How the deep anthem through heaven is Up from the heart of the multitude spring-

Patient endurance shall have its reward. Cometh the valley of humiliation, Cometh affliction and deep tribulation,

Cometh bereavement and bitter temptation: "Thus it is written," and "thus saith the

Scorn to be guilty of ceaseless repining; Under the billows the jewels are shining; Ever the fire the gold is refining, Ever the darkness procede h the lawn. Strength to the oak tree the dark tempest

Under the hammer the deep anvil ringeth: From the crush'd vintage the parole wine Flowers smell sweetest when rampled

Night sets the stars on the mountains of

heaven: Unto the mourner the promise is given; Deadly miasmas by lightningare riven. Leaving the atmosphere wholesome and

Shrink from the cross and Gethsemane Paradise riseth just over the river.

Me who is able and ssrong to deliver Holdeth a lamp for the wayfarer's feet.

Faint not, whatever affliction betideth: Deep consolation the father provideth; Him whom Immanuel loyeth He chideth! Patient endurance shall have its reward. Out of the valley of humiliation Riseth the mountain of transfiguration. The tears of His saints are a holy libation,

## IN A MOMENT OF PIQUE.

Dear to the heart of a pitying Lord.

You're too good a fellow to be trifled with, Allen," said Charley Leonard m a confidential tone. "I hate to see a woman make a fool of you, and Nora

"What makes you think she's making a fool of me?" Ailen asked, in a quiet feelings.

these things in a common-sense light, about it. Miss Lind is an heiress-the richest girl in Cambridge, you are-"

"What?" "Well, you know very well, Allen, that from a worldly point of view, you

are poor, like myself." "I have a few thousands, Charley, and then there is my profession. I could support a wife comfortably on my income. I have enough to make a woman happy if she loves me."

"Yes-if! That's just it!" cried Charley, springing up and pacing the room with a restless stride. "Women do not to make a settlement in his favor. For love now-a-days -- not with their hearts,

Allen looked up half quizzically. "Ah, I thought there was something behind all this cyvicism," he said. "You earnest, madam?" have been playing with the divine fire sgain. You and your Dulcinea are

"Don't joke about it, Al, for heaven's sake! It's a home thrust this time. diately recognized the fair owner. Three weeks ago I thought my happiness was assured. The woman I loved has promised to marry me, and now, and for the merest trifle, she has cast ment, and raised her veil. me aside. No wonder I have no faith in women,"

"I'm sorry to hear it, Charley, and I hope it may prove a lover's quarrel. But you must not expect me to share your doubts. I will not deny it; I love Nora Lind with my whole soul, and I for Allen. Give it to him, but promise intend to ask her to marry me."

"I wish you all success, Al, forgive me for meddling." The door opened and a rough old fel-

low came in-one of Allen's client's. Charley picked up his hat and left with the brief remark:

"I'll see you later." It was while Al on was engaged with this client that the postman came in | visit.' and threw down a thick envelope with a graceful superscription that strongly contrasted with the careless, dashing style of his business correspondence. Allen's heart bounded. His patience hardly lasted until he was alone and did love him after all: It was Allen could open the letter. It was longer than Miss Lind's notes usually weretwo pages, beginning 'My dear Mr. Westlock," and ending, your friend, always, Nora Lund."

"Your letter was really a favor," she said on the first page. 'Seaton is a pretty place, but horribly dull in winlen, till I am sure you are not the knave ter. I shall be glad to get back to I have been led to suppose you are." Cambridge-It was very kind of you to ask me to go and see Bernhardt next Wednesday. It will give me great pleasure to go."

