TWO OF THEM.

In the farm house porch the farmer sat
With his daughter, having a cosy chat;
She was his only child, and he
Thought her as fair as a girl could be.
A wee bit jealous the old man grew,
If he fancied any might come to woo;
His one pet lamb and her loving care
He wished with nobody else to share.

"There should be two of you, child," said he—
"There should be two to welcome me
When I come home from the field at night;
Two would make the old home bright.
There's neighbor Gray, with his children four,
To be glad together. Had I one more,
A proud old father I'd be, my dear,
With two good children to greet me here."

Down by the gate, 'neath the old elm tree,
Donald waited alone; and she
For whom he waited his love call heard,
And on either cheek the blushes stirred.
"Father," she cried, and knelt her down,
And kissed the hand that was old and brown—
"Father, there may be two if you will,
And I—your only daughter still.

"Two to welcome you home at night,
Two to make the old home bright;
I—and somebody else." "I see,"
Said the farmer; "and who may somebody be?"
Oh, the dimples on Bessie's cheek,
That played with the blushes at hide and seek!
Away from his gaze she turned her head—
"One of neighbor Gray's children, sir," she said.

"H'm!" said the farmer; "make it plain.
Is it Susan, Alice or Mary Jane?"
Another kiss on the aged hand.
To help the farmer to understand—
"H'm!" said the farmer; "yes, I see;
"It's two for yourself, and one for me."
But Bessie said, "There can be but one
For me and my heart till life is done."

—*Chicago Tribune.*

AUTUMN BLOSSOMS.

How was it that I came to be an old bachelor? Not because of hating women I am sure, for I liked them very much, and never could have spoken to one rudely or discourteously in my life. As nearly as I know it was in this wise:

My father died, leaving a family of children, a wife, and an old father and mother, of whom only myself was able to earn a shilling. He had never saved anything.

So after the first grief, when we had calmed down, and were able to look matters quietly in the face there was a wretched sort of prospect for us. I was only an accountant and had a young fellow's way of wasting my small salary in a thousand different ways. I had been "paying attention" to Elsie Hall, who, young and childish as she was, had a way of leading her admirers into extravagance. Of all the trials of that never-to-be-forgotten time, I think the greatest was appearing to be niggardly in those baby blue eyes. I did not mind wearing plain suits, discarding kid gloves, and renouncing the opera, but not to lay those bouquets, and books, and dainty bits of jewelry, and multidudinous trifles at Elsie's feet, was a very terrible ordeal. I passed, though; and if ever a a man had reason to be thankful I had, for the acquisitive little beauty jilted me in a month for Tom Tandem, who was rich and lavish of gifts, and who ran away from her, after a marriage of ten months.

I worked night and day and managed to keep the wolf from the door.

Sometimes I used to think how well it was for Elsie that she had not really loved me, for she could have had nothing but a dismal prospect of wearing out her youth in a dreary, hopeless engagement to one too poor to marry. That was until Tom ran off. Then I thought it would have been even better for her to have shared our humble home and poor fare, and the love I could have given her, than to be deserted so. And I pitied her as if she had not proven herself heartless. But I never went near her, of course, and I never even spoke of her to my mother.

I grew no younger all this while, and every year seemed to add five years to my looks. I had never been very handsome or very merry, and soon I became conscious of a peculiar, middle-aged look, which settles down upon some people very early.

Strangers, too, began to take me for the head of the family; and once, in a new neighborhood, the butcher alluded to "my wife." I found that he meant my mother, and only wondered that it was not dear old grannie.

She was eighty, grandfather ninety, and they died one bright autumn day before prosperity came to us, died within an hour of each other—for grannie just said, "I think I'll lie down a bit now Lemuel don't need me. I'm very tired."

Then she kissed me and said, "You've been a good boy to your grandma, Edward. You'll have that to think of."

And when we next looked at her she was dead, with her hand upon her cheek like a sleeping child.

So two were gone, and we were sadder than before. And then Jean, my eldest sister, married at sixteen a physician, who carried her off to Hindoostan in her honeymoon.

And we could none of us feel the wedding a happy thing.

But prosperity did come at last. I had worked hard for it, and anything a man makes his sole object in this life, he is very sure to attain.

