

THE REALM OF LIFE.

Far, far away in the distance,
Leth the bounds of life,
Leth its pulsing sweetness,
Leth its quick'ning strife.

JANET'S WAGER.

'Well, I know one thing,' said pretty Bessie Carlton decidedly. 'I never shall marry a man with red hair. May Brown doesn't know how she has lowered herself in my esteem by marrying such a fellow as Clem Weston. I wouldn't have believed it of her. But the deed is done; she really has married him; here are her wedding cards, Janet,' and she tossed them across to her friend.

avail herself of these same opportunities, even to save herself from losing.
'What a beautiful sunset,' cried Bessie, desperately; the country is always beautiful, but especially so on summer evenings.
'The rays of the departing sun have affected your cheeks, my dear,' said Janet; 'Won't you take this seat? It is more in the shade than the one you have. This vine will screen you entirely.'

short, overcome with confusion, for she was going to say "win my bet."
Janet understood, pretended not to notice, finished the sentence off in her own mind and told her fellow conspirator that night she thought things were turning out very well.
At length the crisis came. They had been rowing on the lake all the evening Bessie and Dick in the front boat, Janet and Fred in the one behind. It was quite warm rowing in spite of the pleasant breeze hovering about, and Dick had dropped his oars and stopped for a while to rest. Strange to say, silence had fallen upon him and his companion. He broke it by saying, abruptly:
'I am going away to-morrow. Aren't you sorry for me, leaving all this beauty and pleasure for a dusty desk in a busy office?'

Rise of a French Marshal.
Andoche Junot was a Burgundian by birth, born in 1771, and in his youth, after a preparatory schooling, he studied law but never practiced. When he was 21 years of age he enlisted in the army as a volunteer; it was in the height of the revolution, a few months previous to the execution of the king, Louis XIV. In September, 1793, when Paris had become comparatively quiet under the constituent assembly, Napoleon Bonaparte, then scarcely known beyond the old convention and his own section of the army, was sent to wrest Toulon from the English and Spanish; and among the men under his command was young Junot. During the siege that followed Napoleon had occasion one day to send a dispatch to a distant point. He was in the saddle, halted before the company to which Junot belonged, and, running his eyes along the line, he asked if there was one of them who could write. Junot raised his cap and bowed, upon which he was called out and conducted to the right of the line, where the musicians were; and here a large drum was set on end, paper, pen and ink furnished, and the youthful soldier was directed to write. He took the pen and dashed off the dispatch in a clear handsome hand, and was just beginning to write the closing signature when a cannon ball—a forty-two-pound round shot—tore up the earth close to his left foot, covering him and the drum with dirt. Without so much as the quiver of a finger, without a perceptible hesitation, the writer gave the paper a flit to throw off the gravel, and then finished the message laughingly saying as he did so: "That dirt is rather too coarse for blotting sand; but it has done no damage." And he folded the missive and directed it; after which he handed it up to his commander, who had been all the while narrowly watching him. "Young man," said Napoleon bluntly, "you are cool headed and brave. What can I do for you?" "I know of nothing general, unless you can cause these worsted epaulettes to be taken from my shoulders and silver ones put in their place." "Very well," answered the commander with a pleasant nod, "you can ride?" "Anything that can be ridden by man, I think."

