DEATH

Out of the corrows of sadness, Out of the sunlight of gladness, into the light of the blest; Out of a land very dreary, Out of the world of the weary, Into the raptures of rest.

Out of to-day's sin and sorrow, Into a blissful to-morrow, Into a day without gloom; Out of a land filled with sighing-Land of the dead and dying-Into a land without tumb.

Out of a life of commotion, Tempest swept oft at the ocean, Dark with the wreck drifting o'er-in a land calm and quiet : Never a storm cometh nigh it-Never a wreck on its shore.

Out of the land in whose bowers

Perish and fade all the flowers-Out of the land of decay-In the Eden where fairest Of fi wers, and swoetest and rarest, Never shall wither away.

Cut of the world of the ailing, Phronged w th anguish and wailing; Out of the world of the sad, Into the world the read, World of bright visions and voices,

into the world of the glad

Out of a life ever mournful.

Out of a land ever mournful, Where in bleak exile we roam

Into a joy-land above us--Where there's a Father to love us--Into "Our Home, Sweet Home."

THE EMERGENCY DRILL.

Sometimes in the long winter evenings Henry Bruce amused himself by making out lists of lonety people, and his own name stood at the head. He agreed that Robinson Crusce had a hard time, but Robinson Crusoe could remember when he had as much company as he wanted, and Henry could not. The Man in the Iron Mask was solitary enough, but how about the time before he wore it? As for St. Simeon Stylites, Henry would not put him on the list at all, because, even if he did choose to live on the top of a high pillar, he always had a crowd gaping up at him. Henry's grievance was one that he shared with Adam; he

had never had a boy to play with him. His father was the keeper of a light house on the northern coast of England. The light house stood on a rock two miles out at sea, and Henry lived with his mother and little sister in a cottage on the mainland. There was not another house within sight, and not a boy within a day's travel. Men used to come up the coast shooting and fishing, but curiously enough, no boys ever came along, and, although Henry had seen them on vessels, he had never had a geod, honest hour's play or talk with a boy in all his

There was another odd thing abou the life here. At all light houses in these times there are two or three men so if one gets sick there will be some one to take his place. But Mr. Bruce had never had an assistant.' Everything had always gone on right, and so the govern-ment had never realized that he was ment had hever ranned that he was alone, and he never spoke of it because he was afraid that he would be paid less if he had a man to help hin. He ex-pected Henry to take the place of assis-tant as soon as he was old enough. In the meantime, to educate the boy for possible contact with the world, he to put him through what he called "The Emergency Drill." This related to different matters, but it always began in the same way. The first question was, "What in the matter?" The second, "What first?" Then, "Do I need help?" and if the answer to this was "Yes," then, "Where shall I get it?" Henry became so used to these questions that he put them to himself on many occasions, and he often amused himself playing he was a General on the battle-field, or a King

ont hunting, and he imagined all sorts of troubles when the "Drill" was of use, One morning a fishing boat came in bound to the nearest town, and Mrs. Bruce asked the men to take her along to buy yarn for the children's stockings. They agreed, but told her she would have to walk back, but she was willing to do this, atthough the distance was twelve miles, because, as she said, if they did not take her she would have to walk both ways.

entered a large, always dimly-lighted room, in which was stored coal and wood, oil for the lamp and fresh water

from the main land. The stairs were in this room and The room above was the Henry ran up. The room above was the kitchen, over that was the bedroom, and from this a ladder led to the lantern. Henry called, but there was no answer He went up into the lantern. All was dark and allent. He spoke again and again but still all was silent. Then he heard a groan, and he rushed down the ladder, got the keeper's hand lamp and ran back. His father lay on the floor; his eyes were closed and blood ran from his temple. It was plain that he had fallen and burt himself.

Henry began to cry. He did not know what to do, and the "Emergency Drill" didn't occur to him. Then he remembered that he ought to stop the flow of blood, and taking his father's handker-chief from his pocket he tied up the wound. Still his father neither spoke nor moved. Then he cried again. then he thought of his mother. She must by this time be at home, and, without hesitation, he rushed off again, but this time to his boat. It took but a moment to untie it and spring in and be off.

be off. The rain fell heavily, the waves dashed on the rocks, and Henry, looking up, saw the dim outline of the light house. He stopped rowing. His heart gave a great jump, and before his eyes seemed to flash the "charge to keepers" hung up the light heave: in the light house: You are to light the lamps every even

ing at sunsetting, and keep them burn-ing bright and clear until sunrising. ing bright and clear until summers. His father's faithfulness, the great im-portance of lighting up, rushed into Henry's mind, and again he involun-tarily repeated his "Emergency Drill."

