Beyond.

"Never a word is said, But it trembles in the air. And the truant voice has sped To vibrate everywhere; And perhaps far off in eternal years The echo may ring upon our ears.

"Never are kind acts done To wipe the weeping eyes, But like flashes of the sun, They signal to the skies: And up above the angels read How we have helped the sorer need.

"Never a day is given But it tones the after years, And it carries up to heaven Its sunshine or its tears; While the to-morrows stand and wait, The silent mutes by the outer gate. "There is no end to the sky,

And the stars are everywhere, And time is eternity, And the here is over there; For the common deeds of the common day Are ringing bells in the Far-Away."

### THE DRESSMAKER.

"Yes, I'm up early," said Mrs. Ford, leaning over the side paling to talk to her next neighbor. "I'm going to have a dressmaker to-day to start my Henrietta cloth. She lives in town" -Mrs. Ford's charming home was a little out-"and my brother Jim has gone for her with a dog cart. Stowe is ber name; I haven't seen her. I sent Bob's nurse girl to engage her."

"Stowe? There, now, I guess you've done it!" said Mrs. Sayles, raising her inquisitive little upturned nose, with brisk enjoyment to Mrs. Ford's tall, blonde prettiness. "It isn't best to have her if there's a young man in the house. They all fall in love with her, so they say. She's pretty, you know. in that showy sort of a way-red hair and pink cheeks-and I guess she knows it. Mrs. Ritter had her a while back, and Paul Ritter was crazy after her; and they say she flirted with him awfully, and then threw him over. I presume she thought she could do better. He isn't so well off as your brother Jim, for instance," said Mrs. Sayles, shrewdly smiling.

"But Jim," said Mrs. Ford, serenely -"Jim never falls in love. He never has once, do you know? I think it's dreadfully! I feel that Jim is on my did not know-probably nobody did. responsibility while he's with me, and I should be broken-hearted, But there isn't the least danger with

Jim." The dog cart was rolling in the drive, and Mrs. Ford went across the smooth lawn, with six-year-old Bob at

Jim-tall and blonde, and handsome whom they didn't even know! like his sister-was driving slowly to What should she do? What would the horse block. He was turned her father and mother say to it, and to squarely toward the dressmaker, and her? It would never have happened if his gayly enthusiastic tones were audi- Jim hadn't been visiting her. ble to Mrs. Ford.

He did not appear to know when he had reached the block; he talked ab- the wrong side of the cloth. sorbedly on. Mrs. Ford was thankful that Mrs. Sayles was out of hearing.

"Jim!" she said. And Jim jumped out, lifted the dressmaker down, presented her to his with those rough little Beldens for all sister, walked with her up to the porch | she knew. steps and pulled forth a chair. He was

brisk and smiling. Mrs. Ford sighed with relief that the bay-window hid them from Mrs.

Sayles. "We've a nice view from here, don't you think, Miss Stowe?" said Jim, eagerly. "Those woods over there,

with the break where the sky---" "I have everything ready for you, I think, Miss Stowe," said Mrs. Ford, distinctly, and took Miss Stowe in-

She intended sewing in the diningroom-it was large and cool and light; but it was on that account that Jim is that?" she cried nervously. was wont to lounge there. The upstairs hall would do, There was a window at the back.

She took Miss Stowe upstairs. "It's rather warm," she apologized, "but it will be cooler later."

It would not be cooler before 5 o'clock, but Mrs. Ford congratulated herself warmly. For Miss Stowe was and cheeks not vulgarly pink but softly otherwise. tinted, and bright eyes.

"It is very comfortable," she said. cheerfully. "I will take your measure. hard." "And you ought to heard him Shall you like a basque?" And Mrs. Ford forgot Jim in pleas- leg; he came down awful hard."

ureable planning. But at the end of fifteen minutes arms.

there was a clatter below and a rush upstairs. everywherel" said Jim in injured tones.

top stair. He sat down in the window seat. Jim and stood beside her. Miss Stowe sat near the window.

"Is there anything you want, Jim?" said his sister, with severe eyes upon

But it was doubtful whether Jim heard. He was springing after a spool Miss Stowe had dropped.

told you about, Miss Stowe," he de- the small black stockings and leaned tors being able to determine whether a clared. "See-1710. Oh, stop that over them. snipping and look at it!"

