What? Is this our strait? and truly
18 elf lost?
Is Rope given up and duly
strived and crossed?
Come, heart! Can not you and I
You introdded country try,
hatber than he down and die—
Dreamly?

Over there.
If our rate has served us mesniy, Let us trudge it, you and I, Heart, to where these new lands lie; Let us bid the old good-tye-Cheerity!

#### HIGHER AND HIGHER.

In a sick room the little night 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. But the luxurious surroundings couldn't save the old man he must die.

His son stood near the bed, and the old man spoke to him:

You will be very rich after my death," said he with great effort; "you will possess millions, my son. On this account many will exalt you to the skies as if you, compared to them, were on a higher plane, and your heart is naturally inclined to be proud. I fear you will even have a higher opinion of yourself than those who strive to honor you. Do along. not fall into this error, my son. Your name, Excelsior, signifies, it is true, Your higher and higher; but oh, endeavor to become more and more lowly in heart. Wealth is either a curse or a blessing; the curse lives high, the blessing deep. He would have said more, but could not—death scaled his lips.

The son was a well built, handsome youth. He possessed, however, a month which looked as if it had never smiled eyebrows that nearly met over his nose, and sensitive quivering nostrils. It is said that persons of this description have ungovernable pride. He looked down on the lips of his father that had so recently spoken to him, but which were now silent in death, and proudly ex-

"Yes, I am called Excelsior, and high er 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. Humble people lauded him to the skies, poor people flattered him and often asked alms.

This was certainly not new to the prond 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. He was often obliged to converse with the latter, and when they spoke in his presence and laughed as freely as if nothing had hap pened to him, his mouth pressed itself still closer together, his eyebrows came nearer one another, and his nostrils while he was lord over so many millions.

"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. Then, of course, they bowed to him humbly enough. When one way failed to bring them to his feet, he tried another. To those who met him with pride he meted out more pride. People feared and hated him, and ridiculed him behind his back. And yet he did not for an instant realize how cold and lonesome it was around him. One day he went forth into his garden

The latter extended some distance, and lost itself in shrubbery and trees. had in his hand a little riding whip with which he slashed the flowers right and left-the little flowers that dared to raise themselves so fearlessly in the air. He at last reached the end of the garden, passed through the shrubbery, and disappeared in the forest.

Up to this time he had not met a soul, but in the wood sat an old man on a stone bench by the way, who looked very much like a beggar, for he was ragged and had a stick and a wallet by him, and was chewing a crust of bread. The dirty hat on his head must have been twenty years old. As Excelsior passed by the old man made no complaint-asked no alms. He neither stood up, nor grabbed after his hat, nor spoke a syllable. In fact, he did not even look at him.

"How's this?" said Excelsior, turning abruptly around.

The beggar paid no heed to him; he continued to much his bread. "Don't you know that I am master here," said Excelsior, and his forehead reddened with rage.

No answer. 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. And with this he continued his walk.

The old man arose slowly, and his eyes and began to draw queer characters in the sand, and muttering unintelligible

Excelsior had gone quite a little distance by this time, when he heard a rumbling, like distant thunder, and looked about him. But he could see nothing. He was entirely surrounded by a thick mist, and was obliged to remain standing, for he could find no way out of it. It became of a sudden cold and raw, and the blighting mist oppressed him and made him pant for breath. Finally, it began to grow lighter and lighter; the mist disappeared; he saw the blue day and the green trees, and found himself standing before a poor little village on a meadow land.

Over him rose the same mountains as those which towered over his native city, but of the city itself there was not the slightest trace. He could have pointed peared. with his finger where this and that house stood; the hills, even the gushing, gurgling brook were there! But in place of than all. His entire assurance returned than all. His entire assurance returned than all. the city stood the little village with its again.

lions had all disappeared with the city— he possessed nothing but what he had on and his riding whip.

His thoughts wandered. He was liged to stand still for an instant until he could recover his senses. Then he entered the village, and in a proud, overbearing manner asked the first best peasant he met of the city's whereabouts.

