

MISSING.

Missing—so many are missing. The old as well as the young. The poor and the rich together. The weak alike with the strong.

MISS ELTON.

Neither tall nor short, neither dark nor fair, with hair between blonde and brown, and eyes that left a doubt as to whether they were gray or hazel.

The heavily moving steamer had plowed through half the great Atlantic rollers, and the few passengers had all grown weary.

It was Julius Hilder who had first discovered her, leaning against the companionway railing.

Julius and his friend, Austin Drake, were seceders from a gay party who had made the tour of Southern Europe together.

She gathered up her shawl and book as she spoke, and made a motion to rise, but Julius laid a detaining hand upon her arm.

"No, no, you mustn't go yet," he exclaimed, and he fancied he perceived a dewiness in her eyes as she turned toward him.

"You are impertinent, sir," and she swept away with dignity. She remained closely shut in her own cabin during the remainder of the afternoon.

"Which have I offended—the Governor's niece, or the orphan music teacher?" he asked, with a saucy smile.

"Both. It was a daring impudence to the one, and a piece of insolence toward the other."

"Well, I don't see what I'm to do about it. It isn't the sort of thing you can expect a man to take back."

"No," she said, looking assentingly into her cup, then suddenly realizing that this was not just what she should have said.

"Thank you," she had answered coolly, "you did not startle me, as I saw you coming, and I am not sure that I want a seat."

Nothing could have been more discreet and retiring than Miss Elton's behavior, but the perseverance of a man who finds himself bored by too much of his own and his alter ego's society.

real, for although he knew her name and was allowed to carry her book and her shawl, and arrange her chair in the most comfortable position with reference to the wind or the sun, he had really made no great progress in her confidence.

He had been reading to her, but the story was finished, and a silence had ensued, she appearing to be wrapped in thought and he watching her face with half-veiled glances.

"Three more days and we shall be at home," she said, rousing herself. "You count the days," he said. "Are you eager to be there?"

"No; neither eager nor reluctant. The voyage has been pleasant, but it will be nice to be on shore again, too."

"What, or rather who, is going to make it nice? Anybody in particular?" She put the question aside with a little wave of her hand.

"Suppose, on the contrary," he went on, impetuously, and with a certain warmth of tone that seemed to spring from injured pride.

Julius still remained silent, perhaps a little abashed by the results of his own temerity.

"I see that I have embarrassed you," she said, laughing. "I shall not insist upon an answer, I leave you to adopt whichever hypothesis best suits you."

"No, no, you mustn't go yet," he exclaimed, and he fancied he perceived a dewiness in her eyes as she turned toward him.

"You are impertinent, sir," and she swept away with dignity. She remained closely shut in her own cabin during the remainder of the afternoon.

"Which have I offended—the Governor's niece, or the orphan music teacher?" he asked, with a saucy smile.

"Both. It was a daring impudence to the one, and a piece of insolence toward the other."

"Well, I don't see what I'm to do about it. It isn't the sort of thing you can expect a man to take back."

"No," she said, looking assentingly into her cup, then suddenly realizing that this was not just what she should have said.

"Thank you," she had answered coolly, "you did not startle me, as I saw you coming, and I am not sure that I want a seat."

Nothing could have been more discreet and retiring than Miss Elton's behavior, but the perseverance of a man who finds himself bored by too much of his own and his alter ego's society.

is an incalculable force against which no woman can successfully entrench herself, and so it was not long before Drake found himself eliminated, as a superfluous factor, from the sum of his friend's enjoyment.

nice, nor yet that most useful and respectable one, a teacher of music. The governor's niece was just a bit of satire. I traveled a few weeks once in company with such a person, and the constant iteration with which she dwelt upon her title, and the amount of respect it seemed to inspire in the minds of those who heard it, gave me the impression that it was the highest rank an unmarried woman could attain in America.

"Not the effect you imagine," he said, startled for a moment, I confess, but simply because of a slight coincidence.

"Oh! You ran away!" she breathed the words out in a startled, half-whisper.

"Yes, they went by a Cunarder, and my friend Drake and I slipped off and took the steamer at Havre."

"Well, you see, I was with my sister and two or three others; just a nice little party, all the ladies married; so a fellow didn't have to be always on parade."

"I have no doubt it's awfully funny," he said, as she wiped the tears from her cheeks.

"Perhaps you could," she replied, demurely, checking an impulse to laugh again.

"Come on deck," he exclaimed, rising with alacrity and offering his arm.

"The hours glided by, the city rose into view, passengers came on deck with satchels and umbrellas, prepared for going ashore, but still that particular cabin-door remained closed.

"Hello, Julius! Going to spend the night aboard?" cried Drake, coming up with a duly chalked valise in each hand.

"Oh, Mr. Hilder," exclaimed another and more musical voice. "Wait, uncle, I must introduce you; Mr. Hilder has been very kind to me."

"What, Julius! Why, my dear boy, how d'ye? My wife wrote me you were coming over with her."

"Oh, stupidest of stupid!" he exclaimed, as he thrust his slippers and brushes into his valise in the privacy of his cabin.

"If you pity rogues, you are no great friend to honest men."

Soft words, warm friends; bitter words, lasting enemies.

Contact with the world either breaks or hardens the heart.

A Queen of the Worldly Capital.

