

FAINT HEART NE'ER WON.

An Old Saying That is Fraught With Bushels of Wisdom.

Strike the iron when 'tis hot
Is a maxim often taught;
Put not off until to-morrow what can be done to-day;

Be sure you're right, 'tis said,
Then travel right ahead;
And when the sun is shining is the time to make your hay.

But with equal wisdom fraught
Is another often taught,
And one the youth should keep in mind—
'Twill lead him on to dare;
'Tis a splendid maxim, too,
And 'tis daily proven true,
And it is, faint heart never yet did win a lady fair.

He who would a maiden win
Must not bashfully begin,
But tell his love at once and take her little heart by storm;
For there's danger in delay;
In the sunshine make your hay;
It is the early bird, you know, that always gets the worm.

If she flies when you pursue,
Then the best thing you can do
Is to chase her, and to clasp her to your heart,
And keep her there;
If you're timid she'll be cold;
She will love you if you're bold;
Remember, faint heart never yet did win a lady fair.

THE BROKEN CREVASSE.

'I hate you!'
'But, Miss Alice, permit me—'
'Stop! I cannot listen to your protestations of love. From the first time that I knew you I have distrusted you, and you have deceived, cheated and robbed my old father!'

'Girl, this is infamous! I will not submit to being thus defamed even by you!'

And as Felix Cox uttered these words he sprang from the wicker chair in which he had been seated on the porch of Sedgewood plantation, and with flashing eyes faced the girl who had so boldly defied him.

She, winsome Alice Burnett, cool, calm and self-collected, returned his gaze unflinchingly.

'I am not afraid of you,' she said, 'even if father has become your slave. I know not what potent spell you have exercised over him, poor man! but this I do know that since you came to Sedgewood he has been a changed man. The servants tell me that you gamble at nights, and that you, skilful man of the world that you are, have won large sums of money from him. My hand was not the stake for which you played, at any rate. Sedgewood, I understand, is mortgaged, and we are practically beggars. Father is in debt to you, and these debts are gambling debts. Be it as it may, I hate you. We'll go out from here beggars, rather than that I should sacrifice my womanhood and become your wife.'

For a moment Felix Cox stood regarding her as she faced him in her innocence and righteous wrath, and then a contemptuous smile curled his lips.

'You talk very foolishly,' he said, 'and you do not realize what you say. Know you that I have the power to turn you and your father out into the world beggars?'

'I defy you!' she cried; and her lipsome form straightened.

He took a step toward her, and by a sudden movement seized her hand.

'Do you know,' he cried, 'that I love you with a love that passes all understanding? I would die for you—I would commit murder for your sake! One thing I have resolved—you shall be my wife! Falling in this, you shall die, and I will die with you! No man shall possess the treasure that I have set my heart upon!'

There was a baleful glitter in his eyes, and his breath came hot and fast.

Alice Burnett shrank from him, and in the effort to twist away her wrist from his frenzied grasp, her hands were scratched by his sharp nails, and blood flowed from the wounds.

'See,' she cried, holding up the bleeding hands, 'you have hurt me!'

And turning toward the capoted doorway, she uttered the single cry, 'Help!'

Old Abel Burnett, her father, was passing through the broad hall at the time, and on his ears fell the frantic cry.

He was sixty years of age, but sturdy and stout of heart. Alice was the apple of his eye, and the cry for help hastened him to her rescue.

He thrust aside the heavy damask curtains that framed the door, and stood facing the couple, with a rapidly rising fire of indignation in his heart.

'What's the matter now?' he asked.

Alice turned toward him, and her voice rang out clear and distinctly:

'I have been insulted, threatened by this man!' and she pointed her finger scornfully toward Felix Cox.

'Insulted—threatened?' gasped the old man and two white lines of anger crossed his ruddy face from ear to chin. 'How dare you, sir?' and he turned toward Cox, with his heavy cane uplifted threateningly.

'How dare I?' sneered Cox, and his lip curled contemptuously. 'You know well how I dare. You are in my power. I own every foot of land on Sedgewood plantation. This house is mine and everything that it contains. Defy me and I will drive you out in the world a beggar. I love this girl, and would make her my wife. If she consents, Sedgewood shall be released from the burden of debt which hangs over it, and you will be a free man.'

For a moment after this audacious

sentence had been spoken, sturdy old Abel Burnett stood facing Felix Cox, and his breath came in quick gasps. He seemed struggling for utterance; his lips moved but gave forth no sound.

