ENDEAVOR.

The soul grows strong in noble strife—
This is the law, forever;
Be it the motto of thy life—
Endeavor! Oh, endeavor!

Strive for the mastery of self,
From all low aims to sever,
From passion, pride, and love of pelf—
Endeavor, and endeavor!

Let thy mind entertain the good:
Corrupt guests harbor never;
Feed on high thought—'tis angel's food—
Endeavor, still endeavor!

Spurn all the blandishments of sin,
But follow virtue ever;
Her smile 'tis blessedness to win—
Endeavor, aye, endeavor!

—*Frank E. Hale.*

FRIENDS.

Scene—A Conservatory Adjoining a Ball-Room.

She.—A bit of heliotrope. Pretty, is it not?

He.—Yes, very pretty.

She.—Are you fond of heliotrope?

He.—Of that heliotrope, yes.

She.—I would put it in your button-hole, but I'm afraid.

He.—Afraid? Why?

She.—Miss Winthorpe might object. She is watching us.

He.—Why should Miss Winthorpe object?

She.—I don't know if you don't.

He.—I don't think Miss Winthrope has any special interest in me.

She.—I do.

He.—Are you jealous of her?

She.—No. Why should I be jealous?

He.—I wish you were.

She.—Why?

He.—Oh, I don't know. A fellow likes to be of sufficient interest to a woman to make her jealous.

She.—Yes, I suppose he does. Are you trying to make Miss Winthorpe jealous of me?

He.—Why do you bring in Miss Winthorpe so often? Will you put the heliotrope in my button-hole?

She.—You might think too much of it.

He.—I couldn't. Perhaps Mr. Winthorpe might object.

She.—Why should Mr. Winthorpe object?

He.—If you don't know, I don't.

She.—I don't think Mr. Winthorpe takes any special interest in me.

He.—I do.

She.—There! It looks decidedly æsthetic on its back-ground of black.

He.—May I think as much of it as I like?

She.—Oh, yes; a flower means nothing. If it did, how would I read the bouquet a gentleman sent me to-day?

He.—What is it you call this cluster you wear in your—corsage, is it? I am not up in milliner's terms.

She.—You will be some day.

He.—What do you mean?

She.—When you marry. Your check-book will be your dictionary.

He.—If money could buy such a thing of beauty as this—

She.—That will do. Don't carry my joke so far.

He.—Is it very expensive?

She.—What?

He.—A wife.

She.—I don't think so. But I've never been a wife.

He.—You might be some day.

She.—I shall. But I have not seen my husband yet.

He.—Are you sure?

She.—I see plenty of gentlemen I like. I have no heart, I am afraid.

He.—I'm afraid you have not.

She.—What do you know about it?

He.—A good deal. I have been looking for it.

She.—Are you as foolish as all the rest? I don't like men who talk nonsense.

He.—It is not nonsense. Men sometimes mean what they say.

She.—Very rarely.

He.—We have not known one another long enough to mistrust one another.

She.—To trust one another, you mean.

He.—No; I do not mean that—I mean what I say. Do you remember our first meeting?

She.—No. Our acquaintance never seems to me to have had any beginning. I simply knew you.

He.—And trusted me?

She.—And trusted you? My! I don't know. It was not——

He.—What?

She.—Never mind. What a lovely dress Miss Winthorpe wears.

He.—Will you not finish your sentence?

She.—It was nothing—a thought that should not have been uttered anyway.

He.—Stay. You are not engaged for this dance?

She.—If I stay I shall not be.

He.—I do not wish to detain you, but—

She.—I don't care about dancing any more.

He.—It is curious that I too have almost forgotten the first time we met.

She.—I don't quite know if that is complimentary.

He.—It never occurred to me that we were to be more than mere acquaintances, and now—for a year—

She.—We have been friends.

He.—Have we been truly friends?

She.—I think so. I always liked you. You did not speak to me as other men spoke. You did not pay me a single compliment for the first six months—except one.

He.—I have forgotten. What was it?

She.—That is your flattery—a flattery no woman ever passes unnoticed.

He.—Flattery. Wherein is it flattery?

She.—Don't you know?

He.—I only know that if it was a compliment, it was meant.