"What is the matter?" "The lamps are not lighted." "What first?"

"To light them."

He turned his boat and rowed back ew rods. But was it first? It could not e! He must take his mother over. His father would die for want of help. As he paused, trembling, anxious, irresolute, he remembered how often his father had said that no wreck should ever be his fault, and it was a terrible night!

Henry knew what his father would say, Henry knew what his lather would say, and he at once rowed directly back. He returned to the house, stumbled up the dark stairs, got the lamp again and ran up into the lantern. It took him but a moment to light the lamps, and the glow spread out on the sea, and aroused by the glare his father opened his eyes. "The lampa," he said. "I have lighted them." Heary replied;

and now I am going for mother "Stay!" was the answer, and his father closed his eyes again.

Henry hesitated, but he sat down in the hard chair in which his father spent each night watching. He knew what his father meant. The lights would go out,

and needed care all night. And so Henry sat there. The wind howled; the house shook and swayed; the sea birds dashed against the glass; the rain beat on the roof, and all sorts of wild sounds seemed to be in the air. wild sounds seemed to be in the air. Sometimes he got up and bathed his father's head with water. He brought a pillow, He talked to him, but he had no answer but a moan, yet he never cried, and he never ceased to keep the lights burning "bright and clear."

It seemed to him nearly morning when he heard pounding at the light house door. He knew that it was some one seeking shelter, and he went down and opened it. There stood a man and a boy and his mother.

Henry cried then! And he laughed and he clung around her neck, and he poured out that his father was hurt, and that he had kept the lights burning, and he had to leave Lucy, and all of it in one breath.

"But" said his mother, pushing back

LENLEY'S CONSPIRACY.

Mr. John Clifford looked over the wal Mr. John Clifford looked over the wai-nut and plate-glass railing around his "office" in the corner of the counting room of the daily and weekly Herald, just as a sweet, ringing laugh from the composing room opposite came to his

"It's Lesley Lord-that is," Peter Furman said, as he saw the look of inquiry on Mr. Clifford's face. "As pretty a girl as ever stepped in shoes, but spoiled and humored until she thinks she can do as she likes."

Mr. Clifford looked through the open door-he was the new bookkeeper, just entering upon his duties that morning.

So that is Miss Lord-the young lady with the round white arms and shining teeth, and the hair piled in a gold-col ored mass on top of her head? Well Well Furman, she is rather good-lookingcertainly not as handsome as one would be led to think from your description. Several hours later, when Mr. Clifford was thinking it was nearly time for sup per, a merry little clatter of boot heels sounded on the floor, coming toward his office, and he looked up to see Miss Les-

once, and he looked up to see Allas Les-ley Lord standing at the dome-shaped opening in front of him. "Mr. Clifford," she said, with a grace-ful little arch of her eyebrows—"at least I suppose it is Mr. Clifford, the new howknews?" bookkeeper?

"I am at your service," he responded looking straightforward at the flushed dimpled cheeks and little white teeth.

"I would like to have an advance on Saturday night's pay, if you please." The "if you please" was very much at variance with the imperiousness of her

demand.

"You would like an advance?" he reit-

erated, gravely. Lesley gave a provoked little toss of her head, and tapped her finger on the plate-glass shelf.

"That is what I said, I believe." "Am I to understand it is the custom

of this office to advance money to the employes upon all occasions?" "I don't know anything about what

the employes do; but I know that I always receive an advance when I ask for it.

Mr. Clifford closed his day-book quietly

"I think the rules of the office forbid such a precedent, Miss Lord. Frank," to the office boy busily directing the mail,

"just light up, will you?" Lesley stood perfectly astonished at the polite yet cavalier treatment she had received. The idea! This new man putting on such airs to her-the acknowledged belle and beauty of the girls who se

type in the Herald composing room. Frank lighted the gas, and Mr. Clif-ford began counting the money in the

cash box, while Lesley, in a passion stood staring at him. "You don't intend to let me have it?"

she said presently, in a low, indigant voice that was irresistibly charming for all that.

"Certainly not-you nor any one." Lesley sent him one look, perfectly say age with anger.