But Miss Stowe, smiling and faintly flushing, looked at it over her snip-

Ford demanded, cutting a gore at wrong angle with nervous hands. "Oh. Jeff Lowry? I must tell you but she held Rob's hand firmly.

about Jeff, Miss Stowe. He's been wearing a beard for two years, and he | if you can!" went down town the other day without it, and the fellows didn't know him.

He's\_\_\_"

with him?" Mrs. Ford interposed. "Oh, it's too warm!" Jim responded. as blandly as though rattling down shady roads was indeed warmer than the up-stairs hall.

His sister watched him wofully. Jim, talking to a young lady, with smiling gusto and fascinated gaze, and foregoing a drive and the morning papers and his cigar for this alone!

He had stayed in his room for three hours to escape the Kenny girls, and and Miss Markham did. not have red girl. Where did you learn it?" lips and shining eyes, to be sure, and if Jim? Mercy, mercy no!

that Mrs. Sayles should come over, and, alter inquiring of the girl, bustle up

Her sharp gaze fixed itself on Jim, lounging in the window, his handsome head bent toward the dressmaker and his honest blue eyes unflinchingly upon

"You dressmaking too?" cried Mrs. Sayles, with a triumphant glance at Mrs. Ford. "You don't mean that you are staying away from the ball game-you?"

"Oh, I don't care for it this weather," said Jim, unblushingly- quished mien. "Why, we Jim, who had breathlessly watched a cousins!" game last week from the sunnyside of the grand stand, with the thermometer at ninety-eight.

Mrs. Sayles laughed delightedly. "Yes, I will have a point in the back, Miss Stowe," said Mrs. Ford, with cold ignoring of Mrs. Sayles and her rejoidings.

But she was in a despairing mental tnmult. Mrs. Sayles' small keen eyes seemed periods which pointed and made complete and certain what she had tried not to believe.

He was in love with her. And with Jim, who was ardent and single-minded because he's so superior to all girls, it was likely-it was certain to be seri-Oh, yes, of course, I should feel ous. And who was she? Mrs. Ford She stared at the bastings with un-

> seeing eyes. Jim, with his good looks and cleverness, and family histories for both sides of the family, with a coat-ofarms in each-the lions on their hind legs in the centers seemed to prance discover it." before her eyes-and a dressmaker

She was in a whirl of helpless agitation. She could not tell the right from

And where was Rob? His nurse was setting the dinner table, and his mother had meant to oversee him, but

"Well, I just ran over," said Mrs. Sayles, airly. "I won't stay, since you're all so busy,"

And Mrs. Ford knew, as she ram down-stairs, that the Dwyers and the Bidwells at least would know the state of affairs within half an hour.

"You are basting those darts too high, Miss Stowe," said Mrs. Ford sharply. And Miss Stowe, who was basting

the darts exactly right, flushed and raised wondering eyes.

"And I never have my collars so high-" Mrs. Ford stopped, "What

It was a sound of feet on the porch: feet and shrill young voices and sobs in a terrified little vo'ce that Mrs. Ford knew.

"It's Rob?" she cried, flying down stairs.

It was Rob in the arms of the Beldens' gardener, and the three small Beldens were close behind and all talkpretty, with lithe form in a blue gown, ing together, rather enjoyingly than

"He fell out of the hammock," "We holler." "And I guess he's broke his

Mrs. Ford gathered her boy into her

"Go home, you little wretches!" she sobbed hysterically. "Oh, my baby! Why, I've been looking for you And I didn't watch him-I didn't every year, chiefly from Central know where he was! Is the leg America, though they are grown in lifting Bob from his shoulder to the broken?" she demanded, wildly, of nearly all the tropical countries. Those Miss Stowe, who had come down with from San Blas are considered the best.

"I'll see," said Miss Stowe. It did not seem odd to Mrs. Ford

him on a sofa.

said, tremulously, "but the right leg is hundred each and put into the mardislocated at the knee. The sooner it ket, is set the better, and I think, Mrs. "Who drove into the yard?" Mrs. Ford, if you will let me, I can do

The color had gone from her checks;

"Let you," cried Mrs. Ford. "Oh,

"It will hurt," said the dressmaker;

"but only a minute." And she gave a sudden, quick, "I thought you were going driving strong jerk to Rob's leg; and then sat down quite pale and faint, while the little boy cried on his mother's arm.

