



WEARINESS.

O, little feet; that such long years... Most wander through hopes and fears...

THE RIVALS.

What a horse he was! and Abel's own, too. Ah! it was a proud day for Abel...

Nature had been lavish of favors with Miss Nell. Indeed she had—for what accomplishments she could not boast?

The first thing after the purchase of the fine animal was to bring it home. Arriving at his own door, wife and child...

Abel was in a thriving way. He owned a neat home—boasted of a neat wife—a pretty one too—and called as beautiful a girl daughter as might be found in the whole country.

Nelly was soon in the streets, and after her mission to the doctor's, who was fortunately home, she almost flew to Tim's little house...

Tim waited to hear no more, but walked straight up to Abe's cottage door, where he stood himself, with a kindly look...

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"It may be somebody's mother, you know; and poor creature, even if she had been drinking..."

But Nelly was out before she had finished the sentence, across the street, and as rapidly back again.

Mrs. Saunders hurried across with her daughter. The poor woman was slightly recovering. She raised her hand muttering: "Don't, Tim, we're so poorly now..."

That night when Abel came home, before his quick, heavy tread sounded on the floor, Nelly ran to meet him, and her finger on her lip she led him softly into the little kitchen and pointed to the slumbering woman.

He leaned over the insensible form, and then turning to Nelly, said: "Go after Doctor James—tell him it's a case of life and death; that woman is sicker than you or I know..."

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It was the fourth day of August, more than a hundred years ago, and the whole road between London and the little village of Harrow was thronged with people.

It was hot and dusty enough that summer morning, but nobody seemed to mind in the eager scramble for the best seats; and if that was not long before the little green knoll, just at the west of the London road, seemed fairly alive with spectators.

It was a lovely spot—this well-known Butts of Harrow—with its crown of tall forest trees waving like so many banners, and its trices of grassy seats terracing the slope.

From time immemorial it had been the scene of annual contests in archery, and there was not a boy in Harrow School who did not look forward all the year to this fourth day of August.

When John Lyon founded the school it was made a condition of entrance, that every pupil should be furnished with the proper implements of archery; and among the school ordinances drawn up in the year 1592 there was one to the effect that every child should, at all times, be allowed bows, shafts, bow-strings, and a bracer.

No wonder the men of those days were tall, and straight, and strong! But hark! The church clock down in the village is striking the appointed hour.

A little figure, clad in red satin, from head to foot, darts, out from the thicket of trees below, and now a procession of twelve boys, some in white, some in red, and some in green, take their places in the opening that has been left for the competitors.

All the little archers have shades and caps of bright-colored silk, and further interest in the subject. When the winning day arrives, the marriage takes place in due and proper style, and the newly-wedded pair then begin to form an acquaintance.

In other royal families the same systems prevail, with the exception that husbands or wives may be sought outside of the German market. Occasionally a king draws a prize in this matrimonial lottery, as did King Umberto when he married the most beautiful woman in Italy; but, as a rule, undesirable princesses with irregular noses are served out to regular continental husbands.

Whether Alfonso has secured a desirable wife or not remains to be seen. If the Archduchess Marie Christina should turn out to be a nice girl; it would, however, be a mere matter of luck. So far as Alfonso is concerned, he has not been allowed the least liberty of choice, but has had to accept the princess, whom his cabinet thought proper to select.

And yet the young man is decidedly more fortunate than most persons. His first wife was a Spanish girl, and he was actually allowed some little liberty of courtship. She was the daughter of old Duke Montpensier, who, having for many years followed the profession of pretender to the Spanish throne, agreed to go out of business on condition that his daughter should marry the king.

Now, it so happened—at least this is one of the traditions of Harrow—that the name of this last boy was "Love," and when his arrow touched the bull's-eye a number of his school-fellows shouted high above the horns: "Dona vincit Amor!"

"Not so!" said another boy who stood close by. "Nona vincit Amor!" And carefully adjusting his shaft, he shot it into the bull's-eye a whole inch nearer the center than his rival.

But each boy among the twelve competitors must have his own trial shot twelve times repeated, before the final award can be given. Meanwhile, the crowd of on-lookers, kept, and not until the one hundred and forty-fourth arrow springs from his bow is the victor's name announced.

"Thomas Reginald Percival." That first victory seems to have given a magic impulse to his bow, for all twelve of his arrows have pierced the charmed inner circle of the target; and at the head of an excited procession of boys, he borne triumphantly from the Butts to the village.

