NEVER TOO LATE.

her now.

saved."

name."

"What do you mean, dear?"

ine with an astonished look.

as a boy?" inquired Pauline.

"I!" exclaimed Pauline.

will see what can be done."

redemption of a human soul.

"I mean that I am that child, Paul-

"But the child died," replied Paul-

"No. My cousin, Mary Cameron,

died, and he must have seen the notice

years, while his parents were in Europe,

Oh! Pauline, he was the noblest, kind-

est, most generous-hearted boy! If you

"You," replied May, caressing and

kissing her. Oh, don't refuse me, dear.

Papa is stern and unforgiving about

such things. He would think Gervase

-I mean Mr. Livingstone-not worth

saving because of this one fault. It is

vain to hope for help from him. But

if you will only assist me, dear, good

"I shall need your brother's aid, too.

Then leaning her cheek against Paul-

ine's, she whispered, in the silence of

the midnight, her innocent plot for the

Paul Danforth's stay in Boston was

but that you must secure. And oh!

both of you must promise to keep my

secret from every one," said May.

will only help me now to save him!"

There is a good and a bad in the wayside

inns On the highways of our lives, And man can never be free from sins, No matter how hard he strives; Yet even when down destruction's grade Our thorny pathways trend, In spite of a thousand errors made, "It is never too late to mend."

There are crosses heavy for men to bear, And passions to conquer too; There are joys and woes that each must share

Before the journey is through But men may be roor for honor's sake, And trnth and right defend, And hope will never this promise break "It is never too late to mend."

Tis never too late for a noble deed, For, blessed by the angel's tears, It plants in the breasts of men a seed That will grow in after years; And words of kindness, of hope and cheer, Will always comfort lend, We must live for love, and banish fear— "It is never too late to mend."

It is never too late to meud, my lad, No matter what people say, And no man's nature is wholly bad, Even if old and gray :

And in our journey toward the grave, Until we reach the end, There is time to change, and time to save-"It is never too late to mend."

HIS GUARDIAN.

"Fair as a lily, graceful as a gazelle! Who is she? I would give a thousand dollars if I might but paint that face!" The words were spoken hurriedly, and somewhat too loudly for the time and

Pauline, I have such a plan!" "Indeed!" said Pauline. "So I am to be bribed with a kiss. Well, let me place. Many bystanders heard them, looked at the speaker, the lady, then at each hear your plan for the benefit of Gerother, and smiled. vase-I mean Mr. Livingstone-and we

But the lady herself-a young, slight girl, with large blue eyes, pale, golden hair, and a face like the picture of a saint, so fair and pure it seemed-held on her way, leaning on her escort's arm, without a change of expression or even a startled sidelong glance, to show that the artist's impetuous wish had reached her ear.

Calmly she sat in her box at the concert that evening, with her blue eyes fixed upon the stage. Many an opera glass was turned upon her from below, and in a secluded corner of the stalis sat Gervase Livingstone, the artist, gazing at her, with his heart and soul in his large, dark, passionate eyes.

"Who can she be?" he whispered to an intimate friend. "I do not know. The face is a new

one," was the low reply. "A new one! It looks as if it was but just created—as if those eyes had never looked upon a sinful world!" raved the artist. "Years ago, when I was a school-boy in the country, I knew a child with a face almost as pure and sweet. She died, as earthly angels do. Yet, had she lived, she would have been like that girl. Poor little May!"

Leaning his head upon his hand, the artist lost himself in a dream of his boyhood's love. When he looked up again the concert was drawing to a close, and the box was empty-the divinity had gonel

Hurrying from the house, he inquired right and left among the attendants at

ry of a child who died a year ago. It is | ing it toward the light he saw a picture. framed in gems, and bending nearer the an odd thing to say of a man like him, large blue eyes of the lovely stranger at but James declares that Livingstone the concert looked up at him from the down on a flat stone beside the road. really loved that child, and that he loves depths of the goblet with an earnest, "If that is true" said May Warburappealing gaze. ton, drying her eyes, "he may yet be

