## A THOUGHT.

It fell at night upon a rocking world, As sinks through glooms of eve a falling star:

God launched it upon time with wings un furled

And marked its flight through centuries atar.

As fell that spirit bright on Lemnos' Isle; As Phaeton, from Phœbus' blazing car; As from an angel's lip, a holy smile Slides like a sunbeam from a world afar:

So on the dim earth fell that shining thought;

Like shooting-star it flashed along the brain

Of one who flushed to feel the strength it brought. And shaped it for a world's eternal gain

On prophet brows the chrismal light falls

still: They break for us through calyxes of husband to you."

doubt, Through leaf-like thought o'erfolding thought, until

The single golden heart of truth shines

They catch a burning thought from lips divine

And mold it into shape for human ken; In poem, picture, sculptured stone to shine, A holy thing blest unto sentient men.

## FORTUNE'S FROWNS AND SMILLES.

Mrs. Briggs had made a mistake. She owned as much, herself. And a mistake must be very patent, indeed, before Mrs, Briggs would own to it, For she was one of those high-nosed, domineering females who pretend to an almost superhuman foresight, and man in Yellow Pines. I will allow, believe that they can read character as if it were an open book.

"I never was so disappointed in girl in my life," said Mrs. Briggs. "I thought she had some grit about her. But, there! I might as well have an old dish-rag in my kitchen as Meta to be his wife.' Milton!"

Meta herself, if the truth were to be told, was equally disillusionized. She had fancied that life in the country was all roses, new-mown hay and nightingales; and when it came to getting up before daybreak, churning by the halfhour in a blue-mold-smelling cellar, scrubbing kitchen floors and baking hot-cakes for a tableful of shirt-sleeved farm hands, she was completely taken aback.

There were no lanes wherein to linger at dusk (Mr. Briggs was a great deal for?' too careful of his land to let any part of it run to waste), no picturesque old well-sweeps or ivy-clad ruins,

Cabbages grew in rows; onion patches flung their perfume on the air, and directly in front of the main door | ting married!" there was a field of monster tobacco leaves.

"And ef you've got any time to spare," said Mr. Briggs, "you'd better lay :t out in ; pickin' them plaguy big worms off the terbacker, instead o' cuttin' round the country arter wildflowers!"

Meta had been a shop-girl in a Bridgeport store before she came to her Cousin Briggs'. Her health had failed; the doctor had advised country air, new milk and change of scene.

port her, for I'll never see nor speak Mrs. Briggs, on being written to, had nwillingly consented that Meta should to either one of you again as long as I livel spend the summer there. "She must be a poor cretur, indeed, if she can't earn her board and a little Briggs, who was one of those griping, grinding taskmistresses who think of trade and profit alone. But Meta had not passed triumphant-ly through the ordeal. Perhaps she had not fully regained her strength. Perhaps she had become discouraged with the endless treadmill of work which Mrs. Briggs provided for her. She was a pale, pretty girl, with fair hair, large, sorrowful blue eyes, and a color that came and went with flickering brilliance. 'And it's my opinion," said Mrs. Briggs, who was in the habit of flying around the house with her head tied up in a cotton pocket-handkerchief, 'that she spends a deal too much time a-fixin' up and prinkin' before the glass-white lace at her neck every nobody to hang on the coat-skirts of a day and a ribbon bow and white aprons rich man. I'm more independent now of an afternoon. Checked gingham is than I have been for ten years. If good enough for me, and it ought to be for her! At the end of the first month, Mrs. Briggs told Meta, with engaging frankness, that she had not proved equal to the emergency. "I guess we don't want you here no more," said Mrs. Briggs. "You ain't got no more strength than a rabbit, and, anyway, there ain't no calculation about you. You may do very well as a store-girl, but you won't never earn your bread at general housework."

is filled up; and it's very hard to get left all his money to the Gattawooche work anywhere at this time of year. Indian Mission," as he always said he The doctor said I ought to stay a year would. But he was my uncle after at least in the country; but Mrs. Briggs | all,". has got another girl and-'

"Very well," said Meta. "We'll go." Here John Perkins suddenly arrested All the neighborhood was there, of the course of the roan-cob, and began course. The richest man in Yellow Plains did not depart this life every "Dear dear!" said Meta, "have we day. But every one looked coldly upon the young couple as they entered "Not as and Mrs. Briggs studiously evaded I know of. But if the Doctor said you them.

