FULFILMENT.

Desires that human minds retain Are not in vain; 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 in-terested 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. 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 ful-filling the contract. He can well afford to insist upon it. He is very rich. The loss would not be much to him, but it will ruin us."

"Does he know it?" cried Rhoda, eagerly. "Oh, I am sure he doesn't! Why, mother, it is Mark Ringdon's father; and Mark is just the neest, kindest, best-hearted boy you ever saw."

"But his father is a hard man, for all that," sighed Mrs. Townsend. "I fear there is no hope of him. And, now that you know all, my child, I want to say to you that we must be prepared for the worst. You are the oldest of the children. Your father will have to begin life again, and we must do all we can to help him. We must give up many things, perhaps have to work very hard. I am sure you will do all you can to help take care of your dear little brothers and

The mother and daughter wept in each other's arms; but with her high opinion of Mark, Rhoda did not believe that Mr. Ringdon could deal so harshly with her

"I'm sure he doesn't know!" she repeated to herself. And she formed a bold resolution. She would speak to Mark about the affair.

They went to the same school, and it was easy enough for her to find an opportunity to speak to him. But it was not so easy to think just what she should

Mark, who was a bright, quick-sighted boy, noticed that she kept her eyes on him with a troubled look. As she walked slowly away from the school-house that afternoon, he followed and overtook her. "What's the matter, Rhoda?" he said. "You act as if you had something against

"Oh, no; I've nothing against you." "But there's some trouble!" he in-

sisted. "Have I anything to do with it?" "No, but you may have. O, Mark!" said Rhoda, beginning to cry. "It is so hard! and I am sure you don't know "It is so anything about it; for it wouldn't be so,

if you did."
"What is it?" said Mark, growing anxious.

"Your father and mine-something about their business." And Rhoda told him her story as well as she could.

Mark was surprised and distressed. "No, I didn't know!" he exclaimed. "And I don't believe my father understands about it. He is the kindest man! there's nothing he won't do for me; and that makes me sure he will do what is right when I tell him."

"Oh, if you will tell him!" cried Rhoda, with tears of hope. That evening Mark walked into bis father's library after tea, and stood there, patiently waiting for him to lay down the newspaper he was reading.

Mr. Ringdon was, as the boy had said, a fond and indulgent father; and, feeling that his son had something to say to him, he presently put aside his paper, end glanced up smilingly over his glasses.

"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." "It is 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.
"It is said that if Mr. Townsend car-

ries out his contract with you he will be ruined. Do you suppose it can be

"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. 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."
"But isn't this different?" said Mark.

"You've had nothing to do with their speculations; you've gained nothing by

"And you're mistaken," replied his father, "if you think I drove a hard bargain with Townsond. I agreed to give him for buildeng 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 "Mr. is, he loses, That's all there is about lingly.

Mark was staggered for a moment. Then he exclaimed carnestly:"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 nouses for you; and I'm sure you wont insist on his doing it for w at he agreed, if it will ruin himmake his family poor! I could never bear the thought of that!"

Mr. Ringdon answered, after a pause, in a quiet but firm voice:

"You've a kind heart, my son-I'm glad of that-but you don't know anything about business. And it isn't for They walked on together, but with you to tell me what I ought to do. You few words. They came to Mrs. Townmay be sure that I shall do only what seems to me to be right."

He adjusted his glasses and took up his paper. Mark was not satisfied, but there seemed to be nothing more for him

He hoped that his father would release Mr. Townsend from the ruinous contract, and when the final came, and it was known that the Townsends had actually lost everything, Mark felt even worse about it, I am bound to say, than Rhoda did.

The Townsend family were obliged to move into a smaller house, where living was less expensive; and Mark lost sight of them. But the great wrong they had suffered rankled in his heart. when his parents made him a costly present, he would say to himself:

"I wonder if this was bought with some of the money wring out of poor Townsend?"
Mr. Townsend began business again,

and worked hard to support and educace his family. But circumstances seemed always to be against him. He couldn't get ahead. He continued the struggle manfully for a few years, then lost health and hope and died a poor man.

He had had his life insured for a moderate sum; and that was all that was left to his family. A widow with six chil-dren, and only the interest on three thousand dollars to provide for their wants! That was Mrs. Townsend's situ-

But since the change in their fortunes, Rhoda had proved herself "a glorious girl," as everybody said who knew them. She had given up the luxur.es of life, and the pleasures of society, to devote herself to the family. House-work, needle-work, teaching her sisters the piano-bonnet-trimming or dress-making whatever the task, she brought to it a willing heart and skillful hands.

"I don't know what I should have done," Mrs. Townsend used to say, "if it hadn't been for Rhoda; her tact for keeping us all looking respectable on nothing, is just wonderful! And she makes us all happy by her good spirits."
But now, after her father's death,

something beside even Rhoda's helpful hands was needed to keep the family along. The interest on his life insurance was only about two hundred dollars a year. That would not pay house-rent, where they were.
One evening Mrs. Townsend and

Rhoda sat talking over their prospects. "I thought we were poor before," said the widow, with a thoroughly dis-couraged air. "But our poverty then was nothing to this. What shall we

Rhoda was now in her twentieth year and a wise little head she had for a girl of her age. She had thought the matter

"I can answer for myself first," she said. "I shall take in dressmaking. I will order a little sign painted to-morrow. I can certainly bring some money into the family that way."

