

LITTLE SEAMSTRESS.

Jenny Wilson was sitting sewing by the window of the little shabby parlor that looked out on the High street. It was a dull afternoon in November; the sky was covered with heavy, drab colored clouds; the last few yellow leaves were falling from the great elm in the market place, and there was a raw chill feeling in the air. Jenny was stitching away diligently. She had set herself a task to finish before tea time—a silk gown to mend and alter for the clergyman's wife, who was going to dine that evening at Reyhill place.

greater pleasure than listening to music all day and every day. Lady Violet had sung to him until she was hoarse, although her style of music was not according to his taste. She sang nothing but modern ballads and little French and Italian songs, and had attempted in vain to render classical music to his liking. Then it was that she had taken counsel of the organist who had recommended Jenny to her.

So Jenny sat at the piano and sang one song after another to him. Her repertory contained chiefly old ballads—such as "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair"—and solos from the oratorios. Mr. Feyne said very little, but sat in his dark corner with his eyes fixed on Jenny. It was only when Lady Eleanor said that she feared they were tiring Miss Wilson that he said in a low voice to Jenny: "Ah, I forgot that I was selfish; I could listen to you forever."

Lady Violet, who had come into the hall, rang the bell and asked the servant to show Miss Wilson to the housekeeper's room. "You will want something after all that singing," she said, kindly, "and I have told Mrs. Benson to have some supper ready for you."

"I cannot thank you enough," he said, gently; "you have so much reverence and religion in the tones of your voice, that one feels better for listening to you."

When she was gone the party criticised her singing. "It is a pity," said Mr. Reyhill, "that she doesn't learn something besides those old songs and sacred music. It's all very well of a Sunday evening to have sacred music, but one likes a little change of a week day."

BICYCLIST STEVENS IN MEXICO.

Hard Roads to Travel—in the Midst of a Dangerous Mob.

Starting from Canton on Oct. 13, I had expected to reach Kingking inside of twenty days; but calculations based on my experience in other countries failed me entirely in China. I found it a totally different country from any of the others I have traveled, both as regards roads, people, accommodation, and experience generally.

The first day out from Canton, after traveling, I should think, thirty miles, I found myself in a village about thirteen miles out. Neither are these pathways of that asphalt like smoothness for which an experienced cyclist naturally yearns, who sees the pleasant autumn weather gradually gliding past, and the distance ahead still great.

What is commonly called friendship even is only a little more honor among rogues.—Thoreau.

NEW YORK'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

Practical Knowledge the Central Idea of the Institution's Lesson.

CHANGELESS.

When from the woodland still and lone, Through the long summer night, Sad Plutone's impassioned tone? Thrills with love's deep delight; When, steep'd in talisman breath of June, The earth seems half divine, No change I in words or time, But sing, "Wilt thou be mine?"

Woman's Work in Early Times.

Prior to the American revolution every colonial farm house and every blacksmith's shop was a manufactory. For everything was literally manufactured; that is, made by hand.

Alma Tadema's Dwelling.

Mr. Alma Tadema, most versatile of artists, has added one more world to those he has already conquered.

Telephone Prophecy.

The prophet Isaiah, in the fewest possible words, describes the construction of railroads.

Change of Tactics.

It was one of the maxims of Napoleon that an army ought to change its system of tactics every ten years.

Sleep for the Nervous.

Every one should have eight hours sleep, and pale, thin, nervous persons require ten, which should be taken regularly in a well ventilated room.

The French President's Salary.

M. Grovy receives as president of the French republic a yearly salary of \$240,000, besides the following allowances: \$20,000 for heating and lighting, servants and washing, \$100,000 for his entertainments and journeys and \$25,000 for the maintenance of his game preserves.