She.—And that is the most effective flattery. What was the compliment? That I was perfectly lovely with my hair in this style.

He.—And so you are.

She.—The compliment does not go a second time.

He.—The truth goes always.

She.—Have you heard anything more about your New York appointment?

He.—Yes. I told you I should hear to-day. You are the only one who knows anything about it—yet.

She.—I am afraid you always put too much confidence in my opinion. The idea of your consulting me on such a subject.

He.—You have always been so sensible.

She.—I think you taught me that. I heard from my sister to-day. She thinks you were perfectly right about the compromise in our law business, and says she would very much like to meet my adviser.

He.—Does she know of all our confidences?

She.—Oh, yes. Everything. She wrote a week ago to tell Harry—we always speak of you as Harry—I forget what the message was now. Of course, she knows of our friendship.

He.—I am glad to have her good opinion.

She.—Oh, she thinks I ought to—But tell me, are you going to New York?

He.—Yes. I suppose it is best for me.

She.—I suppose—it—is.

He.—There will be a field for me there, and I will have an opportunity to make both money and fame.

She.—Yes; you are right. This is but a sorry place for a man as clever as you are.

He.—I shall not be so happy there, I know.

She.—Oh, yes, you will. There where there is life, and gayety, and society, you will find another—I mean other friends.

He.—Is this so sorry a place for you?

She.—A woman is different. She must patiently await her fate. A man may go and meet it.

He.—And so you wish me happiness.

She.—Indeed—indeed, I do. You have been more to me than all the rest.

He.—And you to me.

She.—I have been nothing but a helpless woman, left fatherless, who has found one man among the barren lot who did not sicken her with adulation or bore her with love; who was as tender as a woman, and as manly as a man; who did his services with such evident pleasure that thanks were out of place. You thought all this was nothing. You thought the word of sympathy was of no value—the little office of friendship that everybody was ready to do, that everybody did.

He.—If I have helped you, it is all the world to me to know it.

She.—We have talked frankly enough before; let us talk frankly now.

He.—If there is anything we may not tell one another frankly, our friendship has been wasted.

She.—I know of nothing. I have never felt the slightest hesitation in trusting you. You are going away. To say I shall miss you is to say nothing. I dare not speak so to anybody else—not to any man living. You will not misunderstand me.

He.—No; you may be sure of that. I do not believe I need to tell you the feeling with which I shall part from you. As I hold your hand and look into your face, I feel that we are alike. Neither you nor I need terms of endearment to show how much we think of each other.

She.—You need not squeeze my hand quite so hard.

He.—I think you are cruel. But am I not right?

She.—You are—perfectly right.

He.—And when I am gone——

She.—You are not gone yet.

He.—Shall we be as dear friends as ever?

She.—Yes.

He.—And when the man comes who is to take my place—perhaps to be dearer?

She.—You will be here.

He.—You speak as if you were never to have a real sweetheart.

She.—I want no sweetheart who can not be my friend.

He.—And he who would be both—

She.—Must be both.

He.—I have never spoken of love. Sometimes a little sentiment has stolen in, but you have not encouraged it.

She.—I don't like sentiment. It's always hollow and foolish.

He.—But have you not sometimes thought I loved you?

She.—Yes. Sometimes that you have not encouraged it.

He.—I was afraid it might throw a doubt upon the purity of my friendship.

She.—I know that. I shouldn't wonder if you sometimes thought I loved you.

He.—I have, sometimes.

She.—How could I love a man who never sought to be anything but a friend? Why should I fetter the man who was so kind and good to me, and tie his love to my miseries, when he had so many qualities that might draw him a worthier wife?

He.—And why should I ask the woman who trusted in my friendship and gave me hers, to accept my love as a reward for mine? If I had made love to you I would have come to the level of all the rest.

She.—Now you are talking nonsense. Do you believe that I would ever have given you my confidence if there had been nothing but friendship?

He.—Take care; you are committing yourself.

She.—And I am very much mistaken if friendship ever could be so warm as yours that had no deeper motive power.

He.—This is leap year, and you must take the consequences.