He nearly dropped the cup in his sur-rise. Snatching the ebony case from prise. the chimney piece, he searched it eagerly for some clew to the mysterious gift. Half-hidden in the velvet lining, he you think you shall be back, Wilfound a morsel of paper, and drawing liam?" it forth, and holding it to the light, he This

read: "Not dead, but hoping and praying MAY.

of her death, or heard of it, and suppofor you ever. sed it to be mine. Just before her ill-"May! May! Alive and remembering ness my good Uncle Warburton came me!" he exclaimed. And then, as the to my country home, and finding me a full significance of the gift flashed poor and friendless orphan, adopted me across his mind, the crimson flushed to his temples, and sinking on his knees as his own child, and gave me his he laid his head down beside the magic goblet, and burst into a passion of tears. "And was it in that little country town hat you knew Gervase Livingstone Those who called at the rooms of the artist during the next week found them "Yes. He had been sent to the house closely shut. At last it was rumored of some old family servant for his about that he had suddenly sailed for health, and he remained there for two England, and a few days more proved

the rumor to be true, A year passed by, and at the annual exhibition of the Academy painters a picture made its appearance which took the world of fashion completely by storm. Every paper noticed it; every person spoke of it; and so numerous and so approving were the comments that pretty Pauliue Danforth, who, in general, cared nothing about pictures of any kind, asked her brother James

to take her to the gallery to see this wonder on a certain day. James like a kind brother consented,

but with an odd twinkle in his eye, which Pauline could not quite understand. When that evening's train from Boston brought Mr. Warburton and or said, or looked, to make you thinkhis adopted daughter, May, for a visit of some weeks, Jame's eyes seemed to twinkle more brightly than ever; and, of his own accord, he invited Miss May to join their party on the following

day. May accepted the invitation with a suppressed sigh. Hearing which, James smiled so broadly that Pauline hunted him speedily into a corner, and demanded some of his secret, whatever it might be.

But not one word said the little trait-

Early as it was, however, one gentle-

but a short one, and on her return to But James proved obdurate. She New York it was noticed by her escort would know all he said, at the gallery, that she carried in her own hands, and where the successful artist was to be for the whole distance, a small ebony proclaimed on the following day. box, mounted in silver, and fastened Pauline reflected a moment. with a silver lock and key. "A jewel "Oh!" she exclaimed; and her eyes

box," as he supposed. began to dance in her turn. On the evening of her arrival at the home in Fifth Avenue, after the family ress to her friend May. Only she took care that their visit to the gallery greetings were over, Pauline sought a private interview with her brother should be paid at a verly early hour, before the fashionable world had scarcely James, and, after a long explanation, left the ebony box in his care. risen from their beds.

"May is a trump, Pauline, and you are another," was the young man's man stood before the famous picture, somewhat undignified exclamation, as he brushed his cambric handkerchief gazing intently at the beautiful goldenacross his eyes. "And Livingstone is haired guardian angel, who with white waving wings, bent forward over the well worth saving, and the little box shall be in his possession to-morrow evening before he sleeps."

"Secretly, James, remember," said Pauline. "He must not know from whom the gift comes, till he has shown himself worthy of it."

"Trust me for that," replied her

Farewellt

"I go to-morrow," I said as we sat "Yes so I understand."

"And is that all you have to say, Bell?" "I wish you a pleasant journey and a safe return," she said, bending over her flowers to arrange them. "When do

This was not what I wanted, Cousin Bell was too quiet and calm. I wanted her to feed my craving vanity by some look or word, or tear of love, that I

could carry away with me to feast onand she would not. I determined to touch her some way, even at the expense of the truth. "Perhaps never, Bell! If I succeed in business, I shall most probably settle

there, marry there, and live and die there. She did not answer.

"Would you care for that my dear cousin?"

"Hum! I don't know. I wish I could find another violet to match this. Look, what a beauty!"

"You would care-you do carethough you sit there talking about your flowers!" I said hastily. "Tell me, don't you love me a little bit, dear Bell?" I drew her nearer, and a softening,

yielding look came over her face. "And if I did, William?"

