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Cambria Freeman.

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New Bedford, June 1, 1883.

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Respectfully yours, VALUE T. WINGATE.

The Trooper's Experience.

Kimberley, Bechuanaland, S. Africa, March 7, 1885.

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HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

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Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills makes a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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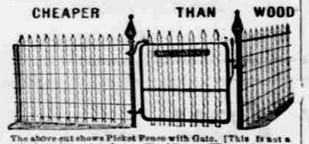

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KINDNESS.

Like a sheltering rock when the simoom is nigh;
Like a spring in the desert embowered we find
Like rain to the grass that is withered and dry;
Like dew to the flowers when the sun has declined—
Is the angel of kindness, in sympathy's guise.
To the weak and the weary, who faint by the way;
Who faint and are sad, as life's cherished prize
Is wrenched from the grasp in the heat of the day.

It comes like the rainbow, gorgeous and bright;
On the brow of the cloud, portentous and dread;
It comes like the daybreak of God's blessed light,
When the night has been long and tears have been shed.

'Tis the song and refrain that the glad angels sang
When the Peace-Prince was cradled in poverty's arms;
And good will to mortals from Heaven outrang,
Whose solace and succor humanity warms.

O, these words are the sweetest on earth or in Heaven!
Kindness and charity—peace and good-will—
Till a love that is Godlike to all may be given,
And each human heart with kindness shall thrill.

—Lizzie P. E. Hansell, in Christian Inquirer.

WONDERFUL WHISTLER.

How His Accomplishment Won a Valuable Customer.

It was a perfect night and the incoming ocean lines seemed poised between two firmaments, so truthfully were the stars reflected in the placid sea. The hour was late and gradually the passengers drifted away into the brilliantly lighted salons, or sought their staterooms for a few hours' straying upon the invisible Islands of Dreams; and only a few were still haunting the deck's moon-flecked promenade.

Suddenly the scholarly looking and spectacled young man from Chicago, who had been sitting quietly among a group of friends, with his eyes turned somewhat wistfully toward the not now distant homelands, began to whistle softly a street song that had lingered in his mind since he heard it on the wharf the day he sailed. His companions listened in delighted surprise. Never from mortal lips had issued more dulcet sounds; the voices of a hundred nightingales were all condensed to form the liquid sweetness of his notes. The straggling groups of loungers all about the deck drew near and listened in entranced delight.

"Bravo!" "Encore!" "Encore!" came from every side; and warbling the changes of various melodies, he finally thrilled his hearers with the measures of dear "Home, Sweet Home."

Silence, deeper than all uttered praise, settled on every soul. Only the music floated upon the listening air. Bright eyes smiled out across the sea through mists of homesick tears, and Helen Harper, who was standing near the flag, furled for the night close round its lofty staff, reached up to loosen a starry fold and draw it down across her lovely lips.

"Well," said her mother, her brisk voice broken by a sudden closing in her throat. "I remember of reading, years ago, a poem entitled 'Whistling in Heaven.' The idea seemed strange—almost irreverent—to me then, but I am now fully prepared to think that the angels' songs may well have such accompaniments!"

"How did you acquire such an unusual accomplishment, Mr. K?" asked the younger woman. "Did you, like Hiawatha, learn of every bird its language?"

"I think Whittier's description of the 'barefoot boy with cheeks of tan' echoing all the voices of the fields would picture my childhood days better," he answered. And then, turning to Mrs. Harper, he said:

"Your remark reminded me of an experience I had a number of years ago—although I guess it's pretty late for story telling."

"Do let us have it!" they all exclaimed.

Mr. K. looked out over the stargemmed waters reflectively. "It was more years ago than I realized when I recalled the incident," he said. "I was little more than a boy and had just started in, with a capital of hopes, to make my own way in the world. I was traveling for a wholesale house in Chicago and covered small inland towns within a radius of a few hundred miles of that center. While reasonably successful everywhere else, I was kept dissatisfied by the fact that the largest dealer in a Michigan village in my circuit would have nothing to do with me. The home firm observed with displeased surprise that Mr. Gray's name was never on my order sheet, and time after time I renewed my solicitations for his patronage, only to be gruffly and unceremoniously dismissed.