An hour later, in the midst of a driv-ing rain-storm, Mr. Clifford stepped out of the tram-car in a pretty, lonely sub-urb of the city, to which he was an entire stranger—and after looking about him for several minutes, sans umbrella or overshoes, he began dimly to realize that he did not know which of the halfdozen houses within sight was the one where his new landlady, Mrs. Rawson, lived.

"A charming position to find oneself in, 'he thought, as the rain soaked through his clothes, and he discovered that the mud was disagreeably uncertain to wade through, especially in the darkto

"I'll make a bee line for the nearest light," he decided, and forthwith set out for a little cottage, not so apallingly far off, where he arrived in due time, and shivering with the cold dampness of his clothes, he was cheered by the prompt opening of the door by a placid faced, elderly lady who answered him in the cheeriest, most unconventional manman!

Mr. Clifford arose from his easy chair as the lamplight and Lesley's amazed looks

fell upon him simultaneously. He laughed as he extended his hand, while Lesley, bewildered beyond measured ure, stood stock still in the middle of the room, lamp in hand, her cheeks flushing painfully.

"Pray forgive me. I certainly did not mean to be so hateful, I assure you, Miss Lord. Won't you allow me to relieve you of the lamp? and then-please begin at once the part of the programme you are to fill in the conspiracy against me. I can promise you it will be the most agreeable to me.

"I-didn't-know you were here. Lesley stammered hysterically, and then "I dare say I shall never hear the last

of it," she said. "Well, Mr. Clifford, I can stand it if you can." "If you will let me I will stay the re-

mainder of the evening and try," he returned, gravely. Well, he stayed, and Lesley was most

bewitching, and after he had gone home she went to bed and cried herself to sleep for very shame at her stupid, idiotic blunder.

"He will despise me, I know he will," she sobbed to herself, "and he is just splendid."

But instead of despising her Mr. Clifford asked her to marry him six months afterward

"I will say 'Yes,' just because I like to be contrary," she laughed. "I said I'd reject you haughtily, and instead I'll ac-

She hesitated with a little glance at his

handsome face. "Because I will not take 'No' for an answer?" he suggested, drawing her face to his breast.

"Because I do love you," was her reply, low and sweet. And that was the delightful end of

Lesley's little conspiracy.

Just the Girl for a Dear Self-Sacrific-leg Man.

His name was Augustus Smythe; he was a clerk in a dry goods store, and he didn't earn enough to decently starve on, but with the sublime assurance that distinguishes the "lah-de-lah" young man of the day, he was paying his atten-tions to the prettiest girl in Detroit. He managed, by not paying his washer wo-man and tailor, to take her to the theater and opera, but as times were getting hard he concluded to marry her and save the expense of boarding. By some process of mental arithmetic he succeeded in dis covering with much difficulty that what enough for one was enough for was not two; and forthwith he concluded to pop. He knew that his persistent visits had kept all other young men sway, so he had no fears of a trial. When the time came and he found himself in the company of his Laura in her papa's comfort-able parlor, he leisurely seated himself by her side on the sofa, took her little dimpled hand, used only to tinkle the piano with, and said in a bronze voice: "Dear Miss Laura, I have concluded

to marry. Laura started as he intended she should. Then he resumed grandilo-quently, "I want a dear little girl about your size, with a great big heart, just like yours, to share my lot."

"Is it on Madison avenue?" murmured Laura.

"No,dearest; but what are localities to hearts that love? I want a girl that is good-tempered, smart, economical, and

who loves me. Darling, do you know of Laura, faintly-"Yes, oh yes, I am aure I do." such a one?"

"One who would rather live with me

he will win a fair measure of apprecia in poverty than dwell with some other tion. man in riches? Who would esteem it a pleasure to serve me, cook my meals, keep the house tidy, and listen for my

Holding and Losing the Grip.

There are some who have inherited so much toughness of fiber that they are sure to hold on until success is assured. Nothing can discourage them or bring dismay. They have a faith in ultimate success which amounts to assurance. If they make a hundred failures they strike on their feet like a cat thrown out of a window. The Mexicans said that General Taylor didn't know when he was whipped. Cf course not. He had tonghness of fiber. He was not in the field to be defeated, but to win success, and he did win. General Grant said he would "fight it out on that line if it took all summer." That declaration was the sure prophecy of success. Defeat was not admitted into the programme. He will hold on and tighten the grip. The more desperate the outlook the firmer the hold. He will never let go. This is a beautiful allegory-or fact, as one may interpret it-in the Scriptures, of Jacob wrestling with the angel, and would not let go his hold until he had obtained what he was struggling for. The old patriarch had a strong grip. He was an early type of success—a man of faith and action. He wrestled, held on and prevailed.

