The Appointed Part. By thine own soul's law learn to live, And if men thwart thee take no heed, And if men hate thee have no care; Sing thou a song and do thy deed. Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer, And claim no crown they will not give, Nor bays they grudge thee for thy hair.

Keep thou thy soul-sworn steadfast oath And to the heart be true the hear: ; What thy soul teaches learn to know, And play out thine appointed part; And thou shall reap as thou shall sow; Nor helped nor hindered in thy growth, To thy full stature thou shalt grow.

Fix on the future's goal thy face, Nor let thy feet be jured to stray Now hither, but be swift to run, And nowhere tarry by the way, Until at last the end is won. And thou may'st look back from thy place

And see thy long day's journey done.

## CYNTHIA'S MISTAKE.

'It's such a lonesome place here," said Cynthia Copley, dolefully.

"Good creation!" retorted Uncle Phineas (for shortness known as "Fin"), "what did you expect? I told you, didn't I, that it was out on the shores of Lake Umbagog, without a house for two miles around?"

"Oh, yes, I know," said Cynthia, with a little shudder, "but I didn't know about the bald eagles screaming, and the horrid mooses with their big horns, and the lap-lap of the water on the shore! I declare, sometimes it seems as if I should go mad in this horrible solitude!"

"You'll get used to it arter awhile," said Uncle Fin, who was cleaning his gun-barrel with a piece of one of his old shirts. "I did!"

"But you aren't a woman, Uncle Fin."

"I declare to goodness, I never thought of that!" said the old man, with a chuckle. "It is pretty rough on a woman to have nobody to talk to -now, isn't it? Wal, if you'll get into the boat arter supper, I'll take you over to see Indian Oscelita. It's only three miles round the point, and she'll show you how to stuff birds, and do fancywork with their quills, and play on the mandolin, and all that sort of thing. She's a right smart gal, Oscelita is, and pretty in the burgain. She's Pilot John's darter, and her mother was the handsomest Indian woman hereabout."

"Thank you!" said Miss Cynthia drawing herself up, "but I am not yet reduced so low as to seek the association of an Indian squaw."

"Oh, go along!" said good-natured Uncle Fin. "Ossy ain't that, Her mother was as white as most white women, and her father is a fine-lookin' old chap yet. He was a Maine lumberman, till he took to runnin' the little steamer through the lakes. I just wish you could see the pretty little cabin they live in, all covered with morningglories."

"I have no desire to see it," said Cynthia, pursing up her thin lips.

"Ossy is comin' round here some day to visit you, she says," hazarded Uncle

"She may as well save herself the trouble," observed Miss Copley.

"Oh-h-h!" said Uncle Fin, with a prolonged whistle. "You're too genteel to scrape spoons with Indian Oscelita, eh? Well, I do declare there ain't no findin' out the ways of women!"

And he laughed at intervals all the ning and chuckled between whiles,

set of croquet and an outfit of lawnbotanical cases, and the last new novels, and came to Lake Umbagog.

herself, dreaming vague visions of returning home with a hat trimmed with orange-blossoms, and an Apollo-visaged young man in her train.

But, alas, she had been a month at Pine Point, and not a soul had come near the place, except two or three leather-faced old hunters, a crooked beldam, gathering herbs and simples and two showmen, in search of a fine specimen moose for their collection.

Was it any wonder that the demon homesickness took possession of her

Uncle Fin, on his part, had not been entirely without the pangs of disappointment. Cynthia was not much company for him after all. She could not cook half so well as he could; she mended his stockings so bunglingly that they hurt his feet; and she forgot to make his bed every other day on an

"Ah, well!" he consoled himself; "I s'pose all wemen are alike. Indian Oscelita ain't cut arter that pattern, though. I'm level sure of that!"

Oscelita Dean came one day, on her father's steamer, to the little dock, with an offering of freshly-gathered blueberries, radiantly-spotted birds' eggs, and a fan of eagle plumes made by her own hands.

"Ah, thanks!" said Cynthia, tossing her head. "I don't care for birds' egg collections. We've plenty of blueberries here. What do you ask for the eagle fan?"

Oscelita colored a little.

"I meant it for a present," said she. Will you accept it?"

