RE WORLD IS GROWING BETTER.

The world is growing better ! Thought takes a wider sweep; The hand of sturdy labor With a friendly hand we greet; We will not drink the bitter When so little makes it sweet.

-

The world is growing richer, In wealth brought from the earth-But, better far, with treasures found In mines of sterling worth, For noble deeds are honored more Than simple claims of birth.

The world is growing better ! With fewer musty creeds, With more of human strivings To answer human needs, With precious harvests garnered As the growth of precious seeds.

MARGIE'S CONQUEST.

Margie Raymond had been packing eve of setting out for Boston, and wonwould like her now they had all grown ters. Shall I like him, I wonder?" older. She wondered if the brother Philip would notice her. She had I hope so." heard so much of his utter indifference to womankind that she stood in awe of him.

In the morning the sky presaged a wearying of looking from the window handsome?" threw a glance over her fellow-pasdid not like ugly men. The snow had for yourself." begun to fall thick and fast, and oc- She was going to say more, but the found that Philip was not going at all and turned quickly away.

The snow continued. About noon of snow with a wood in the distance. The gentleman reported a deep snow gloved hand, they parted. bank on the track and a large one a few miles ahead. Margie was assured there was nothing to fear but a few hours' detention. Perhaps the gentlenoyed, for he offered her a new maga- Mrs. Morton. zine, saying it might help to pass the time away.

Four hours elasped; then suddenly the engine gave a great puff and they were off again. Everybody wore a bright countenance. The rejoicing, however, was brief, for in half an hour they encountered another drift much greater than the first. The snow was stopped in a dense wood. It was growing dark too. Margie returned the book, and as she did so saw "Jonathan Carter" written upon the cover. She leaned back, lonely and forlorn, She heard somebody say it would be midnight before they could get anything to and the fire going out. A little child you. I have seen him often." cried. Margie began to be frightened. gentleman who sat opposite her was yourself entirely when he is talking thoughtfully walking the car. Presently, to her surprise, he sat down beide her and said abruptly:

tasted so good as the wretched supper When the passengers left the table they all looked refreshed and good-natured. The storm was over now, and the day was breaking clear and cold. They were fast approaching their destination.

"Do you live in Boston?" asked the gentleman of Margie.

She told him in her frank way that she did not, but was going to visit some friends, the Mortons. An expression of surprise on his face made her ask if he knew them, and he answered that he did.

"How pleasant!" she exclaimed, and immediately began to speak in the

warmest terms of Mrs. Morton and her an immense trunk. She was on the family. After a pause she said: "Philip Morton I do not know at all, dered if her friends, the Mortons, but I think he cannot be like his sta "I can't tell," he said gravely, "but

"Why?" asked Margie.

"Because I am sure he will like

you.'

Margie blushed as she said: "On the snow-storm, but Margie did not let that | contrary, I don't expect he will notice prevent her journey. When she en- me at all. He is such a pink of perfectered the train she made herself as tion and propriety that I own I have a comfortable as possible, and after great prejudice against him. Is he left them the next day, and so it

There was an amused expression sengers. In front of her a gentleman about the stranger's mouth as he ansat reading: a very handsome man, swered: "My opinion and yours must too, at which Margie rejoiced, for she disagree, so I will leave you to judge the thought of a drive with a person

casionally a great drift presented it- cars were running into the depot, and she was very sorry she had not returned self. Having nothing else to do, Mar- she forgot it. He looked at his watch home. There was a merry laughing gie studied her vis-a-vis. He had a and said on account of their detention party in the parlor when Philip came striking face, and was surely a well- he could not stop in Boston, but would in to say that Mr. Hale had just rebred gentleman. Margie was gazing start immediately for New York. He ceived a telegram. His father was ill intently at him, when he looked up procured her a carriage, attended to and he had left on the instant, sendsmilingly and their eyes met. The her baggage, and when she was seated, ing his excuses to Margie. "Now, girl, confused, pulled down her veil! went to the door to say good-bye. She will you go with me?" continued Philip. had been so fascinated by his atten-

tions that she hated to part with him. the train stopped short and there was She told him so, and invited him to she said: "I am so glad, not that Mr. nothing to be seen but a wide expanse visit her at her own home. Then, Hale has trouble, but that I shall go with a warm pressure from the little

Margie was cordially received by her friends, but it was not until the girls had retired to their rooms that she told the particulars of her journey that man opposite her noticed she looked an- had been omitted in her recital of it to

"Did your kind protector give you to name?" asked Bella.