When the burial ceremonies were ought to stay a year, then a year you over, Mr. Briggs sidled up to the lawyer, a fat man, with a shining bald head

"With us!" said John Perkins, "I've and a white mustache. took a notion to you, Meta, The first "It's about the mortgage, Squire Coyte," said he. "That one that Deatime I ever set eyes on you, I said to myself, 'Here's the gal for me!' And con Perkins had on our farm. I do if you'll marry me, Meta, I'll do my hope the Gattawooche Indians won't be particular about takin' it up jest best to take care of you and be a good yet, because times is hard, and I ain't "Marry you!" repeated Meta, and noways prepared, The interest is a little behind, to be sure, but-" she looked timidly into John Perkins'

"What have the Gattawooche Inhonest gray eyes, and then she added: dians got to do with it?" said the squire, "Shall we go right to the parson's?"

crisply. "Why, they're the heirs, folks tell me," said Mr. Briggs, uneasily twirling "It's the best way," said John. "If bis thumbs

"Not at all," said Mr. Coyte. "The I begin a job, I generally like to go on Gattawoochee Indian will was destroyed long ago; and Mr. Perkins never made So they were married. Meta went long ago; and Mr. Perkins never made back to Mr. Briggs' house, until her another. The heir to all the property young husband could break the news is the next of kin, his nephew, John to his uncle. Mrs. Briggs received the Perkins."

Pablic opinion changed as quickly bride with some faint semblance of as only public opinion can do, when this piece of news became bruited "John Perkins is a likely fellow, said she, "and the deacon is the richest abroad

Everybody discovered all of a sudden that they had always sympathized with Meta, that you haven't done badly for yourself. If you'd told me what you the dear young couple-that John Perkins was a noble fellow, and his wife "But I was not calculating," said Meta one of the salt of the earth.

Meta, indignantly. "I never thought the redbrick mansion on the hill to see of such a thing, until John asked me Meta, and beg her to intercede with her "That'll do to tell," said Mrs. Briggs husband in their behalf.

that Deacon Perkins had on our farm. "Meanwhile, John went bravely to It's over-due, and Briggs hasn't been as regular with the interest as I could have wished; but I do hope, Meta, he

It was a bitter pill for Mrs. Briggs to Deacon Perkins, a dried-up, withswallow, but Meta did not exult over ered old man, with a strong likeness to her fallen foe.

"Of course he will not be hard with his account-book with a snarl, which revealed a set of ragged, yellow teeth. "A bigger room?" said he, "What you, Cousin Briggs, said she, kindly. "There's at least a dozen rooms in the house you don't use," said John, and spend the evening.' "and they'd be all the better for being

The tears came into Mrs. Briggs'

a mere incidental fact-"I've been get-"I do feel sort o' faint," said she. "I never slept none last night, thinkin' what would become of us if the old case, and as John picked it up and home was took away. But I'm all right now, Meta, thanks to you!"

And she said when she got home to The deacon's little eyes glittered like her fireside: very small gas-lamps, seen through a "If ever coals of fire were heaped on

a human head, Meta Perkins heaped 'em on mine this day."

"She's a good gal." said Farmer Briggs—"a good gal!"

ich of Gibraltar.

Courage.

"Thirteen and seven are twenty; and nine-oh, dear me! I wonder what that noise in the basement hall is! It sounds just like some one crying."

Miss Comfort Walker laid down the pen wherewith she was industriously adding up her household accounts, and, metaphorically speaking pricked up her

"It is some one crying!" she said to herself. "Oh, dear, dear! what a world of tears and tribulation this is!"

