Together we walked in the evening time; Above us the sky spread golden clear, And he bent his head and looked in my eyes, As if he held me of all most dear. Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!

And our pathway went through fields of wheat; Narrow that path and rough the way, But he was near, and the birds sang true, And the stars came out in the twilight gray.

Oh, it was sweet in the evening time! Softly he spoke of the days long past,

Softly of blessed days to be; Close to his arm, and closer I pressed, The corn field path was Eden to me. Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!

Grayer the light grew, and grayer still; The rooks flitted home through the purple shade, The night engales sang where the thorns stood high, As I walked with him in the woodland glade. Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!

And the latest gleams of daylight died; My hand in his enfolded lay; We swept the dew from the wheat as we passed, For narrower, narrower wound the way. Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!

He looked in the depth of my eyes and said: "Sorrow and gladness will come for us, sweet; together we'll walk through the fields of life Close as we walked through the fields of wheat." -Good Words.

### LOST IN THE COMSTOCK.

Curry buried nine men alive.

the party, an ex-Nevadan.

This was fastened to a heavy plank cover | which stood a moldering old ore car. that hid the mouth of an old shaft. This

and now the whole side of Mount Davidson until we had to stop and cry again we this vast region, there have been legends Great Spirit had loved these beautiful chilis as full of abandoned shafts as a Swiss could find no one. Down an incline we and wonderful stories connected with its dren with a wondrous tenderness, and just covered so as to keep belated pedestrians we turned into it we saw a spark away off. trees that stand guard along the broad mingled in a clear and sparkling stream. out of them. The mine we discovered in | Soon we saw that it was a candle carried the corner of the yard had been too exten- by a miner. We let out a shout, but to sively worked to allow of its being filled our amazement and horror the miner up, and therefore had been covered up as dropped his candle and ran as if forty give voice to the shadowy spaces.

were bent and crushed and rotten. By tell asleep. guarded inquiries we found that it was in | "I remember that my last thought bethe ground of the Ophir Mining Company, fore I became unconscious was that a long and a drift had probably been extended to time afterward they would find our bodies, this place in an attempt to strike a ledge to and I think I even composed my face and the west. We knew that the old workings arranged my limbs so as to make a more must connect with it somewhere, for the effective corpse. Nothing about this struck air was good and there was a steady up me as being funny. Indeed, I fell asleep

ing ones and come up that way.

dred yards from our mine, and we knew ning a long way off. My companion heard they must be connected. We knew enough | it and we listened, dully wondering what about the mines to take what we thought it could be. We finally lit a candle, ate were sufficient precautions against getting the last of our lunch and started to find lost. The grain of the rock showed us the out. We had both been down the mines directions as surely as a compass, so we frequently before and had no fear of the were not at all apprehensive. We thought | darkness or the rats, so we went without that we might be down for several hours, hesitation. It was not hard to follow the

the old shaft. A hundred feet below the surface we found some more drifts, and spent an hour or so in them, but all were | that filled the tunnel. either blocked with caves or else stopped

"Ben was ahead, and I saw him stop, and then he shouted back to me:

"'This is the bottom." "He stood clear of the walls and lifted

up his candle to examine the place.
"'This is the bottom,' he repeated.
"'Are you sure,' I called back.

"'Yes; I'-

"I saw his candle disappear amid a right and come down, and I cautiously followed, though I could not see his light anywhere. Soon I found out what was the and down that we clambered. As we from rolling down, and my companion's way. We shouted as we went down the right had broken through the planks that ladders, and the carman answered our cry. had been placed in position so long before. He had only slid a few yards down the looked us over with wonder. incline, and, barring a few scratches, was unhurt. A very little way below the old mine and started off to explore the tunnels. | Point,' he answered. After following a crooked old tunnel we came to a point where it forked.

