TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO CONTRESTONDED 13-All constructed for this approximately to accom-gated by the many of the industrial or accom-publication, but of the industrial of the approximation for the second state of the second state of the second provide the second state of the second for the letters and sparse plate and used force. From contrast, setting the location of the second state in a latent state plate and used for the second state of the second state of the contrast plate the letters and sparse plate and used for the contrast plate state of the second state of the contrast plate the second state of the state of the second state of the second state of the state of the second state of the second state of the state of the second state of the second state of the state of the second state o

WHERE AWAY!

O the Land: of Where Away' Tell us-rell us-where are there? Through the darkness and the dawn We have journeyed on smit on-From the cradle to the roos-Fiom possession unto los-, Seeking still from day to day For the Lands of Where Away.

When our haby feet were first Planted where the duisies burst, And the greenest fluxers grew in the helds we wandered through, 5till with childish discontent Ever on and on we went. Hoping still to pass some day, O'er the verge of Where Away.

Roses laid their vetvet lips On our own, with fragmant sips, But their suscess help us not, But their suscences we folgo'; Though the brandles in our ty lek Pinekel at us to hold us by tek-"Jury ahead," we need to say, ""Lie the Lands of Where Away."

Children at the pasture-bars, Through the dusk, has glimmering stars Way of their hands that we should hade With the n over eventide, Down the dark their sources failed Faiteringly as they halled, And their into yestel day— Night whead and—Where Away;

Twining arms about us thrown— Warm cures-sis, all our own, Can but stay us for a spell— Love has nothing new to tell To the soul in need supreme, Aching ever with the dream Of the endles, blisg it may Find in Lands of Where Away! —J. W. Stiley, in Indianapolis Journal.

HOW SLUMINIUM WON THE GRAND PRIX.

HUW & LUMINUM WON THE GRAND PRES.
INUM & LUMINUM WON THE GRAND PRES.
Of course I must take the reader into my confidence in this affair now, or forever alterward hold my peace about the matter. Let me trust thit it will not go any further, as what I am going to disclose is a scored of the Freach turt, and unknown to any of the "knowing ones" of the French capital, whose name is "legion," and consequently should be kept strictly entre nous.
The two being at the beginning. "O that the leopard could change bits spois!" I sched to myself as f took my usual four-or-orcick walk along the Avenue des Acacias. The vernal sum that causes the violet and the subserders of the entire winter's table ancidents on the only fookcait I possessed. The sum and the dust are bad enough; but then there are the April showers, which often event for into the moth of Max, and it would often seem that the much-abused clerk of the weather becomes confused even in the leary month of June, and turns on the April tap. All the forces of reviving nature in spin-time scene combined to cruch the impecuations man of modern times -i mean the mon of the world east in the forces of reviving matter in spin-time scene combined to cruch the impecuations man of modern times -i mean the mon of the world east and ridicule after an expensive winter of folly and fashion.
Daily yesterday I was sharding on the turb-stone, which of basene that the fundation for suddenly open my neithy-folded umbrelia, displaying two world rest in the same that the information bases, which "bagginess' at the knees, which "bagginess' my taber, which "bases end that informate that my social position requires that. I have tried stores in the same time be making some effect in passas a a wawnerk ignerity inders, which "bagginess' my world while the same time be making some effect in passas a a wawnerk ignerity in the the weather one and the subsers, behaver, which "bagginess' my theory to the socie of the mean of the subsers, which inders passes effect

Since that time I have been living on ex-pectations and invitations to dine out, chiefly the latter. When I we the nou-wearz riches, and people who have more money than they know what to do with and nothing in particular to "keep up," except, perings, a reputation for being early sold, it makes my heart ache. I don't mean to say that I am envious; but merely that I whould like to be in their shows for a while, expectally as their beels are usually quito correct, and are not worn off at the back, as mune are. Should this go on much longer, I shall soon have to show a clean pair of heels; not from any motives of fer. but from sheer inability to cover them. Indeed, I often feel that if expectations do not "re-sult" soon, I shall be obliged to take to my Since that time I have been living on exfrom sheer inability to cover them. Indeed, I often feel that if expectations do not "fre-sult" scott, I shall be obliged to take to my bed on account of my linen, or rather on ac-count of a plentiful lack of it. I had thought of borrowing; but one naturally feels a sort of pride or reverve that makes it difficult to postulate for trifles when one already owes a few years' arrears. I have a friend, how-ever, from whom I might borrow, but I never could. This arose from simple im-pecunicative. He is a great genius, however, and was evidently destined to make his mark in the world, as the reader will prob-ably learn before he finishes this vernelous narrative. I once asked Joe (that's my friend's hume, Joe Hook; he is, of course, an American, from the State of-well, the other State might be envious of such a ge-mius, rol won't say where he has from)— I once a-ked Joe for a louis, hoping that this around this reader will arom. Such a se-The structure might be environs of such a grant part built and the structure might be environment. The structure might be th

