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THE REWARD.

After our time of toiling,
After our tide of tears,
After our stormy voyage
At last a port appears.

After our time of anguish,
After our love and loss,
After our test by fire,
The gold eschews the dross.

After our lengthened struggle,
After our life's last wave,
After our pain and passion
We find—a quiet grave!

—Chicago Herald.

LOVE'S ONION COMPACT.

There are many curious phases of amatory conditions which are peculiar to individual cases. It may be that love, in its essential qualities, is the same in every instance, but there are wide variations in the phenomena. Its manifestations are infinite in their variety, and many are unique and interesting. A specimen or two of some forms or symptoms developed by the lovelorn may be worth presentation.

One day in summer time, when the June roses were radiant with bloom and the air was heavy with the scent of flowers, I was stopping at a hotel in Madison. It is a place whose romantic beauty, rolling site, innumerable lakes, and horizon, low in the distance and thinly veiled in mystery and blue, are designed expressly, as it were, for the development of the æsthetic and the growth and expansion of erotic buds and blossoms.

There was a languor distilled through the flower scented atmosphere which permeated the veins and produced that ardent, passionate, yearning characteristic of the presence of love.

One morning I went, a little after the usual hour for breakfast, into the dining room and found, as I anticipated, that the majority of the guests had been served and had gone away. It was a superb morning, bright, inspiriting, with an air that stimulated like old wine. The park of the capitol grounds was a great mass of green, bathed in sunlight, and filled in its depths with cool shadows; in the distance the lake shone under the glances of the ardent sun, and beyond a tender haze purpled the landscape up to the sky line.

But two people remained at the table. They were seated near one of the spacious windows that overlooked the glorious view of the scenery without, but their gaze was fixed not on the externals, but on each other. It was a charming young girl and a manly, handsome young man; she about eighteen, he about twenty-one. They were admirable contrasts—she, blonde, slender, with tender blue eyes, delicate features and an air of refinement; he, strong, dark, masculine, with dark brown hair and eyes of deep black.

That they were enamored of each other, that they were fascinated, enchanted, was evident at sight. They only threw a look around when I entered, so absorbed were they in gazing at each other, and in a low conversation, with intervals like the rests in musical notation.

I seated myself in close vicinity to them at another table. They were munching slowly on something in a dish between them, and my eyes took them in. I wondered what ambrosia furnished their nutriment, what delicate nectar would quench their thirst. Surely these two so palpably adoring each other would require food purged of all grossness; something attenuated, ethereal, suitable to the spirit rather than the flesh.

While thus wondering there crept into my nostrils a familiar aroma, pungent, penetrating, unmistakable. I glanced at the dish between them, and in the milk white material, with its well known curves and surface striations, I recognized—onions, raw and odorous.

It was with a shock that this revelation presented itself, and for a moment I rejected it as a base slander on the fastidious appearing and elegant couple. I accused my vision of treacherous deception in the spectacle which it offered me, and my sense of smell of idiotic stupidity in conveying so coarse a suggestion. I tried to throw off the frightful conviction that it was onions as an unwarranted and hideous insult to their refinement, and especially to the young girl, who was as pure in her gentle eyes as an infant.

But I could not entirely throw out the evidence of eye and nostril; it was at length clearly revealed as a dish of raw onions, which they were nibbling and swallowing as they gazed lovingly at each other and cooed their devotion in low tones.

Most observers, in view of the fact that the hotel was filled with guests of wealth and culture, who had come here from the heated regions to spend the summer months, would have concluded that the onion eating was the outgrowth of a coarse appetite and a flagrant defiance of the sensitiveness of those with whom they would come in contact. At the first I was inclined to take that view, but the more I regarded the couple the more was I convinced that the somewhat vulgar repast had some higher meaning than a gratification of a liking for this alliaceous edible, close of kin to the disreputable leek and garlic.