"No, but I saw it on the cover of his book he loaned me-Jonathan Gartera terrible name for such a handsome man "

"Jonathan Carter! Well, that is too queer! He is one of Philip's intimate still falling rapidly and they had now friends. He is anything but hand- forvever." some-short and stout with small, gray NOS. "Oh, no! He has fine, dark expressive eyes, and his hair is dark, too, and smile is beautitul!" "Jonathan Carter's eyes are gray.

him after what Bella had told him she they procured after much trouble. treated him with so much reserve and indifference, so unlike her frank, impulsive self, that he began to think she really had taken a dislike to him and so conducted himself toward her with distant but uniform politeness. The charming freshness of Margie's character made her a general favorite among her new acquaintances. All

the gentlemen admired her, but she did not care for any of them. Margie's assumed coldness had entirely passed away, but Philip never complimented her nor treated her with anything but the most profound civility, never seeming to care whether she liked him

or not. This conduct was the cause of continual uneasiness to Margie and kept him always in her thoughts. She was so sorry that after all his kindness other.

When two months had gone by there came a summons to Margie to return home, she could not be spared any longer. Every one was sorry to part with the bright little girl, and she too was sad for more reasons than she would have been willing to tell. There had been a grand moonlight sleighing party planned for next week and Margie must surely stav for that if she was arranged. They were to ride in single sleighs, and Mr. Hele Had invited Margie to go with him. When the night came she was disconsolate over she did not care for, and when she

"My sleigh will be at the door in a few minutes." Margie brightened up as with you instead of him."

The sleighing was excellent and the moon shone with a brilliant luster. Margie was in high spirits, and her eyes sparkled with excitement and pleasure. Philip's reserve had all disappeared, and his face grew bright as he listened to the gay conversation of his partner, while Margie was entirely under the power of Philip's fascinations.

"We shall soon be at the end of our journey," Philip said; "the horses fly like the wind!"

"Oh, I am sorry," answered Margie; "I should like to be on this road

"Forever with me, Margie?" asked of the Guilty,' and with that and a Philip. The tone of his voice made wavy; he has a lovely mouth, and his want you to be my wife!" There formance. We had a stage rigged on heavy rains or winter snow. It has turning her face to him, and meeting holiday, and lots of American tourists excellent witticism. Alexander Dumas, eat; that the coal was all consumed and he is not handsome, as I have told his eyes with such a loving trust in from shore came off to see us perform. the French novelist, said that he and them, said: "Yes, Philip, 1 do love you, and I will be your wife!"

The Belle of the Ball.

"You wouldn't think to look at me that I once had a ball given in my honor-on account of my beauty, would you ?"

The speaker was an old man, in sal lor clothes, whose weather-beaten countenance, tobacco-stained lips and generally grizzled appearance made the above query sound ridiculous. The reporter to whom he had addressed himself looked a moment to see if the old man-o'-warsman was joking, but seeing nothing but seriousness on his coun-

the venerable sailor's yarn. "No; tell me about it," said the reporter eagerly.

"Well, it was a good many years Mediterranean, as we call it, for my fust eruise. I was quite a good-lookin' boy too-looked somethin' like a girl -but had read some and could use to make up some ways to pass the time pleasantly."

