Around each one there fondly clings
A hallowed aweetness most dear;
Which oft fond Memory brings
In loving types portrayed so clear.

In sadness thus we gaze of yore Upon our absent kin and friends; And think of day that are no more, Until, alaz, our vision blends.

And then memory bids us part.
And we turn from the silent hall.
With a heavy and sching heart.
To walt again her sad sweet call.

THE WIDOW ARMSBY.

I was smoking my third Havana, and meditating upon a variety of things-among others, the rise in Erie stock, the inscrutable fate that had left me a bachelor so many years, the depth of feminine depravity that made my Sister Laura drag me to Newport every season, when I might go to W— and luxuriate in trout-fishing and shirt-sleeves -when the postman brought my mail. There was a letter from Laura. I read all the others first. Not but that I think a great deal of Laura, but she is addicted to the customary feminine failings, exaggeration and prolixity, which make her letters rather exasperating to a man of my temperament, who invariably calls a spade a spade, and says what he has to say in the smallest possible space.

When I had finished reading the others I could scarcely summon courage

to open Laura's-I knew so well she was laying some new snare for my unwary feet. Doubtless Newport and her dear friend, Miss Angelique DeFlummerie were not enough for this season. Still, fate is sometimes kinder than our deserts; there was a bare possibility that she might let me off for this summer. Emboldened by that thought I opened it and read:

"DEAR JACK-It is just the most fortunate thing imaginable that you are coming down next Tuesday, for my dear friend and schoolmate, Marion Earl, of whom you have often heard me speak, is coming, too, and alone, and will be delighted to have you for an escort. She is visiting in Albany, but will be in the ladies' room at the — station, at 10 o'clock, Tuesday morning. I send a photograph, so you may be sure to know Don't forget that she is Mrs. Armsby now; she married Joe Armsby three years ago, and he only lived a few months after, yon know. (Yes, I did M. Armsby." I rose impulsively. know Joe Armsby - a reckless, dissipated I have the pleasure of speaking What could a girl be who married him?) I know you will be delighted to make yourself agreeable to dear Marion, and you can't help being charmed with her-she is so fascinating and brilliant."

Fascinating and brilliant! If there is anything in the world that I hate it is a woman who is called brilliant and fascinating. I groaned in agony of spirit. But there was nothing for it but to hunt up "dear Marion," see to all her trunks, satchels, umbrellas and poodles-Laura's dear friends always traveled with poodles -see that she had a comfortable seat, and was neither too cold nor too warm, had plenty of books and bananas, and the worst of all, beguile her soul with and fascinating woman always wants to

Now perhaps you may think, especially

Now perhaps you may think, especially
if you are a she, that I was a cynical old
if you are a she, that I was a cynical old
if you are a she, that I was a cynical old
if you are a she, that I was a cynical old
groan. She had not mentioned a hotel The trouble was that I had an ideal of womanhood, and my sister's dear friends | creature thinking I had neglected her! didn't come up to it. They were all women of the period. Abominable expression, but more abominable thingsat least, I used to think so. My ideal was a dove-eyed, soft-voiced, little woman, with soft light hair, not crimped or frizzed, or any of those abominations, but combed "Madonna-wise," and entirely superior to the dictates of fashion in her dress. She wore plain, graceful, flowing robes, and artistic combinations of color, but flounces, overskirts and furbelows-never!

Laura was accustomed to ask me, sarcastically, if I ever expected to find this paragon of perfection, and if I did, "Did

I expect to appear in public with her?"
I can hardly say that I did ever expect to find her, and therefore I expected to live till the end of my days a lonely, for-lorn, melancholy old bachelor. Still, I am only thirty-three, and had not quite given up the search. But among Laura's friends I should never find her, that was certain. And this one was a widowworse and worse! But there there was no need for me to "bevare of vidders." had, naturally, a perfect horror of them; not all the widows in the universe could beguile me.

The Widow Armsby's photograph had dropped to the floor. It occurred to me then to see how she looked—a rather necessary proceeding, you will allow, if I was to recognize her in a crowded waiting-room by that means. There was nothing particular about the face. It was well shaped, and had a pleasant expression; the eyes and hair I judged were dark; the hair was gotten up in the latest style, of course, crimped and frizzed and puffed and braided and curled until the head looked like the tower of Babel.

I gazed at the picture till I thought I should know the Widow Armsby if I saw her, and then put it in my pocket, where I should have it to look at Tuesday morning if I should get puzzled.

