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## If We Would.

If we would but check the speaker  
 When he tells a neighbor's fame,  
 If we would but help the erring  
 Ere we utter words of blame;  
 If we would, how many might we  
 Turn from paths of sin and shame.

Ab! the wrongs that might be righted  
 If we would but see the way!  
 Ah, the pains that might be lightened,  
 Every hour and every day,  
 If we would but hear the pleadings  
 Of the hearts that go astray.

Let us step outside the stronghold  
 Of our selfishness and pride;  
 Let us lift our fainting brothers,  
 For we strengthen ere we chide;  
 Let us, ere we blame the fallen,  
 Hold a light to cheer and guide.

Ah, how blessed—ah, how blessed  
 Earth would be if we but try  
 Thus to aid and comfort the weaker,  
 Thus to cheer from brother's sigh;  
 Thus to walk in duty's pathway  
 To our better life on high.

In each life, however lowly,  
 There are needs of mighty good;  
 Still, we shrink from souls appealing  
 With a "tind," "If we could."  
 But God who judges all things,  
 Knows the truth is, "If we would."

## THAT VOICE!

A day in June, 1903, and one of the loveliest summer days the world ever beheld—a cloudless sky, golden-bright sunshine, soft fragrant air, joyously sweet songs of birds, faint musical murmurs of brooks and plashings of fountains, delicately green grass, lingering violets, and budding roses.

In the lawn, in the center of the elegant mansion of Leon Fishback, Esq., a party of young people are playing "Follow-follow-me"—a game somewhat resembling (so their mothers and grandmothers tell them) an old game called "moss in a row," played a quarter of a century, or more ago, only in "Follow-follow" the players, instead of beckoning to each other, beckon to a group of metallic balls, around which they stand in a circle, and he or she who proves to have most magnetic force the ball follow with the feet, and the remainder of the players rush as wildly in their efforts to secure the place left vacant by the flying one.

At this moment the balls are rolling pell-mell, helter-skelter, knocking against each other with a peculiar rattling sound, after a fashion that is a little amusing, "those little feet, clad in slippers all gleaming with silver and gold, flash in the sunshine beneath her blue satin Turkish trousers as she springs lightly over the greenward amid the expertly rattling laughter—no one shouts loudly in this refined twentieth century—of her merry companions.

In the back garden, on a green clover-sweet grass plot, stands a broad, deep basket of newly washed, snowy white linen, and a large bucket of water, planted firmly in the middle of the plot, is industriously raising and lowering its wooden arms, grasping the various pieces in its wonderfully constructed hands, and hanging them upon the stout no-rotches-pins line, which is slowly revolving around it, and to which they adhere without further trouble.

In the dairy the rose-cheeked dairymaid is reading a love poem while the automatic milker is milking the beautiful white cow that stands just outside the door; in the kitchen the cook is idly roasting to and fro in a low rocking-chair, watching the "magic rolling-pin" roll out the paste for her pies, ready to stop its pendulum-like movement the moment the crust is smooth and thin enough; and a small servant-boy, with his hands in his pockets, lounges against the wall in one corner near a tall stool, whistling softly to himself as he waits until the pair of shoes the electric blacking-brush is polishing thereon attain the proper degree of brilliancy and mirror-like finish.

The scene is a peaceful one, the domain of Leon Fishback, Esq., and Leon Fishback himself is a tall, handsome, energetic, positive man of one-and-thirty—a bachelor, who gives a home to his widowed sister and her four half-orphaned children, and in return is taken care of by her, with the assistance of the old housekeeper, to tell the truth, with great deal of assistance from the old housekeeper—as well as any brother was taken care of by any sister.

Still, people, as people will—especially people with grown-up single daughters—wonder that he has never married. It was not for want of opportunity, had he done so—oh, no indeed!—for a dozen lovely girls, half a dozen more or less charming widows, and several ladies of better class, had, since his coming into the property of his uncle and godfather Leon Fishback, Esq., (who was, in a solid gold casket stored in a sort of shrine, made of a hundred rare woods, in the south drawing room), intimated to him, in every way that the shrinking sensitiveness of womanhood would allow, their perfect willingness—nay, anxiety—to assume the role of mistress of the Fishback mansion.