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et na seen, said my chy the gate indication of the seen and the said of the second sec

senathing dangerous he was about to show me. "This is my creation," continued Jac, stoking the animal's mane. "It is I who have breathed life into his mostrik." "It is the mad?" I thought to myself. "A bat!" I asked, about, "do you mean to see that he is not alive?" "Look!" said the sorcerer, as he opened strap in the side of the figure. displaying the my actorished eyes a most intricate mechanism. "I have never seen the like before," I erclaimed, in confused wonder. "I have never seen the like before," I erclaimed, in confused wonder. "I have never seen the like before," I erclaimed, in confused wonder. "I have never moster study of my life," said he, "my one absorbing ambitue, to cimate inert matter—to give it life and being." I how reprembered that some years ago

sid he, "my one absorbing ambition, to simate hert matter—to give it life and bing." I now remembered that some years ago i how remembered that some years ago i how remembered that some years ago is the commutate's books the exact in macribe on the committee's books the exact in-cribe on the committee's books the exact in the even and in a timous condition, but at-ing poing the rounds of the book-makers in the evening 1 met Monsecut Druot, a 5 in the evening 1 met M

On which the Tartar King did ride," celebrated in immortal verse by Chaucer and Milton! These last were metallic borses like Aluminium, and everybody will admit that a borse of mettle is an accepted and honored-term as well on the turf as at the Joeker Club. Nevertheles, it is well to guard against malicious persons. I felt myself quile worn out with the mend, strain and anxfety to which I had been subjected even with the triling pre-liminaries. I have sought to describe. Still more arduous labors were in store for me. I felt that the greater part of the respon-sibility devolved upon me, as the machine, inc. I new furned my attention to the book-

i fell certain, has an even, win, I now turned my attention to the book-makers, Ramil's horse, Bruce, and the Duke of Hamilton's Fencion; were the only oppo-nents I feared in the least, according to Aluminium's time. I went continually to of himiton's remember were the out out of the acker of the form of

dier only wide enough for me to catch a gliapse of one of his eyes through the sper-gliapse of one of his eyes through the sper-gliapse of one of his eyes through the sper-gliapse of one of his eyes through the sper-through the specific of the s

"Bruce?" "Archer!" "Marden?" raug from the crowd, and were schoed by the grand stand.

"I have only one word to say to you." "I have only one word to say to you." whispered Joe to Bill English, as he gal-loped Aluminium to the starting-place, "and that is to mind the neck valve. God bless you!" I had no time to ask Joe for an explana-

roped Athinitian to the starting-piace, 38th that is to mind the neck valve. God bless you?" I had no time to ask Joe for an explanation of this mysterious influnction, for in another instant the bell raws, the flag commenced to fall, and ther were off. Fenelon ledgelosely followed by Alhambra, then came Bruce and Aluminium harging the inside of the track, followed by Alhambra, then came Bruce and Aluminium harging the inside of the track, followed by Alhambra, then came Bruce and Aluminium harging the loss of the rank of the track showing all the colors of the rainbow. They were gone like a flash; out of sight in a moment, leaving us tarilied with excitement and rooted to the spot, straining eyes through double barrels, on tiploe to catch a glimpse of them round the bend of the course. A breathess shonce, a subdued bush, had come over the multitude in every direction, as it swaved to and fro in eager expectition. Some clapped their hands, others threw up their baits; and shouts and crist allong the lines. Some clapped their hands, others threw up the batts; and shouts and crist like the confused root of the surging see arose from the concling together. Burdeling 'Aluminium' Aluminium!' I shricked, my heart fluum is all starts and fro were nose to nose, and Aluminium between them, only a neck behind, Bill English looking triumphant, and riding with the motionless case of a period jockes. "Aluminium I Aluminium I Aluminium!" I represed the starts and starts and period is the start of th