"One rainy day in early spring I was in the town, and as my way led past his door I gathered my courage for a last attack. There was the usual terse dialogue, and then the proprietor turned abruptly away and went into his little private office, which was built up like a huge box in the center of the store—something after the fashion of Tim Linkinwater's den in the office of the Cheeryble Brothers.

"Outside the rain poured furiously, and I sat down on an empty cracker box to wait for it to slacken. I began whistling in an undertone, as much to rally my spirits as anything, I guess, and presently the door of the office unclosed the width of a couple of inches and the rasping voice of the obdurate storekeeper called:

"'John, who's that?'

"'The young man from Chicago, sir,' answered the lanky youth, respectfully.

"I finished the air.

"'John,' came the voice again, 'tell him he might give us another tune.'

"I complied, and at its close the dealer was sitting beside me on the cracker box.

"'Give me your book, young man,' he said; 'when you want an order for your house here you can—just whistle for it.'

"He slapped his hand down on his knee and laughed at his own joke and astonished me by giving me at once a large and important order. That was the beginning of it. He became one of our best customers, always insisting, however, upon the fulfillment of my part of the contract. A little insight into his character proved that the somewhat harsh exterior covered a heart as big and tender as a friend could possibly desire, and the years of our acquaintance resolved our relations into those of remarkable confidence and comradeship."

Mr. K. paused, the serious look deepening on his face.

"And then?"—Helen Harper knew that there must be more to the story.

"Our acquaintance had covered a period of three years," he resumed, "increasing all the time in intimacy and mutual esteem, and one day as we returned from a late drive through the country together Mr. Gray said, with a little nervous shifting of the lines and a catch in his usually smooth voice: 'K., I've a favor to ask of you. I'm a bluff sort of a man, as you have reason to know, but I know you'll give me credit for a reasonable share of common sense. What I want to say is this: You've been coming to this town for quite a spell now, and like as not you'll keep right on coming as long as you're on the road. Every time you have been here for the last three years you have been in my store, and you've humored the old man by sitting there along in the twilight and whistling for him. And I tell you now, wherever I am that music is good enough for me. Now, my boy, when you come here again and go into my store to ask for me they will tell you that I am dead. I know it. We need make no words about it. And then I want you to take this horse and drive over the hill to that little cemetery you can just see up there, and find where they have laid me. Then (nonsense, boy, I know what I am talking about!)—I want you to sit down on the mound that covers me and whistle. Whistle the hymns and songs, the airs from the operas and the songs of the street, any and all of them—'

"I expostulated with him, referred him to his perfect health and tried to laugh away his morbid fancy, but it would not do. In a minute I had promised and his hand had closed over mine with the earnest: 'Thank you, lad, thank you. I shall hear you!'"

The women drew their wraps a little closer, and one of the men said, nervously:

"Deuced uncomfortable statement!"

"Well," continued Mr. K., "I was sent on another route after that and it was nearly a year before I again visited Mr. Gray's town. I had heard nothing from him in that time and our odd agreement did not occur to me until I saw the unfamiliar faces at the store. I asked for my old friend only to learn that he had been dead three months, and I am not ashamed to say that a chill, sharper than that of the autumn air, ran over me when I remembered my promise at our last meeting. I frankly own that I tried to get out of it, but taking the horse I drove out to his pleasant home, just on the edge of town. His widow greeted me very kindly and I at once made known my errand, which was to secure her consent to the canceling of my rashly-made agreement. To my surprise she held me to its fulfillment.

"'Mr. Gray was very much in earnest when he made his singular request, I am sure,' she said. 'A few moments before he died he told me to tell you that he would be listening. I did not understand what he meant then, but you have brought the explanation. I must insist upon your keeping your promise to my husband.'

"Well, I drove up over the hill to the little cemetery that he had pointed out, and while the glow faded from the western sky and shadows grew and purpled into twilight, I sat upon the grave and whistled just as I had promised, perfectly conscious all the while that he—was listening."

The story was done and the little group had said "good night." But the teller of the tale, Herman H. Kohlsaat, now publisher of the Chicago Inter Ocean, still sat in the moonlight, softly whistling and thinking how a shaft of liquid silver was shining in a window that he knew, touching the sunny head of his own little Katherine, who, like Thackeray's little maiden, would soon be waking—and making a prayer at home for him.—Grace Duffie Roe, in Chicago Post.

