

IN THE TEMPLE OF WISDOM.

"Give me thy dreams," she said, and I With empty hands and very poor Watched my fair flowery vision die Upon the temple's marble floor.

"Give joy," she cried. I let joy go, I saw with cold, unclouded eyes The crimson of the sunset glow Across the disenchanted skies.

"Give me thy youth," she said. I gave, And, sudden clouded, died the sun, And on the green mound of a grave Fell the slow raindrops, one by one.

"Give love," she cried. I gave that, too, "Give beauty." Beauty sighed and fled, For what on earth should beauty do When love, who was her life, was dead?

She took the balm of innocent tears To kiss up on her altar coal, She took the hopes of all my years, And at the last she took my soul.

With heart made empty of delight And hands that held no more fair things, I questioned her, "What shall require The savor of my offerings?"

"The gods," she said, "with generous hand Give girdon for thy gifts of cost; Wisdom is thine to understand The worth of all that thou hast lost."

—[London Athenaeum.]

The Western Express.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"I love her, mother," said Guion Esterhall.

He was not, in a general way, much of a talker. Consequently, when he spoke, his words had the weight of sense and rarity. But Mrs. Esterhall, the fine old lady who sat erect before the clear, sea-coal fire, was too much excited to consider all this.

"The wife of my son, Guion," said she, "should be a lady, born and bred—not one of those girls who have had to fight the world until all gentleness, grace and unselfishness is ground out of them. No, I can never give my consent!"

The young man smiled slightly.

"Mother," said he, "the diamond itself hardly possesses its true financial value until the facets are ground with much friction."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Esterhall. "No one is talking of diamonds."

"I may bring her to see you, mother!"

Mrs. Esterhall shook her head.

"I have no desire to receive her," said she. "But, Guy, here are the tickets for Henry Irving to-night. Carrie Chippendale has promised to accompany me—of course, you will be on hand at half-past seven to be our escort!"

"If you wish it, mother."

The old lady smiled to herself when Guion was gone.

"A little management," she thought, "a little judicious firmness, and Guy will get over this boyish fancy of his. The idea of a shop-girl for my daughter-in-law—for Mrs. Guion Esterhall! I think the lad must have taken leave of his senses!"

And in her secret heart she rejoiced with an exceeding great rejoicing when Miss Chippendale arrived that evening, in a pale-blue moire gown, with a glittering necklace around her perfect white throat, and a bunch of hot-house roses in her corsage.

"If we are to have a private box," said Miss Chippendale, buttoning the seventeenth button of her glove, "one may as well go in full dress, don't you know?"

"My dear, you are looking lovely," said Mrs. Esterhall, approvingly.

Miss Chippendale was a sort of human camellia japonica—fair, graceful and serene—with big, expressionless blue eyes, cherry-red lips, flax-gold hair, drawn in fluffy crimples over her forehead, and an unchanging society-smile perpetually hovering around her lips. She had been highly educated, and she was destined by her parents to make a brilliant match. The Chippendales belonged to the aristocracy—that is to say, they had never done any work and had always spent a great deal of money. And Mrs. Esterhall had decided that Carrie Chippendale was the very wife for her son.

If only she could convert Guion to the same opinion.

Guion Esterhall was exceedingly courteous to Miss Chippendale that evening, but not a whit more so than he was to his own mother. The old lady was somewhat disappointed.

"But never mind," she said to herself, "one must have patience."

She went shopping the next day, to match a shade of Berlin wool, to buy some lace flounces for her drawing-room at Esterhall Manor. At one or two o'clock she experienced, not hunger, but a lassitude sensation that tired nature" needed some sort of "sweet restoration."

"I will go into Maricotta's," she thought.

Maricotta's was full, as it generally was at that time of day; but presently the old lady succeeded in obtaining a seat in a curtained angle, where the waiter took her order for a chicken-salad and a cup of tea. Just then she heard a clear, low voice on the other side of the drapery, as a party settled themselves at a reserved table—Miss Chippendale's soft, well-modulated tones.

"Oh yes, Irving was very fine," said Carrie. "Oysters, please—a box-stew for one and fritters for two and three cups of Vienna chocolate, nicely frothed, waiter—but all the same, I nearly died of ennui. The old lady is the most dreadful bore you ever knew, and Guy is a regular pig. Handsome, you know, and very talented, of course; but one don't want to be on full-dress parade as to one's brains the whole time. He isn't half as nice as Freddie Fortune—only poor Fred hasn't a cent to bless himself with, and papa looks thunderclouds at me whenever he calls. But once I'm married, it—"

A chorus of well-bred giggling interrupted Carrie's words. Mrs. Esterhall rose hurriedly from her seat, grasped her gloves and eyeglasses and made all haste out of the restaurant. When the waiter came with the chicken-salad and the tea, he found his customer gone. The unconscious Miss Chippendale and her friends enjoyed their Vienna chocolate and oyster fritters very much indeed.