For some time I studied the problem offered by the spectacle, and tried to discover why the myrtle had been discarded for the onion. The former, sacred to Venus, would have seemed more appropriate than the plebeian onion for these enraptured lovers. It was only after a long time of thought that I reached a satisfactory answer, one that reconciled the refinement of the charming and devoted pair to their abominable feast.

To convey my conclusion to the reader, I beg to be permitted to draw on my imagination for a conversation between the youth and the maiden as they met by appointment in the parlor of the hotel in order to breakfast together.

The night before they had spent with some company and were unable to manifest their supreme attachment save by swift glances freighted with love, and an instant exchange of hot hand pressure when they accidentally were thrown together. They separated at bedtime without an opportunity to say more than a hasty, tender good night.

They chatted for a few minutes before they descended to the dining room. Thus ran their converse, true, genuine love talk:

"Good morning, Willie."

"Good morning, little Daisy. How is my dear sweetheart this beautiful morning?" Then, nobody being in sight, he put his arms about her, drew her to his breast, and their lips came together in a long, clinging kiss. A great sigh, as they fell apart, bore evidence of their deep souled satisfaction.

"Do you see what a beautiful morning this is?" he asked. "See how the sun lights up the earth and sky, just as you smile splendors over my soul, dear, dear sweetheart."

"Oh, darling boy, you flatter me. Oh!" and she laid her head on his breast, and willowy, languid, she gazed with a divine light flooding her blue eyes. "Do you love me, darling, do you love me?"

"Yes, yes, a thousand times yes, do I love my little girl!"

Again their lips meet as he bends down over the flushed and appealing face.

"How much does my boy love his little girl—ever and ever and ever so much? More'n all the world?"

"Yes, pettie, more'n all the stars and space all put together."

Then they saunter down the stairway. The guests are out on the porch or are off to the hills and down to the lakes. As they go down the stairs he gives a slight pull to her skirt as hint of his presence and his supreme devotion. A swift flash in her eye and a quick movement of her lips reveal her recognition of his caressing touch.

"Thank heaven, there is no one here!" they exclaim as they enter the dining room. They seat themselves side by side at a table in the furthest corner.

The waiter is temporarily out of the room, and the couple avail themselves of the opportunity to converse.

"Who's my precious darling?" she asks, with an intonation as if she were uncertain and wished information whatever on the point.

"I don't know; who is it?" he responds, as if he had no knowledge on the subject.

"Don't you know? Well, this is my precious darling." And she reaches under the tablecloth and clasps his hand, while from her eyes there flows a melting tenderness as she gazes into his face.

"Am I? Oh, you sweet, sweet, s-w-e-e-t little darling!" and there is a convulsive pressure of their clasped hands underneath the end of the table.

Meanwhile the waiter has placed their breakfast before them.

"I ain't a bit hungry," she says with a charming air of languor.

"Aren't you? You poor little sweetheart! Try and eat just a little, just to oblige your ownest own."

She delicately pecks like a slender bird at the food and then drops her fork.

"Oh, I can't eat anything. Let's talk." She looks pleadingly into his face and continues: "Tell me again if you love me, darling. Do you, do you?"

"Yes, my beautiful queen; you know I do, don't you, little sweetheart?"

"Whose splendid darling are you? Whose noble boy are you, can you guess?" she queries, with a tone full of wooing sweetness.

"Yours?" he asks, with a tender expression on his face.

"You know you are my beautiful lover, my splendid darling, my lovely boy! You know you are, now don't you?"

"Yes; I do know. And now who is my idol, my queen, my blue eyed, sweet lipped sweetheart?"

"You know. It's me!" she says, with rapturous effusion.

And thus they murmur on, the world forgetting and by the world forgot. There are intervals of silence eloquent with the shifting red and white on the cheeks of the girl, the lights and shadows of her eyes, and the worshiping expression of the youth as he watches her mobile face.

"There!" she ejaculates as she recovers herself, "somebody has come in. See, he is coming this way. He is where he can hear us. Isn't it horrid that he should come? We will have to leave, all on account of him."