"Eh!" said the peasant, "don't speak so snappishly, and if you expect to be answered stop flourishing your whip around my nose. Of the city which you mention, my fine fellow, I know nothing—in fact I never heard of it."

tion of the peasant.
"I will have nobody near me who does not make obeisance!" said he to himself. "I will be higher than all men!" And his eyes wandered to the mountain's side and followed the mountain path which led upward from height to height. All his thoughts centered in this one ambition: "Higher and higher, above all men-up, up the mountain!"

He went forth on the meadow way full of angry feeling. The voices of little children at length aroused him from his brooding; a half dozen of them were playing with a little water wheel, and a little girl stood with naked feet in the brook and plucked forget-me-nots from the grassy bank. She looked curiously

at the strange, haughty youth.
"He is very sad," whispered the children and the little girl with the naked feet patted out of the water, and looked on him with compassion as he came

"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.

"Get out of the way, you little brat," exclaimed Excessior, and struck at the flowers with his riding whip.
On the little one's hands there burned

red streak; the flowers fell in the grass. The proud Excelsior heard a light sob one of those little heartbroken sobs such as only a child can give, and he turned his head for an instant. There he saw the grieved, beautiful little face with the flaxen hair falling over it, and great blue swimming eyes-and he also saw the flowers in the grass.

He proceeded on his way, and climbed for about an hour, but in his ears he continually heard the sob of the little child, and his eyes seemed to be unable to shut from their vision the poor creature whose eyes were so blue and as guiless as the flowers he had despised. It put him out of humor, and so by de grees the memory faded away.

In the mountain forest he encountered a woodcutter and a couple of gamekeepers' boys. It seemed to him they made faces at him, and as he passed by they snickered. The blood mounted to his temples; he grasped the whip still tighter, ground his teeth, and muttered 'Higher and higher."

The forest ended in wild ravines. abysses vawned at the side, and roaring waterfalls leaped into the depths. Then came the high meadows, with cowkeepers' cottages, and cows and herds of quivered still more proudly. And yet these people so unawed before him often flowers, and the cattle, as they moved possessed only a few dollars on which to crawled through the last rustic fence, he drew breath and looked around. Far, far beneath him sloped the mountain side, and in the depth below were the peasant's houses, as diminutive as little toys. A cool wind blew around him and he sat in the majestic emptiness of soli tude as something he had for a long time desired.

He heard a whistle overhead, and looking up he saw on the highest visible peak the tiny form of a boy who had tended his flocks. "Higher and higher," he said within himself, "over all life, high up above all."

His feet were tired with their unusual climbing, but he preferred not to rest until he had mounted one peak higher than the one on which the goatherd sat. Beyond the peak which he at length attained there extended a plain near to a ridge of loose boulders. Here Excelsion discovered a cave, and in it he sought shelter for the night, as it was already dark. A sudden weariness overcame him and he soon became unconscious of all around.

How long he slept he could not tell but it was day when he stepped forth from the cave. The wind sighed around him. Fine mist smote him on the head, and he was cold. After he had climbed a short distance he turned back, intending to seek the cave. Just at that instant a root-seeker, with his basket on his back and his Alpine stick in hand, darted around a corner from below, and

he also sought the cave. "Hello! comrade," cried the stranger to Excelsior, "come down here; this niche is big enough for both of us.

"Higher and higher," murmured Excelsior, haughtily, and again started up ward. His hair was damp, and his clothes also, and as he touched the former it was long as a woman's, and his garments seemed to him wonderfully old and shabby.

But he had but little time to think of these, for he must pay strict attention to where he stepped. The road was muddy and wet, more than once he tripped over a stone, a ditch, or over blooming Alpine sparkled strangely, as he looked after the domineering youth. He picked up of water, and as he followed it up he saw his hat, put it on his head, took his stick a glistening bed of snow. It made him a glistening bed of snow. It made him shudder. As he climbed and climbed, the mist cleared away, and he saw mountain grass occasionally, and the blue heavens, and in the distance, glistening peaks of snow that raised themselves into the blue.