We were comfortable—easy. Ah, what a word that is after years of struggle! At last we were rich. But by that time I was five-and-forty—a large, dark, middle-aged man, with a face that looked to myself in the glass as though it were perpetually intent on figures. The girls were married. Dick had taken to the sea, and we saw him once a year or so; and Ashton was at home with mother and myself—the only really handsome member, of our family, and just two and-twenty. And it was on his birthday, I remember that the letter came to me from poor Hunter—that letter which began "When th se lines reach you, Ned Sanford, I shall have my six feet of earth—all I ever owned, or would if I had lived to be a hundred."

We had been young together, though he was really older than I, and we had been close friends once, but a roving fit had seized him, and we had not met for years I knew he had married a young Kentish girl, and knew no more, but now he told me that she was dead, and that his death would leave a daughter an orphan.

"She is not quite penniless," he wrote, "for her mother had a little income, which, poor as I was, I was never brute enough to meddle with, and it has descended to her. But I have been a rolling stone, gathering no moss all my life, and we have never stayed long enough in one place to make friends. Will you be her guardian? It is a dying man's last request."

And the result of that letter, and another from the lawyer who had Annie Hunter's little fortune in charge, was that one soft spring day found me on board a great steamer which lay at rest after her voyage in the protecting arms of Liverpool, with two little hands in mine, and a pair of great brown eyes lifted to my face, and a sweet voice choked with sobs saying something of "poor papa," and of how much he had spoken of me, and of the lonely voyage, and the green graves left behind: and I, who had gone to meet a child and found a woman, looking at her and feeling toward her as I had never looked upon nor felt to any other.

Not to Elsie Hall. It was not the boyish love-dream come again.

Analyzing my emotion, I found only a great longing to protect and comfort her—to guard her from every pain and ill, and I said to myself: "This is as a father must feel to a daughter; I can be a parent to George Hunter's child in very truth." And I took her home to the old house and to my old mother. I thought only of them; somehow I never thought of Ashton.

Shall I ever forget how she brightened the sombre rooms! How, as her sadness wore away, she sang to us in the twilight! How strangely a something which made the return home, and the long hours of evening seem so much brighter than they had ever been before, stole into my life. I never went to sleep in church now; I kept awake to look at Olive Hunter—to listen to her pure contralto, as she joined in the singing. Sometimes I caught her eye—her great unfathomable brown eye—for she had a habit of looking at me. Was she wondering how a face could be so stern and grim, I used to ask myself.

Ashton used to look at her also. He had been away when she first came to us, and when he returned she was a grand surprise to him.

"Oh, how lovely she is," he had said to me.

"She is very pretty," I replied.

Ashton laughed.

"May I never be an old bachelor if it brings me to calling such a girl 'very pretty,'" he said, and I felt conscious that my cheek flushed, and felt angry that he should have spoken to me thus, though I had never cared before.

They liked each other very much—these two young things. They were together a great deal. A pretty picture they made in the Venetian window in the sunset. He a fair-haired, blue-eyed, Saxon-looking youth, she so exquisitely dark and glowing.

Everyone liked her. Even my old clerk, Stephen Hadley, used to say her presence lit the office more than a dozen lamps, the nearest approach to a poetical speech of which old Stephen was ever known to be guilty; and I never knew how much she was to me until one evening, when, coming home earlier than usual, I saw in that Venetian window where Ashton and Olive had made so many pleasant pictures for me, one that I never forgot—that I never shall forget as long as I live.

She stood with her back to me. Ashton was kneeling at her feet. The sound of the opening door dissolved the picture, but I had seen it, and I stole away to hide the stab that it had given me.

I sat down in my own room, and hid my face in my hands, and would have been glad to hide it beneath my coffin lid. I knew now that I loved Olive Hunter; that I loved her, not as an old man might love a child, but as a young man might love the woman who ought to be his wife—better than I had loved Elsie Hall, for it was not boyish passion, but earnest, heartfelt love.

I in love! I arose and looked in the mirror, and my broad shouldered reflection flashed before my gaze.

The spring-time of my life had flown, and my summer had come and gone, and in the autumn I had dreamed of love's bud and blossom.

I knelt beside my bed, and prayed that I might not hate my brother—that I might not even envy him. His touch upon my door startled me. He came in with something in his manner not usual to him, and sat down opposite me. For a few moments silent. Then he said, speaking rapidly and bushing like a girl, "Ned, old fellow, you—you saw me making a fool of myself just now, I suppose."

