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ALONE AMONG THE SHADOWS. I'm alone among the shadows, And I'm waiting for the light To chase away the visions

Of the dreary, weary night. Like a sightless child deserted My uncertain way I grope-I'm alone among the shadows, But my soul is full of hope.

I'm alone among the shadows, But my doubts and fears are past, For I feel the sweet assurance That the light will come at last;

A ray from hope's bright beacon Comes through the gloom to me-I'm alone among the shadows, But my heart is light and free.

I'm alone among the shadows, But I hear a sweet voice say. "You would not pr ze the daylight

If it were always day.' And so I'll strive in earnest

To keep from error free, And He who strengtheneth the weak Will sucely comfort me.

-Francis S. Smith, in N. Y. Weekly.

HIS ONE LOVE.

An Old Man's Unexpected but Happy Disappointment.

An old gentleman, leaning forward with s hands clasped over a gold headed cane, was seated in a summer-house situated upon the grounds of a hotel at a fashionable watering-place. He was in a corner, hidden by drooping vines, and his face expressed eep and apparently painful thought. The efrain of his sad musing was:

"Only one person in the whole world to ove me, and I shall lose even that love

On the other side of the summer house, ivided from the side the old man occupied by a rustic partition, two ladies, young and air, rushed in, and taking out some fancy ork, settled down for a chat.

One was tall, and dressed in a pretty cosume that was at once youthful and maonly; the other was petite, blonde, and not ore than eighteen. Mrs. Courtland spoke

'Embroidery, Alice?'' she said. "A undsome handkerchief corner. For your

"Yes," and the sweet voice faltered, while a burning blush crimsoned the fair cheek. "Is it not pretty?"

"Very. I want to talk about your prospects, child. Your Aunt Marcia tells me ou are making a splendid match.'

"Did she? I think so, Blanche. Maioim is so noble and good, and a true

"But your aunt tells me he is the favorite ephew of the great oil merchant, Hiram ates, whose wealth is something enormous. You have only to help him play his ards well, and he will probably be heir to magnificent fortune. But what ails you? You look as if I was telling you a piece of

"I think Aunt Marcia has been misinormed, that is all.

"Then he is not Hiram Bates' nephew?" "I never heard him speak of a rich uncle, and I am quite sure he has no hope of inheriting money. He has a good salary, and my little fortune will buy and furnish a small iouse, so we can make a comfortable, and, hope, a happy home."

"Did he never speak to you of his uncle?"

"Never of a rich uncle. He has told me of a lame uncle, his mother's brother, who has been very kind to him, given him an educa tion and a start in business. He always talks of him with the deepest love and

little figure in mourning, with a sweet face, · Can I help you?" Alice Hunter asked.

"No, child. not now." "What will they do with him?" "I suppose he must go to a New York

"But the ride-the journey?" "Will cause great additional suffering,

perhaps result in death." "Doctor, will they keep him here if he is

paid for?" "Certainly; but there is not money

enough about him to pay his board a week." "I will pay it."

"Yes: I will not let him die for want of money I have. He"-and her lip quivered -"he looks like my dear father who is

"H'm-yes. Here come the fellows to take him to the station. I think I will take him to the little cottage where I board. It will cost less and be more quiet.

Mrs. Courtland declared Alice was outraging the proprieties most dreadfully when the young girl went to the cottage and offered her services as nurse to the doctor; but Aunt Sophie silenced commont by moving her belongings from the hotel to he quiet boarding house, and the doctor

Alice explained, in her quiet, low voice. that her father was ill for nine months before he died. and she was his nurse. This ecounted for the noiseless woolen dresses, he velvet-shod feet. the quick eye and ready and, and, when the sufferer recovered con ciousness, the gentle voice and tact that uleted him in paroxysms of pain and fever. Aunt Sophie was too much of an invalid nerself to help, but she sat beside the bed while Alice moved to and fro, made dainty oups and tempting dishes, and performed ll nursing duties.

The invalid had one long talk with the loctor and then submitted to the gentle ministrations of the two women, only insistg upon a man the doctor provided being with him at night and within call.

