Yet from their dust new forms of beauty,

springing, Shall smile again in Summer's gentle sun Though one by one the pearly drops of morning,

From drooping flowers, on viewless pinions rise, We'll see them yet the gorgeous clouds adorning

With glowing arches of celestial dyes. Though one by one the stars are fading

slowly, That all night long kept vigil in the sky, The distant mountain peaks, like prophets

holy, Proclaim that morning's light and song are nigh.

Though with slow step goes forth its sower, weeping, And on earth's lap his precious treasure

Yet comes the harvest, with its joyous reaping.

When shall be gathered home the ripened sheaves.

Though one by one the friends we fondly cherish Withdraw from ours the cold and tremb-

ling hand, And leave us sorrowful, they do not perish-

They yet shall greet us in a fairer land. Yes, from all climes, where'er the faithful slumber-

Stainless they'll rise, in myriads without 'Neath scerebing suns or Arctic snow and | white fingers. All, all skall meet- there shall not one

HIS IDEAL.

be lost.

"Of all the loves on earth-a man in love!" Hal Liscomb exclaimed, watching the cloud of blue vapor ascend among the branches. "I wish, with my whole heart, that the whole mass of women could be sent to an island in the girl. South Seal"

His companion looked off to the west, a softened light in his hazel eyes, a smile on his mustached lip.

"How many of your own sex do you think would remain here, then?" he questioned. "Hal, you ought to fall in love yourself; it's the making of a fellow; and when you do take the malady, which you certainly will some time, won't you take it badly! All you women-haters do; it's a sort of judgment on thein."

"When I do!" and there was a volume in the tone. "When I do, you may laugh at me, as I feel inclined-"

Galloping hoofs struck on the evening quiet, and Hal left his sentence unfinished, lifting himself on his elbow to see the herse and rider. A lithe, black pony was coming along the highway at full speed, bearing a girl whose beauty was enhanced by her enjoyment, and who seemed at perfect ease in the saodle; she did not see the two friends. who were lying among the shadows just in from the roadway; and in a moment, as it seemed, she had appeared and vanished, leaving behind her but the memery of her dark face, her flowing black bair, and her upright, graceful figure, for the falling shadows hid

her from them instantly. Grant Lawson merely lifted his dark head, and allowed it to fall back again into his clasped hands, when he saw the rider. But he smiled a rather satfrical smile as Hal, flinging his cigar hurriedly away, sprang to his feet, trying to follow the vanishing beauty with his eves.

"In the name of all the godesses!" he cried, "what have we seen, Grant ?"

"One of those animals which are not desirable this side of the South Sea," Grant answered, indolently. "She has a few others like you at her chariot wheels, Hal, Don't lose your head! Jove!" looking at his watch, "we'll be late for dinner! No wonder Ethel was riding like a jockey. Come, Hal." And toward his home.

"Ethel?" Hal repeated, as they walked along. "Is that the cousin you were telling me of ?"

"The same. I told her of you, too; told her you were a woman-hater." "Very kind of you," Hal answered,

grimly. "What did she say?" with men who railed at women. By the way," he continued, inwardly amused by the uncomfortable look on with your great picture?"

"Failing," Hal said, lacontcally. "Can't find my ideal face; and the face I want is that of a woman too."

Don't be too ideal since you paint for

humaa eyes, my friend," "I have never sought it in a ballroom," Hal responded, a trifle bitterly. "I never fancied I would find it in the trained beauties of society; for I want gentle; peaceful but not lacking soul; in their depths; gentle earnest lips, that look as though they can quiver as readily as smile, that can reproach where there is a right; a broad, low brow, with | chair, pillows about marks of ideality and tender thought; | feet, sitting on a |

to own it then? You are in love with Here we are, and the girls are on the veranda. No more at present, but if you are not blind-"

when he reached Grant he found himself before a dark-eyed stranger, with whom Grant was laughing.