Then the letter rambled on in a pleasant way till at the bottom of the fourth for a moment he looked sadly at his page, there was a complete break. 'The friend. second page did not go with the first at Neither words nor ideas were connected. Allen turned it over in bawil- Nora Lind with my whole soul, but I terment, and finally held it still and have found out that she is utterly un-

"I am only flirting with Mr. Westlock, and leading him on for fun. Don't distress yourself, dear Blanche. I know | She is the noblest woman I know." what is best for my own happiness. I shall never marry a man whom I do not

The paper trembled in Allen's hand and he almost gasped for breath. "Good heavens! What does this

f a letter, not intended for his eyes. I ad been inclosed in the envelope that kore his address. But what did it re-

veal to him? Allen crushed the note in his hand and sark back in his chair. It was hours before he could command himself; but finally he railied and enclosed two theatre tickets in the following note:

"My DEAR MISS LIND:-Circumstances compel me to recall my invitation for Wednesday next. I enclose the tickets. You have so many attendants, I am sure that you will not want for an escort. Hoping you will enjoy the performance, I am Miss Lind,

Truly Yours,
ALLEN WESTLOCK."

That was ail. "She shall never know by word of mine," he said, as he dropped this note in the box on his way to supper. "That to say to you." Allen cred. dream is over, and my happiness at an "Mr. Westlock!" she stammered. end forever; but she shall not know it. I will hide my pain from her or die."

That evening, when society was about That evening, when society was about in mute surprise.

swakening to the touch of dissipation, "Miss Merle," Allen went on abruptly.

Make surface drains to carry off the Merle Westlock presented himself in "I have known ever since you promised water of sudden thaws.

faultless attire in the parlor of an uptown residence.

"How fortunate I am to find you at home!" he said as he bent over the slim, white hand of a graceful girl in pale blue surah. "But you are not well; what have you been doing to yourself, my dear Miss Blanche?"

Blanche Merle replied with a light laugh, whose studied indifference could | desperate face. not wholly deaden the ring of a sad

"It is dissipation," she answered. with a glance in the mirror opposite. "I have been to three balls this week. I was going to the Charity ball to-night,

"Why, I'd forgotten all about it! This is the night. Charley Leonard gave me tickets. He is one of the managers.

Man as he was, and not at all interested in Miss Merle, Allen failed to note the quick spasmodic twitching of her mouth and suddon pallor when he mentioned Charley Leonard.

"By the way, Miss Blanche, let us take a look in at the Charity." he said, carelessiv.

"I will go for a little while," she as. sented. Allen went for a carriage while she

arrayed herself in a brilliant ball costume. When she came down stairs again a robe of white satin embroidered forget-me-nots, trailed after her. Her eyes shone with unusual brilliancy, and her cheeks were slightly flushed.

Allen thought her very lovely, but the image of Nora Lind's dark, bewitching face, framed in raven hair, her red lips and dazzling smile, her smooth throat of creamy olive clasped by diamonds scarcely brighter than her eyes. rose up before him, but he tried to banish even her name from his memory.

The night wore on. Blanche's 'httle while" grew longer, and when she rode home, pale and tired, she was Allen Westlock's promised wife. The enway, that concealed the depths of his gagement was announched, and society was taken by surprise, but the wedding My dear boy, you must look at day was fixed and there was no mistake

Two weeks before the wedding Charley Leonard sat in his office resting his grave face in his hands, when a lady heavily veiled, came in.

"You are Mr. Leonard, Mr. Westlock's friend, fathink?" she said, in a voice that sounded familiar. "I used to count myself so, but--" Not notizing his bitterness of tone,

she went on-"Then you will oblige me. I am a friend of Mr. Westlock's too, and, in view of his approaching marriage I wish reasons of my own I do not wish him to know to whom he is indebted. Here are two thousand pound bonds-

"Two thousand pounds! Are you in "Here are the bonds?" she said, holding them out in an ungloved hand. As Cirarley took them he caught the flash of a fine rose diamond, and imme-

"Miss Lind! Is it possible?" She drew back with a start, but straightened up proudly the next mo-

"Yes, it is I," she said with diguity. "Have I not the right to give him this

money if I wish?" 'But, Miss Lind, have you thought-"Thought! Have I thought of anything else for two weeks? The money is

me you will not tell him 16-" "Do not excise yourself, Miss Lind.

