VAREWELL

BY MARY A. DAVIS. long farewell, old year, to thee.
ith by days of sorrow, thy days of glet;
a part with thee regretfully.

How many who sreeted us with thy dawn, In tile's twitight gray, in the fluen of morn, From their place in our circle to-day are go On the loss hillside, 'neath the cypress bough. Their lifework closed, they are sie ping now, The seal of death on each pailli brow.

Perchance ere long we, too, may stand. With falling heart and poweries hand, Breide the gate of the ellent land.

What promise of life would we leave unbroken: What words we have said would we have un-spector? What shall we sak for as a sign or token?

To-day let the hoble dead be wrought, To-day be uttered the kindiy thought, To day be the precious token sought.

We are awarping on with life's rusbing river Our frail boat thrills like an aspen's quiver— On to the sea of the wast forever.

Wouldst thou, fellow-satior, the storm outride Choose the Mighty one as thy friend and guide For the reging torrent sadeep and wide.

Wreck not thy bopes on the snifting rand, for any the course of an earthly atrand; seek that a port in the cetter land.

There are treasures that know naught of decay, There are from unes that know naught of decay, There are loved that pass not from thy grasp

Soon shall the weary there find release. Soon shall the soul's deep yearnings cease, In joy unending, and perfect peace.

Parewell, old year, a glad farewell; Thy faintly dying echoes tell, We are mearing the land where our fond hope dwell.

A WILD RIDE.

We had been living in Ireland for about two years, and every day I re gretted the time more and more when my husband had decided to leave England and come over to manage his property, which was situated in one of the most lawless and disaffected counties.

Fenianism was rife, and heartily l wished we were away and over the water sgain, at least until these troubled days had given place to better and more peaceful times, and now that the long, dark winter afternoons and evenings had set in again, I used to sit and watch anxiously for my husband's return; when Lionel would come in looking uneasy and moody, and kept his revolver al-ways loaded, though he never told me that he suspected danger, and made light of it for my sake.

Oh! it was a wretched, miserable time and I can never forget it. I remember so well how the crash came at last, and how the volcano burst forth that had been smouldering so long. We were sitting at breakfast one morning when the letters were brought in, and after handing them the bearer stood fidgeting about. Lionel looked up.

"That will do, Delaney, and tell John to bring the dog-cart around in half an

"Lionel, I don't like that man," I said, after he had left the room. "I am sure he is a spy. I wish you would get rid

"Oh, the fellow is right enough. It is his brother, you know, that I am going over to court about to-day." "What is it?" I exclaimed, as Lionel

got up suddenly, looked vexed and anloyed, and threw a letter in the fire. "Lionel, is it another of those dreadful

"Yes, warning me against giving evi dence against Delaney to-day. What is the country going to do? But there; I ought not to have told you-it will

"Lienel, you must not go to day-in-deed, indeed, you must stay at home; they may mean what they say. Oh, promise me you won't go.'

"Nonsense absurdity; Winifred, don't be so foolish. Why, dear, these are all empty threats. But once show the white feather and they will be ten times worse. You foolish little wife," he added tend erly, "and so you worry and fret your self when I'm away, expecting me home on a shutter, I suppose. Well, don't sit up for me to night, for after the trial is over I am going to dine at Col. Arbuthnot's and won't be home till late. Now I must be off."

A few loving words, and then I stood watching him drive down the avenue, turning now and then to wave a farewell, was only half satisfied, and was wishing he had not gone. After lunch I went to take some wine to the lodgekeeper's child, who was quite ill. It was late when I started, and the sun was setting behind the mountain, shedding a flood of crimson light over the golden glories of the fading day. I stayed there until quite dark, when I started for

Suddenly hearing footsteps, I paused; nearer and nearer they came, and then through the darkness I could see two men approaching, talking in low, earnest tones. Sick with terror I drew back behind a large tree, for one of the men was Delaney. At first they spoke in low, earnest tones, but by degrees their voices were raised, and at last Delaney, raising his hand, exclaimed with a vehemence

that made me shudder. "I tell you, if it's done at all, it must be done to-night. What's the use of talking, man? It's acts, not words, we He passes the cross-roads tonight, coming home from the colonel's a mile beyond, by the common and chalkpit. It's a lonely spot-there's our Be there when the moon is up,

and mind, no mistake this time. He laughed, actualty laughed, as he planned and plotted the deliberate and eruel murder of my husband, who had been a good and kind master to him. At last they parted, Delaney hurrying back in the direction of the house, with a last injunction to his accomplice not to fail; and after waiting a long time, to make sure that he was gone, I went slowly home and reached my room unobserved.