"First a minstrel troupe was got up. The boys took to it like fun. Some of the crew could sing and dance, and there was no trouble in getting the orchestra, lots of fellows could play fiddles and other instruments. But we had one man aboard who, as he said himself, 'had a soul above sich nonsense.' He had a funuy name-I mean funny for an Irishman, for he had the richest brogue I ever heard. He called himself Armand De Lorenski and said his mother was an Irishwoman and his to sea before, and had been an actor. He was a good one, too. He was crazy to get up a dramatic troup and after

boss. He wrote a play for us called thoughts. 'Alphonso, King of Spain, or the Doom

The old sailor paused for want of

breath when he had finished this remarkable narrative, and seeing the look of incredulity on the face of the scribe, added :

"You don't believe me, do you? Well, I wouldn't neither if I was you. But it's true all the same ; just like lots of other sailor yarns, though most of them are set down as lies."

Falling to Sleep.

A writer says :- I had often noticed that when engaged in deep thought, tenance, prepared himself to wisten to particularly at night, there seemed to be something like a compression of the eyelids, the upper ones especially, and the eyes themselves were apparently turned upwards, as if looking in that ago, when I first joined the service. Ye direction. This invariably occurred; to her they should be so distant to each see I went in in '32 as a boy, when they and the moment that, by an effort, I fust began to take 'prentices in the arrested the course of thought, and navy. I was sent to Europe, or up the freed the mind from the subject with which it was engaged, the eyes resumed their normal position and the compression of the eydids ceased. Now it ocwith rosy cheeks, clear complexion and curred to me one night that I would no hair on my face. I had a fair edu- not allow the eyes to turn upwards, but cation, too; didn't used to talk like an keep them determinedly in the opposite old flatfoot-that's what we call sailors position, as if looking down; and, having done so for a short time, I found pretty good grammar. I've forgot all that the mind did not revert to the that now, though. Well, as I was thoughts with which it had been occusayin', I went on board a European pied, and I soon fell asleep. I tried the cruiser-the old sloop-of-war Adams- plan again with the same result; and, and when we got up the Straits and after an experience of two years, I can well fixed on the station the crew began | truly say that, unless when something specially annoying or worrying occured I have always been able to go to sleep very shortly after retiring to rest.

There may occasionally be some difficulty in keeping the eyes in the position I have described, but a determined effort to do so is all that is required, and I am certain that if kept in the down-looking position it will be found that composure and sleep will be the result.

It may be said that as the continued effort to keep the eye-balls in a certain position so diverts the attention as to free the mind from the disagreeable father an exiled Polish count. This subjects with which it had been engaged man was a landsman, had never been sleep will follow as a natural consequence. It is not improbable that this is to some extent correct; and if so, it is well that by means so simple and so the boys got tired of the minstrel show easily adopted, such a desirable result they subscribed about a thousand dol- can be secured. But I think this is not lors among 'em to start the theatre the only nor the principal reason. The business. The money was used to buy position in which the eyes should be a wardrobe, and we had plenty of in- kept is the natural one, they are at ease telligent men in the ship's company in it, and when there is no compression that could spout Shakespeare. All we of the lids or knitting of the brows, they walk hand in hand just as if they were short of was people to play the the muscles connected with and sur- were. women parts, and I was picked out to rounding the eyes are relaxed. This be 'leadin' female.' Lorenski was condition is much more favorable for leadin' man, stage manager and general sleep than for mental activity or deep

A Funny River.

"OOD FOR THOUGHT.

Words are the key of the heart. A doubtful friend is ever to be avoid-

Valor can do little without discre-

tion. Blame not before you examine the truth

He that won't be counseled can't be helped.

The worst men often give the best advice.

Affection is the broadest smile of a good life

A great deal depends on the choice of a friend.

The more you say, the less people remember.

The world either breaks or hardens the heart.

Discretion in speech is more than loquence.

There is something sublime in calm endurance!

Our deeds are sometimes better than our thoughts.

Ungratefulness is the very poison of manhood.

Make life as pleasant as possible for the little ones.

He who hath most of heart knows nost of sorrow.

Candor is a virtue often affected to eover hypocrisy.

To pity distress is but human, to reieve it is God-like.