You are ill, you-' "Promise me you will not tell him," she cried, francically.

"Ne, no, certainly not." Her passion subdued in a moment. "There is only one thing more I have to ask of you," she said. "Forget this "Let it be as if it had never been."

"If you wish it." He had barely uttered the words when she was gone. "I was wrong," he muttered. "She

who was trifling with her." That evening, for the first time in months, he went to see Allen.

"Where have you been hiding yourself?" cried his friend, holding out a hand, which Charley ignored. "I cannot shake hands with you, Al-

"How?" "Why did you lie to me about Miss Lind? You told me you meant to ask

her to marry you." A change came over Allen's face, and

"Charley, I wouldn't say this to any one but you, I am wretched. I love worthy of me-"

"You told me so, but-" "I was blind, msane, irresponsible. "You love her and she loves you."

"Impossible!" "I tell you it is true." "If it were true, what then? In two

days I shall marry Miss Merle." "No, you will not. You shall not Slowly it dawned upon him that part once. There is yet time, Alien. Ranche wreck the happiness of four lives at treat! You must-you shall! Blanche was to have been my wife, not yours! It is I whom she love-, not you.'

"You, Charley? Was it see who -" "Yes, it was she! How dared you attempt to steal her from me?" Allen's face whitened. "Why did you not tell me before?"

be cried, "Do not stand there railing at me! I will go to Blauche at once." "Not without me."

"You may come." They both presented themselves at Miss Merle's an hour later, but Allen asked to see her alone, and was shown up stairs to the sitting room. As he entered he started back, for in the cen-

tre of the room stood Miss Lind. "Good-by, Blanche," she was saying. "I shall not be at the wedding, but I

wish you every joy."
"Stay, Miss Lind. I have something

while every vessige of color left her lovely face, and Blanche regarded both

to be my wife that I had no hold whatever upon your heart. To-day 1 have heard what leads me to suppose that you entered into your engagement with me in a moment of pique. Is it true?'

her face with her hands. At the same moment Charley Leonard confronted her with a white and

"Tell him the truth before it is too late," he said hoarsely. "You love me, Blanche. You belong to me?" "Yes," she gasped, flinging herself

on his breast and bursting into tears. "Oh, why did you take me at my word, Charley? Why did you go away?' A look of unspeakable relief came over Allen's face.

"Thank God it is not too late!" he said, fervently. Blanche, you are free. Forgive me, but I never loved you. I -ah-Miss Lind, are you ill?"

The slight graceful figure fell fainting into his arms. "Come away!" Charley 'whispered; and Allen was left alone with that lovely white face resting on his arms.

Her eyelids unclosed in a moment and she struggled to support herself. "Sit down and interpret this letter for me, 'he said, giving her the myste-

rious note to read. "There was some mistake," she faltered. "I wrote to you and Blanche on the same afternoon; 1 sent you part of her letter, and her part of yours; but indeed I did not say this-that-Oh, there was something left out! I am sure there was something on the other page. I

Allen caught her hand in his. "Nora, the loss of you nearly killed me, for I love you with all my soul! possibly find. There was a mistake; but one thing you marry a man you did not love. Dari-

He gathered her into his strong arms as he spoke, and her lips were so close he could easily hear the half-whispered

"Which means?" he asked tenderly. "That I love you very much." The last ray of doubt was all cleared

to patch out what she called the "epistolary puzzle," "You know me too well to think that I am only flirting with Mr. Westlock,' etc., was how the letter real, then Allen was wholly satisfied.

A Hereditary Ailment.

A great big overgrown tough entered a Grand River avenue saloon recently in search of gore. He was "primed, and he asserted that he was ugly. He even acknowledged that he intended to hurt somebody before he got out, and it would be an injury requiring the united service of at least three eminent surgeons. The barkeeper was reading a novel, head down and elbows on the bar, and he did not look up as the big tough pounded on the cherry and called "Set 'em up! I tell you to set 'em up

for all hands!" An old farmer who had been warming his shins got up and sneaked out. He said he didn't propose to go back home to Maria a cripple for life. He was followed by a lanky youth with brick-colored hair, who observed that the doctor had forbidden him to fight for the next three weeks.