She.—Leap year or not, why should I not speak? Harry, you are going away; you are going to leave me here without a friend, without any one that I can rely upon. You have taught me to trust you. You have weaned me from all other confidants and made me one-half of you. You have said we are not the kind who break our hearts. We are not. If there is any other woman whose love will make you happier than mine, tell me, and I will join your hands, so dear is your happiness to me. You have known all the time that I loved you. If I have read you wrongly, it has not been your fault. Our friendship calls for us to speak the truth—woman or man.

He—You have read me aright, as I have you. No woman that had not all my love could have had all my friendship, as you have had. You are my other self; and now you have spoken, let me speak. I believe that God made us for one another. "Where thou goest I will go, where thou abidest there I will abide; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

She—Boaz did not propose to Ruth in a conservatory, but, Harry, darling, I don't mind if you do indulge in a little sentiment now.—*Peter Robertson, in Argonaut.*

The Gay Head Indians.

The Gay Head Indians inhabit the recently incorporated town of Gay Head on the westerly end of the County of Dukes, Mass., which embraces the whole of the island of Martha's Vineyard. This Indian town has an area of about 2,400 acres, which is divided into three peninsulas, Nashaquitsa, Squiqnocket and Gay Head. This town is nearly severed from the rest of the island by Menemsha pond. At the present time there are about 200 Indians at Gay Head, and unlike many other remnants of Indian tribes in the Commonwealth, they have for a few years past been gradually increasing in numbers. There are about fifty families, and the people here have been marked through a series of years for seeking more profitable sources of income than their isolated situation naturally afforded, and some of them have achieved some distinction as efficient masters of vessels. The morals, education and marked indications of civilized advancement among them are so striking that they attract attention among those who chance to visit their sequestered island home.

If there is a spot in all New England where a recluse might wish to find perpetual repose, free from the troubles and anxieties of life, Gay Head is the place, and yet the Gay Headers are quite jealous of the influences and approaches of foreigners, having had a good deal of trouble with those who have married some of their daughters and settled among them.

Formerly any member of this tribe at Gay Head could take up, fence in and improve as much of the land as he pleased, and when inclosed it became his own. It might very naturally be inferred that such a state of things would engender many disputes and quarrels, but such was not the case. Such a state of things was a kind of "imperium in imperio," not conducted by any code of laws except bone and muscle of those taking up the land. The Gay Head Indians are a mixture of the red, white and black races, and there is, too, some Southern blood among them, and also Portuguese and Dutch; for listen, here are some of the names among them, to wit: John Randolph, Madison, Corsa, Silvia and Tanderhoop. Through the intermarrying and the coming in of foreigners it has almost pushed out the purely Indian names. They are, on the whole, a moral, frugal, industrious and temperate people, and are quite equal in these respects to white people, with similar surroundings.—*Boston Post.*

An Overwhelming Compliment.

A young gentleman anxious to learn to sing, went up into the garret one Sunday night about bed-time, and resolutely commenced his exercises with his Psalm book. He had been singing but a short time, when his father, a fidgety old gentleman, stole out of his bed-room, with his night cap on, and on reaching the foot of the stairs, mildly inquired:

"James?"

No answer. James was very busy with his exercises.

"James?"

"Sir?"

"Have you heard a very peculiar noise, James?"

"No, sir; nothing."

"Oh — ah — I thought — but never mind."

The old gentleman walked back to his room, muttering indistinctly.

Presently James resumed his exercises, and was getting on famously, as he thought, when his parent, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, again came forth, exclaiming:

"James!"

"Sir!"

"Are you sure that Bose is chained up?"

"Yes, sir; I attended to it myself."

"Very well, very well; no matter."

Once more he returned to his room.

Wondering what his father meant by inquiring after the house dog, Bose, James was silent for a minute, but soon returned to his exercises more vigorously than ever. Again, however, he was interrupted by the voice of his parent, shouting—

"James!"

"Sir!"

"I am sure Bose is loose."

"It can't be possible, sir."

"He is, I tell you."

"What makes you think so, sir?"

"Why, for this last half hour I have heard something that sounded very much as if that dog was worrying the cat."

James never resumed his exercises after that overwhelming compliment.

IN THE JAWS OF A SHARK.

THE THRILLING ADVENTURE OF A SPANISH DIVER.

Attacked by a Huge Shark While at Work on a Wreck—A Narrow Escape.

