

PATIENCE.

There are two forms of displays: the one that proves who, knowing loss and pain, the other that the Patriarch's cry can be heard.

"Let will I trust, though I wish!"

Other—few do see, the one that in the sweet serenity of life it doth impart—

that, more hard to learn, those show whose souls in perfect peace abide.

When joys long craved, for which they strongly yearn, are still by heaven denied, Philip H. Strong in Good Housekeeping.

HOW THE CLIPPER GOT THE NEWS.

Two Children Play Getting Married, Which Leads to Serious Results.

Pauline and Polly Peters, enterprising girls, aged 7, had just seen a wedding for the first time in their short lives and were engaged in reproducing the event to the best of their remembrance.

Pauline, with a preternaturally solemn air, held a last year's almanac in her hand and figured as the officiating clergyman, while Polly, with a piece of mosquito netting over her head and a bouquet of bachelor's buttons in her hand, was the bride.

The most impressive part of the ceremony, to their minds, was the throwing of rice and old shoes after the departing couple, and the insurmountable difficulty of introducing this feature into their reproduction caused them much distress.

A bride, Polly complained, couldn't throw rice at herself, and as Pauline thought it needed a hack or some kind of a conveyance to make the complete it was at last reluctantly decided to omit this most interesting part of the marriage.

The wedding procession, conspicuous for a trifling oversight in the matter of the bridegroom, was on the point of setting down to the barn, where the ceremony was taking place, when a young man drove into the yard, and, hitching his horse, rang the bell to inquire for the bride's grown up sister.

For a minute the children gazed at each other as the door opened to receive him, then a brilliant idea struck them simultaneously. Off came Polly's dress and down went Pauline's book.

That's Charley Bingham come to see sister to ride," gasped Polly, peeping up and down in delight.

"I know it," said Pauline excitedly, and we haven't a minute to lose. You run right up to the house and get all the rice you can and I'll borrow some from the neighbors."

"Oh, Mrs. Herrick," she panted breathlessly, a few minutes later, as she rushed into that lady's door, "will you please let me have some rice?"

"Why, child, what do you want of it? You are not having a wedding at your house, are you?"

"Yes, ma'am, and please hurry, or it will be too late."

"But who is it for?"

"For Sister Sue!" shouted Pauline, who was in too much of a hurry to stop for elaborate explanation, and she dashed back to meet Polly, who had the good luck to find a bag of the stuff in the grocer's hand left on the kitchen table.

"Why, haven't they kept that pretty girl?" inquired Mrs. Herrick of her sister, Mrs. Smith, as she picked up the bagging, and both ladies drew their chairs to the window on the side of the house to watch the comings and goings of the Peters family.

"There goes Parson Hildreth!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith. And sure enough that reverend gentleman was seen coming down the steps next door, having made a call upon the twins' father.

"I thought that would be a match made in time. But what are those children doing now?"

Pauline and Polly, in their stocking tops, were tying white hair ribbons on the horses' foretops, and two pairs of all shoes were seen dangling under the carriage. They had barely finished the last knot and skipped into the barn after their bags of rice when Mr. Bingham came out to get his team.

It was a desperately shy young man who was especially observing. Being shyly agitated, too, it is doubtful whether he would have noticed had his sister turned into a prancing zebra during his absence, and it is not strange that the ribbons and other decorations did to attract his attention.

Pretty Miss Sue Peters next appeared to take her place in the carriage, and Mr. Bingham had just gathered up reins preparatory to a start when a cloud of rice enveloped him, the carriage, the horse and a good share of the people on the street.

The horse, a restless animal, started with a jump, and, further irritated by fluttering ribbons before his eyes, reared down the street at a runaway pace. The shoes swung back and forth over the carriage for some distance, and finally dropped off in front of the door of the Snowville Clipper, and Mr. Dodge, who had a lively realization of the fact that eternal vigilance is the price of items, cast his eagle eye out of the window in time to note the occupants of the flying carriage, the horse and the shoes in front of his office.

"Hold on, John," he called to the driver, who had just finished making up the paper; "unlock the last door and take out half a column of matter. I will be back in a few minutes with something to fill in."

Saying, he rushed out, and, striding up street, met by chance the lady who had been visiting Mrs. Herrick that afternoon.

"Heard about the wedding?" she asked him as he drew near.

"No, but was just going to find out about it," he answered. "Young Bingham and Sister Peters, wasn't it?"

"Yes, I was next door during the ceremony, and it was the quietest thing in the way of a wedding I ever heard of."

"Who married them?"

"Parson Hildreth, and he was the only person there outside the family. I don't believe their nearest neighbors would have known anything about it if it hadn't been for the twins. They were on hand with their rice and old shoes and gave the couple a good send off."

"What was their dress?" queried Dodge, jotting down the points as fast as his garrulous informant brought them out.

"White duck skirt, pink shirt waist and a plain white sailor hat. She looked real sweet, but no one would suspect from her dress."

