

WINNIE'S WELCOME.

Well, Shamma, what brought ye?
It's dead, sure, I think ye—
What's kept ye this fortnight from calling on me?
Stop there! Don't be lying!
It's no use denying.
I know you've been sighin' for Kitty Magee.
She's old and she's homely;
There's girls young and comely,
Who've loved you much longer and better
than she;
But, 'deed! I'm not carin';
I'm glad I've no share in
The love of a boy who'd loved Kitty Magee.
Go way! I'm not crying!
Your charge I'm denyin'.
You're wrong to attribute such weakness to me;
It tears I'm a shovin'.
I'd have ye be knowin'.
They're shed out of pity for Kitty Magee.

For mane and coaxed,
Wild pride overreached;
Cold, heartless and brutal she'll find you to be,
When you she'll be gettin',
She'll soon be regrettin'.
She's changed her name from pain Kitty Magee.

What's that? Am I dhramin',
You're only been schemin'.
Just tryin' to test the affection in me?
But you're the girl divil!
There now! Please be still!
Don't hug me to death, I'm not Kitty Magee.

Your kisses confuse me—
Well, I'll not refuse ye.
I know you'll be timider and lovin' wid me;
To show my condition
For doin' me wrong,
I'll ex for my bridesmaid wate Kitty Magee.

One Summer's Harvest.

A sinking sun—a girl standing at the farm-house gate, bathed in that sun's dying glory, the deep blue eyes fringed by their jetty lashes, eager and expectant, the red lips curving in a glad happy smile, as her ear catches the far off echo of a well known step, and one reads again the old, old story which seems so new to every heart that learns its pages.

Yet Ethel Mayne was not one to wear her heart upon her sleeve; but neither had Ernest Melwood lived his thirty years in vain. A month before, fortified by a letter of introduction to the squire, one of his father's college friends, who, since the death of his young wife, had buried himself in this country life, he had come among them to regain strength, to recover from a severe fever, whose victim he had well-nigh become.

He had been received by Mr. Mayne with courteous hospitality, but when his daughter was formally presented, when first his eyes dwelt upon the wonderful beauty, which had sprung into such perfection far from the city's din, all thoughts of *emms* and country dullness fled.

So the days went on, scarcely noted by the men of the world, watching this new yet old development of a girl's heart; to her, passing with the swiftness of thought, in listening to the melody of one voice, and drinking in the dangerous sweetness of his smiles.

Why should he not pluck this little violet, which had shed its rich perfume at his feet, as well as the priceless exotic which, when the leaves had turned to brown, he was to cull for his own?

So a subtle sweetness crept into his tone his dark eyes grew strangely soft, as drawing near, he clasped the tiny hand laid so confidently in his own, and looked into the azure-tinted eyes upraised to his.

"Were you waiting for me Ethel?"
"Ah, Ernest, the days are long without you."
"What will you do when I have gone?"
"Gone!" And the color died out of cheeks and lips, leaving an ashy paleness as she said, with a faint smile, "You are playing with me Ernest. You would not leave me!"

"Business compels it darling, but I shall carry your sweet beauty with me, wherever I may go."
"But you are coming back? You are not going for long?"
"I trust not."
And for a moment the girl's peerless beauty made the man waver in his allegiance to the haughty summons received that day from his betrothed.

Had he known this girl beside him was the owner of as many thousands as the heiress whose hand he considered essential to the furthering of his other schemes, the summer harvest would have been different fruit.

In so measured words had he asked Ethel Mayne to be his wife; but in her young trusting innocence, remote from her lips he had cherished their first sweetness, while her ears caught his vows of love, in the singular fascination of his presence and the keen subtlety of his words, she had no other thought, and she now looked in his face with a wondering hesitancy, while a hand of iron seemed clutching at her heart.

"You trust not! What do you mean, Ernest?" and there was a haughty ring in the tone new to the man's ear—new to herself, but born of her suffering. "Are you going back to forget me? If so I can bear it."
"Forget you, darling! Forget the little violet whose witching sweetness has lent my summer all its charm? No, no, I trust me, little one. I will of course come back. Let me see the color in your cheek again. Do not make my going harder, by this sad face on our last evening. You will write to me!"

