

Arthur Millington.

"It is of no use, mother! I cannot get the least encouragement," said Arthur Millington, as he came in, threw back his cap from a face indicating deep despair, and seated himself upon a pretty ottoman.

"Why, what is the matter now? Have you been to see the firm you spoke of?"

"Yes; and went with such a happy heart this morning before their business fully began, just on purpose to have an opportunity to talk the matter over. You know, mother, gentlemen say they are busy now; you will have to call some other time when they are at leisure."

"Whom did you see this morning?"

"Mr. Ballou, and he seemed like an iceberg; he freezingly said: 'We want no one; then went on reading his morning paper.'"

"Is Mr. Ballou really the one to apply to?"

"Yes; I presume either one of the firm know whether they need a clerk."

"Not always, my son! I know that your father had entire control of this department when he lived. Mr. Crosby, his partner, never troubled himself about it."

"I should like so much to be employed by them. I would be willing to sacrifice, to work odd hours, and do my best."

"Your heart seems to be set in this direction. I believe I would go to Mr. Sampson; he is the senior of the firm, and he knew your father."

"But, mother, I feel that nothing but defeat, in all objects of my life, seems to be certain."

"Oh, my son, you have only begun your life. Your prospects may brighten. Keep up courage. God will not forsake the faithful."

"I think he has me. If I ever had any hope it is almost gone. Yet for your sake I will hope; I will try again. If I do not succeed either there or somewhere else, then here is for the river."

"O, never, never, talk thus, you are precious to me, all I have on earth, and if you have no hope in this life, do not throw away your hope of heaven. I feel sure that something will yet come for you."

"Then let it come quickly."

"Yes, so say I. But our finances are not quite exhausted. We have a few things we can sell if it comes to the worst. There is the pretty ottoman dear Emma worked; it is beautiful, and some one will prize it for its beautiful design."

"This ottoman, mother, was her last work. Surely, do not part with this, so long as hope lingers. I will try again, with your faith, mother."

"No; only when we must, if that time should come; we will not trouble ourselves about an action yet. Let us now have lunch, then you go again to Mr. Sampson and interview him; at least he may tell you of some place."

"I am not hungry; I am sick, heart and soul. No, mother, I cannot eat until my mind is settled."

"The boy stood with cap in hand, shook back a stray lock of hair from his beautiful forehead, stooped to kiss his mother and turned toward the door. Just then came a rap, he opened the door, and a boy handed a sealed note to him; hastily he opened it and read:

"I am informed by Mr. Ballou that you called this morning to obtain employment in this store. I regret you did not come to me. However, possibly, it may not be too late for us. If you are not engaged, I would like you to come immediately to my office."

Yours, LEMUEL SAMPSON.

"Thank God; I am not forsaken. Mother, here is a line from Mr. Sampson; I must go now, read it." And away he went.

"Mr. Sampson," said the errand boy, "here is a card."

"Arthur Millington," read Mr. Sampson, "show the young man to my office." Arthur's heart rejoiced, as he saw the smile that placed upon a countenance beaming with goodness. It seemed to him a token of success.

"Mr. Millington," said Mr. Sampson, "I should have been happy to have seen you this morning. We have for two weeks past been looking for a young man to fill our cashier's place. Mr. Haley is obliged to leave us on account of ill health; he will spend the winter in California. I have heard of your masterly efforts in book-keeping, and the promise you give will no doubt make you successful in business."

"Yes, sir; since father died, I have endeavored to qualify myself for business. Mother and myself are all that are left, and when father's business was settled, we had nothing to depend upon except our own hands. I am willing to do to the best of my knowledge."

"Then you would like a position now, Mr. Millington?"

"Yes, sir, very much indeed."

"Well, I have heard of your business qualifications, and your honesty in settling the estate of your father. Now I offer you this situation just left by one of the trust of men. You can come in the morning and begin the work; would you like to see our counting-room? Come this way."

"It is pleasant, and sir, I hope I will suit you. Do you wish for reference? I think I can obtain a few if you wish them."