"I couldnt think of such a thing," said Cynthia, primly. "I never receive presents."

"Then I shall leave it for Mr. Copley," said Oscelita, smiling, as she hung it over the old hunter's big chair. "He will like it, I know."

Cynthia looked quickly around. Was it possible that Oscelita was manouvring to entrap Uncle Fin for a husband? He would be quite fool enough to fall into the trap.

"You can do as you please about that," said she, knitting with all her

"Your are very lonely here," said Oscelita, in her soft, flute-like voice.

"It's the dismalest place I ever came across in my life," said Cynthia, pettishly.

"It doesn't seem so to me," said Oscelita. "In my eyes it is home."

"Tastes differ," said Cynthia, with a well-emphasized sniff.

But, as she sat there, she could see that Oscelita was tall and slender, with a complexion of the richest olive; dark, liquid eyes, and hair like jet silk. And, all in a second, she felt how elderly, and sallow, and plain she Sydford, with his face fairly radiant. herself was!

But she was Doctor Copley's daughter, and Oscelita, after all, was nothing but the waif and stray of these wildernesses.

see you this long time," said Oscelita in her low, mild tone.

"Much obliged, I am sure," said Cynthia. "But I have resources within myself which preclude loneliness."

"Is there nothing I can do for you?" persisted Ocselita, thinking of the little boat wherewith she was wont to row out, in the pink sunrise, after waterlillies; of the hidden wood-nooks; the lovely little brooks, whither no one could conduct the stranger but herself.

"Thank you!" once more retorted Cynthia. "I don't know of anything -unless, indeed, you could come and scrub a half day for me every week. I should be willing to pay a half a dollar, if--"

Indian Oscelita rose quietly up. "I think you are mistaken," said she, "I am not-a menial. Good-by, Miss

Conley. And Cynthia watched her unfasten the boat and glide away on the spark-

ling floor of the lake, with slow, grace-"I don't think she will come again," said Cynthia, hugging herself. "The

idea of an Indian girl expecting to be

noticed by me!" It was about this time that Captain Sydford came to the Point, fishingone of the real, live tourists for whom Miss Cynthia's soul had so longed-and the San Francisco market that it sold

And now began the real course of tennis, some shelving boards and life. Miss Cynthia took her guitar, screwed up its strings, and practiced so desperately that not a bald eagle re-"Of course there are plenty of tour- mained within ear-shot of the Point. ists there, she thought, exultantly, to She persecuted Uncle Fin into grubbing up stumps innumerable, and leveling down the ground for a tennis course; and she unpacked the nets and balls. She placed her water-colored sketches around in the most conspicuous places, and posed at sunset, with her easel and brushes, just where Captain Sydford would be most likely to see her when he alighted from the boat at supper time.

"She's a queer old customer," said the captain to himself. "If she will perch herself in those exposed spots, some high wind will blow her into the lake some day."

"A nephew of Sir Simon Sydford, of Ottawa?" said Cynthia, almost in a scream. "Good gracious me, Uncle Fin, why didn't you say so before?"

"Didn't think of it," said Uncle Fin. Bless your heart, we get all sorts of folks this a-way. Lord Dufferin himself came down here and stayed all night at Peter Piffin's, the guide's hut. And we had a bank burglar at Eagle Bay for a week."

And straightway Miss Cynthia Copley laid the foundations for an aircastle whose pinnacles rose to the very clouds. She cooked the daintiest dishes in her repertoire-she played the guitar of moonlight nights, and talked general literature to poor Captain Sydford, until he fell asleep more than once, with his chair tipped back against the side of the little porch and snored audibly.

"I think it is making some impression upon him," she mused. "He looked at me twice yesterday just as if he were going to say something. If he would only propose definitely, all would be well!"

And that very evening, Captain Algernon Sydford broke the spell of silence, spurred on thereto by Miss Copley's broad hints.

"I suppose you'll think me a giddy young creature, captain," giggled she, but--'

"I assure you that I don't think anything of the sort," said Captain Sydford, with emphasis. "But one can't help one's thoughts,"

went on Cynthia, "and I have been wondering so much why you never

"Oh, that's all going to be set right now," said the captain. "Gracious me!" fluttered Miss

Cynthia." "I mean to take a wife back with me to Ottawa," went on Captain Sydford, with unaccustomed frankness. "To tell the truth, Miss Copley, I have lost my heart in this pine wilderness."

