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FAREWELL.

A long farewell, old year, to thee. With thy days of sorrow, thy days of grief. We part with thee, and with thy friends.

How many who are dead in thy dawn. In life's twilight gray, in the flush of morn. From their place in our circle to-day are gone.

On the lone hillside, 'neath the poplar bough. Their forms are seen, and their voices are low. The seal of death on each pallid brow.

Perchance ere long we, too, may stand. With falling heart and power less hand. Beside the gate of that sad, silent land.

What promise of life would we leave unbroken? What words we have said, and what we have done. What shall we look for as a sign or token?

To-day let the noble deed be wrought. To-day be uttered the kindly thought. To-day be the precious token sought.

We are sweeping on with life's rushing river. Our feet are on the sand, and our hearts are free. On to the sea of the vast hereafter.

Wouldst thou, fellow-sailor, the storm outside? 'Tis the light of hope, and the light of life. For the righting tides are deep and wide.

Wreck not thy hopes on the shifting sand. Nor say the course on a shifting strand. Seek thou a port in the better land.

There's a fount thy soul-thirst to allay. There are treasures that are not to decay. There are loved that pass not from thy grasp.

Soon shall the weary three find release. Soon shall the souls be freed from these. In joy unending, and perfect peace.

Farewell, old year, a glad farewell! Thy faintly dying echoes fall. We'll greet the land where our fond hopes dwell.

A WILD RIDE.

We had been living in Ireland for about two years, and every day I regretted 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 I wished we were away from it. We were again, 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 was sitting at my window anxiously for my husband's return; when Lionel would come in looking uneasy and moody, and kept his revolver always 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 smoldering 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 hour."

"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 of him."

"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 at his watch, and then went to the door. "Lionel, is it there one of those dreadful letters?"

"Yes, warning me against giving evidence against Delaney to-day. What is the country going to do? But he says I ought not to have told you—it will frighten you into it."

"Lionel, you must not go to-day—in deed, indeed, you must stay at home; they may mean you, 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 said, tenderly, "and so you worry and fret yourself 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. I was only half satisfied, and was wishing he had not gone. After lunch I went to take some wine to the lodge-keeper's child, who was quite ill. It was late when I started, and the sun was over the mountains, shedding a flood of crimson light over the golden glories of the fading day. I stayed there until quite dark, when I started for home.

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, it's done at all, it must be done to-night. What's the use of talking, man? It's acts, not words, we want. He passes the cross-roads to-night, coming home from the colonel's a mile beyond, by the common and chalk-pit. It's lonely spot—thee's our place. Be there when the moon is up, and mind, no mistake this time."

He laughed, actually laughed, as he planned and plotted the deliberate and cruel 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 before, planned to take my husband's life. How I got through I know not, but

WHO WON?

Ting-a-ling-ling! goes the school bell, and bat and ball are tossed in their respective 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 school 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, whistling and whittling a stick, his eyes glowing in sullen anger.

"Charlie Clark, go and tell Percy that I say for him to come into school at once."

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 usher returns in a minute and reports to Miss Belle.

"He says he don't have to."

A fitter runs over the school, and the red disc 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 at once.

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 disobey me; either take your books and go home, or quietly submit to my rules and orders."

But Percy remains stubbornly in his seat, strutting 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 terms.

"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 a teacher, 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 appears."

"Not alone—no, sir. But you will please sign me a receipt for the money due me."

Out in the dark, dreary twilight she passes, a dull pain in her heart, and indignant tears in her eyes, for the cruel treatment she has received.

Suddenly she opens the gate for her; it is Percy himself; and looking him full in the eyes, she exclaims, impetuously.

"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.

The Servant Girl's Side of the Question.

The Detroit Post and Tribune of a late date contains the following:

"Let me tell you," said a lady in this city in conversation with a representative of the Post and Tribune, "it is a great mistake to treat 'the girl' as if she were some kind of an animated machine. All possibilities are in the power of the hired girl. She can get up and leave on washing day, or when you have company and make you utterly wretched, or she can condescend to stay and pour the oil of peace on the troubled waters."

