

Listen.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Whoever you are as you read this, Whatever your trouble or grief, I want you to know and to heed this: The day draweth near with relief, No sorrow, no we is unending, Though heaven seems voiceless and dumb, So sure as your cry is ascending, So surely an answer will come. Whatever temptation is near you, Whose eyes on this simple verse fall: Remember good angels will hear you, And help you to stand, if you call. Though stung with despair I beseech you, Whatever your losses, your need, Believe, when these printed words reach you, Believe you were born to succeed. You are stronger, I tell you, this minute, Than any unfortunate fate! And the coveted prize you can win it: While life lasts 'tis never too late!

MADCAP MABEL HAND.

'Mabel Hand again?' grasped Mrs. Murfree. 'What has she been doing?' Mrs. Murfree was the principal of Murfree Lodge, a fashionable institution for the education of girls and young ladies. Miss Pecue, the prim, white eyelashed little woman in the neutral gray gown and nunlike collar and cuffs who stood beside her chief was the vice-principal of the same. Mabel Hand represented the black sheep of the establishment—a pretty girl of seventeen, with velvet-black eyes, cheeks like Delaware peaches, and the reddest and ripest of mischief-curved lips.

'I'm awful sorry, Mrs. Murfree,' burst in Mabel, clasping her hands in penitential fashion, 'but—' 'Silence, if you please, Mabel Hand!' interrupted Mrs. Murfree, dashing severe lightning from her red-brown eyes. 'Miss Pecue is still speaking.' 'I think,' mincingly muttered Miss Pecue, 'that Miss Hand's conduct has been a degree worse than usual during your late absence.'

The red-brown eyes nearly closed, the lips compressed. 'As now?' questioned Mrs. Murfree. 'Her first offense was treating the whole Primary Department to unripe peaches and condensed cream,' said Miss Pecue, 'in consequence of which we had to send for Dr. Dale in the middle-of-the-night! Four little girls doubled up like jackknives and three complaining!'

'Yes,' dolefully admitted Mabel Hand, 'I spent my quarter's pocket money on a basket of Jersey peaches, I'm afraid they weren't quite ripe, but the little darlings did beg so—' 'Will you be silent, Mabel?' sternly spoke the first lady in command. 'Next,' went on Miss Pecue, 'she actually went to a circus—a common circus—alone—by herself—and returned late at night, and danced the clown's clog dance in her bedroom to show Louise Delford and Miss Macomber how it was done. I myself surprised her in the act. I could scarcely credit my own eyes!'

'Such fun!' murmured Mabel, and then catching the vengeful fire of Mrs. Murfree's glance, she subsided into silence. 'May I inquire,' grimly spoke Mrs. Murfree, 'if there is anything more?' 'I regret to say,' Miss Pecue answered, 'that the worst offense still remains to be told. Clara Healy's cousin from New York came to see her. Unfortunately I chanced to be in the village, filling Dr. Dale's prescription at the drug store, and in Miss Healy's absence Mabel Hand took it upon her to personate that young lady's identity?'

'It was only for a lark!' burst out Mabel. 'He had never seen Clara, you know. And—' 'A peculiar sort of lark!' said Miss Pecue. 'Kissing strange young men, and calling them 'Jack!'' 'He said I was to call him Jack,' pleaded Mabel. 'I didn't know any other name to call him. And he was so handsome and jolly; and he said he wouldn't have believed he had such a pretty cousin if he hadn't seen her for himself—and of course I wouldn't have let him kiss me if I hadn't been his cousin! Cousins are the same as brothers and sisters, as everybody knows. He'll never know what it was.'

'Mabel Hand,' said Mrs. Murfree, severely, 'this caps the climax! I can consent to keep you no longer under the roof of Murfree Lodge. The example would be too demoralizing.' 'Well, I don't care!' jubilantly uttered Mabel. 'I've long thought it was time for me to leave school. I shall be eighteen in ten months. Some girls are married at eighteen, and—' 'Pardon me, but here's a letter from your uncle,' as Joe, the boy of all work, appeared with a Japanese tray of letters, papers and postal cards. 'To me?' 'No, to me.'

