The Bright Side.

There is many a rest in the road of life If we only would stop to take it, And many a tone from the better land If the querulous heart would wake it. To the sunny soul that is full of hope And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,

The grass is green and the flowers are bright,

Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

bang.

sleeve.

keep buttons?"

"Yes, sir."

evidently in very bad temper.

though you would sew it on for me."

wear well I should think."

stead of Mr. Paris.)

Better to hope though the clouds hang low, And to keep the eyes still lifted, For the sweet blue sky will soon peep "hrough

Witen the ominous clouds are rifted There was never a night without a day, Or an evening without a morning, And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes, is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life Which we pass in our idie pleasure That is richer far than the jeweled crown. Or the miser's hoarded treasure. It may be the love of a little child, Or a mother's prayers to heaven, Or only a beggar's grateful thanks For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life A bright and golden filling, And to do Gcd's will with a ready heart And hands that are swift and willing, Than to snap the delicate, tender threads Of our curious lives asunder, And then blame heaven for the tangled ends

And sit and grieve and wonder.

MR. MULTAHNEY.

Grandfather didn't leave me his property, after all. I might have known he wouldn't, because he said he | tidy (one of mother's prettiest patterns), and thought that if it didn't suit him, would. Grandfather always did something entirely different from what he he must be hard to suit in the way of tidies. set out to do.

There, for instance, was the daywe had just got nicely settled in our country home-that we were all wait- into the store looking as sweet as a roll ing patiently for the cow grandfather wanted to buy and brought an organ away, we had a dozen or more callers, instead. Nobody could play on it. Grandfather said somebody could learn, whom mother gave the two biggest but nobody ever did, and so we had to try and console ourselves for the disappointment of reflecting what a fine addition to our somewhat scanty parlor business life, anyhow. furniture the organ was, until the morning grandfather suddenly made up faced gentleman was the owner of the his mind that he needed another horse, and brought our gentle, star-faced Daisy home.

There were four of us in the family; grandfather, mother, the sweetest and dearest woman that ever lived, myself, her mind, as, for instance, calling the a plain, quiet girl of five-and-twenty; baker, Mr. Black, "Mr. White," and and my cousin Etta, just of age, but our old lawyer, whom we had known looking about 17-pretty, selfish, idle for twenty years, "Mr. France," inand vain.

Now you're thinking I added the last three adjectives on account of the first one. But I didn't upon my word, for 1 tried my very best to love the the charge of an old nurse, who was toblue-eyed, fair haired, teasing thing tally incompetent to manage so large when she first came among us, her an establishment. father and mother both having died during the previous year; but I couldn't; Multahney, one afternoon, to my mothshe was so thoroughly wrapped up in er. "I couldn't place any one over herself, and so utterly insensible to even nurse. I would break her heart, and the rights of others.

Grandfather was forever scolding was and never will be; but, to tell the and finding fault about her, and won- truth, ma'am, we're all at sixes and dering how his grave, honest, elder son John came to have such a good-for-ma'am. I found Rosie and Frankie yes-

sent y u h ne-don't you?" general effect, I seated myself in the sitting-room at the back of the store Three more girls followed Robble-

and waited for my first customer. pled wee bodies, with a great liking for Mother went into the tiny kitchen mother's tarts) and Mollie, the twoand began making cherry tarts, and year-old baby. had just called to me to come and see The shirt button I gave away on how splendid the cherries were, when

"opening-day" brought us luck, for the the store bell rang loudly, and some Multahney family bought more at our one came in and shut the door with a store than any other three families in the village, never going, as some of the I went out as quickly as I could, and well-to-do people did, to the neighborthere stood a rather stout middle-aged ing city for things which we had equalgentleman, very red in the face, and ly good and cheap, but getting everything they could get from mother and "Look at that, ma'am, look at that,"

me. said he, as I came forward, holding out Well, life went on smoothly and haphis hand and directing my attention to the buttonless wristband of his shirt pily, mother growing prettier every day, and Mr. Multahney and nurse and "No buttons, and I buy butthe children in and out all the time. tons by the gross, and, by heavens, and before we were really aware that there's never one in the house. You autumn had left us, behold, it was the day before Christmas!