Jockey. "Aluminium! Aluminium!" I roared. Fenelon's jockey was already lashing him

roared. Fenelon's jockey was already inshing bim with all his might. "Lost!" I thought to myself. "Alumin-ium can never make up that neck." But, at the crucial moment, just as they passed the judges' line, I thought I saw, like the mocking plautom of by-gone dreams, the nose of Aluminian dart out like a flavh from between the heads of fluce and Frendon. Yet no. Could it be? The body was still behind. I not only felt that all was lost, but that my reason had tottered from its throne. I made a rush for the judges' tribune, mad-dened by the thought, and quite beside my-self, krocking over several people, and elimbing over the shoulders of athers, in my wild, in petiouve career to rojoin Joe. Joe was leaning against the tribune, hat-less, with his shirt torn open, weeping like a child, in the same helplest convulsive way that he had done when I had been so rash as to solid the lost We've lost!" I cried, clutch-ling at him. He could not speak; he only slowly iffed

Our Young Folks.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

turkey a savage cut over his sancy tail. "I don't know what you'll do," was Polly's calm response, "but I shell give that' Melia every smitch o' my turkey next Thursday. So there?" There was another pause, and then Coorne remarked, with a great showing

George remarked, with a great showing of coolness: "Well, all right. An' Fil take Sally my turkey an' all my pump-

kin pie!" "Oh, you dear George!" began his sister, and then broke down and oried.

about?" queried Aunt Polly, coming upon the two, sitting side by sideon the

upon the twe, sitting side by subsolution wood-pile, later in the day. Patty hesitated. Good and kind as Aunt Polly always was, her sharp eyes and snarper voice were awe-inspiring to her small niece. But George, whose bravery was the glory of his sis-ter, looked up at the tall woman with his fearless gray eyes, and told the story at that morning's adventures and their

of that morning's suventures and their

"An' we were just a wonderin', Aun Polly, how we'd get the things down there, an' if you'd let Mike go with us,

there, an' if you'd let Mike go with us, may be, 'cause you know you say you don't like us to go where you don't know the folks." "That'll be all right," his aunt said, simply, "an' I'm glad'you thought of it, children. 'It's more blessed to give,' you know. George, I wish you'd get me some chips." So she turned the subject then: but

So she turned the subject then: but that ovening, as Mr. and Mrs. Andrews sat together over the kitchen fire, with

their charges asleep up stairs, Aunt Polly retold George's story, keenly watching her husband's face as she did

so, although her eyes were apparently

so, although her eyes were apparently fixed upon her knitting. Uncle Amasa took his pipe out of his mouth and drow along breath. "Bless them children," he said, heartily. "I vun, now, Polly, that makes me feel putty small--don't it you? To think o' their thinkin' of it, an' they a-lookin' forward to Thankszivin'-day so long."

forward to Thanksgivin'-day so long

theirn neither."

small-putty small."

place.

forward to Thanksgivin' day so long?"
"Well, what kin we do, Amisa?"
was his wife's quiet question.
"Massy! I don't know. But we'll send that wilder her dinner anyway;
an' we won't rob them little childern o' their neither."

And gathering up his boots and pipe,

huge market-basket, in company with polutoes and onions and golden pies and

rosy cranberries; in short, with the par-ty's Thanksgiving dinner.

ran swiftly to the common hiding-

A faint streak of light came from the door-way as Sally appeared holding a tallow caudlo aloft A moment's si-lence while she stared at the hasket, and

kneeling by it explored the contents;

then-... Oh, mother! 'Melia''' she screamed,

"it's a turkey, and it's pics, an'-oh, come quick an' see"

There was the harry of other footsteps, and a cry from 'Melia: "Just to look at the onions. Oh, I 'do love them?" and then some one upset and extinguished the candle, and under cover of the darkness Uncle Amasa

Uncle Amasa first placed the basket on the cracked door step, and then he and George concealed themselves in the darkness behind the brush heap, while Patty, the lightest and leetest of the three, knocked at the door, and then

resolution, adding:

"What air you childern whisperin'

There's a time-the prover tells us-For all things under the sum: Even so may be proper sensors For good works to be down And for good words to be suid. In the fear lest for you May miss the happy occasions, Let us here note down a few.

