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CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and good cigar
And a great thirst on me!
And may my friends be loafing at the bar
When I go in to see;
Not such a crowd as laughing seem to weep,
To fall too move or roam,
But fellows that will put me safe to sleep
When I go home.
Skylight and evening smell,
And after that—some doubt,
Yet may there be no sadness of farewell
When I go out,
For though within this bright seductive place,
My dollars go not far,
I never more shall see them face to face
When they have crossed the bar.
—Town Topics.

A PREVENTED CRIME.

"I have put up the shutters, sir."
"All right, Thomas; you can go home. And remember that you need not be here till eight tomorrow. I am going to Cleveland to spend the night, and shall not be back till then. I don't suppose we shall miss much custom if we open a little later."
"I don't suppose we shall, sir," said Thomas, the office-boy, with a smile. "There were very few customers today—and very few any day," he added, to himself. "I'll be here at eight to take the shutters down, sir," he said, aloud, as he started for home.
Mr. Tom Gorville looked after him as he went. Then he said, under his breath to himself:
"Well, if all goes well, you won't find any shutters to take down, my boy."
Mr. Tom Gorville had been a year in business in a little town we shall call Winsted, about twelve miles from Cleveland, and he had not prospered there. When he married and embarked all his little capital in a modest store on the main street, his hopes had been very high. An optician was just what Winsted wanted. Although the town itself was a small one he would be able to count upon the custom of the surrounding villages, and he would be kept busy in supplying spectacles, microscopes, etc., to numerous patrons.
After the store was taken, poor Gorville discovered that the people took no interest in microscopes, etc., or, if they did, they went to Cleveland for them, while the people of the place who wanted spectacles gave their patronage to a modest little man in a back street, who provided for their wants for twenty years before Gorville's advent.
It had not taken Gorville the whole year to find out that he had made a mistake. It seemed to him that he had ruined his career at the outset by one false step.
If he could but get rid of his debts he might still think of moving his stock into some more promising town, and beginning again there, much more modestly than he had done at Winsted. But unless he got money from somewhere his stock would be sold off by his creditors.
If he could but raise one thousand dollars, he had said over and over again to himself, he could start again; but where was the money to come from? They had no rich friends, Edme, his wife, had gone to Cleveland that day to see if she could coax a loan from her only well-to-do relative, a crusty bachelor uncle; but the prospect was not the least hopeful, because the crusty old uncle had never been known to loosen his pursestrings to anybody.
Gorville had not the least hope in that direction, the only reason, in fact, why he allowed his wife to take the journey was to further a last plan which had been building itself gradually in his mind, and which even Edme did not share.
He was going to set fire to his store. The premium would be due again in three weeks, and with all his ready money spent for rent and the expenses of living, Gorville saw not the slightest means of paying it.
Nothing is more terrible than the ease with which a man who has determined on wrong doing can persuade himself that his crime is justifiable. It was only when the thought of his wife finding out what he meditated came into his mind that the plan seemed at all hideous to him.
Whatever happened, he told himself, Edme must never know. She would not see the affair in its right light at all—any more than the police and the insurance company would. So his wife left on a wild-goose chase to visit her uncle, at whose house she was to pass the night, and, by the greatest of good fortunes, her brother who resided in the same city, had invited him to spend the night at his house.
It seemed as if chance was assisting his designs.
"It must be tonight, if it is done at all," said the optician, to himself, when his errand boy left him alone in the house.
It was half-past eight. At nine he was to leave the house for the station to catch the train for Cleveland. Within half an hour, if the thing was to be done, he must take the final step. His plans had been prepared carefully.
Down in the cellar, which was crowded with packing cases and straw, was a cheap alarm clock, with a piece of string attached to the hammer of the alarm. The string was connected with a delicately poised basin of acid, so that the slightest tug would overturn the liquid into another basin of chemicals beneath. The effect would be a sudden burst of flame which could not well fail to ignite the oil-soaked straw which Gorville had carefully laid close to it. Then, after the fire had burned a few minutes, and consumed the string tied to the alarm, what suspicion