Mother and I had bought a large as-"I'll take one - and you look as sortment of toys and candies, and had been well patronized all day, but were "With pleasure," said I, going for a disappointed and surprised when evenneedle and thread, with a smile, for it, ing came and 9 o'clock struck and Mr. struck me as being somewhat odd that Multahney had not made his appearmy first customer should want one shirt ance; for the dear, romping, laughing button, and almost demand my services children had confided to us, weeks beas a seamstress, and it was with the fore, what gifts they hoped Santa Claus greatest difficulty I resumed and kept a would bring them; and, of course, we demure countenance while sewing it had procured them all, with the exception of a pony for Harry and a diamond "Um?" said the gentleman, half ring for Lily, which articles were a aloud, as I fastened the thread; "nice, little beyond our means, and had laid though not at all handsome, and would them aside to produce when the indulgent father asked our advice on the 1 looked up and saw his eyes fixed subject, as we were sure he would. upon a crimson and green rose and-bud

striking when he came in.

The small store looked uncommonly pretty dressed in Christmas greens and bright paper flowers, and we had four After the gentlemen had said "Good-day, ma'am," to mother, who came wax candles on the counter and two in the window, besides the regular lamps; and I wore my new gray merino dress, and "thank you miss," to me, and gone with a blue bow at the throat and another in my hair (my hair doesn't ripamong them two dear little girls, to ple and wave as much as mother's, but it is the very same color), and mother cherry tarts; and altogether our first wore her gray dress, with a handsome day of shopkeeping was a profitable black lace rosette among the waves and one, it was the beginning of my ripples.

"Very pretty, indeed!" said Mr. We soon discovered that the jolly-Multahney, going up to the stove to warm his hands a moment, and then comfortable-looking house across the turning his back upon it and smiling way, Mr. Multahney by name (though that blessed mother of mine always approvingly around.

We're trying to rig up a Christmas called him Mr. Mullagatawny, after a tree at our house, Mrs. Welton," he fashion she had of mixing up names in went on to say, "and I'd be pleased to have you and Miss Faith come over as you can and give us the benefit of your excellent taste. The children will be gone to bed in a few moments --- "

Just then the store door flew open, His wife had died nearly two years and the two eldest children came runbefore we came to the village, and the household since that time had been in ning in, little Robbie limping after them.

"Oh, papa!" cried Lily, "nurse says if you don't come back 'mediately she'll go crazy, for we will peep into the "But you see, ma'am," said Mr. room where she's fixing something, and pound on the door when she locks us out, and the grocer forgot the raisins I'm not good at breaking hearts-never and currants for the pudding, and-" "Oh dear! oh dear!" said Mr. Multa-

hney, grasping his curly black hair as though he meant to tear it out then

ful and cheerful after observing the teased me awful. I think the fairies and so has the father too. And I shall be honored, proud and honored, ma'am, if you will accept me for a sonsleeves, of whatever length. In some Rosie and Frankie (round, rosy, dim- in-law, and Faith for a husband,"

"Mrs. Mullagatawnyl" murmured my mother. "I never thought Faith would have such a queer name as that. But, dear me" (in a louder tone), "it isn't hers yet, and perhaps never will be

ney, with emphasis, "or I'll go and drown myself."

The children set up a howl, Robbie hanging around my neck, and Harry and Lily clinging to their father. "Oh! oh! oh! our darling papa going to drown himself! Dear, dear, dear Miss Faith, you won't let papa drown himself?"

A Four-Year-Old Joins the New York Police Force and Thinks

A street Arab found a little fellow basque, showing a bit of gold embroidery or of brocaded galloon, in the Russian and Byzantine style. his name was he said that it was Char-

geant, kindly.