When the autumn field are variant with leaves, When the leaves illo underfact, When truit on the bound is frequent, And while there is a rind or root; When the same comes down from the heavens, When the autumn field are varing When the autumn field are varing When the autumn field are varing

When the hills are purple with heather, When the fails are black with cold. When the fells are black with cold, When the larches are gay with their tassel

Ted,
 When nuts are shrivel'd and old;
 Whene rethere's growth in the spring-time,
 Or June close follows May,
 And so long as the first of January
 Happens on New Year's Day;

When mushrooms spring in the meadows, or toustools under the trees, When the guints gyrate in the samshine, When the onk-longits strain the breezo; In the days of the cuckos and swallow, When the searcuits the the feam, When the night-jar croons in the gloaming, Or the owl goes silently home;

When the law is a plued mirror, When the house and the most in mist, When the house of the lake are us pillars of gold On a dicor of surgethyst: When a rinknew spans the morning, When the thunder reads the might, When the show on the hills is rosy red With the blush of the wakening light;

When the soul is heavy with sadness, When the hears full drop by drop, When the hears full drop by drop, When the hears is glud as the heart of him When youth unrolls like a bracken-frond, When youth unrolls like a bracken-frond, When ngo is grandly gray As the side of a cring that is riven and scar'd With the storms of yesterlay:--

Brileve that in all of these scanna Some good may be done or said, And whenever the lowing thought and will Are lowing enough to well and well is it with the happy heart That hath there prime stood How the "time for all things under the sun" Le always the time for good. -17, J. Linton, in St. Nicholas.

THE LAME TURKEY.

A Story of Thanksgiving Thue. "Childern, childern, come here quick.

"Childern, condern, come nore quick. That hame turkey's out ag'in." So called Mrs. Amasa andrews, in the kitchen doorway, and two shrill trebles answered her from the pumpkin patch: "Oh, Aunt Polly, where's it gone to? Out in the orchard, ar across the fields?"

Untin the orchard, or across the fields?" all, you know, for them to be gen rous "Under the hill, down by Unele Jake's old place." waving away the panting figures who rushed into view from behind the corn-house. "You'd better hurry up, or he'll get clean away the hull turkey, an' we'll throw in the pics. I guess we won't starve on beau

better hurry up, or he'll get clean away this time." George and Fatty needed no second warning. In the missing turkey were bound up delightful visions of "white meat," "wish-bones," and "stuffing," on which they had been dwelling for two months past, and which they had on which they had been awaring for two months past, and which they had no idea of losing at this late day, only one little week before Thanksgiving. So they tore like small whirlwinds across the kitchen yard, squeezed under the fence, and slid down the steep hill, never stopping to take breath until they had lost sight of home, and had ... Uncle

And gathering up his Foots and pipe, Uncle Amasa strode off to bed. And so it came to pass that on Thanksgiving eve George and Patty, accompanied by Uncle Amasa, not Mike, again followed the lame turkey under the hill to Uncle Jake's old place. But this time the recreant fowl was borne on their uncle's shoulders, in the large market-basket, in company with Jake's old place" in view. "Oh, George," gasped little Patty. then, "what if we didn't find it-what

ever would we do?" "Wouldn't have no Thanksgivin',"

replied George, stolidly. "Oh, but, I just couldn't hear that I couldn't, truly. It is such an awful long time since we had a taste o' turkey, Canava."

George " "Not since last Christmas, before we ever thought o' comm' here to live," her brother mused, as he trimmed a switch with dexterous fingers. "Pa'n'

They were close to the house which, had long been vacant, but now showed signs of hite in open door and windows, and a faint wreath of pale blue smoke from the tumble down chimney. In the tiny door-yard stood the runaway, calmly picking at a few potato-6kins in a rusty old tin pau. The childres creat softly up behind a brush heap, intenting to rush from thence and surprise him, and were about to carry their softeme into effect, when George laid a detaming hand upon his sister's arm. tiny loor-yard stoor! the runaway,

insters while I watch his pace." I mounted accordingly and commenced a lively gallop round the held. I got over the ground in good time, but as III-luck would have it, something went wrong with the ap-paratus for stopping the beast, and to my surprise and terror he went round and round at the rate of as express train for nearly an hour and a hait, until all the air in the cylinders was exhausted. Ught the brule. I felt like Mazeppa, with this ex-ception, that he was the of on and had no fear of failing and breaking his neck, which at times seemed no remote contingency with me.