could possibly be aroused by the presence of two basins and a clock among the ruins in the cellar?
None at all. People might possibly shake their heads—they always do—and say, with a sneer, that it was very fortunate for Gorville and his wife both to be away on the very night that the premises were burned, that it was fortunate for Gorville to have the fire just as the insurance premium was about to fall due, and so on—but nobody could ever find out for a certainty that the fire was planned; the insurance company would have to pay him the thousand dollars, and his difficulties would be at an end.
Then he groped his way down to the cellar, below the store, struck a light, and set the alarm clock. Five minutes later he was in the street again, hurrying to catch the Cleveland train.
Tom Gorville found when he arrived at his brother-in-law's house that his host was not yet home. He had been called away on business, a servant said; but hoped to be back before his guest's arrival. He had not come, however, and poor Tom was left to his own thoughts once more. He tried to ease his conscience for the act he had done, telling himself that the deed was irretrievable.
There was certainly no train back to Winsted that night, but it was only twelve miles away, and, if he started to walk at once, he could get back before one o'clock. He had timed the alarm to go off at one o'clock, thinking that there would be less risk then of anybody being about to notice the fire and stop it before it had well begun. If he walked back he would just be in time to undo his work. But he let the opportunity pass, and did not start.
His brother-in-law came in after eleven, full of apologies and grumbling at the train, which had been delayed by an accident for an hour or more.
"You haven't seen Edme, then?" he said, as soon as he had taken off his overcoat, and Tom looked puzzled.
"Edme? She is in town, at the home of her uncle."
"Oh, no, she isn't," said her brother. "I met Mr. Hopewell, the telegraph operator, at the railroad station, just as I arrived, and he informed me that Edme had returned to Winsted by the nine o'clock train. Good Heaven! what is the matter, man?"
For Gorville had sprung to his feet white and wild-eyed.
"Edme is at home?" he repeated hoarsely.
"Yes, sure to be, and asleep in bed by this time."
"Then, great Heaven! what have I done?" gasped Gorville, and groped his way out into the hall for his hat.
"My dear fellow, you can't go back tonight, there is no train," cried the brother, in astonishment; but Tom Gorville did not hear him; he was running as hard as he could in the direction of the railroad station.
"There must be some train back," he kept telling himself; but the hope was a vain one. There was no way of getting to Winsted that night by rail. His next thought was to run, but there was only an hour and a half left now before the fire he had planned would spring into being, to destroy his loved wife, and the distance was twelve miles!
Outside the station, however, he found a hack, the horse in good condition, and by dint of wild promises which he hoped to fulfill somehow, he managed to persuade the man to start a fairly good rate on the twelve miles' journey.
It was a quarter past one when they reached the street on which was the optician's store, and all was dark and still. With a great throb of relief, Gorville noticed that the building was still standing untouched. But when he opened the door he found that the house was full of smoke.
With a beating heart, he groped his way up to his wife's room on the floor above, fearing to think what he might find there. The smoke was not dense, but the consciousness-stricken apprehension made him almost certain Edme would be dead.
He was more frightened still when he found the room empty.
There were signs that his wife had been in the place, but she was there no longer, and poor Tom Gorville pursued his search through the smoke-filled house with greater and greater dread.
He was making his way to the cellar, where he had planned the fire, when, in passing through the store, a faint light appeared in the opposite door-way, and Edme herself came toward him with a lamp in her hand.
Her face was pale and distraught, and she made no attempt to greet him. She stood in the door-way at the farther end of the store, and looked at him with sad eyes.
It was a great relief to him to find her uninjured; but, somehow, he could not feel any happiness with the sense of relief. The look in his wife's eyes froze every emotion. The silence was painful.
Gorville struggled to break it.
"The place seems to be on fire," he said, feeling silly and criminal as he said it.
Edme answered, solemnly:
"Yes, and I have just managed to put it out."
"All alone?"
"Yes; I thought it would be best if I could."
Her voice sounded hard and mechanical, but suddenly she burst out crying:
"Oh, Tom—Tom! I am so glad you have come! Say you did not do it—say that you did not!"
She looked at him imploringly, but her husband, conscience-stricken, only held down his head, depressed by conscious guilt.
It was a terrible half-hour for the confessed incendiary. The news which his wife had hastened back to tell was that her uncle had been generous—he had given her one thousand dollars.
Often and often, Tom Gorville thanked his wife for her conduct on that night when she prevented a crime.
If your blood is vitiated, cleanse it without delay by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Water Pipes of Paper.

The experiments with the new paper pulp pipes, which are made on pretty much the same principle as the fibre pail, have demonstrated, it is said, that the idea will eventually prove successful. As it now stands, the hand-made pipes, formed from crudely worked and irregularly subbed pulp, are not very attractive in appearance nor well enough made to warrant that they will stand the wear and tear to which the water pipes are subjected. However, it would be more of a wonder, remarks a trade journal if the plan of making the water pipes should be a booming success from the start. Time and experiments are essential to the development of all new things.
With each new test of the proposed pipes a step in advance is made and this would seem to indicate that after a few more trials perfection will have been attained. The matter as it now stands is given as follows: Paper pulp, in which there is a fairly good fibre, is agitated with water and run into moulds, and cast into the form of the ordinary water pipe. The same moulds that are used in connection with casting iron pipes are employed. The mode of procedure is substantially the same. Of course there are various strengthening materials compounded with the pulp otherwise it would not stand any great pressure.—London Invention.