"It would make me happier in one

way, Bell; for I should feel that my journey was only taken for your good, and that in time you would thank me

for making it." "What do you mean, William? Have you lost your senses? What have I done, what-what you have just said?" "I was saying it all for your good," I blundered out, sulkily. "And going

away for your good, too," "Because you thought I loved you too much-was that it?"

"Yes!"

"And so you were kindly going to take yourself out of sight till I had forgotten you?" I was silent.

"Oh, grant me patience" she exclaimed; and then, as if I had stung her

to the very heart, she buried her face in her hands. At last she looked up. "I do not think you are to blame for

this-I suppose all men are so," she said, so gently, that she took me by sur-prise. "But I think we had better part now. I hope, when we meet again, you will know women better than you do now."

"Will you give me a flower Bell?" I asked, feeling with a strange perversity, just at that moment, that I would have died to win her. She smiled and pushed them towards me with her foot.

"Help yourself, William." I took up a daisy and a violet and put it in my bosom.

shoulder of a dark-browed man, walk-I wrote to my cousin several times after I had established myself in my new ing heedlessly on a flower-strewn dehome in Ireland, but as she contented scent, toward a fearful guif, and drew from his unwilling hand a golden cup herself by sending messages in answer in my sister Maggie's letters, I took the

Pauline gave one swift glance at the angel in the picture and at the solitary But her silence and her anger did for But her silence and her anger did for her what her affection ha that beautified it She still remained went for a visit to my country hometurned, and keep her there with me forever.

"And do you quite forgive me for wounding you, as I must have done?" "Oh. dear. yes!"

"I ought to have asked forgiveness long ago. I was but a boy then, and little

away." "And you think you know now," she said, looking mestraight in the eye with an indescribable glance.

My heart beat fast; the blood flew to my temples. Did she love me, after all? I caught her hand in mine, and murmured, "Oh, Bell, my darling, none can know better!"

"Well, what do you think it was?" "The noblest, purest, and fondest heart that ever beat in woman's breast," I answered, eagerly. "The truest and tenderest love----

I stopped, amazed, for the blue eyes grew dim with tears, and a deep flush covered her neck and cheek and bos-om. just shut your clack," returned the president. "Do yer think this is a

"Stop, then1" she said, hurriedly. 'You have said enough, already, to humble me to the very dust. It might have been all that when you first knew me but it is not now; and, because you have touched one of the old chords, I spare you. You, at least, shall never the youthful statesman, throwing himhave it to say that Bell Gordon has trifled with your happiness. I meant that tude and imitating his peculiar intonayou should, but you have brought back my better nature. Now go, and leave, me William; and, believe me, it will be better for you to meet me no more."

"What do you mean, Bell?"

She laughed bitterly. "Go ask any one if I am all you saidany one who knows me well, and see what they will say. They call me a flirt

and a coquette, as well as a heartless creature, a woman of the world. And it is all true. If any one is idiotic enough to give me hisheart I only know how to break it. But you are the friend of my early years," she said, laying her hand on my shoulder, "and for the sake of-of no matter what, I give you fair

warning," "Itell you that I love you," I said. "I ask you to be my wife." "It is too late," she replied, dryly;

"we are not children to play at this game any longer. Go! and forget me; it is your better way. I am to be married soon. There is the pledge!"

She flashed a diamond ring in my eyes which she wore upon the third finger of her left hand.

She is still the wife of the wealthy man she married, and a queen of fashion. She has one son, who bears my name, and my eldest daughter is called Bell? I never hear from her-I shall never see her in this world again; but I often sit and think about her, as I have done to-day. Others have loved me more fondly, and made me happier; yet the golden glory of my "first love" lingers about her head, and I cannot, and would not if I could forget her. There may be many more beautiful, and better far; but to my life's end there will be none so fair for me. Farewell, sweet dream of my youth! Farewell!

Equine Anger.