The world around him was as if dead. The coldness and rigidity of winter lay above everything, and the cutting frost penetrated to his very marrow. all this, Excelsior felt a proud joy. "I am high over all," said he, and his proud eyes glistened. Then all at once he was

surprised into a silence. "Higher, always higher!" thought th proud fellow. But already he did not think it such a haughty way as at first, although he set his feet forward after the

snowy peaks. Scarcer became the flowers and tufts of grass. Finally they entirely disap-peared. He saw only jagged rocks and wrinkled snow, and a small rivulet.

He crossed his arms on his

meadows and pastures. Excelsior's mil- breast and looked around. Nothing moved but himself. White and gleaming lay the snow around him, no footsteps, no bird trail in it so far as his eye could reach. Silence reigned every-where. He heard no sound but the the humming of blood in his ears. It was now so excessively cold it seemed to freeze his entire body, but as he stood there all alone it seemed to him as if there was one colder place than all else, and that place was within his heart around his heart. How strange!

And now should he really carry his ambition, and remain here high above all, as he had desired?

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. shuddering. He would almost have rejoiced if a cry or the sound of a whip had pierced the air, if somebody were there to make him angry. But all was still-silent as death.

He stepped forward to the place where the still water oozed forth from the snow. All at once he stooped down. In the snow water grew a little green, and on the green bloomed little blue flowers. They were forget-me-nots like those

the wanderer finds on the Alps near the "Forget-me-nots!" said Excelsior, and sat down on the snow. "Forget-me-

nots! His voice trembled as he uttered the word, and his hand passed lightly-very lightly-over the flowers. His eyes filled, and suddenly two tears stole forth and fell in the cold snow water! He bowed himself lower and lower, clear down to the tender blue flowers, and they seemed to be no longer flowers,

but dear, sad, blue child eyes that

opened wide and looked at him. "I know you!" nodded poor Excelsior, "I know you very well, and the red streak over the poor little hand, and the flowers that lay in the grass. Everything else have I forgotten -but not this." seemed to him as if he heard the little heartbroken sob of a child, and yet he knew it must have come from himself.

He buried his face in his hands and

sat there for a long time. At length he stood up. "There is nothing more precious than the warm hearts of men!" he exclaimed. "I will see if I can not force my way between them again, for I am frozen through and through.

And now he began to descend the mountain as rapidly as he could. It was not easy work, for where early meadow green had been there now lay snow. "It s very strange!" thought Excelsior, "it is just as if it were winter time." as he glanced down at his hands he noticed for the first time his beard of fine, long hair, and he was startled, for his hands were wrinkled and old, and his beard white as snow. He had become an old man, and yet how could this be, as he had only been two days on the mountain!

The greatest surprise was yet to come As he left the mountain forest behind him he found it was already night, and beneath him he saw a lighted city, like a vast luminous sea. He could not quiet the fierce beating of his heart. Faster and faster he strode down the mountain path until he reached the first street. It his own native city

The winter like streets were crowded with many people, and there was a fragrance of pines and evergreens in the air, and the smell of wax tapers. Presently the bells began to ring. In a church he heard singing-the fine singing of little children's voices. He went in.
"Christmas night," said he to himself,

and he was thrilled with great happiness. The entire church was full of children. they had little wax tapers stuck up before them or held them in their hands. The thousand tiny flames illuminated as many happy child faces. Chandeliers brilliantly lighted hung from the ceiling, and a little grove of fir trees in Christ mas dress glittered at the side of the alter.

The organ played and the children sang. Some of them slyly blew each other's lights out, and these sought to light them again from their neighbor's, and once in a while one of the little chil-

dren would cry out as if hurt.

There stood the poor old Excelsior back behind the wall looking fixedly in a little child's face-a little child with rosy cheeks, flaxen hair, and forget-me-not eyes. All at once she held up her little light, and Excelsior saw a little red streak across her hand.