There I matured and laid my plans deliberately and carefully, for it was life if I succeeded, and oh! far worse than death if I failed. So I dressed as usual, and, though every scrap of color had left my face, and I knew I could not subdue all expression of the horror that I felt, I preserved an outward calmness, and went on down to the dining-room, as though the man standing behind my chair had not, only two short hours be-

fore, planned to take my husband's life.

How I got through I know not, but
the meal was over at last. Still I could
de nothing until Delaney left the house
and started on his deadly errand. My

When he had gone I intended to go master down to the stable, get the horse and M. T.

ride to Col. Arbuthnot's, trying to reach it before Laonel had started on his way

It was a daring step, but the only chance; lonely and isolated, we were miles from any town, and no help was possible. I should have to ride hard, and, to avoid being discovered and stopped, I must make a long round, which would take me many miles out of my way. At last the time to act had Delancy must have started long ere this, and the servants would be at The clock was striking nine as supper. The clock was striking nine as I left the room. Going upstairs quickly I put on my habit and stepped out.

It was a clear, bright night, with moon rising over the dark tree tops and shining coldly over the glossy evergreens, casting ghostly weird shadows across the path. I reached the yard and saw, to my alarm, 'a light in the harness room, Without taking time to hesitate or think I advanced softly and, peeping in, saw, to my great relief, that it was only the stable boy engaged in rubbing up the harness. Opening the door, I stood be-fore the astonished lad, who gazed with wide open eyes as though I had been an apparition. "Christie," I said, "saddle Rifleman as

quickly as possible. I want him." "Sure, ma'am, you're not going out

"Yes, I am. Quick-do as I tell you."

Burning with impatience, I watched him getting out Rifleman, and then, as 1 was about to mount, catching sight of the wonder and surprise on Christie's face, an idea struck me, and sending him back in the stable on some pretext, I locked the door and took the key. No one knew where I was; it would be a long time before he could make himself heard no matter how loudly he called, for the yard was a long way from the house. In another minute I was on Rifleman and cantering swiftly down the avanue and out on the epen road. "Rifleman," I said, stroking his glossy

neck, "it rests with you to save your master. You must do your best, for the time is short.

Away we went, keeping well in the shadow of the trees which skirted the road; the soft grass muffled the sound of the horse's hoofs, and faster, yet faster, I urged Rifleman to his topmost speed, for what if I were already too late? The moon was nearly high in the heavens, and I knew the hour was rapidly approaching. It was a ride for life, and on

we rode with fearful rapidity.

What if Lionel were on his way already? Oh, for the strength to keep up little longer! The entrance gates at Col. Arbuthnot's stood wide open, and with courage in my heart I galloped up to the house. The door was opened by the colonel himself, who hurried out in great alarm.

'My husband-is he here?" I gasped. "No; he has just left-not more than ten minutes ago I think; but what hes happened?" "Too late! too late!" I cried. "They

have killed him! Oh, Lionel! Lionel! They tried to stop me, but I broke way. There might be time yet, if I away. There might be time yet, if I rode hard and fast. My horse might die in the attempt-what mattered it? It was life or death now, and away again, thundering down the avanue I went, heedless of cries and entreaties to come

Stopping one moment to listen, I heard far ahead the rumbling sound of wheels; it seemed to endow me with new life and atrength to keep up, to struggle on a lit tie longer, but poor Rifleman was almost done for. He still labored on, answering whip and rein to the last.

Gathering up all my energies for a last effort, I nrzed Rifleman once more to a gallop, and, sweeping round a corner, saw, with a wild gleam of joy and hope, my husband's dog-cart slowly ascending a long, steep hill, right in front, the foot of which on the other side was the spot where the murderers were in waiting. Every yard of ground was of value now,

I tried to call out, but only a feeble cry secaped my lips, and still running with a kind of strength and determination born of despair, I pushed on, till suddenly all grew dim and indistinct. I was conscious only of a great and terrible darkness rising and hiding my hus-band from my sight; struggling on blindly with outstretched hands I staggered a few steps, and then with a last wild wail of "Lionel-Lionel!" fell senseless upon the earth, my last desire being to save him. Was my effort all in vain?