"I saw you on your knees," I said.

"And thought me a silly fellow, eh? But you don't know, Ned. You can't understand—you have been so calm and cool all your life through, you know. She is driving me mad. Ned, I do believe she loves me, but she won't say yes. I'd give my right hand for her love. I must have it, and I think you can help me, Ned. From something she said I believe she thinks you would disapprove; perhaps you are one of the old fellows who wants everybody to marry for money. Tell her you're not, Ned, dear fellow, tell her you have no objection, and I'll never forget it, indeed I won't."

"Tell her I have no objection," I said mechanically.

"You know you are master here, and as much my father as if you were really one, instead of a brother," said Ashton. "If I did not know how kindly you had been to both of us I should not confide in you, for it is a serious thing to be in love, Ned, and you may thank heaven you know nothing of it."

Know nothing of it! Ah, if he could have read my heart then!

"I'll do what I can, Ashton," I said at last. "I'll try my best."

And he flung his arms about me in his own boyish fashion and left me alone—alone with my thoughts.

He had said truly, I had been a father to him. I was old enough to be hers, and no one should know my silly dream. I would hide it while I lived. As I once said: "I've only the old folks and the children now," I said, "I will only think of mother and Ashton. Let my own life be as nothing; I have lived for them; if needs be, I will die for them."

But I would not see or speak to Olive that night, nor till the next day was nearly done. Then, in the twilight, I sat beside her, and took her hand.

"Olive," said I, "I think you know that Ashton loves you. I am sure he has told you so. And you—can you not love him?"

She drew her hand from mine and said not a word.

"I should rejoice in my brother's happiness. I should think him happier in having your love than anything else could make him," I said." "I told him I would tell you so."

And then she spoke.

"You wish me to marry Ashton?"

Reproach was in the tone—reproach and sorrow.

"If you can love him, Olive," I said.

She arose. She seemed to shrink from me, though in the dark I could not see her face.

"I do not love him," she said.

And we were still as death. Then suddenly Olive Hunter began to sob.

"You have been very kind to me. I love you all," she said, "but I cannot stay here now. Please let me go somewhere else. I must—I cannot live here."

"Go from us, Olive?" I said. "Nay, we are no tyrants; and once assured that you do not love him, Ashton will—"

"Hush!" she panted; "hush! Please let me go away! Please let me go away!"

The moon was rising. Her new-born light fell upon Olive's face. Perhaps its whiteness made her look so pale.

She leaned against the wall with her little hand upon her heart, her unfathomable eyes full of pain. How had I hurt her so? A new thought struck me.

"Perhaps you love some one else, Olive?"

And at that she turned her face from me and hid it in her hands.

"Too much—too much. You might have spared me that," she said. "Let me go away. I wish you had never brought me here."

And I arose and went to her. I bent over the woman I loved; I touched her with my hand; her soft hair brushed my cheek.

"Olive," I said, "if coming here has brought pain upon you, I wish I had not. I would have died to make you happy."

And my voice trembled and my hand shook, and she turned her face toward me again and looked into my eyes. What she saw in mine I do not know—the truth, I think. In hers I read this. I was not old to her—not too old to be loved.

I stole my arm about her; she did not untwine it. I uttered her name, "Olive" huskily, Afterward I told her of my struggles with myself, not then. I said:

"Olive, I love you, but it cannot be that you care for me. I am old enough to be your father."

And again I saw in her eyes the happy truth, and took her to my heart.

But we kept our secret for a while, for we both loved Ashton, and both knew that his wound was not too deep to find a balm; and within a year, when the boy brought home a bride, a pretty creature whom he loved, and who loved him, I claimed Olive.

And she is mine now; and the autumn blossoms of my heart will only fade on earth to bloom again through all eternity in Paradise.

Hair Growing After Death.

In the Times' account of the appearance presented by Lord Crawford's body at the second exhumation is the following paragraph (October 14th):

"On removing part of the covering of the face and neck, short hair with a faint reddish tint was found on the front of the neck and cheeks, and a tuft of similar hair on the top of the head."

