Beneath a cress, beyond the town, Before a shrine for sorrows made, Three simple maidens knelt them down, And from their hearts devoutly pray

One, dreaming of created things-The purple sea, the perfect sky,
Bright, happy birds, with painted wings.
Glad buds that bloom before they die.
The waving woods—the scented air
Clung to her heart, and through her sighs Was heard the gentle maiden's prayer:
"Oh give me beauty for my prize!"

A hidden furnace seemed to glow Within the second maiden's breast: She heard the stirring trumpet blow, She saw the warrior's plume and crest. Ambition dazzled in her eyes That life's reward—a deathless name; Then from her heart came stifled cries: "If I may live, oh! give me fame?"

The third fair maiden knelt apart, Her eyes—a heaven star'd with tears. Her white arms folded on her heart, She faced a mystery of years.
A sudden rapture seemed to lift
Her very soul to heav'n above;
"Be mine," she prayed, "this priceless gift:
Let me be loved by one I love!"

BEWITCHED BY A FLIRT.

"Yes, there was no denving it; Marcella Hamilton was despondent over a letter she had just received from Leonie Summers. She was coming to Westfield, the communication said, that among the enjoyment of other pleasant things she might make the acquaintance of that serious Ernest Forster, so soon to become her cousin. There was the difficulty. Although Marcella had not seen Leonie for some years, she knew she was faultlessly beautiful. Bred in the school of fashionable life, elegant in appearance and endowed with an indomitable spirit of flirtation that was never at rest, Miss Summers pos-sessed irresistible fascinations; therefore, was it any wonder this plain little country lass feared to have her lover exposed to the witcheries of this captivating woman?

Marcella could not be called beautiful; yet when one caught a glance from those great blue eyes of hers it was next to impossible not to wish for an other. When she laughed there was such a cluster of dimples around the little rosebud mouth, and such a gleaming set of pearls displayed between the full red lips that the observer could not find the slightest fault with her charming face. Some complained that she lacked repose, that her figure was too full, her color too fresh, her manners too uupelished; yet in spite of all these defects she had won the love of the dignified Ernest Forrester, and was soon to become his wife.

Marcella had passed her seventeenth summer. What were her accomplishments? She could sing, for she loved music and her voice rivaled the nightingale's; she could dance all night and feel no fatigue, she could row a boat equal to an expert, and she could ride her pony Brown Bess whom no other woman could mount; besides, she was a skilled little housekeeper. These constituted all her acquirements.

Ernest Forrester was an honest per severing man, without the slightest touch of romance about him. He possessed a large fortune. Innumerable were the traps laid by scheming mammas for his capture, but he only laughed at the machinations of his besiegers and went on his way unmoved. Everybody said Marcella's motives were mercenary when it was known that she was the recipient of Ernest's smiles. Even she could not tell how it came good fellow, whom, as she would, of course marry some time, she might as well take as any other; but now, when the thought of her beautiful course mel of her saddle. gazing about the pommel of her saddle. about that she was betroth to him. the thought of her beautiful cousin and the knowledge of her own inability to equal her in attractions came to her. her eyes were opened, and she felt that Ernest Ferrester was rather more necessary to her happiness than she had ever before realized.

While Marcella, not very well pleased, was pondering over her diffi-culties Ernest came to her. Never had he looked so manly, so noble, never had his keen eyes flashed out such in-telligence, and never had Marcella felt so deeply and truly in love with him.
"She has come," he said, while a
perplexed expression settled on his

"Who has come?" asked Marcella. "How do you know?"

"Where were your ears that you did not hear the carriege? I have come to take you to her. Now, I suppose, we shall be overwhelmed with sentiment! Don't let her lead you into the same trick, Marcella, for my sake."