Cheap Copper.
Copper was never so cheap as now. The present price is about 13 cents a pound. The old price, a few years ago, was 18 to 20 cents, and during the war it went up to 50 cents. Curiously enough, as the price of the copper has gone down, the uses for it have increased, and hundreds of things are now made of copper that were formerly made of cheaper metals or not made at all. Who has not noticed the sudden increase of articles made of brass—the beautiful plaques on which the ladies paint, the tons of chandeliers, gas fixtures, frames, and a thousand of other things—all resulting from cheap copper, for brass is two-thirds copper and one-third spelter or zinc?
'How do you account for all this?' was asked of the manufacturer.
'I do not know exactly how to account for it,' he said, 'but it is a fact. Here is a copper tea kettle, such as I used to pay \$2.25 to import. I can now sell it for 75 cents and make a profit. The home manufacture has increased enormously. Thousands of workmen are employed who are new at the business. Processes of manufacture have improved. We are learning how to make things to better advantage. We can export instead of import. I do not think the tariff has much to do with it. Here are seamless edge, planished copper tea kettles, extra heavy, spun from the bottom up to the breast, making a body of great strength. I sell them to the trade at \$26 a dozen. It was not long ago that one of them—indeed, one not so good as one of these—would cost almost the price of a dozen. For a few cents more we sell them nickel plated. They are used as ornaments for parlor stoves sometimes. Here are urns, tumbler warmers, cuspidors, jewelry boxes, brass mats, umbrella stands, hat racks, stove pipe collars, stove legs, stove platforms, and lots of things that could not have been made a few years ago, owing to the high price of the copper. Now they are becoming articles of every day use.'
In another large copper store were more than sixty varieties of brass plaques imitating hammered work, at prices varying from \$1.80 to \$26 per dozen. This is comparatively a new business. In another store were copper bath tubs of half a dozen patterns, basins, closet pans, boilers, pipes and copper balls for water tanks. Walking up Fulton street among the wire stores, there were copper and brass cages, wire cloth, and other copper utensils sparkling in the sun.
'How do you account for the boom in the copper and brass business?' was asked of a merchant in that line of trade.
'Easily enough; we can buy cheaper.'
'What makes it cheaper?'
'The coming in of Arizona and other western copper to compete with Lake Superior copper. The price has kept going down, but the demand for copper has kept pace with it. New uses were made of it every day. Formerly the lake copper people had it all their own way. They would calmly announce the price of copper for the year, and all we would have to do would be to pay it. But now it is quite different. The Arizona copper is not quite so good, but it answers just as well for many purposes, and keeps the price down. The lake copper is about half a cent to a cent dearer, but the monopoly is gone. The old high tariff on copper, from which fortunes were made, is no longer of any account. We no longer take any account of foreign copper, but we are now exporting plenty of it and plenty of manufactured goods.'
The rapid progress of electrical inventions has required an immense consumption of brass and copper for electrical machinery. It has been found out that copper wire has many qualities that make it desirable for telegraph lighting and telephone lines for which, during the high price of copper it could not be used. Now the copper wire trade is enormous and constantly growing, and the varieties manufactured are many and curious. Tons upon tons of these varieties in wire are kept in stock, though only a short time ago such a thing was unknown in the trade. Immense quantities of brass and copper are used in house, hardware, water fixtures, railroad supplies, clocks, and fancy goods, where other and cheaper metals were formerly made to do, all owing to the marvelously low price of copper.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.
A day to come shows longer than a year that's gone.
No man envies the merit of another who has enough of his own.
When you come into the house, do you bring sunshine with you.
A man as he manages himself may die old at thirty, or young at eighty.
It requires no small degree of art to know how to conceal it.
Action may not always bring happiness, but there is no happiness without action.
As a man is known by his company, so a man's company may be known by his manner of expressing himself.
Not one is perfect; all have their defects. Each one leans upon the rest and love can render this weight light.
We think our civilization is near its meridian, but we are yet only at the cock-crowing and the morning star.
Any man can do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of their temperament.
When you fume and fret at the petty ills of life remember that the wheels which go round without creaking last longest.
Restraint and liberty go hand in hand in the development of character—indeed without the former the latter is impossible.
The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green.
A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain, while witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping from a broken string.
We often meet with more instances of true charity among the ignorant and poor than among those who profess to be Christians.
Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.
By holding a very little misery quite close to our eyes we entirely lose sight of a great deal of comfort beyond which might be taken.
The sting of every reproachful speech is the truth of it; and to be conscious of that which gives kindness to the invective.
No case can be more destitute than that of a person, who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasure of the mind.
Our understandings are always liable to error; nature and certainty is very hard to come at, and infallibility is mere vanity and pretense.
Memory is a net. One may find it full of fish when he takes it from the brook, but a dozen miles of water have run through it without sticking.
We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.
There is a gentle element, and man may breathe it with a calm, untroubled soul, and drink its living waters till his heart is pure, and this is human happiness.
Love does not aim simply at the conscious good of the beloved object; it is not satisfied without perfect loyalty of heart; it aims at its own completeness.
The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone.
There cannot live a more unhappy creature than an ill-natured old man, who is neither capable of receiving pleasures, nor sensible of doing them to others.
It is necessary to hope, though hope should be always deluded; for hope itself is happiness, and its frustrations, however frequent, are yet less dreadful than its extinction.
Thinkers are as scarce as gold; but he whose thought embraces all his subject, who pursues it uninterruptedly and fearlessly of consequences, is a diamond of enormous size.
True modesty is beautiful, because it announces the supremacy of the idea of perfection in mind; and at the same time, gives truth and sincerity the victory over force and vanity.
In the lottery of life there are more prizes drawn than blanks, and to one misfortune there are fifty advantages. Despondency is the most unprofitable feeling a man can indulge in.
The only way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a thick crust; but in the course of time, truth will find a place to break through.
Let a man take time enough for the most trivial deed, though it be but the paring of his nails. The buds swell imperceptibly, without hurry or confusion, as if the short Spring days were an eternity.
God made both fears and laughter, and both for kind purposes;—Tears hinder sorrows from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.
Some readers are like the hour-glass (their reading is as the sand; it runs in and runs out, but leaves not a vestige behind); some like a sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it in the same state, only a little dirtier; some like a jelly-bag which allows all that is good to pass away, and retains only the refuse and dregs. The fourth class may be compared to the slave of Golconda, who casting away all that is worthless, preserves only the pure gems.
In most men and women there is a reserve fund of sentiment and feelings which is inexhaustible; the dreams of youth do not fade entirely out of the sky even of those who are unfaithful to their early ideals; they still remain along the horizon line like the memory of a beautiful day. However men and women may distrust and restrain the expression of their deeper feeling, they are always eager to hear and quick to answer the honest utterance by another of that which lies silent and hidden within themselves.