"Allow me to attract your attention to an individual who holds a deadly hatred for your adorable sex," Grant commenced, solemnly. "Miss Allen, this is our woman-hater, Mr. Hal Liscomb. Enlighten his darkness,"

Ethel Allen lifted her dark, dreamy eyes to the fair face of the young man, she withdrew the hand which she had half extended before it had reached his

"And whereas, by petulance or pride, I had haply said some evil,
Mine afterthought was tolerance to bear the
faults of ail,"

she quoted gently. And a feeling akin while those dark, slumbrous eyes with stood that because of the term "womanhater' he had lost a touch of the girl's

He saw her again at dinner, when she sat directly across from him, in a dress of pure white, with crimson and white roses on her bosom, and when he and Grant followed the ladies to the parlor she was playing softly, her white hand fluttering above the piano keys, her dark head bent, her whole attitude showing that at that moment the world was far from the heart of the

Grant's voice recalled her, and looking up dreamily at his request for a song, she bent her head once more and complied. She sang that peculiar German legend, "Death and the Nightingale." The lights were low, owing to the sociable spirit shown in warm weather by the mosquitos. Hal drew somewhat apart, sinking into a chair near an open window, and as she sung

the low, sad words: "Dark was the nig t. And dying the king And specters were around him in weird white ring!

Hal Liscomb's impulsive heart, impulsive still, despite of its seeming coldness, thrilled warmly at her voice. "I will paint her some time as I see her now with the shadows on her face and that white drapery about her," he told himself.

Far below in the meadow, among the bushes that fringed a stream, whippoorwills began to send forth plaintive calls, and, the song finished, Miss Allen left the piano, crossed the room and went out to the starlight.

"Come," she called "let us go outside; I want to hear the whippoorwills; Alice."

They followed her, all save Mrs. Lawson, who settled herself for a nap in her chair; and presently Grant asked his friend to sing. Miss Allen turned from watching the clouds that were mingling their fleeces above her, and looked down to where her cousin's guest sat on a low seat, almost at her feet. Was it the soft light, he wondered, that made her eyes so dark and dreamy, her lips so red and sweet?

"Let it be something plaintive," she beautiful gem, "To Mary:"

> The heath this night must be my bed The bracken cutta ns for my head; My lullaby the warder's tread. Far, far from love and thee, Mary."

Below, the whippporwills still sang, the man's voice echoed softly on the he lifted himself from his easy position, he looked up. Was he again mistaken, took up his hat, and prepared to proceed or had the girl's eyes gloomed to midnight, and were her lips tremulous?

Three weeks had gone and Hal Lisnot see very much of Grant, for that may be frequently seen covered all over speat much of his time with the girl not an oak tree within several miles. who was to be his wife, leaving his "Oh, not much She remarked that | friend to idle as he pleased, knowing there was always something wrong this would please bim. He-Hal-had made many sketches; but his pencil was very willingly laid aside when Ethel would allow him to be her comhis friend's face, "how are you doing panion in her walks or rides, or when she would bid him read for her on the wide veranda, or under the trees of the lawn. On this particular day he had failed to find her, and so had gone "What sort of face do you want? aimlessly rambling about. Suddenly, coming upon a cottage which stood quite alone, nearly a mile from the village, on the edge of which Grant's home was, he saw her black

pony at the door. "I'll surprise her and walk back with a face of truth and purity, spirited, but her through the shadows,"he told himself, not stopping to analyze the pleaspure but not too spirituelle. I want | ure which this thought gave him; and deep earnest eyes, soulful, steady, ten- he went swiftly toward the open door. der but fearless, with something holy On the threshold he paused-paused, drawing his breath sharply, and baring

his head with sudden reverence. A woman bent by time, and shrunken there is a wrong or command where from suffering, was sitting in a large

masses of dark hair, falling far in rich Allen in all her glorious beauty. She disorder, framing this face of mine-" had removed her hat, and her dark "Yours?" with an uplifting of hair shone under the sweet touches. Grant's eyebrows. "You would want | There was an open book on her knees. and her clear voice floated to him, your ideal, as that sculptor was with touching him as no voice had since a his statue, Ha!, and if I don't make a child he had so sat at the knee of his mistake, my boy, you have found it. mother while she read, as Ethel read now, the word of God. The voice was like music-sweet, low, fervent. His heart throbbed, his eyes, moistened He sprang up the steps, three at a while he listened; and all the hardness time, Hal following more lessurely, and | that had enveloped his life for half a dozen years melted from it in that moment, as though the mother-hand again lay softly on his hair, the moth-