Mrs. Esterhall decided to return to the manor at once. Carrie Chippendale's graceful treachery had affected

her more than she had deemed possible; and, leaving a hastily written note to explain to Guion that she had altered her plans, she took the late express, which reached Clevedon Junction at nine, there connecting with a branch train for Esterhall Station. She was traveling alone, as her maid remained to pack up the last things and follow her the next day.

There had been a heavy snow-fall, the night had settled down dark and tempestuous, and the train was running behind time. At last it came to a full stop. Mrs. Esterhall started from a doze and looked anxiously around her.

"Ten o'clock!" some one said, consulting a watch. "Why, conductor, we are at Clevedon for five minutes before nine!"

"Yes, I know, sir," spoke the official, "but the road is all blocked, and the Western express is overdue at this point. We're waiting here for the signal to move on."

"And what's to keep us from waiting all night?" petulantly inquired the old gentleman.

"Nothing sir—unless the Western Express is heard from."

Mrs. Esterhall began to be a little frightened.

"Conductor," said she, "is there any danger of a collision?"

"No, ma'am—not as long as we're on this side of the switch."

"Isn't there a dining car attached to this train?"

"No, ma'am—this isn't the through express, but I hope we shall be detained here much longer," the conductor cheerfully added.

Slowly the minutes dragged themselves by, gradually lengthening into hours. The passengers gathered in knots and whispered. One or two of the more adventurous spirits got out, peered into the darkness, flecked only by the driving snow, and then got in again, with the customary uncomplimentary comments on the railway management. Mrs. Esterhall was nervous and unaccustomed to travel alone. She began to cry softly behind her veil.

"Ah," she thought, "if ever I live to get safe home again, I'll stay there. I'll never tempt Providence more, on these night roads."

Across the aisle two young girls were seated—the one pale-faced and rather plain, as Mrs. Esterhall had already noticed by the light of the cluster of lamps under which they were seated; the other a brilliant young brunnette with soft hazel eyes, peachy cheeks and wavy dark-brown hair, brushed carelessly back from a low, broad forehead. Presently the latter rose, and coming to Mrs. Esterhall's side, asked in a soft, sympathetic voice:

"Are you ill, madam?"

"No—" stammered the old lady, quite forgetful of her society dignity. "Only I am so faint and weary. I expected to dine at home long before this hour, and I took almost nothing to eat—before I started."

"I have some nice, home-made chicken sandwiches in my bag," suggested the pretty girl. "My aunt insisted on my taking them, although I dined heartily before leaving home, and I have a little alcohol lamp with every convenience for making a cup of good, strong tea as well. If you'll allow me to prepare it for you—"

Mrs. Esterhall was a genuine teetotaler. A new brightness came into her eyes at this suggestion.

"You are very kind," said she.

"But you will want it yourself?"

"No," smiled the girl. "I don't care for tea. But my kind old aunt would put the things in. Now I am glad that she did so."

"In five minutes, Mrs. Esterhall had eaten and drunk, and felt infinitely refreshed. How it happened, she did not pause to question herself, but she presently found herself reclining comfortably, with her head on a pillow improvised out of the folded blanket shawl that belonged to the young girl; and, mingled with her drowsy reflections, came the soft, low murmur of the sweet-faced brunnette, who had changed her seat and that of her companion to the one directly back of Mrs. Esterhall, and was talking almost in a whisper.

"No, I am not going back; and I do not intend to communicate my address to any one."

"Not even to him?"

"But he loves you, dear."

"Yes; and that is the very reason I am determined to create no dissension between him and his friends. Perhaps he will forget me."

"He will never do that."

"But at least I shall feel that I have done my duty," said the hazel-eyed girl, firmly. "I shall love him to the end of his days, but I shall not have ruined his future."

"And this," cried the companion of an old woman whom you have never seen!"

"Out of deference to his mother, Alice," gently corrected the first speaker.

"What a quaint notion!" dreamily mused Mrs. Esterhall. "But she has an excellent idea of duty, this dark-eyed little girl!"

"That is you, all over, Effie!" said the friend. "You are always effecting yourself in favor of some one else. Here you are giving all your tea and sandwiches to a person you have never heard of, abandoning your seat to a poor little woman with a crying baby, because it is a trifle nearer the stove, and, to cap everything, giving up the man you love and who loves you, because—"

"Because it is my duty," said Alice. "Please, Alice, don't let us discuss the matter any longer. It is because I love Guy that I am willing to sacrifice everything for his sake."