But the clock had scarcely ceased tral Park Charley. Guess I am lost,

the sergeant, with a laugh. "What's

gown.

fitting on the hips, and defining the figure as much as possible, while the long trains of casaque and Princess dresses,

ones at the top, flow in low graceful folds at the back. Tournures are only haired child into the patrol room. worn with walking dresses to keep out the short skirt, and then only small washing up, polishing their boots and steels are used, and so as not to be detected. -This is more of a fur than a lace season, for the reason that the prevail-

all shook hands with the little fellow and gave him so many pennies that the ing popular fancy seizes with avidity pockets of his diminutive ulster were filled

generally admired just now than are "This is a pretty fine place," he said les modes Parisienne. The Russian "Oh, yes," answered the other with redingote, a long, straight garment, is much worn. One worn at a recent "it's fine." luncheon was made of Lincoln green

cloth, light olive in color, heavily worked with silver braid. The Rus-"Now, you're a policeman," said one of the men, wiping his dripping san paletot is one of the favorite wraps, also the jaunty Russlan jackets braided so closely that the cloth bethe men with his club almost as tall as neath is barely visible, and buttoned The laughing fellows clapped across, double-breasted, with ornamentheir hands in approval and the child tal "frogs," which are in high popubowed low with great dignity. Some larity. one mentioned the captain's name, and girl of to-day with out-of-door sports Charley said he guessed he'd go see the captain. They asked him to fall in that she hesitates to relinquish them line with the rest, and the little fellow

even when the winter crispness creeps did so, his stick over his shoulder. He into the air, and the costumes for marched by the side of a big rounds- these same exercises cause her no less concern than do the proportionately elaborate gowns she wears in the drawing room. And the girl who takes no more than one of these sports has considerable designing to do, for to be strictly correct she must have a respective costume for each. The wardtobe of many a fashionable lady inder." They could not stop laughing, cludes a trim fitting riding habit of cloth, of course, a hunting costume of seat and looked sternly at the fifty or dark hued corduroy, a tennis suit of Thorold, Canada, from blood poisonmore men. As he leaned over his desk striped flannel, a driving costume of ing. General Stanton was the sire of he saw the rosy face of the boy looking serge, with warm cloth jacket and Fides, 2.221; Nettie T., 2.221, and hood, finished off with the indispensable castor gloves, and she even singles out a special toilet for her early morning walk, which is usually a striped or small checked woolen goods, supplemented with a jaunty English lacket and a felt English walking hat. Mrs. Cleveland has, by the way, stimulated the feminine ambition to learn how to shoot at a target. Rifle practice was one of this much-copied lady's favorite pastimes during her autumn sojourn in the Adirondacks. -A more simple costume was of gray cloth and velvet. The skirt was and Brookwood. gathered and quite plain, with just a flow of gray ribbon on one side. But the velvet jacket is exquisite in shape and cut, moulding the figure to perfection, and trimmed with beautiful embroidery in gray silk and soutache. The upper part of each front is covered with this embroidery, the pattern simulating the fronts of a short Figaro jacket rounded off under the arm. Epaulets of the same cover the upper part of the sleeves, which are of gray cloth. The velvet jacket remains slightly open in front over the cloth bodice. which forms a sort of vest, buttoned down the middle; it comes down in a long point on each side. Another dress is of tan colored cloth. The back of the skirt is slightly draped; the side and front are arranged in triple plaits, and each plait is ornamented with a peaked pattern of black silk braiding; the bodice is plain, with tight sleeves; there is a light braided pattern on each front and at the top of the sleeves, also on the collar and on the wrists; a full ruffle of black crepe sse comes down the front of the bodice to the bottom of the waist. -A pretty home dress for a young lady is of white cloth, trimmed with dead gold braid two inches wide. The skirt is quite simple, gathered round When anger arises, and bitter words the waist, just draped least bit in rush from the overcharged heart to the front, to break the monotony of the lips, then indeed should the golden plain straight folds. There are three seal of silence be placed upon the ton- rows of the braid; they come down from the waist on the right side, and,

HORSE NOTES.

-Long Dance will be backed by his owner for the Kentucky Derby.

-The two New Orleans pool-rooms cleared about \$60,000. last year.

-It is reported that James Goldsmith will condition his stable of campaigners on the Fashion Farm track.

-Rumor has it that the real purchaser and the real owner of Galore, the crack English race-horse, is Mr. Astor.

-R. Tucker has matched Strideaway against the mare Nellie for a quarter of a mile dash, \$500 a side, to be decided shortly at New Orleans.

