MAN AND HIS MISSION.

Across the field the farmer goes
Behind his plodding mare;
He streaks the soil with crooked rows,
And he is bent by care.
The blackbirds gossip in the trees,
Perhaps in their opinion he's
But scrying them out there.

His yellow trousers sag because
Of service they have done;
His whiskers tumble o'er his jaws,
Much faded by the sun.
Upon the fence two chipmunks play,
And who can tell how useful they
May think him as they run?

His muddy boots are coarse and hard
And all run down behind;
By toil his hands are sadly scarred,
His brow is deeply lined.
Two beauties where he lately passed
May think his tolling, first and last,
Is for their peace of mind.

Men think the world was set aside
For their especial need;
The boundaries that they provide
Are fixed through strength and greed;
But in the trees and 'neath the sod
The notion may prevail that God
Sent men to furnish feed,
And only that, indeed.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

A GLANCING SHOT

By C. S. Day.

"TAKE it, please. It does not belong to me now. What it stood for is over between us."

The engagement ring he had given her two weeks before sparkled in the pink palm of the little hand outstretched toward him.

"I have a good mind to pick you up and carry you off bodily, this minute, you provoking little creature," he said angrily. "No, I won't take it back. You may throw it in the river—take it down to the spot where we spent so many happy hours, deluding ourselves, this summer."

She smiled a little—she was carrying the scene through bravely—and came near enough to put the ring in his hand.

"Please, Alan, don't be cross, and do take it. Don't you think we will both be glad sometime that we found out our mistake in time?"

Her coolness only made him more angry. Passionate and impulsive, he realized keenly that she could see that he was white with rage and despair. He hated himself for his lack of self control; he almost hated her, for the moment, for calmness.

"I haven't found that I did make a mistake," sulkily. He was switching the head off some choice blooms bordering the walk. She put out her hand again and stopped the reckless massacre.

"The gardener will be cross," she said gently. And then, before he could draw back his hand, she had slipped the tiny ring into it.

He started as if she had struck him. Then he turned to her with quivering lips, and burst into impassioned pleading.

"Alice! Alice! surely, you don't mean it? You are not going to turn me off like this! You will not be so cruel, dear!"

"Alan, I can not. I was mistaken—I do not love you—sometimes I do not even like you. You would rather know the truth than have me let it go on day after day, and deceive you; would you not? I am so sorry; we must always be friends—"

"Friends!" He made a motion as if to hurl the tiny ring with its sparkling stone into the shrubbery. Then, with a sudden realization of the hopelessness of it all, he turned from the girl and strode away without another word.

She stood gazing after him a moment. In spite of herself there crept slowly into her perverse little heart, side by side, with the firm resolve already there, a wish that he would turn and come back, and taking her in his arms in spite of struggle or protest, kiss away all her resolution against him and his love.

"Alan!" Softly, wistfully, she spoke his name. He did not hear or turn or stop.

"I wonder if I ought—if I really do dislike him. He was so angry—he went off so abruptly—I might have—" she did not finish the thought, but, with eyes which grew a little misty, watched him until he turned a corner and was out of sight.

"Poor Alan. I am afraid I was cruel." In the path lay one of the flowers he had beheaded. She stopped and picked it up, with a touch that was a caress. The next moment it was pressed to her red lips, and tears were dropping upon it.

In his den Alan was slowly and painfully reviewing the scene, and making original comments upon it.

"To think she could be so cruel, the dainty little witch. I wouldn't have dreamed it, and I didn't know anything could hurt so." He watched the smoke from his cigar curl lazily about her picture on his desk.

"I have half a notion to do what I said—go back and carry her off forcibly."

The sweet, saucy face looked out of its smoky halo, with innocent, provokingly steady gaze.

"But—she certainly meant it. If she doesn't love me—doesn't even like me sometimes—well, I suppose it is all up. Only, I'd like to know why in the deuce she didn't know how she felt about it in the first place, and spare me this confounded knockout. I was so sure the whole thing was settled. Maybe it wouldn't have struck me so all of a heap if it had come sooner." The cigar had gone out and the smoke cleared away slowly. In his eyes was a blur which he brushed away savagely when he realized that it was there, swearing softly under his breath.

