

SOME OF THESE DAYS.

Some of these days all the skies will be brighter—
Some of these days all the burdens be lighter—
Hearts will be happier—souls will be whiter—
Some of these days!

MARIA.

When Harris went up into the Pennsylvania anthracite mining regions, he was a strong, handsome young fellow of twenty-three, with rose-colored views of this life and sadly vague ones of the life to come.

Words cannot describe the drear misery of a mining "patch" in North-eastern Pennsylvania, was an early conclusion of young Harris. You will come across group after group of black and dingy cabins, strung along like grimy huckleberries on a straw.

It was at a cluster of huts in a valley like this that Harris was stationed. He had a room in an ungrainy red frame structure where ham and eggs and raisin pie were the staple articles of diet, and which was endurable to him only because two-thirds of his time was spent beyond its pale.

At Columbia, Harris had learned how to look through a transit—if that is the proper expression—and, upon provocation, could talk about "backsights" and "verniers" with the air of a master.

Harris could hardly have told how his acquaintance with Maria began. First a word or two at the village pump, when she went to draw water; then he came across her once or twice on his solitary evening strolls.

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circumspectly, Harris and Maria would start out separately and would return separately, but somehow or other they always managed to meet when well out of the village and beyond the peering power of curious eyes.

Harris was a good young fellow—as goodness goes, nowadays. It did not occur to him that there was anything inconsistent in his going to Hazelton to mail a letter to a girl in Keene, New Hampshire, and at the same time to hunt through the shops for a pair of heavy gilt earrings with garish blue enamel for Maria.

For Maria was betrothed, and Harris did not know it; nor did he know that the day was set on which she and Angelo Rossi, with their respective parents and collective friends, were to go to Hazelton to purchase nine yards of purple cashmere, with a sufficient quantity of red velvet and silver and gold passementerie, calculated to make a wedding gown that would be the envy of the settlement.

It was after seven o'clock, one sweet, still evening in June, when Maria stole along behind the engine-house and through a tongue of swamp land, where the naked tree-trunks lifted their knotty branches from the gily, sulphurous ooze that had dried the sap in their veins and had reduced them to weird skeleton frames.

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to make sure it was not all a horrible nightmare. "But, Maria, my little girl, you are wrong. Don't you see it is all a mistake? Go marry Angelo. He deserves you more than I."

She looked at him a moment, and then, with a sob, turned away. She saw in his face the truth he dared not speak.

But, ah! What was that? Did the branch on which she was standing turn, or did she lose her balance? A faint little cry of terror, and Harris saw Maria struggling knee-deep in the treacherous ooze.

The scene grew dim before the young man's eyes. He saw no longer the grim mass of the culm-heap, the writhing of the bare tree-trunks and the slimy surface of the swamps.

Hardly had Harris's cry died away in the choking stillness, when another sound was heard—the sharp ring of a pistol-shot. The hiss of a bullet passed his ears, and Harris saw Maria give a sudden start, throw up her hands and fall, face forward, in the black slime.

And so the purple gown was never bought nor the trip to New York taken. But the breaker-boy saw his "row" and more, too. For it was he who found Angelo Rossi's body a day or two afterward on the mountain-side, with a bullet wound in the temple to show how the Italian's marksmanship improved with practice.

There is a cane on exhibition in Eureka that is a marvel of ingenuity. It is composed of no less than 304 pieces. There are forty-eight joints of a shark's back-bone, made fast together by means of a steel rod.

Wild animals are very bold in some parts of Southern California this winter. Several instances have lately been noted in San Bernardino county of travelers on the highway being attacked by wildcats.

Leaped to Fame at a Bound.

Now that so many stories about Tyndall are now filling the papers, a contributor to the Critic is surprised not to read one anecdote which was of peculiar importance in his career and the particulars of which reach the writer from the best possible source.

Dr. Bence Jones was the man to listen to such an appeal in vain. Tyndall was crossing London, in preparation for going over the Atlantic. Bence Jones waylaid him, and instantly fell under the spell of his copious and genial talent, and determined to "make" him.

There ought to be an electric machine to jog the memory; we forget too much and learn too little. We know what's best but forget it at the wrong time. Brain action should be like a flash. There are thousands now suffering intensely with neuralgia. Let them remember the cure, St. Jacobs Oil. Its effects are electrical.