er-lips whispered him, "My son!" He turned silently away, going back through the shadows alone; and one thought went with him, one purpose grew strong in his bosom-if she was to be won, he would win this girl for his wife! What blindness had possessed him? While deaming his idle dreams and a slight smile touched her lips as he had passed this beautiful life by with its silent beauty and womanly gentleness. While looking for an ideal he had closed his eyes when the reality had been met by him. His pulses were throbbing when he went from his room that evening to join the others at dinner. He met her in the corridor above to shame went over the young man, and went straight to her; she wore a costume of thin black, from which their hint of hidden fire, were tracing arms and neck shone dazzingly; she his blonds face earnestly; and he under- carried a cluster of white roses in her hand, and looked at him with a smile

as he approached her. "Miss Allen," he said, his tones vibrating, "if a man should tell you that his future lay in your hands, what would you do?",

She looked at him with darkened eyes, and her lips quivered slightly. Surely those were the eyes he had sought for his great picture, those were the delicate, earnest lips!

"Should a man lay his heart at your feet, what would you do?" he questioned; and her dark eyes lighted with womanly strength as she answered

"I would lift it," she said, softly; 'I would tell him that at the feet of a woman like myself was not its place; and I would take it as God's best blessing granted to my life."

"If it was mine?" he questioned, taking her hands eagerly and holding them against his heart.

"If it was yours," she whispered

softly; and he laid his lips on the beautiful hands in which the white roses were still unwithered. "My love," he said, softly, and then

a door opened near them and a low whistle greeted them.

"So you have found your ideal at last?" Grant cried triumphantly. New, what a bore you'll be-eh, Hal? And you rather take that back about banishing all women to the South Sea islands, I suppose?"

"Unless I be allowed to follow," Hal laughed, coloring a little, as Ethel drew her hands from his, leaving him, however one of the white roses.

A Bird's Wisdom.

In California the woodpecker stores acorns away, although he never eats it is a year since I heard them, cousin | them. He bores several holes differing slightly in size, at the fall of the year, invariably in a pine tree. Then he finds an acorn, which he adjusts to one of the holes prepared for its reception. But he does not eat the acorn, for, as a rule, he is not a vegetarian. His object in storing away the acorn exhibits foresight and knowledge of results more akin to reason than to nstinct. The succeeding winter the acorn remains intact, but becoming saturated, is predisposed to decay, when it is attacked by maggots, who seem to said; and he obeyed her, singing Scott's delight in this special food. It is then that the woodpecker reaps the harvest his wisdom has provided, at a time when the ground being covered with snow, he found he would experi nce a difficulty otherwise in obtaining suitable or palatable food. It is a subcect of specsilent night, and when he had finished | ulation why the redwood cedar or the sugar pine is invariably selected. It fs not probable that the insect, the woodpecker is so fond of is found only on the outside of two trees; but true it is | tains to the great fair of Nishni-Norgocomb wondered why he felt so reluct- that in Calaveras, Mariposa and other ant to go back to his home. He did districts of California, trees of this kind young man was very deeply in love and | their trunks with acorns, when there is

Better Too Cold Than Too Hot.

asked Lieutenant Sewatka if he had any hankering after another polar trip and he said that he would not at all object to one, as he thought after a man had once been up in the polar region, he wanted to go again, and that it was not as hard to stand the intense cold as to stand intense heat; that he would much prefer a winter at the pole to a summer such as he had just passed at the military post in Arizona, where he was stationed. He said that many a day this summer the thermometer was 118 in the shade, and even at night it was 104. The only way that they could make their beds at all habitable was by filling a wisp room with water and sprinkling the sheets, and then, he said, the water at the foot of the bed would dry before he was done sprinkling the pillows. He seemed to think arctic life a luxury to this; and though I have never experienced either, I should incline to agree with him.