"Thank heaven, I don't have to stay here another day, at any rate. I'll wire Meredith to-night that I've reconsidered his offer and will be with him—let me see, I think I can make Monday if I get off to-morrow early—yes, it, it's a good opening. I should have accepted it in the first place if it hadn't been for—you," derisively. "Telegraph. [illegible] of his trunk, when he leaves the ship in that

"The happiest of my life," he agreed, even while he remembered how wretchedly it had begun for him in the east.

A messenger boy came up the steps with a telegram. It was for Alan.

"Alice perhaps fatally injured in runaway. Calls for you when conscious. Will you come? Doctor says only possible hope."

He was standing at a window where the light streamed out brightly, to read it. Helen heard him smother an exclamation of dismay, and went to him at once.

"Is it bad news?" she asked softly, and he was face to face with the crisis of his life. But it was Helen—there was only one way. He put the message in her hand.

"The worst possible news that could come to me now," he said.

"Come," she said, when she had read it through, and led him back to the shadow. She had seen the white misery in his face. She did not want him to see her own.

"Now, tell me," she said very softly and gently. But he felt the demand, the command, under the gentleness. She had the right to know, he was on trial in her heart. Yet something in her soft voice had told him that she was ready to hold him innocent until he was proved otherwise.

He told her the truth, not sparing himself or this other girl—this unknown, Alice—in the recital.

"She deliberately threw me off, when I loved her, or thought I did, then. She has no possible claim upon me now, when I am quite sure I don't love her," he said, savagely, stung with the pain of the old scene and humiliation, and this new strain.

"You loved her once, and taught her to love you." The voice was still very gentle, but there was a new firmness in it.

"I thought I loved her. I don't know—she is one of those little clinging creatures that makes a fellow feel very big and strong and—and like posing as shield and protector, and all that sort of thing, you know." She smiled a little at the analysis, but he did not see.

"So I posed, like a fool, for two weeks. Then she got tired of me, and turned me down. I'm glad she did, Helen, you understand—no, of course, you can't ever understand—but you'll believe me, won't you, that you are the only girl I've ever really loved in this way?"

"Perhaps—some time—you might—"

"Helen!"

"But you must think what you are going to do." She knew perfectly well what he would do, but she waited to see if he knew.

"I can't think—I can't do anything," he said. Then she told him.

"You will go on the next train. The life of the girl is at stake." Her hands were behind her, and he could not see that they were tightly clenched.

"How can I? Oh, I can't—it would be acting a lie, to go to her—from you," he insisted.

"I release you. I refuse you. You must go and do your part in saving her life. And you must do it well." She tried to make the tone cool and even, and failed.

Before she could protest she was in his arms. Then she began to cry softly, and he kissed her hair again and again. Her face was hidden on his shoulder.

"If you didn't go and she died, I would be her murderer, don't you see?" she sobbed. "If you love me, you will forget all about me, and go and save her." It was a new sort of logic to the young lawyer, and he almost gasped over it.

"I do love you, Helen. I don't love her. I don't think I ever did. I certainly never felt toward her as I do toward you. It was all a wretched mistake on both sides, as she said when she broke the engagement. She does not know what she is saying now. She is probably delirious——"

"It does not matter. You must not risk the responsibility of her death resting upon—us. Oh, I shall hate you if you do not go."

"But I may come back to you? You did not mean—I do not want to be really released—it will only be for a time, and then I can come away. Promise me, dear—" and what she promised him made it easier to go and have it over, that he might get back as soon as possible.

He put her gently away from him. "I will go, and do what I can," he said huskily, and went before his resolution failed.

He had ample time to realize what a hard task he had before him during the journey. He realized it more keenly when he arrived.

It was pitiful to see the glad light come into the heavy blue eyes, when he bent over the poor little mite of suffering, at last, and whispered, with pity enough, but not an atom of love in his heart:

"Don't worry, dear. It is all right—it shall be all right again, shall it not, Alice?"

"Yes," the white lips framed faintly. He slipped the tiny ring once more on her finger, and thought as he did so of the one on Helen's finger.

"Alan! dear—it is so good to see you again," she smiled up at him like a tired child. A blissful sigh fluttered from between the pretty lips and she fell asleep.

"He saved her life, of course," everybody agreed with the physician.

"How romantic," murmured some.

"How happy they both ought to be," said others.

"Doubtless they are, in spite of her accident—really the accident was the means of reuniting them," they said.

