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## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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**A Needless Alarm.**

There are but few, if any insects, either in the larval or perfect state, but what may be eaten with perfect safety. Some, however, have oils in them which forbid their being eaten in quantities at a time, because their being eaten in limited quantities. The so-called centipedes, or thousand legged worms, are eaten by some of the human race, and may be eaten by all, so far as anything poisonous is concerned. What is called the great white grub, the young of the May beetle, which in great numbers, are often ploughed up in our fields and gardens, is a favorite dish with some of the most enlightened people. The Mahometan loathes the oyster as he does the scorpion spider, and says of the Christian, "he is a dirty dog, because he eats oysters." It is our prejudice, ignorance and education that makes us view these things with loathing and fear. I have myself seen a schoolteacher, in my boyhood, eat of the rattlesnake. The silk worms are extensively eaten in some countries, and snails are much thought of by some persons as are oysters by us. And so with spiders, so generally feared. They are reckoned equal to any dish that can be made up by some people. If insects were poisonous we should destroy ourselves "daily," so to speak, for we are constantly taking them into our systems in what we eat; that is, living matter in the form of the infusoria, the insect larvae or some other shape, kind or form. Let attention be given to the condition of the vegetable itself, therefore, rather than to the worm, for a person had better eat a pound of any kind of worms than an ounce of decaying, diseased vegetable matter.

**Woman as Artists.**

There are now in France 1,700 women engaged in literary pursuits, and 2,120 who make a living by cultivating the fine arts. Two-thirds of the former were born in the provinces, chiefly in the south, while a similar proportion of the artists were born in Paris. Of the 1,700 writers, 1000 have written novels or short stories for young people; 200 are poets, 150 write on education and science, the remainder are compilers, translators and the like. Of the artists, 10 are sculptors, 602 of painters, the majority being painters of portraits, flowers, and still nature, 193 are miniaturists, 754 painters on porcelain, and 404 draw and engrave on wood, paint in water-colors, ornament fans and the like.

## BE STRONG.

Be strong to hope, O Heart!  
Though day is bright,  
The stars can only shine  
In the dark night.  
Be strong, O Heart of mine,  
Look toward the light!

Be strong to bear, O Heart!  
Nothing is vain;  
Strive not, for life is care,  
And God sends pain;  
Heaven is above, and there  
Rest will remain!

Be strong to love, O Heart!  
Love knows not wrong;  
Distant thou lovest—creatures even,  
Life were not loner;  
Distant thou love God in heaven,  
Thou wouldst be strong.

## The Belle of Wolf Run.

A company of strolling players in a barn. The great space is lighted by lamps of every description, the most ambitious of which is a circle of hoops stuck full of candles. This does duty as the grand chandelier, and is quite effective.

Seated near the stage, before which hangs a green curtain, are two persons—a man and a young girl, whom, even the unpracticed eye might take for rustic lovers. He is a tall, finely-formed young fellow, with a noble head and keen, sparkling blue eyes. She is the beauty of Wolf Run, faultless in figure and feature, and with a something in her expression denoting that she is not quite satisfied with her position, even as the belle of the village, or her surroundings.

Margaret Lee had never in her life seen a play, therefore she was prepared to realize all the emotions of novelty, terror, wonder, delight, with which a novice looks on the stunts and action of those who cater to the profoundest emotions. Of course she forgot where she was; of course she was dazzled and terrified at the love scenes, which were, as usual, exaggerated.

The hero of the drama was a handsome, worthless rascal, who learned, before the evening was through, to play at our unsophisticated little Margaret, reading her admiration in her eyes, and enjoying the smiles, tears, and almost spoken interest, of the beauty of Wolf Run.

"Pretty good—wasn't it?" said Charlie Vance, as he held her feecy red shawl to wrap about her, at the close of the performance.

Margaret had no words, she only gasped: "Oh, Charlie!" as they gained the door, and caught at his arm; for there stood the hero of the stage, still in his bespangled velvet finery, and evidently stationed at that particular place in order to catch a glance at every lovely face.

"Confound his impudence," Charlie Vance muttered between his teeth. Margaret shivered a little as they left the barn. Everybody was laughing and talking. The soft, clear, round moon shed its light upon a scene of sylvan beauty; but the two spoke but few words until they had reached Margaret's home—a square white house set back in a garden.