But Leon had walked calmly among them, dispensing hospitality, kind words, and gracious smiles with the strictest impartiality, distinguishing none by the slightest preference, until a few weeks before his marriage, when his young guests merrily called, "Follow-follow-me" to their highly polished admirers on the closely shaven lawn.

Then came to visit his sister an old school friend, Laura Beardsley by name, who had been residing in a far distant State, but with whom the sister had kept up a warm correspondence ever since they parted at the college door the day on which she was publicly hailed with loud acclamations as "Mistress of Arden."

Mrs. Beardsley is a lovely woman of eight-and-twenty summers, looking at least five summers less, with an exceptionally sweet voice, an exceptionally bright smile, an exceptionally graceful figure, and an exceptionally winning ways. And to this bewitching woman has Leon Fishback, the hitherto apparently unimpressible bachelor, devoted when his little hand in his and bade her welcome

to his home. And it is by her side he loiters, untempted by the merriest without, in the deep, pleasant, vine-covered bay-window of the library as the fair-haired girl comes flying across the garden, pursued by the tinkling balls.

Laura starts from her seat with a blush, and, leaning from the window, exclaims, "Coax them away, Bella, dear. They are dancing on the flower bed." And as she speaks she slowly descends the stairs in the opposite direction, and looks back her pretty head, and looking at her companion, says, "How much Bella is like her sister Teresa—that is, when Teresa was only sixteen!"

"Why, don't you remember?" says the lady.

"I do not," replies Mr. Fishback, with emphasis.

Miss Laura makes two interrogation points, and, with a better of it, closes her eyes firmly, and turns to the window again as the Follow-follow-me era stop playing and gather in a group, with their eyes fixed upon a small aerial car, gayly decorated with flags, which is gently swaying between the windmill and the slowly descending toward the lawn. In a few moments it touches the ground, and a handsome young man leaps out, and is greeted with many exclamations of pleasure and surprise.

"Your brother Reginald," says Miss Beardsley, "so soon returned from London? Why, he only started a few days ago."

"Yes; flying ship American Eagle—fastest of the Air Line. I heard of her arrival just after breakfast this morning, when it was scouted by the telephone at the station below."

"Thirty miles away!"

"Oh! that's nothing. We expect to be able to hear news from a hundred miles away before many years are past."

"May I not be in the immediate vicinity when that news is shouted!"

The lady, with an involuntary movement of her pretty white hands toward her pretty rose-tipped ears, "for I should expect to be deaf for evermore."

"Never fear, my dear—I mean Miss Beardsley. Such a misfortune as that shall never occur, even though you should chance to be on the very side of the shouter. Edison is at this moment perfecting an instrument that begins to deliver its messages in a moderately loud voice, which increases in volume as it is carried forward, until it reaches the most distant point it is intended to reach, thus maintaining an even tone all along the route. How glorious all these Edison inventions are!" he continues, with a glow of enthusiasm, "and what humdrum times our ancestors must have had without them!"

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"Ah! the old, old story that is ever new!" quotes Mr. Fishback, as he peers over the shoulder of his fair guest at the new arrival; and then, and only revolving around it, and to which they adhere without further trouble.

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particularly Frank Huntington, fades into utter insignificance beside that of your own little Teresa—but, my Leon, try, oh! try, to tolerate her, for, strange as it may appear to you, disliking her as you do, I am quite fond of her. Good-night, beloved, dream of Teresa.

"That's something or other—'photograph'!" said Mr. Fishback; "I thought I destroyed it long ago, and as he angrily snatched it from the hands of the small discoverer."

"What did our humdrum ancestors do without these glorious inventions?" murmured Miss Laura, as she quietly fainted away for the first and only time in her life.

"If ever you go prowling around my room again," continued Mr. Fishback—addressing the unfortunate nephew, and supporting Miss Beardsley with one hand, while he flung the tell-tale out of the window, where it broke into a dozen pieces as it touched the ground with a shrill ear-splitting shriek—"I'll apply the double back action self-acting spanking machine until you roar for mercy."

The procession, considerably demoralized, started on the double-quick for the door, and Mr. Fishback, looking upon the inanimate form he held in his arms, cried out, as he struck his forehead with his clenched hand, "She will never, never look at me again!"

But she did, and what's more, she married him a month after. And—oh, the marvellous progress toward perfect womanhood in this wonderful twentieth century—although they have been man and wife for some twenty years, she has never once said to him: "That voice!"

—Harper's Weekly.