"Yes, your letters are all I have to live upon—all the promise I shall know of the future. Ernest, I fear that gay world to which you return; but why should I fear, and you so brave, so true?"
"Fear nothing darling, and believe me, whatever comes, there is naught on earth I have ever loved so well."
And, for once in his false life the man spoke the truth!

Three months sped by—months which to Ethel Mayne had seemed years. The promised letters had been strangely cold, breathing nothing of that promise to return, with all expectancy died away, and when with a strange precidence of future ill, she in her woman's pride sent no reply, there came one more under, more pressing, she detected the false ring in its pages, and was silent.

But her country life seemed dull and aimless, and the squire noting her pale

pale cheek, gladly consented to break through the retirement of so many years, and once again seek the gay world he had renounced.

A month later and Ethel Mayne's loveliness had taken society by storm. To no wish had her doting father said, and in the beautiful home he had provided for her, with all the wonderful accessories of toilet he had given her with lavish hand, she shone forth peerless.

Save to her father, for whom she wears her old-rudden smile, the girl is an enigma to all—even herself—and she wonders at the icy coldness which has frozen round her heart, causing an indifference to all things. Yet coldness gives way to burning heat, a heat which seems to scorch the very heart blood and spurge upward in a mad tumult, then recedes; leaving her well nigh turned to stone, as her eye rests upon a paragraph in the *Post*, which confirms her most reckless fears—

"We hear that Miss Annie Anstey, daughter of L. D. Anstey, Esq., is shortly to be led to the altar by Mr. Ernest Melwood."
This was all, yet enough. He had called several times since she had come to the city, but she had invariably refused to see him.

A rumor of this had reached her—a rumor now confirmed—but which had told her that the engagement had existed even in halcyon days he had caused her heart's awakening.

She had served to pass away the time then. This was all, and what to her had been the coloring of the rainbow, was in his eyes but painted tints, to be washed out by her tears.

Tears! Should she ever weep again? Would such a heaven—such mercy be given to cool those burning lids? Or, should cold calling drop force its way upward, was he worth its falling? No—a thousand times no!

And a scornful smile played round the beautiful mouth, as drawing her esquire toward her, she put into execution a sudden determination, and penned the following lines:

"My Dear Mr. Melwood:—I was very sorry have been so engaged when you last called, that I was obliged to deny myself the pleasure of meeting you. This evening I shall be at home and alone, and if you have no other engagement, I shall hope to see you.
Yours,
"ETHEL MAYNE."

The look of astonishment which overspread Ernest Melwood's handsome face grew into a triumphant smile as he refolded the dainty note, with the crest he had instantly recognized upon the seal placing it carefully in his inner pocket, and registering the determination to break all other engagements and renew his summer's pleading.

The woman he was to marry had never found her way into these depths that Ethel Mayne's blue eyes had penetrated, for, as he could love her he loved her.

He lit upon the girl in her young beauty and loving woman's nature, she could have offered him a far richer dowry than that for which he bartered his manhood and his noble better self.

Her heiressship had been all unknown to him, until lately rumors of her father's wealth had reached him—rumors which their luxurious lavish style of living proved true—and as he ascended the steps of their elegant mansion, at the appointed time, he hit his lip in inward rage, while an unlooked-for resolve came into his heart that it should not yet be too late.

Never, never was Ethel Mayne as ravishingly, as dangerously lovely as when she entered her father's drawing rooms that night to greet her recreant lover.