The men who succeed in the profes sions have this strong grip. Genius is not an element of positive success. There have been no greater failures made in this world than by men of genus who this world than by men of genius who lacked grip and staying power. What is needful is the power to hold on, and if need be, to grub at the very roots of things until victory comes. Lawyers succeed in that way. The most success-ful members of the bar have this tough-ness of these. ness of fiber. Clients know that these men will hold on and wring a victory from the very jaws of defeat, if possible. They go to them in time of trouble, not because they are men of genius, but because they have pluck, toughness, fiber, the power to fight it out on that line "if it takes all summer." When it is said of any one that if he meets with any discouragements "he will drop the tools and run," it may be set down that no great success will crown his efforts. Somewhere he must fight his battle for life. When it is said that one has good fighting blood in him, the best of qualities has been described, provided his pluck and courage have been rightly directed. The successful men of this world have made scores of failures. But they did not let go for all that. There they did not let go for all that. There is a significant saying in California about certain men that they have "gone over the grade." Why go over at all? In the more essential fact, the man who has this tenacity, this power to hold on, many for over the grade. That is he never goes over the grade. That is, he

is just as much of a man after he has made a series of failures as he was before. In fact he is probably stronger. He toughens by defeat. There was a recent case of suicide in this city of a young man who left behind him a note, which, by any fair interpre-tation, meant that he had lost his grip, and for that reason declined to lay hold and for that reason declined to lay again. It was a declaration of a lack of pluck, courage, endurance, with an in-dication of disappointment signifying a neglected genius—one who had failed to win a fair recognition. Without knowing anything special of the circumstance of this man, the case may be taken as a typical one. He did not propose to fight

it out on any line for success, but let go his hold and dropped out of the world. No doubt, the kind of reasoning here disclosed shows a morbid and unhealthy mind. But this very condition comes from gloomy introspection, from brood ing over a want of success and taking it to heart. In the long run, every man who has courage, pluck and endurance will find his place, or at least one where

Men who achieve marked success bide their time. How long have the great artists of the world waited for success? Scholars and literary men have fought their way in obscurity for years. No doubt, some fields are more promising for literary men than others. But it is a part of the business of one wanting recognition and appreciation, to find his field-to fight for the occupation. If one sort of work does not win, try another, until the right vocation has been found. Suppose a young man tries literature, most uncertain of all vocations. He the doe not succeed. He imagines he does good work, but it is not wanted. Does the world neglect him more than others? Not a bit; the world does not care for one's pretentions. It only wants to know who can do certain kinds of work better than others. It may be slow in finding this out. But it does find it out in the long run. The man who lets go his grip because he has not succeeded, and leaves the world as a suicide, shows that his judgment has been strangely at fault. has undervalued life, has trifled with it, and he goes out of the world more as a triffer than as an earnest and courageous man. There is no better moral for such cases. It is a running away on the battlefield from duty and from life, and that is the realistic view which every brave and healthy soul is compelled to take of such instances. The failures of life are a part of its discipline. Soldiers who suffer defeat are all the better because they have been under fire; and there will come a time when these veterans will surely win the victory. In the long run, every defeat becomes a condition of suc-cess if it is rightly turned to account. Somewhere in the world every good man and woman is wanted. Their work, life. patient and courageous example are wanted. The men who let go the grip, leaving sentimental notes behind, leav nothing which be hopeful to those who are still fighting the battle. There is no example of fortitude, courage or higher endeavor. Of those who go by suicide because they have become insane from infirmaties which could not be helped, nothing is said here. But letting go the grip because there is a conviction that there is a lack of appreciation, it is little to say that they have undervalued life and have not had the courage to fight the battle for success. Colonel T. W. Higgicson has criticised publicly Mrs. Julia Ward for entertain-ing Oscar Wilde in Boston. Mrs. Howe is replying that what she does is none of Mr. Higginson's business, and mean-while the disciples of both are standing aghast. How we do love to shut our eyes

A Lion Tamer's Experiesce.