The Wheat King of Argentina. One of the wealthiest men in the Argentine Republic is Senor Jose Guazone, the "wheat king." He owns 68,000 acres of land, according to South American papers. He went to Buenos Ayres in 1875, when 20 years old, with only a few dollars in his pocket.

"Sweet Sixteen." Hood's calendar, always a welcome guest, has made its appearance for 1894, and is more beautiful than ever. The head is that of a lovely girl just "sweet sixteen," in delicate and natural colors. Besides being a thing of beauty, it is especially valuable for the general information presented.

A Cane of Many Pieces. There is a cane on exhibition in Eureka that is a marvel of ingenuity. It is composed of no less than 304 pieces. There are forty-eight joints of a shark's back-bone, made fast together by means of a steel rod.

Impaired Digestion cured by Beecham's Pills. Beecham's Pills are a boon.

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FOR THE YOUNG FOLK. BELL'S LULLABY. In the porch sits little Bell, Singing lullabies. Dolly, in her loving arms, Stares with open eyes.

Most persons know that snow flakes are composed of small crystals in the form of stars of marvellous regularity and variety. They usually offer three, six or twelve parts symmetrically disposed around an axis, and making equal angles. To observe them at close range, take snow flakes upon a black cloth, and you will notice that there are many hundreds of different forms.

He was named Bright-Eyes at once by the people who saw him taking his lunch. Fortunately for him, they were people who love animals, so they did not throw stones at him nor seek to hurt him in any way when he suddenly darted up from behind a bank near them and near a little brook. They just sat perfectly quiet and took his photograph in that curious camera, the eye.

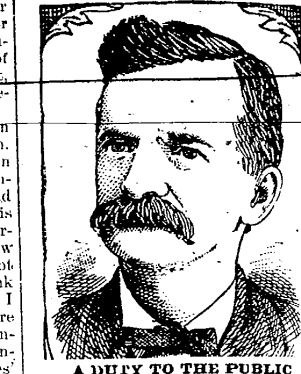
He laid it down and began to nibble his dainty bites, evidently relishing his dessert greatly. Once more he darted off, probably for a drink from the brook. A low, warbling whistle was given to lure him back, and presently he came and began again at the apple. But, alas! one of his observers gave a slight cough. It was very slight, but timid Bright-Eyes was frightened and ran away for the last time, leaving his dainty meal unfinished.

Probably every boy who reads this or at least a big majority of them have heard of the famous collection of lions and tigers and bears and wolves and other dangerous brutes that were shown here after amazing hundreds of thousands of people at the Chicago Fair by the tricks of fearless men and women who trained them.

Not very long ago the writer of this belonged to that fortunate class which has come to be known as glotters, and while he was trotting across that part of the globe who men have mapped out as India saw an instance of animal training and human pluck which he wishes to mention as worthy of comparison with the performance which created such a sensation here in New York.

Of course he had often heard of trained hunting leopards or cheetahs as most people have who take an interest in the more exciting forms of the chase, but what he learned from personal observation as to how they were trained and broken was a surprise.

Perhaps, however, it is an error to speak of them being trained, for, in fact, they are not trained at all, at least as it is done to them is to break them thoroughly and teach them to submit to their master's will.



A DUTY TO THE PUBLIC. I felt it a duty to the public to send this certificate. I had the grip in the winter of '91 and '92 so severely that it deprived me of the use of my arms so that my wife had to dress and undress me. I tried five doctors and not one accomplished anything. Then I determined to try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before I had taken one bottle I had the use of my arms, thank God. These are facts and can be verified by many persons here. I am pastor of the M. E. Church, C. W. CLARK, Church Creek, Md. Get only Hood's. Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills.

FREE. If you have not received one of the August Flower and German Syrup Diary Almanacs for 1894, send your name and address on a postal at once, asking for Almanac No. 31, and you will receive by return mail, free of all expense, one of the most complete illustrated books of the kind ever issued, in which you can keep a Daily Diary or Memoranda of any matters you desire. Write quick, or they will be all gone. Address G. G. GREEN, WOODBURY, N. J.

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CATARRH IN CHILDREN. For over two years my little girl's life was made miserable by a case of Catarrh. The discharge from the nose was large, constant and very offensive. Her eyes became inflamed, the lids swollen and very painful. After trying various remedies, I gave her S.S.S. The first bottle seemed to aggravate the disease, but the symptoms soon abated, and in a short time she was cured. DR. L. B. RITCHIEY, Mackey, Ind.

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