## Japanese and Chinese.

Feminine dress and fashions in Japan are quite distinct from those of China; the barbarous custom of crushing the foot is unknown (as also are high-heeled boots), and small well-shaped hands and feet are characteristic of Japanese women. They continue, however, to blacken their teeth and shave their eyebrows when they marry, a practice which, in an era of progress, has been abandoned. The Japanese in general affect a simple style of dress, without gaudy colors or ostentatious ornaments; except for fastening up the hair, even women wear no jewelry, and do not, like their Chinese counterparts, pierce the cartilage of nose or ears in order to insert metallic rings. Japan seems to be a country where men never lose their temper, where women and children are always treated with gentleness, where all the people bow and beg pardon of each other if they happen to jostle accidentally, where popular sports do not inflict suffering upon the lower animals, where a paper screen is sufficient protection against all intrusion—where the least of burglars are always clean-shaven and a high rank among the social virtues as to be carried along to ludicrous excess. Japanese manners are certainly very different from our own; but even according to such a standard as is generally accepted in Europe, the Japanese are a thoroughly well-bred people. And "manners are not idle" urbanity, gentleness, and consideration for others are not mere superficial qualities; when such national characteristics are found combined with courage, energy and intellect, they may surely be accepted as evidence of a high civilization. Foreigners, after living in the interior of Japan for a considerable time, on returning into "civilized society," have even stated that the manners of their own countrymen appear to them vulgar and almost brutal, accustomed as they have become to the more refined and free from servile or mercenary considerations. The readiness of the Japanese to adopt what seems to them worthy of imitation in foreigners is regarded by some as indicating a lack of originality and independence. But if they imitate, it is not without discrimination; and their willingness to accept what is new and strange, when convinced of its merits, seems rather to indicate acute intelligence with remarkable freedom from prejudice. The Chinese have just finished in getting possession of the only railroad in China, and have at once proceeded to destroy the obnoxious innovation. The Japanese railways are being steadily improved and extended, so as to compare creditably, under native management, with any railways in the world. —The Fortnightly Review.

## A Shifty Match.

One of the episodes of the long feud between the Clan Gregor and the Colquhouns of Luss—a quarrel that ended in the proscription of the MacGregors in 1608—is connected with a match at shiny. Two sub-sections of the Clan Alpine, who had some cause of disagreement, had settled the vexed question, and, to celebrate the renewal of perfect friendship, the clansmen of both families agreed to meet at the Colquhouns in merry-making. One of the chief events was to be a shifty match between the men of each family. That their visitors and kinsmen might be royally entertained, the hosts organized a foray into the Colquhouns' country by Loch Lomond side, and carried off many head of fat cattle. Next day, in a level plain above the hills, the MacGregors, men, women and children, were assembled, the men armed for the time only with the sturdy clubs to be used in their game. The ball was thrown up, sticks rattled, and all the shouts and cries of the game were heard, when suddenly, high above the noise of the players, rose a shriek of the women, as from all sides of the glen advanced the hated Colquhouns. The clansmen, though surprised and unarmed, at once formed up, back to back, and with their clubs prepared to meet the swords of the foe, but tough ash and cold steel had hardly met when, with screams of fury, a naked dirk in each hand and a bundle of claymores under each left arm, the women of the clan cut through the Colquhouns, and brought to their husbands the broadsword that soon swept the men of Luss back again to Loch Lomond side. —Belgravia.

A newspaper in Enreka, Nev., declares that a silk hat draws attention to the wearer in that rude town, a case gives rise to ominous mutterings, eyeglasses cause the gathering of a mob, and kid gloves lead at once to a lynching.

## The Beaver.

If there be only one species of beaver, it is very widely distributed throughout the world. In America it extends almost as far south as the Gulf of Mexico. It once existed in the British Islands, where, however, it has become extinct, and it has become rare in Europe, in many parts of which it was once common. It has also become rare in the United States, disappearing rapidly as civilization advances, but still abundant in the wide region of lakes and rivers which lies to the north and west of the settled parts of America. Considerable numbers are also found on the banks of the other rivers of Siberia, and in Kamchatka.