When I opened my eyes again I found myself in a cottage, in the bright glare of a fire, with a crowd of eager and frightened sympathizers around, and Lionel bending, white and anxious, over me. I was enough to know that he was safe-to cling tightly to him and feel his strong, protecting arms around me-and weak, tired and exhausted as I was I fainted

It had been a very narrow escape after all. Lionel had just reached the top of the long hill when he heard my cry, and driving hastily back, had found me, to his great astonishment, lying insensible. and Rifleman standing beside me.

Presently Col. Arbuthnot, who had followed in hot haste, had come up, and they had carried me into the cottage, wondering greatly what it meant. And I told my story.

Had I been a minute later, in all probability I should never have heard his voice again.

Delaney waited in vain that night, and whether he guessed or suspected that his plot had been dissovered was not known, for ere morning had dawned he fled and succeeded in making his escape from the country. Lionel and Col. Arbuthnot did all they could to have him brought to justice, but in vain-he was never heard of since

We left Ireland before Christmas for I could not bear to stay there after all I had gone through, and I never wish to see it again. As for Rifleman, I will never part with him; the good horse that nably that I could but give you a trial, earlied me so well that memorable night and I am more than satisfied. Percy carried me so well that memorable night shall have a happy bome and end his days in peace; but for him I would not and thoroughly ashamed of his old mishave won that terrible race.

A little lass, whose birthdays do not number more than three, recently went to church in which the choir occupies the gallery with a clock on the front, "What did you see at church?" asked some folks sing on the clock shelf."

The president has appointed as post-aster James Kirkpatrick at Dillon,

WHO WON?

Ting-a-ling-ling! goes the school bell, and bat and ball are tossed in their re spective places, the bat on the ground and the ball in Tim Carnahan's pocket, and with whoop and jostle the rosy, panting crowd make their way into the thool house of Maple Grove-that is, all with one exception, naughty Percy Smith remains out in the yard, seated on a stone of rather large dimensions, whist ling and whittling a stick, his eyes glow-

ing in sullen anger.
"Charlie Clark, go and tell Percy that I say for him to come into school

Belle Garland issues this order calmly and in firm tones, but her cheeks flame and her timid heart flutters in spite of all her efforts to appear calm; for she realizes the struggle before her—the struggle that began some time back, and now promises to reach a climax for good or for ill. The grinning urchin returns in a min-

ute and reports to Miss Belle. "He says he don't have to." A titter runs over the school, and the

red dies out of the teacher's face, leaving it white and sad. "Very well, we shall see. He must obey me or leave the school."

And then the afternoon's work begins By-and-by Percy deigns to come in, and walks pompously to his seat, takes it with a rude thump, and throws a defiant, mocking glance upon his comrades;

for Percy is the squire's son, and the bully of the school. "Percy," says his teacher, quietly but firmly, "you cannot come here and disoobey me; either take your books and go home, or quietly submit to my rules and

But Percy remains stubbornly in his eat, strumming lightly on the desk with his fingers, his cool, daring, handsome eyes regarding her in contemptuous amazement.

Perceiving the uselessness of trying to deal with her incorrigible pupil, as soon as school is dismissed she turns her steps in the direction of the home of Squire Smith, who is one of the school directors, and the one who insists on his own

"Percy came by his domineering spirit honestly," Miss Garland thinks, as she walks slowly and sadly on her disagreeable errand. But Percy has reached home in ad-

ance, and the squire is not in the most accomodating of moods when she is an-"Keep my boy out of school? No. ma'am! No, indeed! We hired you to

teach our school, and we expect you to govern it also. If you are not capable, better resign. We can get another teacher easily enough," he said brusquely and heartlessly: "But how can I control such large

boys as Percy when they set their heads in defiance of my rules? How can I. without the assistance of the school directors, to see that my orders are enforced ?" 'I am't a-teachin', and don't want to

be bothered about it. I think you'd better give it up; you're too young and not calculated to deal with our boys; it ap-

"Not alone-no, sir. But you will please sign me a receipt for the mone; Out in the dark, dreary twilight she

asses, a dull pain in her heart, and inignant tears in her eyes for the crael treatment she has received.

full in the eyes, she exclaims, impetu-"I suppose you are satisfied now

You have won. Will the knowledge of my defeat make you any happier, and the thought of the little sister and widowed mother, who have only this"-extending her receipt-"between them and want make your sleep sounder and sweeter?" And she is gone.

