

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

A youth would marry a maiden,
For fair and fond was she;
But she was rich, and he was poor,
And so it might not be.

THE LITTLE MODEL.

It happened in the winter of 1870,
that I was unavoidably compelled
to leave college and spend a few months
in retirement, hoping in the meantime
that my uncle might be able to effect a
compromise with the faculty.

Half settled in my queer little hotel
I stayed only to unpack a brush and
comb before hastening over to Oak-
wood. A bright light shone from the
irregular, one-story edifice. The in-
habitants of Burlington pronounced Dou-
glas' house heathenish, but it was only
characteristic. There were three rooms,

To-night a great fire was roaring up
the chimney's wide throat. Douglas
sat close beside it, stretching his thin,
white hands to the blaze. I opened the
door, after a clang of the knocker, and
pushed aside the portiere to find him
within, bending forward, his face
which had grown strangely thin since I
saw it last, ablaze with some eager
anticipation.

"You, Jack? bad boy!" he said,
taking both my hands and looking with
quizzical indulgence into my crimsoning
face. "They wrote me about it. Be-
fore I'd be suspended!"

"So it seems you were, before my
day," I retorted, plucking up courage.
"I didn't draw caricatures, Cousin
Douglas."

"No, lad, because you couldn't. Tal-
ents differ. But let by-gones go where
they deserve and come to the fire." He
piled on great birchen logs, and I re-
flected myself in a crimson chair, in high
glee. With Douglas I became younger
than my years warranted and hap-
pier. Nay, if I had kept with him my
young manish airs, should I not have
been shamed at loving him as I did?

"Well, so you've come down here to
work," going back to his own seat, and
watching absently the uncoiling of the
missals of bark.

"Partly, to see you mostly. Dou-
glas, don't talk about 'grind.' Every-
body has been at me till I'm sick. Talk
of your new picture?" He started,
flashing his eyes on me suspiciously.

"Who said I had one here?"
"Nobody. I know it. You haven't
been down here three months, working
yourself to skin and bones for nothing,
Douglas, you look like a disembodied
spirit."

"There are such things, I believe,"
he said, slowly. "Yes, I have worked
hard." He clasped his hands lightly,
and bent forward again over the fire.
It was evident that he neither heard or
saw me in my own proper person. I was
merely a voice, calling out voices from
his soul, some that had been long busy
there among themselves. I stood in
boundless awe of him, but I was never
afraid. His gentleness of spirit seemed
to go through to his heart's core.

and cruel dents of the destroyer on the
nostrils. Douglas was watching me
again.
"Here is more there than you see—
I meant more than the death of the
body. Look into the distance." Far
beyond the scope of the picture—you
felt it to be beyond the boy's range of
vision—the sky had rolled up, exposing
a rosy vista into a region beyond. There
were faintly to be distinguished the out-
lines of faces—cherubic faces in joyful
song.

"I have known many souls to be hun-
gry," said Douglas. "There are more
souls so than bodies. Some are starv-
ing. Take this child; what is in his
face?"

I struggled to express myself, and
ended, by blundering out, "Every-
thing."

Douglas smiled.
"Yes you see it; poetry, music, love
of art, and the ideal. But the moun-
tains hem him in from hints even of
the beautiful. He will never reach it.
He sees that and submits to his slow
death like a god."

He stood with folded arms worship-
ping his work. I marveled at the pow-
er of love lying in artists for canvas
and clay.

Is it all out of your own head Dou-
glas? Zeus! what a head!"

"I had a model," he answered, hap-
tily, carrying the picture back into the
next room. Now go, Jack. Come to-
morrow night. And mind," he called
after me, "mind you don't tell living
souls about this."

I promised and went not in the least
offended at my summary dismissal.

I took it for granted that a genius
might have moods that another man
could not share. But what had come
over Douglas? Bright as a star, some-
times an uncanny demon in mood, he
had never before betrayed diseased mel-
ancholy. Some hard blow must have
shaken him out of himself. My
thoughts were interrupted when I
reached home by finding a stranger in
the hotel parlor. I was sure I knew
him; he was Detective Smirke. I had
not lived in a college town for nothing.