I will relate a little circumstance which took place in Mexico a few years before I left there. One of my friends d a horse, extremely gentle, and of and if ever a dream of a happy home | such an easy agreeable gait that he took came into my my mind as I sat alone, it the greatest care of him and held him was sure to be the face and form of Bell at a great price. A well-fed, big and lusty friar was a friend to our neighbor. unmarried. Three years passed away, one who liked the good things of this and during the summer of the fourth I world as well as he liked to ride out to the small towns bordering upon the City thinking fondly to myself that I would of Mexico and take dinner with the bring my cousin with me when I rebonny lasses and countrymen inhabiting those villages. He used to ask my friend to loan him his horse to take these excursions just around the Capturned from her spring trip to town ital; and, as his requests were granted with so good a grace, he, in a short time, went so far as to ask the loan of his favorite animal to go to Cuernavaca, a distance of eighteen leagues. As this happened pretty often, our friend complained one day of the indiscretion of that of the discrowned Queen. She the friar. I asked him if he could pro- who has once the object of all men's cure me a friar's dress for a few days homage has fallen from her high estate, and leave his horse with me for the and now sits pale and bowed down same time. He did so. I dressed my- among the ashes where formerly she self in the filar's dress and went in ruled her jocund court radiently from where the horse was. I took a good her golden throne, golden crowned. whip in my hand and made him do pen-Zenobia, led by her golden chain like nance for no other sin than that of too some fair savage before the triumphmuch gentleness. Going out I took off al car of her not ungenerous conquermy friar's dress and went in again in or-shackled with gold and laden with my own dress, and handled him gently. Jewels, as marking her past value and I repeated the operation a few days, at present shame-is the type of the Queen the end of which I took the horse back who once greater than the greatest, is "They were not very gallant ones, I to his master, and told him he might am afraid, for I was thinking that lend him to the friar whenever he Cleopatra, too, occurs to one's memo pleased. A day or two after he came ry as another of those pathetic figures Bell, you have also grown very heart-less." to my store. "Your remedy," said he, of history who from supremacy fell to "has had a marvelous effect. Our ruin, and from love sank down to demonk has just left my house, perfectly spair. Artemesia, voluntarily discrownher elder sister as the latter sat languid-ly ca the bedroom floor one soft, sensu-ous morning in June, and pulled with a graceful bend of the head. "You are statebar grace a lowe and pulled with a graceful bend of the head. "You are quite as complimentary as you used to be, I see. But never mind what I am, have been or may be Tall flew away from him with so much ter- way a queen-voluntarily discrowned; ror that one would have said he took her namesake, that other Artemisia him for the destroying angel." The friar crossed himself many times, hur-ried away in all haste to the convent to sprinkle himself with holy water, and save herself from the same degradation

Youthful Senators,

During the ceremony of unveiling the Marshall statue, while the senators were absent from the senate, the pages knew what I was throwing had a grand lark. The boys are sharp observers of the great men with whom they are thrown in daily contact, and soon detect the peculiar hobby each senator has. As soon as the senators were fairly out of the room the boys prepared for sport. One long, lank redhaired stripling, by unanimous consent, "'cause he's got the most gall," as one urchin said, took the seat of the presi-

ding officer, and in Mr. Edmund's most austere manner sharply called the meeting to order. The boys heartily entered into the humor of the occasion. They dropped into the seats near the presiding officer. "Mr, President," yelled half a dozen voices. "Now you fellows democratic caucus? What do you want

he continued, addressing one. "I want to talk he promptly respond-

self into Senator Dawes' favorite attition, "what this country ought to do is to go for them Injuns. Why, Mr. President just look at 'em. Gaze upon the wild sons of the west who come here on their trips to the Great Father-an ignorant lot, whose chief pleasure consists in tomahawking the teachers we send out to instruct them. What should be done? Why, make 'em learn. Turn the army into a regiment of teachers. Force arithmetic into their thick skulls at the point of the bayonet."

"Well, what does the member propose?" asked one of the senators of-anhour impatiently, fearing that his chances to hold forth were being lessened by

the prolixity of others. "Appropriate fifty millions for the purpose of compulsorily educating the redskins,', replied the supposed Mr. Dawes. "That will solve the Injun Dawes. question."

