

A GLOVE.

Faith! but I loved the little hand
That used to wear this time-stained thing!

DISENCHANTED.

Will Carlisle had definitely made up his mind to propose to Augusta Colton
"Augusta Ann," as her unsophisticated relations phrased it in their everyday talk.

like a modern Flora, dimpled and smiling, in their midst.
She said very little, but she smiled a great deal, and Carlisle was more infatuated than ever when he came away, toward 11 o'clock of a dark and brooding August night, with a suspicious closeness in the air, and vivid sheets of lightning here and there.

swam again, and as she didn't read the papers she missed perceiving the notice in a daily journal of the marriage of Will Carlisle to Miss Lettice Belton.
And poor old Colton leads a harder life than ever.
The Transpiration of Plants.
Of all the phenomena of plants, that of transpiration is perhaps the most interesting.

Jonathan Niles and His Wife.
In his youth, Jonathan Niles was a musician of the Revolutionary Army.
In 1778, while the American Army was encamped at Tappan, on the Hudson, Gen. La Fayette had command of the advance, his particular duty being to guard the water front; and in order that any attempt on the part of the enemy at surprise might be guarded against, La Fayette issued orders that there should be no noise of any kind, by the troops, between the hours of tattoo and reveille.
Our Jonathan was one of La Fayette's musicians, and his instrument he had a maimed and disabled brother who was a cunning artificer, and who, among other quaint things, had made the life upon which Jonathan played.
It was so constructed that it could be blown to shrill and ear-piercing notes that along with the drum, or it could be so softly and sweetly breathed upon as to give forth notes like the gentle dulcimer.
One evening Jonathan wandered down to the water's edge, and seated upon a rock gazed off upon the darkly flowing, star-gemmed flood.
His thoughts were of his home and of the loved ones, and anon came memories of the old songs that had been wont to gladden the fireside.
Unconsciously, he drew his flute from his bosom and placed it to his lips.
In his mind, at that moment, was a sweet song, adapted from Mozart, which had been his mother's favorite.
He knew not what he did.
To him all things of the present were shut out, and he was again at home, sitting at his mother's feet—and the chasm was not broken until a rough blow upon the back recalled him to his senses.
"Man! what are you doing? The General may be awake. If he should hear you—ah!"
It was a sentinel; and even this guardian of the night afterward confessed that he had listened, entranced, to the ravishing music for a long time before he had thought of his duty to stop it.
On the following morning an orderly came to the spot where Jonathan had been eating his breakfast, and informed him that the General wanted to see him at headquarters.
Poor Jonathan turned pale and trembled.
He knew La Fayette was very strict, and that in those perilous times even slight infractions of military orders were punished severely.
As he arose to his feet the sentinel of the previous evening came up and whispered into his ear.
"If it should be about the music, Jonathan, don't you be alarmed. Not a soul save you and me knows anything about it. I can swear to that. So, do you just say it wasn't you. Stick to it, and you'll come out all right."
Jonathan looked at the man pityingly.
What! his mother's son tell a lie like that? It would be the heaviest load I ever carried—heavier than I ever mean to carry, if I have any senses.
He went to the General's quarters—a tent pitched in a commanding site, overlooking the whole line it had to guard.
La Fayette was pacing to and fro, sad and moody as though his thoughts were unhappy.
"Comrade, who are you?"
"Jonathan Niles, General?"
"Last evening I heard music down by the river's bank. Were you the musician?"
It was I, General, but I knew not what I did. I meant not to disobey your order. I sat and thought of home and my mother, and—
The General started at the sound of that word, and the shadow upon his face grew soft and ethereal.
"Of your—MOTHER! And I thought of mine. It was a theme of Mozart's and was my mother's favorite."
If you will be so kind, go bring your instrument and play for me that delightful strain here in my tent. It will do me good."
In the after years—even to his dying hour—the man loved to tell that story.
Though he would never urge the truth upon any in consideration of so mean a thing as the benefit that might result, yet he could not put away the thought that the sweetest and most blessed memory of all his soldier experience might have been lost to him had he grasped at the opportunity to tell a lie, which might, to some, have seemed most opportune and profitable.

