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HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

Old Mrs. Galway sat sorrowfully at her west window, watching the apple gathering. Above the hills hung a soft yellow mist; the great chestnut tree in the lane, was turning to a bouquet of rustling gold; the asters and dahlias along the garden walk, were blossoming in gaudy profusion.

"It's the first year," said Mrs. Galway, "that I haven't been able to help 'em barrel up the red sweets and the yaller pippins. And I'm helpless with the rheumatics. Oh, dear, to think it should comes to this! What's that noise? I'll bet a carroway seed it's the cat among the milk cans. And it's time the kettle was on for tea, and Sarah Soper's forget to come over and see to it!"

She looked piteously up at the clock but just as she was about to lift up her voice in shrill summons, a footstep creaked heavily on the doorstep.

"It's me," said Sarah Soper, a gray haired, sharp-featured spinster, who lived in a house whose yellow gable end was just visible through the maple trees beyond. "I'm a little late on account of stopping to buy a paper of hair pins and two cards of buttons of a peddler that came along."

"I thought you never was coming," Sarah looked sharply at her.

"I tell you what Mrs. Galway," said she, "you made a mistake when you set your face against Zenas marrying that pretty-faced factory girl two years ago. If you'd a nice stirring daughter-in-law, now"——

"Instead of depending upon other people to come and help me—yes," said Mrs. Galway. "I am beginning to think so myself. But if you haven't nothing better to do, Sarah Soper, than to remind people of their shortcomings, you'd better go back home again."

"And there was nothing against Fanny Walters, as ever I heerd on," reflectively went on Sarah Soper, as she set a match to the shavings and kindling wood in the cooking stove, "except her good looks. Yes, Almira Galway, you made a mistake there. Zenas ain't never been the same man since."

Mrs. Galway moved uneasily in her chair.

"Where is Zenas, anyway?" questioned the merciless catechist, as she settled the shining tea-kettle in its place, and slid the dampers to let the smoke go up the chimney.

"Gone to town," curtley answered Mrs. Galway.

"Eh—what for."

"To get a hired girl."

Sarah Soper opened her mouth and eyes.

"Well, I never!" said she. "You come to that—you, as always said nothing would induce you to keep a girl!"

"That was before I had the inflammatory rheumatism," sighed Mrs. Galway. "There ain't no law against folks changing their mind, as I know on. I can't be dependent on neighbors all the time."

Mrs. Soper chuckled softly.

"The idea of Zenas Galway in one of them intelligence offices," said she. "I would like to be hid away and hear how he manages it."

"I guess Zenas can manage as well as anybody," retorted Mrs. Galway sharply.

But she was nettled nevertheless, and more than once, while Sarah Soper was cutting the bread, bringing the butter from down cellar and opening a jar of preserved blackberries, she said to herself:

"I most wish I hadn't made such a fuss over Zena's notion for Fanny Walters."

"While these domestic preparations were going on in the Galway farm house, Zenas, the son and heir of the establishment, was setting in a dejected attitude, on a hard, unpainted settee, in Mr. Cummings' "Headquarters for Domestic Aid," interviewing a long succession of hopeless incapables, of different ages and nationalities.

"Pretty hard to suit," ain't you, said Mr. Cummings, lifting his spectacled eyes above the line of his ledger at last.

"It's no use," said Galway, in a dejected tone. "I don't think my mother would have one of these women in the house."

"Well, look here," said Mr. Cummings, "here's a girl just come in. Maybe you can come to terms with her."

"But," spoke a soft voice," "I wanted a place as companion."

"Well, this is a place as companion", said Cummings doggedly, "to an old lady up country—only she'll expect you to help about the housework."

A silence followed—apparently the candidate was considering.

"You've been coming after the companion place for a week," urged Cummings, "and you ain't had the ghost of a chance yet. Come! Better take what you can get."

A slight figure came out from behind the curtained rail and confronted Galway. She was a pretty, fair-haired girl, with timid, hazel eyes, and a cheek flushed with nervous excitement.

"What wages do you give, said she."

"Eight dollars," replied Zenas."

"I'll come," she decided, after a brief hestitation. "I must get some sort of a situation."

"But I must take you home at once" said the young man. "My wagon is waiting down below."

"I must go home after my clothes," said the girl. "I will be back here in half an hour. Wait!"

She vanished.