While Ernest was speaking a bright face was peering through the tangled vines above his head and a pair of delicate ears were drinking in every word he uttered. If there ever was determinauttered. If there ever was determina-tion in a pair of eyes, those reguish ones were thoroughly filled with it. A scattering of leaves from the honey-suckle caused Marcella and her com-panion to look up, but the face had disappeared, and a bird flying out fur-nished an excuse for the rustling shower. "They are a disgrace to woman-kind, these silly nonentities," Ernest continued, while the face that had been so rapidly withdrawn again looked down through the interstices of the vine. "these doll-baby creatures who think with their sentiment to make all men their slayes."

"But Leonie is intelligent as well as beautiful. You must like her, Ernest; remember she will be your coust

When the day had passed and the gas was lighted Ernest came in. He took Leonie's hand in his, looking down in her shy, girlish eyes with an effort to be agreeable to her, and glancing occasionally, at Marcella with a martyr-like air, as if to ask her if he was making himself ridiculous enough to please her. Many subjects were discussed during the evening, among them literature, history, science and the classics, on all of which Leonie was well informed. She even ventured at times to set Ernest right as to some name or date that had escaped his memory. Leonie was clever, Keen wisdom had taught her that men of worth looked farther than the surface

she knew better than to leave a single | could bring her more suffering, but to stone unturned that could avail her in her search after a handsome settle-

If Ernest Forrester despised her as a silly flirt, he hated her as a learned fection and fond carelesses that of woman. What right had she, whose waist he could crush with a grasp of his hand, to set up for a classical quer another heart to swell the numscholar, and even to correct him with ber of her victories was more than she whom no one in the village ever thought of being on an equality? "She is a walking encyclopedia," he said to Marcella the next day, "an impertinent, egotistical little thing! Don't ask The place was so thickly covered with me if I like her! Another evening like the last would kill me!"

"Do you ride, Mr. Forrester?" inquired a soft voice at his side, coming so unexpectedly upon him that he for-

got his dignity and gave a great start.

"Ride? Why—yes—I—ride, of course; but I fear our horses are too spritted" when Ernest and Leonie came in and, but I fear our horses are too spritted

for you." As he said this he glanced with contempt at her delicate hands and wrists.

"I should like to try them, although Ernest spoke. "Do you know that on returned quickly, and the first words he spoke were: "Is she safe?" "For my sake, gratify her," whis-

pered Marcella, imploringly, in her "Well, then, dearest, for your sake I will," returned Ernest, also in a whisper, but there was an expression on his-

face that told of no great unwillingness to comply with Marcella's request.

Leonie looked splendidly in her riding habit, and as she stood there in the lingly away in the darkness, while every fading sunlight, drawing on a pair of word they uttered was burning itself tiny gloves and glancing deferentially into her brain, at Ernest Marcella began to conclude "I should be she had better not throw her lover too much into the company of her beautiful

"Why, what kind of grooming do you call this, Marcella?" said Leonie as she pointed to the head of Brown Bess, whose mane had been braided into a band. Holding her whip under her arm, she proceeded, with the air his arms. Rousing herself and spring-of a jockey, to examine the points of ing from them as if their clasp was thehorse she was about to mount.

"You will find her a little frisky at the start, I'm afraid " said Ernest as he arranged the bit at Leonie's suggestion to give her a tighter rein.

If there was anything in which Marcella excelled it was riding, but as there was no horse in the stable she would ride except her own Brown Bess, she remained at home, and Ernest had the little equestrienne to himself, never dreaming of the tears inthe eyes of his betrothed as their horses disappeared in the distance. For a time the riders ambled along in silence, Mr. Forrester dividing his admiration between Leonie's superb management of Brown Bess and the fairy figure so gracefully sitting in the saddle. The exercise of the ride had sent a glow to the girl's cheek and a sparkle to her eye; she seemed to be mutely supplicating him to think more favorably of

her than he had yet done. Leonie reined up her horse beneath the shadow of a grove that skirted the road, and sat gazing at the supset that

glory.
"What a placid scene!" she exclaimed. "I don't like it. I never could be reconciled to its monotony!" "What then would you have."