There are well-bred people in this city—at least they call themselves well-bred—who will shut the door coolly in the face of hired help, remain at the table a half hour after they have finished eating, and likely as not have no sea in the soup and no meat on the dish, so if the hired girl has not thought of herself she gets no meal at all, or a cold one.

"Why does the girl stay in such a place?"

"She does not; and then the lady has a long story to tell of ingratitude and improvidence and what not. I can tell you that the more real kindness and consideration the mistress shows, the better she will be. We have had one girl for three years, and I am sure she could not be induced to leave us. If I go to a lunch party or a company out, I tell Kitty when I come home all about it, and she never degrades to gossip with their help, but that is something quite different. A friend of mine once asked me how I kept my girl in her place. I told her I thought I did it by making her piece my piece part of the time, and interacting in her associates. I must tell you about her first call on me. I had a young lady visiting me who opened the door in answer to a ring. She came up to my room and said there was a lady in the parlor who wished to see me."

"A lady?"

"Well, yes; she looks like a lady, is dressed like a lady, and yet—"

"Young, or old, Anna?"

"No, ma'am; she did not offer me her card; she looks like a foreigner."

I went down, and a serious, prepossessing-looking girl rose to her feet and said:

"Are you Mrs. —? I was told you needed a girl. — sent me to you. I am the girl who lived with her, ma'am."

She was dressed in pale blue summer silk, wore kid gloves of a pale pearly green, and carried a feather edged fan. Her dress was perfectly made and fitted better than any of mine did; her hat was a white chip, trimmed with marabout feathers; her manner was easy and natural. I looked at her bright blue eyes, fastened on me, and at her glossy, vigorous black hair, and said to myself, "Irish beauty," and it was.

I knew the girl by repute; my friend was breaking up housekeeping and was about to leave the city. I had seen the figure of a girl; but really when I saw her I was afraid she would not approve of me. I asked her if she would like to look at the kitchen, and she said she would. So I took her out, showed her the parlors, dining room and kitchen proper, and asked her if she thought the place would suit—she had already agreed as to terms.

"I would rather not give an answer now, ma'am," she said. "Miss P., naming a lady who lived in much greater style, 'has offered me fifty cents a week more and less work to do, but I don't think I'll go there, for when I asked to look at the kitchen she said if I was engaged for her it was good enough for me. If I do come, ma'am, I will be here at nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

"You may be sure we were anxious," continued the lady, "but at nine promptly she came to the side door neatly dressed in a plain calico, and from that time to this she has been with us, and I dread to think of ever parting with her."

"Would you mind telling what it is that makes her so valuable?"

"Certainly not; for one thing, and the chief one in my estimation, she is an excellent cook. She cannot only cook in a grand style, but she can do up daintily after-dinner 'menus,' and she can cook common dishes in the most delightful manner. Her methods of cooking potatoes alone are almost innumerable. For instance, she can take a pound of them that will boil or bake a potato intelligently. The baked potatoes are always gritty and the boiled potatoes soggy. Now Kitty washes and polishes and steam-pans, as somebody expresses it, her baked potatoes before she bakes them, and cuts the ends off so that they look like fruit. Her boiled potatoes are mealy and dry, and as to mashed potatoes they come to the table in a pyramid, with little cunning dimples all over them full of melted butter, and they are sweet and not a lump in them. Her scalloped potatoes are the envy of all our friends. If I go anywhere and see a new dish, and describe it to Kitty when I come home, and she studies it out, and it is often better than the original. Her bread, tea, biscuit and breakfast rolls are always good, and she excels in making fine coffee."

"And how much you pay this paragon of a hired girl?"

"Three and a half a week; does it seem small to you? Remember there are only three in the family and no children, and she does up-stairs work only once a week. She is very economical; buys something good and makes it last. She sent \$25 to her mother in Ireland for a Christmas present, and has just sent her an Easter offering of \$10 more, and has a good deal of her own money. I know one thing, Kitty will not be interfered with or scolded. She would leave a place in a moment if she failed to give satisfaction. Besides what I have told you she is a very careful about breaking and wasting, and thoroughly honest. She takes her own time to do her work, and I never hurry her. If a friend comes into dinner or tea I need only tell Kitty what I would like; it is all on the table at the moment—perfectly cooked and served."

