

WHO LIVETH BEST.

He liveth best who liveth patiently. Who hides his joys and takes his bitterness. And scans each hour with willing eyes to see if he must strive or serve or bear or bless— Ready, whiche'er it be.

WHAT DUTCHER LEFT.

Dutcher was dead. The half a million was half a million. Like cows picketed out to grass, Belford's thoughts simply could not get away from the stake and rope of those two facts.

must be transferred immediately. Have promised underwriters to have every share in hand by thirtieth. They're ready to back out if given good excuse—market shaky. Simply can't afford delay from any cause whatever.

thinks there's any two and two coming to her from the Morsers, don't you suppose she'll want it—for the daughter's sake, at least? However, there's no need of troubling Ma with it. I'll go ahead and do it—as soon as ever I can find Floretta—or find that she is not to be found.

There was a man at the end of our street, named Owens. He wouldn't ever keep up his yard decent. He'd always have a ash-beap and rattletrap things around in sight. It used to fret Orrin. He'd get mad and go for Owens, every now and then. Seems to me it would be a sort of mean and pitiful thing for me to be a ask that'd care for myself.

she whispered breathlessly. "Of course, you must drop that now." He made a gesture, as though her saying that were obviously superfluous; but he did not look up. The way he stared at the table struck her; and then, abruptly, she saw just what she knew he was seeing—a rough, cubical sheet-iron box, with the lock broken. She gave a shiver and stepped noiselessly to his side.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN DAILY THOUGHT. There is no greater philanthropist in the country than the working man who shares his loaf of bread with his neighborhood.—Mr. Will Crooks.