"A little of that goes a great ways," said the young farmer, who had evidently been thinking the matter over. "They stay here a week or more. I don't care to go again, do you?"

"Oh, I do believe I could go every night," said Margaret, fervently. "They're a hard set, Maggy," said her lover, a little malice in his voice.

"How do you know? Are you sure of that?" she asked, eagerly and reprovingly. "Oh, they're generally thought to be well, good-night, Maggy," and he had gone ten steps before it occurred to him that they had parted without a kiss.

"I don't care," he said, sullenly, half aloud; "and that fellow stays at her uncle's tavern, too. Why should it nettle me so, anyway?"

Now Margaret and her cousin Anne were almost as inseparable as sisters. It was with a quick beating heart that the former took her way to the tavern next day, meeting Anne as usual at the private entrance for the family.

"Oh, Mag!" cried Anne, her eyes sparkling, "you have made a conquest."

"What do you mean?" asked Margaret, her fair face flushing, her pulses beating tumultuously.

"Why, you know—last night. Oh, isn't he glorious!—exquisite! and only think he asked papa who that very lovely girl was in pink ribbons in the second seat—and that was you! Papa laughed and told him that you was I, and somebody else said something very handsome about you at the table, and then papa up and said you were engaged to Charlie Vance, which sounded so ridiculous. And I give you my word of honor the gentleman turned pale."

"Nonsense!" said Margaret; but the flattering words had accomplished their work, and it was not hard to persuade her to stay to dinner, where of course her lovely blushing face did not do a little execution.

"Well, Maggy, what is it to be?" asked Charlie Vance, sternly. This was only a week afterward. All the softness had gone out of his face as he spoke. His eyes had lost their gracious, sparkling beauty. It might be that his cheeks were a trifle thin, and certainly his dark face was haggard.

"Oh, Charlie!"—she stood on the other side of the spacious hearth, drooping and timid, her face very white, and the large eyes started in expression, like those of a frightened fawn.

"You are changed, Maggy. I don't say it alone. God help us both, it's talked all over the place. Last night, when I heard something at Dillways, I felt like going home and blowing my brains out."

"Oh, Charlie!"

The voice was more plaintive, and the little figure dropped its power.

"And it's all come of it that infernal villain. In all comes of your going back and forth to the hotel, and with your Cousin Anne, to see him."

"He is going away to-day," she cried, a great pain in her voice.

"And you will see him before he goes?"

"Oh, no, no, Charlie. Oh, don't look so cruel. I can't see him now you know I can't!"

"Since you've heard that he's got a wife elsewhere, eh?"

"Charlie! I don't care; it isn't that," she answered, chokingly. How could she add—"It is because I have found him base, untrue, when he seemed to me like an angel of light."

## The Second Love.

You must permit me to offer you my congratulations. Mr. Renaud will, no doubt, be more happy than most of the Benedicts, having distanced so many competitors; and he is also greatly to be envied in finding a Beatrice so artless and so untouched by the world and its vanities. For myself, the woman I shall marry is not born. When she appears, I will let you know; until then, believe me your very sincere friend.

Thus wrote Alfred Field to his former fiancée, Miss Effie Severe, on the receipt of her wedding-cards, a few days before her marriage. He had loved her in the old days two years before; but Effie was an undeniable little flirt, and Alfred having been severely tried once or twice by reports of the havoc caused by

"Those sweet eyes, those low lips," he had forced himself to forget her, and sternly deny to his longing eyes the sight of her faithless, but still beloved face. His victory over himself he had thought complete until the sight of her wedding cards, with the formal "Miss Severe" and "Mr. Renaud" in such close and significant relation, seemed to bring back some of his old feelings. He suddenly resolved to go to her wedding; and arrived just in time to witness the ceremony at the church.

He followed the bridal party home, and entered the old familiar home with the throng, who crowded around the happy pair to offer their joyful congratulations. At his approach Effie gave a violent start.

"Effie," cried Alfred, in a low, intense tone, "I will give my soul could I believe this day were all a dream!"

"You have thrown your own happiness," returned Effie, in a tone deep with suppressed emotion. "And now you are left to look forward to felicity with the woman who is not yet born."

