#### ENDLESS RESOURCE.

New days are dear, and cannot be unloved, Though in deep grief we cower and cling to death; Who has not known, in living on, a breath Full of some gladness that life's rapture proved?

If I have felt that in this rainbow world The very best was but a preface given To tell of infinite greater tints in heaven, And, life or no, heaven yet would be unfurled,

I did belie the soul wide joys of earth, and feelings deep as lights that dwell in seas.
I an heaven itself outlove such depths as these

Live on! Life holds more than we dream of -Rose Hawthorne Lathrop in The Century.

#### AN EXCHANGE.

Everybody in New York who is anybody knows the wealthy, generous, hospitable and clever Mr. Obed Carbart and his charming family. They had lived many years in Lexington avenue, and I am glad to know that they are living there to this day. The Carbart mansion is as well known, as handsome in architecture and as grandly furnished as is the best house in Fifth avenue. Mrs. Carhart is known throughout the city for her liberal hospitality and her unstinted charity. They have had but one child, a daughter, a most accomplished girl, a cultivated musician, and a young lady of unexceptionable manners and bearing. If Miss Henrietta had a fault (if fault it can be called), it was a fondness for harmless mischief.

The Carbarts frequently give very delightful parties, chiefly of the musical sort, Miss Carhart being, as I have said, a competent musician. And it had happened that Mrs. Carhart had issued cards on Monday last for a musical soirce on the following Thursday. And among the invitations were one for my friend, Charles Crackles, and one for me. Crackles had been rather more intimate with the family than I was, and it is possible that my being favored with occasional invitations from the Carbarts was by reason of my being a very perfect performer on the triangle, and therefore, in some sort, a desirable addition to the ordinary musical

entertaiment. The Carharts, notwithstanding that they did not much care to be very intimate with the Bogey family, would not slight their neighbor, and when the cards were sent out for the Thursday a card of invitation was sent to Mr. Bogey. And thus it was that I come to narrate the mischievous work of our valued friend, Miss Henrietta, who thought it would be a matter of some amusement if she changed the invitations, sending to Mr. Bogey the one intended for Mr. Crackles and the one for myself (which was done by sending both invitations to the wrong numbers), and also sending one to Professor Tod, who had been invited by Mr. Bogey to hold forth on the temperance question on the same evening of the Carhart party, so that Crackies and I, when we went to No. 1156, would be going to the Carhart soirce, whereas we should be going to the temperance and total abstinence meeting. On the other hand, Professor Tod supposed that by going to the opposite house, at No. 1155, he would be going to address a large number of disciples on the absorbing subject of temperance, which was the hobby equally of Mr. Bogey and Professor Tod.

Accordingly, and as innocent as two "lambs of the first year," we went

served that carriages were every moment abstinence. dashing up to the door in quick succession, while there was scarcely any light about the premises at No. 1155. Strange! Still worse, however, and more discouraging, was the glance I got (as I entered the narrow hall) of the persons who were hanging about the staircase and the parlor doors. Valy, some of the guests had overcoats on, many of them that I saw had patronized the hairdresser. Very remarkable this! But we were there, and we went into the hall, and scarcely had Crackles and I entered before we were violently seized by four solemn, and I may add seedy, persons, headed by a man with a white cravat, who informed me that he was Mr. Bogey (I had never before laid eves on Mr. Bogey) and that this was the committee and that we were rather late. What this meant I could not possibly divine.

Crackles and I were hurried up stairs into a dingy room with one gas burner in it, where we were desired to leave our coats and hats. Another singular fact! The parlors below were evidently full of guests, but there were not any other coats or hats about the darkened room. We, however, laid aside our overcoats and hats, and it seemed very much to embarrass these worthy persons when they saw us in dress coats, embroidered shirt fronts and whate silk ties, and beheld us drawing on white kid gloves. I give you my word that some of them wore woolen gloves.

One of the committee here inquired of me how were all the folks at Mudham. I could not see any particular fun or wit in that question; but the gentleman, apparently meaning it as a joke, I smiled grimly and said: "That is good-very good, indeed-glad to know you, sir. Whereat the inquiring mind of that member of the committee seemed puzzled and even disturbed, and rather to shrink back into himself as a thing subdued.

