THE RUNAWAY.

"Would they put me in the asylum," she wordered, "if they canght me?"
Folks would surely think she was crezy.
She stopped at the stone wall to rest, and looked back timorously at the old familiar scene.

She stopped at the stone wall to rest, and looked back timorously at the old familiar scene.

Far behind her stretched the meadow, a symphony of cive and grein in the late fall. Here and there may a sunken boulder stood soldierly goldenred, or berry bushes clothed in stablet and gold. At intervals in the long slope stood soil tary trees, where fluttering brittle leaves fell in the gentle chill air. In symmer time she remembered well he has makers rested in the shade, and the jug with ginger water she made for the men was kept there to be cool.

She seemed as she sat there to remember everything. The house was all right, she was ture of that; the key was under the kitchen door mat, the fire war out in the stove and the cat locked in the barn.

She held her work-bardened hand to her side, panting a little, for it was a good bit of a walk across the meadow, and she was eightly years old on her list birthday. The cows feeding locked home like and pleasant.

"Clother critters" the sa'd alond.

pleasant.
"Good-by, critters," she sa'd aloud
"meny's the time I've drov' ye home and
micked ye, an' I alus let ye eat by the way, nor never hurried ye as the boys

done."
With a farewell glance she went on again, smoothing as she walked the scat tered locks of gray hair failing under the pumpkin bood, and keeping her scant black gown out of the reach of bitars. Across another field, then on through a leafy lane where the wood was hauled in winter, then out through a gap in a stump fence, with its great branching arms like a

perice, with its great branching arms like a petrified octopus, to the dusty high-road. Not a soul in sight of the coming twilight. John, the children, and the soulding wife who made her so unhappy would not be at home for an hour yet, for East

Mills was a long drive.

Down the steep hill went the brave little figure, followed by an old shadow of itself in the wantr g light, and by tiny stones that rolled so swiftly they passed her often and made her look behind with a start to see if a pursuer were

coming.

"Toey'd put me in an saylum, sure," she muttered wildly as she trudged along.

At the foot of the hill she sat down upon an old log and waited for the train. Across the road, guarded by a big sign, "Look Out for the Engine," ran two parallel iron rails, that were to be her road when the big monster should come pant-

around the curve.

At last the dull rumble sounded, a shrill whistle, and she hurried to the track, waving her shawl to signsl.

This, in the conductor's vernacular, was a cross state, which, which was used to watch for people waving articles frantically. The train stopped, and this passenger was helped aboard. He noticed she was a bright eyed cid lady, very reat and precise.
"How fur!" he saked.

"Bostin."

"Git there in the mornin'," he said kindly, waiting for the money, as she opened a queer little reticule, where, under her knitting, wrapped in a clean cotton handkerchief was her purse with her savings of long year—the little sums Sam had sent her when he first began to present in the Watt and sent the same to be a saving of the watter. prosper in the West, and some money she had earned herself by knitting and

beiry ticking.
At a cross-roads, as they went swiftly on, she saw the old sorrel horse, the rattling wegon, and John with his family

anxiously; "I never had a day's sickness since I was a gal."

"Going all the way alone?" "With Providence," she answered brightly, alert and egger to help herself, but etlent and thoughtful as the train took her into strange landscapes where the miles went so swiftly it seemed like the past years of her life as she looked back

"Thy works is marvellous," she mur

long.

In the day coach the people were kind
and generous, sharing their backets with
her and seeing she charged cars right and.
The door of the car slammed suddenly,

possessed her soul in silence so long, and it was a relief to tell the story of her sort, poor lad, out here. All the reference, weary years of waiting to a kindly listener.

She told him all the relations she had

She told him all the relations she had were two grand nephews and their families. That, twenty years ago, Sem (for she had brought them both up when their parents died of consumption, that takes so many of our folks) went out West. He always was adventurous, and for ten years she did not hear from him; but John was different, and steady, and when the came of age she had given him her farm, with the provision that she should always have a home, otherwise he would have gone away too. Well, for five years they were happy, then John married, and his wife had grown to think her a burden, as the years went on, and the children when they grew big did not care for her,

as the years went on, and the children when they grew big did not care for her, she felt she had lived too long.

"I growed so lonesome." she said pathetically, "it seems I couldn't take up heart to live day by day, an' yit I knowed our folks was long lived. Ten years back, when Sam wrote he was doin' fair, an' sent me money, I begun to think of him, for he was allus centrous an' kind, an' the for he was allus generous an' kind, an' the gratefullest boy, an' so I begun to save to go to him, fur I knowed I could work my go to him, fur I knowed I could work my board for a good many years to come. Fur three years he ain't hardly wrote, but I laid that to the wild kentry he lived in. I said b'ars and Injuns don't skeer me none, fur when I was a gal up in Aroostuk kentry there was plenty of both, an' as for buffalers, them horned cattle don't skeer me none, fur I've been used to a farm allus. But the lonesome used to a farm allus. But the lonesomeness of these medders has sorter upsot me an' made me think every day Sam was further off than I ever calcilated on." "But what will you do if Sam ain't in

Dever?" asked the farmer.
"I hev put my faith in Providence,"
she answered simply, and the stranger
could not mar that trust by any word of

But many of the passengers had listened to her story and were interested, and they came to sit with her.