Miss Walker had been let penniless and unprotected at the age of twenty, but she was not one of the "drooping ivy" kind that takes to needlework and tubercles on the lungs. So Miss Comfort went boldly ahead, opened a first-class boarding house and made money. This was the history of the brisk little woman in a brown debege dress and cherry ribbons at her neck, who bustled down stairs to see what could be the meaning of the vague, indefinite sobbing sound which now became audible. "Oh, it's you, is it?" said Miss Com-

fort Walker, as she perceived Ellen O'Brien, the washerwoman, in the basement hall. "Yes, it's me, worse luck, Miss Com-

fort." whimpered poor Ellen.

"And what's the matter?" "It's me bill up stairs, Miss Comfort -the boarder in the second-story front,

wid the gay goold shirt studs an' the green and yellow stones in his sleeve buttons! Nine dollars and siventy cents, Miss Comfort-six weeks' washing and ironing-and now, when I makes bould to ax him would he be pleased to pay me, he tells me it isn't convanient! And whin I tells him how sore I needs the money he ups and gets mad and says I shan't have it at all."

Miss Comfort stood listening with knitted brows and troubled black eyes. "Have you got your bill with you, Ellen? said she, after a moment's hesitation

"Jimmy wrote it out, all nate and proper," faltered Ellen, producing a crumpled ship of pale blue paper from her pocket.

'Give it to me," said Miss Comfort Walker. "And come here this evening at 8 o'clock, and you shall have your money

She went slowly up stairs with the little piece of paper in her hand.

"It's a shame," said Miss Comfort. Leotard Carlyon was Miss Comfort Walker's best boarder, with the single exception that, up to the present moment, his twenty-five dollars a week had been in futuro.

Now, it so chanced that one reason for her reposing so much confidence in Mr. Leotard Carlyon, the boarder, was that he was the nephew and heir apparent of Caleb Carylon, the rich banker from whom she rented her brown-stone house, at the trifling consideration of three thousand dollars per annum. So she went bravely up to Mr. Carly-

n's room and tapped at the door. "Come in," he called out. "Oh, it's you, Miss Walker, is it?"

Miss Comfort advanced valiantly with the bill in her hand to where Leotard Carlyon reclined languidly amid a heap of sofa pillows, with a newspaper in his

was, as she poured the decoction of fragrant Young Hyson into her great grandmother's china cup, decorated with butterflies and oblong scrolls of gilt and violet! And how she kept wondering all the while how in the world Mr. Carylon, the great banker, could take such interest in her homely humdrum little affairs.

But if she had only known it, Mr. Carlyon seldom came across a true, real heart in his complicated business transactions.

"It is not true," said Mr. Leotard. "My uncle would never make such a fool of himself at his age. Why, he's 50 if he's a day!"

"Only 44," said Mrs. Leigh Creswick, with malicious delight. "But of course it must be a great mortification to you, Mr. Leotard, who have always been looked upon as his heir. And to think, too, he is going to marry that queer little old woman who keeps the boarding-house. For it is true! As true as taxes! I saw the wedding-ring myself

Mr. Leotard Carlyon gnawed silently at his moustache. How strangely little circumstances are woven together into life's web, he thought. If he had paid that whinning washerwoman's bill she would have not confided her woes to Miss Comfort Walker; and Miss Comfort Walker would not have gone to his uncle; and his uncle wouldn't have fallen in love with Miss Comfort's rosy cheeks and bonnet neither, and he would still have been the rich banker's heir apparent.

He wished he had paid the washerwoman's bill!

## Courting by Fireirght,

Uncle Davy was giving the boys some advice in their love-making af- and old wine from the valley of Aost, is fairs, and one of them asked him how always kept there. The superior always the young people did when he was sits at table with his guests, and seldom sparking. "Them was great times any of the other brethren; he is an boys," he said in reply, 'great times.' We didn't have no gas, nor no kero-sene, nor no new fangled notions, and visitors comfortable and at their ease. we done our sparkin' by a plain tallow Most visitors remain no more than a dip: but most frequently just by the few hours, and find that period quite fire light. Fire light is warmin', boys and flickers just enough to make a girls eyes shine and the peach blossom glow in her cheeks. Its mighty oft and purty, too and kinder reaches | compense, but there is a poor box in the out and mels two hearts together in a church into which the donations of all way none of your gaslight knows any strangers are dropped, and this is a genthing about. Sometimes the fire shined up a little powerful in places, and the pitality. young man would git up, without say-in' any thing, and would put a shovelful of ashes on it. Then he would cuddle up to the girl in the shadows wished for. Purty soon the fire would git obstreperous again, and the little they traverse the fearful wilds around fames would twinkle in and out, as if or had seen and was laughin' and winkin, about it and havin' some fun, too,

