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I met a true dear friend last night, I had not seen in years, And in her face beamed love's sweet light Unchanged by time or tears.

We turned at once with natural thought Back to our mutual past— And thus, I think, we will be brought To view our life at last

When meeting with our long-lost dead, To find their love unchanged, We gather up its hidden thread, No faithful heart estranged.

Nor need we fear they will outgrow

To us 'tis given to serve below With swift and willing feet, While they, in ministries of love, May oft to us be sent;

And gently drawing us above,

Us, in their service sweet;

Their work with ours is blent. Our vision dim may see them not; No voice our ears may hear, But yet I hold and love the thought

They are in spirit near. -N. Y. Observer.

#### NEARLY A TRAGEDY.

Suffering from the Misdeeds of a Twin Brother.

"Just one more errand, and then home!" It was a careless speech enough, and Sophie Wiltbank's voice was indifferent in tone, but her eyes, large dark eyes full of expression, scanned her companion's face closely.

She knew well that this one last errand was the only aim and object of that drive, though they had visited many stores and purchased quantities of goods.

She hoped Grace would ask her where they were going, help her to draw down a blow upon her cousin's heart, that she must give, and which she would yet have given her own life almost to avert. But Grace was day-dreaming apparently, looking out upon the village streets, as the carriage drove toward the suburbs. So Sophie tried

"Are you very tired?" she asked. "No, indeed! I was thinking of Ernest." Here was an opening, with a vengeance.

"Of Mr. Copeland! He will be back soon? "I do not know. His brother is dying. Who can tell how soon or how late he may come. Father heard in the city that Mr.

Gerard Copeland is very rich. Perhaps Ernest may have business to arrange for him. For," with a shy, pretty blush, "you know Mr. Ernest Copeland is not very

"So I have heard. Gracie," and Sophie's voice trembled, "do you love him very

"Why, of course I do," the blue eyes now very wide open. "Are we not to be married in September?" "But-if-any thing should prevent."

"What can happen? It is August now.' Then the carriage stopped.

"In a moment, John," Miss Sophie said, and John stood aside. But Sophie, laying one little gloved hand upon Grace's, said, earnestly

"Grace, you know that I love you, don't "Yes, I know it. Why, Sophie, what ails

than hurt you?" "I believe you would. What is it?" She was trembling then, and all the pretty pink flush faded from her lovely face, for Spohie's eyes were misty, her lips quiv-

"Come and see," Sophie said. "And, oh, darling, forgive me that I must show

She sprang out of the carriage, and Grace followed her. Two pretty maidens they were, the daughter and the niece of the great mill-owner, Joseph Wiltbank. Grace was his only child, Sophie, the orphaned, penniless child of his brother.

Grace's lover lived in the great city, where the cousins often spent some of the winter months with their aunt, in a fashionable boarding-house. In one of the informal social gatherings, to which they were invited, Grace had met Ernest.

And Sophie, heart-whole, loving Grace as yet above any one else on earth, thought of it all as she led the way across a tiny garden to a mean little cottage, where a woman stood in the doorway, holding some sewing iu her hand. Two boys, of three and five, were playing in the garden.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Copeland," Sophie said, very quietly, but watching Grace brace herself as she heard the name. "Is the sewing done?" "Well, no, miss, not all of it. I have two

skirts done." "I promised to bring my cousin to see if she had any work you could do."

"Walk in," Mrs. Copeland said. And Grace, following Sophie, entered the little parlor. A cry rose to her lips, but

she saic, hastily: "I sprained my foot!" and sat down, just as Sophie prepared to catch her if she fell. She could still see over the mantel-piece a

crayon head of Ernest Copeland! She saw that Sophie meant to draw the

woman's attention from herself. "I think you told me you were not a wid-

ow," Sophie said.

