

FULFILMENT.

Desires that human minds retain
Are not in vain;
The flowers that droop in Winters cold
Will bloom again.
The forms we loved so gladly here
Will reappear;
The ray of hope, by darkness won,
But shine more clear.
Though all the powers of life give way,
Love holds its sway,
And brings the darkened, prison soul
The light of day.
The sequence of all good in store
We've known before—
Love—regal through eternity.
Forevermore!
—Frank Rose Starr.

MARK.

Happy Rhoda Townsend was so interested in her school, her music-lessons, and her play, that for a long while she did not notice what a cloud was gathering over her home.
But one morning she overheard her father and mother talking in low voices in their room, which was next to hers. "I don't see any way out of it," said her father. "If he insists upon it, we are ruined."
"Will it take everything?" her mother asked.
"Everything!" said her father. "We shan't have a roof to our heads. God knows what will become of us all!"
"I wouldn't mind, for myself," said Mrs. Townsend, weeping; "but the children! Oh, I am sure Mr. Ringdon cannot be so cruel!"
"You don't know Ringdon!" her husband replied, bitterly. "I took the contract to build the block six months ago, and should have made a moderate profit. But the price of labor and the cost of everything have gone up at least twenty per cent. He isn't to blame for that, he says: and though others can't keep their agreement with me, he sees no reason why I shouldn't keep mine with him. He doesn't mean to be cruel; but business is business."
Poor little Rhoda listened with grief and terror. Then she remembered how careworn her father had looked of late, and how often she had seen her mother sad and tearful.
She waited till he was gone, then ran and threw herself on her mother's neck. "I didn't mean to," she said, "but I couldn't help hearing something! Oh, mother, is it true? Must we lose this house and everything? Shall we be very poor?"
"My daughter!" said Mrs. Townsend, folding the dear child in her arms. "I am afraid so."
"Why didn't you tell me mother?"
"Because you were happy, and I wanted you to remain so as long as you could. And I hoped till now that Mr. Ringdon would not insist upon your father's fulfilling the contract. He can well afford not to insist upon it. He is very rich. The loss would not be much to him, but it will ruin us."

"What is it, Mark?" he asked.
The boy looked red and embarrassed. But there was a respectful earnestness in his fine face, as he replied—
"I heard something to-day, father, which I want to ask you about."
"Ask," said Mr. Ringdon, "and I will answer as well as I can."
"Is it something about your business with Mr. Townsend," said the boy.
Mr. Ringdon's face changed slightly. "What have you heard?" he asked, in a colder tone of voice.
"Is it said that if Mr. Townsend carries out his contract with you he will be ruined. Do you suppose it can be true?"
"I don't know," replied his father; "I hope not. Who said he would be?"
"Rhoda, his daughter. She and her mother are feeling very anxious about it. They think they will be very poor," said Mark, watching his father.
Mr. Ringdon did not smile any more, but his face was calm and kind. "I am sorry for them," he said. "The truth is, Townsend has a very bad contract. He will meet with a heavy loss. But I don't see how I can help it."
"Can't you release him from it?" Mark tremblingly suggested.
"That wouldn't be business," said his father. "Then the loss would fall on me."
"Excuse me, father—but are not you better able to bear it than he is?"
"Perhaps. A good many of my friends have met with losses which no doubt I might bear better than they; but it doesn't follow that I should say to Smith, Jones or Brown, 'Here's my check to make up that loss to you—I've more money than you!' Would that be business-like? There are a great many men," said Mr. Ringdon, and now he smiled again, "who would like to do business with me in just that way."
"Isn't this different?" said Mark.
"You've had nothing to do with their speculations; you've gained nothing by them."
"Are you mistaken," replied his father, "if you think I drove a hard bargain with Townsend. I agreed to give him for building the block all I believed it would be worth to me. He took all risks. If the time had been favorable, he would have made something. As it is, he loses. That's all there is about it."
Mark was staggered for a moment. Then he exclaimed earnestly:—"Oh, no, father; that isn't all. If there had been any ordinary gain or loss, what you say might be just. But he is building a block of houses for you; and I'm sure you won't insist on his doing it for what he agreed, if it will ruin him—make his family poor! I could never bear the thought of that!"
Mr. Ringdon answered, after a pause, in a quiet but firm voice:—"You're a kind heart, my son—I'm glad of that—but you don't know anything about business. And it isn't for you to tell me what I ought to do. You may be sure that I shall do only what seems to me to be right."