The season was over, and only those three remained of the summer boarders at the ttle cottage, when one cool October day e sick man, now fast recovering, called

"I shall soon be well again," he said, re-

"Yes," she answered, cheerily; "very soon.'

"I shall miss my nurse."

"And I my patient; but I am glad you are recovering. We were afraid at one time there would be a more painful part-

"You mean I was in danger of dying. Why should that be painful. I am old.' She made no answer, looking sorrowfully

"And a burden upon you, the doctor tells

me. Why did you make yourself responsible for a stranger?"

The fair face flushed, the soft eyes were dewy with feeling as Alice said, softly:

"Because you are old and seemed poor and friendless I was glad it was in my power to aid you. Do not think it was at iny great cost," she added, with a generous desire to lighten the burden of obligation. "I have some money lying idle."

"For the wedding day, perhaps. Well. child, you might have poorer jewels to deck your bridal than an old man's tears of gratitude and love. I am getting well and shall soon leave you; will you give me a keepsake?"

The girl loosened a little locket from a chain round her throat, cut off one of her golden curls and put it in the place of some she took out, and laid the trinket in the old man s hand.

curse of distrust in my neart for many years, thinking my money won me all the affection, save Malcolm's, that was offered me. But though you are well content to wed the young cierk, and put your own patrimony into his home, you must not re- CIANS OF EDINBURGH. fuse my heir, who has accepted from me an income that makes him independent, and GEONS OF EDINBURGH.

"My love for Malcolm can bear riches or poverty," was the answer; "but, sir, our home needs you. You will come, will you not, to the children, who will try to make your life happy by loving care? Long be-fore I knew you, Malcolm told me he hoped, when he had a home, to win you to live in it Will you let me, too, beg of you to come to us?"

"Gladly, child! Gladly!" the old man said.

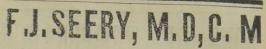
So, where the rich lonely man had feared to lose the one love of his life, he gained another tenderer, sweeter love, to brighten his declining years by a daughter's devotion and affection .- Boston Traveller

TRADE IN PEANUTS.

A Branch of Commerce Very Important to Southern Farmers. When we pass a peanut stand, or see a

bag of peanuts in the grocery store, we do not think of peanuts as forming any im portant share in our commerce. We do not think that the peanut trade is a branch of trade very important to the people in a certain section of our country; that if the crop should fail it would mean suffering and ruin to many people. Peanuts grow in Vir ginia, Tennessee and Eastern North Caro lina, Alabama and Mississippi. The bes grade comes from Virginia, and they are known as "goubers;" in Alabama and Mississippi as "pinders." Dealers say that no improvements have been made in th peanut farms; they are just what the were thirty years ago, although the peanu trade has doubled in nine years. The farm are small, and the crops are cared for b negroes. The nuts are planted in hill about a foot apart, in rows about two and one-half feet apart, and are harvested by plowing and turning over with long-handle forks; this shakes off the dirt, when the vines are gathered and shocked about pole, where they are left to dry, the vines being so placed as to protect the nuts from the rain; mildewed nuts turn black, and an less salable though the nuts may be as sweet A dealer says, in the New York Evening Post, that "the shocks, after they have bee built up, are left standing for several weeks, until the nuts are quite dried and cured. They are then stripped from the vines by hand, packed in bags, and carried to the middleman who handles them for the farmer. By the middleman the nuts are taken to the top floor of a factory, and are scoured and polished by rubbing against each other in a long revolving iron cylinder. Spouts carry them, after cleaning, to the second floor, where they are run through a fanning-mill. From the mill they are delivered on to an endless apron, made of slats hinged together, and as they travel along on this girls sitting on each side sort them into grades. The nuts are then put into sacks and are ready for shipping. They are brought to New York mostly by steamers, although some come by rail. They are sold here as 'Wilmingtons,' 'Virginians,' 'Tennessee' and 'Spanish.' The last variety was formerly grown in Spain, but is now raised in Virginia to good advantage. The grades are known as 'fancy handpicked,' 'extra handpicked,' and choice.' The screenings are the poorest nuts, and these are bought by venders at county fairs and mixed in with a better man and the the second se