"No, miss. My husband deserted me. I was a poor girl, without education, and he was a gentleman. But I believed in his love and we were very happy till last winter. Then he changed, and one day he gave me some money to keep for him, quite a sum, and went away. He never came back, but he wrote to me never to expect to see him again. The money lasted till now, but it is gone. I hoped I could get work at the mill, and it's cheaper living in the country; so I came here. But I'm not strong enough for the mill work, and it does not bring enough to pay for some one to watch the children; so I put out that sign," pointing to a neat board on which was painted the legend:

MRS. COPELAND, Plain Sewing.

"Yes. It was the sign that brought me here. We will come in again when you finish the work I have left. Is this your husband?" looking at the crayon head.

"Yes, ma'am. It is a good likeness." "Is it?" said Sophie. "Come, Gracie. Poor child, how pale you are! I am afraid your foot pains you very much."

The cousins gently declined any assistance, and went back to the carriage. "Drive home quickly, John," Miss Sophie

said, and John obeyed. No word of complaint passed Grace's white lips, but she clung to her cousin, always the stronger nature of the two, till she reached her own room, then whispering: "I want to be alone a little while," kissed Sophie, and went into her own

room.

There was a family council down stairs, while Grace fought her own agony. Sophie told her story, and Mr. Wiltbank stormed and raved, while Aunt Agnes wept pro-

'I have it! I was going to send Porter over to Paris this season, on account of the wedding, but I'll go myself, and I'll take Grace! We will all go!"

It was sudden, but where money is plentiful sudden moves are easy. Before Grace realized fully that she was to be carried away, they were all four on a European steamer "outward-bound."

And Ernest Copeland, watching his dying brother, wondered why no letters came from Ferndale, chafed under the necessity for remaining so long from his betrothed, but was too much occupied until the last sad hours to do more than pen anxious letters never answered.

He had a heavy heart to carry to the funeral, a sacred trust to fulfill, and he had no elation in the fact that half of his brother's fortune left him a far richer man than he had ever been. Gerard's life had been shortened by drinking and by re-

It was over at last, the funeral, the care of the dead man's personal property, and then with an undefined fear of evil Ernest Copeland went to Ferndale.

"Gone! Gone to Europe, you say!"

He repeated this after the servant, in a daze of bewildered pain, holding unopened the letters given with the message. Not for some minutes could he collect his senses sufficiently to understand he held perhaps

the clew to the mystery in his hand. But he opened it at last. Grace had had to plead hard for permission to write those lines, harder still to keep back a furious epistle from her father. But only her well-known writing greeted her lover's eyes as he opened the letter:

"Your wife and children," he read, "are in the little cottage opposite the church. May God

forgive your cruelty to them. There was no address or signature. Only one low moan broke from Ernest's white lips as he folded the note again and turned from the house. White as death, shivering in the soft summer air, he went down the road to the cottage. There was an ecstatic scream of "Papa! Papa!" as four clinging arms encircled his legs, and Mrs. Copeland stood trembling and crying in the doorway He gently lifted the youngest child, and,

followed by the other, went into the cottage. Mrs. Copeland, crying still, sobbed:

"So you have come back!" Gravely, but not tenderly, Ernest an-

"Your husband will never come back. You know best by what want of wifely love you drove him to drinking, to despair, finally to deserting you. He was not guilt-

less; but ask yourself if you are."
"Who are you?" she gasped. "I am Gerard's twin brother."

"I have heard of you. Where is he?" "In his grave!"

She dropped at his feet as if he had shot her. She had been a slovenly housekeeper, a shrewish wife, grating every hour upon Gerard's sensitive, fastidious tastes; but, in her way, she had loved him, scarcely realizing how she drove him desperate.