Another member then asked if I was ready, to which I replied that I was. In this manner we entered the parlors. Horror of horrors! There were rows of benches and chairs at regular intervals, occupied by persons in the lowest condition of seediness. The ladies were bonnets and high dresses, and the gentlemen wore overcoats. Most remarkable musical soirce this! The rooms were dimly lighted, and the whole affair wore a most

dreary appearance. Solemnly up the center aisle I was marched at the head of a procession of the committee (Crackles, being alarmed, had remained at the parlor door), up to a little platform at the upper end of the goom, on which platform was a table, behind which were several chairs in a semicircular form, and on the table stood a pitcher of water and a tumbler. What in the name of common sense could be the meaning of this? There was not even a piano in the room. Queer musical party, certainly! Mr. Bogey motioned me to sit down. Always desirous of avoiding danger to my triangle, I drew it from my pocket and laid it on the table. Great applause followed this innocent action, placing a triangle on a table, but scarcely

the assembly rose and took a distant survey of the triangle. I then was required to mount the step of the little platform to get into a chair, when the whole meeting broke out in a fit of the most enthusiastic applause. I trembled. Always innecent and confiding. I had suffered myself to be led, in white kids and fine clothing, and with my bair carefully dressed, into the midst of a society of decidedly deranged persons. I rose to take a handkerchief from my pocket. The crowd again applauded, and I hastily sat down again.

"Our friends are giving you an enthusiastic welcome, sir," said Mr. Bogev. "Yes," said I, "thank you." And, devoted as I am to art, the heroic idea seized me to save my triangle. I re-moved it from the table, fresh applause following that movement, and I immediately dropped the instrument, upon which I heard a droll little man, leaning over to speak to a young lady in spectacles, whisper to her friend, "He will use that thing as an illustration; I have heard of his doing so. It is very interesting.

My listening was, however, interrupted by a question from Mr. Bogey. "Have you your notes with you? or perhaps you do not use notes?" I answered that I could not very well perform music, and especially the triangle, without notes, an answer which seemed terribly to puzzle Mr. Bogev; but that gentleman went on to say, consulting his watch, that it was late and was I ready to begin? or would I desire to take something before I began, and he pointed significantly to the pitcher

I, thinking to gain time, if nothing else, said: "Thank you, I would like to have a glass of sherry."

A shudder ran through every member of the committee. "A what, sir?" inquired Mr. Bogev.

"A glass of sherry," I replied innocently, "or claret, or brandy and water, whichever is nearest your hand." Great consternation appeared to arise among the crowd at my very ordinary remark. which, I could perceive, was being repeated from bench to bench,

"Brandy, sir," exclaimed Mr. Bogey. "Are you mocking us?" "Well," said I, "anything; I am not particular. You asked me to take something to drink, and I said wine or brandy, or a drop or two of old Bourbon-anything of that kind will do," Whereupon the lunatics began to hiss me, and one gentleman among the crowd called out that the man (meaning me) was a fool.

The people rose from their seats. The utmost confusion prevailed. The noise became threatening. Mr. Bogey got up and, in a very severe tone and with a terrible frown, addressed me personally, saying: "Your conduct demands explanation, Mr. Tod." "Tod yourself." said I, now positively angry. "Who is Tod? Here! Crackles! Where are you? What is all this about Tod?"

"Can't say," answered Crackles, and, guided by his voice, I saw him at the other end of the room and heard him declare that they did not appear to have so much as a "tod" in the whole establishment. "Why, can't you see, De Cordova, that this is a temperance meeting? We have evidently got into the wrong house." "Certainly," exclaimed Mr. Bogey, "you were, or, at least, Professor together in fuff dress to the Bogey resi- Hiram Tod, of Mudham, Conn., was to dence instead of to that of the Carbarts. | address this meeting here to-night on the | not even visit, and I do not know him at | As we alighted from the carriage I ob- | glorious subject of temperance and total

"A temperance meeting!" cried I. "Certainly, sir," replied Mr. Bogey. "Now, who are you, if you please? "Never mind who I am," I retorted, "I am not Tod." "No! no!" exclaimed a tall, thin and solemn man who had just come into the room and strode straight up to the platform with the air of a man who had a right to that place and took it. "I had not been shaved for ages and not one am," said the man, "Professor Tod, of Mudham, Conn., and what I have gone through this night nobody would scarcely believe.

