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stars, so brilliant was the lustre they shed upon the clear cold air, and in

an ecstacy of adoration she stood there gazing up at them, at them whither her eyes had been directed from earliest recollection, shining in their mysterious splandor, and be neath the perplexing secret of existence subtry conveying the assurance that

In how many moods had she turned

from earth to them? In the hour o

fervor, when love in its first purious and when

was arst born to her heart, and when passion and temptation had shaker

her soul! Up to them sae had cast an imploring look in the hour of ha-

miliation and affliction. But to-night, when the varied emotions of those

moments were blended, individuality was lost in contemplation of the gainst

purposes of God accomplishing their giorious ends despite man's interfer-

ence and perverting influence.

With tenderness she recalled the

many days she had spent beneath this roof, the sweet solace its retirement

place the old; Arthur and Juliet would

commence their experiments and soon

her, she knew, undying, and the same neavens would be ever overhead. She thought of the old, quiet life she was

leaving and of the untried existence

that lay before her; and her heart turned for refuge once more to him

with whom she was to enter that un-

known to-morrow. Yes, with him she

And here we leave her, allowing our

reader to imagine the surprise and joy

with which the intelligence of the en gagement was received by the whole

household; the parental gratification of Mr. and Mrs. White in the happi

ness of their favorite: Arthur's sincer and hearty congratulations, and Juliet

fond whisper that the romance she had planned for her cousin in her girlish

days had really been accomplished. Yes, we leave Edith in her chas

tened happiness, and will not attempt to analyze why ner lot had been so

checkered by crosses and disappoint-ments ere this preordained consumma-

tion was attained. She did not ques-tion, neither will we, for the answer

We dare not pretend to solve that

helm of this world's affairs and guid

ing us, by devious paths indeed, but

To be Continued.

The archbishop of Canterbury, replying

to protests against the petition for the dead in his "Form of Prayer," asserts

that "it has been decided at law that prayers for the dead are not forbidden by the Church of England"

THE BEEKEEPER.

laying queens are raised as a general thing in worker cells.

The bees in the grub state, from the

time of the hatching of the eggs until the

Propolis is a resinous substance usual-

ly gathered from the buds of certain trees

by bees and used in covering rough

If old combs are straight and in good

condition, but dirty, put them in or over a strong colony of bees, and they will

Bees do not as a rule swarm until they

have got their hive pretty well filled up

and have multitudes of young bees hatch-ing out daily.

Loans and debts make worries and

Cures

Weak Men

Free

found for sexual weakness, such as impotency, varicoccie, shrunken or-gans, nervous debility, lost manhood, night emissions, premature discharge and ali other results of self-abuse or

excesses. It cures any case of the dif-ficulty, never fails to restore the or-gans to full natural strength and vig-

or. The Doctor who made this won-derful discovery wants to let every man know about it. He will therefore send the receipt giving the various in-gredients to be used so that all men

capping of the cell, are called larvæ,

Drones from fertile workers or drones

ward gaze to heaven,

the bishop of London.

all was well.

"That terrible day of the funeral," and she put her hand to her eyes to shut out the thought. Steele saw that she needed no further testimony to the truth of that conviction, and said wretched subject,



"Could You Learn to Love me Dear?"

keeping to himself the manner in the intelligence had reached him, how he had been summoned to the hospital in a large town in Kentucky, where a man, disabled for life by a street accident, lay reaping the retributive punishment of his evil deeds, to discover that the unknown, poverty-stricken wretch was no other than the once fastidious David, reduced to misery, the victim of re-morse, haunted forever by memory of the man whose existence he had tor-tured, the final tragedy of whose life lay at his door. From this living wreck Steele had received the agonized confession of his falsehood. Stifling this recent memory of hopeless remorse in his bosom, he strove to divert Edith's mind from asking him any questions by speaking cheerfully, hopefully, of the new life that lay before them, of his rapture in being able to do something for her at last.

could go anywhere, and tears of rap-turous gratitude dimmed her eyes, and her soul passed into prayer that she might become what he believed her, and make some return for his devoted "You don't know all you have been to me, darling," he said. "Just the sight of your contented life of devotion and self-denial has sent me often back to my work with a sense of shame and a determination to do my duty better, and I tried to regard you as some blessed angel sent to guide and in-spire, to whom I could never prove ny gratitude. I feel now as if I were sking a sacrifice of you."