"I'm so sorry, my angel. We will go out and spend the day together, and you'll be better."

"But I'm afraid, my own, that we'll be interrupted by intruders. There are so many here, and you're so darling that some of these hateful women will take you away from me, and then I'll die!"

"No, my idol, never!"

A troubled look came into the blue eyes of the girl, touching sadness spread over her face, and her chin quivered from uncontrolable emotions. Suddenly her eyes fell on the display of food and dishes, a flash of inspiration lighted up her countenance and she said, as with a swift motion she picked up one of the dishes:

"See, darling, here are some onions. Let us both eat them and that will bind us together. To the rest of the world we will be offensive, to each other there will be no change."

They ate the onions, and instead of the indulgence of a vulgar taste it was in the nature of a sacrament. It was a compact that bound them to each other and which isolated them from the remainder of the world. It was a guarantee that for a long time she would not receive the attentions of some other man and that he would not flirt with another woman.

When I lighted on the true meaning of the spectacle it seemed a charming development of the affection which possessed them. It was a pledge of adhesion that could not be violated; it bound them to each other as with chains of steel; it secured isolation for their love and its sweet manifestation. I reverently named it not eating onions but the onion sacrament.

It may be thought by old maids, by younger women whose veins run with cold currents from a glacier heart, that the conversation which I have given to these two lovers is exaggerated, impossible, silly, absurd. It is nothing of the kind; they are the expressions of a profound attachment; they are the genuine language of the enamored couples that haunt twilight recesses, who frequent dusky retreats, who seek isolation, and who, in gentle murmurs, exchange their mutual adoration.

These are enchanting hours when the youth and the maiden whisper to each other their passionate thoughts in speech unique but fondly expressive; when smiles ripple over the lips; when all the words are honeyed and balsamic; when clasped hands are a line over which electric impulses pass and repass, thrilling with their rapturous influences; when her head is pillowed on his breast; when her upturned eyes beam into his with a bewitching gladness; and when the future seems rose hued, caressing, equable in its felicitous promises.

Let no one mock at these revelations. The onion sacrament has a broad, deep meaning apart from its superficial observance. It was the suggestion, the creation of a love that was willing to undergo the test of suffering. While redolent to others of an unsavory flavor, it was to them as fragrant as the sweet breath of roses. It was in their estimate an aromatic incense which was most acceptable at the altar of the divinity of love.—Poliuto in Chicago Herald.

Gaslight a Health Agent.

Gas jets may be made important auxiliaries to ventilation. Inserted in the bottom of air shafts, they establish active currents, which withdraw the vitiated air. A cubic foot of illuminating gas can be utilized so as to cause the discharge of 1,000 cubic feet of air, and a common gas burner will consume nearly three feet of gas an hour, so that the quantity of contaminated air that would be extracted from an apartment during that time would be 3,000 feet. By suitable contrivances, gaslights, the effects of which are but too often pernicious, may not only become self ventilating, but may be also made to contribute materially to the purification of the air of inhabited apartments.—New Orleans Picayune.

Kentucky Coal in Italy.

It is a fact not generally known that a great deal of Kentucky coal is shipped to all parts of the civilized world. The cannel coal of Breckenridge county, the finest variety in the world, is the product which finds its way into the foreign market. One of the principal of these markets is Italy. Hundreds of tons of the smooth, jet like blocks from beneath Kentucky's grassy soil find their way to the Italian shores. There the cannel coal is used in the production of gas that lights up many a fairy scene, where the sun kissed signoritas listen to the words of the gallants at their side.—New York Telegram.

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We hear wonderful tales of feats performed by modern lion tamers, but none of them surpass in interest the famous story of Androcles and the lion, which has come down to us from ancient times through the writings of a grave historian of Rome.