Well, I need not say that neither Crackles nor I waited for any further explanation, but made our way to the street door with the utmost celerity, where I saw the Carbart mansion in a blaze of light, and, understanding now how matters stood, and that I had been undergoing torture through my having got into the wrong house, I crossed over the way, and Crackles and I spent the remainder of the evening with the intellectual Carbarts.

It appears that the trials through which Crackles and I had passed were as nothing in comparison with the martyrdom which that poor creature had undergone in the refined society of the Carbarts, through his having mistaken the house by reason of Miss Henrietta's humorous joke. Because nobody in that company knew him, everybody had assumed the privilege of staring at him. The servants, when they ushered him into the drawing room, sneered at him because he was not well dressed and had no white kid gloves on.

Never having been in New York before, and living as he did in the no doubt classic shades of Mudham, in Connecticut, he regarded much of what he saw, with reluctance, as proof of the eccentric manners of a strange people, whose de-generacy he deplored. He blushed when he beheld young ladies who wore very low dresses and did not blush. His color deepened when he saw elderly ladies, whose cheeks, which were pale by nature. had been deeply colored by art; and he trembled for his reason as he saw languid young men dressed to distraction, with their hair parted in the middle, lisp the most stupid and inane nonsense to young women, who not only seemed satisfied to endure it, but even appeared rather to

And this poor heathen, who had lived all his life in Mudham, wished himself back there with all his heart, as he remembered how plainly and simply temperance meetings were conducted in his native village, with cups of tea, a hymn or two and an address by Professor Tod. And he wondered what on earth all these musical preparations had to do with an earnest and soul stirring appeal not to drink wine or whisky. So there he sat in a corner, while Miss Henrietta performed a fantasia on the piano, and he wondered what all that merciless banging of the keys was about and why the young lady exerted herself to that terrible extent, and when the tune was to be begun, till his brain was bewildered. So when Miss Henrietta had finished and everybody had applauded the piano perform-

had I done so when everybody in | ance, he thought that now the cry to which he was so well accustomed at Mudham would immediately resound, and that the people would with one voice de-mand, "Tod! Tod!" And still wondering where he was to stand and speak, he began clearing his throat and settling his cravat, as some public speakers have the habit of doing.

Instead of calling for Tod, they, on the contrary, fell into groups with their backs turned to Tod, and disposed themselves to listen to a quartet, which Tod thought was by long odds the greatest private riot he had ever listened to. And amid the din of the music Tod heard Miss Henrietta say: "Oh, why is not Mr. Cordova here? The music only

wants his triangle to be perfect." "Perfect?" said Tod to himself. "How can all this nonsense advance the sacred cause of temperance?" But imagine the feelings of Professor Tod when that piece of music had been finished. Fancy, if you can, the borror of that good man when servants entered the room in a sort of procession, bearing ice cream. cake baskets, etc., laden with delicacies while another bore a waiter upon which were decanters containing wines and al such sinful beverages.

Thunderstricken by a sight so melan choly, the professor bore it all in silence until the servants stopped before himhim! the great apostle of total abstinence -with the water of liquid damnation and a lady inquiring of him, in a soft. insidious voice, if he preferred claret. champagne or liquor. Had he, then, been invited to New York only to be ridiculed and insulted? He rose, and, thrusting his hands into his waistceathis favorite attitude in his public addresses-he shouted rather than said: "Look not upon the cup when it is red." "Dear me!" said the lady, while everybody began to gather round the professor, 'you need not have red wine if you don't like it. Try Chablis or champagne."

"Avaunt!" said Tod, "I touch not the accursed thing. Ladies, why was I brought hither to perform my little part in the great movement now going forward, if I were not wanted."

