

PERSEVERANCE.

A STUMBLE IS NOT A FALL. Failed, you tell me, for all your striving. Failed in spite of your utmost care.

When you discover your mistake grow, That is a vulgar gambler's saying. Learn that persistence languish at fate.

Perseverance, you see, has no odorous virtue To win its laurel in the face of all; Some check to your progress which you hurt you.

She whom you love has been won by another— That is a loss you may yet replace; Let your resentment your sorrow smother—

What is the loss of a handsome face? Such a mishap is a trifle merely; The wound in your heart for a while may gale.

But you'll find another to love you dearly— That pitiful stumble is not a fall.

Laughed at and mocked at your endeavor, Writings along your name no grow, Droop not and faint not; but learn whoever

Clings to his purpose at last will gain. Have trust in the future, and faith in the present.

Let hope not delude you, nor failure appal; You may trip in a truce, which is no ways pleasant.

But that is a stumble and not a fall.

"Down in the world"—do you think so? Wherefore?

"Lost your labor and toiled in vain?" Nonsense, my friend; but a failure—therefore

Pluck up your courage and try again. A spark is left in the dying ember.

And vigorous breath may the flame recall. Then to your task and to your duty—

A stumble's a stumble and not a fall.

Keep up your courage, and look before you; Though it be rugged, and steep, and straight,

Think low and steady, and steady again. Walk in the path, and steady again.

Who perseveres, in the end will surely, Who strikes his path, and steady again; Go forth in confidence securely,

And be glad that a stumble is not a fall.

Miss Briggs' Struggles With Skirts.

Kitty Briggs was a nice, intelligent girl, nothing very brilliant, but about up to the average of Boston young women.

She had a good many friends, of various degrees of cultivation, in all classes of society. Kitty was not remarkably quick of perception, and she didn't feel

or, rather, up to this last Centennial summer, hadn't felt—this vital interest in the "movements" and agitations of various topics connected with "woman"

which it is generally considered incumbent on the Boston young lady to feel. But a change was gradually coming

over Kitty; first, it was her friends; they asked her if she had seen the new gowns?

And Kitty thought they meant some new cloak or sacque from Paris; then they asked her if she had been to Mrs. B's opening?

"No, she never went to openings?" Then the friends explained that it was a new kind of underclothing, and new ways of keeping it on, that they meant, and said she was behind the age, and took her off to one of the exhibitions.

Kitty acknowledged that the things looked rather cunning, but wondered how they felt when on. All the friends, who, by the way, were recent converts to the new styles, cried out in chorus that they were "splendid," as easy as anything!

And the rich ones, who wore lots of trimming, added, "and so becoming!" Then the poor, who were content with the easy for the servants to do up—make less work"—then all in chorus, "Do, do, try 'em. I'll lend you my pattern!"

Then Kitty said she guessed she'd try. Then it turned out that each friend had made some little "improvement," which she assured Kitty was the most essential part of the whole costume. Kitty smiled, beamed on them all, and said she would look them over, and take her choice.

She "looked them over." In fact, for three weeks she scarcely did anything else but being cunning, but wondered how they felt when on. All the friends, who, by the way, were recent converts to the new styles, cried out in chorus that they were "splendid," as easy as anything!

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remarked sotto-voce, "Then you are my long lost brother?"

"Ma'am?" said the startled attendant.

"Oh, nothing," answered Kitty mildly, "I said that I see this is what I have been looking for for a long time!"

With that, she laid down fifty cents, and marched off with her suspenders, feeling that her troubles were at last over.

"Now, I've done it. No more rows of buttons, button-holes, tapes, pins, hooks, or any such trumpery for me. I first clasp this little arrangement through them all at one dive, dress skirts, and the rest, and there I am.

"Good-bye, dear. You try 'em, and then, for the rest of your life, you'll bless your triumphant."

Young America.

The central figure was a bare-headed woman with a broom in her hand. She stood on the back-step and was crying:

"George!"

"There was no response, but anybody who had been on the other side of a close board fence at the foot of the garden might have observed two boys intently engaged in building a mud pie.

"That's your mother hollering, George," said one of the two, placing his eye to a knot-hole and glancing through the hoop.

"I don't care," said the other. "Ain't you going in?"

"No!"

"George!" came another call, short and sharp, "do you hear me?"

"No answer."

"Where is she now?" inquired George, putting in the filling of the pie.

"On the stoop," replied the young man at the knot-hole.

"What's she doin'?"

"Ain't doin' nothin'."

"George Augustus!"

Still no answer.

"You needn't think you can hide from me, young man, for I can see you, and if you don't come in here at once, I'll come out there in a way that you will know it."

Now this was eminently a natural statement, but hardly plausible, as her eyes would have pierced an inch board fence to see George; and even were this possible, it would have required a glance in that special direction, and not over the top of a pear tree in an almost opposite way.

Even the boy at the knot-hole could hardly repress a smile.

"What's she doin' now?" inquired George.

"She stands there yet."

"I won't speak to you again, George Augustus," came the voice. "Your father will be home in a few minutes, and I shall tell him all about what you have done."

Still no answer.

"Ain't you afraid?" asked the conscientious young man, drawing his eye from the knot-hole to rest it.

"No!" she would not tell, for she never does; she only sees so to scare me."

Thus enlightened and re-assured, the guard covered the knot-hole again.

"Ain't you coming in here, young man?" again demanded the woman, "so do you want me to come out there to you with a stick? I won't speak to you again, sir!"

"Is she comin'?" asked the baker.

"No!"

"What's her name?"

"She's lookin' over in the other yard."

"Do you hear me, I say?" came the call again.

No answer.

"George Augustus! do you hear your mother talking to you?"

Still no answer.

"Oh, you just wait, young man, till your father comes home, and he'll make you hear, I'll warrant ye."

"She is gone now," announced the faithful sentinel, withdrawing from his post.

"All right! take hold of this crust and pull it down on that side, and that'll be another pie done," said the remorse-stricken George Augustus.

SUNNY ROOMS AND SUNNY LIVES.—Light is one of the most active agencies in enlivening and beautifying a home.

We all know the value of sunlight as a health-giving agent to the physical constitution, and it is not less so to our spiritual natures. We are more active under its influence—can think better and act more vigorously.

Let us take the airiest, choicest, and sunniest room in the house for our living-room—the work-shop where brain and body are built up and renewed. And let us there have a bay window, no matter how plain in structure, through which the good twin-angels of Nature—sunlight and pure air—can freely enter.

Dark rooms bring depression of spirits, imparting a sense of confinement, of isolation, of powerlessness, which is chilling to energy and vigor; but in light rooms is good cheer.

Even in a gloomy house, where walls and furniture are dingy and brown, you have but to take down the heavy curtains, open wide the window, hang brackets on either side, set flower-pots on the brackets, and let the warm sun stream freely in, to bring health to our bodies and joy to our souls.

The Law of Newspapers.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If any subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the offices to which they are directed, the law holds them responsible until they have settled the bills, and ordered them discontinued.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the office, or removing and leaving them uncollected, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

6. The postmaster who neglects to give the legal notice of the neglect of a person to take from the office the newspapers addressed to him, is liable to the publisher for the subscription price.

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CLATSOP.

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CLATSOP.

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