

A Radiant Memory,

Two lovely women went one day,
From homes with every comfort blessed
That wealth can give, a friend to seek
Who long had known no health nor rest.
Bleak was the way—the air was chill—
The sky was dark with winter gloom,
And when at last their search was done
They found her in a dreary room.
And yet, years after, looking back
Upon that day it seemed most bright,
With sunny paths and cloudless skies
And many hints of spring delight;
For memory to them returned
Only a kindness shined in grace,
A grateful prayer with glad tears gomed,
A smile upon a wistful face.

A SHARP TRANSACTION.

"Oh, such pretty vases, mamma!" said Fanny, nearly throwing herself out of the window, in her eagerness to look after an old-clothes man, who, with his bag upon his shoulder, and his basket of brittle ware upon his arm, was just at that moment passing the door. "Such pretty, pretty vases! Do let me have one, mamma!"

Now, I never, on any account, encourage one of those people. I have hitherto made it a positive rule never to allow one of them to cross my threshold. Yet, somehow, Fanny's eyes (they are just like Psalter's) looked so coaxingly into mine, that, before I had taken a moment to consider about it, I opened the door; and the minute I did so, of course, the old clothes man came straight up the stairs, with his "Old clo!" old shoes! Enny tings to change dis morning, laty?"

As I had opened the door, I thought it could do no harm to humor Fanny, just for once, you know; so, telling the man to wait a moment, and bidding Fanny, in a whisper, not to leave the hall until I came back (for I was afraid the man might meddle with something while I was gone), I ran up stairs, and was soon engaged in inspecting the contents of a musty old wardrobe in the lumber-room. There was an old office coat of Psalter's, terribly out at the elbows; an old vest of Brother John's, totally destitute of pockets; a little frock of Fanny's, which she had outgrown a year before; and a broche shawl of my own, which had been spotted with rain, and which I had placed in the wardrobe in a fit of impatience, pretending to myself that it was utterly ruined. It was the only thing of any value there, and, in fact, it was so good that I hesitated about producing it on the present occasion. I turned it about, and looked at it over and over again. The center was the only part which was stained. I could rip the border off and have it dyed, and my shawl would be as good as new again. But then it was so much trouble, and I had a very pretty shawl, and a cloak, and a beaded wrap besides. Still I did feel afraid that it would be wrong to dispose of it for next to nothing.

While I was deliberating on the subject, I heard some one beside me say, "Why don't you come, mamma?" and there, if you'll believe me, stood that disobedient child, notwithstanding I had told her not to leave the hall on any account. There she was, and the old-clothes man was alone down stairs. I declare I had half a mind to shake her well.

I ran down stairs immediately. There stood the peddler just where I had left him, rubbing his hands one over the other, and looking so steadfastly at nothing that he really seemed to have a cast in one of his eyes and a squint in the other. "Ugh! what a villainous-looking face he had—it absolutely made me shudder. He lifted the coat from the chair upon which I had laid it, and held it at arm's length with a supercilious air.

"Ah!" he said, "dat is goot for nothing, laty. Dat ish not goot for rags. I got very pretty tings in my basket. Laty, any old clo's, old shoes—anything else, laty? Little laty, want pretty tings out uv my basket?"

"Here's a frock," said Fanny, "and a vest of Uncle John's, and a shawl of ma's."

"Ah!" granted the man, "The frock is no goot—not worth nothings. The vest wash no use mit me. The shawl was leetle petter—leetle petter, laty. Vot you want with him?"

"I want a pretty vase," said Fanny. "Ah!" leetle laty," said the peddler, "I makes no monish mit you—you too hard an me. Vell, vell, I takes de clo's. Dey ish worth nothing, nothings, nothings, laty, and I give you dis vase—very goot vase. I makes myself poor bargain, leetle laty. Ugh! I make no monish mit you; and with innumerable jerks and moves and gesticulations, he thrust a little vase, with a very gaudy pattern painted on the front, into the child's hand, and began to gather up the articles from the floor where he had dropped them.