can earn much!" said the discouraged widow.
Rhoda went on, "others must help. Maria is good at figures; she must find a place in a store. Lucy must give up her music for the present, and assist you. Thomas will have to leave school—that's the hardest thing to decide upon—for he ought to go to college; we always meant that he should. But he must be earning some money, if we are to keep the family together. James and Julia must continue in school, at any rate; they are not old enough for anything else."
"Rhoda, his daughter. She and her mother are feeling very anxious about it. They think they will be very poor," said Mark, watching his father.
Mr. Ringdon did not smile any more, but his face was calm and kind. "I am sorry for them," he said. "The truth is, Townsend has a very bad contract. He will meet with a heavy loss. But I don't see how I can help it."
"Can't you release him from it?" Mark tremblingly suggested.
"That wouldn't be business," said his father. "Then the loss would fall on me."
"Excuse me, father—but are not you better able to bear it than he is?"
"Perhaps. A good many of my friends have met with losses which no doubt I might bear better than they; but it doesn't follow that I should say to Smith, Jones or Brown, 'Here's my check to make up that loss to you—I've more money than you!' Would that be business-like? There are a great many men," said Mr. Ringdon, and now he smiled again, "who would like to do business with me in just that way."
"Isn't this different?" said Mark.
"You've had nothing to do with their speculations; you've gained nothing by them."
"Are you mistaken," replied his father, "if you think I drove a hard bargain with Townsend. I agreed to give him for building the block all I believed it would be worth to me. He took all risks. If the time had been favorable, he would have made something. As it is, he loses. That's all there is about it."
Mark was staggered for a moment. Then he exclaimed earnestly:—"Oh, no, father; that isn't all. If there had been any ordinary gain or loss, what you say might be just. But he is building a block of houses for you; and I'm sure you won't insist on his doing it for what he agreed, if it will ruin him—make his family poor! I could never bear the thought of that!"
Mr. Ringdon answered, after a pause, in a quiet but firm voice:—"You're a kind heart, my son—I'm glad of that—but you don't know anything about business. And it isn't for you to tell me what I ought to do. You may be sure that I shall do only what seems to me to be right."

joy. "It is Mark! the same Mark I used to know, and had such faith in!"
The poor widow looked bewildered. "Do you really mean?"—she began.
"I mean every word I said," replied Mark, radiant with happiness. "Our lawyer will pay over to you to-morrow, twenty-three thousand and some odd dollars—the sum which we owe you."
"Rhoda, his daughter. She and her mother are feeling very anxious about it. They think they will be very poor," said Mark, watching his father.
Mr. Ringdon did not smile any more, but his face was calm and kind. "I am sorry for them," he said. "The truth is, Townsend has a very bad contract. He will meet with a heavy loss. But I don't see how I can help it."
"Can't you release him from it?" Mark tremblingly suggested.
"That wouldn't be business," said his father. "Then the loss would fall on me."
"Excuse me, father—but are not you better able to bear it than he is?"
"Perhaps. A good many of my friends have met with losses which no doubt I might bear better than they; but it doesn't follow that I should say to Smith, Jones or Brown, 'Here's my check to make up that loss to you—I've more money than you!' Would that be business-like? There are a great many men," said Mr. Ringdon, and now he smiled again, "who would like to do business with me in just that way."
"Isn't this different?" said Mark.
"You've had nothing to do with their speculations; you've gained nothing by them."
"Are you mistaken," replied his father, "if you think I drove a hard bargain with Townsend. I agreed to give him for building the block all I believed it would be worth to me. He took all risks. If the time had been favorable, he would have made something. As it is, he loses. That's all there is about it."
Mark was staggered for a moment. Then he exclaimed earnestly:—"Oh, no, father; that isn't all. If there had been any ordinary gain or loss, what you say might be just. But he is building a block of houses for you; and I'm sure you won't insist on his doing it for what he agreed, if it will ruin him—make his family poor! I could never bear the thought of that!"
Mr. Ringdon answered, after a pause, in a quiet but firm voice:—"You're a kind heart, my son—I'm glad of that—but you don't know anything about business. And it isn't for you to tell me what I ought to do. You may be sure that I shall do only what seems to me to be right."