I knew a few of the local celebri-
ties, and prided myself accordingly. He
was dressed in a suit of clerical cut and
hue and his face was smooth, both as
to fact and metaphor. Perhaps the re-
semblance might not have suggested
itself, had I not seen Smirke in a dress
almost identical. I made an excuse for
looking at the visitor's book, and found
he had registered himself as Rev. Augus-
tus Miller. Being young and on the
lookout for adventure and mystery, I
applauded myself for my intuition, de-
clared that I was right and that Smirke
had come down here to ferret out some-
thing. But as he soon asked for his
lamp and withdrew I followed suit,
and gave myself up to very confused
dreams in which Smirke in a head-
man's cap was executing my cousin
Douglas for murder, while the boy of
the picture flew away into a rosy hea-

The next morning I was not at my
books, as an uncomfortable conscience
would have suggested. By no means.
Occupied merely in holding a large vol-
ume. I was sitting on one side of the
fireplace, while Rev. Augustus Miller,
also with a book, had stationed himself
in the other. Mine was heavier and
more imposing, being a Greek lexicon;
his seemed to be a volume of sermons.
At length, when we had sat thus for an
hour, and I was beginning to tire of
my self-imposed espionage, he lifted his
spectacled eyes, saying mildly:

"Young man, as the wood-box is with
you, and there are no servants at hand,
will you replenish the fire?"

"By all means, Mr.—hem!—
Smirke," I said, gladly throwing down
my lexicon, and having the grace to
poke a little over my young presump-
tion. I stole a look at him, as I threw
on the log.

The eyes were regarding me very
searchingly, but the face had not changed.

"This is a calm retreat for a young
man," he began, as I stood by the fire,
watching the renewed sparkle. "I
came down here to revise my commen-
tary, in quiet, but—" He stopped
suggestively. The tone invited con-
fidence, but I did not respond. And be-
ing very coolly impudent upon occasion,
I returned, "I have the proof sheets of
my treatise on Sophocles to correct. I
fancy I hear old Sophocles calling me
now, 'good-by.'"

When I returned, after a tough ride
on a cart-horse, the only animal to be
procured, I was told that Mr. Miller
had gone for a walk. He appeared at
the supper-table, conversing with men
and maid-servants with unctuous affa-
bility. However, I had no time to
watch him. I was off to see Douglas,
having known too well by old experi-
ence that no one might interrupt him
by daylight, when he had a picture in
process of birth. Douglas was expect-
ing me, and, not taken by surprise, in a
more companionable mood. I noticed
at once a change in the room's furnish-
ing. A piano, easel, writing-desk, were
in corners, turned with the back toward
the center of the room. But I asked no
questions. With men of my tempera-
ment, the eccentricity of genius ac-
counts for anything. Let a man paint
a picture or write a poem, and he may
stand on his head in the market-place
thereafter, without comment of surprise
from us.

"I am going to entertain you, to-
night, Jack," said my cousin, stretch-
ing himself out on a settle, his face
flushed and eyes bright with a very
apparent nervousness. "I mean to tell
you a story, all true, too, my lad. I
want to put it on your stalwart con-
science to get it partly off mine. Are
you ready?" I was, and open-mouthed
with anticipation.

"A year ago began Douglas, with the
musing tone of one who talks to him-
self rather than his auditor, I had the
plan of my picture in my mind, all but
the boy's face; that eluded me. I
looked far and near for a model. I went
among the poor and peered into street
faces, all in vain. Last fall I came here
in despair and gave myself up to wait-
ing and smoking. Often when I have
abandoned hope she seeks me out, as
she did now. Perhaps I had been here
a month, when one night my door
opened and a child came in breathless—
this very boy in the picture. As soon
as my eyes struck his face I knew he

was my model. He was painfully but
sweetly confused, and though apparent-
ly an Italian, broke into very perfect
English—that is, perfect in construc-
tion, though an accent betrayed his
nativity. (He had heard I wanted a
model. He might well have heard it,
by the way, for I had told old Father
Du Bois, hoping he might some avail-
able French face in his flock.) And he
had come to offer himself. You can
guess how gladly I accepted him.