"Now," said Mr. Cummings, turning over a new leaf in his ledger, "I call that a stroke of business for both of you. They all want to be companions, or secretary, or something of that sort. It sound's more high-toned you know, But after all, good, honest housework's the thing.

Mr. Cummings here paused to talk with a stout young man who desired a position as porter in a store.

Zenas Galway sat staring at the checkered reflection of the window panes upon the floor, as they moved slowly along with the westerning sun.

Little Elfrida Howitt fled swiftly down a narrow street, up a winding stair to a close little apartment where lay a pale young convalescent, trying to while away the weary hours by sewing jet beads on silken gimp for the nearest fancy store. She glanced up, her bright eyes all inquiry.

"Well," she said eagerly.

"I've got a place, darling, at last."

The invalid drew a long breath.

"It's only eight dollars a month," pursued Elfrida, "but I'll send every cent to you dear, until you're well enough for the store. It's quite a small family—only a lady. And I'll try so hard to suit her."

"But Frida—oh, dear little Frida—what shall I do without you?" cried the pallid invalid, clasping her thin hands.

"We musn't think of that," said Elfrida, resolutely. "You're going to get well, and then we shall both do splendidly. Kiss me, dear, Iv'e got to pack my little bag, for the—the—carriage is waiting at the 'Headquarters.'"

"The carriage! They must be grand people," said the elder sister. "But you haven't told me the address, Frida."

Elfrida stopped packing, and regarded sister with eyes of puzzled amusement.

"I forgot to ask it," she said; "but I will send it by mail. It will be all right. Now one more kiss. Good bye."

Elfrida ran away, blinded by the tears she was too brave to shed in her sister,s presence.

"Is it very wicked, I wonder," she asked herself, "to let her think I'm going to be companion to a sick lady? But something had to be done, or we should both have starved."

It was twilight when Zenas Galway assisted his companion to alight at the door of the farm house, under the yellow maples.

"My mother is sitting there by the window," said he. "Go and speak to her; she can't come to you. She has no use of her limbs."

Elfrida Howitt advanced boldly to the kind-faced little old woman in the cushioned arm-chair.

Mrs. Galway held out her hand with a smile.

"Who are you?" said she pleasantly.

"I am the new girl."

"I am glad to see you, my dear. What is you name?"

"Elfrida Howitt."

"What can you do."

Elfrida colored to the roots of her glossy brown hair.

"I can sing," said she, and paint a little in water colors and play the piano; I can read aloud and embroider"——

"Land alive child!" exclaimed Mrs. Galway. "What on earth do you suppose is the use of all that." Can you churn? Do you know how to cook and wash, and make soft soap, and"——

"No," said Elfrida, her long lashes drooping and her lip quivering. "But I can learn—I'm sure I can learn, if only you'll show me how. Please—do try me."

Mrs. Galway found herself crying for sympathy before she got through.

"Do you think I've done right, Zenas?" she asked the next day. "The child knows absoutely nothing of house work, but she's strong and willing. She's broken two of the willow pattern cups already, and she let the clam soup burn this morning, while she stopped to play with the cat, But she's such a sunshiny bit of thing, and she really does want to learn."

"Right?" Of course you're right. Never mind the clam soup and the willow pattern cups. She'll do first rate when she's learned the A B C of the thing."

"And Zenas"——

"Yes, mother."

"She told me so much about that invalid sister of hers in the tenement down in the city—the one that's had the typhoid fever, you know—that I have most a mind to send you to bring her here. She'd get well a good deal faster on new milk and country breezes and think of the company she would be to Elfrida."

"It's a capital idea, mother," said Zenas. I'll go."

"Because, you know," said Mrs. Galway, laying her hand on her son's arm, "it's somehow borne in on me, that I've been sort of hard and selfish all my life and haven't thought of other people as much as I ought. And mebbe this affliction has been laid on me on that account.

"Nonsense, mother."

It's true, Zenas. I've been too set in my ways. Things might have been so very different if I had not stood so obstinate against your being engaged to Fanny Walters two years ago. If I could only undo that mischief now.

Her lips quivered; she looked up to his face through a mist of tears.

"That's all past and gone, mother," said Zenas. "We won't fret about that I'll drive into town for her next Tuesday, with the easy carry-all, and she must be ready to come back with me."

When Zenas took the letter to carry it to the post-office, he gave a little start of surprise.

"Why, Elfrida," your sister's name is not the same as yours."

"No," said Elfrida innocently. "We are only half sisters; didn't you know that?" But we love each other just the same."