Was this, indeed, the girl, he asked himself, from whom he had parted scarce six months ago; with an air of quiet self-possession, almost haughtiness, touched and dropped his outstretched hand, as she sank into a *fauteuil*, with all her old wonderful grace, saying—

"This is almost an unexpected pleasure, Mr. Melwood, as I hardly hoped the pressure of your engagements would permit a personal answer to my summons. In fact, I scarcely know why I sent for you, save that I was alone this evening and having somewhat a dread of *emms*, thought, perhaps, you would break its potent spell."
"Your request Miss Mayne, was more potent than another's command. Indeed, had my engagements been far more pressing, you would still have seen me here."
They are all pointed toward the hand and cut the wood like so many hooks. When a Japanese wants to rip a plank, he places it across anything that will elevate the end a few inches, then stands on the wood and cuts it by seizing the cleaver-looking saw and pulling it toward him. Thus, by a number of short, quick up strokes, he gets through a plank not so speedily, but quite as effectually as an American carpenter would with the long, low-down strokes of the rip-saw. The planes are small, with single irons, and no handles. The planes are shorter, lighter, and the wood shallower than ours, being generally not more than an inch deep. To plane a piece of wood they lay it on the ground, squat down, hold it fast with their feet, and work the plane with both hands toward them. To drill a hole they have a shortawl inserted in the end of a round stick eight or nine inches long. They take the wood between their toes, squat as before, and make the hole by rubbing the handle of the awl between their hands, in less time than one of our carpenters could drill one with a gimlet. Their hammers are solid cylindrical pieces, not made sharply with waists and graceful outlines like ours. They have the same flat-sided handles as the saws. The Japs have iron squares, not unlike American squares, marked with degrees. The measures are brass, very light, and fluted. On one side the inch, or what stands for an inch with us, is one and three-sixteenths inches, and divided into ten parts. On the other side is a different scale, measuring one and thirteen-sixteenths inches, and divided into twelve parts.

"Upon what, Miss Mayne?"
"Upon what? Certainly a congratulation to a man a few weeks previous to his marriage may make unshelved. And when society is to lose so shining a light as Mr. Melwood, it surely may congratulate him upon his gain, even though it prove its loss."
Bitter-sweet, icily-cutting, was every word as it fell from the girl's lips; and they stung the man before her, even through the coat of mail in which he wrapped himself—stung and drove him to madness, while her wonderful beauty awakened in him the old passion irresistible force.

"Hush, Ethel! For heaven's sake, hush! Not from your lips can I hear those idle words. Oh, darling, if you have forgotten I have not, and memory has proved the one drop of water to quench my burning thirst. In the purgatory my life has been since those golden summer nights, sometimes in my dreams, I have seen the love light in your eye, or felt the touch of your hand fall like velvet on my arm, have heard your voice filling my room with music, have even touched your pure red lips with my unworthy ones; until on waking to my desolation, I have wished that I were dead. Better the grave in its loneliness than death in this life!"

There was no acting here, and hot tears stood in his eyes as he lifted them to her

face, but a great glow was in her voice as she replied—

"Miss Anstey would probably prefer your rehearsal of any part with herself as an audience."
"Ethel in those days gone by you loved me. Do not deny it. Your lips had not then learned to hide the impulses of your heart, your eyes could not lie; and I—oh, my darling, in thought of the chains that bound me even then—have struggled in such impotence that the angels might have pitied me. Base, unworthy as I am, I speak the truth now. Why—why did I ever meet you, only to hate you spurn me thus? Ethel, it is not yet too late. Forgive the past and be my wife."
"Your wife—yours? Sooner would I lay down my life. Yes, I loved you once—why should I deny it?—loved you with a love that thought darkness light when you shined; that loved you as now I loathe you. Go, in your falsehood, with your perjured lips, back to the girl who has one so rare a prize in life's lottery, and tell her of the amusement you found in a country sojourn—no less a plaything than a woman's heart—tell her your hand converted innocence into knowledge, joy into wretchedness, light into darkness, a girl into a woman. Then bid her lay her head upon your breast press upon her lips the kisses you can yield so well, and ask her if she is not proud of such a prize. Let her bind you closer in her chains of gold. You thought mine only of perishable flowers; but had you trusted them I would have made them of precious stones. Forgive you? For what? For opening my eyes to man's treachery and worldly lust? For showing me the lucrative business which can be veiled in the glory of the image of his maker? Yes, I forgive you even as I scorn you. Go in peace!"