and the young fellow would reach for his object, when the dogs pursue a dithe shovel and the ashes and cover the rectly contrary direction, being led, bright blazes all up. And sometimes- even at a distance, partly by instinct and remember, now only sometimes-the by the exquisite keenness of their smell gal would get up and put ashes on, and with which they trace to the spot where en-well boys, when the blue-birds a traveler bast come in the spring and the fishin' worms crawled out on the ground, and the boys sat on the banks of the little low that of the dog, that scon arrives creek waitin' for a bite, and the Johnny jump ups nestled in the warm places, there was a weddin' in the old house and the purty bride wore apple blossoms in her hair and the awkward young fellow blushed in store cloths and tight boots; and when the winter come again they sat by their own fire and the ashes was out of a job."

At St. Bernard.

Few conditions of life can be more dreary than that of the fathers of Saint Bernard. A pitiless winter of eight months in the year, and the scene that stretches around their abode very confined, having little of the grandeur of most Alpine views in so elevated a site. The mountains, constantly covered with snow, rise near the convent: not a shrub, tree, or blade of verdure is to be seen; there are two or three small lakes not far from the walls, which are covered with ice nearly the whole year. The monotony of their life is certainly broken by the incessant arrival of visitors of all nations, and this scarcely ceases during the most severe and inclement weather. They indulge at times in a relaxation from the strictness of the hospice; music is introduced, and when the monastery has possessed a large party, with several ladies, within its walls, a kind of ball has actually been got up, and permitted by the superior, much to the amusement and enjoy. ment of the solitary fathers.

The community of St. Bernard do not live beneath a system of terror. They are neither expected to endure vigorous fasting nor maceration. The allowance of wine daily dealt out to each, a good monk said, was not copious, being confined to a bottle, that was to serve during the two meals of dinner and supper; but if any of them are ailing or unwell an additional quantity is allowed. Their manner of life is less luxurious than in many of the monasteries of the south and east, their repast being extremely simple: though most travelers who have spent a day or night beneath their roof found the table well served, a good supper on the board, and often a bottle of choice wine.

The Muscat of Chambave, a delicious sufficient in so dreary and unattractive a region; those who arrive in the evening take up their lodging for the night. The community do not accept any reteeler mode of remunerating their hos-

There is no daring or self-devotion of which the guides are not capable. No tempest, or falling avalanches, or snowstorm deters them from advancing on and she would cuddle some too, and it the track of their faithful and sagacious didn't seem like thers was any thing dogs. Often they are summoned forth else in the whole big round earth to be amidst the darkness of the night, and, equipped with long poles and lanterns, the convent, when every beaten path is they wanted to see what was going on, buried from the view. Often it happens that the guide takes a course he thinks the most probable to succeed in The guides instantly abandon their own course, on perceiving this, and folat the fatal place and generally succeeds in drawing forth the victim. The guides, who thus often devote their lives to rescue the bewildered traveler. are not attached to the monastery, and only reside there during the winter. They are hardy peasants from the hills and valleys, the nearest on the Italian frontier, who leave their cottages and families during the inclement season to give their services to the monastery. It might be thought the gratuity for such services could not well be too large, but it does not exceed \$20 for the season to each guide. They are well maintained, of course, in the convent, and hold themselves in readiness to sally out at a moment's call, by night or day. The avalanche often covers so deeply the victims that the sagacity even of the dogs is ineffectual; the depth beneath baffles their scent. It is rather from beneath the suowstorm than the avalanche that the victims are rescued; pulled out from their fatal canopy by the teeth of the sagacious animals, aided dark t'other evening, and do you by the poles of the guides, they are placed on these poles crossways, which serve as a temporary bier, and borne rapidly to the convent. If life still remains, however faintly, the instant remedies resorted to are generally successful; if it is extinct, the perished traveler is borne to the morgue, and placed in an attitude that suits the taste of his bearers, among the many hundreds who have already ended their wanderings in the same gloomy place of rest.