One of the chief patron saints of Sienna is St. Galgano, whose legend is one of the most romantic of the "ages of faith." The Sienese painters love to depict him as a beautiful youth with a profusion of golden curls, He closed his poetical life of penance at the early age of thirty-three, in 1811, and the head was delivered as the palladium of Sienna, to the convent of the maiden Polissena, who, when sent to win him back to the world, had instead been won by him to give herself to a life of religion. A magnificent reliquary of gold enamel was subsequently made for it, of such exquisite workmanship that it was long supposed to be Byzantine, but Count Pecci has traced it successfully to the hand of Giovanni de Bart lo di Maestro Fredi, a brother of the painter, an "orafo" (goldsmith), who was much in Rome, but was working in his native Sienna in 1373. It is still in a perfect state of preservation, as is the head of St. Galgano within it. The metal cover winds up and down with a key by a clever mechanism, which has kept in order for 500 years, and exposes the head to view in an inner case of glass. The case is little more than a skull with the skin tightly dried, and the head is all covered with hair, and curls hang over the temples and brow. This hair is all said to grow (the curls more than the rest), and is regularly cut about every three years.

In some of the numerous fraternity chapels of the same Sienna, delightful for its mediæval remains, is a gaunt and expressive, though not pleasing, self-sized crucifix, of which the tale is likewise that the hair grows, some devoted person having bequeathed his scalp to it, according to one legend. Particles of the shorn hair were in each case readily given me; but that, of course, proves nothing. But the good faith of the simple people concerned makes one loath to ascribe it to a deception. The passage quoted above about the body of Lord Crawford suggests that the Italian process of embalming is favorable to the growth of hair after death.—[Notes and Queries.

Mrs. Melville, wife of the Arctic explorer has been released from the insane asylum after two months' incarceration, because the managers did not consider her a fit subject for treatment in that institution. She has gone to her home with two of her children, the other having been taken by the father. An allowance of $90 a month is promised her, but she understands that she is not to have the society of her husband in the future. She relates her history of the family difficulties, and makes out a pitiful case. From some of her admissions and the incoherence of some of her statements it seems probable that the unfortunate woman is addicted to the use of stimulants to some extent, probably opium.

The Czar and Czarina have actually driven through the streets of St. Petersburgh and not been fired at or molested. Some time ago the Czar ventured to drive in the same way, though alone. When the carriage disappeared within the palace gates, amid the loyal shouts of the multitudes, a story was suddenly circulated to the effect that the Czar had not left the palace walls, and the multitude had been shouting, "Long live the Emperor," to a big doll. The indignation knew no bounds. Wonder if they've got a doll lady, to?

WITH A VIEW TO MATRIMONY.

Lydia Brockleby, on the morning of November 10, 1869, found herself exactly thirty-nine years of age, spare of figure, spare of hair, teeth and money, and knowing she had very little time to spare, the maiden took solemn council with herself. The ravages of age had been skillfully (and in a measure) obliterated by a long and careful course of treatment before her glass. But the soul of Lydia was harrowed by the reflections of her mind as well as her mirror, for well she knew the mahogany parchment skin that lived behind the thickly applied "Bloom of Eternal Beauty," and though the full complement of molars and incisors gleamed between her teeth, didn't she wince as she thought of the three front, two at the side and four behind, that had occasional fits of despondency and dropped, to her horror, one-half of an inch from the undesirable companionship of the solitary front and the isolated back, the only old settlers time had left her upper jaw? Hope springs eternal in the old maid's breast, and hope still animated the well padded bosom of our friend, Lady Brockleby, on this, her thirty-ninth birthday. Dr. Druggist and Counselor Tappem had been finally abandoned as totally impracticable, and the spinster had turned her powers upon a new field. The morning papers had contained the following advertisement, under the head of "Matrimonials:"

"A highly sensitive and accomplished young lady, with great claims upon grace and beauty, hitherto disappointed in congenial companionship, takes this method in hopes to meet some noble-souled Christian gentleman, who can appreciate, and foster and cherish the warm and tender bud of love burning to burst into blossom within her bosom. To such a one a speedy interview will be accorded, and a correspondence invited to that end, with Miss Letty Lark, Station X."

The next few days brought several answers from several aspirants for the position of gardener to the bursting blossoms in her bossom. One came from a young man of eighteen, who had been ruthlessly "blighted in his own hopes and had forsworn the sex, but in the highly sensitive nature of Letty Lark he forsaw a gleam of happiness upon his dark future." A second was from a corn-doctor, who naturally exclaimed: "Is there a balm in Gilead? Can there be such a panacea for my life's ills, as the gentle, beautiful Letty?" And a third, evidently a carpenter, told her in truly awful chirography he was a "plane man in all his dealins—had been boardin' till natur coodent bare no moar—wanted a wife, but coodent spare time to find wun, but answered Miss letty's advertisemend, hopping to get tu keepin house erly nex week in a plane manner."