The June roses were once in bloom, as Ethel Mayne stood before God's altar by Philip Vaughn's side and took upon herself the solemn vow to love, honor and obey.

Nor was the man to whom she pledged herself unworthy of such a gift. He it was who had thrived the frozen chambers to her heart, and had taught her once again the faith and trust without which woman's life is blighted.

The sun had hid himself for a brief while, and now shined forth resplendently upon the rose bordered path her feet so gladly trod. So as they turned from the sacred place, and the organ breathed forth its jubilee, it was echoed and reechoed in both their hearts.

But only a short distance from this scene of rejoicing, amid the great city's din, a pistol-shot rang out upon the clear morning air. A bullet, sent by his own hand, found its way into the heart of the man who had learned too late the possession of that heart and found he had rendered his own life unendurable.

Yet, when Ethel Vaughn learned the sad truth leaning upon her husband's breast, she felt naught save a great pity, and a pure prayer rose from her own grateful heart for the soul's happiness of the man whose requiem her wedding chimes had rung.

Japanese Carpenters.

Japanese carpenters—a number of whom have been exhibiting their skill in fitting up the stage of a San Francisco theater for a company of gymnasts from Yeddo—have an advantage over American mechanics, in the fact that they have four hands instead of two, their toes being as handy as their fingers, but they gain nothing by it, because they make no use of work-benches or vises. If a Japanese carpenter wants to sharpen a saw, he squats down, places the back of the tool to be operated upon on the ground, grips one end of the saw with his left hand, and seizes the other with the toes of his right foot, and goes to work with as much confidence as an American carpenter at a bench. Their tools are not like American tools; though they have a small similarity, showing that all tools have a common parentage, whether their inventor was Tubal Cain or some other artificer. All Japanese saws are shaped like hatchet-cleavers. The handle of a cleaver, but flatter, as if whittled out of a piece of inch board; the metal stank of the saw is driven into that of the handle and the whole is secured by being wrapped with a fine split cane. The metal of the saw is about the substance of our saws, but the teeth are narrower, giving more of them to an inch, and making them sharper. They are all pointed toward the handle and cut the wood like so many hooks. When a Japanese wants to rip a plank, he places it across anything that will elevate the end a few inches, then stands on the wood and cuts it by seizing the cleaver-looking saw and pulling it toward him. Thus, by a number of short, quick up strokes, he gets through a plank not so speedily, but quite as effectually as an American carpenter would with the long, low-down strokes of the rip-saw. The planes are small, with single irons, and no handles. The planes are shorter, lighter, and the wood shallower than ours, being generally not more than an inch deep. To plane a piece of wood they lay it on the ground, squat down, hold it fast with their feet, and work the plane with both hands toward them. To drill a hole they have a shortawl inserted in the end of a round stick eight or nine inches long. They take the wood between their toes, squat as before, and make the hole by rubbing the handle of the awl between their hands, in less time than one of our carpenters could drill one with a gimlet. Their hammers are solid cylindrical pieces, not made sharply with waists and graceful outlines like ours. They have the same flat-sided handles as the saws. The Japs have iron squares, not unlike American squares, marked with degrees. The measures are brass, very light, and fluted. On one side the inch, or what stands for an inch with us, is one and three-sixteenths inches, and divided into ten parts. On the other side is a different scale, measuring one and thirteen-sixteenths inches, and divided into twelve parts.

Extraordinary People.

Commander Cameron of the British Navy, recently gave the following description of the manners and customs of the people of Urua, in Central Africa. Urua was one of the largest native states in Africa. It was bounded on the east by Tanganyika, on the north by independent tribes in Mangue, on the west by Ulunda, and on the south by mountains east of the lake of Bangweo. The great chief was Kasongo, the center of religion of the people was an idol, which was held in great reverence. The idol was placed in the midst of a dense jungle, and it had for wife one of the sisters of the reigning sovereign. Under the principal chief were smaller chiefs, who collected and paid over to the sovereign tribute. He had seen this tribute come in, and some of it must have been of distant parts of the country. The hair dressing of these people was curious, varying more with districts than with rank. In some places it was worked up into four ring plates crossed at the top of the head like a crown, and surrounded at the bottom with a band of cowries or other shells. Skewers were inserted in the hair, one end of which could be used in tattooing. The people were not a hairy

The Sugar Bowl.