Alfetto, the Spanish diver who has been at work on the wreck of the Atlanta, near Morehead, thus speaks of an adventure had by him a few days ago: At the time I was at the bottom of the sea. I was just about to signal to be drawn up for a moment's rest, when I noticed a shadowy body moving at some distance above and toward me. In a moment every fish had disappeared, the very crustaceans lay still upon the sand and the cuttle fish scurried away as fast as they could. I was not thinking of danger, and my first thought was that it was the shadow of a passing boat. But suddenly a feeling of horror seized me. I felt impelled to flee from something I knew not what. A vague horror seemed grasping after me, such as a child fancies when leaving a darkened room. By this time the shadow had come nearer and taken shape. It scarcely needed a glance to show me that it was a man-eater, and of the largest size. Had I signaled to be drawn up then, it would have been certain death. All I could do was to remain still until it left. It lay off twenty or twenty-five feet, just outside the rigging of the ship, its body motionless, its fins barely stirring the water about its gills.

It was a monster as it was, but to add to the horror the pressure of the water upon my head made it appear as if pouring flames from its eyes and mouth, and every movement of its fins and tail seemed accompanied by a display of fireworks. I was sure the fish was thirty feet long, and so near that I could see its double row of white teeth. Involuntarily I shrunk closer to the side of the vessel. But my first movement betrayed my presence. I saw the shining eyes fixed upon me; its tail quivered as it darted at me like a streak of light. I shrank closer to the side of the vessel. I saw it turn on one side, its mouth open, and heard the teeth snap as it darted at me. It had missed me, but only for a moment. The sweep of its mighty tail had thrown me forward. I saw it turn, balance itself, and its tail quivered as it darted at me again. There was no escape. It turned on its back as it swooped down on me like a hawk on a sparrow. The jaws opened, and the long, shining teeth grated as they closed on my metal harness.

It had me. I could feel its teeth grinding on my copper breast-plate as it tried to bite me in two, for fortunately it had caught me just across the middle, where I was best protected. Having seized me it went tearing through the water. I could feel it bound forward at each stroke of its tail. Had it not been for my copper helmet my head would have been torn off by the rush through the water. I was perfectly conscious, but somehow I felt no terror at all. There was only a feeling of numbness. I wondered how long it would be before those teeth would crunch through, and whether they would strike first into my back or my breast. Then I thought of Maggie and the baby, and wondered who would take care of them, and if she would ever know what had become of me. All these thoughts passed through my brain in an instant, but in that time the connecting air-tube had been snapped, and my head seemed to burst with pressure, while the monster's teeth kept crunching and grinding away upon my harness. Then I felt the cold water begin to pour in, and heard the bubble, bubble, bubble, as the air escaped into the creature's mouth. I began to hear great guns and to see fireworks and rainbows and sunshine and all kinds of pretty things, then I thought I was floating away on a rosy summer cloud, dreaming to the sounds of sweet music. Then all became blank. The shark might have eaten me at his leisure and I never would have been the wiser. Imagine my astonishment then, when I opened my eyes on board this boat and saw you fellows around me. Yes, sir, I thought I was dead and ate up, sure.

Alfetto was found by his comrades a few minutes after the snapping of the line. He was picked up insensible, with several holes punched in the metalic part of his diving suit.—*Panama Herald.*

HEALTH HINTS.

It is said yellow dock, root or leaves, steeped in vinegar, will cure the worst case of ringworm.

Linseed poultice: Take four ounces of powdered linseed and gradually sprinkle it into a half pint of hot water.

When putting glycerine on chapped hands first wash them thoroughly in soap and water, and when not quite dry rub in the glycerine. This process will be found much better than the old one.

To make a bread poultice take stale bread crumbs, pour over them boiling water and boil till soft, stirring well; take from the fire and gradually stir in a little glycerine or sweet oil, so as to render the poultice pliable when applied.

Oil of wintergreen, mixed with an equal quantity of olive oil, when applied externally to inflamed joints affected by acute rheumatism, is maintained to be, on high therapeutic authority, a means of instant relief from pain. At any rate, its introduction to the sick chamber is unobjectionable, if only for the agreeable odor it imparts to the atmosphere.