Summers?" "Storms, wildness, strength-strength both in man and the elements!" As she spoke, her glance, as if unconsciously rested on Mr. Forrester's massive form. Catching his eye, her face flushed, and,

the landscape, seemingly unobservant of the furtive glances cast at her from the eyes of her companion. She was the first to break silence. With a light val making his comments on me and the first to break silence.

laugh she cried:
"How strange it must seem to you to hear me talk in this wild way; but I have become so sick of the world,"
"You!" "No wonder Ernest smiled.

"You smile, but what can you know of life, living here, as you do, in quietude, where friendship is more than a mere name, where love begins and ends in the heart and not in the pocket? I have spent years seeking an object from the shock of Ernest's desertion. worthy of my love, and now when— But I must walk! I am losing my self-control! Forget all I have said!"

Tossing the reins to her astonished companion, she glided to the ground, and was almost instantly lost in the forest by the river. What a puzzled face Ernest wore as she left him in charge of the horses! Forget? That was the very way to make him remem-ber! What could she mean? Mr. Forrester, though a most sensible man, was only human; he was not proof against the witchery of such a beautiful fairy as Leonie. Had he heard her amused laugh when out of earshot he would have thought he had something more to learn before his education in heart matters were completed. A little scream broke in upon his reverie, and Leonie dragging her whip, came limp-

ing back to him.
"It is nothing," she replied to his inquiries; "only a slight sprain that will soon be well,"

Mr. Forrester was so anxious about Mr. Forrester was so anxious about her hurt that he removed her slice and took her little foot in his hand to see that no bones were broken. What a tremor he was in, to be sure, and how carefully he conducted her home and carried her into the house, her soft eyes all the while beaming on him with such loving thankfulness. Marcella met them at the door, but it was not until Leonia was corily nestling among until Leonie was cozily nestling among the sofa pillows that Ernest found time for an explanation.

"How kind you always are, dearest!" exclaimed Marcella, placing her arms around his neck as she was accustomed to do. He rudely withdrew from her caress and in a quick, angry voice ex-

"Don't be so stupid, Marcella!"
Poor girll the threatening shadow so dimly visible to her on the reception of

her cousin's letter had fallen and inclosed her in its somber embrace.

For a whole month Marcella's heart was torn with conflicting emotions.

She knew if her affianced husband was tree trunks and drift had grounded in a in making the choice of a wife, and lost to her, no other of life's disasters | well-known shallow, and half sitting.

half clinging to an immense old stump, ammed in the mud, was Marcella, The brave girl took a white kerchief from her neck and waved it in the val's lips, to know that the warm af-Suddenly Ernest started, and throw-

be the witness of Leonie's triumphs, to

see with what rapture her lover listened

to every word that fell from her 11-

could bear. One evening, feeling par-

prostrate on a seat and was weeping bit-

brushing her dress as they passed her,

"To think I could ever have disliked

"Ah! now I feel that I am beginning

"Sometimes I fear I have wronged

"Marcella never loved me; you see

yourself how coolly she resigns her

The wretched Marcella shrank-tremb-

"I should have been glad to know

graving for exclusive love, which I feel

Marcella grew fainter and fainter

and, while these cruel words were yet

"Don't touch me! Go-both of you!

bewailed? Standing forth in the moon-

light with both arms extended to re-

pulse them, she appeared like a young

Ernest's face was of an ashy pallor,

"And you professed to love me!

Know, Ernest, there is not a man on

He obeyed without a word and left

Marcella turned her white face upon

"Do you think,' Leonie continued.

'that your lover cares for me beyond

the whim of the moment? Do you im-

agine that the affection of a month can

"He was all I had!" cried Marcella.

