

Is there anything so lovely in a hot, dusty city as a flower garden in a box? They are especially appropriate for the outside of upstairs windows, and one's heart always gives a little thrill when one glances upward and catches sight of a flame of beautiful color against cold gray or brown walls. There is nothing so pretty for a flower-box as geraniums, with tiny-leaved vines falling or climbing from their midst. Never mind if they are common—common things are wonderfully sweet and desirable sometimes, though often and often we do not know it until it is too late.

"When I see flowers and snowy lace curtains at a window," I once heard a gentleman say, "I don't care how poor and shabby the house may be, I always feel that a woman of delicacy and refinement lives therein. A bird cage swinging under the porch lifts that home still higher in my estimation, while if, by any chance, I catch a glimpse of a bundle of lace and ribbons tucked carefully into a baby carriage—well, then, I know that the man who owns that home has already a foretaste of heaven; and I can tell you that my poor, old, bachelor heart just aches of envy!"

Oh, if you would have a happy home, let the flowers, and the bird cage, and the baby carriage all be therein!

Each of us has at least one so-called friend who delights in telling us disagreeable truths about ourselves. For myself, I frankly confess that I am not so good but that I cordially detest her. I shrink from the cold, heartless ring of her voice; I dread to see her come, gay and smiling, through my doors, with eyes round, bright and alert to discover anything that may be a source of annoyance to me; I shiver at the traitorous clasp of her hand. She is never disagreeable—never. She says things that cut you to the very soul, in the softest of voices, with the sweetest of smiles; and if you should turn upon her and accuse her of unkindness, or a betrayal of friendship, she would look at you with such eyes of injured innocence that you would fall upon your knees and beg her forgiveness. You and I both know her; we return her calls; we receive her honeyed insults with quivering hearts and assumed indifference; we smile with the sickness of despair in our souls; but, O, sometimes she leaves an arrow behind that rankles and rankles pitilessly forever. Heaven send us true friends, and, if need be, open and honorable enemies; but, O, deliver us from the one who stabs with lips that falsely smile!

Jean Ingelow has turned upon the autograph hunter. She has copied, dated and signed excerpts from her favorite poems, and has placed them with her American publisher to be sold at \$2.00 each, for the benefit of a fund to restore the old St. Lawrence church, Evesham, England. This may be very sensible and business like, and yet—one hardly knows why—yet one does not like to think that sweet, tender singer should grudge a sweep of her pen to those who love her. To reach one heart can not make you as famous as Jean Ingelow—you must reach the many; and when they have helped you, encouraged you, cheered you on until your success is assured, and you know that your every word will go to waiting, starving hearts, why should you grudge them so innocent a pleasure?

One drop of water falling upon a stone will have no effect, but let drop follow drop, year in and year out, and the stone will wear away. So it is with temptation. The first glance into temptation's eyes will not harm you, but if you pause and look again—Oh, then, beware! Before you know it, it will occur to you that those eyes are more harmless than they have been represented. Presently you will say to yourself that they

are sweet and beautiful; and before so very long a time has passed they will draw you to them with a chain that you can not break and a fascination that you can not resist. And one day you will awaken to find that the eyes of temptation have given place to the eyes of sin, which is temptation's twin sister and often—ah, me!—her successor.

Life is a garden, and you who dwell therein must cut down with a stern will, the weeds would you have your flowers flourish; give those tender blossoms—love, hope, truth and friendship—no artificial warmth, no forcing process, no undue or nervous haste; but vault them over with the blue skies of eternal love, bind them about with strong hedges of faith, and give them sunshine and fresh air and sweet rains, and give them care and every day attention, for these they will need more than anything else. And whenever you have a moment to spare, pull a weed—but never a flower—out of your neighbor's garden, that it may be as fair as your own.

Every girl should be taught the arts of dress-making and bonnet-making. If you learn it thoroughly the designing and making of a fashionable gown will be a small matter to you instead of a worrisome one. You may be rich now and able to hire them made; but, my dear, you may also be one of those true, noble girls who sometimes fall in love with poor but gifted and worthy men and marry them. And in that case I am sure you would prefer to economize and work with him to make a home rather than to depend on "papa." Every sensible mother, rich or poor, will see that her daughters learn these two rarest and truest accomplishments.

Madame Bashkittseff has placed a unique monument over the resting place of Marie—that unfortunate young girl whose heart beat itself out in unsatisfied passion. In a little chapel, open to view, are Marie's rocking chair, table and favorite books, while a life-size portrait of the girl whose journal all Europe and America have read hangs above a flower-covered bier, before which a perpetual light burns.

Do not ever forget, as you go through life, that circumstances alter cases; and do not ever act upon the advice of others if your conscience says no. There are no laws that will fit every case in earthly courts; so do not be afraid. God will judge you not by your actions—as men judge—but according to the manner in which you have followed the dictates of your own true soul.

Sin can never triumph over virtue. You may go out in the woods and tear up a white, wet flower; you may put your foot upon its frail body and crush it into the earth; but you can not kill its perfume, which is to the flower what the soul is to the woman—a beautiful, pure thing that no man can grasp or crush or even comprehend.

Pauline Marie Elizabeth Wedde—with a dozen other names thrown in casually—of Thuringia, is eight feet, four inches, in height. Her figure is well proportioned and handsome. She is sweet sixteen, and it is cheerfully prophesied that she has not yet attained her full growth.

Many a beautiful ear is ruined by being pierced and having a ball of gold or a gleaming gem dangling from it. A well formed ear, clear, thin, delicate, and softly pink as a sea shell loses all its charm when thus adorned.