other. "Chalk 'is beak L" said a third. "Don't you mind what they say," whispered Joc.

pered Joe. But these little incidental remarks of the bystanders were nothing to the shouts of laughter that greated our unforthaate "ho-gus," as the jockey called him, after the canter, when he came in thirty lengths be-hind all the others.

hind all the others. "I'll make 'em laugh out of the other alde of their mouths, sir. I'll show 'em a trick or two before the day is done," remarked Bill, sullenly, but with a glenn in bis eye which showed that he meant michnef. It are defined that has desting to bod under

Game.

There are various notions current mong men of many minds in regard to what constitutes the highest ideal of

heavy sigh. "Oh dear!" went on the younger roice, "don't you wish 'twas ours, Sal-ly? I never tasted turkey 'n all my life, an' I do hate corn meal so!'

"Turkey's for them that has fathers to buy 'em," replied Sally, with a sol in her voice; and then some one called shrilly from an inner room:

shrilly from an inter room: "Come, girls, Miss Watson's wash-in's ready;" and the little forms, at which our Patty and George had been furtively "peeking," disappeared. It was the work of a few moments to one of the lume to the set to set him.

at was the work of a few moments to catch the lame turkey, and to start him homeward at the point of George's switch; but someway neither child looked happy over the achievement. "George." finally becan Patty's finally began Patty's ⊷George

pleading little voice. "Well, what d'ye want?" in his gruff-

est manner. "They hain't got no father, Georgie." "No more ha' we, nor mother neith-

Wo're orphans."

er. We're orphans." "Oh, George! when we've got such a good Auut Polly, 'n' such a Uncle Ama-sa. An' comment, George." Now Patty's brother "hated corn meal so." too, as his crafty sister know. There was a little pause.

"Well, what shell we do?" he in-

"Well, what shell we do?" he in-quired, finally. "Tell Aust Polly, 'n' get her to send 'em something down?" "We couldn't do that," small Patty answered, decidedly. "They can't af-ford to do much extra, l'm afraid, Georgie. You know we're quite expen-sive, our keepin't heard old Miss Cran-dall tell Mike so."

"Miss Crandall's a gossip, Uncle Amasa says."

But I know we are," poor Patty went on "Aunt Polly ain't had no fall went on. "Aunt Polly ain't had no fail thrust into jait for the vendat binnit, you know, an' she does ber own so offended the society men a washin' since we come. I'm afraid we hind the bars of that est cost'em quite a deal." that they turned to and thr "Well, what shell we do?" George until he was seriously injure

cried, desperately, and giving the lume | Post.

"Hush?" he whispered. "What's that comin??" "Ob, Sally." called a thin voice from the door of the little house, "come and see what's here. A turkey Sally and But Uncle Atrace di But Uncle Atrace di the door of the little house, "come and see what's here. A turkey, Sally—a real turkey, sure's you live!" "But it ain't for us," said another voice. Evidently Sally had come. "It belongs to some 'un, 'Melia, 'n' they'll come after it. That means a Thanks-givin' dinnor for somebody"—with a heave a the source of the source

Blessed Labor.

It is a mistaken idea that the divin condition imposed upon us to earn ou living by labor is an unmixed evil. O the contrary, we should welcome an love it. Those who pass their lives i idleness are really depriced of n than half of this wor

enjoyments. Idlenes. ennui, diseased body or lives, and deprives th spirity of that zest which the true laborer has to sate for toil. The blessings world are wisely distributed. enjoyment and cultivating m and weariness of life 3lore ly the opulent than the indus suffer. Whatever dwarfs suffer. Whatover dwarfs the body and mind will c race. There is a neces.... our powers and compel us to would soon be a world unde live in, and the race would by ward course of revolution road back to ape man should be hap implanted within

Such a man, with surroundings rig man, and he ough

is healthy, is the best friend to man for a ness and full development?in and stature. - fowa State Regis

one, of Palestine, Texas, ma ten years old, some days agt thrust into jail for the venture

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