Ernest's affection has never strayed from you. You are right in saying I

am weary of him. He is a good sort of

a man, though a little out of his ele-

ment just now, I grant you. I over-heard him on the evening of my arri-

to pay exclusive attention to you on

had again become the bright gem of

Mr. Forrester was amazed when this

rumor first reached him, but he would

not give it credence for a moment Although he had given up Marcella

"We were on the bridge returning

"Did you see her after you lost her?"

"See her! No, the river is running

ter. Suddenly he seized a gentleman's

arm, pointing with his finger, cried:
"Look in the middle of the stream;

the tangled reins!"

like a torrent!"

ing his addresses to her.

"You silly girl!" cried Leonie.

He attempted to approach her, but she

motioned him away, as he exclaimed:

seated themselves almost at her side.

"And now?" sald Leonie.

your intrusion!"

claim upon me."

now more than ever."

contagion, she exclaimed:

lioness robbed of her prey.

leave mel'

her cousin.

the rivals together.

efface the love of years?"

"You knew it and you could

to live."

Marcella."

ing off his coat, hat and boots, said, "I am going down in the flood to pass it under my arms and over my

shoulders. There—that's it. Now, I

trust myself to you!" He walked to the edge of the river, and sprang far out into the augry The torrent bore him along, creeping vines that the moon's rays hurling him out of sight again and could not penetrate it, and she felt safe again. Then on a curling wave Erin her solitude. She threw herself terly when she was startled by the clasp his arms firmly about Marcella. Steady hands guided the rope aright; the pair were quickly drawn to the shore, Ernest, with Marcella tightly locked in his embrace, coming triumphantly through the foam. Strong and tender arms received her. Ernest for a moment stared in bewilderment at you, darling!" were the first words that Ernest spoke. "Do you know that on the cheering crowd, but his memory

> Brave, heoric Ernest Forrester! Marcell, after that fearful night, declared that a heart like her darling's was worth possessing, even if it took a just where they come from; and, for a its errors.

Varieties of Beggars.

she regretted me," said Ernest; "but I have often thought her undemonstrative affection could not satisfy my on Ernest's lips, she fell headlong ipto Go, I say!"
Was this the undemonstrative Marcella whose passiveness Ernest had just

foon. He will limp and whine for a ment with it, so that it can be reearth I despise so much as you! Now, minute and then burst out into a laugh | moved. and turn a handspring. He follows one thing more and the wine is ready you as long as either of the others, for market. Into each bottle is introin a different way.

I do not see how it bores you to keep Italian is taking an economical breakfast on coffee and bread, and modestly ask for what sugar he does not use in his coffee. In restaurants so many up the farce of affection?—that I do not know you are even now scheming to free yourself from the net your own his coffee. In restaurants so many are often called by that name. The Two or three lumps of sugar is quite a called clarets. One-fourth of them are find for these pickers-up of unconsidered the exquisite high class wines, such as trifles, and by haunting the cafes all Chateau Morgaux. Chateau Lafitte,

That Picture.

have scattered his wits for him in revenge. As for me, I am to be married soon. Every day I am expecting my lover, and, if you will merely allow him Mrs. Mackay has refused to pay for a portrait painted of her by Meissonier, who is suing her for 75,000 francs. When Mr. Mackay was last on the Comstock he spoke about this portrait. He said that, while it might be of some all possible occasions, Ernest will come value as a picture, it was not of the slightest value as a portrait. While friends might have been able to see something of Mrs. Mackay in the first sketch, thereafter less and less of her Westbrook society. It was no great hardship for Mr. Hoicy to obey Leonie's command to act the gallant cavalier to this village beauty, and a report soon circulated that he was paying his addresses to her as a portrait of herself. Mr. Mackay feels well toward Meissonier, and has paid high prices for some of his paintngs, but says he cannot paint a por-trait of any one, and least of all of a woman. He says Cabonel is the best woman. He says Cabonel is the best painter of the portraits of women now in Paris. He is also a good painter of the portraits of men, and painted a very fine one of Mr. Mackay. It is a pretty sure thing that Mrs. Mackay, or rather Mr. Mackay, will come out winner in the present suit, as the picture must be a very bad one, for, as we have said, Mr. Mackay is an admirer of Meissonier, and has always felt well toward him, therefore, if he could decently accept of the picture as a portrait he accept of the picture as a portrait he latest it. No doubt Meissonier.

