love me always, Ernest?" "Always, darling—forever and ever. I am going to dine at the rectory," he continues, after a pause. "Any message, Millie?"

She shakes her head and laughs and blushes at his gay whisper. He goes away presently; and Millie watches him across the meadows and along the lane to the red brick parsonage. The rector comes to meet his guest across the lawn. "Miss Ingelston is here, Ernest," he says. "Do you care to meet her?"

A painful flush crosses Ernest's face, but he answers, carelessly: "My old wound has left no scar behind." The rector takes him into the house. Eleanor is talking to her hostess when the gentlemen enter, and Ernest has a good look at her before he is introduced. He would have known her instantly, though she is much altered—for the better as regards beauty or color and outline—and her dress is exquisite; but Ernest misses the fresh glow of youth and the bright, pure expression that had charmed him so in the years gone by. Rather a desultory conversation follows, and soon Miss Ingelston goes away; but Ernest finds himself thinking of her brief words very often during the quiet dinner. He has believed in the healing of his old wounds, but the touchment of her glance has power to torment him yet.

They meet again next day: Ernest is walking from the village to the farm, and they come face to face in the green lane. He takes off his hat; but she stops, holding out her hand with a bewitching smile.

"Friendship is love without wrong. We have both forgotten and forgiven again." "Who could resist such a greeting? Ernest's resolve soon melts away, and he turns back with her to the park. He does most of the talking, and few know better what words to say. Before the trees, Ernest, in the glare of the sun, casts over his better judgment, begins to think that, after all, their terrible parting has been only a foolish misunderstanding, and that he was in the wrong with her on the steps of the terrace. "And so you are going to be married," she says, as they shake hands, and his little fingers lie trembling in his grasp. The witchery of her eyes is upon him, and his face flushes, and his voice trembles like a boy's.

"O, that we had never been parted, Eleanor!" he says hastily; then dropping her hand, he leaves her. The farmhouse and Millie—bright little Millie—seem tame enough that afternoon. A month passes, and Millie's wedding day draws near. But the girl's wedding face is growing white with a tremble which no one guesses. Ernest is kind and attentive still, but love has been sensed, and Millie feels that he is changing. All the soul has gone out of his tender words. It is very hard to bear. There is a concert to be given in the next town by some London artists. Millie is passionately fond of music, and her white little face brightens up when Ernest tells her one morning that he is going to take her. "Look your best, little one," he says. "We will go over with the rectory party, and you must wear your prettiest dress. She slips her hand into his arm, and is going wistfully into his face. "Do you really care how I look, Ernest?" "You always look nice," he answers lightly. "But I have thought sometimes lately that—that—Ernest, dear, I would gladly suffer anything in order that you should be happy. Even if you did love me, and I never married you, could bear it if you were happy."

"Little unselfish thing! but my happiness is yours, dear! Don't let me see a shadow on your face, Millie. You, least, shall be happy."

"And you really love me best?" His answer is not in words, but it satisfies the little aching heart. The question haunts him all day—which does love best? The concert given in the next hall in a large room over the market is crowded in every part. The rectory party is late, and Ernest has some difficulty in getting a seat for Millie. Miss Ingelston beckons him to her side, where there is a vacant chair. He puts Millie in it, and stands there while the concert goes on. Miss Ingelston is looking at Ernest; Ernest can hardly take his eyes from her brilliant, beautiful face. Presently he manages to get a chair, and down on the other side of the house away from Millie. Poor Millie is sickening pain at her heart, and she hears not a strain of the music—murder of the voices beside her, talking low and eagerly, with never a word for her. They are all utter strangers around her, and scarcely any one notices the pale, shrinking girl beside Miss Ingelston, who is the most beautiful woman in the room.

The concert is half over, and a standard on harp and pianoforte has just begun, when there is a stir at the doors, a sudden wild movement, and then arises of "Fire!"

It is caught up from row to row, the excitement dies over the room, theumes of smoke begin to pour out of half-open door behind the orchestra, with a wild cry of terror, the people rush toward the doors. In a moment Millie is swept away from Eleanor's side among the maddened crowd. Eleanor turns and clings to her companion.

"Save me—save me, Ernest!" But he has caught sight of a pale face, of two wild hands held out tently to him, and in that moment terrible fear his heart speaks clear. Beauty may charm and bewitch for a moment; but real danger sweeps her feelings away and shows us the truth.

"There is little danger," he says soothingly to Eleanor; and, giving her up in the charge of a gentleman who has ventured to help her, Ernest quickly makes his way to Millie's side.

The gentleman looks admiringly at Eleanor's calm face. But she has thought for any danger. In that moment she suffers an agony more than death. She sees her hopes and love and happiness overwhelmed in black despair.

A short time before she had triumphed over Millie, and felt sure of winning; and now she has left her, without a word or a thought—left her to die, perhaps. She would be glad if it were so; the danger was past before she was taken; and there was nothing to be done but stand still and wait till the surging crowd had left the doors.

Ernest has managed to draw Eleanor from the struggling mass of humanity, and he holds her tightly in his arms, eyes wet with tears. "Thank Heaven, I have you," he murmurs with deep emotion. "I had nearly lost you; did I know how dear above all the world you are to me!"

A Cure for "Crick in the Back." The prescription is very brief: Hunt's Remedy, the great kidney and medicine. It infallibly cures. Do not know that a "crick in the back" is probably a symptom of dangerous kidney disease of the frightful Bright's disease. Don't fool with such a dangerous reader. Get Hunt's Remedy, and be assured safety, at once. Many have started with a pain in the back of the morning, and been laid in the grave by Bright's Disease before Saturday night.

Mr. F. A. DICKS, Broker, says customers pronounce Brown's Iron the best tonic they ever used.