DELICIOUS PUDDINGS.

COCOANUT PUDDING.—One and one-half pints of milk, one-half cupful of milk cracker crumbs, one-half cupful of sugar, two eggs, one-half cupful of cocoanut, butter the size of an egg. Mix, and bake about one hour.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—One cupful of milk, one egg, one tablespoonful of baking powder, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one-half cupful of sugar, one pint of flour. Mix, and bake one-half hour. Serve with liquid sauce.

CRANBERRY PUDDING.—One cupful of sugar, two cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, butter the size of an egg. Break one egg into a cup, beat, fill up with milk. Stir all together and add one pint of cranberries. Bake.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.—One cupful of molasses, one cupful of sweet milk, one cupful of chopped raisins, one-half cupful of butter, three and one-half cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of spices. Steam three hours. Serve with liquid sauce.

DELMONICO PUDDING.—One quart of milk, three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, six tablespoonfuls of sugar, the yolks of five eggs. Mix, and cook five minutes in the double boiler. Pour into a pudding dish and bake one-half hour. Beat the whites with six tablespoonfuls of sugar, flavor with lemon or vanilla, spread over the top and brown in the oven.—Good Housekeeping.

LITTLE BITS OF NEWS.

THE Isle of Man has no pawn shop.

QUEEN VICTORIA speaks ten languages.

GLASS blowing is represented on an Egyptian monument dating 2,009 B. C.

IN the space of one minute the polypus can change its form one hundred times.

IT is a point of honor that Moorish women never know their own ages. They have no birthday celebrations.

IN Chinese the letter "I" has 145 ways of being pronounced, and each pronunciation has a different meaning.

THE parish of St. Marylebone has as many as three thousand buildings, officially described as factories and workshops.

PLASTER of Paris, mixed with an equal portion of oatmeal and a small quantity of sugar, soon settles cockroaches.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE PEST.

The Grasshopper Crop Is One That Never Fails.

Farmers Get One Dollar a Bushel from the State for Harvesting the Lively and Destructive Insects.

New Hampshire has a new crop. Grasshoppers. The state pays the farmers for the product. The price is one dollar a bushel. Mr. A. T. Burleigh, of Franklin, last year gathered ninety bushels, for which he received ninety dollars. Of course the state does not pay for the cultivation of the insects. They are a plague, and a bounty of one dollar per bushel is provided by law for their destruction.

A Boston Herald writer met Mr. Burleigh the other day, and was led by curiosity to inquire how ninety bushels of the lively little fellows could be captured.

"The farmers have been troubled by the grasshoppers more or less for the past twelve years," said Mr. Burleigh. "We do not know where they originated or how they came, but they are here, and it seems that they have come to stay. They are worse some years than others. In 1885 I caught one hundred and nineteen bushels. My best catch was thirty-nine bushels in one day. In an area two miles long and one mile and a half wide five hundred bushels were caught and destroyed, besides those plowed in when too small to hop out of the furrow. These grasshoppers hatch about the first of June, and are so small one would not notice them were it not for the rustling noise they make hopping in the grass. At this period you can destroy them only by plowing them in."

"Pardon me, but this process would bring you no bounty. What I wish to know is how you catch them."

"I was about to say that those which are not plowed in we endeavor to catch. In order to do this they must be about half grown and able to jump or fly. We have constructed a machine which carries two pans of galvanized iron eight feet long, sixteen inches wide, four inches deep, and having a back eighteen inches high. These pans are divided into three sections and fastened to wooden shoes, into which they are set about one and one-half inches from the ground. This apparatus is attached to a pair of wheels with a long axle—one that runs through the wheels about eighteen inches being the best. The pans are filled with an emulsion—either kerosene and water, soft soap and water, chloride of lime and water, or any of the soap powders are good. Each section of the pans holds about three gallons of water, and has to be refilled for each catch. To catch the grasshoppers to advantage one should take them early in the morning or at sunset, when they are on the grass feeding. Two men and two horses are needed for each machine, as one horse could not stand it to drag the heavy apparatus through the grass, for one must drive fast to catch the little pests."