"While with Robinson s circus." Mr. Neylan, "I became acquainted with Bill Reynolds, the well-known lion performer, and became a fast favorite him. He was growing old and was taken ill quite frequently, thereby necessitat-ing the withdrawal of that feature in the entertainment. I was in the habit of playing with the lions outside the cage, and one day I asked Archie McCarty, the boss canvassman, who had charge of the cage, if he would let me go inside. He laughed at me, and insinuated that I would back out mighty quick. I looked about for a cowhide, and being unable to find one, substituted a broom handle and started in. There were two lions in the cage and a tiger, the famous lion.Old Prince, the pet lioness, Jennie, and a beautiful tiger of magnificent proportions. Old Prince was a stubborn, bull. headed creature, and meant mischief headed creature, and instruction years every time. I was about sixteen years of age at the time, and was in good phys-ical condition. The moment I entered, the animals regarded me as an intruder. the animals regarded me as an infrueer, and Old Prince began to assume a war-like deportment. I belabored him wig-orously with the broom handle, main-taining my self-possession, and ere I left the cage he was humbly submissive, and with the other animals would do me and with the other animals, would do my bidding promptly. I informed the manager that I had found a substitute for Reynolds, and would produce him that night. The cage was drawn into the ring, and at the time I appeared greatly to the surprise and bewilderment of the manager. As I started toward the cage he shouted: "Come away, you of the manager. As I started toward the cage he should: "Come away, you fool, you will be eaten up." But I went on with the performance and the animals behaved beautifully. At another time Robinson had a young lion three years old, of great strength and ferocious dis-position. I determined to break him, and had a terrible encounter with him for three hours. The enraged beast re-fused to obey the lash, and it became necessary to use hot irons instead of the rawhide. After he had been subdued I betted him for a while and then furnishd him with a substantial meal, and we became the best of friends. All the clothing I wore at the close of the encounter was a pair of stockings and a wristband to my shirt. I subsequently broke another pair for Robinson and had tough tustle with them, but they were nothing in comparison with the threeyear old." Mr. Neylan was asked if he ever found

himself in extreme peril. "Well, yes," replied Mr. Neylan, "I was placed in a most uncomfortable situation. Jennie, the pet lioness, was with young, and one day I had occasion to enter her cage and repair it. The sound of the hammer employed in driving nails appeared to frighten her, and suddenly fastened her teeth upon the calf o my leg. I had the presence of mind to let her alone, although she was tearing my flesh terribly, and siezing my hammer. I watched my opportunity when she had caught my wrist between har teeth, and thrust the handle down her throat, choking off her hold. Then she sought to leap upon me, and stripped me of my clothing, beside leaving the bloody imprint of her claws upon my back. The blows of the hammer did not seem to have any effect, and at an opportune moment one of the keepers, seeing my predicament, siezed an iron bar and belabored her vigorously, while I kept accompaniment with my hammer. We conquered her at last, and I left the cage to dress myself and my wounds. She never disturbed me again, and was al-ways gentle and tractable. Once, previous to this, Jennie knocked me down, and Old Prince evidently intended to make a meal of me, but my good fortune and courage did not desert me, and I whipped them both into subjection with my cowhide. "The best time to begin to break lions," said Mr. Neylan, "is when they are cubs of eight to ten months' growth. My practice was to devote an hour a day in the training, always exercising them on empty stomaches and feeding them immediately afterward; if the animal is tractable and submissive, he should be treated kindly, but if he is inclined to be stubborn and ugly, then you must obtain the mastery by a vigorous use of the cowhide. They are inclined to be treacherous even when the most froliesome and gentle, and it can be shown that the majority of lion performers who have been killed, have allowed too much liberty to their pets. The objective point of the cowhide is the face and eye to blind and confuse them, and they smart and are forced into retirement by a vigorous flagellation. It must not be thought for an instant that one car look them steadily in the eye and thus disarm them. The lion does become somewhat blinded by a steady gaze, but the mo-ment he lowers his head and gives it an ominous shake, then look for danger, and the more promptly the lash is ap-plied the better. The tiger is more treacherously inclined than the lion, and more difficulty is experienced in their training. I have trained Asiatio, African and Morian lions and some of them and Mexican lions, and some of them have developed remarkable power of intelligence and sagacity.-Interview in Providence Journal.