"Where did you get that?" he anxiously asked, leaning forward and pointing to the scar. "The boy next to me hit me on the

hand with his candle-but it doesn't hurt," said she sweetly, "He didn't mean to do it." "It doesn't hurt!" said Excelsion to

himself, wondering over the glad tidings he had heard. Then he stooped and kissed the child, who looked wonderingly into his face.

"Have you a doll at home-a big new doll?" he asked.

The child shook her head no. "Come with me, I will buy you one," he exclaimed.

He went out, but as he left the church it occurred to him he had no morey. He took the child up tenderly in his arms, and stepped uncertainly forward. Of a sudden he was confronted by a great palace. It was his own. He trembled as he tottered up the steps and rang the bell. A servant answered the summons and inquired his name.

"Excelsior," said he. The servant was a gray headed old man. He held up his light in Excelsiors

face and then bowed himself to the ground and kissed his hand. "Master, I always declared you would come back again," said he; "but you were gone so long-fifty years!"

He rang all the bells he could seize upon and shouted joyfully, "The master is here again!" and throughout the en tire palace the cry was taken up and re-peated, "The master is again here!" The ervants rushed forward to greet him, and it was a glad, glad time, impossible to describe.

Excelsior, however, pressed the child to him and kissed the red streak on the little hand and wept.

"You shall be very happy," murmured he, "and many others besides you, but most of all poor old Excelsior!" The most brilliant qualities become useless when not sustained by main force

#### 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 leyel with mine.

Bell has followed me to the front door, as I leave for "down town" after break-"Bah, Bell!" I reply, "y can't bear the Wilkins girls." "you know

"Well, Fred, I know they are rather drowzy and flat, but they're good-heart-ed girls, and they've got a lovely cousin visiting them. Oh, I know you would like Alice Manning! "Sis, I'm a sworn old bachelor!

doubt Miss Manning is an angel, but it isn't worth while for me to go to Wilkins' to see her. I'll provide you an escort, though, if I don't go myself." "I mean to coax you to go, so you may

as well give in." Bell gave me a little sisterly slap, by way of a parting salutation, and I

I usually walk up town for the exercise, but when it begins to sprinkle sharply, and a fellow has a speck and span new pair of "oh-no-wo-never-mention-ems" on, why he's apt to fly to a street car.

That is, I didn't fly, I walked sedately up, and stepped on board a Ninth street

Now it may be that there is a predicament more mortifying to a well-dressed fellow than to step into a car in the rain, and he slips his hand into his pocket for the fare, to find that in changing clothes he has left his purse, money, car-tickets and all, in his other breeches pockets. It may be, I say, but I never got into

it. I discovered the awful truth just as the conductor opened the upper door. What in the world was I to do?

Beat an ignominous retreat? Oh, never! Ask the conductor to wait till I got the

change at the office? Did ever a conductor do such a thing

in his life? I glanced round the car. Not a soul whom I knew and could ask a loan of. Two or three frowzy Dutch women going to market, a nurse with a baby, some laboring men, three or four dapper clerks, and a young lady in black eashmere, with a pretty little hand without a glove, and a veil over her face, so that I "I will | couldn't see what she looked like.

No hope or help for me here, that was plain. To get out was all I could do, with the prospect of walking a mile in the rain without an umbrella. I was just about rising to put my project into execution, when the young lady in black rose, pulled the strap, and passed down the car to the rear door.

I sat still a moment to give her room, when, as she brushed by me, I felt a soft little hand slip some hard substance into mine. I glanced down; it was a silver quarter-piece. I sprang up; but the car was moving, and I only caught a glimpse of her figure disappearing in the door

way of a store across the sidewalk.

Bless the girl! She had taken in the awkwardness of my position and hastened, in the kindness of her heart to relieve it And should I do less than let her kindness work its will? No, indeed! I put that quarter into the conductor's hand, received the fifteen cents in change, and as I dropped it into my pocket, I picked | it was done!" up something unperceived before, which fallen into my lap. It was a little pair of brown kid gloves, cunningly rolled up, in a fashion that women understand, and tucked into each other.