"But there were conditions. I must
promise to tell no one, ask him no ques-
tions, as to home or name, never follow
or trace him out, and show no one the
picture during the sittings. I was anx-
ious enough to make sure of him to
promise anything. The sittings began
the next morning. He came long be-
fore it was light and was waiting in the
shadow of the porch when I rose. He
came after the face was technically fin-
ished, for there was a wealth of expres-
sion I was slow in catching, and which
was too precious to lose. He invari-
ably brought his dinner with him, a tiny
piece of bread, and remained until after
dark. Then he would melt into the
dusk like one of his own shadows. Jack
I rather think I've grown a great deal
in sentiment. I fell in love with that
boy. I went so far as to think of
adopting him to keep him with me
always. But naturally I delayed men-
tioning it to him till the picture should
be finished and I released from some of
my promises. One night, when the
picture was completed as you see it now,
I broke the charm. He had an over-
powering curiosity about that little
sandal-wood picture-shrine on the desk
yonder. You see it is in fragments. I
told him it held a picture, so precious
that I kept it under lock and key, and
after that, he besieged me with questions.
Who was it? Curiosity gave him the one
piece of earthiness he needed, and I tan-
talized him to keep it growing. On
this night I told him it was the portrait
of a beautiful and wonderful lady. It
was—the Mona Lisa. His great black
eyes flamed red, but just then a fellow
came to the door to sell chronos. I
had to fight him off; he nearly forced
his way in spite of me. When I came
back, out of temper, I surprised my
model breaking open the shrine. The
marvelous carving was shivering in
splinters on the floor. I was a brute.
I took him by the collar and shook him.
I forgot he was nearer angel than boy.
He dropped shrine and picture, and
slipped out of my grasp, stopping at the
door, to say in a choked little voice:

"You shall never see me again. Nobody
shall ever see me again. I will kill my-
self." Then he ran out into the night,
and I have not seen him since."

"But he probably hasn't killed him-
self," I suggested. "No doubt he
thought better of that."

"He has done it," said Douglas,
shaking his head, with a sad smile. "I
am sure of it. I should not feel in this
way about him if he were not dead."

"Douglas that was only temper.
People don't carry out such threats
once in a dozen times."

"Think of his hot Southern blood.
Its flame would consume more lives
than one. Do you see the change in my
room?" I heard the creaking of the out-
side door, and then, I fancied a stealthy
step in the vestibule; but I waited, loth
to interrupt Douglas.

"I have grown, since that night, into
a spiritual fire. Memory draws the
child into the room so constantly that
you might say he haunts it. I see that
face everywhere. I am afraid of find-
ing the spirit at my elbow, turning
reproachful eyes on me, crying out,
'You murdered me!'"

"But what should that have to do
with your furniture?" I asked, fearing
either he had gone daft or that I was
not equal to the finer fancies of genius.
Douglas smiled, with shame in his face.

"So that I may work without turn-
ing my back on anything. I shudder
to think of him behind me."

I heard a rustle. "Douglas some one
wants to come in," I said, rising.

Before I reached the portiere the out-
side door was closed as softly as it
might be with haste. I ran out with-
out stopping for my hat. A figure was
striking out rapidly for the grove at
the left of the house. Now, I was not
famous at the university for my brains,
but for my muscle I was. I broke into
a run and made a circuit to cut the man
off from the grove. If he could be kept
to the high road I should run him down
in no time. He noted how directly he
was headed for my arms and took to
the highway, I in pursuit. He worked
bravely, but in four minutes I had over-
taken him. When I was within three
feet he turned suddenly and faced me.
It was Rev. Augustus Miller.

"Young man, spare me!" came the
unctuous voice in piteous appeal, the
clerical hands raised. "I have no
money. If you are a robber take my
pocket Bible and let me go."

"Robber yourself!" I retorted. "What
do you mean by sneaking into
people's houses and then sneaking out?"

"I was going to ask the young man
about his soul, but when you rose so
suddenly I remembered what ungodly
tricks young men are guilty of, and was
afraid."

"Now, is there anything more truly
feminine than a minister?" I said,
pausing to apostrophize him. But I had
not yet done with him. He had ex-
pected to be frightened; he should not
be disappointed. As I looked at him a
fleecy cloud slipped from the moon.
His resemblance to Smirke was start-
ling. "As sure as I'm—hem!—not in
college," I cried, "you are Smirke,
the detective."

"Young man, do not mock the ser-
vant of God!"

"But you are!" I insisted, now mere-
ly to frighten him. "You are, and to-
night I shall hand you over into custody
for assuming a name and disguise." I
waited for further prayers, but they
did not come. The man looked at me
steadily for two or three seconds; then
he took off his glasses and lifted his
head with a flourish. It was my turn to
be confounded. I had no more suspicion
than an idiot that my flash of guess-
work had truth at its base.

"I see you know a thing or two,"
said the detective, in tones like chips.
"Can you hold your tongue?"

of the officers said I got information by
foul means, and I knocked him down.
They meant to arrest me, but I came
down here in disguise. Now, can you
keep that?"