Wine results only from a mackay is must hold property in each.

The Burgundy wines are grown on a series of low hills about thirty-six miles in length. Along their slopes and extending a mile or so out on the plains at their feet he three, the proprietors must hold property in each.

The Burgundy wines are grown on a series of low hills about thirty-six miles in length. Along their slopes and extending a mile or so out on the plains at their feet he the vineyards which produce the "yellow Burgundy." The district of the Sauternes produces the celebrated Chateau Y quem, which is esteemed almost too precious to use. It looks like bottled sunshine. he was not prepared to see her marry another, and when the truth seemed apparent to him he grew morose and sarcastic, and conducted himself with so much rudeness loward Leonie that she left him to himself to brood over his fancied wrongs.

It was a lovely moonlight night, and a party of friends, whom Marcella had left for a short carriage-ride with Mr. Holcy, were startled by his abrupt him, therefore, if he could decently accept of the picture as a portrait he would take it. No doubt Meissonier return. His garments were dripping with water, and blood was streaming down his face. He spoke with much difficulty as he said: made a good picture of a woman and was himself well pleased with it, as he placed it on exhibition in the best salon, but he rambled from his subject, and Mr. Mackay is just hard-headed enough not to stand that sort of thing from our ride. A crash came, and the bridge, horse, carriage and all went down. I grasped Marcella, but lost her, and the horse dragged me out with from Meissonier or any one else in a litis of some little interest to know thing of that kind. Of course, in his the general average of alchohol in wine. to choose his models and paint them in and paint them out a dozen times, but in portraiture it is different. No doubt, there are to-day in Paris plenty of third or fourth-rate painters who would have been glad to have painted the pictures for one-fourth the price, and who would have painted what every one would have propounced. "Lanterns, quick! Come, all of you!" cried Ernest Forrester, as he rushed out to the river. With strained eyes he scanned the whirling mass of waevery one would have pronounced a don't you see something white? It is "You're right," said Mr. Holcy, who had returned to the river. "Let us make a bonfire."

THEY were talking of an author who had a quantity of manuscript, but who had a quantity of manuscript, but who had never been able to find a publisher, "You know that C. is going to be married?" "Ahl really. So much the better. It will give him an opportunity to publish something," "How's that?" "Why, his banns, of course!"

Of all countries which go largely into wine-making France is foremost, and owing to the abundance and variety produced, through the variety of soil and climate, it has been called the vineyard of the earth. About seven-eighths of the territory is wine-bearing, and her. You have ropes; choose the best; next to the ordinary business of agriculture it is the most valuable branch of industry. It gives employment to 3,000,000 persons. The quantity of wine annually produced is 2,000,000,-000 gallons, and this is worth \$350,000, 000. These wines differ widely one from another, and each has a fame of its own. Of them all the products of nest was borne down upon the stump, the Champagne country are the best and the anxious watchers saw him known and most widely distributed. This has always been considered as bearing off the palm; it has always been the favorite wine of the crowned heads as well as of other historical per-