I did get very much puzzled on Tues-day morning. The waiting-room was pretty well filled, but though I had thought the face such an ordinary one there was not a lady who at all resembled the picture. I took the iphotograph out of my pocket and studied it furtively, until a pair of school-girls caught me at it, and began to giggle, after the manner of the species, thinking, no doubt, it was affection which rivetted my eyes upon the Widow Armsby's features-they were never more mistaken! I walked around the room, and looked inquiringly at every woman who might possibly be supposed to be the Widow Armsby. Not one of them looked at all the responsive. My photograph had been forwaded to the Widow Armsby, and as it was a striking likeness-glasses and all-she must have recognized me if she was there. I made a frantic leap on board the last car just as it was slipping out of the de-I must be on duty at Newport,

widow or no widow.

My spirits rose. I had done my duty, and yet I was not burdened with the widow Armsby! Suddenly a elegantly embroidered little satchel, with the letter "A," on it, caught my eye. It was hanging directly over the seat in front of me. "A" stood for Armsby; that was what at-tracted my attention. I looked at its owner, she was a "girl of the period," there was no question about that. She had on what is called a "stylish" travel-ing dress, a mass of crinkled hair drawn down over her forehead, a little hat with a bird's wing set jauntily on top of coal-black braids and puffs. Her profile was turned toward me, and I could see that she had a straight little nose and long lashes. I scrutinized her face because I thought she might be the Widow Armstrong, and had not liked the looks of my photograph sufficiently well to wait

She turned and looked at me, as quite natural. But then having looked once, she turned and looked again. I would not have you suppose that was an unusual occurrence. I am considered to be a particularly good looking man, and young ladies often look at me twice; but I fancied I saw in her eyes a sort of recognition—bright black eyes they were, with a saucy, make-fun-of-everything sort of expression to them-not my dove-eyed ideal by any means! But it might be Mrs. Armsby; the features were certainly not unlike hers; she might perhaps make an ordinary looking picture, though those eyes were by no means ordinary!

But I couldn't quite make up my mind to speak to her, on the strength of an A on her traveling bag, and a resemblance that might be purely imaginary. Be-sides if she were the widow Armsby she had given me the slip, and I wasn't obliged to devote myself to her. But I did wish she would turn around once more. She didn't, however. She stuck her ticket in her hat band-oh, those girl of the period" ways! My ideal could never be capable of sticking her ticket in her hat band—and devoted herself to a paper covered novel.

I read my newspaper; it was singularly dull and uninteresting, and I flavored it occasionally by a glance at a straight little nose and long lashes. I wondered if anybody beyond childhood ever had such very long lashes before. I had never thought of it before, but I added them now to the sweet and seraphic face of my ideal.

Suddenly she laid down her book and took a letter from her pocket. I leaned over and looked at the superscription. I considered it justifiable under the circumstances-not because I admired her eye-lashes, you understand, but because she might be Mrs. Armsby. Sure enough, the letter was directed to "Mrs.

I have the pleasure of speaking to Mrs. Armsby, I believe? I—I have your photograph." (Those saucy black eyes were looking mercilessly straight at me, and I blushed and stammered like a schoolboy.) "I expected to find you in the waiting room. I-I am very sorry to have missed you." "You are Uncle John, then?" she said.

frankly, extending a daintly-gloved hand. "Why-why, yes; Brother Ned's chil-dren call me so sometimes!" I stammered Uncle John sounds very old bachelor-

ish some way. I didn't fancy it at all.
"I am so glad to have met you! I dis like traveling alone so much! I quite dreaded the journey! When you didn't come to the hotel, I thought something small talk incessantly—your brilliant must have prevented you from meeting and fascinating woman always wants to me. I didn't think of looking in the waiting room."

> to me, and here was this charming little "It was bad enough coming all the way from Chicago alone," she warbled

> on, in such a birdlike voice! Once I might have called it rattling. for she did talk a great deal, but, ah not now. Was it possible that I, a man of thirty-three, with an ideal, was subjugated by a pair of saucy black eyes, and some long lashes, belonging, too, to an unmistakable "girl of the period?" Alas I could not tell. Some change had certainly "come over the spirit of my dream."

"I am so impatient to see the dear ehildren again! I think they are the cutest, cunningest little things! Flossy is my especial favorite.