"WHEN THE CORN'S A-TALKIN'"
Gentle owtum, gentle owtum
Y'er a hummer, hain't ye now!
With yer point on like the nation,
Lookin' spruce; as all creation,
With yer dabs of red an' yeller,
Like the punkins ripe an' meller,
Stickin' fast ter bush an' bough.
Y'er a daisy, hain't ye, owtum!
With yer posies long the brook!
Like live coals of fire a-glowin',
Smack down in the green, late mowin',
An' yer gentians torn and tattered,
An' yer golding-rod thick scattered,
Like rum picters in a book.
Y're a stunner there's no doubtin'!
With yer woods an' swamps a-drip,
With the black birds jest so busy
That my head gets light an' dizzy
With a-listenin' ter their chatter,
An' the wipers, fightin' clatter,
Uv the blue-jay's raspin' lip.
But I tell ye, owtum, squarely,
What I like the best uv all
Is ter hear the corn a-talkin'
When the wind is through it walkin',
An' ter catch the punkins list'nin',
An' jest layin' low an' glist'nin'
As if 'spector' fer a call.
An' another thing I'm set on,
I'm a-achin' fer ter tell,
I see the apples droppin',
An' the chestnut burrs a-poppin'
An' a-shellin' out their plunder,
While the pigs are chankin' under;
Now, I like this mighty well.
An' I like a han' at seedin'
Long about this present time,
When the feller smells like posies,
Only sweeter than the roses,
An' the grain is quick a-springin',
An' the m-lller grum' is singin'
Jest the sweetest harvest rhyme.
An' now come ter think, I reckon,
As I'm sayin' now my say,
I must mention—but I'm thinkin'
It's the heart that's allus drinkin'
In the good that God has given!
As makes a life—a livin',
And fills even ev'ry day.
S. B. McManus, in the Current.
PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.
Patch-work—Hoing.
Right-about face—the hair.
The song of the mosquito is "Hum, Sweet Hum!"—Life.
Robbing the males—The girls who steal men's hearts.—New York Journal.
"Have you any sleep?" asks a correspondent. Try to stay awake to catch some train.—Milton News.
"Horses run fastest in hot weather," says Mr. Bonner. That is nothing remarkable. So does butter.—Call.
At what age does a farm usually become worthless? inquires a correspondent. At about mortgage.—Burlington Free Press.
I watch for your coming each evening,
When the Sunset Gates are ajar.
—Lilla N. Cushman.
Look out for the dog at the portal,
And I'll keep an eye on papa.
—Gorham Mountaineer.
"You look distressed, Mr. Slowpay; what's the matter?" "Matter enough; I've lost my pocket-book." "That is bad; much in it?" "No; that's what worries me. I'm afraid some poor man will find it, and if he does it'll ruin him."—Burdette.
Mr. Muchtalk dropped in at the corner grocery with the morning paper in his hand and excitement in his eye. He said: "Look here; do you credit this outrageous rumor?" "No, sir," said the grocer, promptly; "don't credit nothin'; terms cash; everything's going up now, too."—Huey.
A young Wall-street business man has written a four-act melodrama, founded on incidents in the recent financial panic. We have not seen it, but it probably runs about this way: First scene, Wall street; second scene, detective's office; third scene, railway depot; subsequent scenes, palatial mansion in Canada.—Philadelphia Dispatch.
SORRY HE STAYED.
"I will stay," he sang, "and sing my lay,
While slumber seals your eyes;
And the deep still night will chase the day
Away from the star-light skies.
I will wake and sing till the morning star
Shall glow in the Eastern sky"—
But he didn't; the dog woke up just then
And smote him hip and thigh.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.
Honey-Dew Hay in Nevada.
Some time since we published an item to the effect that a Reno farmer had a peculiar kind of grass which was so full of honey that it clogged the knives when being cut, and that cattle was very fond of it. At the time we thought it was very peculiar, but a well informed granger of Grass valley informs us that it is very common. He saw it at Walker lake in 1860, and he has had it every year on his ranch, and the ranchers in his vicinity think nothing of it. He brought us a bunch of grass, willow branches and weeds, which had so much of the sugary honey that they had matted together, and after handling them the hand became sticky. It tastes sweet in its natural taste, and is much prized by the Indians, who industriously gather it. It is evidently a dew, because it is found on every kind of shrub, and is not confined to any particular locality. We have no theory to advance for it, but content ourselves by stating a simple fact.—Austin (Tex.) Reveille.
The Sutlej, a large river in British India, with a descent of 12,000 feet in 180 miles, or about sixty-seven feet per mile, is the fastest flowing river in the world.