Just then I happened to glance through the window, and saw, to my chagrin, two of my most fashionable acquaintances coming up the street; and really, for the moment, I would not have cared how much the man had cheated me, so that I got him out of the house before they came up. He did go at last, although he came back, after they were in the hall, to say:

"Next time you has petter tings, laty; then we make petter bargains. I make no monish mit you dis day, laty. Goot

bye. I come next week—den you hash petter tings." At which speech Mrs. Japonica rolled up her eyes and asked me what the man meant; and Miss Cornelia Japonica "wondered I didn't move nearer Fifth avenue, where I would not be subjected to the intrusion of such people."

The Japonicas staid a good while, and talked away about all manner of fashionable nothings—the last concert, and the last party at Mrs. Highdyer's—how sweetly Screechowl sang, and how elegantly Miss Wilkings was dressed the other day. By the time they went, Clara, and Rosa, and Dick, were home from school, and Fanny was crying for lunch. So my time was pretty well occupied for an hour or more, and I forgot all about the old peddler, until Rosa began to fidget about the room and rummage my work-box and desk for something she had lost.

"What are you looking for, Rosa?" I said, rather impatiently, as she over-est a box of cotton. "I wish you would be more careful."

"It's all Fanny's fault, ma. I told her not to touch it till I came home," answered Rosa.

"I don't care," said Fanny; "it was mine, too."

"It was more mine," said Rosa, "because I'm the biggest—warn't it, ma?"

"What are you speaking of?" I inquired. "What was more yours?"

"Why the money pa gave us to play store with," said Rosa. "The bank-bill, you know, ma."

Psalter had received a bad five dollar bill some time before, and after marking it with red ink, had kept it in his pocket-book until a few days before, when he gave it to the children as a plaything. I had seen it in Fanny's hand that very morning, just before the clothes man passed the window; and the moment I remembered that, I guessed where the note had vanished.

"Did you have it when you saw your little vase in the man's basket, Fanny?" said I.

"Oh, yes, ma!" said Fanny. "I recollect now, I put it on the hall table when I opened the door. I'll go and look there."

She went, but of course didn't find it. I do declare I had to laugh when I thought how disappointed the old peddler would feel when he found out that the bill was worthless. I quite enjoyed it.

My merriment was shortened, however; for not fifteen minutes after, I discovered that a new vest of Psalter's, which he had only brought home the day before, and which I had laid upon my work basket until I should find time to set the buckle at the back a little farther forward, was missing. I searched everywhere, but the vest was nowhere in the house. Such a beautiful thing as it was, too, and Psalter had given more for it than I had ever known him to give for a vest before, because he admired it so—to think that it should be lost through my own foolish carelessness, for of course I knew that old peddler had it! I never felt so distressed in all my life about such a thing. I would far rather have lost my own velvet bonnet, or even my best dress. I would willingly have my hair cut short off all the way round, like a boy's, to have had it back again, and I'm sure I couldn't say more than that.

Glad as I always am to hear Psalter's step upon the sidewalk, I almost dreaded to hear it that night, for I should have to tell him all about it; and though I knew he wouldn't scold, yet, dear me! I did feel so ashamed of my stupidity.

The first thing Fanny did when she heard her father fitting his key into the key-hole, was to run, with her vase in her hand, down the entry to show her bargain to him; and tripping over the rug, down she came just as he opened the door, smashing the china and cutting her poor lip terribly. There was an end of the vase, and the lamentations over her broken toy and cut lip were perfectly deafening; and while trying to soothe her, I forgot all about the peddler and vest both for a little time. Peace was restored, and I was just filling the teapot, when Brother John arrived, looking exceedingly complacent, and carrying a parcel under his arm, which he laid upon the sofa.

"What is in that paper, Uncle John?" said Fanny, inquisitive as usual, trying to untie the cord which fastened the package.

"That is my new vest, Fan," said John, untying the string himself. At the word "vest," my heart sank like a lump of lead.

"Oh, dear!" I thought, "the time is coming. I must tell now, very soon."

"It is just like yours, Psalter," said John. "You know how I admired that. Well, by a rare piece of good fortune, an old fellow offered me just such a one this morning, and I bought it. I don't believe you could tell the two apart."

And he held up a vest so like Psalter's that it seemed absolutely the same.