nd at her Little brown straw jugs at as Ethe. roses and tied with ribbons. Little brown straw jugs are filled with Courting in Church.

reformed preacher said; when I riselin ted to just twenty tunes, so that those my pulpit on Sunday evening and look who frequent this traktic year after over the congregation, what do I see? year must find a little sameness in the In the pews near the front are the eld- performance. But, after all, it is in the ers and deacons, good men, with their tea-gardens and similar suburban reshining bald heads and attentive faces. sorts that the most pleasing phases of Their wives are with them, and here Russian tea-drinking are witnessedand there is a maiden lady. Then in Beneath the trees, in every direction, the centre is a broad desert of empty happy families surround the burnished pews, and way back in the rear, massed urn, and in retired nooks the teapots around the doors, as you might say are are witnesses to lovers' vows. Petrofyoung people, always in pairs. I am ski Gardens are a very favorite resort. glad to see them. I always preach bet In 1812 Napoleon lodged here for a time ter to the young, and I plunge into my in the chateau built by the Empress sermon with energy and animation. Elizabeth. The road from Moscow 18 After a particularly telling point, aimed thronged with carriages and droskies right at these young people, I look up and well dressed pedestrians. to enforce with gesture and personal glance what I have to say, and instead presses it. 'Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again!""

turned toward me. In their guilty capable ail next day. self-consciousness of using the church to do their courting in, they think that they are being personally rebuked from the pulpit. While I have their if a girl, in red. Should she be in the attention I improve the opportunity by pouring out some gospel hot shot. lavishly trimmed with gold, above which However, as soon as the first shock is hangs an apron of fine dotted muslin. over, and they have glanced around and found everything quiet, they fall to courting again with renewed vigor. Then I come at them again, and suddealy shout out, 'Young woman!" with the same effect as before, and the same pouring out of gospel truth. So, you see. in this way I gain the attention of my audience for afew brief minutes at

any rate." The reporter gazed with admiration apon a man who had contrived such au ingenious device, but then a thought occurred, and he said: "I should think that the young people, after a few such shocks as you describe, would prefer to go to some other church."

"No, they don't" he replied with a satisfied smile. "They seem to like it. It gives a spice of danger and adventure to their courting, as if some one was trying to separate them. Since I began these sermons this element in the evening congregations has actually increased. You see, they are obliged to hear some of the sermons, and, their attention being aroused so suddenly, what they hear is impressed on their minds, and they remember it. From this circumstance, which is entirely novel in their experience, they get the idea that I am a very powerful and tended.

Moscow.

It would be a very incomplete sketch of Moscow that did not treat of the "traktirs," or tea-houses. They abound in every street, lane and alley, rivaling in their numbers the public houses of westernlands, The drinking of "tcha" is, indeed, a prominent feature of Rissian life. Everyone has heard of the precious packages of tea, the best that the Flowery Land can produce, brought across the steppes of Tartary and through the passes of the Oural Mounrod. Enter a traktir at what hour of the day you please it always seems crowded. A corpulent little saint with a smiling countenance, who is supposed especially to preside over tea-drinking, is perched in one corner. The Russians, as they enter, uncover their heads and bow to the patron of "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates." Profusely perspiring, and, indeed, completely saturated with tea, the habitues talk over and settle matters of business or pleasure, strike bargains, or balance accounts. Merchants, brokers and bankers confer and transact business; pleasure seekers arrange their plans; estranged friends make up their quarrels over the steaming tumblers. Who can doubt that teadrinking in Moscow is a great National

One of the chief bouses of call for merchants in Moscow is the Moskonski Traktir. This is no ordinary establishment, Tall, robust servants, in white trousers and tunics, move to and fro. and assiduously wais upon the guests The cooking at this establishment is celebrated, but it is for tea-drinking that it is chiefly frequented. If you have no one to talk to, you can smoke a pipe or cigarette, or listen to the organ, At almost all the restaurants. however humble," music is supplied. at the Moskouski Traktir the elbow with evening dresses.

