

Current Literature.

OUR SUNDAY EVES.

I see a valley in the West, Beneath a mountain's towering crest, A little cottage white as snow, Three vine clad windows in a row, A porch with overhanging leaves, Wherein we spent our Sunday eves.

The Desire of Her Heart.

I tell you, Jack, the farm is not your vocation. I become more and more convinced of the fact every day, and less contented with the life we are leading. Breakfast was over, and we stood on the farmhouse portico, arm in arm.

enough for the start, and Vanborough offers you a good place in the bank. "At a limited salary, Nell?" "Oh, yes, but you can work yourself up, Jack—right up to the topmost round of the ladder. Do let's go, Jack! I've lived here to please you ever since our marriage; I think you can afford to please me a little now."

came on, and it turned out to be a great success. The best people in town honored us with their presence, and everything, thanks to Mrs. Vanborough's foresight, was carried on in the most lavish and elegant manner. "By George!" said Jack, "this sort of thing is jollier than the old farm. I see now, little wife, that you were right."

sat there clasped in Jack's forgiving arms, the happiest woman the round world held. THE CHILDREN OF TO-DAY. "Within the past few generations parents have grown into a fashion of self-abnegation; very lovely, it is possible, in its effects upon their own character, but very dreadful in its effect upon the characters of their children."

freedom of opinion too often degenerates into a wholesale mockery of all things formerly held sacred and becomes merely an incoherent breaking away from old established beliefs and a desperate floundering amid a multiplicity of extravagant ideas which have often sprung up like certain fungi in the damp night air of intense egotism.

ions, life became insupportable to her. She was stifled in the atmosphere of the close room, wearied with his temper, and she began to hate "The Creed of Love." How to escape was now her only thought. At length she wrote to her husband, told him all, entreated him to come for her. She had outlived her dreams, and would now be a good wife to him henceforth and forever. He was a philosopher; he forgave, and he came. One evening, while the poet was declaiming "The Creed of Love" at an assembly of worshipping women, she left the house, found her excellent husband waiting with a carriage at the end of the street, and the midnight train whirled her back to peace, order, her beautiful gardens, and a happy, rational life.

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