"Are you going to set 'em up?" howled the tough as he pounded some more. "No was the quiet reply.

"Then the consequences be upon your own head!" With this he peeled his coat, and the two remaining men bolted for the door. One excused himself on the grounds that he didn't want to hurt anybody, and the other said he had just licked two men up the street and was waiting ror his second wind. As they went out the tough upset a table, and he was about to overturn the stove when the little barkeeper shut up his book with a sigh, came from behind the bar, and exhibited signs of life. He took the

tough by the ear and said: "Two dollars!" "What for?"

"Damagesl" Two silver dollars were handed over, an I then he led the big fellow out doors and marched him up and down the walk three or four times to show him off, By and by he stood him on the gutter, gave him a tremendous kick, and ob-

"You go home!" The big fellow waded through the mud to the opposite side and stood and looked back. One of the spectators approached him

and said: "You didn't make much of a fight," "I didn't, eh? Well, now, I want you to understand that I showed more clear grit in this little fracas than ever

before in my life!" "Then you aren't much of a fighter." "Say!" replied the man as he dropped his voice to a whisper, "you are deadright! I go in all right but the minute I'm tackled my sand gives out. I believe it's heredititary, and I'm going to a doctor to be examined."

"You go home!" shouted the bar-"Yes—I'm going—good day!"
And he went off without once turn-

ing to look behind him. An Astonished Mule.

At St. George, Tacker county, on New Year's morning, some bad boys lit a bunch of firecrackers and threw them in the street to see them go off. Moses Baker's mule came along and swallowed them before they went off. He walked forward just three steps and stopped. He heard something, turned his head around on his side and listened. It was those firecrackers having fun. He picked out a straight piece of road and started. Jake Sturenger's colored servant met him half a mile this side of the old Macedonian Church with head and tail up, fire, smoke and melted lava issuing from his eyes, ears and nostrils, while a bine and green stream of smoke about a rod in length followed in the rear. Baker found the mule sticking half way through the weather boarding of Comp. Powell's house, still smoking. Comp's wife and daughters were up in apple trees.

A Despised Accomplishment.

Old Mr. Brown stood in his private office with his back to the fire and his coat tails balanced in either hand. Miss Blanche sank into a chair and covered | Nelly Torrance sat looking at him timidly from the depths of a big arm chair.

"So you are my cousin Adrian's daughter?" said he, after a long pause. "Yes," said Nelly, wondering what was in all those mysterious tin boxes, and whether the monster iron safe was full of gold and silver pieces.

"And you want something to do?" "Yes, please."

"Humph!" said Mr. Brown, Nelly gladeed slyly in his face. "But," she added, with some spirit. 'I am not asking for charity. I am

willing to work for my bread!' "You mean that you would like to daub canvas, or sew yellow sunflowers on green plush screens," satirically observed the old gentleman. "I don't call that work."

"I shall be glad to undertake any sort of honest work by means of which I can earn my own living." "Humph!" again interjected Mr.

Brown, "Can you cook?" "Yes," Nelly answered. "My cook went away this morning. I haven't engaged any one in her place. You may come this afternoon and see

what you can do for me." Mr. Brown watched her out of the office with a quizzical twinkle in the corner of his eyes.

"She won't come," he said to himself. "I've seen the lest of my fine relation." little second-story room, the cheapest or other qualities, though they have no which the widow and daughter could public charge.

Mrs. Adriance Torrance was dressed did say. You said you would not in black, a fair, delicate piece of human china, who had been like the lilies of ing, may I-dare I hope you will marry | the field in that she toiled not neither did she spin, and Lucetta, the eldest daughter, was trying unsuccessfully enough, to trim a black crape bonnet by the window. They had come up from the country at Lucetta's suggestion to appeal, in their poverty to this rich cousin of the dead father and husbind, but none of them anticipated any away when Blanche brought her letter | very satisfactory results from the experi- | tinetly.

