

FULFILMENT. Desires that human minds retain Are not in vain; The flowers that droop in Winters cold Will bloom again.

MARK.

Happy Rhoda Townsend was so interested in her school, her music-lessons, and her play, that for a long while she did not notice what a cloud was gathering over her home.

Poor little Rhoda listened with grief and terror. Then she remembered how her father had looked of late, and how often she had seen her mother sad and tearful.

She waited till he was gone, then ran and threw herself on her mother's neck. "I didn't mean to," she said, "but I couldn't help hearing something! Oh, mother, is it true? Must we lose this house and everything? Shall we be very poor?"

Mr. Ringdon was, as the boy had said, a fond and indulgent father; and, feeling that his son had something to say to him, he presently put aside his paper, and glanced up smilingly over his glasses.

"What is it, Mark?" he asked. The boy looked red and embarrassed. But there was a respectful earnestness in his fine face, as he replied— "I heard something to-day, father, which I want to ask you about."

Mr. Townsend began business again, and worked hard to support and educate his family. But circumstances seemed always to be against him. He couldn't get ahead. He continued the struggle manfully for a few years, then lost health and hope and died a poor man.

But since the change in their fortunes, Rhoda had proved herself "a glorious girl," as everybody said who knew them. She had given up the luxuries of life, and the pleasures of society, to devote herself to the family.

Rhoda was now in her twentieth year, and a wise little head she had for a girl of her age. She had thought the matter all over.

"Oh, dear, no, mother! We can pinch a great deal more." And Rhoda gave a little laugh. "Why do you think we can?" asked her mother.

Another class of illusionists consists of the dear old croakers who are always complaining of the degeneracy of the times. In that good old-fashioned time they continually talk about people spent half an hour trying to light the fire on a cold winter morning, and often did not succeed.

Perhaps, on reflection, she was quite willing that he should see the poverty to which they had been reduced.

"I needn't explain! I always had faith in you. Please don't allude to what's past any more!" But I must! Mark exclaimed.

joy. "It is Mark! the same Mark I used to know, and had such faith in!" The poor widow looked bewildered.

Some Streaks of Moonshine. The Rev. Dr. Willits, of Louisville, Ky., has been lecturing on the illusions of moonshine, in which he tells some truths and gets off some anecdotes.

The Dying Tramp. "I'll tell you what I'd like to see," remarked a Chicago, Burlington and Quincy conductor, "and that is all the professional tramps in this country tied down to the rails right in front of the fast mail."

Kamschatka. Kamschatka seems to be losing its native population even more rapidly than are the Sandwich Islands losing theirs.

Honey-Dew Hay in Nevada. Some time since we published an item to the effect that a Reno farmer had a peculiar kind of grass which was so full of honey that it clogged the knives when being cut, and that cattle was very fond of it.

"WHEN THE CORN'S A-TALKIN'" Gentle owtum, gentle owtum Y'er a hummer, hain't ye now! With yer peep on like the nation, Lookin' sprouts as all creation, With yer dabs of red an' yellor, Like the punkins ripes an' meller, Stickin' fast ter bush an' bough.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS Patch-work—Hoing. Right-about face—the hair. The song of the mosquito is "Hum, Sweet Hum!"—Life.

Robbing the males—The girls who steal men's hearts.—New York Journal. "How shall I sleep?" asks a correspondent. "Try to stay awake to catch some train.—Milton News.

The young Wall-street business man has written a four-act melodrama, founded on incidents in the recent financial panic. We have not seen it, but it probably runs about this way: First scene, Wall street; second scene, detective's office; third scene, railway depot; subsequent scenes, palatial mansion in Canada.—Philadelphia Dispatch.

"I will wake and sing till the morning star Shall glow in the Eastern sky"—But he didn't; the dog woke up just then. And smote him hip and thigh.—Louisville Courier Journal.

The Cutlej, a large river in British India, with a descent of 12,000 feet in 180 miles, or about sixty-seven feet per mile, is the fastest flowing river in the world.