

RELIANCE.

Not to the swift, the race; Not to the strong, the fight; Not to the right, the perfect grace; Not to the wise, the light.

Children's day at the church was drawing near, and each day Pinky Perkins was becoming more impressed with a sense of his personal importance.

When the task had been turned over to him and he had set about practicing, it was with a pardonable air of superiority that Pinky, on occasions, when invited to join in some after-school game of "scrub" or take part in an attack on some newly discovered bumble-bee's nest, would reply, with a sort of bored air: "I wish I could, but I've got to go and rehearse."

True, there were others who had to go and rehearse, but not in the way that Pinky did. While they devoted their time to singing and went to practice collectively, he went alone to Miss Lyon's, his Sunday-school teacher.

It happened that Bunny was one of eight who were to sing in chorus on Children's day, and, although he would not admit it, the fact that Pinky had been selected to make the "Welcome Address" rankled in Bunny's bosom.

When Bunny had made this stinging remark, Pinky merely replied in his condescending way: "I don't 'practise.' I rehearse."

Pinky had really entered on his work with a will, and a week before the eventful Sunday he had committed the whole of his address to memory and could recite it perfectly.

This statement, however, must be slightly modified. Sometimes in rehearsing he would have difficulty with certain portions of it, and that difficulty came about in this way:

Once in two weeks Miss Vance, Pinky's school-teacher, required one-half of her pupils to recite a piece, either prose or poetry. For Pinky's part in one of these bi-weekly punishments, as they were looked upon by the pupils, she had assigned him "The Supposed Speech of John Adams."

not a small factor in making his appearance all that could be desired and thereby serve as an aid in fanning back to life the waning affections of his Affinity.

Saturday evening came at last, and to Pinky's delight, he was allowed to go down with his father and try on the coveted shoes, and to carry them home. He insisted on putting them on again when he got home, just to show his mother how well they fitted him and how far superior they were to anything he or any of the boys had ever had before.

As he lay in bed that night, reciting his address over and over, and making his gestures in the darkness, he noticed the envy of the others as they saw him in his new shoes mount the platform to declaim his welcome. He had said nothing to any one about the shoes his mother had promised him, not even to Bunny, and he looked forward to the envy they would arouse among his less fortunate companions.

When Pinky awoke next morning, it was raining; but no rain could dampen his spirits on such an occasion as this. He wore his ordinary "Sunday shoes" to Sunday-school that morning, desiring not to show his patent-leathers until the time came for his address.

On account of the rain and mud, Mrs. Perkins suggested that it might be better not to wear the new shoes to the exercises; but Pinky could not think of such a blow to his plans, and his mother had not the heart to wound his pride by insisting on her suggestion, and besides she feared he might not do so well with his speech if he were plunged into disappointment after all his anticipations.

"Pinky," said his mother, after putting the last finishing touches to his toilet, "since you must wear your new shoes in all this rain and mud, I want you to put on these high over-shoes of mine, to keep your shoes clean."

To this compromise Pinky reluctantly assented, but found later his action to be a wise one, as he encountered the muddy crossings on the way to church, against which his own rubbers would have been but little protection.

Pinky's heart swelled with pride as he strutted along between his father and mother on the way to the church. But as he saw the people entering the building, several of whom spoke encouraging words to him about his forth-coming address, he began to feel a little shaky and noticed his heart beating faster than he liked.

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why they had both tittered as they looked at him. Gradually he bent his head and looked down until his gaze met his feet. The sight that greeted his eyes sickened him.

He had forgotten to take off his mother's over-shoes! The shock of this realization, combined with his stage-fright rendered Pinky utterly helpless. He stood as one petrified, speechless, before the assembled throng. He stared glassily at his over-shoes; they seemed fascinating in their hideousness. A stir in the congregation awakened him to the fact that he had been standing mute, he knew not how long.

He tried to continue his address, but the words had taken wings. Miss Lyon attempted to prompt him, but all her efforts proved futile. He could not take up the broken thread.