Now, as my niece, Flossy, had arrived at the mature age of five or six weeks, I thought Mrs Armsby had rather strange taste. As I had never the pleasure of meeting my youthful relative, and had, indeed, been apprised only the day be-fore that her name was Flossy, I could not be expected to respond very cordially to this sentiment.

I couldn't be expected to, I say, but I did! What sentiment wouldn't I have responded to, backed by these eyes and

that bewitching smile. "The loveliest of them all! And such a sweet name!" murmured I like an imbecile.

"And Nellie-isn't she a darling!" Who was Nellie? Not one of Ned's children. Possibly one of Laura's friends; I didn't remember all their names. It wouldn't be safe for me to say she was "a darling" upon uncertainties, but I think it safe to respond with some enthusiasm-

"She's a very nice girl."
"A nice girl?" And the saucy eyes anced. "Why, I mean the little Spitz danced.

"Oh, yes; certainly! A very nice dog," stammered I, inwardly cursing my stupidity in not remembering the name of the wretched little beast under

my feet at Ned's. She talked about a good many other people whose names I didn't remember. How I wished I had taken more interest interest in Laura's friends! If they had only been more like her I should have had no occasion for that regret.

I took excellent care of her, she said, with a bright little smile; and what a de ligh ful thing it was to take care of her! After we got over talking about our mutual friends and on to general subects, I grew gradually more at ease; I elt as if the hours were slipping by in a delightful manner.

"We are almost there," she said sud-

"No, Newport is a good many miles away, yet," I said, almost wishing we might never get there, to have an interruption to this blissful dream.

This was very bewildering. I began to perceive that there was a mistake omewhere.
"I don't know Alice," I said. "I am

roing to Newport to meet my sister Laura, who wrote to me that you were going there, too." "I am going to K-, to visit my sisin this section .- Vallejo Chronicle.

ter, who is married and lives there; and she wrote to me that her husband's uncle would come to the hotel for me. Aren't you, uncle John?"

"I am Uncle John to my brother's children but not to my sister's husband, I am afraid," I said dolefully. The black eyes danced like will-o'-the

"It's too funny for anything!" she declared. "I thought that you were very unlike Ella's description of Uncle John -so much younger than I supposed he

At this interesting moment the cars stopped, and the conductor shouted

"Oh, dear me! I musn't get left!" said my fair sompanion, in a flutter. "It is such a funny thing altogether—and I am so much obliged to you-'

"Allow me to give you my card," stam-mered I, as I assisted her out, hardly awake yet to the situation, "and to

And then I saw her gathered to the embraces of half a dozen women and a very black-whiskered young man, with a

fiery pang of jealousy.
She was gone—and I didn't even know the name of her brother in-law; knew nothing about her, except that she was the Widow Armsby! Did I even know that? Yes, I had seen the name on her letter, and she had acknowledged it when I spoke to her. But she couldn't be Laura's Widow Armsby, therefore she couldn't be Joe Armsby's widow. Of course not! She never could have married an unprincipled scamp like him.

I fell to wondering what her husband was like; what her second husband would be like. I would be the fortunate man or perish in the attempt.

I reached Newport in a dream. I was introduced to Widow Armsby, who had changed her plans and got there before me, still in a dream.
"Your very ideal!" whispered Laura,

and I looked at her again. She was a little pale woman, with drab hair, combed plainly behind her ears and done up in a "pug" behind. She had on a very long, flowing robe of white muslin, and not an ornament of any kind. I have my suspicions that this Widow Armsby had gotten herself up for my especial benefit, as I afterwards saw her

in very different guise. "Jack, isn't she lovely?" said Laura, as soon as we were alone. "She looks so like an angel.

"She looks like the Witch of Endor, said I, ungallantly.

Laura said I was a brute, and she would like to know what my "ideal" was?

I went to K— on the early morning train. How I was going to find my inamorata was more than I knew, but find her I would. I asked the proprietor of the hotel if he knew where Mrs. Armsby of Chicago was visiting. He didn't know. I went to the postoffice, to two drygoods stores, the circulating library, with the same result. At last I went boldly up to the door of a private house. It looked as if she were there, I don't know why. Perhaps there is an additional sense be stowed upon people as much in love as I was-in compensation for the sense that is taken away. Anyway, I felt sure she was there. A round curly head stuck itself out of the door.

"My Aunt Mabel is here-she isn't Mrs. -, she's only a young lady." It responded to my question.

Could it be possible that she wasn't the Widow Armsby, after all? Perhaps it might have been Miss that I saw on the letter!