"The old fellow had a lovely shawl, which he said was a wonderful bargain—only five dollars! It is just the color of the one you were so partial to, that

was stained, or spotted, or something, so I thought I'd bring it up for you." He held it toward me, but when I took it in my hand, good gracious! it was—no it couldn't be—yes, it absolutely was—the very shawl I had given to the old peddler man for Fanny's vase. The spots were taken out, and it had been brushed and ironed, but it was the very same.

John did not notice my agitation, but went on:

"I think my vest came to less than yours did, Psalter. Let me see. I gave him a ten-dollar note, and he gave me this in change. I hope it is good."

And John drew from his pocket a note marked with red ink on the back.

"Why, Uncle John," cried Rosa, the moment her eyes fell upon the bill, "where did you find my money?"

"Your money, child?" cried John, astonished. "Your money?"

"Yes, uncle—my bad money that pa gave me to play with. Don't you see the red letters on the back—BAD—that pa put there?"

John turned the note over on the other side.

"The child is right," he said. "What does all this mean?"

While he was looking at the note with all his might, I reached over and picked up the vest, turned it on the wrong side, and there, sure enough, were Psalter's initials, written in indelible ink by my own hands that very morning.

"Of whom did you buy these things, John?" I asked.

"Oh, didn't I tell you?" said John. "An old man who said he had kept a large clothing store, but being in poor circumstances, was obliged to peddle off the remainder of his stock himself."

"Had he a nose like our parrot's beak and eyebrows that went up so?" said Fanny, making two little right angles with her forefingers over her eyes, "because if he had, it is our clothes man, and he got that bill off the hall table."

"Why—what—I can't make this out," said John, completely bewildered. "What do you mean by 'our old clothes man,' Fanny?"

"Why, a man came to the door with pretty things in a basket," said Fanny, "and ma gave him a shawl and an old coat for my pretty vase that I broke just now; and after he had gone, we found that he had stolen pa's vest and my bad money, uncle."

"Yes, John, I put in, 'and he must have gone straight down town after he left me, and sold the articles to you, for that is the only way in which I can account for the fact of your having brought them up again, just as I made up my mind that I had bidden goodbye to them forever.'"

John's astonishment beggared description. He stood open-mouthed, rumpling his hair with both hands, for more than ten minutes; and then—but no matter what he said. Suffice it to say that such invectives of vengeance on the whole race of old clothes speculators were never before uttered, and that those hurled on the head of the particular one in question amounted to anathemas.

Every tale should have its moral, and remember well the one affixed to this, all ye housekeepers, "never deal with old-clo' men, for one peddler is a match for five ordinary females."

Heed Your Words.

That the tongue is not steel, yet it cuts. That cheerfulness is the weather of the heart. That sleep is the best stimulant, a nerve safe for all to take. That it is better to learn to say "no," than to be able to read Latin. That cold air is not necessarily pure, nor warm air necessarily impure. That a cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather. That there are men whose friends are more to be pitied than their enemies. That advice is like castor oil, easy enough to give, but hard enough to take. That wealth may bring luxuries, but luxuries do not always bring happiness. That grand temples are built of small stones, and great lives made up of trifling events. That nature is a rag merchant, who works up every shred, and rag, and end into new creations. That an open mind, an open hand, and an open heart would everywhere find an open door. That is not enough to keep the poor in mind; give them something to keep you in mind. That men often preach from the housetops while the devil is crawling in at the basement below. That life's real heroes and heroines are those who bear their own burdens bravely, and give a helping hand to those around them. That hasty words often rake in the wound which injury gives, and that soft words assuage it; forgiveness cures, and forgetfulness takes away the scar.

An Even Tempered Man.

"What an ugly man," said Prittom, the stranger, as he strolled down the village street with his friend. "Yes," said his friend, "that is Peter Gray; he is very homely but the pleasantest tempered man in the world. You can't make him mad, no matter what you do you cannot anger him." Dollars to doughnuts," said the stranger, "I can rile him all up. He walked up to Peter and caught hold of his gray beard. 'You miserable old swindler,' he said. 'You surprise me,' said Peter, with an impatient gesture. When Prittom recovered consciousness he was lying on the drugstore counter and they were bathing his face. 'What was that he said?' he murmured in broken tones. 'He said you surprised him,' repeated his friend. 'That's what I thought he said,' murmured the stranger. 'Send for a bishop and let us return thanks that I didn't irritate him.'"

