

HONEST DUTY.

The fates that sow select the plough That cuts the clearest furrow; That man is only all a man Whose work is clean and thorough; And the fates that reap for the harvest sweep A choice of the kindest stalks; The man is only half a man Whose course is weak and fickle.

LOVED AND LOST.

They walked along in silence together. They could hear the gay voices of the people of their party in the distance; a snatch of song reached them now and then, and seemed to their troubled minds like discord. Darkness was gathering quickly around them; shadows were creeping up among the trees, the long branches looked like black arms stretched into the softer blackness of the leaves, and here and there, there was a break and a glimpse of the gay evening sky.

And she laughed heartily at the recollection, and Lovel tried to laugh too. "However, I suppose in the wild life you have led abroad," she continued presently, "you have forgotten all these little incidents of childhood, but I have passed such a quiet time that I have been apt to go over all those pleasant merry days again and again."

I entirely mistaken? Did those pretty smiles and glances of yours mean nothing? Have I deceived myself through-out?" By this time Mary had disengaged her hands and had covered her face with them. "Answer me, Moll! Lovel cried. "Did you not guess that I loved you—did you not know it?"

he was not trying to frighten me. Now I can understand it. Still I think we are going in the right direction; yet, after all, the trees do not seem so thick or the grass and ferns so high."

"You will be sorry to hear that poor Mary Temple—Mary Vane that was, you know—is dead. It appears that she caught a cold, some time in the summer, and she never recovered from the effects of it. She had a bad attack of fever, and regularly wasted and pined away. What a blow this would have been to you when you were a boy!"—New York Mercury.

which supports her during the critical operation. She rests with her legs on the surface for a few moments till the wings had expanded and filled her mission, a totally different animal no more able to live in the water as she did then, than any of us! Is it not wonderful that such profound changes Even the bird has to learn to use its wings by practice and slow degrees, but organs of flight to perfection from the aquatic to an aerial life, the mosquito has first breathed from a long tube near the tail, next through two tubular horns near the head, and finally, through a series of spiracles along the whole body. From a calculation, made by Baron Latour, the mosquito in flight vibrates its wings 3000 times a minute—a rapidity of motion hardly conceivable. Those who have traveled a summer on the lower Mississippi or in the Northwest have experienced the torment which these frail flies can inflict; at times they drive everyone from the boat, and train can sometimes only be run with comfort on the Northern Pacific by keeping a smudge in the baggage car and the doors of all the coaches open to the fumes. The bravest man on the fleetest horse does not cross some of the more rank and dank prairies of northern Minnesota in June.

Jefferson's Saw Mill.

The following story is told of President Jefferson, and it has a good point in it: Jefferson was a good man, but was far from practical in some things. When he was in France he was very much struck with the utility of windmills. He thought they were wonderful institutions and cost so little to run. He owned a large quantity of timber on a mountain much higher than Monticello, about a mile off. He purchased in France a windmill at the cost of \$13,000, and had it taken to the top of the mountain. He had for a neighbor a bluff old fellow named Cole. One day Cole came to see him, and Jefferson took him up to where he was having his mill built. It was as much as they could do to climb the steep ascent. When Cole recovered the breath he had lost in getting up the mountain, he said: "Mr. Jefferson, you have a splendid saw-mill, and it is in a splendid place to catch the wind, but how are you going to get the logs up to it to saw from?" The author of the "Declaration of Independence" started like a man suddenly awakened from a delightful dream, and quickly said: "Here, Cole, how! What?" And then, relapsing into abstraction, led the way down the mountain toward Monticello. The wind mill was never completed, and years after the machinery was sold for old iron.

Oval Versus Round Waists.

The more closely a woman can get her bust to approximate to the shape of a peg-top, the prouder and happier she is. Why the peg-top has attained to the high distinction of serving as a model for woman, is one of the many puzzles connected with dress. The Greeks—who certainly know something about the human form—assigned to their ideal waist dimensions quite intolerable to an English woman of to-day. Moreover, they made it oval, whereas the modern waist is round. It is a physiological fact that there is about an oval waist a delightful suppleness and elasticity, while the round waist so common at the present day is hard, rigid and unyielding. The fact is that some women are blessed with waists naturally small, and oval as every waist naturally is, while other women less favored by nature, are determined to outdo the smallness at no matter what cost. But no discriminating critic can ever fail to perceive the difference between natural and artificial smallness. Perhaps if this were better understood; women would cease to ruin their health and weaken the muscles of their back, by going out in a tight fitting corset, even at the risk of appearing to depart conspicuously from woman's ordinary dress. They would then find that some other problems, such as distribution of weight, would settle themselves without much difficulty.—London Times.

Rid in an Old Dog House.

Among the arrivals by the steamship Virginia of Boston, was a young man who came across as a stowaway. He gave his name as James Walsh, and his residence as Liquid street, Liverpool. While the vessel was loading at Liverpool Walsh managed to secure himself in an old dog house in the forward part of the ship, where he remained until the arrival of the vessel at this port. The voyage lasted two days, during which time the boy's clothing, shoes and feet were badly bitten by rats. His supply of food gave out on the fourth day, but being afraid of being thrown overboard, he remained until the vessel touched the wharf. When leaving his kennel he was seen by a sailor, who, learning of the boy's adventures and seeing his destitute condition, generously furnished him with some food and a suit of clothes. The boy left the vessel and after wandering about Charleston a few days was taken by a Mrs. Kerr, who resides on Chamber street in Charleston, where he is at present being kindly cared for. Walsh is a bright, intelligent, good-looking lad, but has never attended a school, and while at home his occupation was that of a dancer and serio comic singer in a public house. He says that his mother is dead, and on account of the harshness of his father, and learning of the many advantages of earning a living in this country he was induced to come. He is a very clever dancer and intends, if possible, to go upon the stage as a means of obtaining a livelihood.

The rage for painting plaques and flower pieces among the ladies is still at its height. If you cannot learn to paint decently go to a more accommodating teacher who will do your painting for you. Then all you will have to do is to sign your name.

This is the season for shopping. Thirty cents for luncheon is enough capital to work on, as a lady can have just as too dreadfully awfully good a time pulling over the entire stock of a dozen or so stores without money as with it.