

PROSPICE.

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face.
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place.
The power of the night, the press of the storm.
The post of the foe,
Where he stands the Arch Fear in a vision
form?
Yes, the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit at-
tained
And the barriers fall.
Though a battle to fight ere the gerdon be
gained.
The reward of it all!
I was ever a fighter, so— one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes and
forefore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my
peers.
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's ar-
rear.
Of pain, darkness, and cold,
For sudden the worst turns the best to the
brave.
The black minute's at end,
And the elements rage, the fiend voices that
rave.
Shall dwindle and blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of
pain.
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee
again,
And with God be the rest!
—[Robert Browning.]

BITTER BUT WHOLESOME.

Mrs. Hale had left the outside door slightly ajar. From behind the folds of the library portiere came the sounds of a conversation Katherine could hardly have avoided hearing.
"I don't see how, with his fastidiousness, he can endure boarding there," said Mildred.
"What I fail to understand is how, with her intellect, she can forego neatness to the degree she does," added May.
"Katherine is a good cook," Mildred continued. "At least the results of her efforts in the culinary line taste well. One who knows Katherine, however, feels a trifle uncertain concerning the possible stage an article may have passed through before reaching the table an entity."
Another voice—with a pained sensation Katherine recognized it as that of Helen Armour, the Hale girl's guest—interposed:
"Now do you know, girls, I don't believe I've given a thought to her looks since our first meeting. Don't you think her very entertaining? It seems to me she remembers everything she has ever read. How at home she was among those foreign photographs I brought you! There doesn't appear to be a topic of the day that she isn't familiar with. Don't you remember how delightfully willing she was to sit down and play us that Schubert air we were discussing? I thought her just charming."
"So she is, that way," exclaimed Mildred. "Most of the time even I forget the rest. Perhaps that accounts for Dr. Neale's long stay. Her merits dim her faults."
"But didn't she look extremely untidy coming up the walk just now? I couldn't help speaking plainly. I hope you won't think us too critical of our friend, Helen. Her heart is all right."
"That's so," said May Hale, "Katherine is true blue. We are very fond of her, indeed, Helen."
Katherine Orr stood waiting quietly on the side steps, when Mrs. Hale brought her the recipe she had run over to borrow. She took the paper absently, and hurried through the gate in the fence dividing the two homesteads.
"So that's what they think of me," she pondered, mechanically taking off the shabby hat she wore, and idly whirling it in her hand, as she swayed back and forth in the old kitchen rocker.
Katherine Orr was a clear headed young woman, and always weighed things. As her friends declared, it was strange that, being so well balanced, she seemed unable to discern her greatest defect. But now she had begun to think.
"Is this true?" she deprecatingly questioned. As she glanced with critical eye about the sunny kitchen she beheld affirmative evidence of her friends' words.
The hard pine floor needed a thorough oiling, the windows showing decided lack of care, the rusty iron sink and the copper pump mottled with green, assumed new aspects in Katherine's quickened sight.
She sighed as she turned from the room to herself. The indigo blue wrapper spotted with dust and water, the dingy hands, the long, irregular line of black showing on her arm as the loose sleeve was pushed up, were all silent but eloquent messengers to Katherine's thought.
There was no doubt that she had a fault that needed eradicating. But a general overturn meant endless talk and wonder among those very friends who most eagerly desired such a change. The untidy habits had grown upon her slowly. In the same almost imperceptible manner they must be put away.
She could understand now why it was that the one boarder she wished to keep to eke out her own and her invalid mother's small income was always in a state of going.
The Orr homestead, with its green lawn, its wide veranda, its large, sunny rooms, seemed a delightful abode, scanned superficially; but there was an atmosphere about it that proved unhealthful to every new comer. Katherine felt the oppressiveness of it to-day.
As boy and girl, Katherine Orr and Donald Neale had fought against each other for first rank at school. Whichever won, the other took the defeat good-naturedly.
It was a great disappointment to them both when Donald joined the freshman class at Harvard, that the death of Katherine's father left her without sufficient means to enter the Annex.
Katherine bore the deprivation bravely, determined that if not by one way then by another she would match Donald's attainments. Well, she had succeeded in part, but had it not been at a cost?
She had neglected her housework and disregarded her appearance, to study, think, and write. She was what the world calls a cultured woman. Was she, in truth, a refined one? Katherine had