I had no time to reflect before the dancing eyes, the bewitching smile were before me. There was a bewitching blush, too, now, and a little shyness, that set me quite at my ease. What is the use of telling any more? If I hadn't come off victor, if I hadn't been the luckiest fellow alive, do you suppose I ever should have told this story at all?

The Widow Armsby found her second fate at Newport that summer (but not while masquerading as my "ideal"), and I made her an elegant wedding present as a slight expression of the gratitude I owed her. For if it had not been for her I might have been a forlorn and miserable old bachelor to this day, instead of being married to the brightest eyes that ever danced and the truest little heart that ever beat.

A Sagacions Dog.

Jacob Steffen, the butcher at the corner of Georgia and Marin streets, has a dog of the Scotch shepherd breed, for which he was offered fifty head of sheep the other day and refused the offer. The canine is about twelve years of age, and can drive a band of sheep equal to any two men. The other night word was brought to the butcher-shop that a number of sheep belonging to Mr. Steffen had broken out of their corral near the slaughter-house on the Napa road and strayed in the tules. The men in the shop did not like the idea of having to get out early in the morning to hunt the strayaways. Nig, the dog, was lying on the floor with one eye on the men and ears pricked up. After the men had finished talking, the animal rose upon his feet, stretched himself and walked out of the shop. Early the next morning two of the boys went out to the corral to look for the sheep, but were surprised to find that Nig was before them and had all the sheep in the inclosure, and was lying at the hole where they had gone out. The dog was wet and covered with mud, as were the sheep, and evidently had been out all night Whenever Mr. Steffen starts for Suisun after sheep or cattle, Nig is sent up on the cars, while his owner rides horseback. The dog is let off at Fairfield, and always trots to a certain point on the road, leading from this city, and waits for his master to come along. If the master at any time has passed, the dog takes up the scent from the horse's feet and hunts around until the owner is found. In returning from Suisun Mr. Steffen drives the eattle and the dog the sheep. He is acquainted with every turn and lane along the road, and always before arriving near one of the turns he runs ahead of the band to keep them from straying in the wrong direc-As the feet of the dog are quite tion. tender, he has a pair of boots that are put on him before he starts on a return The dog is said to be perfectly useless for anything but driving sheep, and will make friends with almost any one. He is well known throughout the country as being the finest shepherd dog

THE GOLDEN TALISMAN.

"I cannot recommend you, believing you to be a thief, but I will be so merciful that I will let you depart. Go at

once. The voice and face was stern and unyielding.

Geoffrey Baird knew that at the piteous appeals he had made, the assertions of innocence he had frantically declared, had fallen upon the ears not indeed deaf, but closed to him.

"You have been very kind to me, Mr. Hoyt," he said, his voice quivering with pain, "and I hope some day you will know that I had rather cut off my right

hand than let it rob you."

There was no reply, and the boy, for he was not 19, walked slowly from the room where he had been accused of crime, condemned and punished in a brief half hour.

He was a widow's only son, and very poor, but Abraham Hoyt has been very kind to him, employing him in light labor about his extensive grounds, trying him well. and allowing him to read what-

ever he wished in his library.

And from the library a valuable watch and chain had been stolen from a table drawer, when there was no one, as far as could be ascertained, in the room but Geoffrey Baird.

Crushed, humiliated, almost heart-broken, the lad walked from the house across the wide garden, bright with summer bloom that seemed to mock his misery. He had his hand upon the latch of the great iron gate leading into the road, when he heard his name called, in a clear, childish voice. 'Jeff, Jeff! O, wait a moment!"

And then turning his heavy eyes, he saw a fairy of ten summers, a goldenhaired darling, dressed all in white, coming down the broad walk with flying

Of all the treasures his employer pos sessed, Geoffrey knew this, his only child was the dearest. Motherless from her birth, she had been her father's idol her whole petted life.

"Jeff," she panted, coming to his side, "you must go away, papa says, but I know you never, never took the watch! Did you?

"No, Miss Daisy, I never took it."
"I know it! I'm going to find out who did take it. And, Jeff, you must take this.'