The beaver is usually at least two feet in length from the nose to the root of the tail, the latter being of oval form, about ten inches in length, fully three inches in breadth, and scarcely an inch in thickness. These dimensions are, however, sometimes exceeded. The general form of the animal is thick and clumsy, thickest at the hips, and then narrowing abruptly, so that it seems to taper to the tail. The head is thick and broad, the nose obtuse, the eyes small, the ears rounded. The fur consists of two kinds of hair; the longer hair is comparatively coarse, smooth, and glossy; the under coat is dense, soft, and silky. The incisors, or cutting teeth, of the beaver are remarkably strong and exist in the highest degree of the distinctive characteristic of the order to which it belongs—the front of hard enamel, while in the beaver is of a bright orange color; the back of the tooth, formed of a softer substance, is more easily worn down, so that a sharp, chisel-like edge is always preserved, the bills being also persistent, so that the teeth are continually growing, as by their employment in gnawing wood they are continually being worn away. Each foot has five toes; those of the fore feet are short and not connected by a web; those of the hind feet are long, spreading out like the toes of a goose, and webbed to the nails. In accordance with this remarkable peculiarity the beaver in swimming makes use of the hind feet alone, the fore feet remaining motionless and close to the body. Another characteristic, to which nothing similar appears in any other rodent, is the large horizontally flattened tail, which, except at its root, is not covered with hair, like the rest of the body, but with scales.

The food of the beaver consists of the bark of trees and shrubs and the roots of various plants, but also aquatic plants. In summer it eats berries, leaves, and various kinds of herbage. There is reason to think that it never, as has been supposed, kills or eats fish. Like some other rodents, it lays up stores of provisions for winter. A tree trunk of the beaver consist chiefly of bark, or the branches and even the trunks of trees. Its extraordinary powers of gnawing are exerted to cut down trees of several inches in diameter both for food and for the construction of its wonderful dams. A tree trunk of eighteen inches has been found cut down by beavers, though they usually exhibit a preference for smaller ones. When a large tree is cut, the branches only, and not the trunk, are employed in the construction of their dams. These are very wonderful, though the statement, at one time commonly made, that beavers drive stakes into the ground, has no foundation in fact; and some of the particulars which passed current along with it were equally fabulous. A recent English writer has pointed out the wonderful constructions raised by their industry, says: "Truly Canadians may be proud of the beaver. Its works give a stranger who sees them for the first time the idea of human intelligence, and he would be wrong to say that it is not without discrimination, and that thus her assumption of mystical, Eastern lore is so absurd that the wonder is she was not long since laughed out of conceit of it. Her last performance only affords one more last illustration of her favorite gullibility of weak women in their mania to cling by any means and at any risk, to the external advantages of youth.

A young married lady, the daughter of the great singer Mario, was caught in the net of the "Arabian Perfumer" by the payment of two hundred pounds she would be provided with certain washes which would preserve the beauty of twenty till she was sixty. A momentary glimmer of reason prompted her to ask Madame Rachel why, if she could achieve this marvel for others, she did not make her own person an example. The sly old woman was ready with her answer—that, though she seemed only sixty, she was really eighty-five! This seems to have extinguished all doubt in the mind of her customer. The first installment paid, a "wash" was given and used. The result was appalling. The victim found her face breaking out in a horrible humor. But her anxiety was appeased when Madame Rachel told her she had only to go on with the wash to not only cure the humor, but become as fair as the lilies of the field. Then the victim, unable to raise the cash to meet the demands of her aged benefactress, gave up her jewels, which she had lost no time in pawning. Meanwhile, she bargained for beauty came not. At last the lady, driven to despair, did what she ought to have done before—she told her husband; and he at once caused Madame Rachel to be indicted. —Appleton's Journal.

## Madame Rachel.

It is not many years since the name of Madame Rachel, "Arabian Perfumer to the Queen," achieved a somewhat unenviable notoriety on both sides of the Atlantic. Those who remember the tribulations of the too credulous Madame Bonadieu, a middle-aged lady, who was inspired by the "Arabian Perfumer" with the hope that, for a certain considerable sum, she would be made "beautiful forever," will not have forgotten that Madame Rachel came to the fore, and, despite her oriental title and supposed miraculous lore, was ignominiously cast into prison. But the "beautifier forever" of the vain and foolish womankind of London is, it would appear, fairly irrefragable. One more Londoner, a girl with her dire grief, and, despite her oriental title and supposed miraculous lore, was ignominiously cast into prison. But the "beautifier forever" of the vain and foolish womankind of London is, it would appear, fairly irrefragable. 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