the champagne of commerce is made, And Marne is sub-divided into five departments, of which Rheims and Epernay are the true center of the manufacture. So when we see "Rheims" and "Epernay" on the bottles, we know flood of mighty waters to wash away still clearer picture, it may be stated ones, that the vineyards of Rheims are situated around the slopes of a wooded mountain, while those of Epernay occupy an undulating plain. The vintage Each city has its own style. The begins in September. The grapes are Venetian child is noted for persistence subjected to three pressures, and the n simple asking with a whine. The juice being collected into large vats, it Florentine has quite as great staying is allowed to stand twelve or eighteen qualities, with a more artistic whine hours, till the sediment is deposited, and more eloquence in his tone, and It is then drawn off into barrels and can show sores to better advantage left to ferment. By December the wine than the others. The Florentine is an being clear, it is again drawn into vats, artistic vagabond who begs by rule. and as the perfect article is made from He makes no mistakes. He is got up with special reference to begging, and he is as keen at it as a Wall street broker is at his trade. He looks hundrawn into the barrels allowed to stand gry, he acts hungry, he shivers as natu- till spring. It is then bottled and carrally as though he was perishing with | ried into the cellars and laid on its side cold, and when you pass by without and the secondary fermentation begins, responding to his appeal he looks at you It lasts through the summer and duwith reproachful eyes half full of tears, ring this time there is often so much as though you had committed the un- bursting among the bottles that the loss pardonable sin of which he was the sometimes amounts to twenty-five per cent. After the fermentation and break-The young Roman beggar attempts age cease, the bottles are overhauled, to wheedle you out of a copper by and those that are whole restacked, sheer, good-natured impudence. He After resting eighteen months they are will commence with a whine of famine, taken out and shaken, whereupon any but, being looked squarely in the face little sediment there may be comes to will abandon the role of the starying the top, and the cork being taken out, sufferer and take on that of the buf-

and is quite as annoying, but he does it duced a little melted rock candy, mixed with a trifling quantity of brandy, The Roman beggar has, it must be The quantity of sweetness introduced confessed, a certain financial ability depends on the country to which the which cannot be too much admired. wine is to be sent. Russia requires highwayman never stopping one of his own profession. The farthest they go use. Twenty-five millions of bottles The angel of life winds them up once

hands have spread? You have been cruel, and we were so happy!"

"You will be happy again," said Leonie.

"Never," answered Marcella.

"You amuse me, fair cousin. I have the best of reasons for knowing that Ernest's affection has never strayed.

Two or three lumps of sugar are given for each portion of coffee, and it is the regular thing to put any surplus there may be in the pocket. As this is inconvenient the good-natured man will give the extra lumps to the fortunate beggar who may happen in at the right time.

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Two or three lumps of sugar are given for each portion of coffee, and it is the regular thing to give wine-producing districts, of which Medoc is the most celebrated. It is a long, narrow vineyards. Eight million gallons of wine are annually produced. These wines are all red, and are what are the morning, and from 4 in the after-noon a very fair living is obtained. an enormous price, even in France. Comparatively little pure Medoc reaches this country, as the popular taste in America likes it reinforced with spirituous strength. The amount of mixing that goes on at Bordeaux is prodigious. Her export is twelve times as much as entire growth of Medoc, and one-half of these are bought as genuine without

a misgiving. Another of the famous wines exhibited here is the Hermitage. The vine-yards which produce this wine lie on the south slope of a hill near the town of Tain, on the Rhone, in the old pro-vince of Dauphiny. It is called Hermi-tage, because of a hermit who took up his abode there in the thirteenth century and planted the vines for an interesting occupation. The slope being southerly, the sun shines on the vines all day long, and brings the truit to marvelous perfection. The vines are in three vineyards, and as the perfect wine results only from a mixture of the product of the three, the proprietors must hold property in each

The department of Charente is rich in vineyards. All of the wine is used for distillation immediately after fermentation. The town of Cognac is the center of the manufacture, hence the name is usually to these brandles, which are the best in the world.

genre pictures Meissonier is at liberty From one thousand gallons of wine to choose his models and paint them in they get, on distillation, from one hun-But having once evoked the demon, he masters them and they can't shake him off. It is like Sinbad and the Old Man of the Sea. So, if the world demand brandy, of course, vineyards will be turned into it.