Years passed away, and Alfred Field still lingered in the realms of bachelorhood. The sunbeams glanced on many a silver thread among his chestnut curls as he sat on the deck of a steamer one fair spring afternoon, about nineteen years after he had witnessed Effie Severe's wedding.

He was on his way to look after a little ward whom fate had thrown upon his hands in a rather curious manner.

Years before, he rescued the child and its nurse from a burning house; and, no trace of the little orphan's parentage ever turning up, he had generously maintained her ever since. The nurse had become insane from the fright of that terrible night; and, after lingering for years in this condition, was now about to die.

He was looking forward to meeting quite a little girl from the pocket which he held in his vest just outside the town; but as he entered the gate, and advanced up the winding avenue which led to the home, he held his breath in wonder at the apparition that appeared to greet him.

Was his old nurse risen from the dead past? In a bow of orange trees stood the living image of Effie Severe, leaning forward with eager expectancy written in every line of her mobile face.

"Dear guardian!" said she, springing forward, and seizing his hand.

Alfred was speechless with emotion.

"Speak to your little Gertrude, will you not, dear guardian?" pleaded the sweet voice.

It was long ere Alfred could command himself sufficiently to talk coherently to his little ward. The likeness was indeed wonderful; and as day by day flew by, and the child grew up in an unconscious state, Alfred remained in that fairy like, having ample opportunity to find out how much in mind, as well as in person the fair young Gertrude was like his lost Effie. Soon again Alfred Field loved, with all the intensity of his nature.

At last the old nurse died. Just before her death she regained her mind for a brief space, and in broken accents told them where to find a pocket which had belonged to Gertrude's mother.

He took her in his arms, held her close to his beating heart, and never let her free until she had promised, with her sweet face hidden in his bosom, to be his love, his darling, his wife.

As he unclasped her from his arms, a book, which had been lying in her lap, fell to the ground, and from between its leaves dropped a letter, old, worn, and wrinkled.

"Where did you get this?" he gasped.

"It was my mother's letter, and that letter was tied inside," answered Gertrude, in great surprise.

"Ah, beloved!" returned Alfred, folding her once more in his arms. "Your mother was my first and early love; you are my last and eternal affection."

"This is one grand mistake."

With both eyes hidden by the black swoolen lids that had risen to a level with the bridge of his nose, Henri Larquette, who sat next to him, looked at him with bloodshot eyes, and his badly damaged lips, presented a really pitiable appearance when he was seen as a prisoner at the bar of the Police Court.

"How did you get your injuries?" asked the Court.

"This is one grand mistake, Monsieur," answered Henri, giving his shoulders the characteristic shrug of the Frenchman.

"There can be no mistake that you have been injured by some one," said his Honor.

"This is no doubt true, Monsieur, but this is vera, vera painful. I would like to have one conversation with ze doctaire!"

"Madam Marquette, Monsieur."

"What! Your wife did that?" said the Court, in evident astonishment.

"Oui, Monsieur. She was one grand fighting woman. Mon Dieu! How zat woman strike out wis her shoulder!" exclaimed Henri.

"Is she French, too?" asked His Honor.

"No, Monsieur. She was one Iris woman zat I got 'quaint wis in Europe."

"She was nice then, eh?"

"Ah, oui, oui!" said Henri.

"But now she is—"

"One tam tigare! I shall be undaire ze obligation to leave ze woman. She will take ze life of my friend. Last night I have some little wine, and when I was in my slumbers zat woman come wis her fist and strike one zat awful blow zat I think I was one dead Frenchman."