-The Northwestern Breeders' Association will hold its annual meeting for 1889 at Washington Park, Chicago, August 20 to 24 inclusive.

with the jacket bodice opening over a -J. M. Pettit will drive for A. J. ored cloth, with a trimming of light gold brandebourgs across and gold Haws, of Johnstown, Pa., the coming season. The string will consist of Decorator (2.231) and the pacers Patsy buttons in the middle. Others are notched out at the top and at the Clinker (2.20) and Harry H. (2.221).

-Captain John B. Witgus, a Dexington (Ky.) horse breeder and backer. died recently from a cancer, aged 65 -Bodices are still very jaunty, with years. The stallion Allie West, sire of cutaway, rounding or sharp pointed Jewett, 2.221, was owned by Mr. Wilfronts, shorter sides and sharp points gus.

at the back and set one above another -Robert Steel, of Philadelphia, purshaped to flare a little,. Collars a la chased in California the stallion Anmilitaire are still in high vogue, especitevolo. 2.19; 5 years old, by Elecally at the back; for a front the coltioneer, dam Columbine by A. W. lar very usually turns with a natty Richmond, and the horse will soon be revers, which is braided, velvet faced quartered at Cedar Park Stud. Reporor otherwise decorated to match the ted \$30,000. trimming on other portions of the

-John Splan is kept busy with his book. It will be interesting as well as useful. There are many subscribers for it, and there should be a number of "second money" horses first under the wire next season since the book will how show to win.

-The Executive Committee of the Driving Club of New York has decided to give a spring meeting and also to renew the Fleetwood and Morrisania stake races of \$5000 each at the fall meeting. The Morrisania stake is for a 3.00 class and the Fleetwood for 2.25 class.

-"Plunger" Walton, since going into the hotel business in the East, has been vainly endeavoring to sell the last relic of his racing days, the famous stallion, imported Richmond. The equine is now at Captain Sam Brown's stable being used for stud purposes.

-The Washington Park Stakes, which closed January 15, filled well. The Quickstep has 175 nominations; Lakeview Handicap, 150; Dearborn Handicap, 65; Maiden Stakes 84; Boulevard, 53, Oakwood Handicap, 96, and Great Western Handicap, 54.

-Frank Herdic, the poolseller, arrived in Philadelphia from Texas January 18th looking as jolly as usual, although he claims to have dropped \$2500 by backing the runners at New Orleans. Frank says he left everything all right on his 1100 acre ranch in the Lone Star State.

-James O'Neill, of New York, who carries on the horseshoeing shop of the late Dan Mace, makes most of the shoes for the trotting horses that are shipped to foreign countries. When Mollie Wilkes was shipped eight dozen pairs of shoes went with her. They were made in Mr. O'Nelll's shop. -The noted stallion General Stanton, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam the Keefe mare, by One-eyed Kentucky Hunter, died on January 10 at Geraldine, 2.281, and was owned by John Batten, of Thorold, at the time of his death. -In the last twelve years the get of imp. Billett, Messrs. Clay & Woodford's stallion that died in Kentucky recently, started in 3061 races, of which they won 542 and \$580 747.50. The best of Billet's get were Miss Woodford, Volturno, Runnymede, Barnes, Raceland, Sir Dixon, Belle of Runnymede, Burton, Elias Lawrence Belvi-dere, Blue Wing, Binnette, The Lioness. Rosalind Bengal, Ballston -The Pullman Car Company has been engaged to build a number of cars especially adapted for the transportation of horses from one point to another. These cars can be attached to express and other fast trains, avoiding the inconvenience and delay incident to freight trains now generally used in transporting horses. Each car will have room for sixteen horses; and will be fitted up with special regard for the comfort of the animals. -D. Swigert, of the Elmendorf stud, has purchased of Crooker & McDonald, of New York city; on private terms, the bay colt Gaudeloupe, formerly Hayden Edwards, 4 years old, by Prince Charley, dam Nannie Bay, by Glexelg, and he will breed Triangle, the dam of Champagne Charley, Salini, the dam of Salvator, and other noted mares to him. Gaudeloupe was never started, owing to an accident, but he possessed a high private reputation. At a year old he sold for \$1910, and he cost his new owner a considera ble sum in excess of that amount. -Glenelg heads the list of winning sires for 1838, sixty-two of his get having started 761 times, winning 121 races (110 times second) and \$131.12. Glenelg headed the list in 1887, 1886 and 1884, while he was fifth in 1885. Last season his largest winners were Los Angeles and Firenzi, furnishing between them the sum \$71,631, the former winning thirteen races out of twenty six starts and the sam of \$36,-075, and Firenzi thirteen races out of twenty two starts and \$35,656. -Sixty seven of the get of Longfellow, including one, Mystic, who is not registered, his alleged dam, Undine, A chemisette of white gauged surah is never having been reported to the editor of the Stud Book, won 137 races in 1888 of the aggregate gross value of \$118,381. The Bard, who was defeated but once in eight starts in 1888, and then by Firenzi in record time, himself pulling up lame, heads the list with not quite \$20,000, and is followed by Hypocrite and Lavinia Bell, with a triffe over \$10,000 each. Melodrama, a 3 year old, started 35 times, but won only 10 times and \$2150.