"But it will be a long time before you

can earn much!" said the discouraged

"In the meanwhile," 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 But he must be earning some money, if we are to keep the family together. James and Julia must con-tinue in school, at any rate; they are not old enough for anything else." "But, can we get along if we do all this?" poor Mrs. Townsend inquired.

"Yes, but there is still another thing. We must pinch-pinch-pinch," said

"Oh! haven't we pinched all we could for years? "Oh, dear, no, mother! We can pinch

a great deal more. And Rhoda gave a little laugh. "Why do you think we can?" asked

her mother. "For the best reason in the worldbecause we shall have to! No family lives on so little that it might not live on

Again Rhoda laughed lightly. all the while her brave heart was full of regrets and forebodings.

dress making came into the house: though Rhoda managed to get a little by going out to do it. After a long and discouraging search, a place in a small fancy store was found for Maria, where she had to stand on her feet all day, and bear a great deal of abuse from her employer for a mere pittance. Thomas could not find as much as that.

The family was in debt. Their rent as unpaid. They had been warned to was unpaid. leave the house. Mrs. Townsend was worn out, and even Rhoda was losing her spirit, with her youth and bloom. One evening as the girl was going home from her day's work, a young man

stepped to her side. "Ishoda Townsend!" he exclaimed. "You don't know me?"

But she did know him, she was greatly surprised and agitated to see him; for it was years since they had met.
"Mr. Ringdon!" she said, tremb-

"Not Mr. Ringdon," he replied, "but Mark—call me Mark, if you please. How long it is since I have seen you." "It is hardly my fault." Rhoda coldly

replied; for she thought he had purposely avoided her family since they became poor.

"Perhaps it is mine," he said; "though, indeed, Rhoda, I have thought of you a great deal, and inquired for you lately. Are you walking home now? May I go along with you?"

"If you wish to see how poorly we are obliged to live," she answered, in the

same cold tone of voice.

They walked on together, but with send's door. Rhoda stopped, as if to

bid him good by.
"May I go in and see your mother?"
he asked, as if he had been humbly begging a favor.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," said Rhoda; and, after hesitating a moment, she showed him in. Perhaps, on reflection, she was quite willing that he should see the poverty to

which they had been reduced Mrs. Townsend received him kindly, and he sat down in the little sittingroom where the long struggle between neatness and want had left its sad trace. "I should not have known you," she remarked. "Indeed, I never saw

many times. You came to Rhoda's birthday party once, 1 remember." Tears rushed into the mother's eyes, as she thought of the changes in her family

since that happy time.

Mark's heart was full. time before he could command himself him.

to speak. "Rhoda thinks I haven't wished to keep up the acquaintance," he said at length.

"There was no reason why you should wish to," Rhoda said, demurely.

wasn't blaming you." Then suddenly Mark's words came in a burst of emotion.

'There has never been a day since I last saw you, Rhoda," he said, "when I haven't had you and your folks on my mind. I promised once, you remember, to do something for you. But I wasn't That is the true reason why I haven't tried to see you since."

It evidently gave him so much pain to say what he did that Rhoda interrupted

"You needn't explain! I always had faith in you. Please don't aliude to what's past any more!"

"But I must!" Mark exclaimed. "There was a business transaction between your father and mine, which I could never feel right about. Mr. Townsend was a lo-er by its bargain. My father was in the end a gainer, though he didn't think so at first; he didn't mean to be unjust. He is dead now; and I want you to think better of him than you did at one time,"

"Dead!" said Mrs. Townsend, hadn't heard of it." "He has been dead six months," said

Mark, in a low, tender voice. "He left everything to my mother and me-a large property. hesitated, then turned his eyes

earnestly on Mrs. Townsend. She was studying him with strange, sad, tearful looks. "My mother thinks as I do of that

contract," he went on, "There is some twenty-three thousand dollars, including interest, now due-justly due-from our estate to yours, and we have made all arrangements to have it paid.' "To have it paid-twenty-three thous-

and?

I don't understand you!" said Mrs. Townsend, in great agitation.
"I understand!" said Rhoda, wild with States.

'It is Mark! the same Mark I used jov. 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.' "And Marie can leave that horrid store! And Thomas can still go to college!" exclaimed Rhoda, throwing herself on her mother's neck, and kissing her wildly, while Mark shed tears of joy and sympathy. "And you, dear, dear mother! you shan't work so, as you do, any more!" "You don't think of yourself, Rhoda,"

said her mother. Indeed, that was always Rhoda's way.

-J. T. Troubridge, in Youth's Companion.