She opened her tiny white hand to show lying upon the palm a broad twen-ty-dollar gold piece. But the boy shrank

"No, no, Miss Daisy," he said, "I can "But you must. It is my own, my

very own. Aunt Louise gave it to me on my birthday. In the corner I scratched M. H., for Margaret Hoyt, with a pin, but I guess it won't hurt it. Please, please, dear Jeff, do take it." She pressed it into his reluctant hand

and then throwing her arms around his neck, kissed him with her child's lips, "I will find out who did take the

watch, Jeff, and then you will surely come back. Before he could answer her she was speeding back to the house, her curls

flying out on the summer air that wafted to Geoffrey at last: "Good-bye, dear Jeff!" With a heavy heart he went homeward to tell his sorrow and disgrace. He

feared it would almost kill his mother, but after hearing him patiently she said: ing, Geoffrey, from my father's lawyers. Twenty-five years ago my father cast me off for marrying a poor man. He died without forgiving me, but to you he has left his fortune-nearly half a million of money-upon condition that you will take his name when you are of age. I have packed up your possessions and we will go to Albany to-night,"

"Margaret!"

The voice was sharp and imperative, and Margaret Hoyt looked up from the task of teaching little Alice Bristow her letters, to answer, but before she spoke the beautiful girl who entered the schoolroom said:

"Margaret, I want you to come and show Elsie how to trim my dress for tonight. Everybody said you had such exquisite taste before your father failed and died."

The pale, patient face flushed a little at the cruel words, but Laura Bristow did not heed the pain she had given. "Come, now," she said impatiently,

want to look particularly well, for Willard Wharton is coming. It is the first party since he came from Europe; he has been vegetating in Florence ever so long, with a consumptive mother, but she died a year ago, and after traveling awhile he has come home. Did you know him?" "I never heard the name."

"Come to think of it, he left long before you came." Allie's primer was put aside, and Margaret accompanied Laura to the room where her finery was being prepared for

a brilliant party a few hours later.
"Miss Hoyt," Mrs. Bristow said, looking up from the cloud of tulle under her fingers, "I wish you to come down to play, and I wish you to wear white lace ruffles and a white flower or two in your hair. That will not interfere with your mourning, but you will look a little less

like a mute at a funeral." To hear was to obey. Mrs. Bristow was a distant connection of Mr. Hoyt's and when he died, leaving his only child to poverty, the lady impressed upon poor stricken Daisy that she was under an enormous weight or obligation by being permitted to be governess, lady's maid. generally useful factorum in her family

For nearly a year, she had filled the unenviable position of poor relation, unsalaried, and overworked, and much of the bloom of her pure blonde beauty had left Daisy's face. But the soft violet eyes had lost noth-

ng of their sweetness; the golden hair gathered into a rich knot, was full of waves and ringlets, making tiny baby curls around the delicate oval of her pale face, and the sensitive mouth was still expressive and lovely. She sighed a little as she put the soft,

white ruffle into her black dress, and a few white flowers in her hair. "It seems like forgetting dear father,

she thought, but yet she knew her appearance had been too gloomy for a festive occasion.

The guests were gathering, and Daisy had gone into a small sitting-room op posite the wide drawing-rooms to wait nutil she was summoned to sing and

She had never been in society in Albany, and she knew none of Mrs. Bristow's friends, so she was graciously excused from taking any more active part in the social gathering than to amuse by her singing, or help willing feet along by

playing dance music. She was turning over the leaves of a new magazine, quite sure of being uninterrupted, when the door opened, and looking up she saw a strange gentleman.
"Pardon me," he said, "I thought this

was the drawing-room. Then as she lifted her face, he sprang forward.

"Daisy! Daisy!" he said, and not re-alizing the familiarity of the address, she arose to stretch out both hands, saying: "Jeff! It is Jeff!"

"It is Jeff," he answered, "or rather it is Williard Wharton." Then moving a chair near the one she had occupied, he told her of his grandfather's legacy, and the change of "Through good and ill, years of pros-perity and the temptation that assails all

of us, I have carried a golden talisman, to keep my heart pure and true, that I might one day dare to bring it to your feet," he said. And through a mist of happy tears she saw him open a large locket hanging

to his watch-chain. No minature face, no lock of hair was there, but carefully set, a twenty-dollar gold piece, with "M. H." scratched with a pin in one corner. In the drawing-room Mrs. Bristow wondered what detained her hero for the evening; but when he came in late she

read nothing of the secret that was in his happy eyes. She saw his courteous attentions to her governess, but attributed them to the innate courtesy of the young million-

aire, and Daisy sang as if inspired, and threw a shower of gleeful fantasies into her waltz and gallop music.