Upon each of the tables ranged along the walls in Hunt's dining-room there sits a sugar-bowl. It is placed upon the end of the table remotest from the wall, and when a waiter takes an order he shows the bowl across the table to the customer. This signified that a customer occupying a seat at that particular table has given his order, and by this simple plan the other waiters are kept informed as to who is waited upon and who is not. One day an honest farmer, who was innocent of the tricks of city restaurants, entered the place, took a seat, and pulling the sugar-bowl to his table back toward the wall, proceeded to help himself to a pinch. He was not noticed by any of the busy waiters who were hurrying back and forth filling orders and clearing away dishes. The old fellow remained in his seat for fifteen minutes, patiently expecting some one to offer to take his order; but, no one appearing to see him, he got mad at the apparent neglect and tried to doze three or four passing waiters, who looked at the customer with a scornful glint in their eyes. After he had a dozen slighter he thought, the honest farmer stretched forth his mighty paw and gathered a waiter by the nape of the neck. Squaring his shoulders he started his hand collector, the yeoman addressed him thus:

"See hyar, young fellow, you needn't think cos I don't put on style and wear Kasey cloze who's in town, that I ain't just as able to pay fer what chuck I eat as any dressed-up galoot in this country. Why, I'll buy yer durned old shop and burn it down. Now I wanted you to fetch me a great big four-cornered meal—the best in the place, and lots of it, dy'e hear me?"

The young man, as soon as released, started to fill the commission of the muscular waiter, who, in an instant, had seized the farmer by the nape of the neck, and pulled the sugar-bowl to the outer end of the table and dug out another handful to stay his hunger until the big meal should arrive.

The sugar-bowl was now on the end of the table which signified that the old farmer was not waited upon, and in an instant a young fellow stepped up to him and asked what he would have.

"I sent a feller after my grub," replied the man from the country.

The waiter pushed the sugar-bowl to the rear and walked off. The farmer again pulled the bowl out and went to exploring. Another waiter, spying the bowl on the outer end of the table, tackled the rural plowman, who indignantly answered that he carried his own grub, and stood waiting for instructions. "Get to the devil!" blustered the farmer. "You're slautyght, all-fired willin' to get me something to eat since you found out that I ain't a beggar. One feller is enough to git what I want, and he's done gone for it."

The waiter took hold of the sugar-bowl to place it where it belonged, once more, but the farmer would not have it.

Fetching the young man a stroke across the jaw, he sang out:

"Let that ere thing alone, dog-gone you! Yer fearful 'fraid that I'll eat a half-gint's worth of yer blasted old sugar. I'll pay for all the stuff I swallow in this shebang, and I don't want nobody comin' around me trying to dish outen my reach. Now you just clear out o' hince!"

By this time the boys tumbled to the old man's innocence, and allowed him to munch his sugar in peace until his dinner arrived.

A Phenomenon in Niagara River.

Niagara river has this season offered some fine opportunities for the study of the maintenance of the equilibrium of animal life on both land and water. Early spring was marked by an unprecedented migration of minnows from Lake Erie into the Niagara River. They arrived by millions, and formed here and there almost solid banks of moving fish. The shores of some little creeks like those of Frenchman's creek, emptying from the Canada shore into the Niagara, were actually strewn with countless numbers of dead minnows, which had been suffocated for want of oxygen in these narrow channels. The advent of the minnows attracted in turn, as might naturally be expected, a proportionately huge swarm of their destroyers, in shape of the different species of pike, muscalonge and black bass. The latter could be seen lying quietly in solid column along the bottom near the shores, where the water was sufficiently shallow and transparent to permit a full view of them. Fishermen were perplexed and in despair, since they would take bait and no matter how temptingly displayed. Their stomachs were fairly gorged with minnows, which could be captured without any effort whatever.

