## Don't Marry a Man to Reform Him.

- Don't marry a man to reform him! To God and your own self be true, Don't link to his vice your virtue; You'll rue it, dear girl, if you do.
- No matter how fervent his pleadings Be not by his promises led; If he can't be a man while a-wooing, He'll never be one when he's wed. Don't marry a man to reform him-To repent it, alas, when too late;

The mission of wives least successful

- Is the making of crooked limbs straight There's many a maiden has tried it, And proved it a failure at least; Better tread your life's pathway alone, dear, Than wed with a lover that's "fast."
- Mankind's much the sam e the world over The exceptions you'll find are but few; When the rule is defeat and disaster,
- The chances are great against you. Don't trust your bright hopes for the future The beautiful crown of youth, To the keeping of him who holds lightly
- His fair name of honor and truth. To "honor and love" you must promise Don't pledge what you cannot fulfill,
- If he'll have no respect for himself, dear, Most surely you then never will. Tis told us that the frown of a woman Is strong as the blow of a man.
- And the world will be better when women Frown an error as hard as they can. Make virtue the price of your favor; Place wrong-doing under a ban; And let him who would win you and wed Prove himself in full measure a man.

## A RACE AGAINST TIME.

experience, of everybody. Of course I do My hat was off, my hair and beard stream- funds?" conjured up by a disordered stomach. Let me transcribe a page or two of my

whether shadows of the impending future can be projected in dreams. the great Central railway for something this point had been the objective point for more than a year, attending to all the day which I was riding. and night duties at that point with such an unfailing regularity that no thought of blew at the crossing below, there would be making such a sensation here now. She is

but the responsibility was far greater. The how a thought of my dream-a long line of express train ran day and night, both ways | switches-swept across me then! how my clear; a local express each way, which ran steady gaze at my horse's head, and flashon the turnout, and waited for the through ed a glance up and down the whole line for train to pass; a mail train night and morning which had right of way; one ordinary passenger, and half a dozen, perhaps, ac-

commodation and freight. To see that the main line was always was open, and, in short, that everything and the on-coming train gets larger an was in condition for prompt and satisfactory working, kept me almost constantly at my post, though, as I have already said, er speed; I wave scarf and hand; I shout, the duties were not especially arduous to

In order to be handy to my business, I lived in a cottage close by, from the open door of which, looking eastward, I could see any coming train for a mile away, and dozen yards from the open switch. It was notice whether the signals of "danger" or "safety" were in their proper positions.

to me with an alarmed face. her only a few minutes bofore the depart-

I calmed her with a few brief words, and hurrying around to the station-house, began a careful examination of every possi ble place where I deemed it likely the lit-

my finding her fast asleep on the sunny side of a pile of railroad ties, with her doll, half as large as herself, lying beside her. fortunes greatly improved. She was five years old. That night I had a singular dream.

I thought I was in the middle of a vast plain, through which stretched, broad and | walk. clear before me, the double track of a main line. Like ours, yet unlike, for every few the orchard, enjoying a comfortable old tears in her eves. rods I could see open switches, and blood- age, petted and caressed by the whole red signals, that gave me an agony of apprehension. As I looked again at the line, my eyes fell upon an object—a small form lying upon one of the rails. My child! With a mighty effort I awoke, turned over | false. and went to sleep, and dreamed the same thing again, with the addition that I seem-

ed mounted on a winged horse, and riding for life to close the switches. Again I awoke, bathed in perspiration many things in this world, but not too fraud sighed in response. and roused myself sufficiently to get up and much of that. visit my little darling's crib, of course to There is too much bad temper. find her safe. I walked the floor in my stocking feet for awhile, looked at the clock, and again turned in, to dream for the third time the same thing; to start suddenly and broadly awake, as if the voice which roused the Thane of Cawdor had hissed in my ear

as in his, "Sleep no more!" To awake, and find the first gleam of the incoming day glowing grayly on the east-

ern wall was pleasing. However, a visit to all those switchesmine, not those of the dream—a dash, headforemost into a cool, deep, running stream away whatever remained of the lingering to read.

which stopped, and the through express ways be plenty of happiness in this world their eyes were mutually opened. It was Baltimore United Oil Company, Balto., Md. which did not, there was an interval of an hour and a half, that was essentially my THE supposition that fowls must be con- saw that upbraidings would be useles, while own. But that morning a dispatch had inually receiving egg-foods, red pepper they could not but admire each other's talcome for one of the directors, who lived 3 and stimulants, has led to many errors in ents. miles to the south of us, and as it so hap- poultry keeping. The most important repened, the agent, who was busy, requested quirements are warmth, dry shelter and a