FASHION NOTES.

-Evening gloves should meet the

-Elegant visiting dresses are made

-Home and evening dresses are

made with narrow skirts, very close

everything that has a Russian sugges-

tion about it. Russian styles are more

lifted displaying a skirt of plain green

-So infatuated is the fashionable

vest of white cream or pale rose col-

cases they reach quite to the shoulders. -The long "Directoire" coats are usually worn with plainly draped

skirts, but when they reveal only the immediate front the foundation is made of Russell cord or alpaca in a "Don't say that," said Mr. Multahcorresponding color, and faced only in front with the material.

-White dresses for home wear are even more fashionable than last season, only they are no longer made of vigogne, a rough, heavy material which does not drape at all nicely. The fabric in vogue is fine white cloth, soft, light and warm, which fits beautifully "I won't," said I. and is wonderrully becoming.

ONE OF THE FINEST.

It's Fun.

wandering around aimlessly near Thirty-fourth street and Broadway. He took him in charge and handed him over to the sergeant of the Thirtleth Street Police station, saying that he thought "the kid too well dressed and too young to be about the streets." When the sergeant asked the boy what

ley Smith. "Where do you live?" asked the ser-

"Don't know exactly; somewhere

ain't 1?' "Yes, I think you are," answered

your father's name?" "Charley; same as mine. Say, mister, I like you. I don't mind stopping

"Well, you're welcome. Come into gathered at the top, and without here. the back room and make yourself at tournure or steels, except two small home," and the man took the curly

When Charley reached the room there were some sixty big policemen there, getting ready to go before the captain before relieving the day force. They

to a red faced, smiling policeman. a grin,

"I think I'd like one of those sticks," said Charley. "Would they care if I broadcloth. On one side a panel was took one?" pointing to the rack of police elubs.

face and bending over the child. He marched gravely around, saluting all he.

who was the child of his second son William, and saying that I was the comfort of his life, and should have the cottage and grounds when he died, but I "must promise"-this was the invariable conclusion-"to take care of Etta until she married, which is sure to be before long, as men are always taken with a pretty, doll-like face and kitten- in the sauce-boat! Yes, ma'am, they ish ways, and never care much for sen- had taken the bottles from my medisible-looking, sensible-acting girls like you, my dear.

Of course I promised, although I hadn't the slightest idea of grand- let out of its cage. father's dying soon when he talked in this way. One day having started to build a hen-coop, and beginning to dig the child on her knee. a well instead, he had a terrible chill and died in an hour.

And when his will was read the day after the funeral, I, for one, was very little surprised to hear that all his possessions, with the exception of \$500 to my mother and \$500 to myself, were left to "that good-for-naught," the daughter of his son John.

And it was only a week after the reading of the will when my cousin Etta said to me, with a calmness and I'm eating my breakfast or my lunch, coolness somewhat astonishing in such a babyish looking little thing; "You must be looking for another home. Faith. I am going to marry James Read"-a young man grandfather had detested -- 'in a short time, and we will want the whole cottage ourselves.

So mother and I went up into our room-a fine large square room it was, right over the porch, and held a consultation as to what we had better do.

I wasn't well enough educated to be a governess, and, besides that, mother and I couldn't bear the thought of being separated-we never had been since the day father died, ten years before; and we finally came to the conclusion that a small store was the very thing. What kind should it be? was the

next question.