With a shame-faced, banging head, Percy remains beside the open gate a moment, quite motionless; this is a different view from his first idea of getting the teacher turned off.

think. I ought to have thought, for I'm the oldest by two months; only I never was poor. I don't see what can be done now. Pondering long and deeply, a sudden

light irradiates his countenance, and he hurries into the house, and donning a warm suit, he harnesses his father's fastest horse to the buggy and drives swiftly away.

The rain beats in blinding sheets on the window panes of Widow Garland's tiny cottage, and Belle, sitting by the small fire, clasps her hands in her lap

despairingly. Her mother raises her sad eyes an instant, and says:

"Better keep on with your sewing even at eight cents a piece, it is better than starvation." "Yes, but it makes my side ache to sew so steadily. Oh, mother, I cannot forget that man's injustice," said poor

Belle A knock at the door. It is only the postman with a letter, which Belle takes

in surprise, noticing the strange chirog-"Why, what is this? Why, mother, it's an offer from Prof. Strong of a position in his school, and the salary is six hundred dollars! Oh, mother, am I

reaming!" It is no dream, and Belle Garland is a learns whose influence obtained for her that situation.

"None other than your naughty pupil, Percy Smith," explained Prof. Strong, smiling at her astonished face. "He is my nephew, and pleaded your cause so is now in college, making fine progress, chievous tricks

Three years later a fine looking, darkeyed young man calls upon Belle and humbly asks her forgiveness.

"I forgave you long ago," she says, with a bright blush, for it is hard to reconcile this handsome, courteons gen-tleman with her old pupil; "and though I suffered at first, my reward was great afterwards.

"I not only want your forgiveness," a finds his best reward in the work itself. Ittle later he pleads, "but something The joy of achievement is vastly beyond warmer. I think I loved you from the the joy of reward.

first, but never fully realized it until you rendered me so ashamed of myself by those few indignant words at the gate. I have a beautiful home, a good opening in my profession, and if you could like me little. Belle, you will make me very

And Prof. Strong had to engage an as-

"I thought so," he said, with a sly twinkle in his eye. "I am no bad fortune-teller, and read the signs excellent-But may you ever be happy. And Percy won, after all, as he is fond

A Princess not Afraid of Work.

Princess Louise has been styled the beauty of the royal family. But that is only by comparison. She has regular features, an agreeable expression, and clean, no nonsense, no falsehood in it; shoulders which a sculptor would be under no temptation to correct in moulding a bust of her; an elegant figure, not light, not airy or angelic; a little heavy, but pliable and graceful, and a smile that lights up her face. Her disposition is English, that is, serious, but capable of bumor, and with a keen appreciation of the finest things and purest things in art and in life. Least of all Victoria's children, she resembles the old royal family, and most of all of them the Gotha branch of the house of Saxony. She thinks for herself, is independent, original, sensible and impulsive. If she had not been drilled in the experience and restraints of court life, her feelings would often run away with her judgment. She has a splendid talent for housekeeping, without which no woman is fit to live, even a princess. She served an apprenticeship at Osborne cottage to a cook, confectioner, laundress of fine things, seamstress and dressmaker. Every day for years a dish appeared on the queen's table at Osborne that was made by one of her majesty's daughters; once a week a tin box full of cakes, which were mixed and by them, was sent to the German crown princess, with fruits and flowers from the cottage garden. Princes Louise started in married life with the determination not to be the rival on their own ground of plutocrats' wives. There was to be comfort as well as elegance in her establishment, but no ostentation. At Rideau Hall, her Canadian official abode, she affects more taste. Louise entertains delightfully, though she is liable to forget mere feathers and flounces in company and becomes really absorbed in intelligent conversation with a select few of her guests .- From the Scotsman.

Woman's Beauty.