Later on when the main bulk of minnows disappeared without being followed by their enemies, the tables were turned, and bass fishing never has been known to be as fine as it was toward the latter end of the summer. Though the river is no longer stocked with minnows as it was in the spring, the present amount probably still exceeds that of any previous year, and has attracted later on another host of their natural enemies, the winged toilers of the sea. Never before has the surface of the green Niagara exhibited such an animated display of glistening white flocks of gulls and terns as in the present months. They have assembled by thousands, and luxuriate in immense abundance on their natural prey. Among them are some species never before observed here in any notable quantity, or even single specimens. We enumerate the Kittiwake gull, besides three species of terns, two of which are determinable as the black and common tern, while the other is dubious on account of its immature plumage. They are congregated in large and separate flocks and though occasionally hovering high over the river, may easily be decoyed to come near the surface by throwing upon it some white bunches of cotton or paper. A good breech-leader will then make considerable headway among them, generally retaining quite a long time nearly spot with one or more of their shot comrades float upon the water. It is very easy to see how black bass and the various species of gulls and terns should be found in such great numbers, where there is an unusual abundance of their natural food; but a more minute study through close observation and examination is needed to determine the reasons for the unsurpassed spring migration of the minnows. The softness of the problem probably finds also upon their peculiar microscopic food, which may have been affected by changed conditions of the ordinary temperature of the water, or other similar influences of a physical nature.

Never go to bed with cold, damp feet; always toast them before a fire for ten or fifteen minutes before going to bed.

When going from a warm atmosphere to a colder one, keep the mouth closed, so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose, ere it reaches the lungs.

Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise; and always avoid standing upon the ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to a cold wind.

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out in the cold air.

Merely to keep the back by a fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to the heat after it has become comfortably warm; to do otherwise is debilitating.

When hoarse, speak as little as possible until it is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat may be produced.

Never begin a journey until breakfast has been taken.

Keep the back, especially between the shoulder blades, well covered; also the chest well protected.

Never lean the back upon anything that is cold.

Never omit regular bathing; for unless the skin is in an active condition the cold will close the pores and favor conjestion or other diseases.

Some of the most valuable constituents of the wheat are left in the bran, and the fine flour is not sufficiently laxative to meet the requirements of most systems, so it is advisable to take frequently or systematically a coarser diet. Graham, cracked wheat or rye will generally meet this want, or a fair supply of berries or fruits will answer a similar purpose. Proper attention to the diet will generally obviate the necessity of a resort to physic, and is by far the preferable course in every aspect of the case.

To cure corns, take one measure of coal or gas tar, one of saltpeter and one of brown sugar; mix well. Take a piece of an old kid glove and spread a plaster on it the size of the corn and apply to the part affected; bind on and rest two or three days and then remove, and the corn will come with it.

The Plantagenets were very rough and ready financiers. When Richard I. took it into his head to try conclusions with Saladin, he raised the needful by turning the crown manors and fortresses of Roxburg and Berwick into hard cash, selling offices of trust to the best bidders, and did not hesitate to avow that he would dispose of London itself if a purchaser were forthcoming. Strangely enough, Coeur de Lion never seems to have thought of doing the same by his crown jewels. Henry III. was the first English monarch who had recourse to that undignified expedient. The idea, indeed, did not originate with him; for it is recorded that when some person or persons unknown suggested that the replenishing of the royal coffers by selling the crown plate and jewelry, the king himself doubted as to the likelihood of finding purchasers, and being assured that the citizens of London would gladly accommodate him, Henry exclaimed: "On my word, if the treasury of Augustus were brought to sale, the citizens are able to be the purchasers. The clowns, who assume to themselves the names of Barons, abound in everything, while we are reduced to necessities." Notwithstanding his indignation, Henry, like other men in his predicament, was willing enough to deal with the full pursed ones he abused, and so, in 1248, he sold the citizens of London all the plate and jewelry he had not already mortgaged to the merchants of France. The relief afforded was, however, only a temporary one, for seven years later, we find him demanding 8,000 marks of the Jews, and answering their remonstrance against the reaction by pleading he was a beggar, spoiled and stripped of all his revenues, without a farthing wherewith to keep himself, and therefore must have money on any hand and by any means.