Some Streaks of Moonshine. The Rev. Dr. Willits, of Louisville, Ky., has been lecturing on the illusions moonshine, in which he tells some truths and gets off some anecdotes:

The true mission of wit and humor is to be the spice of sensible talk. An old preacher delivered a number of sermons on Jonah, and even made that a dry subject. Said a parishioner: "If the whale was as sick as I am, I don't wonder it threw him up." Moonshine is used to express illusiveness. Illusions attach themselves to every passion, to every faculty of the mind, to the senses of the body, and to all periods of our lives. An old gentleman was with great difficulty persuaded by his nephew to ride for the first time on the steam cars. In the car the old man and the young one were separated. Presently they came to a tunnel, about which the nephew had forgotten to tell his uncle. When they emerged from the darkness the old gentleman was grouping his way through the aisle, with his eyes tightly closed and crying out: "John, John, I am struck blind, struck blind!" Once, when the doctor himself had a birdstuffing craze, he looked into a window where he saw a stuffed owl. He said to himself: "The wings are much too low, the pose is not life-like, and the eyes are at least a third too large." Just then the owl turned its head and winked at the speaker as if to assent to all that was said.

Another class of illusionists consists of the dear old croakers who are always complaining of the degeneracy of the times. In that good old-fashioned time they continually talk about people spent half an hour trying to light the fire on a cold winter morning, and often did not succeed. In that good old time the ex-press train came into town and announced its arrival by blowing a horn, and it came on horseback. Then men were blistered and bled and cupped, and when they had fever could not have even a drink of wyter, unless they got it by tilting up the bucket when the nurse was asleep. Now they can even have ice. Oh, what a giorious luxury to have a mouthful of ice while in a fever. The fever is not a luxury, but the ice.

The Dying Tramp.

"I'll tell you what I'd like to see," remarked a Chicago, Burlington and Quincy conductor, "and that is all the pro-fessional tramps in this country tied down to the rails right in front of the fast mail."

"What's the matter with you and the tramps, now?"

"Matter enough. The other day, down near Galesburg, a passenger pulled the bell-rope and stopped the train. He said he had seen the body of a man by the side of the track. We pulled back aways, and, sure enough, in the di ch lay a tramp. He seemed to be dead. examined him. Then he showed signs of life. Then we carried him into the car and fixed him up him. Pretty soon he opened his eyes and gasped: 'Fell-off-train. Badly hurt.' There was a doctor on the train, and he said the fellow was injured internally, probably fatally. He prescribed stimulants. So we skirmished around and got a bottle or two of whisky. He drank it like water, all the time rolling his eyes and groaning. He emptied that bottle and asked for more. The kind-hearted baggageman brought a quart flask out of his chest and told us to give him some of that. When we pulled into Galesburg he was sleeping, and I was afraid dying. The baggageman went to lunch and I to telephone for the police. When we came back our patient had recovered and disappeared. The quart bottle of whisky, a good suit of clothes and a nickel-plated seven-shooter had gone with bim."-Chicago Herald.

Kamschatka.

Kamschatka seems to be losing its native population even more rapidly than are the Sandwich islands losing theirs. According to a very pathetic report sent by Lieutenant Frederick to the Moscow Gazette, there will soon be no Kamschatkans left in Kamschatka. The popula-tion, in a district larger than the whole of France, which was once above 50,000,

had in 1880 fallen off to 6,200.

The only occupations of the inhabitants are shooting and fishing; their food consists almost exclusively of fish, for the annual income of apy one rarely exceeds sixteen shillings, for which not even torty pounds of flour can be bought. On the western coast things are even worse. The mortality in these parts is even greater than in the east. On the Commodore islands, however, which are separated by a distance of hardly 300 kilometres from Kamschatka, the population is flourishing amain under the benevolent supervision of an American firm.

The annual consumption of imported and domestic cigars is sixty to every man, woman and child in the United

"WHEN THE CORN'S A-TALKII

Gentle owtum, gentle owtum Y'er a hummer, hain,t ye now! With yer paint on like the nation, Lookin'spruce as all creation, With ver dabs of red an' veller, 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 gits light an' dizzy With a-listenin' ter their chatter, An' the wiery, 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 'spectin' fer a call.

An' another thing I'm set on, I'm a-achin' fer ter tell, Is ter see the apples droppin', An' the chesnut 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 foller smells like posies, Only sweeter than the ros An' the grain is quick a springin', An' the meller groun' is singin' Jest the sweetest harvest rhyme.

An' now come ter think, I reckin', As I'm savin' now my sav. 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-Hoeing. 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.

"How shall I sleep?" asks a correspondent. Try to stay awake to catch-some train.—Millon News,

"Horses run fastest in hot weather," says Mr. Bonner. That is nothing re-markable. So does butter.—Call. At what age does a farm usually become worthless? inquires a correspond-

ent. 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 pocketbook." "That is bad; "No; that's what worries much in it?" 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. "Look here; do you credit this outra-geous rumor-?" "No, sir," said the "No, sir," said the grocer, promptly; "don't credit nothin"; terms cash; everything's going up now, too."-Hawkeye.

A young Wall-street business man has written a four-act melodrams, founded on incidents in the recent financial paule, 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 sxies

"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 pecular 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. have no theory to advance for it, but content ourselves by stating a simple fact .-Austin (Nev.) 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.