Mrs. deliberately opened it, taking a sort of malicious delight in the girl's delirium of curiosity. 'What does he say?' Oh please do tell me what he says! cried the young girl, wringing her hands in an ecstasy of impatience. 'He says,' slowly uttered the principal, 'that he is—married!' 'Married?' repeated the poor girl in a sort of shriek. 'Uncle Hand married?' 'To a wealthy Cincinnati widow, who objects to making a home for any of her husband's relations.' 'Hateful thing!' gasped the girl. 'So that he thinks you had better try

to earn your own living hereafter as he has fitted you for it by an expensive education. He encloses the address of a New York lawyer who is a family friend, and can perhaps help you to a situation, if the Mrs. knows of none.'

Mabel breathed quickly. She turned pink and white, like a startled daisy, as she looked appealingly and the lady answered the unspoken question with cruel promptness.

'No,' said she, coldly, 'I do not know of any situation to which I think you eligible.'

'Poor girl! The peach-bloom cheeks were pale enough; the eyes were full of tears! Up to this time of life has been a mere holiday to her—a season of sunshine and rejoicing. Now, the sudden shadows had descended and all was sober, stern reality.'

Her uncle had it was true, given her an expensive education. The question now was what to do with it. She was sorry now that she had teased and taunted Miss Pecue and the under-governess. No one of them was willing to stand by her friend in this emergency. She had before her the problem of earning her own living, and she did not know how to solve it.

'I must go to the family lawyer,' she thought, sadly, as she packed away her books and gowns and inexpensive little trinkets with many tears and sighs. 'He will tell me what to do! At least I suppose he will.'

Everybody at Lodge except the principal herself were sorry to part with the unfortunate girl. The little girls in the Primary Department shed rivers of tears; the elder ones cut locks of their hair, worked book marks, and embroidered art scarfs for keepsakes, and the young girl went away amid lamentations. And her heart within—poor little girl! was cold and heavy as a stone. Her uncle had cast her off with polite frigidity. Both women had washed their hands of her; and now how on earth was she to earn her daily bread?

Her frightened little pulses stood still as she clinched the elegant marble stairway in the Astyanax Building, on Wall street, in which was located the law office of Reginald Carstone, the gentleman who was the family lawyer of her uncle's fine new wife.

'If he's a nice fatherly old gentleman, I shan't be afraid of him,' thought the girl. But if he's cross and stern, I know I shall burst out crying! A dapper clerk answered her timid knock. Mr. Carstone was in. He was disengaged. He would see her—and following her card the girl was ushered into an elegant private office.

'Cousin Jack!' she exclaimed, turning very red. 'Why, it's Clara!' said the very gentleman whom she had received so cordially at Murfree Lodge. 'Poor girl—her merry mischiefs had turned into a whip of scorpions to lash her now. With burning blushes she stammered out the explanation she could make:

'I'm very sorry,' she said, 'I only did it for a joke! I see now how very foolish and unladylike it was.' 'But, Miss Hand,' said Carstone, glancing at the card which he still held in his hand, 'you are too severe upon yourself. It was neither foolish nor unladylike. I assure you I enjoyed it immensely!'

'I'll never do such a thing again,' murmured the girl, with downcast eyes. 'I never would have come here if I had known you were here! I should have been ashamed.' 'Then,' said Lawyer Carstone, 'I am glad you didn't know. Sit down Cousin Clara—I mean Miss Hand—pay tell me in what I can be of use?'

'I want to earn my own living, abruptly answered the girl—and then came the history of her uncle's second marriage and her own consequent isolation. Carstone pondered long upon the vexed question, and finally decided to recommend her as a companion to an old lady client up the Hudson.

'Until we can find something better,' said he cheerfully—and Mabel's heart gave an elastic upward bound. It is a part of the blessedness of youth that so small a grain of hope will suffice to elate it.