I had been to the director's house on one or two similar occasions, and neither the agent nor myself deemed the time necessary to go and come any consideration some time come a reaction. when an hour and a half was at my disposal. Besides, had such a course been mecessary, he could have taken the keys

much, for the mare "Fanny" was in ex- SIMMONS & DAVIS NO. 1 HEART cellent spirits, and the air was clear and in-

I had delivered the dispatch, received a brief word of thanks, and was already turning homeward, when the director came SHINGLES, himself toward the paling, calling out to see me by name.

dispatch. "This should not have been

ion: "He knows the contents of it, I sup-

"Then go back to your post at once a

9.30. Loook out for it." He turned leisurely and sauntered u the walk toward the house, while with a word I started the mare in a trot. A special at 9.30!

Nine twenty-two! Three miles of straight road—less, perhaps, a quarter of a mile detour to the station, when I should reach

the track-and the main line open to me westward for the passage out of the mail! Three miles and eight minutes in which t

and that knowledge did n on the flank. How can I describe that ride?

I have been where charger met charger in the swirl and dust of battle, and men and horses have gone down together, but in that there was fellowship—association. In this—but no words can fitly describe the fierce emotions of that solitary ride against time, where hundreds of innocent lives, all unconscious of the peril toward which they

I recall now the tempest which swayed my shrinking soul, as, outwardly calm and rigidly erect, with every muscle strong steel, I held the mare firmly up to her work, and, by voice and touch, electrified the noble animal with almost human consciou ness of the necessities and peril on this oc-

Trees, houses, fences, gardens - sometimes men, staring in wild-eyed astonishing in the wind, my lips compressed, save "Running low," was the reply. "If you when emitting low cries of encouragement the line for a mile or more on either hand. a victim yet." drawn taut rein and glanced at my watch, decided upon a lady whose fortune is ample

If I could reach it before the whistle possible accident had ever occurred to my hope. If not-I shuddered at the alterna-

I recalled afterward, and many times, eyes for the first time swerved from their

Not in sight—thank God! Stay! there is smoke on the horizon. But there is no stay in the wild rush of out was always ready when it should be, stretches away down the gentle declivity, saw enough to convince me that she is ve that the branch where the local made up while every moment the distance lessens, rich." I stand up in the wagon; I urge to great

> but my voice is beyond my control. I am seen! Joy unutterable! A whistle! The agent runs out with a each being taken in. red flag! two whistles! Down brakes! The

I complete the last quarter of the detour to the station more leisurely, but am in time to receive from the arms of the agent absence. She feared, yet she knew not switch, where she was lying fast asleep, with her pretty golden curls directly on the

That dream again! Shall I ever be thank-I am an older man now, and have other in that line. That experience was too much for me. I left soon after, and my

My golden-haired little darling is now a

Dreams are not always true. Nor, on the other hand, are they always

There is too much love in the world, said | male fraud sighed in sympathy.

Too much scandal. Too much evil thinking.

Too much hard judgment. Too much impertinence. Too much weakness unforgiven. Too much of bad puns. Too many courses at dinner.

Too many chestnuts. Too many bores.

Too many tiresome plays. near, and a warm breakfast seemed to clear | Too many books written to sell and not

> exclusively on corn or any one kind of we could put it to good account." grain, they will need no medicine. The object will be to have them in such condition that they will always be willing to hunt and scratch for their food, which in-

SHAVED

AND URQUAHART

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

Miss Estelle James, at the age of 20, married Mr. Robert Stillman. He was thrice her age and she married him solely for his

swallowed up his property. Thus the Widow Stillman was left with a small amount of cash and considerable DOORS, beauty, and her deliberations as to the future resulted in the following conclusion: "I am loth to give up the luxuries to which I have been accustomed, and to continue them I must get a rich husband. am young, pretty and accomplished.

style for about two years. I will mourn for my husband half that time, and then will begin my campaign." The year wore slowly away and midsummer came again. Her deep mourning

had given place to lovely combinations of white and black. The hideous widow's cap was exchanged for lavender ribbons in her hair and jewels took the place of She now determined to commence oper-

ations, and for that purpose went to a fashionable seaside resert, where her dresses and general style of living indicated her as the possessor of wealth. Among the guests at the hotel was one

Maurice Newman, a rather grave-faced man, are beginning to look old. His dark hair was plentifully silvered, while his mustache dyed and waxed with scrupulous nicety formed a marked contrast to his nose, the end of which was remarkably red.