Everything went on very well until when the sky began to cloud, and little Lucy became cross and sleepy, and cried for her mother. Henry near sunset, her bread and milk, but still sh fretted. She did not want to play and she would not go to sleep. "My goodness!" he oried. "I wish all

babies were grown up! I would rather hunt lions than take care of you!" He nunt hons than take care of you!" He then picked her up and carried her to the door. "Now," he said, "we will watch for mamma." The rocks stood up against a heavy sky. The wind had begun to mean, and the high for mamming the high for star

the birds flow screaming over the water. There was not a sign of their mother coming on the beach, and Henry felt more lonely than ever. He looked over to the light house and wished his father would light it up, and it seemed to him that sunset, the time for lighting, must surely have come. Suddenly a little flag appeared in the lantern. Henry sprang to his feet. "What is the matter?" he exclaimed in

real earnest. "I don't know," was his reply.

"What first?" "To go to the light house." But he was mistaken the first thing to do was to dispose of Lucy. He could not take her; he could not leave her.

"If you were only a horse," be hur-riedly cried, "I could put you in the stable. If you were a cow I'd tie you to the stake; but what can I do baby?'

'Lucy can go," said the child.

an aprop, and wrote a note to his mother:

Mornun father wanted me right away and the lamp is not bit and it is neglect of athletic spor after suaset and I hope Law won't get ty of form is attained? into any trouble. Your sou

HENLY BRUCE. He pat this note in front of the lamp and hurried off. A boat was always kept ready, and

Henry sprang into it and rowed off with energy. It was dack, however, when he reached the light house, and the rain had begun to fall. He tied his best to the little pier and ran to the tower. He

her wet hair, "I do not understand you. Where is your father? Where is Lucy?" "He is upstairs. I left a note for yon

by the lamp. "But I have not been home," exclaim ed his mother. "I have been all night on the sea. Our friends here told me they would give me passage back, so I waited. It became dark so early, and we were dashed on the rocks and our mast broken. We had no idea where we were, and we could not see the light house. Then all at once it blazed up, and all night, this fearful night, we have struggled toward it."

And so it was his mother that Henry saved when he decided that his father would hold his duty dearer than life, and turning back took his place and kept the signal lights burning. How happy they were that night after

the keeper was carried down stairs, and came to his senses, and told how he fell and only had power to put out the flag. The only thing that troubled Mrs. Bruce was the thought of Lucy tied in her chair. When Mr. Bruce recovered asked for an assistant, and when the man came behold he brought his son, a year younger than Henry, and Henry felt as if he had got his "Man Friday."-Our Continent.

A Woman on Men's Trousers.

Kate Field, who is always startling the dull ones, with her novel notions, advocates in Our Continent a return to the knee-breeches of our ancestors. She

says: There is nothing whatever to be brought forward in favor of trousers. except that they serve to cover up bad Men without calves, when arrayed logs. in the broadcloth of the period are as pleasing as Apollos. But shall all male beauty be sacrificed to the calfless? Cannot art assist nature, and supplement proportions akin to the meager pipestem? Men on the stage are no better formed "Lucy can go," said the child. "No, she can't," he answered. And then he looked out again, but his mother was not yet in sight, and the red flag which meant "Come at once," still shook small clothes can easily take the place of multicer and thus overcome the objecnd beekoned to him. He tied Lucy into her little chair with tions of the lauk and lean. Here let me ask why there are undeveloped legs? Do they not indicate physical degeneracyneglect of athletic sports by which bean-ty of form is attained? Might not the revival of knee-breeches lead to grater physical culture, and there-by aid in advancing the human race? To brought face to face, or literally, leg to leg with deficiencies, is the first step toward improvement."

It is said that whatever a French woman's affection for her husband, she is generally fonder of her children. This med a small, heavy bronze door and hits the American woman some, too.

ner. "Mrs. Rawson's? Why, you won't think of going away up there in such a storm as this. Come in, and see if 1 can't make you comfortable for awhile I've got a boy just about your age some-where in the West-and if he should be out in the storm-'

Her mother-love was sweet and strong on her gentle, womanly face, and

stepped in, gladly, yet reluctantly. "I am so muddy and dripping—I am John Clifford, book keeper at the Herald, ma'am, and a stranger in the city. His hostess insisted on his going in,

and in less than no time he was feeling decidedly comfortable beside the open fire, in borrowed slippers and rapidlydrying clothes. "The new book-keeper of the Herald

office, I think you said ? My niece works there-and she's been talking about the 'new man' for a week or so-I believe all the girls were anxions to see you, Mr. Clifford.