Even ugly womer admit that beauty their sex's most powerful weapon; they like to see it exert a force, and when it is great, so to speak, beyond criticism, admire it with genuine heartiness-heartiness as real as that which men show in their admiration for strength manifested in any conspicuous way. It is usual to say that women decry beauty, but this is a blunder, caused by stretching instances into law. Of sources of success, woman grudge beauty the least. They may deny it is beauty, but if they admit it they are content. If a man makes a messalliance for the sake of beauty, society forgives him readily. To this very hour the deep feeling of women for the French empress, though founded, of course, on pity, is greatly assisted by the recollection among the middle-aged of a triumph so conspicuous, and so vis eatment she has received.

Somebody opens the gate for her; kind of female interest is universal, and it is Percy himself; and looking him extends in a more languid degree to men who find in any national appreciation of beauty not only the charm which springs from kiuship in taste, but an excuse for a secret imbecility, a powerlessness in the presence of the attraction, which they resent and feel. We wonder, if besides all this, there is any residium of the old Greek feeling that beauty was a clear good itself, a harmony, something which indicated that the gods of nature were not essentially and at heart hostile to man. Many artists say so, and to judge by the extent of feeling, almost of pious feeling, excited by the beauty of scenery-the positive esteem felt for 'Poor little girl! It is too bad. I Switzerland, for instance, for being so have acted like a coward—but I didn't beautiful a place—the feeling should be general.

Cooking as a Fine Art.

It cannot be denied that good cooking is an important element in home life and happiness. Many people think that while a girl must go to school for years to accomplish a knowledge of their own and foreign languages, and must have masters for this and that accomplishment, she may be safely left to pick up a knowledge of cooking after she has a household of her own. This is a great mistake. I once myself had a dreadful time in trying to prepare a dinner in the absence of my faithful Bridget, and I would have given up Latin, Greek and French that day to have known when the potatoes were done, and to have discovered how to get the peas and beans out of the water in which they were floating. To be a good cook, girls, one needs a light, firm band, an accurate eye, and a patient temper. One needs, too, a few rules and a trusty cook book. We have all seen the easy way in which a good cook makes a cake. She tosses three or four things together, gives a flirt of the spice-box, and a feathery touch or two of her foamy eggs, pops the pan into the oven, and presto! there appears the perfeet loaf. And if you ask her how she did this or that part of her work, she will very likely smile and say, "Oh, I year in her pleasant position ere she the quality which no novice in cooking used my judgment. The judgment is can expect to possess; but with patience and constant practice it will surely come.

> The best of us are hampered in every effort of improvement, not alone by our own faults, but by those of our neighbors. We inhale the moral atmosphere around us quite as surely as natural air, and the impurities of the one will poison the character as of the other will poison the blood. Not congratualations therefore, but deep regret should follow the discovery of faults and defects in other people, and if we have not enough sy mpathy in us to mourn on their account, we at least have sufficient reason to regret on our behalf.

The man whose soul is in his work

About Spices.

If the consumption of spices in United States were confined to the nine articles which were imported from abroad, the allowance of each man, wo man and child would be about one-third of a pound of all kinds (including ginger, pepper and mustard) per annum; for the total yearly importations average about fifteen million pounds, valued last year at \$1,916,217. Cinnamon, which is the bark of an evergreen tree-a species of the laurel family that grows to a height of thirty five or forty feet-comes from the Island of Ceylon, from Malabar, Java and Sumtra, and from the Cochin, China Cassia, or "bastard cinnamod," as it is sometimes called, comes from China and Java. It is the bark of the shoots of the cassia tree.

try to inform atmost on these little mat-ters. But if he makes a mistake it is not cause for unhappiness. He should re-member that these fashions constantly The cloves of commerce are the unex panded bus of the clove tree, a native of Moluceas or Spice Islands, which grows to the average hight of twenty to twentyfive feet, and yields about twelve pounds of buds per annum. The "Zanibar cloves," which comprise a part of these imports into this country, come from the east coast of Africa, and are inferior to Amboynas, Bencoolens and Penangs from Asiatic sources.