However, luckily for Lydia's bait, there was a fourth bite from a gold fish indeed.

On monogramed cream-laid, in ornamental caligraphy, was set forth the claims of Fritz Roydon Latimer, fifth son of the Hon. Inigo Latimer of Stafford Island, Great Britain. "Differences of religious nature had alienated him from his proud family. He was a stranger; his exiled bark rocked upon these foreign waves uncompassed and unanchored, no guiding star to lure him. Could he hope the lovely, sensitive Letty would grant him the opportunity of converting her into his guiding star?" and probably his compass and his anchor, though he forsook his maratime metaphor and went on astronomically in the end.

By the evening's post went a return letter to Fitz Roy, in which Miss Lydia spoke of her great expectations, of the estate her papa had left entirely to her, of her tract of land in the West, the garden of America. The lady really owned a cranberry patch in Connecticut, and two old land warrants, not worth the paper that described 'em. That this description fired the imagination of the receiver his second epistle fully proved, and the ardent Fritz Roy pressed the coy "Letty" for an immediate interview.

The spinster appointed a trysting place, an unfrequented street—as the Widow Steadman's humble boarding place was not sufficiently respectable, and first appearances were everything. Arrayed in her best dress, a cherished dyed green silk, with a new set of colors, arranged coquetishly about her marble forehead, a most beautifully built blush upon either cheek; a beauty spot vail hightened all these charms, and a blue baredge vail hid them altogether. With fluttering heart Miss Lydia turned, just at dark, into the appointed street, and, walking impatiently, she found the fond Fitz Roy.

Several letters had passed between them, and their meeting was robbed thereby of much embarrassment, but the coy Lydia simpered, and the brave Fitz Roy pressed, till finally the envious baredge vail was lifted, and, in the dim light of the shaded street, each took a first look at the other.

When the affectionate couple parted the gentleman thought:

"Now this is an abominable old cat. Not a day under forty, I do believe. But what can a fellow do? She's got the tin, and that will pay for the sacrifice. As she's an unsuspecting old gal, unlikely to be wanting references, I'm in for it, and she shall have a marriage certificate to comfort her in her declining years."

* * * * * * * *

Many and various were poor Lydia's troubles, even during the week. For the bar-room saw much more of the bridegroom than the bride; and now arrived the bill, which the modest landlord handed into the bridal parlor, and Lydia immediately handed to Fitz Roydon, and glancing at the sum total, passed it over to Mrs. Fitz Roydon with the remark: "Pay it, old girl!" "Pay it!" rejoined the injured female; "I think it befits you to attend to such matters; however, as it can be sent down, I will ring the bell and you can give it to the waiter."

Then it came out Mr. Fitz R. Latimer was penniless. Hadn't so much as would black his boots withal.

And then came the second climax. Mrs. Lydia had not a cent. The weekly board of the unfortunate spinster had been partly defrayed by services rendered Mrs. Steadman, and partly by binding shoes for the manufacturer of the same on the avenue. There was nothing laid up for the exceedingly wet day that had turned up for poor Lydia.

Then the coarse brute who had played his part in the wretched game of deceit, upbraided and abused the foolish woman, until he brought the house about his ears. The next day the fifth son of Inigo was missing, and the old-fashioned gold watch and chain Lydia's mother had worn, and the few other trinkets of the deluded creature departed with him, and from that day to this she has never heard of him.

The country niece came to the rescue of poor Lydia, and she is now darning stockings for her little relatives, oftentimes thinking over her sad matrimonial experience, a terrible example of the evil of advertising for a husband.

The Peerless Lurline.

Night in St. Louis.