The kindly lady bustled about to get the supper ready in the little kitchen, and at the latest stage of the proceedings she took the lamp out with her, while she broiled the ham.

"You won't mind sitting by the fire-light a minute or two, I know. We're poor folks, and have to economize in

And a second after the lamp had gone, and the savory odor of the broiling ham floated into his hungry sense, a side door openad, and somebody came in, bringing a cool rainy feeling with her-for it was a girl, in waterproof and rubbers. "I came so near staying at Jenny

Ball's for supper, auntie-I would have stayed only I was afraid you'd be worried about me. We did have so much to talk about," and a sauvy little laugh rippled through the dusk as she plumped erself down on the floor to take off her rubbers. "The new book-keeper came, auntie-just the handsomest fellow, with -oh-heavenly eyes and a lovely mus-tache, but he is too mean and hateful for anything-to me, auntie, you wouldn't believe it, would you? Well, we girls'll punish him! We've made a conspiracy between us, and I'm to make him fall it love with me I can, I know-and then I am to reject him haughtily, and lot -Auntie, have you been in the cellar all this time I've been talking?"

And as Mrs. Cummings appeared at the head of the cellar stairs, Lesley scold their husbands in the morning (or Lord picked up the lamp and carried it back into the little dining room, while escape suspicion.

footsteps? Who would rise early and

sit up late for my sake?" "Oh, how beautiful," murmured Laura; "just like a dear, self-sacrificing

"Do you know of such a one, my

angel?" "Yes, I do," responded 'Laura, fer-vently; "but you must not call me your angel, for she might not like it; she's in the kitchen now washing the dishes, and she told mother this morning that she'd just as leave get married this winter as live out, if she only felt able to support a husband. She's just the girl you want and she'd love you within an inch of your life.

But Augustus had fled into the outer darkness; the too muchness of the occa-sion overcame him like a summer cloud.

Interest and Labor.

Interest is a tax-gatherer.

It enters into every workshop, field ad mine, and gathers labor's profits. Labor has wife and family to support.

Labor needs food, clothing and rest. Labor works six days out of every seven, and ten hours out of every twenty our.

Labor gets sick and has doctors' bills pay. Labor gets old, wears and cannot be

repaired. Interest works seven days in a week

and twenty four hours in a day. Interest needs no clothing or food.

Interest never gets sick or tired. Interest has no family to support or

doctors' bills to pay. Interest produces nothing, but con

umes everything. Interest gathers where labor reaps, and

reaps where labor sows, Labor crects itself a house and pays

interest rent on it. Labor produces bread, and interest

cats it. Labor keeps poor, and interest grows

rich.

A schoolmaster in Southern Oregon has resigned his place because two of the directors would not sustain him in his efforts to stop urchins from squirt ing tobacco juice on the stove during

school hours. Oregon wants no teachers that set up to be Oscar Wildes. Mrs. Wall, of New York, at breakfast colded her husband. During the day he was shot, and she is to be tried for the murder. Moral: Wives must not

what we fear may be a reality.

An Idea.

"Twas a calm, still night; not a breeze Twas a calm, still night; not a breeze stirred the leaves as they lay sleeping in the trees. The sun had already gone down, and mother earth seemed to be taking a nap. The Thomas cat hopped from fence to fence and sang his spark-ing songs to his companion, and the cricket chirped his lay. When these had stormed it was so silont you could hear cricket chirped his lay. When these had stopped, it was so silent you could hear a house drop. As she lay nestled on his manly bosom a thought struck her, and she said:

"Alphonsus, I have a bright idea." He said he knew a brighter one, and when she asked him what it was, he answered:

"Your eyes, dear."

There was silence for a moment; then he said:

"Ahom!"

Intermission for two minutes; then she laid her head on the rim of his ear and wept. He raised his lips to hers, and the first thing heard was a farmer's voice from behind a bush, inquiring if that was his cow stuck in the mud and was trying to get her hoofs out.

A little charcoal thrown into the pol will sweeten meat that is a little old. Not if it is anyway tainted—it is then unfit to ent—but only if kept a little longer than makes it quite fresh.

Interest rules; labor obeys. Interest is master. labor is a slave.