Mr. Peters was among the first that afternoon to get a paper, but, without stopping to look at its contents, he wended his way home and tossed the sheet into his wife's lap.

"Here, mother, is The Illuminator," his favorite name for The Clipper. "Where are the twins?"

"I put them to bed," said Mrs. Peters, unfolding the paper, "that they might realize how naughty they were this afternoon, but, oh, what is this—'Bingham-Peters'?" And with wide, distended eyes—horror, indignation and amazement in her whole attitude—she began to read the news while it was news, and decidedly fresh.

"A pretty home wedding took place this afternoon at the residence of our esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. John F. Peters, whose eldest daughter, Miss Susan Amelia, was united in marriage to Mr. Charles Gerald Bingham, a rising young lawyer of Snowville."

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The wedding was a quiet affair—indeed only the immediate members of the bride's family being present—which was performed by the Rev. Dr. Hildreth, pastor of the First church.

"The bride, one of Snowville's fairest daughters, was plainly but most becomingly gowned in a white duck skirt and pink shirt waist, and was attended by her twin sisters, Pauline and Polly, who showered the happy couple with rice as they started away on a carriage trip."

"Mr. and Mrs. Bingham are popular young people, and The Clipper joins their host of friends in extending congratulations and good wishes."

"Those wretched children!" breathed Mrs. Peters, starting to her feet, while Pauline and Polly covered their guilty heads with the bedclothes.

"Don't faint, mother, don't! His esteemed fellow citizen is going right down to interview Editor Dodge, and while I'm gone you can write up his obituary. I'll guarantee that it will be founded on fact at least. Where's my hat?"

But Mrs. Peters was dissolved in tears, and before her husband succeeded in finding his head covering, alone and unaided, Susan and young Bingham returned from their ride in a state of satisfaction that even The Clipper was powerless to disturb. After they had read The Clipper's account of their wedding Mr. Bingham plucked up courage to propose that they regard it as a prophecy and proceed immediately to fulfill it.

Mrs. Peters, in the awkward circumstances in which they were placed, approved of the idea, and Mrs. Peters, after a time, was persuaded to tip his hat at a less murderous looking angle and departed in search of Parson Hildreth instead of the moving spirit of the press, while Mr. Bingham sought the town clerk to procure a license.

At the intercession of their sister the term of imprisonment was shortened for the twins, and they emerged from their temporary confinement in a state of subdued joyousness that found expression in a remark from Polly to the effect that they would play nothing but funerals after this.

But Editor Dodge never really understood why Mr. Bingham subscribed for The Clipper and paid down ten years in advance, with the remark that he liked to encourage genius, or why Mr. Peters at the same time stopped his subscription and tried for a whole year to exist by borrowing his neighbors' papers.—Atlanta Constitution.

Two Methods.

Visiting the late A. T. Stewart one day, an English tourist asked how it had been possible to build up so great an enterprise as the Stewart business in a comparatively few years and how it was possible to keep it running with the clocklike regularity for which it was famous. For reply Stewart took the visitor through the establishment, showing every floor and every department, from basement to roof. Then Stewart explained his own ceaseless vigilance, his long hours of personal attention to the store and the elaborate rules which his employees had to follow.

Leaving Stewart, the Englishman called on Commodore Vanderbilt, then alive, put a similar question to him and told of Stewart's business machine. For reply the commodore opened a drawer in his desk. It contained a small account book and some loose memoranda on sheets. The commodore said he kept all his records in that drawer. Moreover, he said he was not a believer in long hours, but in rapid work and daily relaxation.

The visitor went away more impressed with Vanderbilt's method than with the dry goods man's elaborate display. The success of Stewart, in the Englishman's view, was a remarkable example of what may be done by a perfect system rigidly adhered to, but Commodore Vanderbilt's success seemed due to pure genius.

Two Students and a Thief.

Some months ago two hungry university students in the south of Russia, coming home to their one bare room after a hard day's work for their living, caught a thief running off with their books. "Are you the fellow that stole other books of ours yesterday?" they asked.

"I am, little fathers, but hunger and want drove me to it. I am starving."

"So are we, brother, or next door to it, and you ought not to have hit upon us as your victims."

"Well, your door is more easily opened; that's how it is," was the answer.

"We want those books for our examinations, brother; so you must get them back for us. But as you are cold and hungry now come in and join us in our supper. It is not much, but such as it is you are welcome. Here are 20 copecks for the beer. Run and fetch it."

And the three ate and drank together, for hospitality is a religion and charity its foundation.—London Telegraph.

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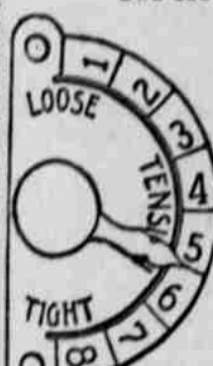
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