

FACING THE HEIGHTS.

Since the song that we sing to But a sad one! Since the presence that we bring is Not a gift one! ...

HIGHER AND HIGHER.

In a sick room the little lamp burned, and on a soft white bed a rich old man lay dying. The furniture about him was of the costliest kind imaginable; beautiful paintings in heavy gold frames hung from the walls, and a single piece of black tapestry covered the floor to the remotest corner. ...

Excelsior turned around and knotted his fists. It seemed impossible for him to govern his pride! And yet, what had he now to be proud of? And still his heart swelled within him at the presumption of the peasant. ...

"Yes, I am called Excelsior, and higher and higher shall be my aim!" It happened as his father had prophesied. After he came into possession of his property people heaped great honors upon him. ...

This was certainly not new to the proud young man, for many had done this even in his father's lifetime, but there were now such hosts that did him homage that the few who refrained from so doing became conspicuous. ...

Excelsior I am called, he would say to himself, "and I will see them all beneath me." He endeavored to get the fate of all such people in his hands, and with the help of his money often succeeded. ...

Excelsior's riding whip flew whistling through the air, struck the old dirty hat from the beggar's head, and caused it to roll on the ground. ...

Excelsior had gone quite a little distance by this time, when he heard a rumbling, like distant thunder, and looked about him. ...

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meadows and pastures. Excelsior's millions had all disappeared with the city—he possessed nothing but what he had on and his riding whip. ...

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"There, man!" said she, and reached him out a handful of forget-me-nots. She made a quaint little courtesy, and the other children giggled. ...

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breast and looked around. Nothing moved but himself. White and gleaming lay the snow around him, no foot-prints, no bird trail in it so far as his eye could reach. ...

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LITTLE BROWN GLOVES.

"Now, Fred, do go to the Wilkins' with us to-morrow night!" coaxed my sister Bell, standing a step higher to bring her face on a level with mine. ...

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Manning, if I did not. She would have her at her house half the time, and indeed she did make a very delightful addition to our little circle. ...

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Business Women.

The Chicago women—God bless 'em—have started a feminine Board of Trade, and are devoting their minds at once to the important subject of "puts" and "calls" (not of a baby-acter) the rise and fall of wheat and fluctuations of pork and lard. ...

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ELEGANCE OF HOME.—I never saw a garment too fine for man or maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobbler or a cooper, or a king to sit in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. ...