Androcles was the slave of a noble Roman who governed Africa. For a crime which he committed his master condemned Androcles to death, but he escaped from imprisonment and fled into the Numidian desert. As he was wandering among the barren sands, almost dead with heat and thirst, he saw a cave in a rock, and sat down upon a stone at the entrance of the cave to escape the fierce heat and to rest. At length, to his great surprise, a huge lion came walking toward him.

ANDROCLES AND THE LION.

Androcles gave himself up for lost, but the lion, instead of attacking him, stopped before him, laid his right paw on Androcles' lap and with a low moan of pain licked his hand.

Androcles recovered a little from his fright, and looking at the lion's paw, saw a large thorn in it. This he immediately pulled out, and gently squeezed out the poisonous blood and matter around it, which probably freed the lion from the great pain he was in, for he again gently licked Androcles' hand and then left him. Soon, however, the lion came bounding back and laid at Androcles' feet a freshly killed fawn, and for several days he brought food in the same manner.

But the frightful solitude of the desert and the fear that his savage companion might at any time forget his act of kindness and turn upon and devour him, were more than Androcles could bear; so he resolved to return and give himself up to his master, and this he did.

Now his master was at that time making a collection of very large and fierce lions to be sent to Rome to furnish a show for the Roman people, and when the collection was complete he ordered Androcles to be sent to Rome at the same time with the lions, and that for his crime he should fight one of the lions in the amphitheatre for the entertainment of the people.

This was all carried into effect. Androcles, after being all alone it the desert, now found himself in the arena before a multitude of people, looking forward again to the dreadful fate of being torn to pieces by a lion.

At length a huge lion bounded out from the place where it had been kept hungry for the show. With great leaps and roars of rage he came toward Androcles, who stood in the center of the arena with a short sword in his hand. But suddenly the lion stopped, looked wistfully at Androcles, and letting his tail droop, crept quietly toward him and licked and caressed his feet. Androcles, after a moment of great astonishment, recognized his old Numidian friend. This sight was intensely wonderful to the excited spectators. After hearing Androcles' explanation of it, they begged the emperor to pardon him. This the emperor did, and also gave him the lion for his own.

Androcles kept and treated as a gentle companion the faithful animal that had, in return for a kind act, supplied him with food and saved his life.

Dion Cassius, the great historian, says that he himself saw Androcles leading the lion through the streets of Rome and the people gathering about them and saying, "This is the lion who was the man's host; this is the man who was the lion's physician."

A Savings Box for Girls.

It need not be a box at all; it may be a silk bag, or a big welled inkstand, or it may be a Satsuma jar. But have it. Then, when the day is done and the purse is being looked over, count out the pennies and spare some to the savings box. My dear girl, it is your independence. The pennies, half dimes and dimes count up, and then, when you want to surprise mother with a birthday gift, when you want to go on a frolic, or when you would like to have a good photograph, a really good one to give somebody who is very fond of you, the money saved is then brought forth. Just try going without a few things—a car fare now and then, some candies, or the very latest in collars, and dedicate the ducats to the box. You will be amazed to see how they accumulate. And best of all, the saving habit will come to you. That does not mean lack of generosity, it means thought for the future. Some masculine philosopher said women only began to save money when they had passed 30, but if that is true it is because the savings box idea was not taught from youth, says a writer in Examiner.

Outward Bound.

How seldom we dream of the mariners' graves,
Far down by the coral strand!
How little we think of the winds and waves,
When all we love are on land!

THE HURRICANE COMES.

The hurricane comes, and the hurricane goes,
And little the heed we take,
Though the tree may snap as the tempest blows,
And the walls of our homestead shake.

But the northeast gale tells a different tale,
With a voice of fearful sound,
When a loved one is under a close reefed sail
On the deck of an outward bound.

Constipation,

IF not remedied in season, is liable to become habitual and chronic. Drastic purgatives, by weakening the bowels, confirm, rather than cure, the evil. Ayer's Pills, being mild, effective, and strengthening in their action, are generally recommended by the faculty as the best of aperients.

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