One little fellow in white satin runs far ahead, waving the silver arrow with many flourishes; and, when the school-buildings of Harrow are reached, a grand reception is given to all the neighboring country-folk.

Young Percival, with bright eyes and flushed cheeks, is the hero of the evening. There are games and dancing, and all sorts of merry-making until the "wee sma' hours, but the victorious boy can think of nothing save the coveted arrow he has won.

That empty corner no longer troubles his excited brain. He has ably vindicated his right to the old family name, and henceforward, the father can point with pride to four trophies won by his four sons at the famous Butts of Harrow.

That was in 1766. In 1771 the annual shootings at Harrow were abolished; for Dr. Heath, who was then head-master of the school, thought they interfered with the boys' studies. The silver arrow prepared for the following year, 1772, was never used, but is still preserved at Harrow as a relic of the past.

In the school-library may be seen one of the archer's elaborate suits, which is nearly a hundred years old; and the fourth of August, though no longer an exciting day at the Butts, is still kept as a holiday at Harrow School, and commemorated with appropriate speeches.

Useful Hints. Drink cayenne pepper tea for cold. The most dreadful thing to put on a farm is a mortgage.

May-weed blossoms put into alcohol make a superior liniment. In case of Ivy poisoning, bathe the parts with sweet spirits nitre.

The marriages of royal personages are the most prosaic affairs. When an English princess arrives at the marriageable age, Queen Victoria says to Mr. Gladstone or Lord Beaconsfield, as the case may be, "By the by, how is the German Prince marked just now?"

The prime minister replies that "it is rather overcast as usual, and that a good fair article of duke or archduke can be had right reasonably." Whereupon he is ordered to make out a list of marriageable Germans of royal or, at least, noble birth, and to send it up to the palace the next time the messenger boy has occasion to pass that way.

When the list arrives, her majesty runs it over and tries to select a name, but uniformly fails—one German name being about as unattractive as another. The result is that she finally writes to the British ambassador at Berlin to send her 1 (one) marriageable German prince, and charge freight and expenses to the contingent fund.

In due time the prince arrives, and is delivered at the palace door. If he is a fat prince, there is generally an attempt made on the part of the queen to have the expressman bring him up to the second-story back bedroom; but hitherto the expressman has stoutly refused, asserting that his duty was done when he delivered packages or princes at the front door.

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Pure air is the most valuable, for its cost, of all our necessities. It is better to be a tenant free from debt than to own a mortgaged farm.

Penty of light and sun are essential to all domestic food animals as food. For burns and on moistened baking soda it will give prompt and permanent relief.

Rub sprains, bruises and lameness with a paste made of salt and the white of an egg.

To restore the elasticity of rubber springs, bands, etc., place the rubber bands of springs in hot water.

Rubens and others of the great masters. Since the death of Brogniart, the directors of the Sevres factory have been Ebelman, Regnault and Robert.

The marks used on Sevres china are numerous, and serve to show very accurately the period of production. Thus we have the two L's interlaced, the monogram of the King, used on the earliest porcelain of Vincennes, and also at Sevres, with the addition of letters to give the date, as: A, 1753, B, 1754, C, 1755, AA, 1778, etc., down to 1792, when the word Sevres, with the monogram R. F., and *Republique Francaise*, was adopted, and until 1800.

During the two years the R. F. was dropped, and then the changing marks begin to shadow the rise in the fortunes of Napoleon; Manufacture Nationale de Sevres, in 1803. M. Imp'le de Sevres, 1804 to 1809, and from 1809 to 1814, the imperial eagle and the crown, surrounded by the words, *Manufacture Imp'riale de Sevres*.

The interlaced L's came in with Louis XVIII; the interlaced C's, sometimes enclosing an X, sometimes covered by a crown, mark the short reign of Charles X.

With Louis Philippe, the fleur-de-lis was introduced, but he soon replaced it with the monogram, which was in turn displaced by the old cipher of the republic.

At first Louis Napoleon used the eagle, then the crowned N, but the most familiar mark on modern Sevres china, is the letter S and the date of the century, enclosed in an oval and printed in pale green. This mark has been in use since 1848 on all pieces in addition to the other marks named.

China that was sold white, without being decorated has this mark cut through by a fine wheel, removing the glaze and plainly indicating the character of the piece. These pieces are often decorated in the Sevres styles, and makes very good copies, but no need be made as to their character since the mark plainly betrays a more successful trick is to take fully marked Sevres with a plain, cheap decoration, and removing this, put in its place some very elaborate Sevres decoration, thus giving to the whole the character and authority of real Sevres work.