Whatever may be the cause of blanching, the hair may be restored to its original color by the use of that potent remedy Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

Victims of the "Rush" Habit.

That much of the "rush" that is so characteristic of American life is the result of habit rather than necessity is shown by the fact that it quickly yields to curiosity. Instances of this are afforded daily in the busiest thoroughfares. The familiar spectacle of a man or woman frying griddle cakes in the front window of a restaurant is one that never fails to attract a knot of observers, even in the most crowded part of Broadway, at an hour when business is most brisk. The tide of travel always has to turn aside when a big safe is being hoisted to the seventh or eighth storey of some tall office building because of the crowd of clerks, salesmen, and men of business who have stopped for a few minutes to look on, and most of whom will soon be tearing through the streets at a rate which would seem to indicate that life or death depended on the speed they made.
It is at the elevated railroad stations that there is the greatest display of haste. Men rush upstairs and push and elbow one another about on the platform as though to miss a particular train would involve a delay of several hours and no end of inconvenience to each and all of them. And yet, only a few days ago I saw two score men and half a dozen women let three trains pass them while they watched a sign painter at work on a patent medicine advertisement on a blank wall. And before he attracted their attention they had all been struggling like mad to catch the first train that came along.
Some day as a nation we may awake to the discovery that we can waste time now and then when we feel like it.—New York Sun.

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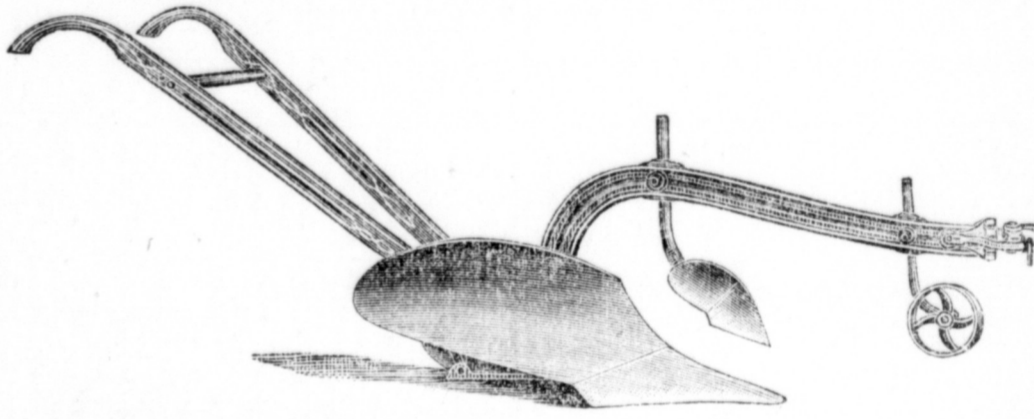
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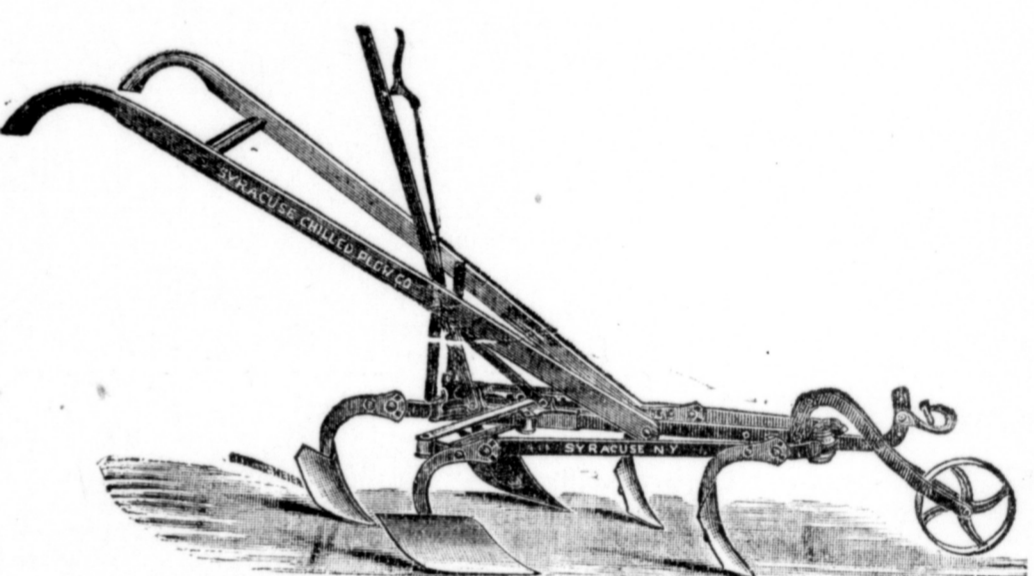
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