"Oh!" cried a lady, "this must be Mr. Cordova all the while, and nobody has asked him to play." Upon which one gentleman looked up into Tod's face and propounded this timely and sensible inquiry:

"Haven't you brought your triangle,

"Oh! insult me, ladies. Shame on you! Is it a Christian act to bring me from my happy Mudham home, to find myself useless and contemned?"

"My goodness, my dear sir," said another, "we all want to hear you if you will have the kindness to begin, "I am quite ready, sir." said Mr. Tod, to which another exclaimed:

"All right, sir, we desire no better: where is your triangle?" "Shame on you," cried Professor Tod. addressing Mr. Carhart. "Are you the

master of this house?" "Why, of course I am," said Mr. Carhart in amazement, and evidently regarding me, represented as I was by Mr. Tod, as an outrageous maniac. "Why, of course I am."

"Well, then," exclaimed Tod, drawing himself up, "then let me tell you, Mr.

"He is mad," shouted Mr. Carhart. "Mr. Bogey lives over the way. We do all. Are you Mr. Cordova, the great amateur performer on the triangle, or who the devil are you?"

"Triangle again?" cried Tod. "Sir, I am Professor Tod. of Mudham, of whom you have no doubt rend (if you take The Mudbam Register or The Chickenborough Paliadium) as a temperance lecturer of some little fame, I believe, and I received an invitation from you, or rather, as it appears, from Mr. Bogey.

"Oh! I will take the good gentleman over the way," said Mr. Carbart, and he did so; and Tod slept at Mr. Bogey's that night, vowing that never again would be be tempted to visit what be called "that sink of iniquity," New York. -- R. J. De Cordova in New York Star.

Record of the Messenger Boy.

A man sends me a suggestion from the District Telegraph company. He wants the company to keep people who send boys out advised of their progress. For instance, they might have blanks ready to fill up and send them to the expectant customer, say, every fifteen minutes.

By telegraphic advices from corner of Kearney and Market the boy is buying a story paper, and will at once proceed on his way with your message.

Fifteen minutes later: "Corner Dupont and Geary. Your messenger has reached here safely, and is waiting for a car to pass." Fifteen minutes later: "Union square.

Your messenger has already reached fifteenth chapter of his story. He has only twenty-two more to finish." "Your messenger has reached Mason and Geary, and will proceed as soon as

he has smoked his cigarette." 'Your messenger has reached his destination. Will be back to-morrow."-San

Francisco Chronicle.

A Curious Indian Horn.

There is among the musical instruments in the National museum one which the visitor invariably pronounces a horn. and yet it is never blown. It is the nyas taranga of India. The small end is placed against the throat of the performer so that it rests upon the vocal cords. Then as the performer draws a breath he produces upon the nyas taranga a clear reed like note. This curious instrument can be placed against the cheeks or the nostrils and airs can be rendered. The Hindoo musicians are proficient in the use of the upanga, as it was called in ancient times, but nowhere else in the world is it played .--Washington Cor. Globe-Democrat.

The Finest Thread. The nettle is among the substances which science has put to use during the past few years. This weed is even being cultivated in Germany, its fibre having proven valuable for a variety of textile fabrics. In Dresden a thread is produced from it so fine that a length of sixty miles weighs only two and a half pounds. -Arkansaw Traveler.

How cunningly nature hides every wrinkle of her inconceivable antiquity under roses and violets and morning dew!-Emerson.

A Lesson for Mothers.

He was cautioned not to touch the preserves, but just so soon as his mother turned her back he was at them. Returning, she saw the half empty bottle. Calling Willie and desiring to make her rebuke particularly impressive she asked:

"Now, Will, if you had a little boy and he disobeyed you about preserves, what would you do to him!" "What would I do! Why, I'd say: 'Billy,

catch you at them again I'll wring your What could she do!-Philadelphia Times.

you can go and finish that bottle, but if I



Friend of Janitor-And why don't you make the little scamps quit sliding down the

Janitor-Not for the world would I stop them. They save me the trouble of polishing the brass railing .- Texas Siftings.

A Discriminating Shot.