"Do you not take any credit to yourself for her work?"

"Not for her capability; but I know that she requires fine treatment and a great deal of letting alone. She would

A Strange Story.

Strange stories have from time to time been related about jewels, rings and even watches, found in fishes when caught and opened, and subsequently returned to their owners. Whether these stories are true or not, I, of course, can not say, but I wish to relate a true story of the following, related by a clergyman, himself the hero of the story, to a wondering circle of listeners.

Though expectant of something strange as a finale, they were by no means prepared for the actual denouement.

"It was one summer twilight," said he, "standing on a rustic bridge which spanned a well known trout stream near my father's house, I won from a girl the promise to be my wife. She was something of a coquette, and I had a rival in the field; so to make the matter sure to myself, and evident to him and others, I drew from her hand a ring which she had offered to give me, and I transferred it to my own finger."

"Some weeks after she went away on a visit, and then my great consolation was to have the ring sent to me by a messenger which had been our trying place. Once, leaning over the railing and thinking of our betrothal, I took from my finger the treasured ring, and gazing fondly on the gem, I began to feel her mother's engraven words. In attempting to replace it, the golden oricel fell from my grasp and disappeared in the waters below."

"Only a lover under similar circumstances can imagine how I felt. Day and night I mourned, desolate, my lost treasure; and my great dread was her returning and finding the ring missing."

Yet strange to say, I had a singular presentiment or intuition that I should some day recover it—though by what means I had no idea.

"Not long after, fishing in the same stream, some distance below the bridge, I fell to thinking of my lost ring. If I could only fish it up, and then return it to her, my heart would be glad. I was a quiver, a tug, a pull and a struggle at my line, and after some play I drew out a fine large trout. At the sight of him the thought suddenly and unexpectedly came to my mind that the ring—my lost ring—was to be found within his body. I cannot account for the feeling, but I know that it was heightened into almost a conviction when, upon grasping the victim, I perceived a portion of his body a singular protuberance, and felt there beneath the skin something like a hard, foreign substance."

"I seized my large pocket clasp knife. Eagerness made me cruel—yet not more so than his had. I cut him open slowly and lingeringly. I cut off his head, and then, with trembling hands, I ripped open his body, and explored the suspicious protuberance. My knife struck something hard, and I had a feeling as if I had struck a hard, foreign substance."

"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, hanging 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.

"Poor little girl! It is too bad. I have hated like a coward—but I didn't think ought to have thought, for I'm the oldest by two months; only I've been 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 obituary.

"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 dreaming?"

It is no dream, and Belle Garland is a year in her pleasant position ere she 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 nobly that I could but give you a trial, and I am more than satisfied. Percy is now in college, making fine progress, and we are thoroughly ashamed of his old mischievous tricks."

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House Built of Cotton.

Of all substances apparently the least likely to be used in the construction of a fire-proof building, cotton would, perhaps, take the first rank, and paper the second, and yet both these materials are actually being employed for the purpose indicated, and their use will probably be extended. Compressed paper pulp is successfully used in the manufacture of doors, wall panelings, and for other similar purposes, and the same is the case with warping and cracking is obviated, while increased lightness is attained and the fear of a dry rot is forever banished.

Paper mache, after having served a useful purpose in an unobtrusive manner for years as a material for small trays, paper knives and other such light articles, has suddenly assumed a more important position in the industrial world.

A still more sudden and striking advance has been made in the employment of cotton as a building material. A preparation called celluloid, in which cotton is a leading ingredient, has been used lately as a substitute for ivory in the manufacture of such articles as billiard-balls and paper-cutters, and now a Canadian manufacturer has invented a process by which compressed cotton may be used, not only for doors and window-frames, but for the whole facade of large buildings. The enormous and increasing demand for paper for its legitimate uses as a printing and writing material prevents the extended use of the paper mache as a building material, for which it is so well adapted in many ways; but the production of cotton is practically unlimited, and there seems to be a large field available for its use in its new capacity as a substitute for bricks—or as plaster—and wood. Treated with certain chemicals and afterwards pressed, it can be made perfectly fire proof and as hard as stone, absolutely air and damp-proof; and a material is thus produced admirably adapted for the lining, internal or external, of buildings. Others of the shell may or may not be constructed of other material, while it easily lends itself to decorative purposes.