"What is the extent of the injury they are capable of inflicting?"

"To tell how much damage they do is like valuing something you do not have. In three days they will spoil a piece of grass that would cut two tons per acre, and in one day they have destroyed a half acre of onions."

"Have you endeavored to get rid of the intruders by other methods?"

"Yes. The grasshoppers hatch every season. You can easily find their eggs in September or October, or in the spring. We have tried burning, rolling and drowning, as well as plowing, but the grasshopper machine is the only thing that will conquer them. There is but a week or ten days that you can catch them, this being when they are about half-grown, and before they can fly far. The bounty of one dollar per bushel, which we receive from the state, just about pays for the time and expense of catching."

"I suppose the farmers generally are waging war on the hoppers?"

"To a greater or less extent all of them are fighting them. A neighbor of mine caught sixteen bushels last season."

"What was your loss last year?"

"They destroyed more than half of my hay crop, spoiled six acres of oats, ruined half an acre of onions, and damaged my carrots to the extent of forty or fifty dollars, besides clearing out an acre of beans so clean you would not know that anything had been planted on the land."

The New Hampshire law, offering a bounty for grasshoppers, was passed in 1891. At the office of the secretary of state in Concord it was learned that "in 1844 there appeared on one or two farms in Franklin and one farm in Canterbury a certain species of grasshopper, or locust, that was very destructive to vegetation. The insects did not move around much, but ate everything clean where they located, and became so thick that they could be collected in large quantities. They differ from the common grasshopper in that they are not so lively and come in much greater numbers. It was to cause their extermination that the law was passed. Of the common kind of grasshoppers a bushel could hardly be collected in a season, but these locusts are so plentiful that they can be gathered by the bushel, and farmers rig up machinery for the purpose."

To Be Called Elijah.

Children have been admirably drilled in Bible detail. They know more about it than three-fourths of their Sunday school teachers. They have learned the story of Moses till they can say it as pat as the multiplication table. But I do not find any living interest in Moses. There is one of the grandest life stories in history, and they seem to have no feeling about it. And that need not be so. I remember one of my Sunday school teachers in Chicago telling me how troubled she had been because she was afraid she was not making the stories of the prophets interesting to her boys. But one day she was comforted, for she heard from the mother of one of them that the lad had come home the Sunday before, and, after sitting silent awhile, suddenly burst out at the dinner table: "Well, I do think Elijah was a fine fellow; and, if ever I have a kid of my own, I mean to call him Elijah!" Of course, it is only a rare teacher who can teach that way.—Brook Hereford, in Contemporary Review.

THE OLD SPITE LANE.

The Spite Lane runs along the line 'twixt
Slocum's farm and ours,
A narrow space between each fence where
nothing grows but flowers
The relic of a silly feud that smoldered many
years,
That caused harsh words between the men and
roused our mothers' fears;
A country quarrel long ago, a quarrel firm and
set,
Here where lives are narrow and people won't
forget.
We children keep the quarrel not, although its
mark is plain,
For there between our meadows green still runs
the old Spite Lane.

Sometimes when father sits about, at peace
with all the world,
The country paper on his knee, the smoke
wreaths 'bout him curled,
I drop a hint on foolish spites that run to cruel
ends,
And how much nicer it would be if *neighbors* all
were friends.
He'll snap out: "No! I'll fight it out! Them
Slocums can't beat *me!*"
But he ain't as hearty in it now as what he
used to be;
When 'cross the line he'd shake his fist and
fairly almost swear,
While ol' man Slocum with his men would
holler: "Jest you dare!"
But, then, those times, I think, are gone; they'll
never come again—
And some bright day we'll tear away the silly
old Spite Lane.

For, often in the eventide, when at the pasture
bars
The cowbells tinkle in the dusk beneath the
summer stars,
Sweet Laura Slocum steals away to meet me
once again—
No angry words can *then* be heard across the
old Spite Lane.
Old feuds, old hates, old quarrels harsh, young
hearts can end them thus,
The fences mark a lovers' lane just wide enough
for us.
The Spite Lane runs along the line 'twixt
Slocum's farm and ours;
It marks a path of sullen wrath—but naught
grows there save flowers!