"I never did it before," she said; but I've seen it done, and I think I did it right. The doctor will know." Mrs. Ford went upstairs an hour later. Jim was already there, watch-

ing Miss Stowe make buttonholes. "How could you do it?" Mrs. Ford cried, with eyes yet tearful. "The doctor says you did it right, and he could'nt have done it better, Rob will came nigh to dying the evening Miss only have to keep still a little to get it Markham had called. The Kenny girls | well. Oh, I am so thankful, my dear

"My Grandfather Gorham was a Jim had told them stories, they could doctor," said Miss Stowe, quietly overnever have listened so prettily as did casting; "and I used to drive about Miss Stowe. But was she the girl for with him, and I saw him set dislocated limbs two or three times. It is simple It did not serve to calm Mrs. Ford enough-just a jerk. I was sure I

could do it; but it made me faint." "Gorham?" said Mrs. Ford, forgetting dislocations. "My grandfather was a Gorham. I wonder if it's the same family? What was his name?"

"Andrew," said the dressmaker. "And my grandmother had a cousin Andrew," cried Miss Ford, "in-" "Fairfield," said Miss Stowe, smil-

"Yes, Fairfield," said Mrs, Ford, exultantly, and the lions in the centers of the coats-of-arms still visible to her

"We're cousins," said Jim, and disproportionate to the degree of kin-

him from the first. I asked her. And fewer. do you know that her mother was a Gorham, too, and we're distantly connected. We've a history of the family know what it is. We were so glad to

# Peculiarities of Painters.

Protogenes, the Greek painter, was able as a Christmas gift to a child old an impatient man. In painting a pic- enough to read. Sometimes she drops ture of a tired, panting dog, he met with satisfactory success except that he of a family of little folks whose parents failed in every attempt to imitate the cannot provide an over-abundance of foam that should have been seen on the books and toys and other good she hadn't. He might be over playing the dog's mouth. He was so much things of the Springtime of life. Someprovoked over it that he seized the sponge with which he cleansed his brushes, and threw it against the pic- crippled child that she has heard of. ture with the intention of spoiling it. It happened to strike on the dog's childish hands they fail, they meet with mouth and produced, to the astonish- full appreciation. ment and delight of the painter, the very effect that he had labored so per- makes the most effective back-ground sistently to imitate. Paul Veronese, for the colored pictures, like many other painters, was given to eccentric moods and odd habits. On one occasion be accepted the hospitality of a family at their beautiful country villa. He assumed great liberties during his visit, claiming absolute possession of his room, allowing not even a servant to enter. He would not suffer the mald to make his bed, and the sweepings of the room were left every morning outside of the door for her to remove. He slipped away without bidding the family good-bye. On entering the room the servant found the sheets of the bed missing, and at once reported that the painter must have stolen them. After careful search a roll was found in a corner, which proved to be a magnificent picture of 'Alexander in the Tent of Darius," It was painted on the missing sheets of were swinging him, you know, awful the bed, and the artist had chosen this curious way of recompensing his hosts for their generous hospitality.

# Cocoanuts.

As many as 17,000,000 to 20,000,000 cocoanuts come into New York City They can hardly be said to have a "season," as the imports are nearly constant through the year. A well-grown that she said it, and she was not as- tree will yield in the ramy season two tonished when the pretty dressmaker nuts in three days. Many are lost by took Rob into her own arms and laid being blown off by the high winds before they are ripe. A ripe nut falls of She watched her dazedly, wringing itself. The nuts are sorted as they are "I want to show you that old coin I her hands. Miss Stowe rolled down unloaded from the vessels, the inspecnut is good by giving it a single tap. "There isn't anything broken," she They are then packed in bags of one

> There are two ways of getting through this world. One way is to make the best of it and the other is to make the worst of it. Those who take the latter course work hard for poor pay.

SALLIE'S GREEN TRUNK.

Pictures and Home-Made Picture Books.