The old lady was cheerful and chatty, and liked a pretty companion. Lawyer Carstone came up each week to keep her posted as to bank stock, railway shares, and other investments, and Mabel behaved so prettily that Miss Pecue and Mrs. Murfree would barely have recognized the 'Miss Madcap' of the boarding-school days.

She said to herself, 'I must try to vindicate Mr. Carstone's confidence in me!' In the early autumn there came a second letter from Uncle Hand. The widow and he had been afflicted with incompatibility of temper, and had agreed in different climates. The widow was going to Lake Como, Uncle Hand, remaining in Cincinnati, wanted Mabel to come hither and preside over his home.

Lawyer Carstone took her hand tenderly into his. 'Mabel,' said he, 'would you be any happier with a home of your own? a husband of your own? Because, my dearest love, they are all at your feet!'

Cousin Clara was the bridesmaid. Mrs. Coddington had to advertise for a new companion—and Uncle Hand is still gnashing his teeth over the 'ingratitude' of his young relation. Mrs. Murfree putting on her eye glasses to read the wedding cards, observed: 'Well, I never expected Mabel Hand would turn out so well!'

ABOUT WASTE OF TIME.

Conflicting Views Concerning a Decidedly Interesting Question.

There are many different and more or less conflicting views as to what constitutes a waste of time. Severe people consider every moment wasted that is not devoted to productive work or necessary sleep and rest. They would make a man a mere machine, to be fed to maintain his energies, to be allowed a limited number of hours to prevent weariness, but would have him devote all his other hours to work of some kind. Other people, a little broader in veins, recognize the need of intellectual culture and would permit a certain amount of time to be given to reading and study without counting it a waste. The liberals recognize another of humanity, and allow some hours for recreation and amusement. But there may be waste of time under any of these limitations, and they may be to some extent violated without waste. Time is wasted that does not produce benefit of some kind to the individual, but the kinds of benefit to which he is susceptible are so many and the needs of different men so various that there is an almost infinite variety of ways in which time may be usefully employed. The test as to whether time is being wasted must, therefore, be applied to individual cases, and the only question is whether it is being beneficially employed. That time devoted to recreation or amusement is not wasted, is expressed in the old proverb: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." A cheerful disposition is such an important factor in energetic work that to deprive a man of the enjoyments of life is to curtail his working power. If, however, a due proportion is not maintained between work and play there is waste of time in the opposite direction. Too much amusement promotes a distaste for work. The hours devoted to reading and study are beneficially employed, not wasted, when the line of study is such as to promote the welfare of the individual, but time may be wasted in reading that which is of no benefit or that which distracts one's thoughts from necessary occupations. Time may even be wasted in productive work if it should be of a kind that degrades or that is less beneficial than other available kinds of work. But by far the greater waste of time comes from want of method. It is constant, hour by hour, and like the constant dropping of water on a stone, produces an effect apparently out of all proportion to the cause. Every one has noticed that in a well-ordered household or shop every tool has its place and work proceeds systematically. One thing is no sooner done than another is ready at hand, and the tools are always in order and ready to be taken up. On the other hand, in a disorderly household or shop, work without method, there are frequent interruptions or delays, while the question is being considered what to do next, or while search is being made for tools that when found have to be put in order before the main work can be begun. A few minutes out of an hour may be wasted in such delays, but in the aggregate they amount to a total that shows this to be one of the most common and almost unnoted sources of waste of time. In large establishments, employing thousands of men, the employer has to look after the possible waste of time by as many individuals as he employs, and his prosperity or failure may turn upon this simply question of a waste of time. In such a case the loss by the individual is so greatly multiplied that in a single day it may amount to enough to offset the profits of a close business. This is the reason for the attention given in manufacturing establishments to methods of doing work and for the strict rules governing the admission and departure of working-men. To the individual it sometimes seems unnecessary to close the doors at seven o'clock and compel a man who is one minute late to lose a quarter of a day, but a little calculation shows the necessity for such a rule. It is not only the individual who would lose time if such rules did not exist. The whole establishment would be demoralized if they were not established and enforced, thousands of dollars' worth of machinery would lie idle, along with the workmen, and it would become impossible to keep the work moving from department to department so as to avoid further waste of time. In a workshop employing 8,000 men five minutes' waste time by each man in a day would mean the loss of the labor of twenty-five men for a day of ten hours, besides the incidental losses due to idle machinery and the difficulty of keeping the whole establishment constantly employed if there should be uncertainty as to the output from any department. The extreme case of a large establishment