Suffering is the surest way of making us true to ourselves.

He who dispises the little is not worthy of the great.

We should advocate no theory which we believe to be false.

The reality of death demonstrates ur own insignificance.

Value the friendship of him who tands by you in the storm.

Mistake, error, is the discipline hrough which we advance.

Flowers, leaves, and fruit are the airwoven children of light.

Our to-days and yesterdays are the blocks with which we build.

Shun every act that can be judged unworthy of commendation.

The weak sinews become strong by their conflict with difficulties.

The rose and the thorn, sorrow and gladness, are linked together.

There is no benefit so small that a good man will not magnify it.

All truths are not to be uttered; still it is always good to hear them.

You may depend on it he is a good nan whose intimates are all good.

The whole art of music consists of aking up a subject and pursuing it.

Sin and misery are not lovers, but

The great event of to-day is usually but a triffe in the memory of to-morrow.

A man's character is like a fenceit cannot be strengthened by whitewash.

No man should part with his own individuality and become that of an

be procured, I fear you would fare but looks." poorly without a protector. If you of and serve you in any way I can."

Margie felt that under his protection passed until the people grew sleepy Miss Raymond." and silent. The lamps were lighted, against her protestations, put it over Carter. Did you not know her?" her shoulders with a firmness not to be asleep. The light shone full in her | with my company." face, and the gentleman, to keep the

miration with which he beheld her. Margie slept until they arrived at Philip! I thought for certain she had known to be the strongest, provisions, when the stoppage of the than." train awakened her. Surprised to find if we can obtain some supper."

"You have no taste. He is splen-She dreaded the night in the cars with did, and a thoroughbred gentleman. so many men and so few women. The He has a lovely voice, and you forget

with you." The girls laughed outright now. Bella said: "The fact is, Margie, the "This is very unpleasant for you. gentleman has bewitched you. Mr.

We may be here all night, and even if Carter is a very commonplace man, alwe reach a place where provisions can though Phil says he is better than he

Margie was provoked, but could not will allow me, I will see you taken care help laughing, too, and so the conversation ended.

A fortnight sped away delightfully she would be safe. She thanked him, when one day, as Margie was in her and said she would be glad to have room writing, Bella came up saying the well-known English philologist and some one to rely on, and he was pleased that Philip had returned and she with her frankness. They were soon must come right down and see him. engaged in conversation, and Margie They entered the parlor. Philip was was astonished that she so soon forgot standing by the fire, and as Bella said her timidity and was able to talk so "Philip, here is our guest, Miss Rayfreely to the dignified, almost stern- mond," Margie uttered an exclamalooking stranger. She chatted away tion of surprise. But Philip only at her ease, and her low laugh actually bowed with a pleasant smile as he recheered those around her. So the time | marked, "I am happy to see you again.

Bella was amazed; but when she but the glimmer they gave only shone heard Margie say; "It is Mr. Carter," Prof. Max Muller says, by whatsoever on those near them. The fire had gone the truth flashed on her at once and name called. Like other solar heroes out, and Margie, although wrapped in she cried out: "It was you, Philip, he has his faint reflection in Little John her clack, was shivering with cold, whom Margie met in the cars! If that The gentleman, seeing this, quickly is not too good for anything! She never Gunner to Siguard in other forms of took off his gray traveling shawl and, knew you, and said it was Jonathan the leg end; and Maid Marion becomes

Philip gazed with an amused look at resisted. Observing that she was Margie, as he said: "Not until a short found to their satisfaction in Brynhild, sleepy the stranger made a pillow for time before we parted, and then I her of a part of the shawl, which was should have told her my name, only I vere. It might, perhaps, be added that so comfortable that she quickly fell was afraid she would not be pleased the guarded gold of the Nibelung story