The proposition was received with boisterous applause.

"Say, Mr. Presieent," shouted one who could be easily recognized as Senator Logan's counterfeit presentment by his proposition. "I motion to appropriate five hundred millions to pay the expenses of a commission to investigate the true condition of the American nigger and ascertain the progress he has made since the war."

"I hope the gentleman will not insist on the motion," remarked a polite page blandly, "because I was going to appoint a committee consisting of true and faithful republicans to investigate the Dan ville outrages." "Hello, Sherman!" cried one who from his lack of respect was undoubtedly a democrat.

"I also hope the gentleman will not insist on his motion, for it is clearly unconstitutional," piped a voice in the rear of the chamber.

The lads broke into a loud laugh, recognizing Senator Jones' caricature, and immediately got into an excited constitutional discussion, "Logan" holding that his scheme was clearly constitutional, remarking that he "had looked up them pa wasn't no good." But others, seeing there was little chance of "getting their work in" unless order was restored, insisted on the senator's "drying up." Then followed a number of ridiculous motions-to put cigarettes on the free list, to tax pig iron \$100 a ton, to declare women eligible to the presidency. The boys kept up their sport until it was announced that the senators were returning, when they scattered. The whole proceedings was a very clever take-off of the senate.

drive off in a private carriage before this fashion, we should be a great deal the concert was over, with "a gentle- better than we are, my dear." man as might be her father, sir, and they went to the Everett house."

To the Everett House followed the enamored artist, only to be disappointed. The servant whom he feed liberally assured him that no such lady was stopping there. Some wild impulse, for which he could scarcely account, led the artist to examine the hotel register. He looked for the name of "May Cameron"-It was the name of his earliest love-and it was not there.

Meanwhile the fair object of his search was speeding from the city as fast as the midnight train could carry her toward Boston. Although the hour was so late, she was wakeful, and clasped her hands over her eyes as she rested her head on the pillow, in a vain attempt to shut out from mind and memory the picture of a haunting face.

"He did not recognize me," she thought with a sigh. "And yet I knew him in spite of the change-in spite of the added height, the altered face, the dark moustache-I knew him at the moment when his eye met mine, as we entered at the door.'

And then she blushed at the memory of the words he had uttered.

"Pauline," said she softly.

The second occupant of the "section' stirred on her couch, and answered, drowsily:

"What is it. May?"

"Are you asleep?"

"What a question? No, not now," replied Pauline, stifling a groan. "What by his fireside, leaning on his hand, and troubles you, my May of Mays? You generally drop asleep the instant your pretty head touches the pillow."

'But to-night, Pauline. I cannot aleep. I have been thinking of all you told me about-"

"About Gervase Livingstone!" asked Pauline, finishing the sentence,

"Hush! Speak lower, Pauline. There say of him."

"It is true, May."

"Who told you, Pauline?"

-and regrets his intemperance more than any of the rest of his friends, I think.

"Does your brother think-does he consider him entirely past reform?" asked May, with a trembling voice.

"Dear May, my brother James has often said that Livingstone had a reason -a motive-for reforming, his reform would be settled thing."

"What motive?"

"I explain myself bunglingly, I fear. James meant, my dear May, that if Livingstone could be induced to fall in ove, the lady might work his reforma-tion easily, if she chose to do so."

"He loves no one, then, at present?" "No one, May. James says that he elieves him to be faithful to the memo-

the door; and finally, by a gift of brother. "If there were more women 3 money, so refreshed the memory of one on earth like you and May, women arm and while May went unsuspectingthat he said he had seen the young lady | ready to use their influence over men in | ly forward, the two vanished into an in-So James carried off his prize to his

own room. The next evening a party of gay

friends met, as they were often in the habit of meeting, at the artist's rooms. Wine flowed freely, and the pictures on the wall could scarcely be seen for the cloud of smoke that rose from a dozen cigars.

When the revel was at its height James Danforth rose from his chair and held out his hand to the host:

"Good-by, Livingstone."