"These rich people are always mis-

erly," said Lucetta.
"And I've understood," said the gentle little widow, "that he was not pleased when poor, dear Adrian married me instead of Miss Goldbagg, the rich pawnbroker's daughter."

"Well!" cried Mrs. Torrance, eagerly, as Nelly entered. "What does he say?" questioned Lucetfa, dropping the fold of crape which she was vainly endeavoring to fasten a feast. into what the fashion-plate called au "oblong bow."

"I have seen him," said Nelly, unty-ing her bonnet strings, "and I'm going to his house in Grandover Park this af-"You don't mean," cried Mrs. Torrance, with spasmodic catching of her

breath, "that he is going to-adopt mamma, darling, don't jump at conclusions. I went to Cousin John. I told him I wanted something to do. He asked me if I could cook. I was able to answer yes. Then he told me that his cook was gone, and asked me if I would come to his house this afternoon and

take her place." "And you?" gasped Mrs. Torrance. "I said yes-of course." "Elean r!" cried Lucetta, "I am scandalized by your conduct! Yes, per-

feetly scanalized. You will do nothing "Certainly not," said Mrs. Torrance, developing strong hysterical symptoms, "If your cousin Brown intends to insult

"But he does not intend to insult us," pleaded Nelly. "He intended the offer in all good faith, and I accepted it in the same spirit." "You surely do not mean to degrade yourself," cried Lucetta, "by turning-

cook—for any man living."
"I don't see," argued Nelly, "that it
is any more degrading to cook for
Cousin John than it would be to embroider slippers for him, or read the newspaper aloud to him of an evening."

It was 6 o'clock exactly when Mr. Brown let bimself into his house with his latch key, which always depended from his watch-chain. The gas jet burned softly behind the rose colored shade in the hall, the fire clicked cheerfully in the grate in the parlor beyond.

"Humph!" he muttered, "she hasn't come. Thought so. There's no such thing as a practical woman nowadays. At the same moment a light, whiteaproned little figure came out of the dining room beyond, and Nelly Torrance's voice uttered the words:

"Dinner is ready, Cousin John." The old man smiled. He had a pleassant expression of the face when he smiled, and Nelly wondered that she had not before noticed what a handsome

man he was. Oal" said he, "did you come then?" Oall always keep my engagements, said Nelly.

Mr. Brown patted her hand as she helped him off with his overcoat, and he decided to put up with any defictenones in the cooking. But, to his infinite am: z:ment, there were no deficiencies to overlook. He ate and relished and wondered by turns.

"My dear," he said; at last, when the cloth was removed and the wine and walnuts brought on, "all this is very nice. I'll concede that you are a tiptop housekeeper. But, of course, you ordered all this from Monerato's restau-

"But, of course, I didn't, Cousin Brown," said Nelly, decidedly. "I cooked it all myself." "Did you prepare that trout sauce and broil that pigeon?"

"Yes, Cousin Brown."

"And that giblet pie-was that "Yes, and the giblet pie! Don't look so astonished, Cousin Brown," she added, laughing. "I may as well con-fess that I took a course of cooking lessons last Summer. And I like it of all things, especially in a household like

this, where one can command the very Mr. Brown closed his eyes and made a hasty calculation. His life had been "wo, ried out of him." to use a medicara quite frequently.

expression, by capricious housekeepers, inefficient cooks, and untrained ser-

"My dear," he said, "I should like to have you come here and live."

"As cook, Cousin Brown?" "No-as my adopted daughter and housekeeper. I need somebody to take the helm of my affairs. By Jupiter!" he added, as he remembered the flavor of the giblet pie, "I haven't eaten such a dinner in ten years."

"Bat my mother," hesitated Eleanor, 'and my sister Lucetta?' "Let them come too," said Mr.

Brown. So the Torrance family found a comfortable refuge for the soles of their feet, and Nelly's despised accomplishment proved the sword wherewith she opened the world's oyster.