was made at Wurtemburg, expressly for this establishment, and cost £3,000. It In talking of courting in church a plays when it is wound up, and is limi-

Guards and police keep order at the gates that admit to the varied attracof finding the eyes of my back-seat tions within - the promenades, and congregation turned upon me in atten- lawns, and copses, the rustic cottages, tive interest they are not paying the stalactite caves, and glens, and grotslightest attention to me. They are toes; the lake, the fountain, and the not even looking at me. But there they marble statues. In the evening, avensit looking into each other's eyes like ues of many-colored lights and festooned young calves, or, perhaps, he added, arches conduct to pagodas used as thewith bitter sarcasm "as the poet ex- aters for various entertainments-comic dramas, in which the fun is somewhat broad and grotesque, exhibitions of "I got tired of that sort of thing tumbling, etc. Grand displays of firelast winter," he resumed, after a brief | works terminate the proceedings. The pause, "and I made up my mind that I ordinary town-peasant usually affects a would have their attention for a little red shirt and high boots. The moulik, while at least. I began a series of fresh from the country, is mostly clad what I call back seat sermons. They in a suit of undyed homespun cloth, don't differ materially from the other and in lieu of stockings he winds cloths sermons, except that at certain inter- around his legs. His feet are shod with vals which I mark, I shout out with sandals of planted linden bark. The great force 'Young man' and then lower classes in Moscow are, for the pause as if for rhetorical effect. The most part, smiling and good-natured, effect is rhetorical merely on the front- but slow, sloucking, and shabby in their seat congregation but electrical on the appearance. They are also very freback-seat congregation. The young quently drunk; for, though fond of men whahave been devoting their en- "tchai," they by no means confine tire atta ion to exploring the liquid themselves to it. In addition to Sundepths of their sweethearts' eyes give a days, there are no less than fifty clearly stare and their companions do the same | defined annual holidays kept in Moscow, | purify the heart. and every face on the back seat is and the holiday-makers are usually in-

A Russian nurse is a conspicous object in the public street. If her infant charge is a boy, she is attired in blue; service of some rich family, her dress is There is plenty of bread made in Moscow which is not black; indeed good sweet bread is a specialty of the city, and is often sent as a present to friends in St. Petersburg. The water is brought twelve miles in water courses from the Mytistchi Springs to the public fountains, but it is very seldom laid on to private houses. Accordingly, to supply domestic needs a tribe of water-carriers are out at early dawn. The water car of itinerant venders and workers.

A funeral in Moscow, when conducted, as is usually the ease, in the orthodox National manner, is a picturesque and interesting spectacle. The procession is headed by long-bearded priests in their black robes, carrying shrines and burning tapers in their hands. Next comes the hearse with four horses. On the steps of the hearse are more priests holding images of the Saviour ver the coffin. Yet more follow, speakng words of consolation to the friends and relatives of the departed. As the procession moves on the people in the streets cease from their occupation, uncover their heads, bow, and pray for the repose of the deceased. The countless pigeons of Moscow are a feature of the ity which ought not to remain unnoelegant preacher, and my fame has ex- ticed. They enjoy life freely, and increase and multiply to an enormous extent, for no one thinks of killing them. In the popular mind they are incarnate emblems of the Holy Spirit.

A Relic of the Revolution

The jubilees which were held near Bethlebeni, Pa., by the Democrats have onearthed a relic of the Revolution which very few of the younger people have ever heard of, much less seen. The relic is a cannon which was used in firing salutes at Democratic celebrations in that and adjoining counties. The cannon, it's said, was captured from the British at the battle of Princeton. The cannon was evidently intended for use on board of a ship, as it cannot be mounted on wheels. It is 5 feet long, with 31 inch bore, and the charge used is 13 pounds of powder. It was purchased many years ago from the late lawyer Gibbons of Alientown by the late Capt. C. Ritter on Ratters. ville. The latter sold company, consisting of Ginkinger and Frank, Tilghman Reichart. now controls the greater j stock, and he has been the the past thirty years and l many political celebrations

The accepted design, by MM and Boileau, for the Paris Gambetta shows a quadrange mid surmounted by a winged ion ing upon its back a figure of th public. At the base Gambeta st calling France to arms and feet 'War to the knifel" At the ther are figures of Union, Strigth Truth; electoral urns a corners, and quotations betta's most noted speeches are gu on the faces of the pile.