"No, it is not necessary my boy, come and we will run any risk."

"Thank you, sir, I will be here."

As he left the office his feet made haste for home. His mother met him at the door; he clasped her hand, caught her up and kissed her.

Tears flowed fast, and words could not find utterance.

Finally the mother said, "Have you been successful, Arthur?"

"Yes, dear mother; I am to go in the morning as cashier for the firm. Is it not strange how this has happened?"

"No, dear boy! Your mother has prayed for this, and her faith has taken hold of the promises."

"This faith is strong. I know not how one can possess it, and I do not feel to inquire, as long as I have the desire of my heart."

"Sometime I trust you will have this feeling. 'It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die.' We want some security for the future, Arthur; I believe you will soon be a Christian."

"Well, mother, I have become cashier, and can do something to support the body when it is necessary. I have no

objection to taking a remedy to save the soul! I believe in religion."

"Then you go in the morning. What salary do you get?"

"Why, I never thought about it. I was so delighted with Mr. Sampson. I suppose it will be what all cashiers get."

"You can try first, then at the end of a month you will know. You had better finish the letter to Uncle Jabez. It will delight him to know of your prospect."

Morning came, and Arthur Millington was placed in charge of the books, while Mr. Sampson himself, with a father's care, surveyed the manner of doing the work.

Satisfied that Arthur would fill the situation, the day following he left him to do alone, and at the close of business came in to look over the books. He found them admirably done, and gave him encouragement.

Evening came, and his mother and himself sat by the astral lamp, talking over the prospects.

Said Arthur, "Mother, this is my first situation. It may be sometime, I may be head of a splendid business concern myself."

"It is not impossible, nor improbable, my son. If you are faithful and saving, as I hope you will be."

Many times after these dark days, did Arthur and his mother plan, and carry out the designs for a splendid future.

Arthur was entirely successful in his position, and not only obtained the full confidence of the firm, but an unlooked-for circumstance placed certain papers in Mr. Sampson's hands that contributed to the success of Arthur, in business.

A friend of Mr. Millington had some settlement with the firm after the death of Mr. Millington. When looking over some papers, he found that certain matters had not been fully and honestly settled, and determined to be a friend to the widow who thought everything was needed to settle all accounts. In the drawer of the safe was found a life insurance of five thousand dollars. The time would soon expire, and the money would be accured to Mr. Crosby. Our friend knew of the former transactions and how everything had been given up to settle with the firm. He thought he could now detect a disposition to defraud, and determined to prove his ideas.

One day he called upon Mrs. Millington, and asked her if she had known of the life insurance of her husband.

"Yes," she said, "one of five thousand dollars, but this, I suppose, was included in the settlement. If we had this amount we would be very happy."

"Did you ever know where the policy was?"

"Yes; it was kept in the safe at the store. All papers of value were there."

"Have you ever heard anything of the policy since Mr. Millington's death?"

"No; we were informed that everything was swept by the board; even our piano and silver went. We have only a few things left."

"Arthur," said Mr. Sampson, one day, "would you like to invest in United States bonds to the tune of several thousand?"

"What a question to ask me; what do you mean? Have I been dishonest to you think, Mr. Sampson, do not have such suspicions. You may prove me."

"Well, well, do not look so disturbed; there is nothing wrong with you! But there is a life insurance policy of five thousand dollars at your disposal."

"Impossible! Who has been thus kind?"

"Your father left such an one, and through the knavery of his partner, it was retained in hopes of securing the amount. Fortunately a friend of yours obtained knowledge of it, and has it now in his possession."

"By rights, Mr. Crosby ought to go to prison, but it has been thought best to keep quiet in the matter, and upon an immediate delivery of the policy to you, it will remain a secret."

"I thank you, my dear friend. How can I ever pay you for your kindness."

"A friend to the fatherless and widow will receive his reward. And now, Arthur, believe me your friend in the disposal of this paid-up policy. With the salary you have kept back, and this token of esteem from this firm of five hundred dollars, with this five thousand you will certainly wish to invest safely."