Mr. Newman lived in the most expensive manner, and was reported to be a retired ment-flew past in one unbroken flight. "Well, Jack," said Newman, "how are the

to the noble mare; and thus I reached a up. Here we have been living in elegant own experience, and judge for yourself low rise of ground commanding a view of style for about a month, and havn't caught Up to this moment from the time I had "There you're mistaken, Jack. I have

> to repay our outlay." "Who is she?" "The Widow Stillman-the lady who is just the material to operate on."

"There is nothing better, but how came

papers to ascertain their exact contents. our onward course. With as unflinching They consisted of deeds and mortgages, the closed at the proper moment, that the turn- nerve as when she started, the gallant mare whole bringing in enormous revenues. And this statement was perfectly true, the wily widow having prepared fictitious

> teresting. Here were two needy adventurers, each bent on the same purpose, and Matters were rapidly approaching a crisis for both were getting low in funds. One day they wandered by the shore, the widow the embodiment of sweetness.

"This is my golden opportunity," thought

Then said the fair one in her most winning tones: "I have a favor to ask of you us from the heat."

gave Estelle his hand to help her in.

The inlet where they stopped was in a deep shadow, and the soft air, the refreshing coolness of the shade, and the fragrance completed the charming scene. Newman looked at the widow. Her head was droop-The gallant mare Fanny can be seen in ed slightly, but, as she raised it, he saw

"No," she answered softly, and with a smile, "but there is so much beauty here." "After a few moments she withdrew her hand, but not before a light pressure had responded to her feelings.

"Why does that make you sad?" and the some one. There is too much of a great "Oh, I am so lonely," and the female Here his arm encircled her willing waist and her head sank upon his bosom. There was some false sentiment uttered, each swallowing the other's bait blindly, and it was settled. They were engaged. The next day they met again, and, both

being in a hurry for the consumation of their plots, it was arranged that they should be married immediately. It was easily done. They were married within a month, Too many women who support their and were to leave for Lake George the same

been disappointed in my remittance, and you had better settle my hotel bill—only a few hundred dollars." away whatever remained of the lingering effects of my nocturnal visions, and I felt Too many—no, there are not too many husband, "but my remittances have not arbabies and while there are a plenty of Exploding or taking fire. See that you Exploding or taking fire. See that you "Strange coincidence," exclaimed the Between the passage of the down mail babies and plenty of love, there will al- Details are tedious. Suffice it then, that get the genuine. For sale by

"Undoubtedly," agreed the ex-widow. "Then let us prey."

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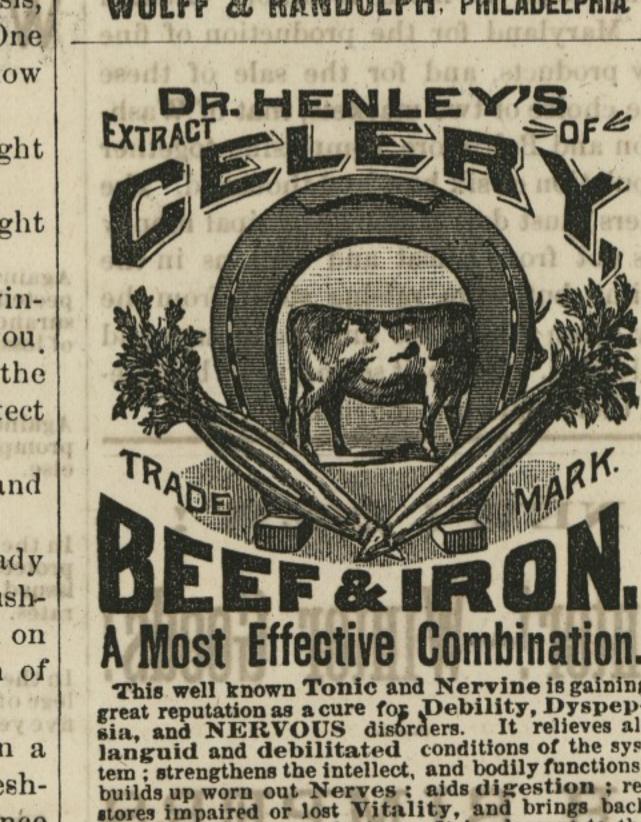
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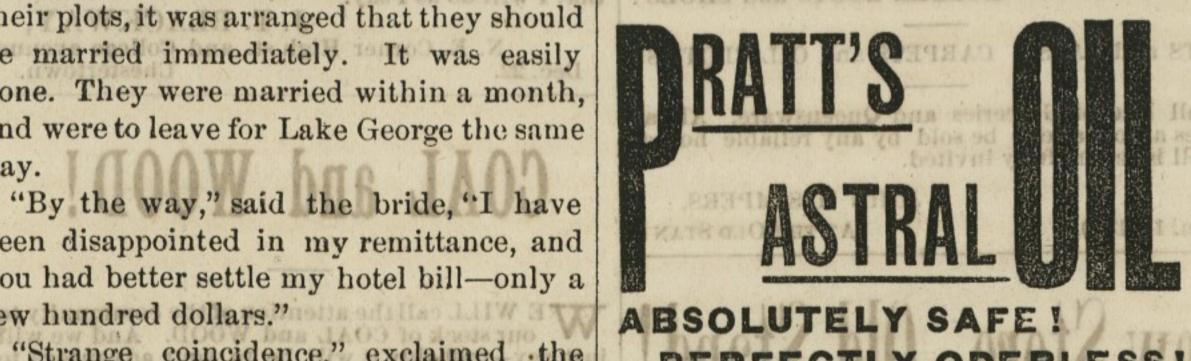