As we grow in years and experience, we become more tolerant, for it is rare to see a fault we have not ourselves

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Order is heaven's first law. Silence never yet betrayed any one. A good smile is the sunshine of wis-

Patience is bitter, but its fruit is A quiet conscience makes one so serene. Let not the sun go down upon your wrath Conscience is man's most faithful

friend. The worst men often give the best advice. The worst of slaves is he whom pas-

sion rules.

A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain. Who will adhere to him that abandons himself? Charity comes too late that comes

The province of Champagne is divifor the asking. ded into five departments, but it is Books, like friends, should be few only in the Department of Marne that and well chosen. To rule one's anger is well; to prevent it is better.

> To know how to wait is the great secret of success. Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for your new

Some philosophers tell us that selfishness is at the root of our best loves and affections. Slumber not in the tents of your col-

umns. The world is advancing, and you should advance with it. One distinguishing mark of man's steady advancement is the increasing

vigor of his warfare against evil. Age is not all decay; it is the ripening, the swelling of fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husks.

He who does not respect confidence, will never find happiness in his path. The belief in virtue vanishes from his Many speak the truth when they say

that they despise riches and prefer-ment, but they mean the riches and preferment possessed by other men. Believe nothing against another but

on good authority, nor repeat what may in any way hurt another, unless it be greater hurt to another to conceal it. Sorrow is the porchway to joy, the

pathway to maturity and peace. No one has ever become good and great who has not met and mastered sorrow. Nothing impairs authority more than a too frequent or indiscreet use of it. If thunder itself was to be continued. it would excite no more terror than the noise of a mill.

It is more honorable to the head as well as to the heart, to be misled by our eagerness in the pursuit of truth, than to be safe from blundering by contempt of truth.

Why is it that a blessing only when He never begs of an Italian, for he least, and England and the United knows it will avail him nothing, the etiquette being as it was in the old days of highway robbery in England, the highway robbery in England, the highway robbery in England, the

me his heart when it would lose all its in this with each other is, the beggar value to you when won. Do you think will come into a restaurant where an comes to the United States. the resurrection.

The delays of good and dutiful intentions, which ultimately lead to the defeat of them, cause more regret and repentance in men's lives than any other class of causes.

It does not follow that you must do a mean thing to a man who has done a mean thing to you. The old proverb runs, "Because the cur has bitten me, shall I bite the cur?"

A deep, true love will lift a soul out of the shadows of selfishness and the mud of fleshlinesss when all other powers combined have failed to extricate it from the slough. There is this difference between hap-

piness and wisdom-he that thinks himself the happiest man is really so, but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool. It is the pleasant word, the hearty

word, that helps; and a man who has these at command, is sure to be a helper to others in the highway of life, along which so many are travelers. If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself alone. "A man," says Dr. Johnson, "should keep his

friendship in constant repair." Though there have been some eminent instances to the contrary, an absent man is generally a very weak or a very affected man; he is, at all events, a disagreeable man in company,

Christianity is being like-minded with Christ; considering Him our sanctifica-tion as well as our redemption. It is endeavoring to live to Him here that we may live with Him hereafter,

Don't waste life on doubts and fears. Spend yourself on the work before you, well assured that the performance of this hour's duties will be the best preparation for the hors of ages that fol-

Men spend their lives in anticipa-tions, in determining to be vastly happy at some period or other, when they But the present time has have time. But the present time has one advantage over every other--it is

Men pray for holiness as if it were something entirely apart from their everyday life; something that had nothing at all to do with their conduct in the domestic, social and business

Health is the bed-plate on which the whole mental machinery may rest and work. If this be displaced or cracked, all the mechanism that stands on it will be jarred and disturbed, and made

The most lucrative commerce would be to buy men for what they are worth, and to sell them for what they estimate hemselves. Despotism does the contrary, and that is why it always beomes bankrupt.

Good luck is good sense and good courage, with industry, inspired by noble impulses, guided by intelligence and fore-thought. Badluck islaziness, stupidity, carelessness and recklessness. It is but another name for the penalty