But when Miss Hoyt was asked for in
Mr. Wharton's calls, when the stylish turnout that was the admired of all

Albany stood at the door for Miss Hoyt to drive, Mrs. Bristow grew savage.
"You are too forward with strangers, she told Daisy.
"But Mr. Wharton is an old friend. I

knew him when I was a girl, and-and we are to be married in the spring," said blushing Daisy.

And considering Mr. Wharton's wealth and position, and his future wife's probable influence in society, Mrs. Bristow wisely made the best of it, and Daisy was provided with a trousseau and a wedding party, for-"Your great kind-ness to Allie," said Mrs. Bristow, grace-

Not until they had been some days married did Willard Wharton say one day, carelessly:

"By-the-by, Daisy, was that watch ever found? "Yes. Felix was arrested six months

afterwards for stealing some of the plate, and in his trunk was the watch. Papa searched faithfully for you, but you had vanished as if the earth had swallowed "I knew it would turn up somewhere,

said Mr. Wharton, quietly, "and per-haps now it is just as well it was missed. If I had not left in disgrace my darling might not have given me my golden talisman.

An Irresistible Showman.

When his old museum at Broadway

fifteen years ago, Barnum sold the site to

Bennett, of the Herald, and decided to

withdraw from public life. But he re-

appeared at the head of a new museum,

further up Broadway, within two years,

and having again been ousted by fire, he resolved once more to seek privacy. He eyen went so far as to sell a number of his properties to George Wood, and to agree, in consideration of a certain amount of cash, not to occupy the field on pain of forfeiting \$25,000. He was very quiet, for him, for a considerable time; but the restless blood of the exhibitor conquered at last. He gave Wood a check for \$25,000, and went back to his early love. You remember that he instituted a grand hippodrome in the season of 1874-75, and that it drew crowds to the building now known as Madison Square Garden. After some months its novelty wore off, the vast inclosure was almost empty, and Barnum disposed of his enormous quantity of material at auction, losing, it was thought, \$400,000 or \$500,000, and again retired. But here he is once more, turning away hundreds nightly from the American Institute and its prodigies. He is a Connecticut Yankee, having been born at Bethel, in that State. He evinced from his early boyhood a fondness for practical jokes and for all kinds of trading, which foreshadowed his destiny. His father who was a tavernkeeper, put him into a miscelshop in the and he afterwards set up a shop of his own, making a good deal of money by selling lottery tickets, which he had learned all about by visiting this city. Having been clandestinely married at 19, he soon after bought and edited the Herald of Freedom, at Danbury, and turned it to profit; but his free expression of opinion having involved him in libel suits, and got him into prison, he sold out, lost in speculation nearly all he had made. and then came here. He tried divers ways to earn a livelihood in this town, with ill success, and was at his wit's end when he heard that a negress, advertised as the nurse of George Washington, was on exhibition in Philadelphia, and could be bought. "That is my chance," said Barnum, and off he posted, negotiated for Joice so very shrewdly as to get pos session of her for \$1000 cash, borrowed of his friends. He made the most of her, telling so many big stories as to whet public curiosity and made \$1500 per week by the wide-spread desire to see her. This, his initial attempt to humbug the people, was so prosperous that he formed a small company and traveled through the country, taking in much money in all the towns and villages where he halted. He is said to have cleared \$100,000 from Joice Heth, who was the veritable founder of his first fortune. In 1836 she died, and an autopsy proved that she could not have been more than 75 or 80 years old, instead of 161, which Barnum had declared her to be. He continued in the show business for several years longer, when outside operations bankrupted him, and he re-

camels are reared; to the south the The man who goes a-fisting on the ice has rather an ice-hole-ated occupation. ple wander about with herds of sh and cattle.

turned to this city .- Sucramento Union.

How to Please.

Pleasing people is a very simple thing the same as dancing or swimming, if one only knows just how to do it. The whole secret of the matter is nothing more nor less than to want to please.

The explanation looks very easy, as if no one could help guessing it at sight Yet it cost the writer the experiences of quite a number of years in ups and downs before he fairly solved this bit of a life problem. Had he known is twenty years since, he would be to-day much the richer in friends and money. So he eagerly gives his young friends the chance to profit by his mistakes.

