

A METAPHYSICAL DILEMMA. A learned Professor, once making a speech to a boy of youngsters, attempted to teach this point of mystical lore; How a thing can be mended and mended again...

VIOLA

Thrice Lost in a Struggle for a Name.

BY MRS. R. D. EDSON.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"I don't know his name, but I know him. His eyes are so queer—just the color of my brown slippers, with bits of yellow in them sometimes—there was when he saw my mamma. I know 'twas him on the beach, because he went in the boat, and wasn't in the vessel after it was so dreadful."

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In the quiet country burying ground there was a new made grave, and nature, who is the tender mother of us all, took the fair stranger gently to her bosom, and her young hands, the birches and walnuts, dropped their soft train of gold over her pulseless breast.

There was little definite the child could tell of her history. They had lived in France, always, as far as she could remember, but her mother was not French. They had boarded with an old woman whom everybody called "Madame." Once, a long time ago, a handsome, dark man used to come and stay days and days with them, and then they were all going very happy!

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was a resolute look on the flushed, tear-stained face that she lifted to his. "If I live to be a woman I'll have a name, you just see if I don't!" she said, with a fierce little gesture.

CHAPTER III.

It was sometime early in February that Ben Anderson came home one morning and tossed a letter into his wife's lap. "A letter from Tom, I reckon, though it isn't his writing," he said, holding it up to the light as he gave it to her.

"It's a woman's writing—it can't be Tom has married again," she said, turning the letter over, and holding it up to the light as her husband had done.

"I don't believe you would marry the Queen, Ned," she replied, coloring a little. "No, I don't think I would, and good reason too! The fact is I'm a little shy of this noose—a feller can't get out nigh so easy as he can in! I like the woman first rate, but this matrimony business—it allus seemed to me that there was some 'bort in it."

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ever so rich or fair, could be to him that this bleak New England coast was. There was little said about the proposed change before Ralph or Viola, but Ralph knew that it was being seriously considered by his father, and he told Viola, privately, that he would go, for he was sure his cousin Blanche was the most beautiful, and the nicest girl in the world, and he guessed she knew a great deal by the way she wrote; and she was so anxious he should come, too!

"I don't want to go; and I don't want to see her, and I don't like her!" broke in Viola, impetuously. "Well, what now, Wildfire?" he asked, opening wide his eyes in surprise. "Mother says Blanche will be an accomplished lady by and by, and she is rich, and pretty, and I should like to know why you should say such spiteful things of her when you never saw her," he said, in an injured tone, looking down very severely at the little flushed face and quivering lips.

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the brooksides grasses, as Myra Anderson glanced out of the car window at the flying landscape with a faint feeling of home-sickness in her heart, for the parting from the old home had been very hard at the last. Only the thought that it would be better for them, and that it would keep Ralph away from the sea, kept up her courage. She knew by her husband's grave face that it had been a hard struggle for him to smother the tie which nearly fifty years of companionship had cemented.

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conclusion of a treaty between the United States and Korea adds another to the peaceful successes of American diplomacy in the far East. Nearly thirty years ago the American Commodore Perry, overcoming obstacles which had baffled almost every European nation, and without firing a shot or leaving ill-feeling behind, succeeded in opening Japan to foreign intercourse.

The history of European intercourse with the inhabitants of the little peninsula in Northeastern China is brief and melancholy. The touching story of the crew of the Dutch vessel, the *Amoy*, on the Island of Quelpaert in the middle of the seventeenth century, who were detained among the Koreans for more than thirty years, as told by their "Secretary," will be found in the pages of "Pinkerton," and need not be further referred to here.

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Get married, my boy? Telemachus, come up close, and look me right in the eye, and listen to me with both ears. Get married. If you never do another thing in the world, marry. You can't afford it? Your father married on a smaller salary than you are getting now, my boy, and he has eight children, doesn't have to work very hard, and every year he pays a great pile of your little bills that your salary won't cover.

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SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY. —The colored people of Corsicana, Tex., have organized a company with a capital of \$25,000 for the purpose of purchasing and improving lands.

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