Ginger is the root of a kind of reed that grows in the East and West Indies, in China, Malabar, and to some extent in all the tropical countries. It is annual and reaches a hight of about three feet, and leaves very much like our Indian corn. It is now largely cultivated in the West Indies, whence is derived the Jamaica ginger which is so common in this country. There are two kinds of ginger—the black and the white. The former consists of inferior roots which have been steemed in boiling water before being dried in the sun. White ginger is made from the whitest and roundest roots scraped clean and then dried carefully without being scalded.

Mace and nutmegs are both products of a tree which is commonly known as the "nutmeg tree," a native of the Indian Archipelago, and which grows to a height of thirty to forty feet. The nut-meg is the kernel of the nut which forms the fruit of the tree. Mace is the membranous covering, or bur of the black shell in which the nutmeg is enclosed. The principal sources of the nutmeg and mace of commerce are Penang, Batavia, Ambeyna and Banda, but the tree is being introduced elsewhere.

The common black pepper of commerce is a slender climbing plant or vine which is cultivated extensively upon the slopes of the mountains, in the southern sections of both British and Farther India, as well as Java, Sumatra and other Islands of the Indian Archipelago. The vine begins to bear in its fourth year, and then flourishes five or six years. At the end of the spreading branches are bunches of berries, each berry containing a seed of a hot and flery taste, and of an aromatic flavor. From this the pepper is obtained. pepper, which is not so well known in this country, comes from the same plant, Red pepper or capsicum, grows in the East Indies, Chili, and to some extent in our own Southern States. This plant is an annual, and its fruit is the shape of round or heart shaped pods, of a red or yellow color. It is largely used in the form of Cayenne pepper.

Pimento, or as is often called "allspice," because its odor and flavor some what resembles a combination of cloves cassia and nutmegs-is the product of an extremely handsome tree, which is a native of the Carribee islands, but which is cultivated in the East The pimento comes from the berries which are carefully picked when they are green, and are subsequently sorted and dried.

Stampeding Cattle.

I went up to visit a herd owned by Mr. Reeve, of Minnesota, and the day being cold, we took an ambulance with a For some reason or other, the cattle became frightened at my conveyance, and resented my bringing it among them. In all their lives they had never seen an ambulance with a white top, and a railroad could not have made a greater impression on a Dutch farmer. They would have none of it. A dozen cow and calves ran away, bellowing like mad. and a few fat steers came up and shook their heads menneingly at us, but trotted away, their big sides shaking with beef. We laughed heartily and were enjoying the commotion our arrival had created when we saw the herder coming on his horse at full speed and firing his revolver to attract attention. He pointed to some timber near by and we understood. Whipping up the mules we got into timber as quickly as possible, and just in time, for here came the herd, shaking the earth with their tread. A thousand maddened cattle surged around us. In the timber we were safe, but if not we had been crushed in an instant and every mule disemboweled by the horns of the herd. It took some time to quiet them down and induce them to yield to the authority of the whip of the herder. One old bull, who knew perfectly well that it was all right, kept up a display of fight, and would not stop bellowing till I told the herder to give him a shot from his revolver through the brisket, when he trotted away. We sneaked the ambu-lance off under the bills and got it out of sight .- Gen. J. B. Brisbon.

Etiquette at Dinner.

A number of American physicians visited Great Britain last winter, and were. it is stated, entertained at the house of a well known æsthete in Dublin, Near the close of the dinner, before the dessert was brought on the table, the door opened and a dog, turtle and a stork were led in. The dog ran round the table and ate the crumbs, the turtle crept under it for the same purpose, and the stork extended its long neck between the guests and picked up those remaining upon the

"Now," said the host, gravely, "that we have recognized the claims of our inferios brethern, we can go on with our repast,"

The amazement of the guests probably was similar to that of the Western senator, who at the close of a dinner in an esthetic house in Washington lately, found instead of a finger-bowl by his plate a Turkish, slave standing at his back with an embroidered towel flung over his arm, and a vase full of perfumed

Man's character is an element of his wealth, and you cannot make him rich in what he has except as you teach him to be rich in what he is.

and rising, he went away in high dudg-eon, declaring he "would like to know what they meant by asking him to the house to insult him."

Another new member at the dinner-table of a friend looked doubtfully at his finger-bowl and then raised it to his

mouth and took a drink. The host with-

out a moment's pause, lifted his also and

took a drink. There was not a smile on

the face of a single guest, a fact, (if it is

a fact) which says much for the good breeding of Washington society.