If you have great talents industry will improve them; if moderate abilities industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well directed labor. Nothing is ever to be attained without it.

Massachusetts has 80,000 more women than men.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

A grain of strychnine will embitter 300,000 grains of water.

In winding up the clock in the tower of Trinity church, New York city, the crank or handle has to be turned round 850 times.

A painting of the Lord's Supper made by a French artist of the revolutionary period represents the table as ornamented by a tumbler filled with cigar lighters.

The name of Agate is derived from the river Achates, in Sicily, near which these stones were found in abundance by the ancients. They are now found in Scotland, Saxony, and Hungary, and are also brought from China and the East Indies.

The thimble was originally called "thumb-bell," because it was worn on the thumb, as sailors still wear their thimbles. Though first made in England, in 1695, thimbles appear to have been known to the Romans, as some were found at Herculaneum.

From the army and navy diet scales of France and England, which, of course, are based upon the recognized necessities of large numbers of men in active life, it is inferred that about two and one-fourth pounds avoirdupois of dry food per day are required for each individual. Of this amount three-fourths are vegetable and the rest animal. At the close of an entire year the amount is upward of 800 pounds.

The Norwegian shoe, or skee runner, is used in Colorado for long journeys over glassy snow, or when going up or down a steep mountain. Every one has a pair of those ungainly shoes—men, women and children. Those who have mastered the art of snowshoeing can go very rapidly on them. There is a Norwegian there who is willing to wager that he can travel fifty miles across the country in ten hours, but that is much faster than the majority of skee runners.

In this country a city is a municipality, having a local government and a mayor as an executive; a town is a municipality comprising one or more villages. In England, however, a city is usually a corporate town, which is a bishop's see, and has a cathedral church; a town is an assemblage of houses, usually having a market, or a subdivision of a county. In early times the word town was applied only to such a collection of buildings as was surrounded by a wall. A village is the same in England as in this country.

The larvae of butterflies and moths are called caterpillars; those of beetles, grubs; those of flies, maggots, and those of mosquitoes, wigglers. The term larva, pupa and imago are relative only. While the grub and caterpillar are quite different from the pupa, the bee state is reached by a very gradual change of form, so that it is difficult to say where the pupa ends and the imago ends. In fact, a large number of insects reach maturity through an indefinite number of slight changes. The humble-bee molts at least ten times before arriving at the winged state.

WISE WORDS.

Be deaf to the quarrelsome and dumb to the inquisitive.

Do not be too generous with your temper. Keep it.

Contacts with the world either breaks or hardens the heart.

The world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel.

Great things are not accomplished by idle dreams but by years of patient study.

A thorough scholar carries a key with which to unlock every door in the mansion of knowledge.

The mistakes of women result almost always from her faith in the good and her confidence in truth.

Experience shows that success is due less to ability than to zeal. The winner is he who gives himself to his work, body and soul.

To tell our own secrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt; to communicate those with which we are intrusted is always treachery, and treachery for the most part combined with folly.

True repentance consists in the heart being broken for sin and broken from sin. Some often repent, yet never reform; they resemble a man traveling in a dangerous path, who frequently starts and stops, but never turns aside.

Italian Air Made to Order.

A very remarkable discovery is reported on the authority of a fellow of the Royal Meteorological society, to which the attention both of the faculty and of the society cannot be too speedily directed. Dr. Carter Moffat, cousin of the late Dr. Robert Moffat, claims to have invented, after nine years' study, an instrument known as the ammoniaphone, which contains an absorbent material saturated with peroxide of hydrogen combined with condensed ammonia and other ingredients, through which a current of air is drawn into the lungs. This is said to be in reality a highly concentrated artificial Italianized air, in an extremely portable condition. Dr. Carter Moffat's voice was originally very weak, harsh, and destitute of intonation. By the use of the ammoniaphone it has now become a pure tenor of extraordinary range. He noticed that after experimenting on himself for only fourteen days an expansion of the chest took place to the extent of over half an inch, with a feeling of increased lung space and power of voice, which has since been maintained. Experiments have been made upon choirs in Scotland, with extraordinary results. As there are a good many choirs in England, to say nothing of the opera companies, which stand in great need of improvement, the ammoniaphone is certain to be in great demand.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*