And Mrs. Briggs came humbly to "About the mortgage," said she,

"Uncle," said he, "I guess you'll have to spare me a bigger room arter won't be hard with us!"

the chimpanzee tribe, looked up from

"Are we not relations? And now you must sit down and have a cup of tea with us, and John will send the box. wagon down for your husband to come

Meta sighed.

"Bat what am I to do?" said she. Where am I to go?"

"That's your affair,' said Mrs, Briggs. And then she went to take her bread out of the oven.

John Perkins, the nephew of the old deacon who lived in the brick house on the hill, and had more money than the best arithmetician in Yellow Plains con'd count, came the next day to drive Meta and her poor little trunk to the stage-station.

John had seen Meta at church. He had stood beside her more than once at singing-school; and one night, when the cattle were obstreperous, he had come to the rescue, and helped Meta drive them home.

So, when Farmer Briggs sent over that his horse was lame, and word asked for the loan of Descon Perkins' roan cob to carry Meta Milton to the station. John himself had volunteered to act as charioteer.

"Going away, hey?" said John, when they had ridden a short distance in si-

"Yes," said Meta, sadly, "I am going away." "Didn't like the folks?" said John.

"I tried to like them," said Meta; "but Mrs. Briggs was not suited with me. The washings were too heavy, and

it gave me a pain in the side to lift the tubs." "You do look rather slim," observed

John. And he chewed a straw in silence for some time before he asked, with some

"And where are you bound for?" "I don't know," said Meta, "I can't

"Do you really mean it, uncle?" said John.

occupied; and besides"-as if this was

The deacon dropped his spectacle-

"You've married her, have you?"

"Well, then," said the deacon, "you

can take her somewhere else and sup-

handed it back to him, he added:

"To Meta Milton."

"Yes, sir," said John.

November fog."

said he.

turning him scientifically around.

"No," said John Perkins.

"But where?" said Meta.

"Yes, Mr. Perkins, I will!"

"I-I suppose so," said Meta.

got into the wrong road?"

stay.

said John.

with it.'

welcome.

was calculatin' for-"

with a dry chuckle.

his uncle.

this.

"Anr I in the habit of joking?" said more into the bargain," said Mrs. Mr, Perkins, with an ugly grin, that made him more chimpanzee-like than ever. "If you're so very independent. you can go and hang out your flag of freedom at your leisure!"

This was rather hard on John, who had always been taught to regard himself as his uncle's adopted child.

But he was too proud to sue for rich man's favor.

"Just as you please, sir," said he. "But won't you let me bring Meta to see you?"

"No, I won't!" said the deacon. "Oh, John, I have ruined you!" said

Meta, when he came back to tell the tale.

"Ruined me, puss?" said he cheerfully-"not a bit of it! You've beeu the making of me. It ain't good for Mrs. Briggs will let us stay here for a

few days-"I couldn't, possibly!" said Mrs. Briggs, freezing visibly. "If your good, pious uncle discountenances you, it ain't for me to set myself up ag'in his judgment."

'Very well," said John; "Farmer Drake wants a hand to help clear up the maple hills this winter-I'll engage with him. My Meta shall have a good home somewhere!"

When Mrs. Briggs heard that John Perkins had rented the little one-Perkins had rented the little one-storied cabin by the railroad, and fur-the monkey tribe still existing in Eu-yourself?" questioned the banker keenly. nished it for his bride, she shook her rope. head forebodingly.

"If Meta can put up with a hole like that, she hain't no proper pride," said she

But Meta was as happy as a lark. It was a humble home, but it was

"I wish it was a palace, puss, for your sake," said he. "1 couldn't be happier, John, if

it was," Meta brightly answered. "And you don't mind your Cousin

Briggs passing you in the street, with-"Not in the least, if you don't mind out spe

"He is an ill-tempered old crab," said John, with a hearty laugh. "And she," merrily retorted Meta,

"is a venômous old gossip." While the public opinion of Yellow Plains unanimously condemned Mr.

and Mrs. Perkins to the poor-house in the course of a brief time. "He has'nt a cent of capital," said

one neighbor. "And she ain't no management and

never had," said another. "Buys bakers bread, and makes her

pie-crust with butter instead o' drippin's," said Mrs. Briggs. "Did any one ever hear of such shiftlessness? I

for one, wash my hands of them."

on his nose.

go back to the store because my place John to his wife. "Of course he has is not a violation of the prohibitory law.