One pale little lad in the seat in front turned round to look at her and smile.

turned round to look at her and smile. He was going to the new country for health and wealth, poor lad, only to find his eternal rest in the sunny land, but his last days brightened by the reward for his thorghful act of kindness.

"She probably brought those boys up," he thought, "and denied her life for them. Is she to die unrewarded, I wonder. There cannot be any good in the world, if that he so." He thought of her, and took out his poor purse; there was so little money in it, too, every cent made a big hole in his store; but the consclousness of a good deed was worth something. "I mayn't have the chance to do many more," thought the lad, buttoning his worn overcoat.

The drunkard straightened himself up. A look came into his eyes that they had never worn since the day three byears before, when the house and furniture had been sold to pay the rumseller. "Come, Mamie," he said, as the was almost sober now. Going out of the door, he met a comrade face to face.

"Hi, Michael! ye're jist the one I'm awantin to see. Here's the dollar I got from ye the day I was dead broke."

"Thack you kindly, Pat," he said, as he would have said it years before, had he met his companion in a London

worn overcoat.

He slipped off without a word at a

He slipped off without a word at a station, and sent a telegram to Denver.

"To Samuel Blair"—for he bad caught the name from her talk—"Your Aunt Hannah Blair, of Maine, is on the W. & W. train, coming to you."

It was only a straw, but a kindly wind might blow it to the right one after all. When he was sitting there after his message had gone on its way, she leaned over and handed him a peppermint drop from a package in her pocket.

"Ye don't look strong, dearlo," she said; hain't ye no folks with ye?"

"None on earth."

"We're both lone ones," she smiled;

cramped seats, and then the plant began to be dotted with villages, and soon appeared the straggling outskirts of a city, the smoke of mills, the gleam of the Platte river, and a network of iron rails, bright and chining, as the train ran shricking into the labyrinth of its destin-

"This is Denver," said the lad to her, "and I'll look after ye as well as I can."
"I won't be no burden," she said
brightly. "I've twenty dollars yet, an'
that's a sight of money."
The train balted to let the eastward

"Thy works is marvellous," she mur mered often, sitting with her hands folded, and few idle days had there been in her world where she had sat and rested so long.

In the day coach the people were kind the day coach the people were kind to let the case as a lar of excitement in the car, passengers getting ready to depart, gathering up luggage and wraps, and some watching the new comers and the rows of strauge faces on the contract hound.

MAMIE.

"Won't we have some dinner soon, mamma; I'm so hungry!" Little Ma-mie's pale, pinched face was lifted pitifully to her mother's, and the mother knew by her own gnawing hunger how the little one was suffering, for she herself had not tasted food for forty-eight hours. She rose, went to the wooden cupboard in the corner of the room, took a single cold potato from the shelf, and, paring it, put it into Mamie's hand.
That is every morsel there is in the house, child; take it and run over to to the tavern and see if you cannot get

your father to come home. He will come for you, sometimes, you know." Mamie hurried away, for she had often been to the old fashioned English comtry tavern and seen the landlord's wife frying the eggs and bacon, in the spider, over the fire, in the wide fireplace and she thought how she would dip her potato into the fat after the woman had taken

she answered simply,
could not mar that trust by any word
warning.

He gave her his address as he got off at
the Nebraska line, and told her to send
him a word if she needed help. With a
warm hand-clasp he parted from her, to
join the phantoms in her memory of
"folks that had been kind to her, God
bless'em," and the train went rumbling
on.

"Get out, you young wench!" the proprietor's wife said, coming to the fire
and pushing the child rudely aside:
"Go and dip yer tater in yer own gravy."
The father roused then. What's all out the bacon.

As she went in, she caught sight of her father in a drunken slumber; but

this?" he repeated angrily, as he saw his little one's lips quiver. "I told the youngster to go home and dip her tater in her own gravy."

The drunkard straightened himself

of the door, he had a face.

"Hi, Michael! ye're jist the one I'm a-wantin to see. Here's the dollar I got from ye the day I was dead broke."

"Thank you kindly, Pat," he said, as he would have said it years before, had he met his companion in a London drawing room. "We'll surprise the added cleefully to the

drawing room. "We'll surprise the mother," he added, gleefully, to the The woman - poor woman ! - was kneeling by her bed side, with the tears raining down her face. With broken

voice she wailed out, "Oh God! give my husband back to me! Give him back to me and I will love you and serve you forever." And even while she knelt the door opened and Mamie flew to her arms.

stop the train, but they went on so fast that could not be, and John never thought his old, old Aunt Hannah, his charge for twenty long years, was running away.

At Boston a kindly conductor bought her a ticket for Denver.

"But I'm pert for my age," she said anxiouely; "I never had a day's sickness since I was a gal."

"Aid; hain't ye no folks with ye?"

"None on earth."

"We're both lone ones," she smiled; "an' how sad it be there ain't no one to drink any more."

And the husband of her youth, the man to whom she had clung though all other friends had been lost to her, knelt beside her, and whispered, "It's true Mary; so help me God!" And the almighty help was given, and friends gathered about him, and business pros pered with him; and one day he led his wife and daughter back to the old home, and installed them the old home.

little daughter is very happy."

Clasping her arms around his neck, and laying her rosy face close to his, she whispered: "Yes, papa; I dip my taters in my own gravy now,"

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HOSPITAL REMEDIES.

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