





HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.

I wrote some lines once on a time In wondrous merry mood, And thou art as usual, men would say, They were exceeding good...

Lady Latimer's Escape.

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

It had been arranged that on New Year's eve a grand ball should be given. The entertainment was called a ball, but it was to comprise charades, music, cards, and everything else that was enjoyable.

I forgot all about myself; my heart was heavy over her. I could not divest myself of a fear, a foreboding that something was to happen that night. A presentiment of coming evil seemed to weigh me down.

"You need have no fear; I have made every arrangement. The carriage will be at the turn of the road by two o'clock. All will be well."

I turned away sick at heart, and from the depths of my soul I prayed heaven to save her, for she was in deadly peril.

Still the real significance of those words did not occur to me. "The carriage will be at the turn of the road by two o'clock."

How, or how suddenly, I missed her, I cannot tell. Whenever Lady Latimer quitted a room she seemed to take some of the brightness away with her.

Where was she—the beautiful, radiant, graceful woman who had given light and brightness even to that bright room? Not with Colonel North, that was one comfort, for he stood at the end of the ball room, talking to some ladies; but when I came to watch his face, it was unlike itself, there was a strange expression on it, as though he were waiting, and waiting impatiently.

I shall always think that that which followed was an inspiration from heaven. I looked at one of the jeweled clocks that stood in the ante-room; it had turned half past one, and the words spoken by Colonel North came plainly to me:

"The carriage will be at the turn of the road by two o'clock."

Oh, God! did it mean that? I stood for a minute paralyzed; my heart almost ceased beating, the blood ran cold in my veins, my limbs trembled. Could it mean that?

Quick as thought I went to Lady Latimer's room. There was nothing unusual at first sight, but when I opened the wardrobe door, I saw the blue velvet and pearls hastily thrust aside. I knew—she had gone!

"No, it is not!" I cried—"it is not best, not such love as this. Fear of God and love of duty are best. Oh, Lady Latimer, you cannot pass those gates, an angel bars the way!"

"She shall go!" said Colonel North, in a low, resolute voice. "Unclasp your arms, Miss Lovell. I have won her by right of love; she is mine and I shall take her!"

"I tightened my clasp on the trembling figure. "She belongs to Lord Latimer," I said, "and while he lives no man shall take her from him!"

"No," I answered; "you are not strong enough to save yourself, but I am strong enough to save you. Unless you, Colonel North, strike me down dead, you shall not take her."

"I do not kill women," said Colonel North. "You do worse," I cried; "you ruin their souls. You pretend that you love this poor child; you would be kinder far, braver far, if you plunged a dagger in her heart than take her away with you."

"I know," I cried at last. "The carriage is waiting at the turn of the road, and you—oh, Colonel North, gentleman and soldier—you want to take her away with you to eternal shame and eternal remorse! You shall not!"

"What, in heaven's name, brings you here, Audrey Lovell?" cried Colonel North.

"I saw him throw his arm around her, and I saw the carriage go. I know where those gates lead? Look at them, and know the road leading from them is the path to hell."

"Think," I said; "it is not just now, while the glamour of love lies on you; it is not the present, it is the long years of the future, when the glamour will fall from your eyes, and you will remember nothing but the wickedness of your sin."

"You mean well, Miss Lovell," said Colonel North, "but if you have any heart in your breast, you will not ask her to go back. I maintain that she is not married—marriage means a union of hearts, it means two souls made one."

"Audrey, let me go," she said. "I know it is all true, but—oh! do not turn away from me—I prefer to suffer with him. I prefer sorrow and repentance with him to my gilded misery without him. Let me go, dear; I

could not live without him; let me go."

"Let her go, Miss Lovell," said Colonel North, in a tone of deep emotion. "You mean well, you are very good. But she could never be happy there again—never again."

"And I love him, Audrey; that shall be my religion—love. You know what I have missed in my life, and now I have found it. I love him; let me go, Audrey; love is best."

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GOOD NEWSPAPERS.

Tribute to the Press from a Great and Good Divine.

Rev. Robert A. Holland of St. Louis, who used to be the rector of Trinity Episcopal church in Chicago, recently delivered an address in Boston before the Episcopal church congress, in which he paid a glowing tribute to the modern press.

"The liberal compass of man's warm embrace closes about the misery that leans right against his heart. Caste ere long will be impossible. No house, no spirit, can shut out the light of humanity, high and low, rich and poor, that with and without open doors, enters every door and leaves it open."

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Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

It is a very refractory steak the hotel chef cannot pound into a tenderloin.

The gastronomic education of those who do not like terrapin has been neglected.

It must be magic that makes one soup stock respond to so many different names.

People are saying there is less marfat dust in powdered sugar now than heretofore.

M. L. Blair, Alderman, 5th Ward, Scranton, Pa., stated Nov. 9, '88: He had used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for sprains, burns, cuts, bruises, and rheumatism. Cured every time.

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West & Traux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

The San Carlos coal company controls over 25,000 acres of land in one county in Texas.

The Nicaragua Canal. The project of the Nicaragua Canal has been debated in the U. S. Senate very vigorously.

Wives of Great Men. Like the famous wives of the English statesmen, Charles James Fox and Benjamin Disraeli, the lamented Princess Bismarck was a true helpmeet, and was a bulwark of strength to her spouse throughout their long and eventful career.

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