"Certainly, sir! And will take your advice."

"When you came to us we knew your ability, and never has our trust been shaken. We now offer to you a partnership."

"Truly, Mr. Sampson, this is more than I deserve. If such is your offer to me, certainly I shall never disgrace the name. I wish to talk with my dear mother to-night, and I know she will appreciate your kindness to us."

"Well, my son, do you wish now you had not persevered? It is of use to try, for fortune often favors the patient toiler, and smiles take the place of frowns."

"Yes, mother, I feel very thankful to our Heavenly Father. It seems different to me for these past few months. No doubt these discouragements were for my good. Now let me ask you a business question. Shall I accept a copartnership with my firm, or shall I invest in United States bonds, and deposit my money in the bank?"

"Mr. Sampson has given you his advice. I think if they have faith in you you had better enter a copartnership. Their heads are old, their firm old, and with God's blessing all will be well."

"My mind run in that direction last night. But, mother, you are my best adviser, and now I am going to answer in the affirmative."

A few years rolled on. My dear friend, Mr. Sampson, retired from business, and at the head of the firm is Mr. Arthur Millington. His advice to young men is, do not yield to discouragements. Perseverance and honest industry never fail of their reward. —[Herald's College Journal.]

Potato Rissoles.—Mash potatoes, salt and pepper to taste. Roll the potatoes into small balls, cover them with an egg and bread crumbs, and fry in hot lard for about two minutes. Serve with tongue or ham.

"Thin singers are doing well this season, Mike." "And how is that?" "Faith, and don't you read the papers? Don't you know that in Pennsylvania they're going to make Patti's son the governor?"

THE LITTLE COMFORTER.

I have a little Comforter,
That climbs upon my knee,
And makes the world seem kinder,
When things go wrong with me.
She never is the one to say:
"If you only had been
More careful and more sensible,
This thing had been foreseen."

She blesses me,
Caresses me,
And whispers: "Never mind;
Tomorrow night
All will be right."
My papa, good and kind.

To give me wise and good advice
I have of friends a score;
But then the trouble ever is,
I know it all before.
And when our heart is full of care,
One's plans all in a row,
The wisest reasoning, I think,
Can't make the trouble less.

My Mamie's way
Is just to say:
"Oh, papa, don't be sad;
To-morrow night
All will be right;
And then we shall be glad."

Some think I have been much to blame;
Some say: "I told you so!"
And others sigh: "What can't be helped
Must be endured, you know."

Of course, if trouble can't be helped,
Then crying is in vain;
But when a wrong will not come right,
Why should I not complain?

In Mamie's eyes
I'm always wise;
She never thinks me wrong;
It's understood
I'm always good—
Good as the day is long.

All day I've kept a cheerful face,
All day I've kept the strain;
Now, I may rest or I may sigh,
Or, if I like, complain.

My daughter thinks as papa thinks,
And in her loving sight
I am a clever, prudent man,
Who has done all things right.

Faith so complete,
Oh, it is sweet,
When neither wise nor strong;
But love stands best.

The better rest,
Of sorrow and of wrong.
Then come, my little Comforter,
And climb upon my knee;

You make the world seem kinder,
When things go wrong with me.
For you've the wisdom far beyond
The reach of any age.

The loving, tender, hopeful trust
That best can strengthen age.
Say: "Papa, dear,
Before to-morrow night
But love shall deal
Will all have fled,
And everything be right."

—[Harper's Weekly.]

Mother.

"But after all, she used to be good to us."

It was a son who said this of his mother, whom some nervous malady had overtaken, and who was certainly a very serious trial to her family.

The young man's life, too, was a weary one. He was a clerk on a salary. He was hard-worked through the day, and it was depressing to go home at night to find finding and fretfulness.

Harder still was it to sleep, as this son did, week after week and month after month, with all his senses half awake, that he might hear his mother's footsteps if they passed his door and hurry after her to keep her from wandering out into the night alone, as her melancholy half-madness often led her to try to do.