Washington's Rules of Conduct.

One of George Washington's early copy-books contains a list of a hundred and ten "Rales of Civility and Decent Behavior in Company and Conversation." Here are a few of them: "Every action in company ought to

be with some sign of respect to those present. "When you meet with one of greater quality than yourself, stop and retire, especially if it be at a door or any strait

place, to give way for him to pass. "They that are in dignity or in office have in all places precedency; but whilst they are young, they ought to re-And Nelly Torrance went home to a spect those that are their equals in birth

"Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.

"Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any. "Take all admonitions thankfully, in what time or place soever given; but afterwards, not being culpable, take a time or place convenient to let him know it that gave them.

"Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and dis-

"Speak not evil of the absent, for it "Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals; feed not with greediness; cut your bread with a knife;

lean not on the table; neither find fault with what you eat. "Be not angry at table, whatever happens, and if you have reason to be so, show it not; put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humor makes one dish of meat

"Let your recreations be manful, not siuful.

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience. These are not unwise rules; they touch on things great and small. The difficulty with most boys would be to follow a hundred and ten of them. They serve, however, to show what was the "Not in the least, said Nelly; "now. standard of good manners and morals among those who had the training of

Killed at one Shot.

A double murder occured four miles

east of New Boston, Ark., recently. As

Ritter Barfield and his son William, about 25 years old, were returning home in a wagon from Texarkana, where they had been to sell cotton, they were fired upon from ambush with a shotgun loaded with slugs. Both men were struck in the head and breast, and death must have been instantaneous. They were evidently sitting on the same seat slowly logging along when the fatal shot was fired. The horses became frightened, and both the dying men were pitched headforemost out of the wagon and were horribly mangled by the horses treading on them. The team rap into the town and stopped at the door of the murdered planter's house. Citizens immediately returned over the road and found the bodies, which were brought in. For several years Ritter Barfield was Postmasier of New Boston, then the county seat of Bowie county and the most thriving town in the county. In September, 1883, the Post Office was mysteriously robbed of several hundred dollars. For a time suspicion rested upon l'ostmaster Barfield and his son William, who was employed in the office, "Tobe" Barfield, a nephew of the Postmaster, who was also employed about the Post office, Special agents arrested Postmaster Barfield, his son William and his nephew "Tobe." At their trial it was clearly proved that the Postmaster was innocent, and both he and his son William were acquitted, while "Tobe" was found guilty and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Penitentiary he declared at the station that when his time was up he would rebitterly denounced for testifying against him. Nothing was thought of the threat until the mangled bodies of father and son were found lying in the road. The wires were immediately set to work, and a reply came from the warden of the Huntsville Penttentiary that "Tobe" Barfield had been discharged from the penitentiary three days previously. Search was immediately instituted in the neighborhood, and "Tobe" was found stopping at a neighbor's house. He was arrested and brought to town. He pretended that he knew nothing of the killing and will not talk. There is little doubt that he is the assassin, and the prospects are favorable for his lynching unless the officers succeed in cluding the indignant citizens. The prisoner will be taken to Texarkana, the new county seat, as soon as the officers can safely remove him there,

When a wash-boiler begins to rust and is still too good to cast aside, make a good-sized bag of strong muslin or old bed-ticking, put the clothes to be boiled into it, and save them from rust.

Nest boxes should either be thoroughly cleaned and whitewashed, or else burned and replaced by new ones

A SENSATIONAL CCENE

A Wealthy Broker and his Erring Son Before a Police Court.

A very sensation a scene occurred on Exchange Place, New York recently. "You are a wicked son. I disown you

The speaker, a gray-haired, prosperous looking old gentleman, was addressing a young man. The elder man grasped him by his coat collar and slapped him twice on the face,

"Father, you'll suffer bitterly for this," said the younger man, and hurried away and obtained a warrant for his father's arrest.

The old gentleman was Mortimer Hendricks, the well-known banker of No. 50 Exchange Place. The young man was his eldest son, Elmer, twenty years of age. Elmer served the warrant himself, and two hours later the gray-baired father and his son confronted one another in the police court.