"Well, I have never heard of anyshawl from falling, had drawn her to thing so good," said Bella. "I thought his arm, where she rested with her your friend Jonathan must have warm cheek nearly touching his hand. changed wonderfully, from the glow-She looked so sweet and child-like in ing description Margie gave of himthe abandon of her position that the so fascinating, so handsome, so bestranger might be pardoned for the ad- witching in every way. Oh, it is too funny! You ought to have heard her,

the village where they hoped to find fallen in love with your friend Jona-

Philip, saying he had a letter for his where she had been resting she started sister, left the room much to the reup at once, but the gentleman did not lief of Margie, who was in a most unseem to observe her, as he was convers- comfortable state of mind. She was ing with some one. In a few moments | indignant at Bella for telling what she he turned to her and raid, "Are you had said, and angry at herself for exawake? Well, suppose we go and see pressing her opinion so freely to Philip accompanied this year by almost incesabout himself. Determining that he

Margie thought that nothing had ever | should not think she was in love with | scarce and dear.

Margie went home the next day and Philip accompanied her. In a few months they were married, and their true love for each other has never faltered since.

Iconoclasts.

The historical iconoclasts after asserting that William Tell and kindred spirits, whose supposed heroic deeds have made the blood flow faster in the myths, have determined to pull down Robin Hood from the high pedestal on which he stands. Mr. Isaac Taylor, antiquarian, says that he is probably only the last survival among English folks of the Norwegian sun-myth, which is so constantly turning up under unexpected forms. Mr. Taylor brings together many circumstances which go far to establish the theory of the solar explanation of Robin Hood. The Nottinghamshire hero is the Hodr of Northern mythology, "the good archer, the last reflection of the Sun God," as who stands as Patroclusto Achilles, or no less a personage than the dawrmaiden whom the mythologists have

and perhaps also in Briesis and Guinewhich is stolen by the solar heroes is to be found in the treasure of the "proude Sheryfe of Notyngham" which Robin Hood and his merry men "convey." Lastly, Mr. Isaac Taylor observes-and this is really significant-that the Robin Hood ballads and legends are localized precisely in those parts of England in which the Scandinavian element was

-A golden eagle, now becomes a rare bird in the Scotch Highlands, was shot a few weeks ago on the hill of Morven, within a few miles of Ballater. It was a fine specimen, and measured between the tips of the wings 5 feet and 3 inches. -Advices from Rheims are to the effect that vintage operations have been sant rains, champagne is likely to be

couple of funny pieces-farces I think answer me; I mean that I love you and Spezzia, Italy, where we gave the per- a mere stream, except when swollen by was a moment's silence, then Margie, the quarter deck, dressed the ship for a accordingly formed the subject of much

> that they asked us to play in the Thea- German ambassador maintained it was artiste.

"While I was getting dressed for the play a midshipman knocked at the door struck with me and wanted to get a 'knock-down'-an introduction, ye and, of course that suited me.

success, I met my Italian spooney. He talked a little English, and I tried to death.

up to give a ball in my honor the next.

night. The officers of my own ship went into the thing heart and soul, and you can bet I was prime for the affair. The night came, and I got dressed in my flounces and other girls' things and went ashore to the shine. About fifty ladies were there and dancing, flirting and all those things were going on at a terrible rate. I was escorted by an officer from the ship, and when we wept into the ball-room we were received with honors. All the evening I danced and had a good time, but I believe there was lots of remarks passed by the ladies about the very free and easy manners of the American girl. I got tired at last and wanted to leave, and so told my gallant that he must tell my true sex. He took the Italian gentlemen who had given the ball aside and told them the truth. I didn't wait to see what happened, but skipped out and met several shipmates, put on my own clothes and went on a spree to celebrate my ball on my own account.

miral ordered her to sea on account of Greece. some of her officers making fools of j themselves the night before."

The river Manzanares, upon which her turn her head quickly. "Margie, they call 'em-we opened. It was in Madrid, the capital of Spain, stands, is other. "Well, to belay a long story, we did his son went on to a bridge which nobly. The boys were delighted, and crosses it and came away disappointed the folks from shore were so pleased at not being able to find the river. A

> tre Royal in Spezzia. We agreed, and the best river he had ever seen, as it about five nights afterward the troupe was navigable either on horseback or went ashore to repeat the program of by carriage. It is further asserted that the ship's performance. The bills pos- when Ferdinand II. determined to take ted around the town called me 'Miss a walk along the river bed it was Isabella Blank, the beautiful Amirican | necessary to have it well watered to lay the dust.