found that it extended less than twenty yards. When we came to a standstill was 10 o'clock in the morning when we would rise and leave his presence, would against the wall of rock, Ben put his entered the old incline, and it was nearly go out to hold commune with the birds, candle close to the wall to observe the 4 o'clock the next morning when the car- with the flowers, or to watch the far off grain of the porphyry. He made an ex- man found us. In no time at all we had acure that was like unto some distant, ever clamation of surprise. By the grain of the rock we had been travelling almost the cage to daylight again."—San Fran-She wondered, and north, when we thought we were making cisco Examiner. good progress to the south. When or how we had got 'turned around' we could not tell, but there was no possibility of

doubt about it. "We lost no time in retracing our steps, but to our surprise, when we came to the crooked tunnel again, we saw the mouths It is only one of the cigars you gave of three drifts instead of two. We took me.—Clothier and Furnisher. the tunnel that led to the right, and were entered the mine. Down this went Ben, coffin not needed-just at present.

THAT WALK THROUGH THE WHEAT. while I waited above, so as to be able to direct him back with my voice. Soon I heard him calling to me, and I followed.
"Look here, said Ben. putting his candle close to a clammy timber.

"I looked and saw a chalk mark. "We've gone round in a circle some-how,' said Ben. 'There is the wheelbarrow you fell over. We had better follow our marks back and try it again, some other time.'

"I was willing, and we walked back, occasionally stopping to see the marks on the timbers.

"'I didn't notice those things before, did you?' said my companion, as we passed half a dozen rusty picks that must have been lying there a decade, at least.

"I hadn't noticed them either, and soon we bumped our heads against an old lantern hanging from the top of the drift. We hadn't met that before. Then we saw unwas water beside the old car track, while the drifts by which we had come were all dry as a bone. We looked at one another. and evidently the same thought passed through both our minds, but we kept on, and soon our fears were realized. The tunnel ended at what had been years before a cooling station, a place where the miners ate their lunch and rested and cooled off when they were working in the neighboring drifts. We had followed some do not cling to the figure when wet by the one else's chalk marks, and we had now no idea of our whereabouts.

"'We can't get out the way we came,' said Ben, 'and no work is being done in They were talking about the recent min- the upper levels, so what we've got to do ing disaster at San Leandro that brought is to get down as far as we can, and we're the conversation around to mining acci- bound to run across some miners.' Then dents generally, and finally one of the we began trying to find ourselves. We party recalled the Comstock horror of two took the nearest tunnel and followed it years ago, when a cave in the Gould & until we came to a shaft with ladders in it. These ladders were crumbling, and had "I had a pretty ugly experience in the evidently not been used for years, but we mines myself eight years ago," said one of were not heavy and they did not break. Down we climbed to another level. This "I was a boy of fourteen or fifteen then, we followed as before. Whenever we with about as little sense of prudence as came to shaft we threw a fragment of rock most boys of that age, and I had a chum down to ascertain how deep it was. Then about as old who was as careless as myself. we would climb down as far as we could. "We lived toward the north end of We had just reached one level when a Virginia City, and had a big back yard in rushing sound broke the stillness. The which we always planned our expeditions. noise startled us for an instant, but hurry-One day, in poking around that big yard, ing ahead we saw hundreds of rats coming we found near an old shed a big iron ring. out of a small tunnel, at the mouth of

"This cheered us, for we decided that cover was hidden by a couple of inches of men must frequent some place near there or the rats, which in the mines live on the "When the first big excitement struck remains of the miners' lunches, could get the Comstock everybody went to digging, nothing to eat. But though we hunted cheese is of holes. Within the town limits went and struck a tunnel that had evidently fields and forests. all the abandoned shafts are filled up or been used more lately than the others. As devils were after him. We hurried after "We didn't lose much time in prying up | him and picked up his candle, but he must that cover and beginning the exploration have turned into some other drift, for we of what we found. The shaft was evidently | could not find him, and our weary search an upraise from some drift of the lower soon became as hopeless as before. We mines, for it went down at an angle of had by this time been in the mines a good about an forty-five degrees. As soon as many hours and had cried ourselves sick. we had descended fifty feet we saw that the No matter which way we turned there were workings had been very extensive indeed, the same dead cold walls of rock. The for drifts and winzes went off from the passages were endless; they seemed to main shaft in every direction. We went lead nowhere. We passed several old into several of these, but always found our- cooling stations, and at last we got to one selves stopped by a cave, for the workings and stopped. We were utterly exhausted, were very old. Some shovels and picks and with all our misery choking us we that we discovered were almost gone with swallowed some of our lunch, blew out our rust, and the timbers where they still stood | candles and, holding each other's hands,