"My father, Montague," said Mr. Hendricks, "died a year ago, leaving a fortune of over \$2,000,000. With the exception of \$180,000, he divided it all between my brothers. The exception I've named he divided equally between my six children, on condition that I should not contest the will, which I did not, because of my children's sake. Elmer, my oldest boy, seeks to be executor of the estate.'

"Why should he do so?" asked Justice Duffy.

"Because he treated my poor brother cruelly," answered the youth. "To-day," said the father, "he answered me impertmently and I chastised him, as I think it is my right to do."

"Come now, young man, shake hands with your father, who evidently loves you," said the Judge. "I will not," was the youth's defiant

answer. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Your father is discharged and I'm . sorry he has such a son;" said his Honor.

Brave Tars.

"I was crossing the North Atlantie once in mid winter on a man of war," seid a naval officer to a reporter recent-"when one stormy afternoon we sighted a Norwegian bark showing signals of distress. The most tremendous seas were running that I ever saw, but we lowered away a boat and sent her to the bark. She came back, with the information that the bark was loaded with grain and had sprung a leak. The water had caused the grain to swell and had opened the seams of the vessel so that she was rapidly going to pieces. The Captain and crew wanted to be taken off. We sent two boats to the bark to take off the imperiled crew. It was a most difficult and dangerous task, Again and again it seemed as if the boats on an errand of mercy would be overwhelmed by the furious seas, but they were skillfully handled and after hours of toil and deadly peril, all except three of the sailors were taken off the bark. It was now growing dark. The storm was increasing in fury and it was evident that the bark could not live the night out

"Our Captain called all hands and made a speech, telling them that three men were left on the bank. He said that he knew American sailors would never leave a fellow being in distress, but that it was doubtful if any boat could get to the bark and back safely m the rising storm and the gathering gloom. Then he called for volunteers to attempt the rescue. Immediately there was a rush for the boats by every officer and man aboard the man of war and the Captain had to call for volunteers to keep people from rushing into the boats and swamping them. A boat's crew went off and brought the three sailors back in safety."

Mrs. A. M. Green.

Mrs. Anna Maria, widow of Nathaniel Ray Greene, son of George Nathaniel Greene, of Revolutionary fame, died recently at R. I., the age of 102 years, 9 months and 9 days. Mrs. Greene was a native of Newport, Her father was Ethen Clark, member of a family prominent in early Rhode Island h story, and her mother was the daughter of Hon. Samuel Ward, colonial governor of R. I. from 1638 to 1676. Mrs. Greene passed her youth in the house where she was born, in that city. Many years of her married life were spent in Geergia. Her busband died twenty-five years ago. Mrs. Greene, until a few days of her death, retained her mental faculties, and although feeble with age she plied her needle in making little gifts for her numerous friends, She took great delight in literature, and read diligently, and, being possessed of the penitentiary for burglary. People now remember that when "Tobe" was about to be removed to the Huntsville visit to her a pleasure. The one hundredth anniversary of her birth was observed two years ago last November turn and kill Postmaster Barfield and in a quiet manner by her friends, and his cousin William, both of whom he on that occasion, although in a rather feeble state of health, she received her callers with great cordiality, and welcomed them with many cheerful words.

New spring bonnets are certainly very beautiful, but it would interest horticulturists to know where the flowers grow that are represented on some

MANY of our leading berry growers approve of the practice of running a ultivator between the rows of their

strawberry vines. GRAHAM MUSH is a good substitute for rich pudding on some occasions. Make just as you do corameal mush, but add a few berries or raisins or English currants. Serve with milk and

MANY cooks consider it a great improvement upon ordinary apple sauce which is to be served with roast goose or with pork to rub it through a cul-iender, and then to beat it with a spoon until it is very light and almost like

The rose has its thorns, and beauty is never found without one or more. They may be blunt of at the points, but cannot be extirpated without killing the