"Do you really mean it?" murmured Miss Copley, with a little gasp.

"Of course I mean it," said Captain

"Then there can be no harm in confessing that-that I've loved you from the very first moment that I set eyes on you," gurgled Miss Cynthia, throwing herself in Captain Sydford's arms, "I have been wishing to come and in as close an imitation as possible of a tragic actress whom she had once seen in Boston. "Oh, dearest Algernon, I am s-s-so happy!"

But Captain Sydford rose up with exceeding prom: tness and deposited her carefully on the calico-draped lounge, as if she were a brown-paper parcel.

"My dear Miss Copley," said he, "you are entirely mistaken. It isn't you I mean at all. I am engaged to Miss Oscelita Dean. We are to be married to-morrow. I think she will be too happy to have you witness the cere-

mony, if you care to come." But Miss Cynthia had run, sobbing and shrieking, out of the room.

She went back to the state of Rhode combination of circumstances, she traveled on the same train which carried Mr. and Mrs. Captain Sydford to Boston; the captain exultantly happy, Oscelita sweet and shy as a wild-flower-

And ever after she spoke of Lake Umbagog as a wildernes, and its inhabitants as half-civilized aborigines. While throughout all the vicinity of Weldon Falls there reigns a general impression that Miss Cynthia Copley has met with a disappointment.-Helen Forrest Graves.

Venison was formerly so plenty in hired a room in Uncle Fin Copley's for 3 to 6 cents per pound; now it costs from 10 to 15 cents.

· Owls.

Owls were never an epecurean feast but Southey once had an owl roasted for dinner, for himself and Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth; I give the sequel in his own words:

"We agreed there could be no pretext for making owls game and killing them as delicacies; but if ever you eat one, above all means try it boiled, with onion sauce."

An omelet made of owl's eggs is said to be a good cure for drunkenness.

At one time the workmen on the Washington Monument were a good deal annoyed to find that a plumb line that reached from the top to the botan owl had taken up its abode in a part of the shaft that afforded a shelter, and in passing in and o t it had disturbed the line.

Georgia conference meeting, intent in securing a rat who had run into the room to escape so persistent an enemy. Dazed by the light he sailed around a \*front of the speaker. It is hardly necessary to say what was the next move; but the presence of the owl may have called to the preacher's mind the presence of Isaiah, who when he foretold the desolation of Babylon, declared that the house should be full of doleful creatures, and that owls should dwell

An owl once seriously disturbed the mourners at a funeral at Beechwood Ontario. With tender care they had placed the remains in a tomb, and were turning away sorrowing, when they heard a moan that seemed to come from the coffin. Hurriedly they broke the casket open, only to find all quiet within, and then it was discovered that the noise they had heard came from owls at the far end of the vault. Dodsley thought it worth his wnile to write an ode on the death of an owl, and Broomfield made the bird the subject of his muse. Many persons believe that an owl will keep his eyes so intently fixed on a person walking around him as to wring his own neck off, and it was not until some quickeyed observer discovered that when the owl had turned his head half round, he whisked it back through the whole circle with the rapidity of lightning, and faced again the person who was experimenting on him .- Providence Journal.

## Curious Facts About Words.

Marsh tells us that the number of English words not yet obsolete, but one hundred. A large portion of these celebrated English and American orators have been able, upon occasions, to this vast array of words, although they habitually content themselves with a much less imposing display of verbal force. Few writers of speakers use as many as ten thousand words; ordinary persons of fair intelligence not above three or four thousand. If a scholar were to be required to name, without examination, the authors whose English vocabulary was the largest, he would probably specify the all-embracing Shakespeare and the all-knowing Milton; and yet, in all the works of the great dramatist there occur not more than fifteen thousand words, in the poems of Milton not above eight thousand. The Old Testament uses but 5,642 words. The whole number of Egyptian hieroglyphic symbols does Island the next week, and by a strange not exceed eight hundred, and the entire Italian operatic vocabulary is said to be scarcely more extensive.