Milk Not a Beverage.

It is a mistake to look upon milk as a beverage. It is a liquid food, and though it quenches thirst at the moment, it makes it more intense after it has been some time in the stomach, and its digestion has commenced. Healthy infants who receive a sufficiency of milk often cry for long periods, to the bewilderment and distress of mothers and nurses, simply because they are thirsty; and in many cases where indigestion is caused by weakness or insufficiency of the gastric juice, the child would be greatly benefited by a drink of water.

CONCERNING COBWEBS.

How the Garden Spider Employs Its Wonderful Spinneret.

Let us see how the garden spider uses its inherited talent. Each individual is endowed with a spinneret or natural spinning machine through which can be drawn innumerable strands so fine that they can be seen only under a powerful microscope (Leewenhoeck runs on another leaf, spinning all the while, fastens again to that, and to another and another, continuing until a circle is formed inclosing as large a space as she designs for the outer boundary of her web. Then she passes back and forth over her work, adding claims that it takes 4,000,000 of these strands to make a thread as thick as a hair from a man's head). First, our spider begins to draw from out her spinneret a cord of as many of these strands as seem to her good and fastens it to some leaf or twig, then runs on another leaf, spinning all the while, fastens again to that, and to another and another, continuing until a circle is formed inclosing as large a space as she designs for the outer boundary of her web. Then she passes back and forth over her work, adding fresh threads and strengthening this outer line, which she secures to every possible object.

Finally she stops, fastens her thread with special care, and begins to run around the circle, spinning as she goes; but now carrying her fresh thread carefully raised upon one hind foot, thus keeping it from touching the older strands and becoming glued to them. When half way round she stops, pulls her thread tight, fastens it very strongly, and a firm line is drawn straight across the centre of the circle. She runs down this centre line to the middle, fastens another thread to it there, carries it to a new point at the outer edge, fastens it, and we now see that she is engaged in making those lines in the web that look so like the spokes of a wheel. She repeats this operation again and again, until all the radii or spokes are formed. When they are done she carefully tests each thread by pulling, to make sure that it is firm and strong; and, if one proves unsatisfactory, she either strengthens or re-makes it altogether.

Now that the main lines are built, our spider goes once more to the centre point, and begins to spin again—this time in circles—fastening to each radius as she passes. At first these circles, or more correctly spirals, are placed quite close together, but she leaves ever a wider and wider space between as she approaches the outer edge. The outer circle and the radii were spun of a silk which becomes dry directly after leaving the spider's body, is of great strength and very firm; but these spirals are formed of a substance which differs essentially. When first drawn from the spinneret it is extremely glutinous—a most important property, as by this it is enabled to adhere tenaciously to the radii—and it is, besides so highly elastic as to be capable of being pulled far out of place without breaking. When the spirals are finished the spider returns again to the centre and proceeds to bite off the points of all the radii close to the first encircling line, by which she much increases the elasticity of her web. It is in or beneath this central opening that the spider usually sits and watches for the coming of her prey.

Curious Effects of Color.

Few are aware of the mysterious influence certain colors have upon them. An intimate friend of mine is troubled with habitual forebodings told me it always did her good to come into my room; she could not tell why it was, but as soon as she entered it a peace came into her soul, and all mental disquietude was banished for the time.

She laughingly told me not to flatter myself that it was my presence or my companionship that produced this effect, for she did not have this feeling in any other room in our house, even if I were there.

She visited us in the summer and when she was about leaving I gave her the key to that mysterious peace she longed to have more frequently.

I had noticed that when I was fatigued or disheartened I rested me to sit by a window where I could see the grass.

I tried an experiment. I chose green and white for the predominating colors in my summer bed room, I had dark green shades and dotted Swiss curtains. A home-made catch-all in the shape of a shield was covered with green silk, and green ribbon was quilled around the edge.

One of the vases on my dressing-case was a quaint shape in pottery, painted Nile green, with solid discs of cardinal, gold, copper and dark green. Pin stripes of these colors ran irregularly, connecting some of the discs. I kept only pure white flowers in this vase. My splash was of green covered with dotted swiss.