Zenas Galway drove into town on the following Tuesday, with the easy carry-all, and plenty of wraps and cushions. Once more, in the yellow glow of the twilight, he brought back another passenger, and led her up to the arm-chair, where Mrs. Galway sat knitting with half closed eyes.

"Here she is, mother dear," he said exultantly. "Elfrida's sister and the daughter-in-law you are longing for in your secret heart."

"Why, Fanny Walters," cried Mrs. Galway.

Fanny burst into tears on the old lady's shoulder.

"But not unless you bid me welcome," she sobbed. "I am too proud for that."

"You are welcome—a hundred times welcome—my daughter," solemnly spoke Mrs. Galway. "But—but I don't understand."

"No, I either," cried Elfrida, who had danced joyously into the room. "Is it true? Is Zenas to be my brother, and are we all to live here together. Oh, Fanny, I am so glad."

"And so am I, murmered Fanny, hiding her blushing face on Elfrida's neck.

A Sun Pillar.

An instance of this rare and beautiful phenomenon, known as a sun pillar, was seen by Miss Annie Lea, of Lutterworth, on the 5th of March, 1892, just as the sun was sinking behind a thick layer of stratus cloud. A bank of "dust haze" formed a background to the clouds. When the appearance was first seen about three-fourths of the solar disk was below the edge of the cloud bank. From the upper part of the disk rose a vertical column of light, resembling an inverted obelisk, the tip resting on the rim of the sun.

The column was about 5 degs. high, and its upper end was lost in the clouds. It was orange red in color below and yellowish white above. The display lasted for some minutes after the sun sank, but gradually faded away. The pillar is sometimes seen in the morning above the rising sun, and occasionally the conical end is uppermost. The phenomenon has never been satisfactorily explained. It has been suggested that its resemblance to an Egyptian obelisk may be other than accidental. The city of On, or Heliopolis, where these obelisks were so numerous, was devoted to the worship of the sun.—London Tit-Bits.

Inconveniences of Growing Old.

I am sure I do not know why it is. I am not more ill looking than many a married woman whom one sees playing a conspicuous part in society, and I am a very harmless, unaggressive sort of person that would not hurt a mouse, much less a man, yet every spavined old stager of my acquaintance will shy at the sight of me as if I had nothing in the world to do but run down defenseless old roadsters for the matrimonial sweepstakes. It is really melancholy to see how suddenly the manners of my old friends change toward me if they happen to be left widowers. There is old Dr. Witherspoon, for example, who used to make tedious little jokes before Mrs. W. died about taking me for his second wife, and now he shuns me as if I were pay day. Even old Mr. Rail, the red-headed lawyer, whom I refused twenty years ago, and whom my poor friend, Clara H., married only as a last resort to keep from going out as governess, is so fully persuaded of my desire to reconsider that he flies at the sight of me as if struck by a cyclone.—A Lady of Uncertain Age in Ladies' Home Journal.

Cheap Enough.

There's a Detroit real estate dealer who doesn't know a joke from a sermon. A possible customer came in to see him about a 2-acre tract in the suburbs last week.

"What are your best figures?" inquired the customer.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars an acre," he replied.

"Come off!" exclaimed the buyer; "that's away too high."

"On the contrary, it is dirt cheap, sir, dirt cheap," and when the buyer wouldn't tell him why he smiled he looked hurt and didn't want to talk any more.—Detroit Free Press.

Josh Had a Chill.

When the cholera came to San Francisco in 1851, Josh Havens, a well known citizen of those days, suffered a bad attack of cholera scare. He purchased the first day a large bottle of "cholera preventive," recommended to him by some one, and put it in his coat tail pocket, but while seated in the office of a friend, discussing the plague, Havens suddenly arose, turned pale and rushed for the office of Dr. Hastings, a well known physician of that time. "Doctor," said he, "is local chill a sign of cholera?" "Where is your local chill?" inquired the medico. Josh indicated the neighborhood of his pistol pocket. The doctor placed him on a surgical table and made an examination, but the "local chill" was found to be due to the cholera medicine, on which the terrified Havens had incautiously sat.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Poor Authority.

Little Boy (writing a letter)—Is trolley spelled with an e or without.

Father (anxious to inculcate a good habit)—Look in Webster.

Little Boy—Huh! What does Webster know about it? He died before trolleys were invented.—Good News.