Yet he dare not quit the platform with his speech unfinished and go down to ignominious failure before the eyes of the congregation, of his father, and mother, and above all his Affinity.

Without further delay, he began: "Sink or swim! live or die! survive or perish! I give up my hand and my heart to this vote! It is true that in the beginning, we aimed not at Independence; but there's a Divinity that shapes our ends—" and so on, without hesitation, clear to the end.

Delivering his school-room speech, he regained his school-room composure, and as he spoke he gathered courage. His voice became natural and his lost faculties, one by one, returned. His knees became firm again, and his heart became normal. What had been but a hazy blur became a sea of faces, and all within the church began to take definite form.

As Pinky concluded, he made a sweeping bow, once more possessed of all his customary assurance. Spontaneously the congregation burst into applause, such as the old walls had never heard on any occasion.

To a recent discussion of the woman-and-business question a woman sent this contribution: "I am engaged in the business of being beautiful in face, form and dress. I find that men pay the highest wages to women in my trade."

The pretty women and the women who think they are pretty should remember that the women who have held absolute sway over men have rarely been astonishingly beautiful and have often been lacking even in style.

When General Treppoff was chief of police in Moscow, before the establishment of the state liquor monopoly, he was told from the highest quarters to suppress the orgies at popular resorts in the town.

Jobson—You bought the stock on your broker's advice, didn't you? Dobson—Yes, he gave me four excellent reasons why it should go up.

Wild Roses. You can buy roses at any time, if you care to pay the price, but it is not every day or in every month that you can feast your eyes upon thousands of roses that cost you nothing, and banish every other longing in the sweet season of the flowers.

Penitence and tears are not necessary for worship here, and the "troubled spirit" becomes calm as soon as you breathe the sweet incense from afar. The only requisites are an eye open to the beauty, an ear alert for hum of bee, and a heart in tune with nature's harmony.

Here is a shrine—the rolling woodland shelves down to the side of the stream, and just where the underlying rock crops out toward the water's edge there stands a rose bush covered with hundreds of roses.

But look at the roses. Is there a daintier flower of the summer time? Indeed, Leigh Hunt was right when he sang—

Do you want symmetry? Do you want delicate color? Do you want sweetness? Here are all in one, in perfect unity, "simple in its neatness."

As a Country Parson and as a Peace-making Magistrate. For twenty years Henry Smith remained in Yorkshire, and though his ideas of clerical duty were not those of today, yet it will not be denied that he was a vigorous country parson, entering into the pursuits and the daily life of his humble neighbors and doing his utmost to improve their lot.

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The little creature which bears the distinction of owning more legs and feet than any other known organized being is the millepede, which literally means "thousand footed."

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The Visit Hans Christian Andersen Paid His Old Debt. Among the many amusing things Hans Christian Andersen treated us to was a little anecdote which, curiously enough, since it was so very characteristic of him, he omitted from his autobiography.

Autumn of 1844 he was a daily guest of the Danish royal family at Fohr, and was on terms of intimacy both with them and with the family of the Duke of Augustenborg.

Charlotte Cushman was perhaps the most brilliant player of male parts of her or, indeed, of any other generation. She was equally brilliant and convincing as Romeo, Cardinal Wolsey or Claude Melnotte, but when she made the crucial experiment of playing the melancholy Dane even she proved unequal to the task.

Miss Julia Seaman, a once popular actress, was so severely criticised when she played Hamlet some years ago that she turned round on her critics and assailed them in a very vigorous manner.

Charlotte Crampton was noted for her clever acting of masculine parts, which would have been even more convincing if she had not been such a tiny woman.

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The Role of Hamlet. Although many of the cleverest actresses the world has known have essayed the part, they have, with few exceptions, failed in it.

Even Sarah Siddons, probably the greatest tragic actress of all time, was a failure as Hamlet, largely owing to the nondescript nature of her garments, which were neither masculine nor feminine and which made it almost impossible to forget that her Hamlet was a woman and not a man.

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