courage to answer that question aright. She saw "the little rift within the lute."
It is not necessary to enter into a minute account of Katherine Orr's reform. In the dark, unseen corners of her home she began. Day after day, week after week, she worked. For one pair of hands it was a long, laborious process to renovate the old house. Soap, sand, water, and a willing disposition can work wonders, however. Attention to details at the start saved many a tired feeling later.
Plenty of baths and fresh air could not fail to produce their beautifying bodily effects. A ready needle and a washtub are valuable factors in keeping one's working apparel in presentable condition.
It was a long time—years—before she could say confidently there had been a complete change, or feel assured there were no reasonable grounds of criticism in her regime.
Three years later Helen Armour was again at her friends', the Hales.
"Oh Mildred! who is that splendid looking woman coming up the walk?" she eagerly asked, the morning after her arrival.
"That? That's Katherine Orr—Katherine Neale, I mean. You remember her, don't you?"
"Katherine Orr! Why, yes, I remember her well; but hasn't she changed greatly?" Helen doubtfully replied.
"Changed? Perhaps; I haven't thought about it. We see her daily, you know. Possibly you notice more."
"She certainly has changed, and for the better," Helen emphatically responded. "And so she really married that nice Dr. Neale?"
"Of course," exclaimed May half indignantly. "We always knew she would."
"Did you? Why, I thought—" but on consideration Helen kept her thought to herself.
"Who wants an invitation to a feast of reason and a flow of soul? In other words, who wishes to take tea with the Neales to-morrow night?" Katherine gaily queried, as she came into the library.
Helen came forward to shake hands cordially. "From my remembrance of other feasts of reason, I, for one, shall strain every nerve to be there," she merrily said.
"Tea? Tea at Katherine's? That means Nectar! Ambrosia! Olympus!" May melodramatically interrupted.
"We'll wash the dishes, Katherine," she added in a stage whisper.
"I'd like to see your vandal hands laid on Katherine Neale's dishes, May Hale. You know you'd never do them to suit her. She's very particular, that Katherine Neale," Mildred explained to Helen.
Katherine's eyes shone.
"You made me so, girls," she said.
"We? Now what do you mean Katherine?"
Katherine told them of the conversation she heard so long ago.
"It was hard discipline, girls, but it did us good. The medicine was bitter but wholesome."
Helen leaned forward and touched Katherine's hand caressingly. "We rise by the things that are under our feet," she gently quoted.
"But, oh, Katherine," cried Mildred, "it was cruel of us. We would not say such a thing now."
"You could not, truly," was the quiet response. And Katherine was, as she felt, mistress of the situation.—[Martha Fairbanks Blanchard.]

Amateur Photography.
A photographer who has been in business for many years was asked recently if the numerous amateurs engaged in his line of work had diminished the number of his patrons. He replied: "No; I do not believe it has. While the outfits which are furnished at such low prices are capable of producing very fair work, yet the services of a person skilled in the art are necessary to insure the best results, and photographers earn considerable money by completing the work which the amateurs have begun. The majority of these amateurs are attracted at the outset by the novelty of the work, and look upon it for a while as a pastime, but most of them soon tire of it, especially after some of their unsuccessful attempts to produce good work have been ridiculed by their friends. The numerous labor saving inventions which have been brought out by the large demand for inexpensive apparatus has had the effect of materially reducing the cost to the professional photographer, and has thus been of substantial benefit to those who depend upon their skill in the art for a livelihood."

Flowers as Food.
Not only rose leaves and violets, but nasturtiums and other flowers, are now candied and eaten.
These flower eaters call themselves anthropophagists—a word which certainly must not be confounded with anthropophagists, since that means cannibals. "Anthropophagist" is derived from the Greek words anthos, a flower, and phagein, to eat.
Although violets as a confectionery and a table delicacy are something comparatively new, it is really not a new thing to eat flowers in some shape. The cabbage is really only a splendid flower, and the cauliflower is not misnamed. It is an inflorescence or blossoming which has thickened into a sort of fleshy head.
The blossom of the artichoke has often been used as a food. In France the yellow water lily and the blossoms of the locust have long been used as food.
Flowers, it is said, are, when eaten, generally wholesome as well as agreeable.—[Youth's Companion.]