"See if I can!" I returned big with
importance. "What could they do to
you?"

"Oh, not much, only they shall have
the fun of an arrest, that's all! My dis-
guise was rather thin; still, nobody but
a man keen enough to be on the force
himself would have seen through it."

I was every minute growing in circum-
ference, like the frog in the fable, and
too much engrossed to mind the absence
of my hat. We walked home together
in the most chatty humor. He seemed
vastly interested in Douglas, from the
queen horse, he said, and from my coun-
sin's evidently being a remarkable young
man. We laughed together over Mr.
Miller's errand at Oakwood, and he
confessed that he had slipped in solely
because he saw us through the window
and thought we seemed like good fel-
lows. But forgetting his disguise until
he was well into the vestibule and then
remembering how I had penetrated it
the night before, he dared not face me
again. Would I take him to call on
Douglas? I said my cousin was not
easily dealt with by strangers, and I
must first ask his permission. That
was only putting him off. Douglas has
not my affinity for nettles and other
relatives. Much as he seemed interest-
ed in Douglas, I had heard enough to
keep my cousin's secret to the letter; I
wonder at that, however, for between
the confidences I had received that night
my thoughts stood promiscuously on
their heads. I bade my detective good-
night, in a fraternal manner, which
seemed vastly to the amazement of the
maid servant, who had grinned at my
ridicule of him in the morning. For he
had again assumed the wig, and was
Rev. Augustus Miller.

The next day I had cause to applaud
my own wisdom in the selection of a
retreat. Tongues buzzed louder and
faster here than in the world of men.
There was now an excitement worthy
their agility. A pupil had been deceived
from the convent of Our Lady, distant
about three miles; she had, undoubt-
edly, been murdered. There were ghastly
details of her death to be had without
the asking. One said that the villains
—they were evidently medieval free-
booters—had cut off her hair and her
head after it. Another stated that the
head was left at the convent gate,
swinging by its hair. But I managed
to ascertain, by dint of much question-
ing, that the girl had disappeared, and
a reward would be offered for the ap-
prehension of those concerned in the
abduction. It seemed to me a good
case for Smirke, but as he was not at
table, neither was to be found in his
room, I postponed suggesting it to him.
That night, of course, I went to Dou-
glas, meaning to give him a sip of the
current horror. But he put me indif-
ferently aside and passed on to his own
affairs.

"I mean to shut up this place and
leave, Jack," looking at the fire and in-
trospectively at himself. "The boy will
never come back. I am tired of being
haunted. Perhaps a change of scene
will help my ghost." I heard the
outside door open and was about to con-
found the impudence of Smirke, when
the hangings were thrust aside, a dark
setting for the very face of the picture.
Prepared for a ghost, how could I re-
strain a cry. Douglas, turned marble,
pointed a stiff forefinger. "See!" came
his whisper. But the curtain was
thrown back, the little figure crossed
the room at a run and sank at his feet.

"Master, take me back!" came in
sobs. I might look and listen as much
as I pleased. Nobody heard or saw me.
Douglas caught the child to his breast,
and rocked back and forth with him,
cooing some inarticulate endearment.
Presently the two drew apart and look-
ed at each other with eyes of shining
content.

"Did I spoil the picture?" asked the
child, dropping his hold in shame,
Douglas laughed.

"I don't know. Never mind, you
are all the picture I want. Tell me,
how could you grieve me so? Where did
you go?"

"Shall I tell it all?" He had a quick,
birdlike motion of the head, a quick
staccato of liquid utterance. His Eng-
lish was mature, but charmingly ac-
cented by the persistent clinging of a
foreign tongue.

"Yes, all," said Douglas.

"Then let me go." He resisted Dou-
glas' detaining hand, got gravely down
from his knee, and perched on a stool.
Then folding his hands over his long
gray cloak, the child with another long
glimpse, indicated me.

"May he know, too?"

"Yes, if you are willing."

"I was in the convent being educa-
ted," he began, quietly. "Every day I
used to see you go past. Sometimes
with flowers in your hand. Your hair
was like Our Lady's glory." His look-
ed at Douglas devoutly, and Douglas
laughed at the child's earnestness.