I had seen those gloves only a moment before lying in the lap of the lady opposite when I glanced at her pretty hand. They were hers. It might be there was a quietly pushed the little gloves out of sight in my coat-pocket, until I stood in

my own office.

Then I took them out, straightened them over of my knee, and examined them. They were little, soft, dainty things with three tiny gilt buttons, and a faint perfume, resembling roses, lingering about them. But there was no name anywhere—no clew at all to their owner's

whereabouts. "Never mind, I'll keep 'em!" said I reverently, folding them and putting them back, this time into my breast pocket, "I'll meet that girl again, and then I'll give her a new pair. I wish I had seen her face. God bless her!"

If I didn't see her face really, I saw it in imagination all day, for it kept peeping between me and the leaves of the great ledgers which pretended to claim my attention. I didn't know her name, and I hadn't seen her face. But I knew she had the kindest heart and the sweetest little hand a girl ever did have, and I had her gloves. We should meet again somewhere, and then—well, you see I was pretty near falling in love, and didn't even know the color of the girl's eyes.

I went home and told Bell my mistake but I didn't tell her my precious little secret, and when she asked me how I managed, I said:

"Oh, got out and walked. It only rained a little." And so I did, when I got to my cor-

Bell insisted that I should go to the Wilkins' blow-out with her, and at last I consented. There was a crowd and the Wilkins

girls were uglier than ever. We had not been there very long, when Laura Wilkins' came up with a tallish golden-haired girl, and addressed me.

"Miss Manning, let me make you acquainted with my friend, Fred Somers." diss Manning, Mr. Somers." I bowed all politely, of course, and I

fancied, or was it fancy, that Miss Man-ning blushed a little. Why should she, unless she was very bashful, or unless those Wilkins girls-confound 'em-had been trying to get her to set her cap for me. They were good at such tricks. I knew 'em! But this sweet-faced girl didn't look as if she were given to them. She had a slight, willowy figure, and a sweet, grave mouth, and such true, earnest eyes I was drawn to her in spite of myself. But I thought she was

spoke to her. "How do you like her, Fred?" asked Bell, as we walked home.
"Oh, she'll do very well," I answered.

full of fun when any one knew her well

To myself my thought was: 'If I had met her before yesterday I might have taken a fancy to her, but now, if I ever fall in love with anybody. it shall be my little 'Brown Gloves. For so, not having any other name, I christened my unknown friend.

Bell fell violently in love with Miss

Manning, if I did not. She would have her at her house half the time, and indeed she did make a very delightful ad-

dition to our little circle.

I declared to myself that I cared nothing about her, but I was getting to be very fond of staying at home when she was with Bell, or of going out with them whenever they would allow me to be

their escort. One morning she came over to our Lance, dropped in upon the "We house, and asked Bell to go out shopping Board" the other day, and thus a Bell persuaded her to stay with her. until after dinner, and go out in the af-

Miss Manning consented, and so when
I went home I found her there at noon.

After dinner, as they had arranged, they prepared to go out. Miss Manning their needle and looking up expectantly. was dressed in a pretty suit of some brown stuff, trimmed with a wavy kind of fringe, silk I suppose, but I don't know how to describe women's flim-flams, you know.

She had on a hat to match, and she laughed as she put on a pair of black gloves, saying to Bell, with one little hand out: "See, these are a lovely match, aren't

they? I'm going to get some to wear with this suit, this afternoon. I lost my best brown ones about two weeks ago, and have neglected to get any more. Bell went out for something just then,

and with a sudden impulse I went up to Alice Manning and said: "Miss Manning, do you know where you lost your gloves?'

"No, I don't," she answered. "I had them in my hand, but not put on, and I never missed them till I got home to aunt Laura's. Why did you ask, Mr. Somers?"