## A Preplexing Predicament.

The chateau of Lazieniski Louis Dixhut occupied it for some time during the French emigration; and it was there that the fat monarch was frightened into a fit of jaundice, which lasted some time, and necessitated the change of air which sent him to Wittau. In the garden exists a cool grotto, occupied by a cold bath, furnished by the waters of the little lake in the middle of which Lazieniski stands. The exiled Bourbon, then Count de Provence, was accustomed to use the bath frequently; and, one morning, after a night of rioting in the chateau, to which all the great drinkers amongst the high life of Warsaw had been invited, he walked down leisurely through the garden to the grotto, determined to have a dip before retiring to rest for the day. The grotto was dark at all times, at that early time in the morning particularly so. The Count de Provence hurried to strip and plunge into the pool, which lay clear and pellucid at the bottom of the marble steps, shining through the darkness like a mirror in which the moonlight is reflected. His royal highness, differing at that moment in nothing from the meekest peasant, occupied by the same expectancy, remained in the same position, and was just about to throw himself into the water, when a surly oaf broke, as it were, from the bottom of the bath, and in another moment a figure, all dripping, jumped up amid the darkness, and, seizing the count in a slippery grasp, flung him heavily forward, and burst into a hoarse laugh at his floundering, and almost unconscious with the shock occasioned by the fall.

By a not unusual characteristic of drunkards, he had carelessly concluded the insignificant idea as the Count de Provence, had hurried into the grounds with the same intention, and now stood before his royal guest, grinning and chattering, and presenting the most extraordinary figure possible, for he wore, as sole ornament, the ribbon and collar of the Order he had worn at the banquet, with his jeweled star upon his bare skin.

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## Nannette's Live Baby.

A good many years ago, in the city of Philadelphia, lived a little girl named Nannette. One summer afternoon her mother went to pay a short visit to her aunt who lived near by, and gave her little girl permission to amuse herself on the front steps until her return. So Nannette, in a clean pink frock and white apron, playing and chatting with her big wax "Diddy," which was her doll's name, formed a pretty picture to the passers-by of some of whom walked slowly in order to hear the child's talk to her doll.

"You're a big old girl," she went on, smoothing out Diddy's petticoats, "and I've had you for ever and a half from the time you were six. But you grow bigger. You never cry, you don't. You're a stupid old thing and I'm tired of you, I am! I love you, but I don't like you, and I want a real, live baby I do—a baby that will cry! Now don't you see," and she gave the doll's head a whack—"that you don't cry? If anybody should hit me so, I'd squeam m-u-r-d-e-r, I would! And then the p-l-i-s-s-an-would come, and there would be a trial time. There, now sit up, can't you? Your back is like a broken stick. Oh, hum, I'm tired of you, Diddy."

Leaving the doll leaning in a one-sided way against the door, Nannette posed her dimpled chin in her hands and sat quietly looking into the street. Presently a woman came along with a bundle in her arms, and seeing Nannette and Diddy in the doorway, went up the steps and asked the little girl if she would not like to have a real live baby.

"One that will cry?" eagerly asked Nannette.

"Yes, one that will cry and laugh too, after a bit," answered the woman, all the time looking keenly about her; and then in a hushed voice she asked the child if her mother was at home.

"No, she's gone to see my auntie, shall I call her?" replied Nannette, jumping to her feet and clapping her hands, from a feeling as if in some way she was to have her long-wished-for live baby.

"No, don't call her; and if you want a baby that will cry, you must be very quiet and listen to me. Mark me now—have you a quarter of a dollar to pay for a baby?"

"I guess so," answered Nannette. "I've a lot of money up stairs." And running up to her room she climbed into a chair, took down her money box from a shelf, and emptying all her pennies and small silver coin into her apron, ran down again.

"This is as much as a quarter of a dollar isn't it?"

The woman saw at a glance that there was more than that amount, and hastily taking poor little Nannette's carefully hoarded pennies, she whispered:

"Now carry your baby up stairs and keep it in your own little bed. Be careful to make no noise for it is sound asleep. Don't tell anybody you have it until it cries. Mind that. When you hear it cry you may know it is hungry."

Then the woman went hurriedly away, and Nannette never saw her again.

Nannette's little heart was very break- ing with delight at the thought of having a real live baby; and holding the bundle fast in her arms, where the woman had placed it, she began trudging up stairs with it. Finally puffing and panting, her cheeks all aglow, she reached her little bed and turning down the covers, she put in the bundle and covering it up carefully, she gave it some loving little pats, saying softly: "My baby, my real, little live baby that will cry!" And then she carefully tripped out of the room and down stairs again.

Very soon Nannette's mother came home, bringing her a fine large apple which drove all thoughts of the baby from her mind, and it was only when night came and she

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

The pillow is a silent sly!—despite it which he does not believe.