That is the name it goes by in the family. How it came to be so called, no man knoweth; but there are excellent reasons why it should have been called almost anything else rather than "Sallie's Green Trunk." In the first place, there is no one in the house whose name is Sallie; in the second place, the individual dubbed Sallie does not own the trunk. In the third place it is not a trunk. It is a roughly made pine box, perhaps eighteen inches square and six inches deep. It is painted green, and has a trunk lid. It was made years ago by one of Sallie's brothers, to hold his boyish treasures, and when he outgrew it and cast it aside, Sallie appropriated it to her own use as a receptacle for stray pictures.

If any person ever needed such a receptacle, that person is Sallie; for straying pictures of all kinds stray in her direction, as if endowed with an instinct that told them where they would meet with a welcome and a chance to make themselves useful. Advertising cards, pictures cut from the advertising pages of magazines, from newspapers, almanacs, fashion plates and tradesmen's circulars; colored pictures from florists' catalogues, from the labels of fruit cans, from webs of trunk and ask to be let in.

"Yes, she is a pretty girl," said Mrs. going on for several years, but, though Ford, wheeling Rob about the lawn a the green trunk is, as a natural consebaby carriage, and pausing to talk to From time to time, in leisure moments. lovely and so sweet tempered and many at a time (according to the length ter at all, do you know? She disliked smallest not more than fifty or even

Sallie has no children of her own, but she knows a great many other people's friends, but a brightness of spirits that children, and there is always some little makes glad all who meet him. for two hundred years back, and so we man or woman ready to take these delightful picture books off her hands as fast as they are finished. By using "Indeed!" said Mrs. Sayles, in tones very big, very bright pictures only, she embittered by defeat and disappoint- makes a book attractive to even a threeyears-old baby; by decking the covers with gay ribbons and sprinkling among the pictures a few stories and children's rhymes and jingles, it is made acceptone of the biggest ones into the midst times she sends one half way across the continent to a little stranger,-a sick or

Wherever they go, into whatever Sallie finds that bright, blue cambric

# Keeping at It.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the best work of the world is done by people of great strength and great opportunities. It is unquestionably an advantage to have both these things, but neither of them is a necessity to the man who has the spirit and the pluck to achieve great results. Some of the greatest work of our time has been done by men of physical feebleness. No man has left a more distinct impression of himself on this generation than Charles Darwin, and there have been few men who have had to struggle against such

prostrating ill health. Darwin was rarely able to work long | neighbor's. at a time. He accomplished his great work by having a single arm, and putting every ounce of his force and every hour of his time into the task which he had set before him. He never scattered his energy, he never wasted an hour and by steadily keeping at it, in spite of the world of a man of extraordinary energy and working capacity. Success matter of character. The reason why pered. and hard work which success exacts.

# No Times for Honest Men.

"These are no times for honest men," said the sad-eyed man mournfully, wistfully wiping the corners of his ward people then. There wasn't none the present times. It's a sad thing, four hours becomes yellow.

stranger, to have to reproach yourself for being honest. Sometimes I almost wish I was like other men. A man don't get no credit for his virtues. 1'm a constant victim of swindlers, owing to my trusting, childlike nature.

"Would you believe me, my friend, if I were to tell you that a man gave me a bad half dollar a little while ago. Think of any one playing such a mean trick on a trusting man like me. I only asked him for ten cents to get something to eat, for these times has conquered me. He gave me a half dollar, stranger, and I began to have a little faith in human nature again, but when 1 went into a sal-er-a restaurant down here and bought a gl-I mean a meal, I found out the piece was bad. Of course they would not believe me when I explained how I'd been cheated. They kicked me out and threatened to have me arrested. I could have stood being swindled, but it hurt me, stranger, to be accused of working a 'skin game,' as they called it. It tell you I'm getting so that I'm suspicious of everybody. There don't seem to be an honest man left in the world. You couldn't assist me? Couldn't, eh? All right, my friend. This is only one more disappointment in an unnatural world."