Seated in the parlor of her father's magnificent residence, Lurline Loosechair allowed her taper fingers to wander idly over the keys of the piano, and, obedient to her delicate touch, there floated upon the air the strains of that beautiful "miserere," "Since Papa Tore His Pants." And as she sat there, absorbed in the sad reflections to which the music gave rise, the door opened softly, and Berwyck Hetherington entered the room. Lurline, all the senses of her passionate nature absorbed in the music, continued to play, not knowing that the man she loved, and to win whose pocket-book in return she would have hustled around with dead earnestness, was standing by her side. But at last Berwyck placed his hand gently on her shoulder, and by that indefinable sense that tells us of a human presence, although we see it not, she knew that somebody was around. Turning quickly, she saw Mr. Hetherington.

"I did not know you were here," she said, a blush flooding the face that such a little time ago was pale and calm, "or I should not have played so confidently."

"Can you not favor me with something more?" he asked.

The blush grows deeper and more vivid now, and the drooping eyes are moist with tears. "I can not play any other piece," she says, half sadly, half defiantly.

"Are you sure of this, Lurline?" Berwyck asks, bending over her in a loving way. "Think well before you speak," he continues, "for on your answer may depend the future happiness of two young lives."

"I am quite sure," she says.

"Then you will be my wife."

And as he speaks these words Berwyck Hetherington's face lights up with a rapturous, Schuyler Colfax smile.

"You will come again to-morrow evening?" she asks.

"Yes," he replies, "you may tie the dog at eight."

"And you will not regret your choice?" she continued.

"Never," he says, in clear, steady tones. "I have spent the best years of my life looking for a girl who could only play one tune on the piano."—[Chicago Tribune.

A Brave Mother's Death.

Scranton was the scene of a disastrous fire recently. About the same time the family of a miner named James Ruddy awoke to find their house in flames. The occupants of the dwelling were Ruddy, his wife and six children. The fire was close upon them. Ruddy, who was scarcely able to move from the effects of a recent mine accident, took up the youngest child and escaped with difficulty from the burning building. This effort unfitted him for rendering further assistance and his brave little wife carried out the other five children, darting in and out of the flames with a reckless disregard for her own safety. Her hands and face were blistered in the fearful ordeal, and when she took out the last two children, a boy and girl, their night clothing was on fire. The girl's hair was burned off and the lad's face is terribly disfigured. Just as the neighbors were beginning to assemble at the scene, Mrs. Ruddy recollected that her husband's savings, amounting to $350 in gold, were in a room up stairs, and despite the protest of those about her she again rushed into the house. But she never returned. She had no sooner gone up the stairs than the upper floors fell in with a crash and the place was completely enveloped in flame. All efforts to save her were futile. Her shivering and suddenly bereaved little ones whom she had plucked so bravely from the ill-fated house in which she perished were kindly cared for by the neighbors, but it is thought the boy and girl cannot recover.

The remains of Mrs. Ruddy were not discovered among the ruins until Friday afternoon, when it was found that the flesh was burned from her bones. Most of the money which lured her to destruction was found in good condition. Two buildings besides Ruddy's were destroyed by the flames and the occupants had a narrow escape. Mrs. Ruddy was only twenty-six years old.

What Is an Architect?

The Rev. J. Jessop tells the following anecdote: The late Mr. Alexander, the eminent architect, was under cross examination at Maidstone, by Sergeant, afterward Baron, Garrow, who wished to detract from the weight of his testimony, and, after asking him what his name was proceeded:

"You are a builder, I believe?"

"No, sir; I am ont a builder; I am an architect."

"They are much the same thing, I suppose."

"I beg your pardon, sir, I cannot admit that. I consider them to be wholly different."

"Oh, indeed! perhaps you will state wherein this great difference exists?"

"An architect, sir," replied Mr. Alexander, "conceives the design, prepares the plan, draws out the specifications—in short, supplies the mind, the builder is merely the bricklayer or the carpenter. The builder, in fact, is the machine, the architect the power that puts the machine together and sets it going."

"Oh, very well, Mr. Architect, that will do. And now; after your very ingenious distinction without a difference, perhaps you can inform the court who was the architect of the Tower of Babel?"

The reply for promptness and wit, is not to be rivaled in the whole history of rejoinder.

"There was no architect, sir, and hence the confusion."

Adjustible trains on new dresses are made of three straight breadths, trimmed all around and attached under the panier puff on the back of the short skirt of a street dress.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Where children are, there is the golden age.—Nevalis.

Occasions do not make a man frail, but they do show what he is.—Thomas A. Kempis.

Genius at first is nothing more than a great capacity for receiving discipline.—George Eliot.