Military discipline is here the great ment can you forget the ruling spirit. You dare not produce a pencil and notebook till your sketching pass is duly signed and countersigned, and even that is only given for a limited period. and with the proviso that you must make no drawing of any fortification (as if you could omit the one characteristic of the place.) At every turn you come on new batteries, great guns and mortars, with their thousand hard, black eyes, keeping watch and ward. Death's playthings everywhere. The very gardens yielding only grapeshot and other Dead Sea fruit.

Beside the graceful flower wases are heaped up great pyramids of cannon balls; fixed bayonets gleam beneath the spiked aloes; tall plumes of grasses wave over plumed bonnets, and scarlet blossoms resolve themselves into tar- the story of Ellen O'Brien and her tans as first one, then another wellknown regiment marches down with pipes playing, for there is a field day on the parade ground in as picturesque a affair?" the banker asked with a cold, spot as you are likely to find, and Spaniards and Moors, Jews and Britons are among the spectotors, to say nothing of flurry. Rock scorpions, as English children born on "Old Gib" are called.

Doubtless, also, the Barbary apes are looking down on us from their haunts among the cliffs, where they still find a refuge, being protected by stringent laws, They are tailless, of course, as their name implies. Poor, humble-lookall their long tailed brethren, inasmuch stately banker.

Professional Match Makers.

Marriages are usually arranged by "brokers," in Borneo. These brokers are her own, And John came home to it old women who always keep themselves every night, with a face as cheerful as in a position to quote the state of the marriage market, which flucturtes. In hard times even girls of good appear- ly. ance are comparatively a drug. In time of plenty they "rule firm." The marriage broker is ever a welcome guest where there are daughters to marry, and also in houses where the sons wish to find a suitable bride. The "Not in the least, if you don't mind young people are not consulted by the Deacon Perkins returning your letters broker. She deals with the parents, and generally with the mothers. Crafty as a horse dealer, she runs glibly over the various advantages, mental, physical, and pecuniary, of her clientele of both sexes. So and so is a steady, quiet man. Such an one has brilliant prospects-has(important consideration) no other wife. The details in. Miss Com being settled after much haggling, the and fluttering. young people are engaged, and the marriage broker gets her commission turb you," said the banker. "I have both from the parents of the bridegroom and those of the bride elect.

Hopine.

They have a drink in Iowa called fort, almost hysterically. "hopine," It is said to represent beer "No-a true-hearted, noble-natured "hopine." It is said to represent beer Until, one day, Deacon Perkins died sitting in his chair, with his spectacles tell the difference. A saloon keeper

"Don't you think you could settle order of the day. Never for one mo- this little account, Mr. Carlyon?" she said. "The poor woman needs it very much,"

Leotard Carlyon's handsome black brows darkened.

"She has been to you with her story, has she ?" snarled he. "No, I can't settle it ! And I wouldn't if I could!" So Miss Comfort tied on a little brown velvet hat she had trimmed with scarlet poppies and brown autumn leaves. and set out bravely for the Mount Orient Bank.

The clerks stared at her a little curiously as she was shown into the president's room at the back, where Mr. Carlyon sat, straight and upright, with blue eyes like a falcon and hair slightly sprinkled with gray.

He elevated his brows at the sight of Miss Comfort Walker. And she told wrongs.

"May I ask, Miss Walker, why you interest yourself so markedly in this measured calm that contrasted strangely with the little woman's heat and

"Because I think no man has a right to cheat a poor woman out of her hardearned money." "Cheat is a strong word, Miss Walk-

er," observed her landlord. "It's the only correct word in this

case, Mr Carlyon." retorted Miss Comfort, secretly marvelling at her own ing creatures, yet more precious than courage in thus daring to confront the

> "Yes, sir. he is," Miss Comfort made an answer. "But it isn't that I came about. I am quite able to attend to my own financial debts, even to lose a lit tle, if it should be necessary, but this poor woman is friendless and alone." Mr. Carlyon glanced at his watch.