"The only thing that I think of I said, as at all suitable is a fancy store, with a great variety of small goods. That I am sure we could manage, and make e ough to support us if papa will let me; or p'r'aps you'll comfortably all our lives long; for of take me for a partner, dear Faithcourse I shall never marry, being so papa has a partner." plain and sensible, as grandfather used "Most certainly I will, my dear, I

parted;" and I kissed her, and she kissed me in return, with a tender look in her gray eyes (mother has the softest low, with large serious brown eyes and and tenderest gray eyes in the world); and the very next day we set about week had found it; a nice new little place in a thriving village a few miles his favorite fairy books, and teaching away from grandfather's - I mean Cousin Etta's-cottage, just completed fond of reciting. We had a small the very morning the agent sent us to lounge on purpose for him in our pleaslook at it. The street on which it ant sitting-room, and when the noise at stood was the main one of the village, half an acre of garden about it.

Well, that small store did look pretty when mother and I put the finishing touches to the contents of the goodsized window, and stepped out on the sidewalk to observe the general effect. It was a lovely sunshiny summer morning, and feeling singularly hope-

ma'am, I found Rosie and Frankie yes- and there. naught daughter, and always praising terday afternoon just about playing tea party with the little tea-set I bought her the day before; and what do you suppose they had for tea and milk and pudding sauce, ma'am?" "I'm sure I can't guess, Mr. Mulla-

gatawny," said mother "Laudanum in the tea-pot, hydrate of chloral in the milk jug, and arnica

cine chest, which nurse had placed on the floor of my room while she tried to

capture the canary which Mollie had "The darlings!" said my mother, kissing the dear little upturned face of

"Certainly, ma'am," said Mr. Multahney; "but I was frightened all the

more because they are darlings, and I came nearer discharging nurse than I ever did before, and I've been develish near it before, ma'am; but the young ones set up such a hullabaloo that, to stop it, I was glad to let her stay. And so, ma'am, the old confusion and mis-

management goes on, with meals so irregular that I don't know whether

my dinner or my supper." "I assure you I sympathize with you

heartily," said my dear mother. "I believe you do, ma'am. Goodevening," said Mr. Multahney, carrying sleepy little Mollie away in his

arms. The Multahney children were the most lovable children I ever met. Harry, the oldest, named after his father was a frank-faced, merry-hearted boy, immensely pleased when I made

him a gay neck-tie, or hemmed his new handkerchief, or arranged a bouquet for his button-hole

The second child was Lily-a bright little thing, and, like all the human Lillies I have ever known, brown as a berry.

It was her delight to keep store. It's awful cunning to truly sell things, Miss and, in the next, never having suspectden of her song; "and when I grow up I mean to have a store zackly like this.

to say, and we will never never, be promise, if at that time you continue to wish it, and papa consents."

Then came Robbie, a lame little felpale wistful face, who had fallen from the high porch one day. Mother and I him stories, and reading to him from him pretty verses, which he was very fond of reciting. We had a small and sat down upon it. did,

"I will go with you, Mr. Mullagatawny," said my mother, distressed anybody in trouble, "and do all I can for you.

"Thank you ma'am," said Mr. Multahney. "It's very kind of you; and if anybody can bring order out of distom of my heart you would stay there forever!"

Mother looked at him in mild surprise, and went for her bonnet and shawl.

"Please come too, Miss Faith, for half an hour," said Mr. Multahney, coaxingly; "we can come back to the store afterward, and ---- "

"And I wish you'd stay forever," broke in that darling Harry, who had been prancing about, flourishing a wooden sword he had taken from the coupter.

"And so do I," said dear little Robbie, climbing upon the stool at my side duty." and putting his arms about my neck. Don't you papa?"

"With all my heart," said papa. Why don't she?" asked Lily, dropin her father's face. "We all love her

dearly-best of any body but you." "The Gray children have a new

"and she ain't half as nice as Faith and Faith's mother."

I felt the blushes rising to my face forehead and away back to my ears.

"the children have proposed to you. left the station that "being policeman Will you accept them-and me?"

I stood confused and silent; for though I liked Mr. Multahney very. very much, I had never thought of him as a husband, having, in the first place, made up my mind to be an old maid.