She let her head sink once more on his breast at this generous considertion of her welfare, saying in a dis-

"Oh, I have so little to give you in return for all you offer me. I am not worthy of your love. I have always given you trouble an i worry always receiving something from you and re-paying it with ingratitude." "You cause me trouble, darling?" he would involve the whole mystery why ejaculated. "I don't know when it life exists at all. was. Come, you must not talk that way, or I shall think you will fear than trust me, and I want the

fire confidence of my own little little plaintive ges-"Mr. Steele?" "What is it, my child?" he asked quickly, alarmed by the bewildered, troubled look on her face.

"Only that," she said, letting it sink its resting place once more. "I only wanted the old word. It felt strange for a moment, and I don't ow how it was, but I could not bear It was not natural.

Something rose in Steele's throat, at that movement which prevented at-terance, as he recognized the physical weakness reacting upon the mental; but when he did speak again he pref-nced the sentence with the old term of endearment, only in a gentler tone than even she had heard him use be-

"My child, you are tired," he said "exhausted. For r. sake will you not go in and try to r t?" and he made; a slight movement 'o rise.
"I am resting now." she said simply.

"Not while your pillow suggests such bad dreams of your own unworthiness, or that things ever could be otherwise than natural between you and me;" and though her choice to rest in his embrace was the sweetest rest in his embrace was the sweetest gift he could enjoy, he rose with reso lute self-denial and led her to the house, saying quietly: "I want you to be ready to accompany me to Virginia before the end of the week."

"Must you go back so soon, Mr. Steele?" she said, offering the first remonstrance to the various plans for monstrance to the various plans for their future which he had laid before her. She had given up all responsibility into his hands, like a burden of which she was glad to be eased, letting him make his own arrangements.

"Are you obliged to return so soon?" she repeated. "Yes, love; my duties require me to be back before Sunday."

"It seems hard to leave them now," she said. "Juliet may think it cruel."

"How can she?" he responded warmly. "You have given all your strength, till you need some one to take care of you and force you to your own good. You are not your own to sacrifice now, my Edith, and I shall begin to exert my authority and control this exert my authority and control this self-willed little girl, at once."

"Yes, I always was self-willed," she said, tears rising to her eyes at his

playful reproof.
"But I won't want my way any longer. I'll do anything you wish."
"That's right," he responded, smiling; and with his kiss yet warm upon her line the respondent. her lips she went up to her room and sank down on the bed.

sank down on the bed.

Not utterly alone! That was the sweetest reflection. In the time of saddest trial God's greatest gift had been bestowed upon her, a true friend, a noble, loving man, to guide, to protect, to comfort! A blessed peace fell upon her, and she slept, the first sound sleep in many months.

When she woke the chamber was dark, and groping her way to the window she threw open the blind upon a sight that thrilled and awed her by its vivid contrast with the gloom with-

RECKLESS AARON BURR

resting and Dramatic Story of His Marriage In Old Age.

In an article on historic homes of New York Truth tells the following interest-ing story of Aaron Burr's marriage in his old age to the widow of Stephen Jumel, who was well known in the early history of the city:

"Conceive, if you will, the picture of Burr, gifted adventurer that he was, broken in health, branded in the popular mind as the murderer of Alexander Hame ilton and returning from a long exile to find himself an outcast in the city where he had once been the political monarch of all he surveyed and a distinguished figure in society and at the bar. Conceive, if you can, this lamentable old man, smirking through his wrinkles, bowing and prancing rather stiffly because of his mouth his mouth. rheumatic joints and with his mouth full of pretty platitudes, paying court to the widow of Stephen Jumel, herself in the prime of years and health. Remove from the picture its surface incongruities, and you have a bit of pure pathos une qualed in the annals of foolish great