The Fearful Results.
"So blonde women are going out of fashion at last?" inquired a representative of one who, among other things, makes a study of scalp diseases a specialty.
"To what do you attribute this sudden fall in the stock of yellow hair?"
"Well, to various reasons, almost too numerous to particularize. I dare say the first alarm will leave comparative quiet in the camp of the Saxon-haired ladies. The say-so of fashion has a mighty influence, but blue-eyed, drab-haired ladies will not willingly sink back into neutral obscurity."
"But what amount of truth is there in the statement that chemicals injure those who use them?"
"More, perhaps, than you or they are aware of, when it comes down to being serious."
"Are there any symptoms of the poison?"
"Very, of course, with different temperaments. Some women rapidly lose memory—fail to recall faces or names, or both. They lose appetite, and have to resort to beer or a stimulant; lose sleep, which is worse than all. They fall victims to insomnia in its most aggravated forms, and the last and most dreadful warning is the loss of eyesight; they become perfectly blind. They will attribute all these frightful sufferings to a hundred causes but the right one, and their husbands are being told all the time that the only blonde they use is a little soda, common alkali bar-soap or salts of tartar. But finally, when almost bald, with red, watery eyes and constantly aching heads, they awake to a realizing sense of what they are doing to kill themselves by inches to become a problematic beauty. All men do not admire yellow-haired women by any means. For my part, and I think the majority of men think with me, woman is only worthy of admiration when just as nature left her, without tampering with at all, no matter what her complexion. Besides, it is questionable taste in ladies of correct life and standing, since they follow the mad pranks of those who, lost to all decency, would do anything to attract attention. They started bangs, and straightway all women cut off their front hair."
"Will you make this out a serious matter, to be sure. Have you enumerated all the dread results?"
"None; there is one I have been loth to speak of—lunacy! Yes, horrible as it may sound to you, the asylums are filling up with incurable maniacs brought to that pass by using hair washes and bleaches. This begins by nervous attacks periodically when in an unhealthy state. Then they begin to have hysterics more often; husbands are puzzled to know how to deal with a wife who bursts into tears at the slightest provocation and falls right on the floor or bed. It is a swift road to downright, gibbering insanity, for which science has not yet thought out a cure—the cause is so new. I see that for a long time in London and Paris women have bleached their babies' heads, and that this pernicious trick is being done here. Such mothers should be deprived of their children as being unfit custodians of them. The effect will be a lot of imbecile young women. We are a brown-haired nation, and handsomer than any flaxen-haired Norse men or women on earth, and our brains should not be sapped up in trying to imitate the peasantry of Bavaria, Austria or Sweden."

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.
Denying a fault doubles it.
A charitable man is the true lover of God.
Where the will is ready the feet are light.
A candle lights others and consumes itself.
If we build high, let us begin low and deep.
What is duty? It is what we exact of others.
Far better that the feet slip than the tongue.
Discretion of speech is more than eloquence.
Youth looks at the possible, age at the probable.
A word and a stone let go cannot be called back.
He that will not economize will have to agonize.
Manner is something with everybody and everything with some.
Things don't "turn up" in this world until somebody turns them up.
Poverty destroys pride; it is difficult for an empty bag to stand upright.
The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude.
Uneasiness is a species of sagacity; a passive sagacity. Fools are never uneasy.
Whoever entertains you with the faults of others, designs to serve you in a similar manner.
Men make themselves ridiculous not so much by the qualities they have as by the affectation of those they have not.
I have often noticed that the man who would have done such wonderful things if he had been there never goes there.
Do you know that a wise and good man does nothing for appearance, but everything for the sake of having acted well?
The most ignorant have sufficient knowledge to detect the faults of others; the most clear sighted are blind to their own.
We are never more deceived than when we mistake gravely for greatness, solemnity for science, and pomposity for erudition.
There is no happiness like that of being loved by one of your fellow creatures, and feeling that your presence is an addition to their comfort.
Unlimited severity of judgment, without investigation, is a violation of the law of right often worse than the fault you are condemning.
A man is known by his friends. But more than this, a man is made or marred by his friends. Companionship is one of the great factors of life.
We must look downward as well as upward in human life. Though many may have passed you in the race there are many you have left behind.
Life is a series of surprises, and would not be worth taking or keeping if it were not. God delights to isolate us every day, and hide from us the past and the future.
Nothing is more expensive than pecuniaries; nothing more anxious than carelessness; and every duty which is bidden to wait, returns with seven fresh duties at its back.
Give self-control, and you give the essence of all well-doing in mind, body, and estate. Morality, learning, thought, business and success—the master of himself can master these.
Agitation prevents rebellion, keeps the peace and secures progress. Every step she gains is gained forever. Muskets are weapons of animals. Agitation is the atmosphere of the brains.
The old, old fashion; the fashion that came in with our first garments, will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death.
To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one; and who would not have rather been the penitent thief than Pilate?
Experience teaches more and more from day to day, that a child will retain in its memory only what is incorporated into its life. It will forget what it has seen or heard, but rarely or never what it has accomplished through its own efforts.
The wheel of fortune is ever turning. As soon as you reach the top if you neglect to keep stepping you are rolled again into the mud; more exertion being required to keep there than to cling to the wheel as it carries you there.
There is enough in the world to complain about and find fault with if men have the disposition. We often travel on hard and uneven roads; but with a cheerful spirit we may walk thereon with comfort, and come to the end of our journey in peace.
The morality of an action depends upon the motive from which we act. If I fling half a crown at a beggar with the intention to break his head, and he picks it up and buys victuals with it, the physical effect is good, but with respect to me the action is very wrong.
Friendship, love and piety should be treated in private. We should only speak of them in rare and confidential moments; have a silent, understanding regard for them. There is much in respect to them that is too tender to be thought of, still more to be talked about.
Some happy talent and some fortunate opportunity may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount, but the rounds of that ladder must be made of stuff to stand the wear and tear; and there is no substitute for thorough going, ardent and sincere earnestness.
Every man is a divinity in disguise, a god playing the fool. It seems as if Heaven had sent its insane angels into our world as to an asylum, and here they will break out in their native music, and utter at intervals the words they have heard in Heaven; then the mad fit returns, and they snore and wallow like dogs.