Faith, Faith, Faithey," was the bur- ed for an instant that he thought of me save as the daughter of my mother, she being so much more attractive. When mother returned:

"Say yes, dear Fairy," whispered Robbie, kissing my cheek.

"Say yes, Miss Faith," shouled Harry, "and we'll have no end of fun." "Say yes, say yes, say yes!" teased

Lily. "Yes to what?" asked my mother, smilingly.

"To a question I've just asked her," looking for the store, and in less than a used to spend hour after hour telling answered Mr. Multahney "whether she would be my wife."

"Mr. Mullagatawnyl" said my moth-

"Why, ma'am, there's nothing surprising about my part of the affair," the big house made him nervous and said Mr. Multahney. "A young lady, and before the door grew a spiendid old restless he would limp over to us, and sunny-faced, sweet tempered, devoted hickory tree, which made it less sad to lie down, his head on a soft little pillow to her mother, endowed, in fact, with part with our oak; and directly opposite I had made, and on which I had em-was a large comfortable-looking house broidered his name, and his pet kitten ever met before, comes to a country sitting well back from the road, with curled up by his side. He was only six place where a poor devil of a widower years old, but a wise little chap for his is struggling along with six young years; and I used to smile, with a tear children, and from the very first day in my eye, when he said, as he often she smiles on him his life seems brigh-"I don't know how I ever lived ter, and ever since that day she and her before you and Auntle Welton came no less charming mother have quietly

man, whose knees almost came up to the boy's head. As the line filed out for the poor man, as she always is for the door and before the captain's desk, the young policeman stamped time toward preparing a merry Christmas with his little boots, marching proudly with the others. The men were all laughing at the boy's jaunty air and Capt. Relly called out sharply. "Ororder, you can. I wish from the bot- however, and the captain rose from his up at him. "Hello, captain," said Charley, nod-

ding his head at the grizzled one just above him.

"Well," said the captain, breathlessly, "who are you?"

"Policeman Charley, of Central park," said the boy knowingly, saluting with his big club. "Weil, Policeman Charley," said

the captain, "just sit up here along-side of me. I will detail you on special The little chap was lifted up on one

of the high stools next to the captain's, He looked over the register, pretended to read all the letters within his reach, ping the cat and looking earnestly up brushed a thread from the captain's coat, and then began industriously to scrawl all over the papers before him with a pen. He and the captain had a mamma,' said that dreadful Harry, friendly chat for half an bour. Then the two dined together, and afterward the captain hunted around until he found a smaller club for the boy. and spreading all over it, until I must | When he was taken away the next day, have been red from my chin to my all the men gave him a hearty farewell and the captain gave him a watch "My dear Faith," said Mr. Multah- charm and a quarter as a reward for ney, his eyes sparkling mischievously faithful service. Charley said when he

was fun."

Speech and Silence.

An old adage reads, "Speech is ver; but Silence is golden!" Like other general sayings, it is not always applicable. There are times when speech is golden, and silence is

shameful For instance when the vile tongue of slander assails the fair fame of a friend, to keep silent is base. When wrong or injustice is being done to the helpless and weak, to keep silence is cruel. When scoffers sneer and skeptics laugh at our faith, to keep silence is cowardly. And yet there are times when silence s golde

And ahl how golden is silence when we are tempted to ridicule the unfortunate!-- to be witty at the expense of a friend,-or to be sarcastic in speaking of the faults of those who err through

ignorance! The Author's Hardest Task.

Probably the most difficult task in the construction of a story is the management of conversations, so that the individuality of the dramatic person a may not be hopelessly mixed. The author must keep each character definitely before his mind's eye, so that he may see it as distinctly as he would an intimate friend embodied in the

are continued at the foot, but only as far as the left side, not coming up again, but finished each just beyond the other, the upper one being the shorter. The bodice is a Paysanne jacket, lined with gold colored surah.

worn inside the vest. Three large buttons of white cloth, embroidered with gold, are placed on each side down the front, and a sash of dark blue velvet goes around the waist, and is fastened into two long loops and lapels at the back.

Another was of beige cloth over a white cloth skirt, embroidered Oriental fashion in several shades of copper and