#### Cheerfulness an Ald to Cure.

There is a faith cure not often considered, but which is in constant opersheeting, from raisin boxes, soap boxes, ation and quite as effective in its workcigar boxes, starch boxes; all come as if | ings as that practiced by professional by magic, straight to Sallie. They "healers" or "metaphysicians." It is come by ones, by twos, by dozens, and the cure brought, or assisted, by the mental gaze assumed a meek and van- do everything but hover over the green patient's faith in his doctor. Every physician knows the desirability of in-But it is not magic; it is solely be- spiring this feeling, and the best methcause Sallie "keeps an eye out" con- ods of establishing this confidence in shook Miss Stowe's hand with an ardor stantly for everything in the shape of persons under his treatment are made pictures that could please the eyes of a matters of professional study. It is only in part a question of medial skill. This continual inpouring has been He may be recognized as a man of great knowledge and ability, and may lack that one essential characteristic week after the accident in his discarded quence, always full, it never runs over. that makes him welcome in every household. The possession of this Mrs. Sayles over the fence. "She's Sallie pastes these pictures, one or quality is largely a matter of temperament, and its usefulness is hardly rebright? And you were right about of the leisure moment) into cambric cognized by the fortunate practitioner, Jim, too. He is in love with her al- books, made by stitching together though he may conscientiously cultiready-dreadfully. He told me so, leaves of cambric and scalloping their vate it through knowledge of the fact edges. The books vary in size and that cheerfulness is better than gloom she help it? And they're to be mar- thickness, the largest of them holding in all the relations of life. It is the ried. She never encouraged Paul Rit- three or four hundred pictures, the gospel of cheerfulness that this man unconsciously teaches, not the aggressive gayety and unsympathetic jocularity that is an offence to an invalid and his

# Health Commandments,

1. Thou shalt have no other food than

at meal time. 2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any pies or put into pastry the likeness or or of some what else, or of some of anything that is in the heavens other person Character reality reabove or in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not fall to eating it or trying to digest it. For the dyspepsia will be visited upon the children to the third generation of them that eat pie, pernicious, exerted there will affect all and long life and vigor upon those that live prudently and keep the laws of French woman was right when, in rehealth.

3. Remember thy bread to bake it well: for he will not not be kept around that eateth his bread as dough.

4. Thou shalt not indulge sorrow or

borrow anxiety in vain. 5. Six days shalt thou wash and keep thyself clean, and the seventh thou shalt take a great bath, thou, and thy son, and thy maidservant, and the stranger that is within thy gates, For 6 days man sweats and gathers filth and bacteria enough for disease; wherefore the Lord has blessed the bathtub and

hallowed it. 6. Remember thy sitting-room and bed chamber to keep them ventilated, from base motives, let it be treated that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee,

7. Thou shalt not eat hot biscuits. 8. Thou shalt not eat thy meat fried. 9. Thou shalt not swallow thy food unchewed or highly spiced, or just be-

fore hard work, or just after it. 10. Thou shalt not keep late hours in thy neighbor's house, nor with thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his cards, nor his glass, nor with anything that is thy a great grace. When one becomes so

# Louislana Creoles.

The usual impression obtaining concerning Creoles is that they are all of them possessed of dark and swarthy complexion, hair as black as the raven's wing and eyes of "ebon darkness," A continual ill health and of long inter- New Orleans acquaintance says that vals of semi-invalidism, he did a great many have lily-white complexions, golwork, and has left the impression upon den locks and "eyes of heaven's own form no idea of the condition of others, blue." The Creole girl is usually re- their thoughts or feelings, temptations fined and dainty, sensitive and sympais rarely a matter of accident, always a thetic, light hearted and sunny tem-She is usually brought up so many men fail is that so few are quietly, and she is content to remain willing to pay the price of self denial at home. Of course the majority of Creole girls are dark-they are nut- said a well-known medical writer, "h s brown maidens.

Place two perfectly bright and clean knitting needles in a glass nearly full of en drops of acetic acid, or a teaspoonmouth with the back of his hand, ful of vinegar. The needles should be "When I was young, my friend, things carefully revolved occasionally. If wool over people's eyes. It was my of which will depend upon the amount mifortune to be born in those days, I of lead in the fluid. A magnifying say misfortune because, being by nature a confiding person, my early training in the straight path unfitted me for

### FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Wait till after dinner before you fall out with the cook. Benevolence and appreciation fit losely into each other.