It consoled her presently to know that half of her husband's wealth would be hers and her children's, and Ernest made no explanation of the reasons why the search he had promised his brother to make for her had been so suddenly terminated. He "You know I would rather hurt myself left her at last to find Porter, Mr. Wiltbank's confidential clerk. Having received no orders to the contrary, Porter readily gave his employer's Paris address, and Ernest returned to the city, to interview his brother's lawyer, and prepare for a sea

Over the broad Atlantic the Wiltbank party accepted the usual tribulations of sea-sickness and discomfort. Only Grace was exempt. She waited on the others, but made no moan over old Neptune's caprices. White as a snowflake, listless, with her soft blue eyes sunk in hollows, her little white hands wasting, her pretty bright ways all gone, she said she was perfectly well, and seemed to be dying before her father's eyes.

She would not own to being sick after they arrived in Paris.

They had been a Imonth in Paris, and the French doctor Mr. Wiltbank called in talked of a "want of tone," and "raising the spirits" of his patient, but Sophie wept all the long, lonely nights, believing her fatal

discovery had killed her cousin. But it was Sophie who, one day in November received a visitor alone, a visitor who sent up a little note that sent her with flying

feet to receive him. He was still in the salon, when Sophie came into the sitting-room, their own private salon, where Grace was sitting at the

window. She wanted to tell her news calmly, to avoid exciting the inmates, but she broke down, sobbing:

"Grace! Grace! Will you ever forgive me? It was all a mistake. She was Gerard's wife, Ernest's twin brother's wife! He is here!

"Here! Ernest here!" And Sophie flew out again. She sent him

in alone, for she said: "I must watch, or uncle will murder you before you have a chance to explain.'

Ernest entered the room, where a pale shadow of his bright Grace rose to receive him, to fall into his arms weeping now as in all her despair she had not wept. But there were no more tears. Grace's roses came back in their happiness, and there was a wedding in Paris, where Sophie was bridesmaid, and hosts of American friends offered congratulations.

But as Sophie sagely observed, shaking her pretty head: "It was nearly a tragedy, for if uncle and Ernest had met too soon, there is no saying what might have happened." - Anna

Shields, in N. Y. Ledger. The Cormorant of Countries.

Great Britain is the cormorant of countries. The splendid trope used by Webster to describe the extent of its dominion in every quarter of the globe is truer to-day than at the time of its utterance half a century ago. The sun never sets upon the scarlet uniform or the tax-gatherer for the British crown. Out of the little island, once a conquest of the Roman Empire, has spread a colonizing and conquering people whose dominion has spread to worlds unknown by Alexander and Cæsar. No continent is free from its sway. From the little island of Heligoland, less than a mile in extent, held under the very frown of Bismarck, and the slightly larger fastness of Gibraltar, which is grasped firmly in the very face of Spain, Great Britain, having possessions in every continent and in every group of islands, ascends to complete and pitiless dominion over the peoples of India. The mere schedule would fill a column. The total area is nearly 10,000,000 miles; the total population only less than 275,000,000.

#### A MONTE-CARLO ROMANCE.

Gold, Love and Death.

A young married man of Lyons fell in love with a young married woman, says George R. Sims in the London Referee. They met secretly, adored each other, and agreed to fly together-to put the seas between themselves and their families. But there was a slight difficulty in the way. They had very little money for a long journey, and they wanted to be far, far awayin America for choice. Then the idea came to the man that they would take their small capital of a few hundred francs and go to Monte Carlo and make it into a fortune—a fortune which would enable them to live in peace and plenty on a far-off shore. So it came that one day, with a small box and a portmanteau, the fugitives arrived at Monte Carlo and put up in a little hotel, where for eight francs a day you could have bed and board. They had only a few francs with them. In the letter which they had left behind they explained that from the first their arrangements were complete. They foresaw the possibilities of the situation. They would play until they had won enough to go to America or they would lose all. And if they lost all they would die together and give their friends no further trouble about

They were a few days only in Monte Carlo. They risked their louis only a few at a time, and they spent the remainder of the days and evenings in strolling about the romantic glades and quiet pathways of the beautiful gardens, whispering together of

love and looking into each other's eyes. The end came quickly. One evening they went up in the soft moonlight to the fairy land of Monte Carlo. They entered the Casino. They had come to their last few golden coins. One by one the croupier's remorseless rake swept them away and then the lovers went out of the hot, crowded rooms, out from the glare of the chandeliers and swinging lamps into the tender moonlight again. Down "the Stair-case of Fortune" arm in arm they went along the glorious marble terraces that look upon the sea, on to where at the foot of the great rock on which Monaco stands there lies the Condamine. It was their last walk together. The lovers were going home to die.