"Was it a rainy morning?" I persisted, ignoring her question, and looking straight into her sweet eyes. 'Yes," said she, and all at once turned

rosy-red all over her sweet face. "I'll tell you why," said I, bending very close down and speaking low. "Because, one rainy morning, two weeks ago, I met an angel in a Ninth-street car, and if she lost her brown gloves, why I found them, and if she'll let me, I'll call at her Aunt Laura's to-night and give them to her. May I?

"Yes," said Alice; and Bell's voice sounding at the door, I turned away without a single word more. But I called at the Wilkin's house that

evening, and insteed of asking for "the ladies," as usual, I asked only for Miss Manning. She came in directly, and after we had

chatted a moment, though I noticed that she seemed very much embarrassed, and not like her easy self, I went over and sat down beside her, and took the little brown gloves from my pocket, laid them on her lap, and said:

"Are these yours, Miss Manning?" She looked at them a moment, and inswered:

"Yes, they are certainly mine, but I don't know yet where you found them." "I'll tell you. They dropped into my lap when you did me the most delicate act of kindness I ever received in my life. "I'm sure I didn't know it was you

then," said Alice, blushing furiously. don't know what possessed me, but I saw that you were a gentleman, and I felt so sorry for you, and so, before I thought,

"And I've been longing ever since to find you out. I didn't see your face, you know. "No, when I met you, the very next night, I was glad I had my veil on, for I recognized you at once. What must you

have thought of my boldness?" blushing deeper, and turning her face away. "Thought! Miss Alice, I havent known name in them somewhere, and I should you very long, but I can't help telling find out who she was. But not here. I you that I lost my heart to that darling girl in the street car, and the other half to the sweet girl I met in this room the next day. Come, now! I've given back your gloves. What are you going to do with my property—give it back to me

Alice brushed a little, laughed a little,

and said softly:
"If it's all the same to you, I'll keep glancing up at me like a saucy I caught her close to me.

too, or keep it?"

"It isn't all the same. It's all the difference in the world, for I don't want it back. But I want yours in exchange. May I have it, darling?"

Well, I won't tell just how my Alice answered, but she said "yes," anyhow, and so I won her. And Bell was delighted; but Alice never would let me tell how I found the brown gloves.

## Literary Quarrels.

The world always laughs, and is usually right in laughing, at quarrels between authors and critics. There is nothing more ridiculous than the literary vanity which drives a writer to join the hot battle with every reviewer who does not happen to like his books. There is nothing more wearisome than his insistance in pushing his issues into the remote regions of rejoinder and rebutter and surrebutter and surrejoinder, and vexing gods and columns with importunate trivialities. The public in these unedifying cases mostly act, metaphorically speaking, like the hero of an excellent novel of our day. After impatiently watching a goat fiercely buck and leap at an honest wether until he had thrust the wether over the edge of a steep rock, the spectator could not restrain himself from seizing the victor by the right hind leg, and hurling him headforemost after the sheep, to learn how he liked his com-

pulsion. This is the too common end of battles of books, and the end is no unwholesome one. It is a good rule, therefore, for a man of letters to set himself, that he will treat his work as seriously as possible while he is about it, and as little seriously as possible after it is finished and launched. When it is done, he should reflect that it is only one book in a million which is of any real concern for good or evil, for wise instructions or true amusements, to the world; on the other hand, while he is still busy on his books, he will take as much trouble as if that were to be the singular and immortal exception. By cultivating this double mood of care and carelessness, a man, perhaps, does the best he can both for the honesty of his work, whatever it may be; and for his own mental comfort and self-possession :

"Non si quid turbida Roma, Elevel, accedas exam-nque improbum in lila Castiges trutina, nec le que siveris extra." —John Morley in Furiniphtly Review.

### Business Women.

The Chicago women-God bless have started a feminine B at once to the important subjections, and "calls" (not of a baby acter) the rise and fall of wheat a fluctuations of pork and lard. A re-for our sprightly contemporary, the what he saw and heard: At this point the door opens

male object enters the room. and looking up expectantly. "Seller April's just touched

cries Marsh. "What is seller April?" asks the spokesman. "Why, I've just told you-5%."