Strangely enough she had turned against her husband and her daughters. Only this one son had any power to persuade her for her good. His work by day and his vigil by night were on him sorely, but he never complained.

One day his sisters asked him how he could bear it, and he always patient, when she—mother though she was—was in the house only as a presence of gloom, and foreboding, and unrest. And the answer came:

"But, after all, she used to be good to us."

And then the thoughts of all the group went back to the years before this nervous prostration came upon her; when she had nursed them in illness, and petted them in childhood—when she had been "good to them," one and all.

"I know," the boy said, thoughtfully, "that I was a nervous, uncomfortable child myself, the first three years of my life. Father said he thought they'd never raise me, but mother said 'Yes, she would,' and she tended me day and night, for three years, till I began to grow strong like the rest of you. I owe her those three years, anyhow."

And so he girded himself afresh for his struggle. It will not last forever. There are signs which the doctors can recognize, that the cloud is lifting somewhat, and no doubt before long she will be her own self again. And then will come her son's reward. He will feel that he has paid a little of the debt he owed to the love that watched over his weak babyhood.

Too many mothers, worn by long care, such years of melancholy and nervous prostration must come. And the sons and daughters who find the homes saddened by such a sorrow, should lovingly remember the days in which they were helpless, and mother was "good to them."

A Few Points on Whisky from a Bar-keeper's Stand, out.

"Yes, there is such a thing as good, pure whisky."

"Where can it be obtained?"

"At many places?"

"At saloons?"

"Not often."

"Drug stores?"

"Seldom."

"Where, then?"

"Well, the fact is, I know of only two lots of pure whisky—except, of course, a few packages owned by private individuals, and not for sale—in Detroit. One is at the store of —"

"Never mind the place. Now, tell me, what profit can be made on a barrel of whisky?"

"That depends on whether it is retailed by the drink or measure, and on the class of people you sell it to."

"How much water can you put into a gallon of \$3 whisky without giving it a cheat away?"

"Oh, a pint never would be noticed, and sometimes more is put in."

"That is to say you can sell 50 or 75 cents worth of water to every gallon of whisky?"

"Yes, and sometimes more?"

"How many drinks of whisky are estimated to the gallon?"

"Sixty. That is the average of a gal-

lon, because some men take large drinks while others take little nips, and so we have come to average it at sixty drinks."

"That is \$6 per gallon for all kinds of whisky sold over a bar?"

"No, because there are bars where whisky is sold at five cents, and others where fifteen and twenty cents a drink is charged."

"Yet the average profit on a gallon of whisky, sold by the glass, is 300 or 400 per cent?"

"I should say about that."

"Now, how many of your regular customers can tell \$3 whisky from whisky which cost you \$2 or less?"

"Very few. I have, perhaps, fifteen or twenty men who are accurate judges of good liquor; can tell the various brands immediately, and to whom I would not dare offer any diluted or 'doctored' liquors."

"How do you know but you may sometime make a mistake, and set out poor liquor to a good judge?"

"You can 'size a man up' generally. For instance, the other day when I was pretty busy, a fashionable young man came in and called for a 'gin fizz.' I began mixing the drink, and when I had it nearly concocted I realized that I had used whisky instead of gin. I looked at my man, thought 'never mind; let her go,' and squirting a little stuff into the drink, which kills the smell of gin, or any other liquor for that matter, I passed it to my customer."

"Did he drink it?"

"Drink it? Yes, indeed, and he never knew whether he was drinking a 'gin fizz' or a whisky cocktail."

"How did you escape detection?"

"My man didn't know anything about liquor. He was just drinking for the style of the thing."

"It's a queer business, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is, and I'm going to get out of it as soon as possible."

Questions and Answers.

Can a note be collected by law that is dated and signed May 30, or July 4, or December 25, or any other legal holiday, Sunday included?

The validity of a note is not impaired by the fact that it is signed on Sunday, if it is not delivered on that day. There is no general rule or law invalidating commercial paper if executed on the other holidays you mention.