But there was no happiness in it for him. As each day involved him deeper in the web of deceit, he grew miserably unhappy and hollow-eyed. Night after night he paced his room, sleepless, revolving plans for extricating himself as soon as she grew a little stronger. But day after day he was compelled to keep up the good work he had begun. He spent hours with her daily, smiling, talking, listening to her fond, weak voice as she bantered him playfully on his wretched looks.

"You are a dear, silly, boy, to worry yourself thin over me now, when I am sure of getting well," she would say, and then to take his thoughts from her, she would insist upon his telling her of his life out west.

She grew better daily, and seemed perfectly happy in his presence. He never flinched from the daily ordeal; it he resolved desperately that just as soon as she was strong enough to bear it, he would end it all. She should know the whole truth about Helen, then as Helen knew it about her. Helen's love had stood the test, and clung in spite of [illegible]. What if Alice was the anxiety it. If he could [illegible] how completely [illegible]ras; how [illegible]ad ever

pletely they had changed places, surely she would set him free without making a scene. If not—

And while he was worrying over the situation, an odd struggle was going on in Alice's perverse little heart, under all the childish patter of talk and teasing. One day it proved too much for her slender resolution. She took him off to a quiet corner of the garden, down the walk where they had parted, and there she confessed.

"I did long for you, the comfort your return and presence brought undoubtedly did save my life. And now I can only repay you with ingratitude. The old doubts and dislikes are creeping back, stronger every day. I've tried very hard to be nice to you. I did not want to break your heart a second time. But it is no use, Alan. And I can't marry you now, any more than I could then."

The pretty face was full of trouble and sincere pity for him. She was fully recovered. He had intended to have an understanding with her in a day or two. And now—

Well, he told her the truth, as he had meant to do. On first impulse, because he thought she deserved it for all the trouble she had caused him. On second, because he wanted her to share his satisfaction in the outcome. He hardly thought it would be fair to go away and leave her under the impression that his heart really was broken over again.

They both had enough sense of the humor of the situation to laugh. Then he took the first train west.—N. O. Times Democrat.

Fiction Vs. Fiction.

"Tell me, Mr. De Wit, how would you define a work of fiction?"

"Oh, any of those books that says, 'They were married and lived happy ever after.'"—Brooklyn Life.

Robbed of Joy.

"Our bookkeeper hates hot weather."

"Why?"

"His rheumatism lets up, and he hasn't anything to brag about."—Cincinnati Commercial Appeal.

Increasing Population.

Yeast—Do you think the drink habit reduces our population?

Crimsonbeak—On the contrary, I always see twice as many people when I drink.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Seaside Substitute.

Maud—She's a great favorite with every girl here.

Blanche—Indeed! Why?

Maud—Because she's so mannish-looking.—N. Y. Times.

Disabled in One Day.

Proprietor—The new office boy telephones that he is sick.

Stenographer—Sick of work, I guess.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Wish.

Oh, that the war were over!
Oh, for some inspiring which
Does not include a word that ends
In either "ski" or vitch."
—Washington Star.



Miss. Agnes Westley
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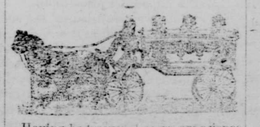
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1 40	6 55	Baltimore	11 25	7 05
3 00	7 40	Philadelphia	10 32	6 15
3 40	8 25	Wilmington	10 05	5 50
4 58	9 43	Clayton	8 46	4 42
5 07	9 52	Kenton	8 38	4 34
5 16	10 01	Hartley	f 8 29	4 25
f 5 18	10 03	Slaughter	f 8 27	4 23
f 5 25	10 10	Marydel	8 14	4 16
5 31	10 16	Henderson	f 8 08	4 10
f 5 37	10 22	Goldsboro	f 8 02	4 04
f 5 46	10 31	Greensboro	7 53	3 55
5 55	10 40	Ridgely	7 43	3 46
6 03	10 47	Queen Anne	7 35	3 37
f 6 13	10 57	Cordova	f 7 24	3 27
f 6 18	11 02	Chapel	f 7 20	3 22
6 30	11 15	Easton	7 11	3 13
f 6 38	11 23	Llandaff	f 6 58	3 01
f 6 41	11 29	Trappe	f 6 53	2 56
6 52	11 38	ar. Oxford lv	6 43	2 47
P. M	A. M		A. M	P. M

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