The life of every man is as the well-spring of a stream, whose small beginnings are indeed plain to all, but whose course and destination, as it winds through the expanses of infinite years, only the Omniscient can discern.

Have you known how to compose your manhood? You have done a great deal more than he who has composed books. Have you known how to take repose? You have done more than he who has taken cities and empire.

What Generosity Would Have Cost Him.

A man in Pennsylvania noted for his generosity lately had \$100,000 left him as a legacy. Beggars of all manner of causes, good, bad and indifferent, flocked upon him so fast that he adopted the plan of stating to each the amount of his legacy, and the fact that he had hosts of applications, and the inquiry in view of all this how much he ought to be expected to give the applicant. The amounts then applied for he noted down and promised an answer in six months from the time he got his legacy. At the end of that period he added up the amounts applied for and found the sum total thereof was \$700,000.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Low as the grave is, only faith can climb high enough to see beyond it.
Women are extreme in all points. They are better or worse than men.
Great souls hold firmly to heaven and let the earth roll on beneath them.
Peace is such a precious jewel, that I would give anything for it but truth.
Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good deed to all eternity.
Where one is fagged, hungry, and depressed, the worst seems most probable.
Death is the funeral of all sorrows and evils, and the resurrection of all joys.
Nothing is further from the earth than heaven; nothing is nearer than heaven to earth.
The great problem of life is for each man to do his share of the world's work and enjoy the result.
He who has created us with a thirst after the knowledge of Him will certainly satisfy that thirst.
Never promise anything unless you are quite sure you can give what you say.
Certain sermons are more calculated to weaken faith than to render men believers.
Only what we have wrought into our characters during life can we take away with us.
There is no right faith in believing what is true unless we believe it because it is true.
Venture not to the utmost bounds of even lawful pleasures; the limits of good and evil join.
If you wish to have a good house to live in when you are old, you must lay a brick every day.
No one can over-estimate his own weakness, or the dangers to which he is continually exposed.
Evil, like a rolling-stone upon a mountain top. A child may first impel—a giant cannot stop.
What other dangle is so dark as one's heart? What other jailer so inexorable as one's self.
Every good and holy desire, though it may lack the form, hath in itself, the substance and force of a prayer.
We do not believe immortality because we have proved it, but we forever try to prove it because we believe it.
If a man has transgressed one law, and speaks lies, and scoffs at another world, there is no evil he will not do.
The direct and proper act of faith is of perpetual use and necessity, and then most when there is least of assurance.
To do for man what he can do for himself were not wise—not good for man's growth either in knowledge or wisdom.
Keep the head cool by temperance in all things, and the feet warm by actual exercise in the discharge of important duties—deeds of kindness.
A philosopher never deems any man beneath his notice, for there is no mind that cannot furnish some scraps of intellectual entertainment.
Gentleness which belongs to virtue is to be carefully distinguished from the mean spirits of cowards, and the fawning assent of sycophants.
The angel who ministers to a dying beggar may hold himself as highly honored as he who keeps the gate of heaven.
Internal conflicts are the heritage of superiority. It is so easy for small-headed stupidity to take no thought for the morrow.
A man who has a fixed purpose to which he devotes his powers, is invulnerable. Like the rock in the sea it splits the troubles of life, and they eddy round him in idle foam.
There is much greatness of mind in the owning of a good farm—as the doing of it; and we must not more force a requital out of a season than be wanting in it.
Pride is seldom delicate; it will please itself with very mean advantages; and every feels not its own happiness, but when it may be compared with the misery of others.
The liberty of using harmless pleasures will be disputed; but it is still to be examined what pleasures are harmless. The evil of any pleasure is not in the act itself, but in its consequences.
The beginning of hardship is like the first taste of bitter food; it seems for a moment unbearable, yet if there is nothing else to satisfy our hunger we take another bite and find it possible to go on.
Whatever comes out of despair cannot bear the title of valor, which should be lifted up to such a height that, holding all things under itself, it should be able to maintain its greatness even in the midst of miseries.
There is no despair so absolute as that which comes in the first moments of our first great sorrow—when we have not yet known what it is to have suffered and healed, to have despaired and have recovered hope.
A religious life is not a thing that spends itself like a bright bubble on the river's surface. It is rather like the river itself, which widens continually, and is never so broad or deep as where it rolls into the ocean of eternity.
The smallest motion is of importance in nature. The whole substance of the sea moves when we throw in a pebble. So in the life of grace, the most trifling action has a bearing in its consequence upon the whole. Everything then is important.
The truth is precious as it is divine. The truth is precious because nothing else is so near man's present and future welfare. There is not a sin, crime or bad thing in the world, but sweep away the dust of the earth around it, it stands upon a lie, and falsehood is the foundation of all evil.
The more quiet and peaceably we get on, the better—the better for ourselves, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest course is—if a man cheats you, to cease dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him.
Fear and timidity restrain our approach toward him whom fortune has elevated above us. All who are acquainted with the workings of the heart will allow that equal friendships are the warmest and most lasting. Those who are linked together by their interests are friends no longer than prosperity lasts.