When Napoleon's army entered Madrid they exclaimed: "What! has veins of youth for centuries, are merely of my room. I let him in, and he told the river run away too!" One of the me that a young Italian naval officer best jokes was that of a young man to belonging to one of the ships of the whom a glass of water had been fetched Italian fleet in the harbor had been during faintness at a bull-fight-"Give it to the Manzanares; it needs it more than I do." However, at times, the know. I was told that the officer river, as has been said, acquires a conwould stand supper and plenty of wine, siderable breadth, and Philip II. had a bridge of nine arches built across it. "After the show, and it was a big Whereupon Madame d'Aulonz wrote; "When strangers see the bridge they begin to laugh; it seems to them so keep up acting the woman, which absured to find a bridge where there is tickled my shipmates looking on to no water. One visitor said he would advise the city to sell the bridge in "We went to get supper, and I car- order to buy some water with the proried off my part so well that the half ceeds." This is a fair budget of wit to

dozen or so Italian officers present made have centred round a humble stream. ----

Wedding Cake.

A Nashville man received a piece of wedding cake recently, and foolishly ate it. It nearly killed him, and the doctors pumped hum out and braced him up and walked him around, and at last saved his life, although they declared he had all the symptoms of pyæmia, strychnine poisoning, normal temperature, Asiatic cholera, morphine make in pouring it out. poisoning, rapid pulse and terrific respiration and several other awful things. However, an analysis of the cake showed that it contained no substance absolutely poisonous in themselves, but having been made by the bride, to the best of her ability and inexperience, the cake was enough to kill a river and on the ice before the door. harbor bill. The man was very young or he would have known better, and would have saved the cake to kill tarantulas with.

-A novelty in English cheese is chives cheese, flavored in imitation of "One of the Italian ships sailed away the onion-tasted cheese fancied by the Poverty, therefore, is oftener a blessing the next day, and I heard that the Ad- Arabs in Syria and in Turkey and

-The new hospital at Austin, Taxas, will rost \$10,000.

Patience is not passive; on the contrary, it is active, it is concentrated strength.

What a man sees only in his best moments as truth is truth in all its moments.

The wealth of a soul is measured by now much it can feel; its poverty by how little.

Envy not the appearance of happiness in any man, for thou knowest not his secret griefs.

The selfish, loving only themselves, are loved by no one, so, selfishness is moral suicide

We must consider humanity as wan who continually grows old, and ilways learns.

Those days are lost in which we do no good. Those worse than lost in which we do evil.

The best portion of a good man's life is his little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and love.

The more self is indulged the more it demands, and, therefore, of all men the selfish are the most discontented.

Money and time have both their value. He who makes a bad use of one will never make a good use of the other.

Men must be decided on what they will not do, and they are able to act with vigor in what they ought to do.

There is very little that we do in the way of helping our neighbors that does not come back in blessings on ourselves

Truths are first clouds, then rain, then harvest and food. The philosophy of one century is the common sense of the next.

Opposition is what we want and must have to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance.

We do not have great trials and sharp agonies and heroic works to do every day. It is very small strokes that make the diamond shine.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more uoise they

It is certain that either wise bearing or important carriage is caught as men take diseases one of another; therefore let them take heed of their company

A shrewd observer once said that in walking the streets of a slippery moraing, one might see where the good natured people lived, by the ashes thrown

There are a set of malicious, prating. prudent gossips, both male and female, who murder characters to kill time: and who will rob a young feliow of his good name before he has years to know the value of it.

Necessity is, usually, the spur that sets the sluggish energies in motion. to a young man than prosperity, for while the one tends to stimulate his powers, the other inclines them to anguor and disuse.