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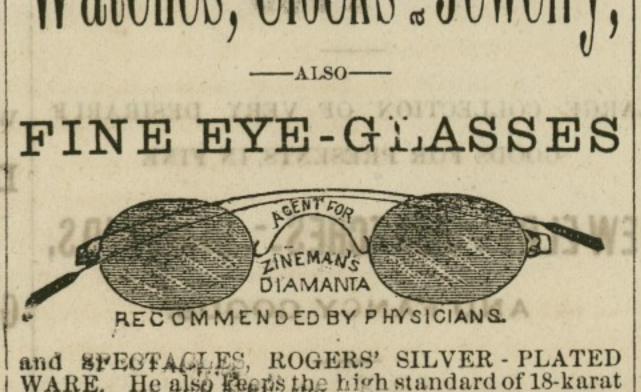
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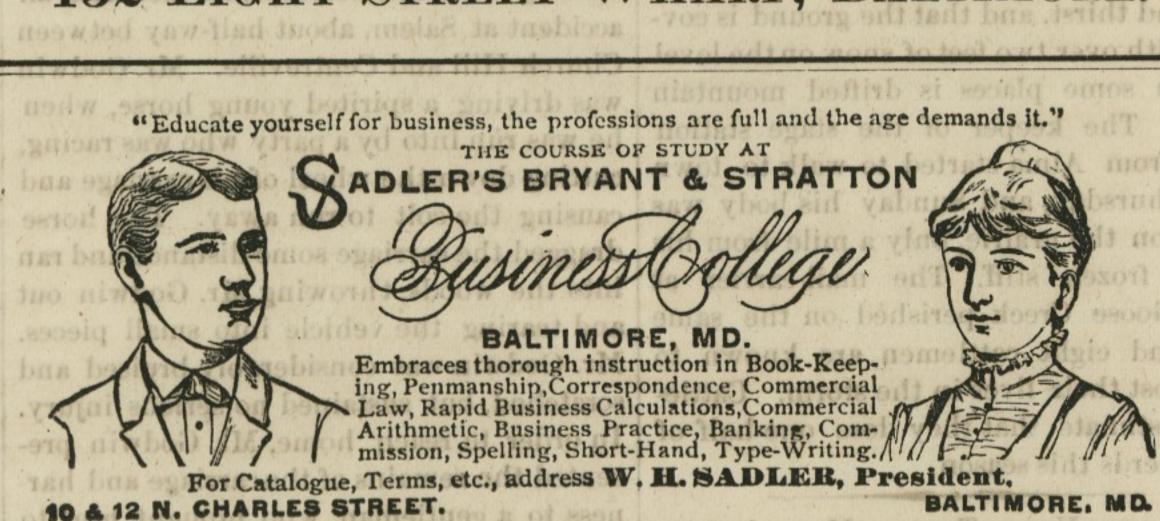
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