Such a forgery as this is almost impossible to detect if the work is well done.

Since July, 1872, there has been used on Sevres porcelain, as an additional guarantee of the genuineness of the decoration the monogram R. F., enclosed in a circle with the date, and the words *Dore a Sevres or Doree a Sevres*.

As the beauty of Sevres china compared with the production of the other continental potteries, opinions differ. It is, so largely a matter of taste, and our tastes are so affected by education and surrounding that on the question of relative merits of different specimens or schools of art, the best of critics differ.

But there are certain points which generally admitted, and which may aid in forming a judgment on such a question.

The Dresden porcelain, as porcelain, is superior to any other Occidental variety, in hardness, purity and strength. But the Sevres pate-tendre is as much in advance in the delicate softness of its glaze which absorbs the colors and gives them an unequalled depth and lustre, white on the pate-dure the colors remain fixed on the surface and do not sink in. The Sevres painting is concededly superior in several departments to the Dresden, and, although the English artists have made great progress in the past few years, both in flower and landscape painting, and may in the near future become successful rivals of the Sevres factory still retains its artistic and technical supremacy.

A Texas Vendetta. In a neighborhood four or five miles west of Hempstead and near the Brazos, Texas, in the midst of rich lands, fertile plantations and wealthy farmers, there are and have for a long time been two prominent and leading families—the Loggins and the Morrises.

The former is probably the more numerous, about 150 persons belonging to his race in different parts of the State. A number of the family have heretofore resided near Hempstead, and in the same neighborhood with the Morrises. Some of them were related to the former by marriage. Both families were in fact mixed up. Some time during 1877 Thomas Loggins for a time found it necessary to be absent from his residence in the midst of a large plantation. His absence was not only somewhat prolonged, but indefinite, and he suddenly returned to his home to find his cousin—one of the Morrises—in his house, and in close proximity to his wife, Mrs. Loggins. The enraged husband, in true Texan style, drew his revolver, and leveling it at the head of the intruder, drew trigger, but the cat burst and the barrel failed to fire.

Morris arose and fled through a back door into the fields and escaped. Loggins, finding that he could not "get his man," shot down Morris' horse, which he found hitched at the gate. After this Morris fled the country. Loggins threatened to follow, and met the disturber of his domestic peace, and die.

A short time ago Morris returned, and, hearing of the threats, armed himself with a double-barrelled shot gun and proceeded to waylay Loggins as the latter rode out of Hempstead on his return to his home. He was accompanied by a friend, and as they approached a large oak tree near a fence, Morris sprang from behind it, raised the gun and shot Loggins dead. Some of the Loggins' connection swore vengeance at the time, and shortly afterward Reuben Loggins, his son Henry, and a nephew, Wilford Loggins, held a consultation, at which it was determined to avenge the death of their kinsman. The bloody resolve was faithfully carried out. Reuben was riding home not long since from Hempstead. As he was passing through a long lane in the Loggins' plantation, and just as he entered an old gin-house, he was suddenly confronted by "old man" Reuben Loggins and the two young men mentioned, who deliberately shot him off his horse, he falling to the ground a corpse.

Flour. Here are a few good rules worth remembering when one has occasion to select flour for family use. Of course the color is of prime importance. If it is white, with a yellowish colored tint, buy it. If it is white, with a bluish coat or with white specks in it, refuse it.

Second examine its adhesiveness—wet and knead a little bit of it between your fingers; if it works soft and sticky it is poor. Third, throw a little lump of dried flour against a smooth surface; if it falls like powder it is bad. Fourth squeeze some of the flour tightly in your hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, that, too, is a good sign. It is safe to buy flour that will stand all these tests.

Never betray a confidence. Never leave home with unkind words. Never give promises that you do not fulfill.

Never laugh at the misfortunes of others. Never send a present hoping for one in return. Never fail to be punctual at the time appointed.

Never make yourself the hero of your own story. Never make much of your own performances. Never pick the teeth nor clean the nails in company.

Never fail to give a polite answer to a civil question. Never present a gift saying, it is no use to yourself.

He Wanted Big Words. "I want to see the man who writes the editorials for this paper," said an individual who looked like a cross between a country store clerk and a job preacher.

"I mean your regular big gun, your sledge hammer heavy weight, so to speak. The one who writes those thick, solid leaders that nobody can understand. Them kind with four syllables in 'em, you know."