Slumber not in the tents of your columns. The world is advancing, advance with it.—Mazzini.

All the scholastic scaffolding falls as a ruined edifice before one single word—Faith.—Napoleon.

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and reflection finish him.—Locke.

We do not properly possess what we have not the power nor inclination to enjoy.—Rev. S. P. Herron.

At the last day it will not be asked what we did, or what we believed, but what we loved.—Bernard.

The crops are mighty poor when a Danville, Ky., dominie doesn't get two bushels of corn as a marriage fee.

Nashville girls indulge in fox hunting, but New York belles practice archery, so they can learn to draw a beau.

I've never any pity for conceited people, because I think they carry their comfort about with them.—George Eliot.

A literary thief who takes great pains with his stealing may all his life long be thought honest and original.—Marie Eschenbach.

Love in a cottage is a fine thing if a fellow can take his meals at his mother-in-law's mansion and have the week's washing done out.

Occasions may be the bugle-call that summons an army to battle, but the blast of a bugle can never make soldiers or win victories.—Garfield.

The best government is not that which renders the individual happiest, but that which renders the greatest number happy.—Ch. P. DuClos.

Typhoid fever in Paris seems to bear a pretty constant relation to the sanitary conditions of the dwelling occupied by the afflicted.

America could crowd England out of the market if only one-tenth of our country girls were exported for exhibition as professional beauties.

It has been discovered that there are twenty-eight causes for headache; but one cause is sufficient for the man who was "out with the boys last night."

The pretty young lady that came to our office last week and upset the paste pot over her new dress has got so awfully stuck up that she won't look at us any more."

When they call at a house in Chicago to ask who is the head of the family the woman draws herself up with grave and icy dignity and answers: "I am, of course."

The impecunious man with a fashionable wife moans bitterly as he reads the purse-thinning fact that "fur lined circulars will never go entirely out of fashion."

Southern Illinois has had another earthquake, and plenty of people are making inquiries as to wheter it wouldn't be well to sow the earth in that vicinity with quinine.

Mrs. Lillie E. Wood of Hartford, Conn., has written all the first chapter of Genesis within a circle the size of a quarter of a dollar, winning a prize of $20 offered by a Philadelphia newspaper.

Bangs have been utterly discarded, and all the styles are meant to show off natural hair to the best advantage. Unless a woman's front hair is entirely gone or ruined by bangs there is nothing artificial she can put on, the prevailing styles are so severely plain. False fronts are the only things available.

Beecher's Suit.

The trial of the suit brought by Samuel Wilkeson against the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher for $60,000 damages for alleged breach of contract to write a book called "The Life of Christ," was brought to a conclusion after a brief session of the court. Judge Barrett intimated last week, after the plaintiff had rested his case, that the complaint must be dismissed; because after 1873 no specific demand had been made upon Mr. Beecher to finish the work, and the previous delay had been assented to by the firm of J. B. Ford & Co. Mr. Beecher testified yesterday that no such demand had been made. Judge Barrett accordingly dismissed the complaint. Mr. Shearman, counsel for Mr. Beecher, then moved for an extra allowance. He said the plaintiff had made $37,000 out of the book over and above the $10,000 paid to Mr. Beecher. The plaintiff, Mr. Shearman said, had continuously for the purpose of coercing a settlement caused publications in the newspapers imputing bad faith to the defendant and charging that he intended to swear falsely, and in that way trying to prejudice jurors, so that the case could not be fairly tried. He thought it high time that such practices should be rebuked, and, if it could not be rebuked by compelling the plaintiff to pay the entire expenses of the suit, he saw no way in which it could be done.

Trying a Boy.

After a bootblack had polished the boots of a gentleman who was rambling around the City Hall it was discovered that the man had nothing less than a $1 bill and the boy had no more than fifteen cents.

"I suppose you can get this changed?" suggested the man.

"Oh, yes."

"And you can find me when you come back?"

"Yes."

"But if I place this dollar bill in your hands will it not be a temptation to you to cut sticks?"

"I wouldn't steal no sich sum as that," contemptuously replied the boy, "but for fear I might git a telegram and be called out of town in a hurry I guess you'd better go along."

"My son, I think I can trust you. Go on your way. I was never deceived in a boy yet."

The boy started down Griswold street and did not return. The man did not wait, however. It was a busted Canadian bank bill.—[Detroit Free Press.