"What! are you going! So soon?" said the artist, surprised. "Yes. Going for good and all, my

boy."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," said Danforth, seriously, "that there is a time for all things, and the time for reflection has now come to

me. We are all on the downward track boys-you know it as well as I. An angel has warned me, and I am going to stop now while I can. Follow my example if you have any regard for yourselves, or for the mothers, sisters and wives at home who love you. Good- smiles upon his walls, and dwells enby, boys, Good-by, Gervase. I shall

join you here no more." He left the room. They all sat gazing at each other in silence. His words had struck home to every hear;, as he had intended them to do. One after another of the now quiet party stole. away with some excuse. In half an hour after James Danforth had closed the door behind him the artist sat alone

gazing sadly into the burning coals. "The wives-the mothers-the sisters at home—who love you," he muttered to himself. "They did well to obey the call. I would have obeyed it, in my turn, but who lives now to care for me? My mother and little May are in their graves; sister I have none-wife I shall never have! Ah, what does it matter? are so many people near. Yes, I am A short life and a merry one for me, troubled-deeply troubled by what you and no one will shed a tear over its end-A short life and a merry one for me, ing. I'll have another glass of wine. What's this?"

In reaching up to the mantel-shelf for "My brother, in the first instance. He the glass he had left there, his hand knows him well-is often at his rooms struck against the little ebony chest, the glass he had left there, his hand which stood in the place of honor, di-rectly under a little water-color sketch made from memory of the long-lost child, "May."

The silver key was in the silver lock, The artist turned it, wondering how asked May, with a trembling voice. Hearing it, and the suppressed sob that followed the question, Pauline Danforth who was a kind hearted little city belle, came out of her nest and sat down beside her friend. "Dear May, my brother James has "What a beautiful thing lit avelaimed lovely?"

"What a beautiful thing!" exclaimed the artist lifting the cup from its bed of rose-colored velvet. "Who can have sent such a gift? Did those fellows

bring it secretly with them to-night, I wonder? Anyway, it is a perfect gem, and I'll fill it to the brim with cham-

and I'm in it to the time with chain-pagne, and see if I can drive these mel-ancholy thoughts away." Approaching the table, he lifted the flask. Something flashed at that mo-ment at the bottom of the cup. Turn-tion for £420.

she touched her brother' ner room, where a portrait gallery had been improvised,

Hearing the light step behind him the artist turned away with a crimsoning brow, from the contemplation of his picture.

overflowing with wine.

But, with his first glance at the face of the newcomer, he paused,

May, unheeding him in her haste to see the picture, lifted her eyes to the canvas. She stood rooted to the spot in her amazement, her heart throbbing, her color rising, and at last, her blue eyes filling with tears.

"Oh, Pauline!" she exclaimed, in an agitated tone. "It must be his picture! No one else could have painted it! He

issaved!" "Yes, thanks to you sweet angel, under God, he is saved!" replied a deep voice.

She turned and met the dark eyes of the artist gazing at her in worship. "May-my little May-will you take

the life you rescued?" he asked. With a noble courage she laid her

hand in his. And now no home is happier than that of the famous painter, where his sweet "Guardian Angel" shrined within his loving heart.

Nothing Except Breakfast.

"See the sunrise, Gwendolen!"

Miriam Mahaffy spoke these words in an ecstacy of girlish enthusiasm to stately grace a long striped stocking over a shapely limb.

Thrusting her feet into a pair of dainty slippers, Gwendolen stepped to the window and looked out upon the "Thinking of you, Bell," I said the window and looked out upon the morning

"Is it not beautifull" exclaimed Miriam impulsively, putting on her corset as she spoke. "The golden pencilings of light dart up from below the horizon, touching in fleecy whiteness of the ever-changing clouds with a roseate glory beyond compare. See how, in yonder speck of blue that peeps forth so coyly between the great masses of clouds

bloom of the picture. Is it not very beautiful, sister?"