An Aluminium Boat.
An aluminium boat, propelled by electricity from an aluminium battery, is being constructed by the inventor, D. J. Cable, of Pittsburg, Pa. The battery, Mr. Cable says, will weigh but a couple of pounds, and will be sufficient to produce the power necessary for running a pleasure boat of good size. A boat of this metal capable of carrying from four to six persons can be made of a weight not exceeding 60 or 70 pounds, and would be very easily handled. Mr. Cable states that he has found means of overcoming the great difficulty aluminium presents to soldering.

How Certain Fishes Eat.
The carp carries his teeth back in his throat, so that when he has a sore throat he does not know whether to send for the doctor or the dentist.
The horseshoe crab chews its food with its legs, which is a very curious thing even for a crab to do, while the oyster feeds with its beard.
The jelly fish hasn't any teeth, but uses himself just as if he were a piece of paper when he is hungry, getting his food and then wrapping himself about it.
The starfish, on the contrary, turns himself inside out and wraps his food around him, and stays that way until he has had enough.—Harper's Young People.

Small Profits.—Drug Clerk (to stranger)—What do you wish, sir? Stranger—I wish you 'good morning,' sir. Where is your directory?
Professor Harriet Cooke, of the Chair of History in Cornell, has taught in that college 23 years, and has equal salary with the men professors.

THE CZAR'S SHOT PROOF CAR.
How the Emperor of Russia Travels Among His Loving Subjects.
When the czar travels in Russia the precautions taken for his safety could not be greater if he were in the enemy's country, writes a foreign correspondent. A battalion of infantry is detailed for every two miles of distance, and allowing 500 men as the effective force of each battalion, every spot of ground on both sides of the track is covered by sentinels within easy distance of each other. The czar is suddenly whisked off to the station accompanied by a chosen twelve of his bodyguard, without pomp or circumstance, swiftly and silently. The czar always travels in a train of five carriages. His carriage is built in a peculiar style.
The windows, while ample for light, are high, so that a person sitting down is invisible from the outside, and the sides of the car are fortified with plates of steel concealed in the ornamental woodwork, but amply strong to resist a bullet. There are two sentry boxes in the carriage, one at each end and each looking out at an opposite side from the other. The guard-men on duty in these apartments are shut in from any observation of the interior of the carriage, but at intervals of about two feet, the whole length of the saloon, are electric buttons communicating with the guard chambers, as well as with the two carriages, one containing the suite, and the other, in the rear, occupied by the guardsmen not on duty. So far, therefore, as the train itself is concerned, the czar could be no more secure in St. Petersburg.
The train speeds along to its destination without a halt, except on account of accident. At a distance of not less than five miles ahead is a pioneer train, in which the imperial director of railways and the chief engineer of the particular railway on which the czar is traveling, always ride. As the pilot train whizzes by the reserves along the line rush to arms and guard the sides of the railway, waiting until the imperial train has passed, so that the spectacle is present of continuous lines of soldiery for hundreds of miles. Arrived at the end of his journey, the czar is escorted to the quarters intended for the imperial family.
The streets are guarded by special constables, in the attire of citizens. Every property holder has been called upon to supply one or more of these men at his own expense to do duty when the sovereign makes a public appearance. The constables average one in ten of the crowd that throngs the streets, and being in ordinary dress, they can mingle with the people, note what is said, and perhaps do something that will obtain them regular employment among the secret police. With one-tenth the population engaged as spies upon the remainder, with troops enough concentrated to stand a formidable siege, and his faithful guardsmen dogging every step, the czar goes through the forms of a visit to the ancient capital of Russia, or whatever city he may choose to honor.

TRADESMAN:
THIS NEWSPAPER
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OF PEOPLE BUYING THE
KIND OF GOODS YOU MAY
HAVE TO SELL.
MORAL:
INVITE THEM TO YOUR STORE

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WHAT IS SAPOLIO?
It is a solid handsome cake of scouring soap which has no equal for all cleaning purposes except in the laundry. To use it is to value it—
What will SAPOLIO do? Why it will clean paint, make oil-cloths bright, and give the floors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will take the grease off the dishes and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The wash-basin, the bath-tub, even the greasy kitchen sink will be as clean as a new pin if you use SAPOLIO. One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever housekeeper and try it.
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