Did you ever try to turn a key in a rusty, creaky lock, and then notice how much difference a slight oiling will make. Or, did you ever hear the story of the skipper of a small sloop knocking in the head of a barrel of oil, in the in the head of a barrel of oil, in the midst of a heavy storm, and letting the contents flow overboard, with the won-derful result that the breakers ceased to beat upon his deck, as the oil calmed the fury of the waters around by spreading in a thin film above the surface? Oil and water cannot mix, as surely as a thusder-clap cannot come out of a sunshing

A personal desire to please has a per cisely similar effect in our meetings with friends and strangers. It oils the tongue, so that it moves without the hap hazard of a snarl. It curves the mouth into a cherry smile. It brightens up the eye and so tells the newcomer how glad we are to meet him, without a word being said on that score. It warms up the hand, and so guards against the poking out of two fingers to be shaken, or the taking of a hand within one's own as cold as if it was merely a worm for fish-bait. It is certain that some have much more

of a natural talent in this line than others. Such happily-endowed folks seem to give pleasure to everybody without the least effort. If we seek their confidences, we will find the guiding motive to be that the heart is interested at sight, in each new face. The dullest of us in this delightful

trait of character can try to imitate this spirit. It is not needful to begin to put on any strutting airs, like a pea-fowl, nor to show off, in polite grimaces, that do not fit us at all well.

It will not do to be playing a part, and feigning an interest we do not feel. We must contrive to say what we think, and behave without any affectation. But our thoughts need to be oiled with a kindly interest in all our associates. First thoughts, the latter ones also, are most most likely to be about oneself.

Let us resolve to reverse this process whenever an acquaintance is present, and try to take a pleasure in what concerns him chiefly. Boys and girls can live the happiest of

lives by trying to display this gentle and companionable spirit in the family circle. Dim-eyed and feeble grandma may be saved many a troublesome step by a little care. Father and mother may be saved many a siresome heart-ache by a kind foretought before speaking or acting rashly. Little brother and sister may be bound to us by cords of love that none of the unexpected changes of com-ing years can snap, simply by an unfail-

ing tenderness.

Besides, in this manner of living kindly habits will become so well-fitting that, when the time comes for each to go out to make his own way in this buy and Ann streets was burned down, and selfish world, the best of all starts for forming pleasant and profitable alliances in business a professional life. He will as well, to his own surprise, find himself the social center of a multitude of unfailing

friends. The City of Timbuctoo.

The following information in regard to the little-known city of Timbuctor was lately obtained by the Geographical Society of Oran, Algeria, from an Israelite rabbi of Morocco, who was on his way from Timbuctoo to Paris. The rabbi described Timbuctoo as an Amb town in every sense of the term, built absolutely like those of the interior. The inhabitants are Foulah negroes, and there are no whites. There are, however, sometimes Jews from North Africa, wh come to trade, but they never settle there. The town is at about an hour distance to the mouth of the Niger. B population is about 50,000. It is larger than Oran (about six miles round), but not so large as Marseilles. The town is in fact, a mass of villages, extending over a very considerable area. The Niger, which passes to the south of the town, flows from the west to the souli west, and is very broad; there is abundance of fish. Navigation is carried a by means of oared barges and rafts, con structed of pieces of wood bound gether by cords. The blacks call the Niger the Nile, or "El Bar" (Arab, "th sea.") The river is subject to regula floodings, which fertilize the lands on it banks, the only ones which are cultivata ble; the inundation reaches the walls the town. The country is very fertile; the crops are sorgho, millet, rice, tomate onions, turnips; indigo grows wild There are also many cocoanut trees, gun trees, and a tree which produces of which the natives use for lighting There are also forests of valuable timbs trees. The country is governed by a Marabout, who takes the title of Sultan the present ruler is named Mohameter Bekai. He does not reside at Timbucto his capital is Ahmet-Ella, a town about 100,000 souls, situated twelv leagues from Timbuctoo. The road con necting the two towns is covered wit villages and gardens. The town of Tin buctoo is under the command of a Cad who has very great authority, and wh has under his orders a Tax Collecte also very powerful. The Sultan has

army, but when fighting is necess

everybody is a soldier. They are are

with bows and arrows; only the chi

have guns, pistols and sabres. Trale

carried on principally by barter of

means of cowries. Caravans bring

ton or linen goods, glass trinkets,

rors, arms, swords, guns, pistols, learning of English manufacture), kni

needles, etc. Salt is a very valuable port, a slave often being given for a k

gram or two. The caravans take

loads of the grain of the country.

sorgho, millet, ostrich feathers,

ivory, gold dust, lead, copper, etc.

in slaves is carried on on a very scale. To the north of Timbuctoo