crying. We must have slept a good many "Finally, the idea took possession of us hours, and my next recollection is of our to go from our mine into some of the work- lying there together, sobbing, in the dense darkness. Suddenly I became conscious "The Andes shaft was only a few hun- of a low, continued roar as of water runhowever, and so took along a number of noise. Along tunnels, down short up-extra candles and some lunch. raises and up inclines we went until we "Thus fixed we began to clamber down struck one corridor. We followed on toward the noise. It was louder here, and as we advanced it grew into a perfect roar manner, to possess some new essence, but

"Soon we ran into a wall of wood, from in the solid porphyry. So we had to go on clambering down the incline. behind which the noise came. We peered through a chink in the plank partition and saw a broad moving line. It was the cable that hoists the cage, and that is what made the noise. We watched through the chink in the boards until we saw a cage loaded with rock go up, and then began to think how we could reach the point from which the cage had started. We knew that we were very far underground, for the rocks that we threw down the frequent shafts crash. He called to me that it was all splashed in the water at the bottom, so we right and some down, and I cautiously did not attempt to climb to the top. It matter. The miners had built a platform | neared the bottom we heard another rumbacross the shaft, probably to prevent things | ling-an ore car running along the tram-Soon we were standing by him, while he

"Where are we?" we both shouted, as soon as we could speak. 'This is the platform struck the 200 foot level of the fitteen-hundred-foot level of the Crown

ame to a point where it forked.

"We entered the left hand tunnel, but bund that it extended less than twenty our elether words and bruised and hungry, and tound his coal black eyes resting upon her We had gone a mile and a half under the

cloth." Husband-"Reassure yourself, my dear.

Cold, cough, coffin is what philosophers term "a gratified to find that it turned to the south logical sequence." One is very liable to follow the after a few yards. It ended in an incline other; but by curing the cold with a dose of Ayer's something like the one by which we had | Cherry Pectoral, the cough will be stopped and the

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### THE PRINCESS LATOKA.

Marshall county, in the south of Mississippi, contains a pretty little town called her the strong, brave arms that would Holly Springs. In olden times-in the glorious days before the war-it was often styled the Athens of the South. Today, though a dear little place, where a wealth of flowers bloom and the far famed magnolia trees lift aloft their stately blossoms of snowy whiteness and tropical odors, it is not what it was in the storied days of the

"Old South." warp of tradition lend a charm to even very the cool mosses. commonplace localities, and ever since the time when the red man owned and loved the next the life of death. . . . The Powder, large boxes, \$1.00; small boxes, 50c.

walks of Holly Springs whisper under their | Then he gave command, and tall, graceful breath to each other during the long moon- holly trees, emblem of undying love, lit nights when mocking birds sing and

A long time ago there lived where the had stained the earth. town now stands a great Indian chieftain. He had his wigwam here, and hunted and the place was called Holly Springs by through all the forests for the graceful the braves, who soon began to hold their deer and huge bear that abounded. It councils here. So they did until the pale was a pretty wigwam the old chieftain had, all painted and ornamented with curious wandered westward, leaving this legend to devices drawn in red and blue paint by the hand of the young princess, who, as she grew taller and taller, was like a comely still bubbles up near the center of town. plant-so the old father said-or like a Memphis Commercial. graceful young crepe myrtle trees that stood about their home.