"All the world" was recently startled with the news from Berlin that the Countess Guido Henckel von Donnersmark had just died in Silesia.

"Her first steps in this gay capital were difficult, and she was on more than one occasion near dying of hunger, but, like Bonaparte, she had her star."

In a few years she returned to Paris with several millions in hard cash, and now a widow, for the Russian tailor had at last died.

"I have no doubt it's awfully funny," he said, as she wiped the tears from her cheeks.

"Perhaps you could," she replied, demurely, checking an impulse to laugh again.

"Come on deck," he exclaimed, rising with alacrity and offering his arm.

"The hours glided by, the city rose into view, passengers came on deck with satchels and umbrellas, prepared for going ashore, but still that particular cabin-door remained closed.

"Hello, Julius! Going to spend the night aboard?" cried Drake, coming up with a duly chalked valise in each hand.

"Oh, Mr. Hilder," exclaimed another and more musical voice. "Wait, uncle, I must introduce you; Mr. Hilder has been very kind to me."

"What, Julius! Why, my dear boy, how d'ye? My wife wrote me you were coming over with her."

"Oh, stupidest of stupid!" he exclaimed, as he thrust his slippers and brushes into his valise in the privacy of his cabin.

"If you pity rogues, you are no great friend to honest men."

Soft words, warm friends; bitter words, lasting enemies.

Contact with the world either breaks or hardens the heart.

derful properties might have been considered a nuisance, as many things are, the uses of which we do not know.

Some one suggested the idea of sealing the gas would burn. A coal-oil can was put over the top of the tubing, and having a few holes punched in it, an improvised gas fixture was at hand.

He put a pipe perforated with small holes across his large open fire-place, turned on the gas, applied a match, and the problem of cheap fuel was instantly solved.

In a few years she returned to Paris with several millions in hard cash, and now a widow, for the Russian tailor had at last died.

"I have no doubt it's awfully funny," he said, as she wiped the tears from her cheeks.

"Perhaps you could," she replied, demurely, checking an impulse to laugh again.

"Come on deck," he exclaimed, rising with alacrity and offering his arm.

"The hours glided by, the city rose into view, passengers came on deck with satchels and umbrellas, prepared for going ashore, but still that particular cabin-door remained closed.

"Hello, Julius! Going to spend the night aboard?" cried Drake, coming up with a duly chalked valise in each hand.

"Oh, Mr. Hilder," exclaimed another and more musical voice. "Wait, uncle, I must introduce you; Mr. Hilder has been very kind to me."

"What, Julius! Why, my dear boy, how d'ye? My wife wrote me you were coming over with her."

"Oh, stupidest of stupid!" he exclaimed, as he thrust his slippers and brushes into his valise in the privacy of his cabin.

"If you pity rogues, you are no great friend to honest men."

Soft words, warm friends; bitter words, lasting enemies.

Contact with the world either breaks or hardens the heart.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

To read without reflecting, is like eating without digesting. True love is always firm, and true firmness is always love.

Honor demanded, is as worthless as insult undesired is hurtless. A thing is never too often repeated which is never sufficiently learned.

There is a class of men ever ready to pump you to any extent, if you only give them a handle.

As no man can expect a continual train of prosperity, he ought not to apprehend a constant adversity.

True politeness is the last touch of a noble character. "It is the gold on the spire, the sunlight on the corn-field."

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Therefore, live every day as if it would be the last.

Nothing is truly infamous but what is wicked; and therefore shame can never disturb an innocent and virtuous mind.

The action of a man is a type of his thought and will, and a work of charity is a type of the charity within, in the soul and mind.

Our life is made up of little things. Our attention to them is the index to our character, and often the balance by which it is weighted.

Gratitude is the homage the heart renders to God for His goodness. Christian cheerfulness is the external manifestation of that homage.

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse; whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred man in company.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it.

A wealthy doctor who can help a poor man, and will not without a fee, has less sense of humanity than a poor ruffian who kills a rich man to supply his necessities.

The modesty of certain ambitious persons consists of becoming great without making too much noise; it may be said that they advance in the world on tiptoe.

How insignificant is life, counted by any of the results that time can measure! How grandly glorious is this same fleeting life, measured by the possibility of eternity!

There are two kinds of genius. The first and highest may be said to speak out of the eternal to the present, and must compel its age to understand it; the second understands its age, and tells it what it wishes to be told.

Those who can command themselves command others.

Architectural Idiosyncrasies.

Few men can plan a house without making a mistake somewhere. The poor man who has but a cabin to build, cannot make so great a display of architectural lunacy as his rich neighbor who "erects" a mansion; but he can put the windows and doors in the wrong places and build a smoky "chimney," and he generally exercises that liberty.

Making the Garden.

What shall be the fashionable flower this season? The Princess of Wales decided the question for the winter by wearing one night a spray of sweet clover; but spring, which makes all things new, demands a novel favorite; all who love flowers are interested in the choice, and now is the time to consider it.

Plain Home-Talk.

We learn from one of our exchanges that over one thousand book-agents are wanted to canvass for a work called "Plain Home-Talk."

Swollen Streams.

Some of the passengers of western stage coaches give strange accounts of the crossing of swollen streams.

A Remarkable Artesian Well.

Outlaw Salmon lives near French Camp, a small settlement not far from Stockton, Cal. Others have been boring artesian wells, and he determined to try his luck.