When a note comes due on May 30, or July 4, or December 25, or Sunday, and it goes to protest, can the bank hold the maker of the note for the protest fees?

Notes do not come due on Sunday or other holidays. Whenever the last day of grace falls on a Sunday or other holiday the note becomes due and payable on the preceding day.

If you tender pay for a note on a legal holiday and the money is refused, does it release the maker of the note from paying the same?

The supposition that a man would refuse to take money on a legal holiday is rather absurd. The tender you mention would have to be kept good, and the maker could not escape liability, even if the payee improperly refused to accept payment in the first instance.

If I give a check dated Sunday or any other legal holiday, payable to order on a bank where I had money on deposit, and the bank paid the same on presentation, could the bank hold me for the amount?

The bank could hold you for the amount it paid out on your order upon a check dated Sunday.

Should the banks always take notice of the dates on the paper they take, so as to see if it is dated on a legal holiday?

A bank should take notice of everything on the paper it receives.

If I should make sale of a piece of land and execute the deed on Sunday or any other legal holiday, if properly recorded, is the deed binding on myself or my heirs?

The sale of a piece of land and the execution and delivery of a deed therefor on Sunday would be deemed unlawful in most of the States having statutes providing for the better observance of the Lord's Day.

They Didn't Sell Stoves.

Four or five weeks ago a woman with an undecided look on her face entered a Detroit hardware store, threaded her way for sixty feet among coal stoves of every pattern, and timidly inquired:

"Do you keep stoves here?"

"Yes'm."

"Coal stoves?"

"Yes'm."

She said she had been thinking of getting a coal stove for the winter, and the clerk took her in hand. He showed her how the doors worked and how the dampers were arranged and the flues situated, and he talked of double drafts, great savings, increased cheerfulness, reduction in price, and all that, and she said she'd think it over and drop in again.

In about three days the woman reappeared and inquired of the very same clerk if they sold coal stoves. He replied that they did sell one now and then, and he cleared his voice and began the usual thirty-minute lecture on the Michigan, the Detroit, and the Peninsula base-burners. The beautiful nickel-plated, the place for the tea-kettle, the ornamental legs—the anti-choker shaker—all points were touched upon and praised and explained, and the woman said she wouldn't take one along under her arm just then, but would call again. She called again that same week, heard the same lecture from the same clerk, and started for the bank to draw the money to pay for a base-burner. That was the last seen of her for a week. Then she walked softly in and innocently inquired:

"I suppose you keep coal stoves?"

"No, ma'am."

"No any kind?"

"Not a one. We used to, but went out of the business a year ago."

There were twenty coal stoves on the floor, but if she saw them she didn't let on. She heaved a big sigh of disappointment, glanced around her, and went slowly out with the remark:

"Well, I don't know as I want to buy one, but I thought it wouldn't do any harm to look at some of the latest things." —[Detroit Free Press.]

WATFARERS ALL.—As ships meet at sea, a moment together, when words of greeting must be spoken, and then away into the deep, so men meet in this world; and I think we should cross no man's path without hailing him, and if he needs, give him supplies. —[Henry Ward Beecher.]

The Married Flirt.