Every one on coming into this room for the first time after I changed the colors exclaimed, "How peaceful!" or "How restful this room is, somehow." In my winter room I had a cherry suite, and rich warm reds predominated.

A friend said of this room, "No one could have the blues after coming in this cherry room." Another said, "I

like to sit in this room, we are always sure to have lively conversation."

Many ladies dress habitually in black, not because they are in mourning but "because a black dress is suitable for any occasion." And so, day after day, year after year, they cast a shadow on the spirits of those around them, without knowing that sombre dress has much to do with silence or gravity in our households.

I persuaded a young married friend to get a dark blue instead of the black material she had selected. When the dress came home she put it on. Her two-year old boy was delighted when he saw her in a dress that set off her pure complexion. His face was fairly radiant and he could not give her enough kisses and caresses. He stroked her face and her dress alternately and laughed with delight. Suddenly he slid down from her knee and pulling her black dress from the chair he frowned at it, shook his head vigorously and said, "Take it away!"

Her husband was as much pleased as the baby. He told her she made him think of the days of their courtship. He had intended going out that evening but deferred the business, and spent the evening at home; enjoying reminiscences of past happy days and reading aloud choice literature. This experience she never forgot. Dark blues, seal browns and other rich dark colors were thereafter chosen instead of black fabrics.

At a summer resort I met a lady who wore nothing but black "because it was so convenient." Her husband was a confirmed invalid. I persuaded her to have white wrappers for home wear in the summer and dark garnet or a rich maroon for winter. The next year I induced her to discard black altogether and dress in the dark colors that a middle-aged lady may wear. She acknowledged, when I met her again, that I was right. The change in her dress made a change in her home atmosphere.

In one instance a room furnished in blue had a soothing influence on a nervous sufferer.

With a little tact and a great deal of observation one could find out more curious facts on this subject than I have space to enumerate.

An Attack on the Flannel Shirt.

The flannel shirt is a mockery, a delusion and a snare. It gives to the wearer the outward appearance of a tough and disrespectful person. It imparts to his feelings a perpetual heat and irritation. It scratches his neck. It clings woolly about his wrists. But more and worse than all this, it exercises a distinctly demoralizing influence upon him. Before he has worn it an hour he begins to experience a thirst for beer, and visions of cool cellars and foam-topped schooners tempt him.

The friction of the flannel on his throat, moreover, has occult and sinister effects. It eliminates responsibility. It causes the victim of the flannel shirt to feel that he is only fit for a "long-shoreman's work; that he ought to have a short pipe in his mouth or his hat-band; that he has a secret affinity with water-front saloons. Doubtless a man may fight well enough in a flannel shirt, or he may fish, or cut bait, or loaf in the grass; but he cannot invite his soul when so clad with any hope of adequate response. No, the ideal summer dress does not include, nor is it based upon, the flannel shirt. That ideal calls for coolness, softness of texture, and absorbent capacity. There is nothing which surpasses the coolness of clean linen, and bat for the baleful starch which testifies to the triumph of stupid conventionalism over common sense, it is plain that a linen garment offers the most hopeful foundation for that summer costume of the future which the coming race will wear.

An Even Tempered Man.

"What an ugly man," said Prittom, the stranger, as he strolled down the village street with his friend. "Yes," said his friend, "that is Peter Gray; he is very homely but the pleasantest tempered man in the world. You can't make him mad, no matter what you do you cannot anger him." Dollars to doughnuts," said the stranger, "I can rile him all up. He walked up to Peter and caught hold of his gray beard. 'You miserable old swindler,' he said. 'You surprise me,' said Peter, with an impatient gesture. When Prittom recovered consciousness he was lying on the drugstore counter and they were bathing his face. 'What was that he said?' he murmured in broken tones. 'He said you surprised him,' repeated his friend. 'That's what I thought he said,' murmured the stranger. 'Send for a bishop and let us return thanks that I didn't irritate him.'"

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

Fidelity in trifles is the ladder which leads to greatness.

Choose ever the plainest road, it always answers best.

A good man with bad friends is liable to be misunderstood.