Bracelets of violets are worn habove

FOR THOUGHD.

like a good name, iagos Good ns, and lost by one. erserved is sathe in dis-Praise

guise. one do according to his Let e ability.

wheel of a cart always creaks mos a moment without some There is no

duty. Bare-footed men must not go among thorns. A crooked stick will have a creoked

When all is consumed, repentance comes too late. The doing evil to avoid an evil can-

not be good. Associate with the wise, and their knowledge well cling to thy skirts. Nothing is so credulous as vanity, or

so ignorant of what becomes fiself The desire of appearing to be persons of ability often prevents our being so. Satire often proceeds less from ill-nature than from the desire of displaying

Even genius itself is but fine observation strengthened by fixity of pur-

As charity covers a multitude of sins byre God, so does politeness before u.h

Wichm prepares for the worst, but folly wes the worst for the day when man's heart, like the moon, is

alwa changing; yet there is always a Albeitr knowledge is hurtful to one who tar of the science of honesty and

good nathre. The neble "I will" has no worse enemy than the cowardly, self-deceiving 'yeslif I choose."

We attract hearts by the qualities we display; we retain them by the qual-

Love is never lost. If not reciprocated it will flow back and soften and Our grand business is not to see what

ies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand. Tako care to be an economist in resperity; there is no fear of your not

being one in adversity The man who "loses his head" soonest in critical times, is a man who has but little in his head.

Sophistry is like a window containitbleases as an ornament, but Ms use is takeep out the light.

There is no harder shield for the divil to pierce with temptation than spiging with prayer. Next to victory, there he nething so weet as defeat, if only the right ad-

reary overcomes you. Imitate time. It destreys skyly. It indermines, wears, lossens, separ stes. - It does not uproot.

is always the safest, for any one, in any and all circumstances. To all intents and purposes, he who will not open his eyes is, for the pres-

ent, as blind as he that cannot. Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarreling or a tenth

part of the wickedness there is. It is a good sign to see the color of

health upon a man's face, but not to see it all concentrated in his nose. Moods are the climates of the mind .-

They warm or chill resolves and are in turn our flatterers or our satirists. Open your mouth and purse cau-

tiousy, and your stock of repulation and wealth shall, at least in repute, be It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less

they have in them the more noise they make in pouring It out. Contentment is a pear of great price, and whoever procures it at the

expense of ten thousand desires makes a wise and happy purchase. Open your mouth but seldem, and never but to the point and purpose. Shut it close when misjudging friend-

ship holds the glass to your lip Write your name with kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the people you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

Exploding many things under the name of trifles is very false proof either of wisdom or magnanimity, and a great check to virtuous actions with regard There are persons who have more in-

telligence than taste, and others who have more taste than intelligence. There is more vanity and caprice in taste than in intelligence. In nature the valuable and the beau-

tiful usually go hand in hand; and if we do not always trace their union, it is because our limited experience has not yet fathomed all her secrets. There is no knowledge for which so great a price is paid, as a knowledge of

world; and no one ever became an adept in it, except at the expense of a hardened and wounded bears. An enlightened mind is not hoodwinked; it is not shut up in a gloomy

prison, till it thinks the walls of its own lungeon the limits of the universe, and the reach of its own chain the outer verge of all intelligence. Each human life is a crystal rather

than a surface; it has many faces, and each face seems to him who sees it a complete life; and yet all the faces form but a part of the one life whose depths are concealed from right,

If you would be exempt from uneas ;ness, do nothing which you know or suspect is wrong; and if you wish to enjoy the purest pleasure, always do everything in your power which you know is right.

As the sun does not wait for prayers and incantations before he ruses, but straightway shines forth, and is hailed of all; so do not wail to do good for applause and noise and praise, but do it of your own desire; and like the san you will be loved.