Employ your time well, if you mean to gain leisure.

Frequently review your conduct and not your feelings.

Flattery is like champagne—it soon gets into the head.

Every dog has his day, but the nights belong to the cats.

It is better to live on a little, than outlive a great deal.

Man's knowledge is but the rivulet, his ignorance as the sea.

How to get a good wife—take a good girl and go to a parson.

To read without reflecting is like eating without digesting.

A good man will never teach that which he does not believe.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.

A slip of the foot may be recovered, but that of the tongue, perhaps, never.

We should take abundant care for the future, but so as to enjoy the present.

"Whatever is, is right," except when you get the right boot on the left foot.

Love elevates or debases the soul, according to the object which inspires it.

A man may have a thousand acquaintances, and not one friend among them.

Never count on the favor of the rich by flattering either their vanities or vices.

"Mankind," said a preacher, "includes woman; for man embraces woman."

Jealousy is the heritage of egotism, self-love, and the irritation of a false vanity.

The best penance we can do for envying another's merit is to endeavor to surpass it.

I reckon him a Christian indeed who is neither ashamed of the gospel nor a shame to it.

Look in thy heart and write. He that writes to himself, writes to an eternal public.

When the world has got hold of a lie, it is astonishing how hard it is to get it away from it.

What is that which never asks any questions but requires many answers? The street door.

When a tooth begins to feel as if there was a chicken scratching at the root, it's time to pull it.

"Figures won't lie." That's another. How about the human figure after a day's hard work?

They who are very indulgent to themselves, seldom have much consideration for others.

Kindness is stowed away in the heart like leaves in a drawer to sweeten every object around them.

Pawn shops are called collateral banks in Philadelphia, because it is not so vulgar, as it were.

We are more prone to persecute others for their faith than to make sacrifices to prove our own.

Those who pray with an unforgiving spirit curse themselves every time they say the Lord's Prayer.

Adversity does not take from us our true friends; it only disperses those who pretend to be such.

Speak little, speak truth; spend little, pay cash. Better go supperless to bed than to run in debt.

When one man has a prejudice against another, suspicion is very busy in coining resemblances.

Those who are most addicted to satirize others, dislike most to be made objects of satire themselves.

The height of all philosophy is to know thyself, and the end of this knowledge is to know God.

Never think the worse of another who on account of differing with you in religious or political opinions.

In talking, everything is unreasonable that is private to two or three, or any portion of the company.

The grocer offered him a frozen ham, but he said he'd rather not take the cold shoulder from any one.

There is no man so friendless but that he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.

A lot of bootblacks sitting on a curbstone may not be India-rubber boys, though they are gutter perchers.

It can be as pleasant for power to exercise power, and for seed to develop seed, as it is to rest when rest is needed.

"Dying in poverty," says a modern moralist, "is nothing; it is living in poverty that comes hard on a fellow."

"You are carrying this thing too far," said a policeman, as he arrested a thief running off with a man's watch.

All men are better than their ebullitions of evil, but they are also worse than their outburst of noble enthusiasm.

What is the difference between a trotting-park and a tribe of savages? One is a race course and the other a coarse race.

Books, like proverbs, receive their chief value from the stamp and esteem of ages through which they have passed.

Blessed is the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth.

Rasper, being told that he looked seedy and asked what business he was in, replied: "The hardware business; look at my wardrobe."

Dipped into a weak solution of accomplishments, is the term now applied to those of our girls professing to be so highly educated.

In the South the boys can go in swimming two months earlier than can the juveniles in the North. This is another Southern outrage.

A graduate of West Point, who went West to starve the country by some marvelous performances, is now the traveling agent for a corset factory.

"Is this air-tight?" inquired a man in a hardware store, as he examined a stove. "No, sir," replied the clerk: "sir never gets tight." He lost a customer.

"Is your house a warm one, landlord?" asked a gentleman in search of a house, "it ought to be," was the reply, "the parner gave it two coats recently."

## Etiquette of Letter-Writing.

As a rule every letter, unless insulting in its character, requires an answer. To neglect to answer a letter when written to, is as uncivil as to neglect a reply when spoken to.

In the reply acknowledge first the receipt of the letter, mentioning the date and after wards consider all the points requiring attention.