"Yes," replied Gwenolden, reaching for the hair brush, "it reminds me of a lemon pie in a blue plate." "See, sister," continued Murlam, as she did up her back hair, and took her

bang from the dressing case, "the breath of the morning, balmy and sweet, is kissing every flower and plant into new life. Can anything be more

"Nothing in all the wide, wide world," replied Gwendolen, breakfast,"

value of Land.

An extraordinary instance of the de-preciation in the value of land in Lon-don, England. In 1875 Pewi Island, near Harwich, containing 270 acres of freehold land, was bought at a cost of £7,900; and on July 16 was sold by auc-

It so happened that Bell had just rewhen I arrived, and my favorite sister Maggie was only too glad of an excuse to call upon her and see the recent fashions she had brought.

"I am obliged to have an excuse, nowadays," she said, with a merry laugh, "for Bell is very proud, and seems to forget that we used to play together day after day at school. I often think, I should like to remind her of it, but she has grown such a fine lady I hardly dare."

Bell proud and a fine lady! I could hardly imagine that, It was in the orchard that we met.

"Well cousin," she said, smilingly, when you have looked at me long

enough you will talk to me. A penny for your thoughts!" though you have grown very beautiful,

have been, or may be. Tell me what

bluntly, but truly. She changed color a little, but soon recovered herself.

"It strikes me that you might have employed yourself better. I think the air is growing chilly-shall we join our friends and go back to the house?" I placed myself in her way as she turned

comes a mezzotint of orange here, a beautiful background to the torquoise bloom of the picture. Let the torquoise bloom of the picture is the torquoise bloom of the picture. tumes. against a tree, and looked out towards the sunset west.

"Do you remember our evenings long ago?" I asked as our eyes turned to-wards the sinking sun. "Those were pleasant days."

"Yes." "And now after so long an absence, I am standing here with you again. Why did you not write to me, Bell?" She sent a shower of blessoms to the ground, and said: Don't know-been

busy." "You would not write-but have you

ever thought of me?" "Sometimes-when I have had noth-

"Sometimes-when I have had hoth-ing better to do " "Ah, Bell, be serious, and listen to me," I exclaimed; "I want to tell you how stupid I was three years ago-"" "There is no need," she said, with a sarcastic smile. "I hope you are wiser

again. In this case the horse remembered the dress, not the features of the individual who used the whip on him. But horses can remember features as well as cos-

Persian Flowers.

The usual belief is that the 'passion, flower derived its name because of the resemblance, or fancied resemblance, of the parts of the plant to the instru-ments of the Savior's 'passion' and crucifixion. Thus the three nails through the hands and feet on the cross are represented by the stigmas, five an-thers represent the five wounds, the thers represent the five wounds, the rays of glory or (as others say) the crown of thorns are represented by the rays of the corona, the ten parts of the perianth represent ten of the apostles (Peter, who denied the Savior, and Judas, his betrayer, being absent. The hands of the persecutors are sup-posed to be indicated by the finger-like leaves of the plant and the 'scourges' in the tendrils.

If a falseness paratyzed the tongue, what a deathlike silence would pervade

Famous Discrowned Queens

No image is more pathetic than

never asked my friend for his horse as that which Zenobia underwent by the sharp redemption of prison; Marie Antonette from le Pettit Z'rianon translated to la Conciergeri, and from Ver-sailles to the scaffold; Queen Margaret, wandering, lost in the wood, trusting her boy to the loyalty of an outlaw; Lady Jane Gray, the poor, patient saint and martyr, queen of an hour and vic-tim for all time; Mary Bruce, who, when her husband said at his fatal corö-nation: "Henceforth thou art Queen of Scotland and I King," answered back, with sad prevision: "I fear we are only playing at royalty like children in their games;" and in our own days the poor, distraught widow of the mrrdered Maximillian, and the Queen of Naples, whose courage deserved a better fatethese are just a few recollections of the Queens who have been discrowned by pressure of events and the inexorable law of history.

Imported Sardines.

The imitation of imported sardines can go no further. The packing-box is made in Jersey City, the wrapper is printed in New York, the tin cans are manufactured in Boston, the fish are caught on the Maine coast, and the oil is extracted from cotton-seed in Coastie Georgia