only serves to point out what takes place on a smaller scale in smaller factories and workshops where there is lack of method or disregard of rules as to the hours of labor. The particular ways in which time should be employed (always assuming that they are not positively harmful) are really of less importance than that there should be method in the use of time and avoidance of the smaller items of waste that result from carelessness in preparation, thoughtlessness and a neglect of system.

Dog and Sheep:

The dog and sheep question is again being discussed by some of our State exchanges. It has been discussed ever since Noah came forth from the ark and the dog is still on top. The dog has more rights than the sheep; he is the pet of the household, and when he wants fresh mutton has a right to go out and forage for it. And he is not compelled by law or by custom to get his mutton from any particular flock. He may take it from his master's flock or some other flock, and he may take Southdown mutton or Merino, or common scrubs, just as his dogship elects. He is not easily detected, for the reason that his appetite for mutton is always better after night than it is in daylight. He prefers to dine on fresh, succulent mutton by the light of the moon or when the stars twinkle in the heavens above him. It's more romantic he fancies. The newspapers will hardly succeed in curtailing his rights, nor will the farmers. They must yield. They can raise as many dogs as they choose, but if they raise sheep at all it must be for the accommodation of the dogs.

Women Cannot Be Trusted.

"Do women make good detectives?" Inspector Byrnes' face was a study "No," said he, with utter contempt. "They can't be trusted." "O, fel!" "Listen! A good, pure, modest woman would never dream of talking up such a calling. Do you think that an honest woman is going about prying into people's private affairs and spying upon individuals? Never! You must look to the other class if you want female detective work, and that class cannot be trusted. You've got to take some old dame that has been married two or three times, or a woman who has one or more lovers. She will not only tell all she knows of the case upon which she is at work, but, to create a profound impression upon the minds of her admirers of her cleverness, she will draw upon her imagination. This may seem hard on the women, but it's nevertheless true! When it has been necessary for me to employ female detectives I have never let them into the merits of the case."

Jewel Superstitions.

Garnet preserves health and joy. Emerald promotes friendship and constancy of mind. All precious stones are said to be purified by a bath in honey. Agate quenches thirst, and if held in the mouth allays fever. Amethyst banishes the desire for drink and promotes chastity. Diamond produces somnambulism and promotes spiritual ecstasy. Opal is fatal to love and sows discord between the giver and receiver. Moonshine has the virtue of making trees fruitful and of curing epilepsy. Sapphire produces somnambulism and impels the wearer to all good works. Topaz is favorable to hemorrhages, imparts strength and promotes digestion. Coral is a talisman against enchantments, thunder, witchcraft and other perils of flood and field. Loadstone produces somnambulism, is dedicated to Mercury, and in metalurgy stands for quick silver. Cat's eye is considered by the Cingalese as a charm against witchcraft, and to be a badge of some genii.

The Longevity of Birds.—The swan is the longest lived bird, and it is asserted that it has reached the age of three hundred years. Knauer, in his work entitled "Naturhistoriker," states that he has seen a falcon that was 162 years old. The following examples are cited as to the longevity of the eagle and vulture: A sea eagle captured in 1715, and already several years of age, died 104 years afterward, in 1819; a white-headed vulture, captured in 1708, died in 1820 in one of the aviaries of Schoenbrunn castle, near Vienna, where it had passed 118 years in captivity. Parroquets and ravens reach an age of over one hundred years. The life of sea and marsh birds sometimes equals that of several human generations. Like many other birds, magpies live to be very old in a state of freedom, but do not reach over 20 or 25 years in captivity. The domestic cock lives from 15 to 20 years, and the pigeon about 10. The nightingale lives but 10 years in captivity, and the blackbird 15. Canary birds reach an age of from 12 to 15 years in the cage, but those flying at liberty in their native islands reach a much more advanced age.