That night, in some way which I was unable to ascertain, the guilty and ruined man and woman obtained some charcoal and got it into their bed-room. They then closed the windows and doors and prepared for death. They wrote a letter—a letter which an official assured me was so touching that, as he read it in the room where they lay dead, the tears ran down his cheeks. Then the girl-she was but a girl-dressed herself in snowy white and placed in her breast a sweet bouquet of violets. Then the charcoal was lighted and the lovers laid themselves out for death, side by side, and passed dreamily into sleep, from sleep to death, and from death to judgment.

It is not a moral story; it is not a new story. I have told it simply as it happened.

#### A RACE OF DWARFS.

Remarkable Specimen of a Lilliputian Tribe in Central America.

A specimen of a living race of dwarfs who dwell in the mountainous district in Guatemala, Central America, has been brought to New York, not for exhibition, but as an ethnological curiosity for scientific men to examine. The dwarf, says the Sun, 183 feet 81/2 inches in height, by actual measurement, but a remarkable-looking negimen of humanity he was. His head measured 261/4 inches in circumference and an American hat, size 81/2, could be barely forced upon his head.

A thick mass of long, straight black hair covered his head in a thick shock and hung down almost to his neck. His skin was of a deep copper color and his features flat, like those of the negro race. But he had not the expression of a negro, nor the color. He was undoubtedly of Indian extraction. But such an enormous though not illy-proportioned head, set upon so diminutive a body, made a strange contrast, and his little arms, short legs, and body added further to his peculiar looks. The Indian, or whatever he might be called, is a powerfully-built man, when his size is taken into consideration, in fact, is a veritable little Hercules.

His feet are five inches in length from heel to toe and his fingers measure from two inches to two and a half inches in length. His greatest peculiarity, however, is in his face. His eyes are so widely separated as to leave room for the eye-brows to grow down on each side of the bridge of the nose and still leave a space between them and the corner of his eyes. He is forty-two years of age and is a priest in his

In speaking of the strange dwarf Senor Arteaga told the reporter that during a fourteen-years' sojourn in Central America and Guatemala he had heard of these little people and determined on his leaving the country to get a specimen and bring him to New York for the scientists to see. He journeyed to the mountain home of the tribe of dwarfs, and after much bargaining secured the man he now has with him. He says the only other representative of the race ever seen by white men was a brother of the man he now has, who was brought to New York many years ago, but who died soon after landing here. Senor Arteaga's description of the mode of life of these little people is very interesting. They are semi-civilized and all speak Spanish, which is the language of the country.

From the time of Herodotus a race of dwarfs has been said to exist, and this seems now to be proved. Only a few years ago Du Chaillu, the African explorer, found a similar race in Central Africa, and a race of cliff-dwellers has been discovered in Ari zona. They are also dwarfs. Senor Artea ga's discovery adds to the proof that races of small people do exist, and he has a living proof of it at his house.

#### Multiplication of Drugs.

A Baltimore physican in a paper published recently in a local medical journal denounces with lively earnestness the tendency to the multiplication of useless drugs. The writer asserts that in the index to the fifteenth edition of the "United States Dispensatory" is a list of about 17, 000 names of medicinal substances, which, allowing for duplication and repetition, he estimates represents about 11,000 remedies. Those of acknowledged merit in this enormous bulk are aptly compared to Gratiano's reasons, "two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff." The very existence of this vast armory of therapeutic weapons demonstrates the doctor's weakness in his struggle with disease. The conquerors of this world are the men of few weapons; the needless elaboration of arms is the vain resort of the feeble.

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