Nothing gives a young person unused

to gay society more anxiety than the nervous dread that he may betray his ignorance of some of the trivial rules of

etiquette which regulate it. He should

of course, for his own comfort and case

try to inform himself on these little mat-

change, and as fantastic and petty as the

whims of the asthetes; whereas the laws of good breeding, good sense and good

temper never change, and are the same all over the world. If he be by thier

standing a patrician in manners, his

equals will recognize him, no matter which arm he offers to a lady, nor

whether he can est ice-cream with a fork

SHORT BIIS.

Never marry but for love, but see that

Resolve to see the world on its sunny

side, and you have almost won the battle

I have lived to know that the secret of

happiness is never to allow your energies

The greatest friend of truth is time

her greatest enemy is prejudice, and her

At Dublin increased precautions have

been taken because of letters threaten-

constant companion is humility.

ing to blow up public buildings.

Repentance is accepted remova-

thou lovest what is lovely.

or a spoon.

of life.

to stagnate.

"A woman husbands her resources when she rifles the pockets of her lord and master after he has gone to bed." remarks the Boston Courier. Respect goodness, find it where you

may. Honor talent whenever you behold it unassociated with vice; but honor it most when accompanied with exertion, and especially when exerted in the cause of truth and justice.

When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed, "that is not the dwelling of some poor man!" This is a true spirit of submission-one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart.

The ignorance of the average Hawaiian in writing his own language is appalling to those who see the biennial paradeol figures in the report of the Board of Education. The original design was an industrial educational system, but the actual outcome is an ignorance and a wretchedness that is one of the saddest sights to be seen on earth, as those know who know what is the present condition of the vast majority of Hawniian homes

to-day. . Mr. Harrington, M. P., in his speech at the meeting of the national league at Dublin, charged the police with intimidating the people for the purpose of preventing them from joining the league and subscribing to the testimonial Mr. Parnell. He said many men had been living in prison for months, and some for years, without being brought to trial before their fees. They were tried by star chamber inquiries and their friends were unable to offer any evidence

to extriente them. PERSONAL.

Salvini's son, who thinks of entering the Italian army, has returned to Italy; Representative S. J. Randall helped the Newark, N. J., Democrats to observe the Jefferson anniversary.

Senator Palmer, of Michigan, has subscribed \$10,000 toward the erection of a \$50,000 art gallery at Detroit. Judge David Davis proposes to turn

"Durley Hall," the principal house of amusement at Bloomington, Ill., into a business place and to build in the same town a theater that shall surpass anything of the kind in Illinois. Miss Belle Cushman Eaton, a grand-

niece of the famous Charlotte Cushman, is said to be preparing to go on the stage. She is seventeen years old, lives in Boston and appeared as a public reader for the first time a few evenings ago.

Where He Gained,

In a town up in Maine a New Yorker was last fell talking with a village merchant in regard to the trade and finally asked him how he bought goods.

"Well, in the summer I get about ninety-five days, and in the winter something like a hundred," was the an-"Isn't that odd time?"

"Yes, kinder odd, but you see I buy on ninety days, and when time is up I write to the firm and tell 'em to enclosed find amount so and so. I don't enclose, you know, and in about five days I receive a reply stating that I probably forgot, and so forth. Then I enclose and beg pardon. In the summer the reply comes in about five days, but in the winter, especially if Providence favors us with storms and railroad blocksdes, and freshets, and accidents, I gain ten days and get a spring start. Wall Street Daily News.

Nobody who has ever been active and useful enjoys the feeling of being laid on the shelf. Grandfather's step is uncerthe shelf. tain, his arm less vigorous than of old but he possesses a rich treasure of experience, and he likes to be consulted. It is his privilege to give advice, his privilege too, at times to go into the field and work with the youngest, renewing his youth as he keeps bravely up with hearty men not half his age. Grand-mother does not wish to be left out of the household work. When the days come for picking and preserving, and the domestic force is pressed into service, who so cager as she? It is cruel to overrule her decisions, to put her aside because "she will be tired." Of course she will "Great Scott!" cried the senator, "I'm cleam! I washed before I left the hotel!"

she will be tired. Of course sho be tired, but she will enjoy the fatigue and rest the sconer for the thought that she is still of some use in the world.