"But something of his old time power to charm the gentler sex must have stood by him in his years of mental and physical misery, for in his suit for the widow Jumel's hand and fortune he ously, dramatically. Rebuffed repeatedly, Burr finally declared in passionate rage that on a given day he would arrive at the Jumel mansion accompanied by a clergyman, who should marry them on the spot. He would give his prospective bride no quarter, no chance of escape

from the inevitable. "She was amused at the threat and dismissed the old man with more than her usual coldness of demeanor. Burr stuck to his avowal and one July day rolled up in a carriage, and with him a minister— the same who 50 years before performed had offered to her aching heart. Had she appreciated it now that it was to be removed? For the place would be changed; new associations would rethe marriage ceremony for Burr and the mother of his daughter, the beautiful Theodosia. There was something of a scene in the old house on this day. There were tears of anger on the part of Burr. commence their experiments and soon obliterate the sweet conservation she loved. But the influence of that home, and the presence of the departed spirit who had consecrated it would go with Relatives remonstrated; Burr remained immovable. All feared a scandal. The minister, book in hand, stood unobtru-sively in the background. There were more tears, more declarations of undying love, and the widow Jumel became Mrs.

Aaron Burr. "They were married in the great drawing room of the Jumel mansion. Burr squandered with reckless hand the wealth acquired by Stephen Jumel and left for the enjoyment of his marital partner. There were many bitter quarrels between the ill mated pair, and they were soon divorced. Burr died in 1836, but madame lived until 1865, dying a recluse and a miser, the money received from the Jumel estate hoarded in an unused chamber.'

MONOTONY INDUCES INSANITY

It Leads to Depression, Which Finally Develops Into Madness.

One would be pardoned for thinking that a man who earned his livelihood by working in the fresh air of the country, surrounded by sights delightful to the eye and refreshing to the mind, would be far less liable to brain diseases than the man sitting on a stool over a ledger in the stuffy atmosphere of a smoke dyed city. But if statistics prove anything they prove the worthlessness of that possible supposition. More agricultural laborers go mad per cent for per cent than any other workers. It is monotony which excites disinterestedness, which leads to depression, which develops into melancholia, which ends perhaps in a cure, possibly in a suicidal act, probably in an asylum. It may safely be said that Sunday saves thousands upon thousands from the madhouse. It is the one break from week to week which thousands of

natures demand. The agricultural laborer, the artisan and other similar classes of workers live in monotony broken here and there by a small incident which in time becomes itself monotonous. A man perhaps drives rivets. He drives them every day of the prayers for the dead are not forbidden by the Church of England."

Or Adler, the chief rabbi of London, has been elected a member of the Athenæum club of that city in accordance with the special rule allowing the ance with the special rule allowing the the less he does everything else. Consequently the brain becomes weak for want annual introduction of persons of distinguished eminence in literature. It is of more general use and weakens until it significant that Dr. Adler's proposer was

snaps.

A fine thing is a healthy hobby, but a finer, especially for indoor workers, is a sport. Healthy recreation keeps more people out of the madhouse than any-thing the doctors could do. Nature demands a certain amount of balance, and she will have it or be revenged .- Exchange.

Philadelphia Children.

"I don't believe there is a city in the country, and I get around a great deal, where there are so many children on the streets after dark, presumably making a living, as in Philadelphia," remarked a traveling salesman. "And the majority of them are little girls who, while preending to sell papers, matches or withered flowers, are really little more than in fantile beggars. I suppose you are so used to seeing them that you scarcely give the matter a thought, but a stranger in town, such as myself, cannot help be ing struck by a condition of affairs which seems radically wrong. They don't in spire any pity, for they are such insistent little beggars. They will follow you for half a block with their whining appeals, and when you lose patience they open up on you with a flood of impudence and even profanity. This is not very pleasant, especially if you happen to be accom-panied by a lady. Of course I'm only a rank outsider, but it seems to me that something should be done."—Philadelphia

Daudet's Ideas of Death. Alphonse Daudet constantly suffered severe physical pain and was unable to sleep without the aid of chloral. He was sleep without the aid of chloral. He was always speaking about death and espe-cially rejoiced in the theory propounded by an English doctor that death was in itself a delightful sensation, voluptuous, resembling the action of anæsthetics. Daudet on one occasion dreamed of dying surrounded by his friends and con-versing of the hereafter. He once told Goncourt, who relates the

incident, that whenever he entered a new apartment for the first time his eye in stinctively searched for the spot where his coffin would be placed.—Lippincott's Magazine.

He Sticks.

Meeks-Now, I like of listen to a minis ter who sticks to his text when he Weeks-Then you ought to attend our church. The minister sticks to his text about two hours and a half as a rule .-Chicago News.

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