The office of liberality consisteth in giving with judgment.

Patient waiting is often the highest way of doing God's will.

As you learn, teach; as you get, give; as you receive, distribute.

The finest fruit earth holds up to its Maker is a finished man.

Whatever is obtained by deceit cheats no man but the getter.

Thoughtfulness and consideration are becoming to the Christian.

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.

Get right within, and the outward bearing will take care of itself.

A good man always profits by his endeavor; yes, when he is absent.

Dishonesty, duplicity and falsity of character are business mistakes.

A grave, wherever found, preaches a short, pithy sermon to the soul.

The wise man knows he knows nothing; the fool knows he knows all.

As certainly as your Master's love is in you, His work will be upon you.

The easiest labor is a burden to him who has no motive for performing it.

A wise man will be more anxious to deserve a fair name than to possess it.

You get more than the value of what ever you give in exchange for learning.

There are two paths which lead but to the grave—the allopath and the homopathy.

Busy lives, like busy waters, are generally pure. Stagnant lives, like stagnant pools, breed corruption.

The man with polished manners rubs along easily through the world; but it is because he rubs that he is polished.

Temptation in the line of duty God has provided for; but temptation sought and coveted God has no provision for.

Diderot, the French philosopher and skeptic, said of the New Testament, "I can find no better lessons to teach my child."

A loving spirit is its own reward. Its love may not be returned, but its love cannot be lost. The gain of loving and its reward is—in loving.

Happiness does not consist of earthly possessions or in distinguishing positions for both are perishable, but in the consciousness of having done an act that gives consciousness to others.

Praise not thy work, but let thy work praise thee; for deeds, not words, make each man's memory stable. If what thou do'st is good, its good all men will see; musk by its smell is known, not by its label.

It is not the variegated colors, the cheerful sounds, and the warm breezes which enliven us so much in spring; it is the quiet prophetic spirit of endless hopes, a presentiment of many joyful days, the anticipation of higher, everlasting blossoms and fruit.

Happiness is like manna. It is to be gathered in grains and enjoyed every day; it will not keep; it cannot be accumulated; nor need we go out of ourselves, nor into remote places to gather it, since it is rained down from heaven at our very doors, or rather within them.

If you want to please the commoner sort of people, speak words of praise as truly as you can with truth. If you want to help a man, and gratify the noble-minded few, you must be appreciative of their character and their boldest strivings, and speak accordingly.

Advantages often place us at a disadvantage. A ripe scholar appears stupid in a company of small-talkers; a small talker appears stupid in a company of scholars. Many a child is backward in talking because it knows enough to be timid about expressing itself; many a child talks early because it does not know enough to keep silent. Thought is as likely to be a bride as a spur.

Every one can make his advantages count more for him than his disadvantages count against him.

Results ought to be labored for because they will be valuable; but no result is valuable merely because it has been labored for. An author finds it hard to throw away sentences that have cost him nights of thought and days of labor, even though he sees how the value of his work will be increased by this rejection. The only way is to work for a good result, and not to depend upon a result's being good simply because it has been worked for.

When the world condescends to compassion, what execration is equal to it? How beautifully it draws up the full indictment of its failings; that it may extend its clemency to each! How carefully does it discriminate between your depravity and your weakness, that it may not wrong you. But how cutting is the hopefulness it expresses for your future, by suggesting some impassible road for your reformation.

Pleasure is a shadow, but knowledge is ecstatic in enjoyment, perennial in fame, unlimited in space, and indefinite in duration. In the performance of its great offices it fears no danger, spares no expense, looks into the volcano, dives into the ocean, perforates the earth, wings its flight into the skies, enriches the globe, explores sea and land, contemplates the distant, examines the minute, comprehends the great, ascends the sublime; there is no place too remote for its grasp, no sphere too exalted for its reach.

A change of work is more of a relief to many a man than an abandonment of work would be. "My avocation is my vacation from my vocation," said a busy worker. And in that statement he suggested a truth that has its bearing on all plans for vacation life, in summer or winter. Every man needs his vacation in some form or other, at one time or another. But when a man is to take his vacation, and how he is to use it, is not a question for fashion or custom to settle. Avocation work may be vacation rest.