—Roy L. McCardell, in Puck.

A PLOT SPOILED.

Why Mr. Willoughby Didn't Get a Wished for Loan.

The sun had just dipped behind the steely surface of the frozen river; the chill of coming twilight sent a tremulous shiver through the woods, tinkling the icicles like a string of fairy bells as it went.

"Good, seasonable weather," thought Squire Merriford, as he came out to look at the big thermometer that always hung, summer and winter, beside the porch door. "Halloo, Steele! Is that you?"

"Yes, squire, it is I," said Milford Steele. "Is Josephine at home?"

"She's at home, but—the fact is—she's pretty considerably engaged just at present."

"That means, I suppose, that Leslie Willoughby is calling?"

Squire Merriford made no direct answer, but stared hard at the thermometer.

"Perhaps," went on the merciless catechist, "you could let me have the money you promised toward the church debt this evening? There is a vestry meeting the day after to-morrow, and—"

The squire coughed dubiously.

"Well, the fact is," said he, "it ain't convenient just at present. The church'll have to wait. I'm makin' arrangements to let out all the cash I can spare now on bond and mortgage. A man don't get such an opportunity every day, Steele, you know."

"I should think not," said Steele, dryly. "Nine per cent seems like a very nice little arrangement, but suppose the question of usury is raised?"

"It won't be," said the squire, confidently. "It's between friends, you know."

"I need not ask who this liberal-hearted friend is," said Mr. Steele; "Mr. Willoughby, of course."

"Suppose it is!" cried the squire testily; "what then?"

"Mr. Merriford," said Steele, earnestly, "you are an older man than I am, yet I cannot forbear from entreating you to pause and reflect before you invest your whole property in such an unsafe speculation as this. What do you know about this Leslie Willoughby?"

"I know he's Chief Justice Chapman's nephew."

"He says so."

"And he owns four thousand acres of land out west."

"According to his own account."

"And he might be a member of congress if he chose."

"Rather improbable that."

"And he owns a lot o' property in the upper part of the city of New York."

"Pardon me, but I do not credit all this. I sincerely believe that he is deceiving both you and your daughter."

The squire grew very red in the face.

"I wasn't born yesterday, and it ain't for you to set up to dictate to me. And if Josephine fancies him more'n she does you—"

"She is quite welcome to her preference," sharply interrupted Steele. "Good evening, Mr. Merriford."

He walked quickly away down the snowy road, the blood boiling in his veins. He loved Josephine Merriford heartily—he respected the good-hearted old squire, but just now he felt that he was almost banished from their counsels.

"If I could but prove all that I suspect," murmured he to himself as he crossed the little bridge that spanned a brawling rivulet.

A hand fell on his shoulder at the same instant.

"Hallo, Sprowle! I'm punctual to the second, you see."

Steele stared round, without immediately answering to this unexpected greeting.

"Well, then, Mr. Leslie Willoughby, Esq., if you like that better," cried the stranger, with a burst of laughter. "Have you raised that sum of money yet? That's what I want to know. Because old Samuels is getting crusty, and— The deuce!"

Just at that moment, looking full into his face, the stranger discovered his mistake.

"I am not Leslie Willoughby," said Steele composedly, "but I can tell you where he is. Just at present he is making love to Squire Merriford's daughter, and trying to induce the old man to lend him money."

"That won't do, you know!" cried the man, who was evidently a little the worse for liquor. "Nohow you can fix it, that won't do. No lovemaking! 'Cause he's married to my sister Eliza, Peter Sprowle is! I don't blame him for not livin' with Eliza—she's got a temper like vinegar; but he ha'n't no business to make love to another girl—not while I'm around."

"You have arrived just in time then. Perhaps you wouldn't mind letting the young lady know that your friend is already married."

"I'd just like to put a spoke in Pete Sprowle's wheel! I believe in honor among thieves; but I'm hanged if I don't think Pete means to do me this time."

Josephine Merriford was a very pretty girl, cherry cheeked and dimpled, with innocent hazel-dark eyes and a red, laughing mouth; and the fire-light made a fair picture of her as she sat by the great, old-fashioned hearthstone, with Leslie Willoughby suspiciously close to her.