Practice and theory must go together. Theory without practice is to test it, to verify it, to correct it, is idle speculation; but practice without theory to animate it is mere mechanism. In every art and business theory is the soul and practice of the body. The soul, without the body in which to dwell, is, indeed, only a ghost, but the body without the soul is only a corpse.

THE GREYHOUND.

A Southern California Method of Hunting the Jack-Rabbit of the West.

The greyhound is becoming a popular dog in America, and coursing clubs are being formed throughout the country, dogs being imported at great expense. In certain regions of California the hare exists in myriads, and the ranchers keep the greyhounds to run them off, so it is natural that Californians should believe that they have some of the fastest dogs in the country. How fast can they run? A good greyhound has been known to run four miles in twelve minutes. "Silk" has caught a hare within one hundred and fifty feet of the start, and as for "Mouse," now fat and heavy, I have run the fastest horse I could fine against her, and she was always just ahead, looking back as if to say, "Why don't you come?" The pace of the dogs is illustrated by the fact that two of them when running in a vineyard came into collision; light and slender as the animals were, one dog's neck was broken and the other hound was seriously injured.

Coursing is by no means a new sport. Not only is it an old English custom, but even in the ancient carvings of Thebes we find the greyhound. Among the ancients, chasing the hare with these dogs was considered a noble sport, for the greyhound has an aristocratic mien, and is the type of refinement and culture among dogs. True coursing differs materially from the methods of the hunt described, and often degenerates into a sport carried on simply for gain. It was first organized as a sport by Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, in the time of Elizabeth, and the old rules are to some extent followed in England to-day. In these, the various efforts of the dogs in turning the hare count, and numbers of dogs contest, one with another, to a finish. In America, coursing clubs rarely, if ever, run the dogs in narrow inclosures, as it is thought unsportsmanlike not to give the hare every advantage. Certainly, such is the spirit of the sport in Southern California.

The hare runs as fast as the dogs, but as he lacks their endurance he takes them up slopes and over rough country, displaying great cunning. One hare, which I have chased a number of times, invariably ran in a wide circle, finally leading the dogs among the rocks, and escaping in a thick grove. This little animal is indebted to me for much exercise, and I have no doubt he enjoyed the running. The hare being smaller and lighter can turn more quickly, and the best dog is the one that can most adroitly meet these quick changes of direction. The pack is rushing along when the hare suddenly turns at a right angle; poor dogs overrun and take a wide turn and, before they can recover, the hare is far away. Still, a good dog will lose but little. Once my dog had almost caught a hare, when the cunning animal darted to a tree and began to run around it in a circle, while I stopped and looked on. Mouse could not make the turns so quickly, and apparently soon became dizzy, for, as the hare ran off, she came to me very much embarrassed at my laughter. Another time I saw a Jack turn suddenly, dodge Mouse's snap at him, and dart between her legs and away.

The greyhound, running by sight alone, shows remarkable sagacity in following the game, leaping into the air, as we have seen, looking sharply about, and using its intelligence in a marvelous way. When a hare is caught, he is killed instantly and tossed into the air, the other dogs recognizing the winner's rights and rarely making an attempt to touch the game after the death. Besides being shapely and beautiful, the greyhound has both courage and affection. It will run down a deer or wolf as quickly as a hare, and is ferocious in its anger with a large foe. My dogs are remarkably affectionate and intelligent, extremely sensitive to kindness or rebuke. The moment the house is opened in the morning, Mouse, if not forbidden, rushes up-stairs, pushes open my door, and greets me as if we had been separated for months. Then she will dart into my dressing-room and reappear with a shoe, or a leggin, if she can find it, and present it to me, wagging her tail and saying plainly, "Come, it's time to be up; a fine day for a run!"

The death of the hare is not considered an important feature, the pleasure being derived from watching the movements of the dogs, their magnificent bursts of speed, the turns and stops, their strategy in a hundred ways, and especially from the enjoyment of riding over the finest winter country in the world.—C. F. HOLDER, IN ST. NICHOLAS.