"One day I heard a sister
saying you wanted to paint a boy doing,
staring. That night I ran away. An
old Scotch woman lives across the river,
and goes every day to the convent to do
kitchen work. I went to her and begged
her to keep me. She hardly dared,
but she knew I was not happy in the
convent and she pitied me. She left
me alone in her little house every day,
and I used to throw away my dinner. I
would not eat, but it was long before I
could starve myself into looking starv-
ed, and I was so impatient!"

Douglas was bending toward him, a
great horror gathering in his face.

"You starved yourself, why?"

"Because I wanted to help you paint
your picture. I made the little clothes
I wore, all myself. The Sisters always
said I was good with my needle. Then
a Sister was ill and Mrs. MacNeil had
to be there early in the morning and
late at night. That helped me, and I
could come to you."

"But—who are you?"

Yesterday that the Sisters thought I had
been killed. A man had come here to
find out who you were. He was at the
convent early and told the superior it
was you. So I came to tell you."

"I?" repeated Douglas in a maze.
At the instant the curtain was put aside
and Smirke stepped in. "Everybody
makes mistakes," he said with gruff-
ness. "I made mine. I listened at
your door last night, when you said you
were haunted. I've told this boy here
a dozen lies and I've watched in the
woods all day to see that you didn't
escape. I mean to have more evidence
before I arrest you. It is well the Sisters
let it leak out about the child, as it
happens, though I could have strangled
'em at the time. They'd kept it pretty
close, for fear it would hurt the con-
vent's reputation, till she was wanted
and had to be forthcoming. Then they
confessed, and I was sent down here."

"Why is she wanted?" asked I, who
alone retained some coolness.

"Long story. Years ago rich Amer-
ican fell in love with Teresa's mother,
Italian countess, widow, poor. She
wouldn't marry him then, but he offer-
ed to educate the child, and she stipu-
lated it should be among Catholics. He
brought her here, waited as long as he
could, went back, begged again, and she
married him. They're in New
York and Teresa's sent for."

"My mother!" breathed the child,
the tips of her fingers together.

"Your mother, and lots of money!"
answered Smirke, jocosely. Teresa
turned to Douglas. "Then you will go
to see me there, my master, instead of
my coming to you!"

And he did until there was no long-
er need.

Sacred Cattle of Texas.

John O'Neil, a cattle-raiser of life-
long experience in Victoria county,
Texas, called on the Stock-Grower
and a conversation with him proved
most interesting. Mr. O'Neil is one of
the very few breeders in this county of
Brahma, or sacred cattle, of the East
Indies. It would at first seem farcical
to speak of raising "menagerie stock,"
but Mr. O'Neil will soon be able to
prove to stock men of the West that
this strain will show as many good
qualities as the much-talked-of Here-
fords and Durhams.

The first sacred cattle brought to
America consisted of two lots, one of
which went to Georgia and the other
to Louisiana. In 1879 Mr. O'Neil
noticed cows near his home which were
a cross between the natives and the
Brahmas, and were the property of a
neighbor. The winter and spring of
1879 were exceptionally hard on cattle,
and the "die-off" was something trem-
endous. One observing friend saw
in the spring that the Brahma cows
were in excellent condition, and after
experiments he concluded that the
breed would be a good one to cross with
the native stock. Mr. O'Neil secured
a bull and two cows (thoroughbreds)
from the Louisiana herd and afterwards
increased the number from Georgia.
The result of the cross was satisfactory.
They are of good size, fine beef quali-
ties and possess the best rustling quali-
ties of any breed.

Mr. O'Neil obtains the best results
from a cross between the sacred cattle
from a cross between the sacred cattle
from this cross he runs with his natives.
There is a heavy demand in Texas for
the Brahmas, as they are called, but it
is utterly impossible to supply it. Mr.
O'Neil intends to stock a ranch in this
Territory, when our New Mexico cat-
tle owners will have an opportunity of
seeing the sacred cattle. The thorough-
breds are described as being of a
rich cream color, and the bulls have a
very prominent hump on the shoulder.

A Bad Speaker.

Archbishops are not made for their
eloquence, but on account of their
judgment and executive ability. One
of the archbishops of Canterbury, How-
ley, who died in 1848, was distinguish-
ed as a bad speaker.

The following anecdotes illustrate
what he could do in the way of spoiling
a speech. With a most delicate and al-
most fastidious taste as to style, he was
always making corrections in his speak-
ing, as some writers do on their manu-
script, a fatal fault in a speaker.