Some one says, "It is between the ages of thirty and forty that women are most inclined to coquetry, since younger they please without effort," which perhaps, accounts for the fact that the married flirt is usually a woman who has passed her first youth, whose husband has become more or less indifferent, who has begun to doubt her power, and therefore puts it to the test at the first opportunity, no matter at what expense, whether she cuts the ground from under the feet of another, or whether she makes enemies of her single friends of her own sex. She is not likely to spare any one; it is too great a pleasure to show the lookers on at Venice, that age has not withered her infinite variety, that marriage has not annulled her charms, to be lightly abandoned. Being a married woman with a certain position, of course, she can make advances which if pursued by a spinster would entitle her to the credit of throwing herself at a man's head, so to speak; the behavior which would be bold and unwomanly in the one is tolerated and winked at by the usages of society in the other. A young girl may not go to the opera with her lover without the intervention of a third person; but the married flirt may go where fancy dictates with anybody's lover, and the proprieties are not disturbed. Of course this had its origin in the belief that the married woman is so secure in her love for her husband that she is above suspicion, and so it happens that she is at liberty to follow her own sweet will, do all the mischief she can, and retire behind the axis of the matron if any one finds fault. She does not remember, perhaps, that the men who flirt with her neither respect nor admire, though they understand "her tricks and her ways;" that it is not so much her personality which attracts as the fact that they are not expected to propose at the end of the season; that they can enjoy the mimic warfare without the surrender; that they can inspire admiration in their turn, absorb the time and thoughts of a woman who ought to be thinking of somebody else, and yet evade domestic cares. We do not believe that because Phyllis married she shall shut herself up in the nursery, read only the cook-book, cease to adorn herself, and fly the society of mankind. One need not out one's masculine friends because one has married; neither is it necessary to make believe that they are lovers, and the woman to whom they write "spooney letters," or whisper silly nothings, need not feel flattered by the attention which savors of an insult. —[Harper's Bazar.]

Jane Austen.

The image of Jane Austen, when, as a girl of twenty-one, she began the authorship almost without knowing what the dignity of authorship meant, rises up before us as a rare, pleasant picture in the history of literature; and we cannot help pausing to dwell for a moment upon it. The roomy family parlor is not exactly a scene of tidiness and elegance this bright winter morning, when both the sunshine and freight are playing on the oak panels; but it is a scene of a good deal of work and merriment instead. There are objects of all kinds lying on the numerous little side tables, from the vicar's half-finished sermon to a half-knitted stocking; there is Cassandra making a dress, and a boy brother a kite. There are a couple of yet younger generation, too, in the room, and not exactly adding to the general peace and comfort by various lively representations they are giving of horses and cows and other animals. Some of the older sons of the house married early, and the children are having a merry time of it in grandpapa's parlor and by no means sparing, with their questions, and other delicate attentions in the way of pulls and pinches, a pretty young lady who is sitting writing at a little unpretentious desk, and whom they call "Aunt Jane." How playfully she smiles down on them, how readily the answer comes, to some bit of village news told by the house mother, who has just come hustling in, jingling her keys. Who would think that the books that would be read and re-read by thousands when a century is gone by are being written by that fair girl, who is behaving so sweetly and calmly as though she were doing nothing more difficult than threading her needle? Yet, under just these circumstances, were "Pride and Prejudice," "Sense and Sensibility" written. The fact illustrates in a singular degree the broad, tranquil, genial character of Jane Austen's character. —[London Argosy.]

President Arthur's Registration as a Voter.

A stalwart man in blue leaned against a wooden Indian in front of No. 402 Third avenue at ten minutes before seven last evening, lazily swinging a club. Upon the other side of the Indian hung the legend, "Registry of Voters."

A crowd of small boys stood around and gazed more or less admiringly at the representative of the forest. Within doors the proprietor was negotiating the trade of six Havana cigars for twenty-five cents. A man without a collar was vigorously denouncing Federal interference in State politics. Four registration clerks and a couple of inspectors in the back part of the room smoked cigars and superciliously pronounced condemnations to citizens who presented themselves. It was the place for registration of voters of the Second Election District of the Eighteenth Assembly ditto. A moment later a carriage rolled up. The door was flung open, and a man of dignified mien, attired in a closely buttoned Prince Albert coat and a high hat, alighted. Instantly the conservator of the peace threw off his listlessness and scattered the urchins right and left. Entering the door the dignified man created even greater commotion. The man behind the counter stepped in the act of putting up the cigars, and opened eyes and mouth to their fullest extent. The man with the absent neck gear suddenly became mute, and looked anxiously toward the door. The portly man approached the desk with a smile, while those behind bowed respectfully. The pedigree of a man in shirt sleeves was quickly concluded, and then Theodore B. Strich, the republican inspector, said:

"Hold up your right hand, please."