"It's easily done," coaxed Mr. Willoughby, stroking his long, waxed mustache. "Just to step down to the nearest parson's—and, whew! we're off to New York, man and wife, by the evening train."

"But poor papa, Mr. Willoughby!"

"He won't mind, once it's over. I can easily telegraph to him from New York. By Jove, won't that meddling old beau of yours—Steele is his name, isn't it?—stare?"

And Leslie Willoughby indulged in a hearty laugh at the idea; but Josephine colored, and then grew pale.

"Don't Leslie," she replied: "Milford Steele has always been a good and true friend to me."

"I dare say, I dare say. Well, Josie, just you get your father to advance that one hundred dollars and we'll give 'em all the slip. We'll take the eight train—"

"No, you won't—not if I know it," interrupted a gruff voice. "For my sister Eliza, your lawful wedded wife, Pete Sprowle, you know—she ain't neither dead nor divorced. And you're no more Justice Chapman's nephew than I'm stepfather to Queen Victoria—and your name ain't Willoughby—and you're a confounded scoundrel and a villain, Pete Sprowle—that's what you be."

And Leslie Willoughby, struggling to his feet with a face of wrath and confusion, found himself face to face with his respected brother-in-law and coplotter and Milford Steele.

"Slanderer! this is your work!" gasped he, aiming a blind blow at the latter.

"And I am proud of it," declared Steele; "or, rather, I shall be, when I've kicked you out of this house."

Word and deed were simultaneous, and in another second Josephine and Steele were alone in the room.

"Oh, Milford!" she faltered, "can this be true? or am I dreaming?"

"It is true, Josie, that you are saved—that yonder miscreant is a married man, as well as an unprincipled adventurer."

"Dear Milford, how can I ever thank you?" she murmured, lifting her soft brown eyes to his face.

"I will tell you, Josie—one of these days."

Squire Merriford could hardly believe his own ears when he heard the tale.

"I came precious near being an old fool," observed he sagely, and there was some truth in his remark.—Chicago Mail.

DIZZIED BY SUCCESS.

Ludicrous Antics of a Great Man Upon a London Street.

James Hinton, the celebrated aurist and essayist, was one of those men who are absolutely oblivious to the impression made upon the world by their own eccentricities of demeanor. He was an odd little man. As some one once said of him: "There never lived a man with a whiter soul, a warmer heart or a shriller voice." He wrote a book that set the world talking, and also leaped at once into a fine medical practice. One day J. C. Jeaffreson was walking along a London street, when he heard his own name uttered in a high treble. He says:

"Turning quickly round, I saw a little, fragile man dancing about the pavement in high excitement, to the considerable inconvenience of wayfarers. It was James Hinton. Jumping up to me, he shook my hand, with convulsive tags, as he ejaculated:

"'I am so very glad, so inexpressibly glad to see you! I have so often wished to see you and tell you all that has happened!'

"Having, by this time, shaken my hand with more than sufficient cordiality, he stepped back a few paces and, in doing so, blundered against a stout lady, and knocked a small boy down into the gutter. After viewing me in the right perspective, he danced up to me again, and then danced before me, ejaculating in the highest notes of his shrill voice:

"'I am so delighted to see you! There is so much for us to talk about! So many things have happened that I want to tell you about! Do you know, I am a successful man, a very successful man? I became a success all in a minute. Isn't it ludicrous? You never expected me to be a successful man. No one thought it in the least degree possible that I should be a success. No one! no one! no one! See! that's my carriage! Those are my horses! Is it not absurd? Do, my dear fellow, say it is absurd that I should drive about London in my own carriage!'

"Having thus, in complete innocence, entertained a London crowd by his antics, he stepped into the wonderful carriage and drove away, beaming."

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

NOBILITY consists in virtue.—Don Quixote.

BETTER not be at all than not be noble.—Tennyson.

MODESTY, prudence, wit and civility are the elements of true nobility.—German Proverb.

CHARACTER is not cut in marble, it is not something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing, and may become diseased as our bodies do.—George Eliot.

THE face of a woman, whatever be the force or extent of her mind, whatever be the importance of the