

CHILD NATURE.

A man may be noble and great, And a woman tender and pure. But their knowledge, if deeper, is less divine Than childhood's innocent lore. Ah, why should we wonder at this? For God on the little ones smiled, And we often lose with the lapse of years The flawless face of a child.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

It was a little studio quite at the top of the house. Upon the easel that occupied the post of honor in the middle of the room was a piece of canvas glowing with the soft tints of spring landscape, and Frank Seymour stood before it, palette in hand, with his large brown eyes dreamy with a sort of inspiration. In a comfortable easy chair by the door sat a plump, rosy little female, in a lace cap with plenty of narrow white satin ribbon fluttering from it, and a silver gray poplin dress—Mrs. Seymour, in fact, our artist's mother, who had just come up from the very basement. "To see how Frank was getting along." "Here, mother," said the young man, with an enthusiastic sparkle in his eye, "just see the way that sunset light touches the topmost branches of the old apple trees. I like the brown subdued gold at that tint; it somehow reminds me of Grace Teller's hair."

her chair, she was beginning to see through the mystery. "Perhaps you have something to do with the factory?" "I have," said Grace, with calm dignity. "A factory girl?" said Mrs. Seymour, growing red and white. "Is there any disgrace in the title?" quietly asked Grace, although her own cheeks were dyeing crimson. "Disgrace? Oh, no—certainly not; there's no harm in earning one's living in an honest way," returned Mrs. Seymour, absently. The fact was she was thinking in her inmost mind, what will Frank say? and anticipating the flag of triumph she was about to wave over him. "I do not hesitate to confess" went on Grace looking Mrs. Seymour full in the eye, "that to the calico factory I owe my daily bread."

"Why they say the heiress of the Factoryville property is the richest girl in the country." "Grace," said Frank gravely, and almost sternly, "what does this mean?" The blue eyes filled with tears as she clung closer to his arm. "I can't help owning the calico factories, Frank. Don't you love me just as well as if I didn't?" "My little deceiver! But why did you not tell me?" "Why should I tell you, Frank? It was no nice to leave the heiress behind and be plain Grace Teller, and when I saw how opposed your mother was to our engagement, a spark of willfulness rose up within me, and I resolved to maintain my ingognito. Mrs. Seymour," she added, turning archly round and holding out her hand to the discomfited old lady, "didn't I tell you that I owed my daily bread to the calico factory?"

One morning, beneath Californian skies, in the valley of the Pajaro river, when spring had just begun to wake up and yawn, I had a train of thoughts, says a writer, I was standing near a small pond. It was a beautiful little sheet of water and about forty feet across. How calm! No billows shoreward careered. No breakers, with wild gray locks, perished on its beach. It was a restful poem; a peaceful picture, done in reeds, unfolding lilies, placid water and bullfrogs. I stood still for some time, allowing the scene to soak into me until I was oozing with landscape. So still was I, and so long, that a bullfrog, concluding from the dense, voluminous science which prevailed, that I was dead, began to warble a sweet lay.

bull-frogologist that if I expected my business to wax, spread and overshadow the land, I would have to place "de boofrog wife" in the pond. And that I could distinguish the belle frogs from the bullfrogs by their delicately attuned voices, most graceful figures, tapering waists and coquettish airs. I went to work again, and caught and placed in the pond ninety-seven frogs of coquettish airs and flinken manners. It was too late in the season to expect a crop, and I bought no harvesting machinery. The summer with its joys and sorrows, passed away. Autumn, with its variegated foliage and gorgeous cider, followed, treading on the hot heels of summer. Winter, with its rain, came. I was biding my time and counting the profits of my next year's crop. Time limped on. As winter and the succeeding spring were, like two barnyard ganders, struggling for the mastery, and the long-frozen music in the throats of my frogs was beginning to thaw out into sweet strains, a great rain-storm came. A little tributary of the Pajaro, running near my frog-hennery, became swollen and the pond swelled. Their waters came within a yard of meeting. One by one the roses fade, swig by swig the jug goes dry, inch by inch the beef-steak disappears, and one by one my frogs jumped from the pond over that three feet of ground into the stream. They had all become trade-marks. Not one lingered; the belle frogs eloped with the bullfrogs, and my hoarded wealth of a twelve-month, which I had thought over in the still hours of the night as I pensively scratched in a few brief hours disappeared and went drifting toward the beautiful blue sea.

Life in a Far Away Place. Far up that ancient river Halys, on either side, is many a village where almost every house has a man at work at work in Constantinople, for the farming of these villages is just about as ancient as the river, and needs outside help to hold its own year by year. And as there is no bank in Anatolia and no system of postal notes, sometimes from 5 to 10 per cent. of the hamal's earnings is consumed by the sharp pollitadjiri for transferring the remainder from Constantinople to the old home. These Armenian women and girls, which they left behind them, are usually robust, as well as the men. Indeed, any one born there with frail constitution dies before long running this gauntlet of infantile disease and exposure; so that only the strong are left. And the two-pence worth a day on which they live, of coarse bread and curds, or hulled wheat and simple soups, helps to develop beautiful teeth and bones, good digestion and iron muscles. Some years ago an American doctor practicing in Sivas, told me it was not at all uncommon for a village woman to take her child, one or two days old, on her back and walk three miles to town to inquire of him if everything was all right with them. But when the doctor asked one of them, "Why don't you learn how to read?" she answered with that peculiar shrug of her magnificent shoulder, "Ugh! You get out. What can a cow learn?" And some of them are about as awkward in handling a needle, too, as a cow would be. When a hamal, or custom-house porter, returns after years at Stamboul, he naturally brings with him new ideas. I know one who presented his wife with a full set of civilized spoons, knives and forks; but she promptly traded them off and turned again to rely solely on the great wooden spoon of her ancestors and on fingers. Another steadily refused to sell his daughter till the villagers made him pay \$75 for a girl his boy wanted. Others discourse learnedly on custom-house tricks and on the different European linguas. Some of them are quite eager for the mental improvement of their women and children. I visited a small village near Sivas, which has a good school for both sexes, supported entirely by the interest on money contributed by the citizens working in Stamboul. Some time ago, strolling into an Armenian village church, I took a secluded corner, and heard sentiments in the address of the Bishop there which ten years ago would have been considered rank heresy, worthy only an American missionary. Among other excellent things the Bishop said: "Educate every one of your girls, and simplify your weddings. Here's one of our young men with elastic set and beaming face. He has a future of vast possibilities. Rumors of a wedding rise. That young man goes to town. At eve he returns, walking heavily. You look into his face. It's no face at all. 'What's the matter, man? Got a toothache? Your girl dead?' 'O, nothing, nothing,' he says, but I know he has to-day run 6,000 piastras (\$240) into debt for the extravagance of one of our village weddings. A few months later for the debt he goes to Constantinople to be a slave for years, and leaves his young wife to be another here. Beloved, by your own voluntary slavery to evil custom we are becoming poorer and fewer every year in this progressive century."