Peanuts are shipped to all parts of this buntry and to the West Indies, but no



7

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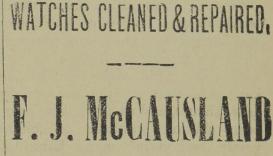


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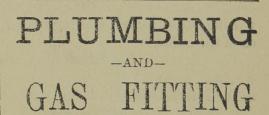
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"Pity!" "He suffers torture from the effects of a fall that has lamed him for life and often causes him weeks of agonizing pain Malcolm tells me with tears in his eyes of his fear of losing this dearest friend and kind ncle, and I think he hopes I may be useful ometimes in nursing him."

"I wonder if she is the same?" The old man leaning upon his cane was

Linking. "Can it be true! Does Malcolm think so

ittle of my money, that will be his, that he as never even mentioned it to his promsed wife? Can it be that I shall gain a lovng, tender niece instead of losing my nephew, when Malcoim marries?" Loving his nephew so deeply, Hiram Bates had felt a keen pain at the news of his betrothal. He had never seen Alice Hunter, but he knew she had been brought up in a circle of fashion, and was the orphan niece of one of society's gayest votaries, Mrs. Marcia Haydon.

He ascertained by inquiry that the young girl had inherited ten thousand dollars from her father and that her winters were spent with her Aunt Marcia, her summers with a maiden sister of her father. She was quite a belie, although only in society one season, pretty and accomplished, and the old man groaned in spirit over his nephew's choice.

A belle, and with a head full of fashionable frivolity, he was convinced that the girl had been won by the prospect of Malcolm's heirship to his own fortune. He had seen in the future his nephew estranged from him by the influence of a dressy, empty-headed woman, or, still more appallng, his neice-to-be making false protestaions of affection, with a hope of winning colden favors.

While he mused upon the conversation he had overheard, the silvery voices of his cung neighbors still sounding beside him, there was a sudden crash, something struck im upon the nead and he lost conscious-

Cries from the summer-house, from groups of people collected in the grounds, brought a party of men speedily to the spot. The rotten posts supporting the roof upon one side had given way and the side and roof had fallen in. Mrs. Courtland and Miss Hunter were buried under the fallen timbers, but were uninjured. Not so the old gentleman, who had been their unsuspected listener. He was taken out pallid and senseless.

Nobody knew him. He had come by the morning train, had taken breakfast, but no room, and asked, the hour for the return train. A surgeon, summoned as speedily as possible, announced a broken arm and an injury to the head, making a likelihood of a long, tedious illness. There was some animated discussion, some suggestions of hospital, a search through the pockets of the unconscious victim, resulting in the discovery of a small sum of money, but no letters, papers or cards, and finally a desertion of one and another, each going his or her way,

with the comforting reflection: "It's none of my business." But when they had all deserted the injured man the surgeon, still busy binding up his arm as he lay upon a bench brought from the ruined summer-house, felt a light

"With my love," she said, softly. "Ah, child," he sighed, "an old man, sick and feeble, wins little love."

"Yet," she said, earnestly, "you must believe that I have nursed you, since you were conscious, with affection. My own father is gone, but if ever you want a daughter's care or affection, believe me, I will gladly come to you, if possible."

Three days later the little cottage was deserted. Aunt Sophy and she returned to their home to make up for their lost time in ess making and sewing, and Alice cheer-

y paid out of her small patrimony for the board and expense of her venerable patient.

She little guessed how deep an impression her care and tenderness had made upon the heart so long closed against human affection, so distrustful of any advances from his fellow creatures. It was a revelation to him, this active charity of an utter stranger. He had gone to the hotel merely to see Malcolm's choice and had purposely left all clew to his identity behind him. He had intended meeting Alice, if possible, unknown, and watching her unobserved, but accident had thrown them together in a way he little anticipated. The first use he made of his recovery was to write to his nephew, and Malcolm met him at the depot when he returned home.

Knowing nothing of the recent accident, the young man was shocked at the change in his uncle's face.