Thus presiding at an anniversary of
the Clergy Orphan Girls' school at St.
John's Wood, he delivered himself thus:

"No one can see—(corrects himself)—
can look upon—(corrects himself)—
these nice looking girls—(corrects him-
self)—these good girls—(corrects him-
self)—these female girls!"

Here there was a suppressed titter,
under cover of which the speaker hur-
ried on to the conclusion of his sentence
—not recorded.

He used to rub his hands anxiously
together while speaking, as if he were
washing them. I have seen him twice,
and once saw a bishop imitate him to
the life.

There is a story that he used to be-
wail his own nervousness as a speaker.
One of his chaplains recom-
mended him to shut himself up in the
Addington dining room, and address the
chairs, imagining people in them.

"How did your grace get on?" he
was asked after the first experiment.

"Well, you see, I think I got on very
nicely at first, but all at once I caught
sight of that high-backed chair there in
the corner, and he looked so formida-
ble that he put me out, and then I
broke down."

Submarine Miners.

A corps of submarine miners is in
course of formation at the School of
Engineering, Chatham, England. The
special duty of this new body of men
will be the laying of mines under water
for purposes of coast defense. Recruits
for this new branch of the service are
drawn mainly from the fishing districts.
Not less than three vessels are under-
going alterations to fit them for the
work.

Lacquer for Charcoal-burners.—Take two
gallons of spirits of wine, one pound of
dragon's blood, three pounds of Spanish
annatto, four and a half pounds of gum-
sandara, two pints of turpentine, digest
for a week, shake frequently, decant,
and filter.

A Long, Long Journey.

When the doctor came down stairs
from the sick room of Mrs. Marshall
the whole family seemed to have ar-
ranged themselves in the hall to waylay
him.

"How soon will mamma dit well?"
asked little Clyde, the baby.

"Can mamma come down stairs next
week?" asked Katy, the eldest daughter
and the little housekeeper.

"Do you find my wife much better?"
asked Mr. Marshall eagerly. He was a
tall, grave man, pale with anxiety and
nights of watching.

The doctor did not smile; he did not
even stop to answer their questions.

"I am in a great hurry," he said as
he took his hat; "I must go to a patient
who is dangerously ill. This evening I
will call again. I have left instructions
with the nurse."

But the nurse's instructions were all
concerning the comfort of the patient;
she was professionally discreet and si-
lent. The children playing on the stairs
were told to make no noise. The
gloomy day wore on, and the patient
slept and was not disturbed. But that
night before they went to bed they were
allowed to go in and kiss their mother
good-night. This privilege had been
denied them lately, and their little
hearts responded with joy to the invita-
tion. Mamma was better or she
could not see them. The doctor had
cured her. They would love him for
all their lives!

She was very pale, but smiling, and
her first words to them were:

"I am going on a 'our sey!'"

"A journey," cried the children,
"Will you take us with you?"

"No; it is a long, long journey."

"Mamma is going to the South,"
said Katy, "the doctor has ordered her
to. She will get well in the orange
groves of Florida."

"I am going to a far distant country,
more beautiful than even the lovely
South," said the mother, faintly, "and
I will not come back."

"You are not going alone, mamma?"
asked Katy.

"No," said the mother, in a low,
sweet voice. "I am not going alone.
My physician goes with me. Kiss me
good-by, my dear ones, for in the morn-
ing before you are awake I shall be
gone. You will all come to me when
you are made ready, but each must
make the journey alone."

In the morning she was gone. When
the children awoke their father told
them of the beautiful country at which
she had safely arrived while they slept.

"How did she go! Who came for
her?" they asked amid their tears.

"The chariot of Israel and the horse-
man thereof!" their father told them
solemnly.

People wonder at the peace and hap-
piness expressed in the faces of these
motherless children; when asked about
their mother they say, "She has gone
on a journey," and every night and
morning they read in her guide book of
that land where she now lives, whose
inhabitants shall no more say I am sick,
and where God himself shall wipe all
tears from their eyes."

Keep Your Best for Home.
There is no place where good man-
ners and punctilious etiquette is of
more value than in the home. It is the
moral agent of good breeding; it is the
law that governs the manifestations of
kindness and good feeling, and also the
law that restrains unkind and ignoble
traits of human nature from expression.
Keep your best temper for home. In
society, on the streets, in business,
everywhere, it is easier to control that
attribute, if we guard the hasty word,
the peevish tone, the irritating action
in the home circle, and study to wound
none of its inmates.