Survivors of Napoleon's Army.

Napoleon's great army has dwindled down to a very small band of veterans. It has been ascertained that there are now only 112 men who wear the medals of St. Helena, and whose names appear on the pension list of the Legion of Honor for 1890. In 1883 there were 1,428 of these veterans still living. The next year there were 500 less, and in 1887 there were only 224.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

The more we give to others, the more are we increased.

The heart of the giver maketh the gift dear and precious. Knowledge of our duties is the most useful part of philosophy.

Marriage must be a relation either of sympathy or of conquest. To have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without it is power.

Well-arranged time is the sure mark of well-arranged mind. Fine manners are like personal beauty—a letter of credit everywhere.

'Tis best not to dispute where there is no probability of convincing. A brain might as well be stuffed with sawdust as with unused knowledge.

Drinking water neither makes a man sick, nor in debt, nor his wife a widow. The wise prophet always dies before it is time for his predictions to come true.

We salute more willingly an acquaintance in a carriage than a friend on foot. A whim is a fly that buzzes in the empty chambers of an exhausted brain.

True valor lies in the middle, between the extremes of cowardice and rashness. 'Business before pleasure.' The pleasure comes from having done your business.

It is harder to sit still and fight flies than it is to get up and escape from them. There is nothing in life so earnestly to be sought for as character and probity.

There are those who never reason on what they should do, but on what they have done. A house is no more home unless it contains food and fire for the mind as well as for the body.

The happiness of love is in action; its test is what one is willing to do for others. It is good for a man to love his enemies, if he can do so without injuring his friends.

Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey toward it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us. Riches without charity are nothing worth; they are blessings to him only who makes them a blessing to others.

Intellect has been called the starlight of the brain, Religion is the starlight of the soul. Better be despoiled for to anxious apprehension than ruined by too confident a security.

The poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it. Knowledge is like money—the more it is circulated the more people get the benefit of it.

Time, with all its celerity, moves slowly on to those whose whole employment is to watch its flight. A topaz of considerable value was recently found in Popowagie canyon, in Fremont county, Wyoming.

Silver shades wrought in fanciful designs are placed over tinted paper upon candles in imitation of lamp shades. Can man or woman choose duties? No more than they can choose their birthplace, or their father or mother.

Every moment of time may be made to bear the burden of something which is eternal. A good motto for these days is that which Cromwell gave his Ironsides: "Trust God, and keep your powder dry."

Education that don't teach a man how to think is like knowing the multiplication table forward but not backward. Who is wise? He that learns from everyone. Who is powerful? He that governs his passions. Who is rich? He that is content.

An egotist will always speak of himself either in praise or in censure; but a modest man even shuns making himself the subject of his conversation. An ant is said to live only one summer. Perhaps this is the reason that old Solomon advised the sluggard to interview this interesting insect.

To marry for money, beauty, home or selfishness, is debasing. Character is of far more consequence than any of these. The more weakness, the more falsehood; strength goes straight. Every cannon ball that has in it hollows and holes goes crooked.

Our guides, we pretend, must be sinless—as if those were not often the best teachers who only yesterday got corrected for their mistakes. Prof. Herkimer, the English painter, is composing an opera. If he can get up one that will draw as well as he does he will gain new celebrity.

Professional traders in Michigan report that fur-bearing animals are much more numerous there now than they have been for many a winter. Our desires always increase with our possession. The knowledge that something remains yet unenjoyed impairs our enjoyment of the good before us.

Women never truly command till they give their promise to obey, and they are never in more danger of being made slaves than when the men are at their feet. Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together but vanity and selfishness. Let the spirit of humility and benevolence prevail, and discord and disagreement would be banished from the household.

He that opposes his own judgment against the consent of the times ought to be backed with unutterable truths, and he that has truth on his side is a fool, as well as coward if he is afraid to own it because of the currency or multitude of other men's opinions.

The same truth may suggest one duty to one man, and quite another duty to another man. It is important to know the truth; and it is hardly less important to see the application of that truth to our particular case.