"Yes, but what do you mean by April? "It's wheat, or corn, or isn't it?" suggests Mrs. Bondha hesitatingly.

"Yes," says Marsh, "it's wheat time. Don't you remember you or me to sell five wheat seller April "I thought it was 5000 bushels five," said the school principal fro West Division. "Of course," says Marsh, a little

patiently; "when I say five wh "I don't see why you can't tell r plain terms what you've done," sa

schoolma'am.

lators, in chorus.

"I do," retorts Marsh; "but you understand the terms. You orders to sell five wheat—5000 bushels, April-that is, for April delivery, a sold it for 4%. The market has sin vanced to 5%."

"Well, how much have we ma asks the leader of the brigade on the Board of Trade. "Made! Why, if you close the now, you lose \$25." "Lose \$25!" exclaimed the lady st

"Yes," says Marsh; "that's nearly apiece. But you ain't obliged to clos deal now, now know.' "Ah!" sighed the chorus, with ev "Oh, no!" continues Marsh, "you

hold on till April if you want to, the market may drop again before "What if it should drop?" asks y Bondholder, somewhat doubtfully. "Well, if it drops 1/2 cent, you come out even; if it goes still lower,

will make money." "But if it should keep going up?" "In that case you'd lose more more all the time," replies Marsh. "Isn't there some way of compror ing the thing without 'closing the de as you call it?" - Couldn't we get rid

the speculation, you know, with losing so much?' "Hardly," replied the broker. "Well," says the school-teacher, made 62 cents apiece yesterday, so if close the deal now we won't be w much out. Only I wish I had saved:

62 cents for this emergency." The other ladies acquiesced in t view, and Marsh is directed to "close i deal." He leaves with the intention

# doing so.—Chicago Leader.

Animal Longevity. A tortoise which died in the Bishop Peterborough's garden in 1821, more than 220 years of age, and one blonging to Archbishop Laud died for neglect at the age of 128 years. As fishes, the pike has been said to live f 267 years, and the carp for 200 years. is highly probable that the gigantics amander may live for a greatly prolong period, and frogs and toads are probab long-lived animals, small as is their re tive size. A toad has been kept for years without showing signs of age, and then died through an accident. Whale have been supposed to live from 300 t 400 years. The life of an elephant said to extend beyond 100 years, but this there seems as yet to be no certain evidence. Birds, as creatures at once active and warm-blooded, (and the compressing, as it were, much life into small period), might be expected to be short-lived. Yet parrots have been known to live for upward of a century and pelicans, geese, and crows may e ceed the period commonly allotted t man. But however commonly three score years and ten may be the term human life, man can certainly both lit and retain his intellectual faculties mor or less beyond 100 years. Yet a horse i generally old at 30, and is not know to have attained twice that age. The life of a sheep is about 15 years' duration and that of a dog from 15 to 20, althoug allied animals are much longer lived Thus, the lion called Pompey, which died in the Tower of London in 1769, had lived there for no less than 70 years. Extremely varied, then, is the duration of the life of individual organisms. N less varied are the relations to time of the lives of races and of different group of animals and plants. Species, genera, families, orders, and classes of animals and plants, differ extremely as to their period of duration, some of each of their

ELEGANCE OF HOME. -- I never saw a garment too fine for man or maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobblet or a cooper, or a king to sit in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us, the glorious sky, the imperial sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools for housekeeping a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a house for the mahogany we bring into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fash-ion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than con-sume all myself before I got to a home, and take so much pains with the outside that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garment, house and furniture are tax dry ornaments compared with domest love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for whole shiploads of furniture, and all the gorgeousness all the upholsterers in the world can gather. -[Dr.

groups appearing to have been but short-lived compared with other other divi-ions of similar rank.—[St. G. Mivart, in

Contemporary Review.