Paris Advertising. They are learning how to advertise in Paris. A curious scene was witnessed the other day in a fashionable quarter. A fashionably dressed young man walked into a well-known cafe; then, having managed to attract some attention, he sauntered up and down the garden, finally seating himself at a small table. To him came a person who from his conversation, proved to be a tailor, and who accused him in warm words of being ungrateful, stating that he had dressed him on credit for five years. The young fellow fired up and declared himself insulted. A crowd gathered and eager ears listened to the high words. Finally to convince his quarrelsome tailor that another house was cheaper and better, the late client pulled out the bill for the garments he wore. The name, price, address, etc., were read aloud and the open-mouthed crowd drank it in. The enterprising tailor who got up this little drama found his profits.

Receipts. A receipt is a written acknowledgment of the payment of a debt. All business men preserve receipts carefully, that they may be able to show payment, if by any chance, a bill is presented a second time. A receipt in full will prevent a suit for the recovery of all debts except those by account; but a receipt for the payment of an account is not valid, unless the whole amount of the debt is paid. If, by agreement, a part only is paid, and a receipt in full is given, the creditor must sue for the balance that remains unpaid. The receipt, so given, is valid only for the amount actually paid. This rule of law dates back to the time of Queen Elizabeth. It is a just rule; for every man who can ought to pay his debts in full. Some exceptions, however, are made where, from the circumstances of the case, it is just to modify it. A receipt in full of an account, of which the amount is unsettled, is binding, though the debt proves larger than was expected. Disputed accounts may be settled by part payment, for the law says that the amount so paid was all that was actually due. Part payment of a debtor will release the debtor, if he takes a receipt in full, for this rule applies only to accounts. When a creditor receives a partial payment from a friend or relation of the debtor, a receipt in full will be binding upon him. If he takes goods or merchandise for a part of the debt, and give a receipt in full, he cannot sue for the remainder; for the law says that he took the goods on speculation and must stand to his bargain. When a creditor takes a note for a part of his bill, and gives a receipt for the whole, he can only recover the amount of the note. Also, part payment made before the account is due, or in some place other than that in which it should be paid, will cancel the debt, if a receipt in full is given. It was a favor to the creditor to pay him at that time or place, and his receipt is binding. If a man is unable to pay his debts in full, and his creditors agree to take in part in place of the whole, they are bound by their receipts. The law favors compromise of this nature, since they prevent law-suits. Although this rule sometimes bears hardly on honest men, who are trying to pay their debts, it is the best that can be devised, as it reaches all classes of men both the honest and the dishonest. When a seal is placed upon a receipt the creditor is not allowed to claim that only part of the debt was paid. The law regards the seal as decisive evidence that the whole debt for which the receipt was given was paid. In the case of receipts there is a curiosity of the law. It is well established that, when a written contract is produced in court, it cannot be altered in any way by evidence by oral evidence. It must stand or fall by itself. One would think that a receipt would be governed by this rule, inasmuch as it acknowledges in writing the full payment of a debt. This being the case, how can a creditor come into court and show, by oral evidence, that though the receipt acknowledges full payment, only a portion of the bill was really paid? To avoid this difficulty, the law creates what is called a legal fiction. It declares that the receipt is not, in itself, a contract, though it has most of the elements of one. It is merely evidence of an oral contract, by which the creditor agreed to take a portion of the debt and release the debtor. Therefore oral evidence of the extent of the payment may be admitted, for though a written contract cannot be raised by oral evidence, yet the meaning of written evidence, may be altered by oral evidence.

Attendance At Meals. There is a great difference in different households in the promptness and regularity with which the family get to meals when they are announced and the members invited to sit down. In well regulated households all the members come promptly and take their places at the table, and all eat at once; in other houses the members of the family are not prompt and keep coming one after another, each sitting down and beginning the meal on his or her own motion. There are families too where the members may be called several times before they will come, and thus keep the table waiting and the mastron in suspense. This is all wrong. When meals are announced every one who is expected to sit down to the table should do so promptly, each in his own place, and all eat and get through at once or as nearly so as is compatible with comfort. It is of course unseemly and ill-bred to rush to the table in the family as if the first one down were to have a choice of the food and the lion's share of it. Such conduct is vulgar; but a prompt and ready attendance at the table when called is the correct thing, and the meal time should be made the occasion of a pleasant, social time in which all may join.

An Illinois girl's shoe was carried away during a recent cyclone. We don't wonder Western people are building storm cellars.