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 excellent complexion, clear and clean, no nose, 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 anglic; 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 humor, and with a keen appreciation of the finest things and purest things in art and in life. Least of all Victorian 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 serves 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. Princess Louise started in marriage at a young age, and her life has been a life of the most perfect domesticity. There was to be comfort as well as elegance in her establishment, but no ostentation. At Bideau Hill, her husband's office abode, she affects more taste. Louise entertains delightfully, though she is liable to forget mere feathers and frounces in company and becomes really absorbed in intelligent conversation with a select few of her guests.—From the Scotsman.

American Beauty in England.

Secure in the flawless armor of her innate purity, the American girl touches pitch and is not defiled. Her large-eyed gaze comprehends all things unobscured. She fears nothing and she knows nothing. In much that an English girl would describe as "fidelity," she detects a lack of sincerity and frankness; much that an English matron would commend as delicacy and ladylike feeling, she spurns as a want of proper spirit and independence. It is difficult to hit on any subject of conversation, even among those that are ordinarily reserved for the club or smoking-room, which, so far from disconcerting or discouraging, she is not able to approach independently by the light of her own reading or experience. And about all she says or does, there is a largeness, a buoyancy, a freedom from restraint, that freshens and clarifies, like a breeze from the sea. Men who, as a rule, can't "get on" in ladies' society are attracted to her and drawn out by her. Before she has long been admitted into the London drawing-room, even of the most exclusive order.

"Well, in the summer she got about ninety-five days, and in the winter something like a hundred," was the answer.

"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 blockades, and freshets, and accidents, I gain ten days and get a spring start."—Wall Street Daily News.

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SHORT BITS.

Repentance is accepted remorse. Never marry but for love, but see that thou lovest what is lovely. Resolved to see the world on its sunny side, and you have almost won the battle of life.

I have lived to know that the secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate. The greatest friend of truth is time; her greatest enemy is prejudice, and her constant companion is humility. The man whose soul is in his work finds his best reward in the work itself. The joy of achievement is vastly beyond the joy of reward.

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 we think of the many and widely differing relations of life we sustain and the consequent varied duties devolving upon us, we feel somewhat bewildered at the amount of knowledge of life, time is short, and our powers are limited, so we must be satisfied with thoroughness in one department and moderate proficiency in others.

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 congratulating ourselves, therefore, but deep regret should follow the discovery of faults and defects in other people, and if we have not enough sympathy in us to mourn on their account, we at least have sufficient reason, to regret our own behalf.

Nobody who has ever been active and useful enjoys the feeling of being laid on the shelf. Grandfather's step is uncertain, 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 heavy men not half his age. Grandmother does not wish to be consulted. It is her 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 heavy men not half his age. Grandmother does not wish to be consulted. It is her 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 heavy men not half his age.

The human will is one of the most remarkable of all the faculties of the mind. To be able to say "I will," and carry out the purpose conceived, even if it is not very important, is something grand. To conceive something noble and be able to say, "I will do it," comes very near to being divine. The amount of will power in persons is different. Some have an enormous amount of it, and it is almost impossible to repress them when they set out to do anything. Such persons never get discouraged, but push on steadily and conquer. Others have so little power of will that they are overcome by trifles, and faint away entirely when any great trial comes to them. A powerful will generally indicates a powerful constitution, though this is not always the case. It may be modified by experience and training; for a strong man with little of these may have little of will-force, and a weakly person with much training may have a tremendous will, if once aroused.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

Corn Pone is highly recommended as a Corn Pone dish. Take one heaping coffee-cup of boiled hominy, heat it and stir in a tablespoonful of butter, three eggs and nearly one pint of sweet milk; as much corn-meal may be added as will fill the pan. Bake in a hot oven until the pone is thick. This is like the hot corn pone for "