"Well, sir," said the editor-in-chief, laying down his pen and slanting up a big dictionary, "what can I do for you?"

"Why," replied the stranger, as he took out a twenty and laid it on the desk, "I want you to give me the worth of that in big words—regular jaw-breakers; just the toughest old tooth-looseners you can get up for the money."

"You don't want them for some other paper?" said the editor, suspiciously.

"Oh, no, not at all. Let me explain. You see, I belong to one of the debating societies up in Marysville. Of course, we haven't got much city style up there, but we manage to make a good deal of noise sometimes."

"Shouldn't wonder," said the editor. "We have some mighty lively debates, I can tell you. Well, the other day they got up a sort of chin tournament between the two societies. The question was: 'Resolved, that bedbugs do not bite China men.' Magnificent subject, now, wasn't it?"

"Has the considerable hearing on the future of the State, I admit, said the moulder of public opinion, screwing up the shears.

"Well, you see, we were just walking right away from the other fellows, who had the affirmative, when a new member of their crowd—a fellow just up from the city—got up and said he was satisfied to turn the bedbug didn't bite the Chinaman because if it did the result would be—let's see; I've got it down here on a piece of paper. 'Oh, yes!—instantaneous pyroigneous apophysis.'"

"What did he mean?" "I don't know—nobody knows. That's just what the matter. It knocked all our fellows perfectly cold—just paralyzed the entire crowd. We hadn't another word to say, and the opposition society carried the day and went home grinning like water-melons with our side out."

"That was annoying." "You bet it was. Just think of the means of this case to spring a couple of words like that right on a Marysville audience. Why it was terrible. Of course we did the best we could to get even. Well, the next Saturday we had another strong subject; 'Resolved, That compelling hens to drink hot water will cause them to lay hard-boiled eggs.' So I braced up and said that I once had a game rooster that died of curricular catagory photobly."

"That ought to have extinguished them." "Well, it did for a moment, you better believe. Their crowd turned white around the gills for a moment, but when our fellows had done cheering, that same fellow—his name is Gufferson, and he used to be some sort of a professor once, I hear—then some fellow got up and said that, while he largely coincided with the gentleman who had just sat down, probably the most serious obstacle in the way of utilizing orthologinal toward hysterialexia pologolomencanica."

"Great Scott?" "You may well say so. Of course that just knocked us square off our pins—wilted us right down—and the audience decided for the opposition side without taking a vote. I believe that if Gufferson hadn't gone home that night escorted by Bill Stokes—that our police force, you know—some of our members would have assassinated him."

"I should think assassinations would be very multitudinous down your way." "Multitudinous—that's no slouch of a word. Just let me take it down. Yes, it was a regular Waterloo defeat for our club. So the next day they subscribed twenty dollars and the expenses of a committee of one to come right down to 'Prisco and get hold of a lot of words calculated to make cold rattle in the cellar when they are left off, and to cause that Gufferson to wish he could do you for me! Dem the expense."

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Never make yourself the hero of your own story. Never make much of your own performances. Never pick the teeth nor clean the nails in company.

Never fail to give a polite answer to a civil question. Never present a gift saying, it is no use to yourself.

Never call attention to the features or form of another. Never read letters which you may find addressed to others.

Never question a servant or child about family matters. Never fail, if a gentleman, of being civil and polite to ladies.

Never refer to a gift you have made or a favor you have rendered. Never associate with bad company, have good company or none.

Never, when traveling abroad over boastful of your own country. Never look over the shoulder of another who is reading or writing. Never punish your child for a fault to which you are addicted yourself.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT. Better cut the tongue out entirely than let it govern it.

There is nothing terrible in death but that our life hath made it so. All lives have their gross translation as well as their ideal meaning.

There can be no peace in human life without the contempt of all evil. When a man has forfeited his integrity, nothing else will serve his turn.

Wisdom is a pedestal from which envy or malice cannot hurl the occupant. The man who is always fortunate cannot easily have a great amount of virtue.

As too long retirement weakens the mind, so too much company dissipates it.

Despair gives the shocking ease to the mind that mortification gives to the body. Physical force, moral force, and the police force, are what keep the world going.

Mankind thirsts a hundred-fold more for wealth than it will, ever hunger after righteousness. The uses of adversity may possibly be very sweet, and yet no one wishes to find out what they are.

The readiest way to entangle the mind with false doctrine is first to entice the will to wanton living. It is easy to pick holes in other people's work, but far more profitable to do better work yourself.

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