"Guy! Bless my soul! Guy!" thought Mrs. Esterhall, sitting suddenly up. "But, of course, there are other guys than mine in the world."

Just then there was a tremble of the frozen ground under them, a roar and rush of lighted cars past them.

"The Western Express at last!" shouted the choleric old gentleman, bobbing up in his seat like an india-rubber ball.

"All abo-and-below!" bawled the conductor, with a twitch at the bell-rope; and on moved the train at last, creaking and groaning like some monster serpent in pain. Mrs. Esterhall

leaned over the back of the seat, toward the hazel-eyed girl.

"My dear," said she, between the throbs of the engine, "is it Guion Esterhall that you are speaking of?"

The girl started and colored. She could not repress a cry of surprise.

"Yes?" I thought so. Come over here and sit by me. I am his mother, and I want to talk to you."

It was two o'clock in the morning when they reached Esterhall Station, but the covered sleigh was waiting for them, with hot soap-stone foot-warmers and about half a ton of fur robes and wrappings. And Effie Dallis stepped into the luxurious conveyance with Mrs. Esterhall, for the old lady had insisted on taking Effie home with her to the manor.

"She is such a contrast in every way to that selfish, cold-hearted Chippendale girl," said Mrs. Esterhall. "I'll telegraph to Guion at once. Really, it does seem as if there was a special Providence in our train being kept so long waiting for the Western Express to pass."

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STRANGE THINGS DO HAPPEN.

Was This a Coincidence, or was It Something Still Stranger.

What is the explanation of it? The facts are attested by several reliable persons.

One of the most prominent railroad men in the State and receiver for a great corporation was a guest at the Grand Pacific Hotel. This was but a day or two ago. While he was at the hotel his son and daughter came to take dinner with him. That evening he went to Mr. Paul Gores, the clerk, and said, "Charge me with two extra dinners."

Mr. Gores knew the daughter was at the hotel, but he had not seen the son, and for some reason supposed that a girl friend of the daughter had been the third person who took dinner at the hotel. There is a rule of the house that the name of every guest must be entered on the register. So Mr. Gores opened the book to put down two names. He just wrote the name of Miss—, the daughter. Then he thought for a moment and wrote below it "Miss Warburton, Cleveland." Of course Warburton was not the name he wrote, and Cleveland was not the town, but they will do just as well, and in every other particular the story as told will be exactly true to the facts. He didn't know why he wrote "Miss Warburton, Cleveland." He simply "thought up" a fictitious name and put it on the register, as he had often done before.

Next day when the guest came to pay his bill the cashier looked up the account and said: "You have been here three days and there are two extra dinners charged—one for your daughter and one for Miss Warburton."

"Miss Warburton?"

"Yes, Miss Warburton of Cleveland. Is there something wrong?"

"Two extra dinners is all right, but there's something wrong. How did that name get on the register?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Well, I have a certain reason for asking, and I wish you would look it up."

The clerks were questioned, and Mr. Gores said he wrote down the name.

"But how did you happen to get that name and that address?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I wrote the first thing that came into my head."

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"But how did you happen to get that name and that address?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I wrote the first thing that came into my head."

"Then they fell to wondering whether it was simply an unexplainable coincidence or a beautiful case of thought transference.—[Chicago Record.]

The Tidal Disaster of 1866.

The biggest solitary wave ever known was that caused by the Peruvian earthquake of August 18, 1866. In no other instance, we are assured, has it been known that a well-marked wave of enormous proportions has been propagated over the largest ocean tract of the globe by an earthquake whose action has been limited to a relatively small region not situated in the center, but on one side of the wide area traversed by the wave. At Arica it was 50 feet high, and enveloped the town, carrying two warships nearly a mile beyond the railway to the north of the town. The single sea traveled northward and westward. Its height at San Pedro, California, was 60 feet. It inundated the smaller members of the Sandwich group, 6,800 miles away, and reached Yokohama, in Japan, in the early hours of the morning, after taking in New Zealand on the way. It spent itself finally in the South Atlantic, having traversed nearly the whole globe.—[Ashton Reporter.]

Prizes for Hideous Men.

Beauty competitions no longer possessing the charm of novelty, some one in Belgium has hit upon the idea of getting up an ugly man's exhibition. A grand prize for ugliness will be given to the competitor who vanquishes all comers, by the hideousness of his countenance. The men are to be on view at a place of amusement at Brussels, known by the title of the North Pole. It is said in The Daily News that an English amateur of the ugly in nature has promised to add a gift of £2 10s. to the first prize. The wags, of course, are saying that he is doing all he can to secure the discovery of some one uglier than himself. —[Westminster Gazette.]

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