Miss Comfort turned toward the door. "I am sorry that my time is no longer at my own disposal," said he courteous-

And Miss Comfort went away almost

crying. "Now I've made an enemy of him, as well as Mr. Leotard, and haven't done the least good in the world," she thought. "And he will let the house to some one else in the spring, and—and —but, after all, I am not sorry that I did my best. Poor, poor Ellen! What shall I say to her when she comes at

But that evening just as Miss Comfort was beginning again at her pile of account books, a ring came to the door, and Mr. Carlyon, the banker was shown Miss Comfort rose up, confused

"Miss Walker, pray don't let me disonly dropped in for a little social call. You showed yourself to-day in a differ-

titing in his chair, with his spectacles tell the difference. A saloon keeper tress yourself. The bill is paid. And ultic the spectacles that been prosecuted for selling it, but the jury held that the sale of "hopine" How pleased and proud Miss Comfort sist.

Cold Cream.

Some humorist could base a good story on the remark of a fun-loving young wife whom I overheard at the toilet goods counter of a leading establishment.

"Stop a second," she said to ber female companion. "I want to buy a pot of cold cream."

"I didn't know you ever used it," said the other.

"No more did I, until I got the roller skating craze. You'll never guess the strange effect the exercise had on Adolph attempted to kiss me in me. believe it, he missed my lips three

times in succession." "What on earth was the reason of that ?"

"Listen to me telling you. The motion of skating-for I had spent the afternoon at the rink-had so affected all my nerves and muscles, I suppose, that they went yank, yank, first one half of me and the other, in sympathy with the action of the feet in alternation of skating. My mouth wasn't excepted. It went so and so"-and here she drew up her pretty lips, first awry to one side and then to the other -"in a manner that upset his aim. I guess some cold cream would restore quietude."

Sociability.

Sociability is the best corrective of that serious and prolonged absorption is business or thought or cares which in detrimental to many of our busy people. The rest taken in soltitude, after working hours are over, permits the mind to still pursue one beaten track. The easy chair and blazing fire may be tempting to the weary toiler, but they do not force his thought into other channels or compel him to lay aside the train of ideas that has for long hours been working his brain. Society, on the contrary, forbids such unwholesome indulgence. She invists

upon a total change of mind and manner during her short reign. She insists upon vivacity, variety, imagination-if possible, wit and humor, or at least

a cheerful interest in that of others. She banishes the accustomed seriousness of mind, the brooding over familiar topics, even the earnestness of strong emotion. For a short time all these ent light from any in which you have are forced to give away to the lighter refreshed and invigorated, unused faculties are brought into exercise and the lost balance restored by a gentle

## Long Life,

"Longevity has increased within half a century from the average of thirty three years to that of forty-four." said a scientist. "The methods of prolonging life have increased and the system of hygiene has so far been imprroved upon that, as a doctor remarked to his patient, 'there is no reason why you should ever die, if you follow instructions and take the medicine given." Then again it is asserted by some that people living in the citles are not as long lived as those residing in the coun-That is only true by reason of the try. fact that in cities people in a general way dissipate more than in the country and wear life out. But that portion who lead regular lives live just as long as those in the rural districts living the same way. Then the inference naturally is that it is not the place, climate considered, but the people themselves who prolong or shorten their existence."

Blues.

Get down to a realization of true labor and success. Get out from the shadsw of a weary body, an overloaded constitution, an overtaxed digestion, and find the true spiritual life condiare forced to give away to the igner that true life deeper than noise, and lar interests and the development of sympathy with others upon unfamiliar and varied subjects. Thus the mind is tioned by none of these. And learn who applaud, nor your failure by the stillness or apparent desertion. True success lies in changed hearts, in lives compulsion which no one dares to re- not deemed, in faces uplifted toward

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yet appeared." "A dun?" demanded poor Miss Com-

woman! But you need no longer dis-

eight o'clock?"