

BURIED TREASURES.

BY MARY BEAW.

Gone is summer's rare vivid glory. The roses of June died long ere its noon: Yet they live in my heart's throbbing story, With "panicles for thoughts"—sacred to hold—

Dr. Elfenstein's Mission

A Remarkable Romance.

BY EMILY THORNTON.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued. Not a word was spoken by either, although, to her dismay, Ethel found that he kept perseveringly by her side.

From the girl's pale lips, "put up that pistol instantly, and allow me to pursue my way unmolested. Sir Reginald requires my presence immediately."

CHAPTER XVI. A NARROW ESCAPE. The next afternoon Ethel felt that she could safely start to the village to make a few purchases for herself, as at the lunch table Robert had told Lady Constance she should have home two that afternoon to visit a young friend, and should remain away until noon the next day.

You keep quiet and just enjoy this ride. You may as well do so for this horse goes like lightning, and you could not possibly escape. If you scream, as I see you are inclined to do, no one will hear you, as this road is seldom used, and there are no houses on it for miles.

Ethel made no reply. She realized fully that the eccentric individual beside her had her in his power, therefore acknowledging to herself that it was best under the circumstances to make no further resistance, she sank back in her seat and remained silent and motionless.

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"I cannot understand exactly why I do not feel that person so thoroughly, nor why I admire the young physician so much. One thing, perhaps, influences me; I always loved usefulness in a man; Dr. Elfenstein labors for the welfare of others; young Glendinning is an idle spendthrift, living merely to gratify the pleasures of his own handsome self. One, constantly doing good, the other— I should judge by his looks and acts—evil-disposed, and reckless in all his ways."

While thus thinking, she passed the willow grove and the railroad track, and soon reached the stores, where the purchases were made to her entire satisfaction.

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Belle came forward from behind the heavy screen of vines, and with an angry look in her eyes exclaimed: "What does this mean? I wish to know if Sir Reginald pays you a salary to ride around the country with young me? I shall inform him of this ride, again, to-day."

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THE JOURNAL'S BUDDY. JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY OF THE PRESS. No Reason for Haughtiness—Made of It—Two Birds With One Improvement, Etc., Etc.

Would Expect Him. Watts—So you don't look on Sharpe as a coming man, don't you? "Tots—I would if I were in charge of the penitentiary.—Indianapolis, Ind.

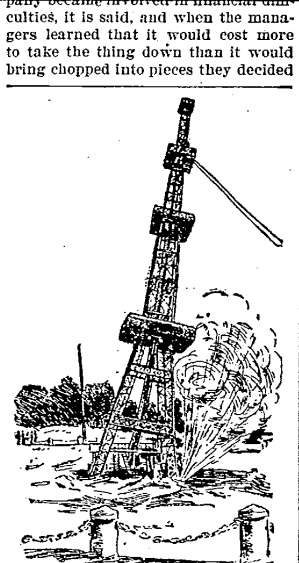
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NOTES AND QUOTES. thirds of all the... through the post... are written by and sent to people speak English. Every 1000 bridal couples in and in 1894 there were 48 brides and 54 brides who were unable to write their names. George E. Faw, a leading wheat shipper of California, says that a single rain that occurred recently was worth 10,000 to the Salinas Valley farmers ranchmen alone. "This," remarks a temporary, "should prove encouraging to the would-be rain makers."

LEANING TOWER IN RUINS.

For One Day This 225-Foot Shaft Resembled Pisa's Pride. The last vestige of the great midwinter fair at San Francisco was removed recently when the tall tower on which the great searchlight was placed was pulled down after several days of hard labor. Dynamite was tried on the foundations at first without success. Enormous cables wound on winlasses were attached to the framework and pulled, while twelve blasts were fired in the four ten-foot cubes of cement that formed the foundation stones. With all that energy the tower only leaned a little to one side, and for thirty-six hours San Francisco had a leaning tower of Pisa. The number of blasts was doubled, more cables were attached, and at last in one long, grand pull, aided by twenty-four thundering explosions, the 225-foot shaft of steel toppled slowly over, bent and twisted into fantastic shapes. The iron was then broken up for junk. The electric tower was a white elephant to the men who invested money in it. It did not come anywhere near paying for its construction. The company became involved in financial difficulties, it is said, and when the managers learned that it would cost more to take the thing down than it would bring chopped into pieces they decided



THE TOWER THAT WOULDN'T TUMBLE.

to allow the Park Commissioners to give the tower to the city. The tower stood in the way of a grand concourse that is being laid out. This driveway runs through the park in which the midwinter fair was located.

Knew How to Print.

A writer in the New York Art Amateur has been describing his visit to the old Plantin Printing House at Antwerp, which was bought from the family by that city for 1,200,000 francs, when it came to be no longer a flourishing concern. Many important works were issued from this house during its existence of 300 years, notably the editions of the Bible. The old presses and everything connected with the establishment lie in perfect order. The writer compares this old Bible-producing house with its modern equivalent, the Oxford University Press, where there are architectural surroundings even more beautiful, and an atmosphere even more academic; but he carried away the impression that, though machinery has cheapened the article, no books have been better printed than the very first that were made on the rediscovery of the art in the fifteenth century.

Hard and Stubborn Facts Soon Convince the Most Ideal Dreamer that we cannot choose our own sphere or control our own circumstances, that our daily wisdom is in making a good use of the opportunities within our grasp, that the strong man governs his own occasions and the weak man is governed by them.

Nothing external constrains the gods, but their own eternal will makes for them a law. Never do the gods repent of their first intentions.

Wise Precaution.

Maude—Isn't that new process of photographing through solid substances wonderful? How I do wish I could have a photograph of Algy's brain! Belle—Why, do you think that anything serious the matter will be? Maude—No, but I want to be sure I have one, you know.—Detroit Free Press.

Philosophy on the Cable.

In the car: "Do you believe in the greatest to the greatest number?" "Well, yes." "Then don't try to sit down on the side—eleven of us in this row is a comfortable room now, but if you twelve of us will be crowded."

Two Birds With One Stone.

Molly, what shall I get you for birthday—a doll or some candy? "A Texas mother of her pet." Molly was silent for a few moments and then a happy thought struck her. "Get me a doll—one of those dolls that I can suck."—Texas Star.

Popular Women.

Miss Longpurse—Why, of Helen of Troy was beautiful, I suppose there would have been a year-year war over her if she had been beautiful? Mr. Shortcath (forgetting his Oh, I don't know. May be she isn't.—New York Weekly.

Going Down.

De Hote—Yes, Brown is going hill. Saw him in very tough last night. De Blote—Dear, dear! Is it where? De Hote—Talking to a girl at Cafe Rosbiff.—New York Press.

The Reason.

Pastor—Do you ever play with bad boys, Johnnie? Johnnie—Yes, sir. Pastor—I'm surprised, Johnnie. You don't play with good little boys? Johnnie—Their mamma's wot em.

Changing the Name.

"John," she said, rather sternly, "coal bin is empty." "Yes," was the disconsolate reply. "I do." "What a quantity of noodle soup have consumed, Mr. Goslin." A Little Knowledge. First Small Boy—What is lucre? Second ditto (who reads the newspaper)—Why, money with microbes of course.

The Influence of Food.

"I am so fond of candy," said Kittish to Mr. Goslin. "That's what makes you so doncher know." "You must believe, then, that has an important effect on a person's characteristics." "I do." "What a quantity of noodle soup have consumed, Mr. Goslin."