You have been ill?" he cried.

' Very ill."

"Why did you not send for me?" "I had even better nursing than yours, Malcolm. Don't ask me any questions now, but tell me about your marriage preparations."

"Alice has gone home and will remain until November. Then she comes to Mrs. Havdon's and will buy her house and furniture.

"In November?"

"Yes." Late in November she came. Her trunks full of Aunt Sophy's daintiest stitching. and Aunt Marcia gave her cordial greeting. A grand wedding was the display upon which this lady had set her heart, and Alice shrank a little at the comments upon the rich uncle and her own good fortune in the "first-rate match."

But just before the wedding day a little note was brought to Alice by a gorgeous footman, who was driving to her aunt's behind a private carriage. The note was from Malcolm, and begged her to come to him in the carriage.

Wondering, but obedient, Alice was speedily ready, and was driven to a handsome brown stone house, where the door was opened to usher her into a stylish drawing-room, where a gentleman awaited her. and Malcolm, advancing, said:

"My Uncle Hiram, Alice." Kindly blue eyes looked into her own,

withered hands were extended, and a voice she knew wellsaid: "We are old friends, Malcolm. Are we

not, Alice?" Then, before she could answer, the old

man continued: "I have thought, Alice, that it was unkind

to have my nephew wait for my death betouch on his hand, and looked up to see a fore sharing my wealth. I have borne a

trade has been developed with Europe. This limited trade, however, amounts to five million dollars per year.

DECREPIT HEN FRUIT.

How Rotten Eggs Are Utilized by the Con-fectioners of the Hub.

They must utilize p: etty nearly every thing in Boston, according to the following anecdote by the correspondent from that city to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. He says:

Every thing in this world, they say, has some use. Even rotten eggs are sold here at three or four cents a dozen to Hebrews of the lowest class, who appreciate their gamey flavor. This is not the only employment, however, that has been found in Boson for back-number products of the barnyard. Only a few days ago a friend of the writer chanced to see a greengrocer in the act of dumping a barrelful of eggs from a city wharf into Massachusetts Bay. While in the very act the tradesman was hastily interrupted by a well-dressed passer-by who exclaimed:

- "My dear sir, what are you doing?" "Dumping bad eggs," responded the
- groceryman, briefly. "Are they hopelessly bad?"
- "Awful."
- "Chirp?"
- "Past that."

"Give you a dollar for the lot." "Done," said the groceryman. "But may I ask you what you want them for?"

"Cream puffs," answered the stranger. "Bad eggs are as good as fresh ones for making them, with a few chemicals thrown in. Pay you a dollar a barrel for all you'l. send me. I'm a confectioner."

There are great cold-storage houses in Boston, by the way, which are filled every summer with millions of eggs, to be taken out at this season and sold for "strictly fresh' at fabulous prices. They taste very well, too, notwithstanding so many months of keeping, but get bad almost immediately. People generally are not aware that many of the eggs they buy are brough' all the way from China, where a whole nation has been in the poultry business for seven thousand years. Stid 1 a

A Dog That Was a Joker.

There is a dog in Orlando, Fla., with a fine sense of humor, if this story is true as told by a local newspaper: His owner frequently gives him a piece of coin to carry along to market. A day or two ago he gave him a dollar, and the dog was trotting along when he saw a colored man approaching. He stopped a little distance in front of the darkey, dropped the dollar from his mouth to the sidewalk, and then walked to the edge of the pavement, apparently as if he cared nothing for the money. Mr. Darkey walked briskly up and was in the act of stooping to pick up the money, when the dog flew at him as if to bite, quickly seized the money, and trotted off with an air of "No, you don't," and overtook his owner.

What We Are Coming To.

The idea of teaching every girl to thump a piano, and every boy to be a book-keeper, will make potatoes four dellars a bushel in twenty years.



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pleasant and the expenses moderate. The first term of the Collegiate Year 1889-90 begins on the 29th of August next, and the 2nd term on the 2nd of January, 1890.

For further particulars address the President for a Calendar.

Sackville, Aug. 10, 1889.