The following is told of a couple of western sportsmen. Their names were Hoffman and Cowan, and both were excellent shots, and not a little given to boasting of their skill. One day they went on a deer hunting expedition, and, after getting into the woods where they expected to find deer, they separated. Shortly after Hoffman heard Cowan's gun fired off, when he immediately went over to the spot where he heard the shot, expecting to be obliged to help Cowan to hang up a deer. He found Cowan very busy loading his gun, and shouted out:

"Hallo, Cowan! What did you shoot at just now? "None o' your business! Go along over the

Surprised at this short and crusty answer,

Hoffman looked around and discovered a calf. among the bushes. Again he cried out:

"I say, Cowan, did you shoot at that calf?" "Yes, I did; but it's none of your business!" "Why, what made you shoot at it?"

"I took it for a deer." "Well, did you bit it?"

"No: I missed it."

"How did you miss it?"

"I wasn't quite sure that it wasn't a calf." "You are a pretty sportsman," rejoined Hoffman, "to shoot at a calf for a deer, and miss it at that!"

"Don't make a fool of yourself," replied Cowan. "I shot at it just so as to hit it if it was a deer and miss it if it was a calf!"-New York Ledger.

A Word of Caution.

He had carried my satchel down to the depot from the hotel at Birmingham, Ala., and, still carrying it in his hand, he strolled about and got in the way of a baggage truck being pushed by another colored man. The latter came to a stop and indignantly de-

"Yo' pusson, dar-what yo' doin!" "Who's a pusson, sah?"

"Yo' is!"

"Be a leetle keerful, sah! I hain't dun used to bein' 'dressed in dat sort o' way!" "Shoo! Do yo' know who I is?" 'An' do yo' know who I is?"

"I represents de baggage department of dis yere railroad, sah!

rich 'nuff to hev any baggage to travel wid, sant Boyl doan' yo' go an' make any mistake! If yo' do dar'll be a mighty skeercity o' baggage in yo' baggage department!"-New York Sun.

The Way We Do It.

Lawyer-Have you any opinions regarding the guilt or innocence of the defendant? Possible Juryman-No, sir. Lawyer-What have you read about this

P. J .- Ain't read nawthin' about it, Lawyer-Remember, you are on your oath. Do you mean to tell me that you haven't read anything at all about a case so celebrated as this one? P. J.-No, I ain't read nawthin' about it.

I can't read. Lawyer-Oh, I beg your pardon. You are accepted.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

He Couldn't Say.

"Who's running this hotel, anyhow?" asked a landlord of a traveling man, who wasn't disposed to accept the situation as meekly as he might have done.

"Who's running this hotel?" "That's what I said." "Well, I can't say. I haven't made up my mind yet whether it's the cockronches or the nocturnal insects that make sleep nothing but a fantastic dream of hope. You'll have to figure it out for yourself."—Merchant Trav-

Didn't Size Them Up. Practical Joker tto clerk in music store)-

Have you note paper? Clerk-We keep only sheet music. P. J.-Well, isn't sheet music note paper? Clerk-How much will you take? P. J.—One sheet.

Clerk-Can't accommodate you. We sel it only in choir lots. - Detroit Journal,

Somewhat Ancient.

Jack Rapid (behind the scenes examining coin suspended from the bracelet of the prenaiere danseusei-Why, what a rare coin. Stamped with the old Roman effigy too. Where did you get it?

Rival Coryphee (in an audible whisper)-She got it from Julius Casar for a birthday gift.-Philadelphia Press,

A Test of Marksmanship. First Man-How far off can you hit a spit toonf Second Man-With a gun! As far as I can

First Man-No; with tobacco spit. Second Man-Well, not quite so far .-Lowell Citizen. The Trouble Was in the Ice.

Waiter-Beg pardon, sir, it's fresh off the Indignant Guest-Then the ice is stale. Get fresher ice. - Texas Siftings.

Indignant Guest - Waiter, this steak is not

All Right, Nevertheless. Marie-Did the marriage ceremony come off all right? Louise-Yes; still it can't be said that there

wasn't a hitch in the proceedings. - Maunit's Weekly.

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