The days flew by and the young princess was a child no longer, but a rarely beautiful maiden. Her hair was dusky, like the blue black smoke that curled above the wigwam, and it swept about her like the and brightness, and her soft glistening skin was as the chestnut when it is ripe and

ready for bursting. Very, very beautiful was the young Princess Latoka, still she knew it not. Yet a day came when, going with her father to the stream a few miles distant, she gazed more and more upon the face that looked back from its waters, and wondered upon the change that she saw

Then a time came when, as she wandered under the grand trees, a new pathos seemed to thrill in the notes of the mocking birds that called to each other and made much ado in the swaying branches. Even the scent of flowers seemed changed in a she knew not what it meant, nor realized

to come since first she could remember, was the matchless Tullahoma, brave in fight, skilled in chase, envied by all his brothers, adored by all the maidens. She could not look back upon a time that Tullahoma was not known to her.

Now he, the fiery, the willful Tullahoma, loved the maiden with all the power of his untamed heart, and only a vow to the old chieftain had kept him from telling her so many moons ago.

"No, no," the old man said; "she is but a blossom-but a half blown flower; leave her with me in peace for yet twelve moons. When they have waned, if she will, thou mayest take her to thine own wigwam that

he may be thy wife."
So Tullahoma dared not tell in words DYSPEPTICURE she may be thy wife."

She wondered, and could not explain, that in these days she felt afraid of the young chief. Something made her tremble Wife (from the other room)—"Dear, the under his gaze; something held her back when she would have had speech with him; house must be on fire. I smell burning something drew her eyes away when she

would have lifted them to his face. And now there came one day another young brave with a band of brothers to hunt in the rich forests about Latoka's home; her father gave consent, and they followed the game for many weeks ere time

for departure was arrived. But the young chief Paola, tall and supple of limb, strong and graceful as the ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

giant magnolias, soft of speech as the wind when it kisses their snowy blossoms, he found other game in the forest, in the wig-

wam where dwelt Latoka. He came, and his eyes, dark and luminous as her own, rested upon her face, then fell before its beauty; he lifted them once, again; her lips parted and she would have spoken, but something-neither divinedwhat-arrested speech; they both were silent, but each looked at the other for the space of a moment, then Paola turned from the wigwam and went away by himself into

Days passed, and coming and going he saw the maiden, and a great love and a masterful, grew up in his heart.

Now, one nightfall, when the young moon had just lifted her crescent and tilted it down toward the little path that led to the home of Latoka, Paola drew near the place and suddenly saw the maid standing beneath a great tree; he could not know between the night and her dusky tresses, nor discern where her robes mingled with the shadows, the light was so uncertain; but through a rift between the branches came a silver shaft of radiance, and uplifted to the heavens was her face, and all the glory of this light rested upon her counte-

In soft tones she communed with her own soul, and like zephyrs fresh from jasmine vines were her murmured words.

Paolo, the proud, the noble, would not spy upon her reveries, but silently drawing near, stood before her in the light and looked into her upturned face.

One moment it was so; then he leaned toward her and whispered, "Latoka,

She gazed at him with a strange wondering luster in the marvelous eyes, just for a second—then answered simply, "It is the will of the great spirit, I come.' With these words she paused, then he drew her to his bosom and folded about shield her now forever more.

So they stood, and a lifetime was compassed in the completeness of the moment. They heard not, they saw not, they only knew each the presence of the other.

But like a vile serpent came a wily creature through the darkness, two glaring eyes rested upon the lovers, and quick as thought a poisoned arrow entered their Like many another place in the valley of paradise. Winged by the crafty Tullathe great "Father of Waters," this has a homa, it flew on its mission, piercing two

One moment gave them the life of love, And this is the one which the stately old two beautiful springs, whose waters soon where they fell his tears gushed forth in started into being all aglow with berries, blood tinted, like their warm drops that

And these trees grew beside the water, tell itself in the whispering of the branches

Consumption Cured.

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She Was Very Particular.

Amy-Mabel, there's the telephone call. Answer it, please.

Mabel-I can't! Don't you see my hair's all down and I look like a fright .- Munsey's



that a sense of loneliness had come into her life, that she longed for companionship, and finding it not, felt as never before, the all pervading loveliness of nature, and discovered with it a mystical kinship through the song of the birds, and through the song of the birds, and through the exquisite fragrance of the flowers.

Now among the young braves who came to her father's wigwam, who had been wont to come since first she could remember,

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