A soft yet persistent answer turneth way a borrowing neighbor. Virtues need a double breastplate

when they battle with Hunger. To eat without enjoying what we eat is a waste of time and material. Great talkers are like leaky pitcherseverything runs out of them.

One of the most difficult things for a man to learn is that he is a bore. The man who ought to listen and earn usually does most of the talking. Deviltry is not improved in character by calling it "Christian science."

The biscuit may rise but it cannot explain. The orator takes the cake. It is a good thing to be able to let go the less for the sake of the greater-Health is like money-we never have

true idea of its value until we lose it. There may be too much of a good thing-of salt in the soup, for instance. The good things a man does ara hard to remember, the evil thingsare dreadful

He who seeks fame will have a hard road to travel, and poor fare when he gets there. It is the sins of other people that

self-appointed reformers make the most fuss about. Be never afraid to say no, and al-

ways prompt to ackowledge and rectify A stitch in time saves nine-but this was said before the sewing machine

was invented. A pure and noble woman is like a great and good newspaper-neither of

them ever grow old. To use, and not abuse, the gifts of Heaven is the best evidence of our

Fine sensibilities are like woodbines, delightful luxuries of beauty to twine round a solid, upright stem of understanding; but very poor things if, unsustained by strength, they are left to creep along the ground.

The greatest of fools is he who imposes on himself, and in his greatest concern thinks certainly he knows that which he has least studied, and of which he is most profoundly ignorant. To be worth anything character must be capable of standing firmly upon its feet in this world of daily work, temp-tation and trial, and able to bear the wear and tear of actual life. Cloistered

virtues do not account for much. The daily admiration given to whatever is expensive and rare, the worship paid to success as such, the deference shown to men who are even known to have risen to place and power by dishonorable means, afford continual nourishment to that keen desire for wealth which is the source of much meanness and knavery.

A true man belongs to no other time or place, but is the centre of things. other person. minds you of nothing else; it takes place of the whole creation.

"Home is the head of the river," and an influence, whether blessed or its after course. Hence the noble ply to the monarch's question, "What is needed to secure the prosperity of France?" she said, "Good mothers."

Life should be centred in the home, but not bounded by it. The home-life should be like mountain lakes, always giving, always receiving, and so kept lear to reflect the heavens. The home that exists merely for the convenience of its inmates, becomes a stagnant pool

scummed over with selfishness. When we are the objects of flattery. or witness its being administered to others, we should examine and consider well the character and circumstances of the person offering it, in order to judge if the act be an offence against good morals, and, if so, how far it is so, If it appears to proceed with open contempt; if from the wish for a return, pass it as a weakness; if from good nature or excessive appreciation, excuse it for the sake of its ami-

able source. Many people cannot see their own mistakes even after they are pointed out to them. They do n t comprehend that error is not nearly so disgraceful as the attitude they assume toward it. Until we discover and deplore our defects we will not take pains to remedy them. "rankne s in confessing faults is perfect in his own astimation that he has no occasion to confess his faults to his neighbors, his case is well nigh

One of the chief roots from which sympathy springs is a power of imagination. We may know something about ourselves; but we are left to imagine whatever we can about other people. Now, if any one were utterly destitute of imagination, he would likewise be utterly destitute of sympathy. He could or needs, sorrows or joys. How could he feel with or for them if he could form no picture in his mind of what they felt? Happily no one is left in so

forlorn a state. "A man's occupation or condition," a good deal to do with making his facial expression. Intellectual pursuits like the studies of a scholarly profession, when coupled with temperate and morthe water to be tested, and add eight or | al habits, brighten the face and give a person superior look. Magnanimity of nature, or love of study and art, will make a bright, glad face; but contrary was different. We was a straightfor- lead be present, dark or black spots will to this, a man may have a face that soon appear upon the needles, and in does not please anybody, because of a six or eight hours they will be covered love of self to the exclusion of all others, notwithstanding his learning and world y shrewness. Soldiers get a hard, severe look; over-worked toilers constantly look tired; reporters look inquisitive; mathematicians look studious; judges become grave, even when off the bench; the man who has had domestic troubles looks all broken up.