## A Railroad Disaster.

Dumley was telling, how narrowly he escaped from being run over by a railroad disaster. "Why," he went on, "it fairly took my breath away."

"Did you say the train had two engines?" asked young Featherly, very much interested.

"Certainly not; I said nothing about two engines."

"Well," responded young Featherly, "I don't see how a train with one engine could take your breath away."-Philadelphia Call.

## A CRANK ON THE THRONE.

Eccentricities of the King of Bavaria.

Hiding From His Subjects and Indulging in Queer Antics.

Multifarious are the anecdotes-

fables, some of them, I really believe-

told of the king. He is a misogynist,

a hater of court ceremonials, yet with-

al a man who stands upon his dignity;

a passionate lover of mountain scen-

ery, and a great stickler for the anato-

my of Bavaria. He will not have it

Prussianized at any price. His favorite seat is a hunting-lodge up in the tom of the shaft was frequently med- mountains. It is said that he sleeps dled with. At last it was found that in a large, lofty room, with the ceiling painted to represent the firmament, and a practicable moon shedding a mellow light from one quarter of the artificial heavens. The perspective is An owl was once beguiled into a managed so as to give the illusion of spaciousness, and through the distant trees cut out on the canvas, as he reclines may be heard the plash of falling waters. Their lullaby hushes him few times and alighted upon the bald to sleep. Sometimes his majesty rises head of an old man who sat directly in in the night, has a black steed saddled, and dashes off at whirlwind speed up and down the hill roads-which are well kept for that reason-like a phantom horseman pursued by some relentless decree of the supernatural powers. The finest stud in Bavaria is to be found in his stables, but the cattle are cast soon and often; they are thoroughly worn out and broken down after a very few years in the royal service. He plays practical jokes on his retinue sometimes. It is related of him that a minister arrived in hot haste once to crave an audience on important business of state. The king was out hunting the chamois, but by some chance the minister succeeded in catching the party. Ludwig preceded him to a gamekeeper's hut, where he sometimes used to unch, and went in, telling him to attend him. The minister waited one hour, two hours, and at last, losing patience, and fearing that his royal master had been attacked by some sudden illness, forced in the door. No king was there. He had made his exit by a window at the back, and was away on the high hills in pursuit of the game. In the capital his majesty often commands an opera--generally one by Wagner, for whom he has as strange a prediction as a predecessor on the throne had for Lola Montez, and this opera is produced in the middle of the day. The theater is darkened, and no one is admitted to the auditorium but himself. If he is pleased he sends the prima donna, not a bracelet nor a ring, but a bouquet of flowers plucked by his own found in good authors, or in approved hands. He once had "Lohengrin" enusage by correct speakers, including acted on the Starnberger See, the borthe nomenclature of science and the ders of the Lake having been illuminaarts, does not probably fall short of ted at his expense. When the war with France broke out he was dis words, however, do not enter into the pleased, but dared not attempt to stem living speech, the common language the tide of universal German teeling. of daily and hourly thought. Some However, he declined to go to the front, and withdrew himself to his beloved solitudes while the stirring summon at their command one-half of events which led to the building of the German empire were thrilling the world with excitement. At the close of the duel of Titans, the crown prince of Germany came to Munich to pass the victorious Bavarians in gala review. The king fled again to the mountains. He knew the popular commander would receive an enthusiastic greeting, and he did not choose to play second fiddle in his own capital to any domestic foreigner. He takes a deep interest in the "Passion Play," and when Josef Meyer was drafted into a fighting contingent, he gave strict orders that he should be detained at Munich and employed as a clerk in the war office. The village of the Mystery lost its own share in that conflict which brought mourning to so many humble firesides in the fatherland, and of the actual performers two or three who had speaking parts in 1870 were killed in the field or succumbed to their wounds.-Tinsley's Magazine.

Made Up.

"No, George; my mind is made up," said Miss Fussanfeather to her fiancee, young Crimsonbeak, when that gentleman was trying to persuade her to gosomewhere against her will.

"Is it," replied he, rather tartly.

"Yes, it is," was her firm reply. "Well, it isn't the only thing that's made up about you," said the blooming blood, brushing the powder from the lapel of his coat, and reaching for his bat.—Statesman.