Health Hints.

Never go to bed with cold, damp feet; always toast them before a fire for ten or fifteen minutes before going to bed.

When going from a warm atmosphere to a colder one, keep the mouth closed, so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose, ere it reaches the lungs.

Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise; and always avoid standing upon the ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to a cold wind.

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out in the cold air.

Merely to keep the back by a fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to the heat after it has become comfortably warm; to do otherwise is debilitating.

When hoarse, speak as little as possible until it is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat may be produced.

Never begin a journey until breakfast has been taken.

Keep the back, especially between the shoulder blades, well covered; also the chest well protected.

Never lean the back upon anything that is cold.

Never omit regular bathing; for unless the skin is in an active condition the cold will close the pores and favor conjestion or other diseases.

Some of the most valuable constituents of the wheat are left in the bran, and the fine flour is not sufficiently laxative to meet the requirements of most systems, so it is advisable to take frequently or systematically a coarser diet. Graham, cracked wheat or rye will generally meet this want, or a fair supply of berries or fruits will answer a similar purpose. Proper attention to the diet will generally obviate the necessity of a resort to physic, and is by far the preferable course in every aspect of the case.

To cure corns, take one measure of coal or gas tar, one of saltpeter and one of brown sugar; mix well. Take a piece of an old kid glove and spread a plaster on it the size of the corn and apply to the part affected; bind on and rest two or three days and then remove, and the corn will come with it.

The Plantagenets were very rough and ready financiers. When Richard I. took it into his head to try conclusions with Saladin, he raised the needful by turning the crown manors and fortresses of Roxburg and Berwick into hard cash, selling offices of trust to the best bidders, and did not hesitate to avow that he would dispose of London itself if a purchaser were forthcoming. Strangely enough, Coeur de Lion never seems to have thought of doing the same by his crown jewels. Henry III. was the first English monarch who had recourse to that undignified expedient. The idea, indeed, did not originate with him; for it is recorded that when some person or persons unknown suggested that the replenishing of the royal coffers by selling the crown plate and jewelry, the king himself doubted as to the likelihood of finding purchasers, and being assured that the citizens of London would gladly accommodate him, Henry exclaimed: "On my word, if the treasury of Augustus were brought to sale, the citizens are able to be the purchasers. The clowns, who assume to themselves the names of Barons, abound in everything, while we are reduced to necessities." Notwithstanding his indignation, Henry, like other men in his predicament, was willing enough to deal with the full pursed ones he abused, and so, in 1248, he sold the citizens of London all the plate and jewelry he had not already mortgaged to the merchants of France. The relief afforded was,