What is the Electropoise? and What Will it Do?

The Electropoise has been in use for four years and is well known in some sections of the United States, but there are a great many sufferers that have never heard the name. Those that have heard of it and seen something of its wonderful power, are curious to know how on instrument so small and so simple can accomplish cures so great. Now, while the Electropois is very wonderful, it is not at all mysterious. Its operations fall in with what we know o science, and any one at all familiar with the simplest facts of Bialogy and Physics can understand.

HOW IT OPERATES.—The way in which the Electropoise accomplishes its cures in very simple and natural. It consists of a polarizer, which is connected by a woven wire cord with a small plate and garter. This polarizer is immersed in cold water, or put on ice. The plate at the other end of the cord is attached to the warm body of the patient, generally at the ankle. From the inherent nature of this polarizer it becomes negatively charged. By the well-known laws of induction, the plate, and with it the body of the patient, becomes positively charged. The body thereby becomes a centre of attraction for negative bodies. Oxygen is the most negative form of matter in nature. Hence the body, bathed in the atmosphere, drinks in the life-giving oxygen at every pore. Every process of life is thereby qickened. The temperature rises; the pulse throbs with a fuller beat; the skin tingles with new life; every organ acts with renewed vigor, and the effete poisonous products of the body are thrown off with ease.

That quickened change of matter which oxygen produces throughout the system, is accompanied by a largely increased genesis of **Nerve Force.** Organs half dead and stagnant are born again, and begin to perform their wanted functions. The heart, the lungs, the liver, the organs of the external senses, the organs of reproduction—all these throw off their derangement and weakness, and even the disordered intellect is oftimes rethroned. Where disease has not already made too great ravages, restoration to **perfect health is inevitable.** The Electropoise is generally used at night while the patient is asleep, but may be applied of course at any time, and to several persons during the twenty-four hours. It will last a life-time, never wears out nor loses its strength, never needs mending nor recharging.

One in each family will render that family largely independent of doctors and druggists, and thus will save every year many times its small cost.

NOT AN ELECTRICAL APPLIANCE.—The Electropoise is not in any way akin to the numerous electrical appliances, such as belts, insoles, corsets shields, etc., palmed off upon the public. It has no method of generating a current, nor means of conducting one. It acts upon well known biological principles, and is heartily endorsed by many of the best physicians in this and other countries, and is daily used by them in their practice. It is pronounced by them the greatest discovery in the history of medicine, in that it does away with the use of medicines.

DIRECTIONS FOR USING.—Accompanying each instrument is a book of instructions fully explaining its uses. Its methods of cure is so simple and free from danger, that the uninitated and even children can use it with perfect ease and success.

Editorial in Boston Christain Witness and Advocate of Bible Holiness, September 3, 1891:

"A method of treatment of disease without the use of any medicines or drugs, which has been quietly extending itself over all parts of the United States during the past three years with very gratifying results.

We are slow to cemmend new discoveries of any kind for the reason that so many of them prove to be worthless. But we can commend the Electropoise as a safe and effective health restorer. We do not pretend to explain the philosophy of its workings, but, having realized its beneficial effects, we can speak of its results. About one year ago we recommended it to Bro. I. D. Ware, of Philadelphia, for his son, who was a great suffer from Sciatica. He had sought relief in various ways and found none. He was almost helpless and rapidly declining. The use of the Electropoise restored him to perfect health, and now after nearly a year he is rejoicing as one who has found great spoil. We have seen testimonials of most remarkable cures. This notice of the Electropoise is without solitation, and entirely gratuitous. We do it for the good of the afflicted. We have no personal interest in it, and are not paid for what we say in its favor."

The following editorial in Central Methodist, Catlettsburg, Ky., was written by Zephaniah Meek, D. D., editor.

"Unless about ten thousand men, mainly professional men, lawyers, doctors, editors, preachers, and all other classes, including the writer, are very much mistaken, the Electropoise effects cures and gives relief where all other known remedies have failed Especially is it efficacious in the case of delicate women and feeble children. I have used one for the past two years, and find it invaluble as a curative agent."

Names of prominent people in all sections of the U. S. generally can be furnished on application. Our cures cover all parts of the United States and Europe. Over 50,000 people have been treated with the most gratifying results. In the large majority of cases the cures have been speedy, but our claims are modest, and in long-standing, chronic cases you cannot expect speedy cures. We positiuely refuse to sell the Electropoise in hopeless cases.

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