Finally he spoke, and his words came thick and husky.

'Look here!' he cried, and he raised his stout cane in his trembling hand. 'You have gone too far. I know that I am in your debt. You have cheated me at cards, and through my foolish fondness for the game, I have beggared myself and this dear girl. But she shall not be the price of my redemption. You are a villainous scoundrel, sir. Until the Sheriff takes possession of Sedgewood, I am master here. Go, before I throw you out!'

And the old man, rising to his full height, pointed down the graveled driveway leading to the river road.

Felix Cox bowed with infinite irony.

'I obey your command, Colonel Burnett,' he said, 'because, as you say, you are still master here. To-morrow you will be a beggar on the highroad yonder, and then we will see whether my terms shall be acceded to or not. I give you the alternative—beggary on the one side, opulence on the other; Alice as my wife, Alice as a beggar on the highway. Choose between the two, and let me know before to-morrow at ten o'clock, or the sheriff will take possession of Sedgewood plantation.'

He bowed again with a sweeping gesture, and striding down the steps of the porch, walked toward Cypress Grove plantation—the next property below Sedgewood—of which he was the owner.

Hardly had he disappeared, and Alice, clasped in her father's arms, was weeping bitterly at the thought of their impending fate, when Rice Williamson, the proprietor of a saw-mill three miles up Sedgewood Creek, rode to the plantation house, dismounted, and perceiving Alice and her father, walked toward the porch.

They both started at the sound of his footsteps, but there were tears in Alice's eyes when she faced him, and Colonel Burnett's lips were quivering with an emotion he could not control.

'Miss Alice! Colonel!' cried Rice, and he sprang toward them with a hand extended to each. You are distressed—in trouble. Tell me what is wrong.'

For a moment old Col. Burnett hesitated, pride struggling for the mastery.

'Rice,' he said at last, 'you are the only man in the world that I would tell my troubles to. For this girl's sake I will make you my confidant. I am in debt—heavily in debt. Sedgewood is mortgaged for more than it is worth, and Felix Cox holds the mortgages. To-morrow he will foreclose, and we will be beggars unless—' and here the old man's voice quivered with emotion—'Alice becomes his wife. That he has stipulated as the price of my redemption.'

'And you have consented?' gasped Rice, while his face grew ashen.

'Never!' cried the old man in a ringing voice.

'Never!' echoed Alice; and striding forward she laid her hand on Rice's shoulder and twisted her arms about his neck. 'Do you think that I could sell myself, dear heart, when I love you so tenderly?'

'No,' he answered, soberly.

And then turning to the colonel, he asked for full particulars of the scheme by means of which Felix Cox had secured mortgages on Sedgewood plantation.

With bowed head and trembling voice the old man confessed his weakness. A love for cards had prompted him to play with a man who was ten times his superior in skill and craftiness. Night after night he had lost, until at last all was gone, and he was at the mercy of a man who had no mercy.

As the story progressed, Rice Williamson's face grew stern and rigid, and his lips were tightly compressed.

'It is wretched business,' he said at last; 'but you can be saved.'

'How?' cried the old man; and his face lighted up eagerly.

'I have some money on deposit at Baton Rouge,' said Williamson. 'It is a legacy left me some months ago by a maiden aunt. You say the mortgage is for twenty thousand dollars. I have twenty-five thousand on deposit there. This money is at your disposal to save Sedgewood and your honor.'

'God bless you!' was the old man's fervent ejaculation; and he grasped Rice's hand fervently.

'I do it for Alice's sake,' added Rice, lowering his voice. 'But come, the boat leaves in half an hour. We have barely time to catch it at the landing. You and Alice shall accompany me to the city.'

'And when we return,' said the colonel, recovering something of his wonted spirit, 'we'll have a grand wedding at Sedgewood—eh, little girl?'

And he turned toward Alice, with a gleeful laugh.

'She blushed, and did not answer nay. Rice Williamson walked down the porch by her side, talking of things that he had not dared to speak of before that day.

They were passengers, those three, that night, on the Belle Creole, and reached Baton Rouge. The money was drawn from the Planters' Bank, the

mortgage against Sedgewood plantation was satisfied, and they took passage up the river again on the City of Memphis.

Agents of Felix Cox had appraised him by telegraph of the move made against him, and when he heard that Abel Burnett was no longer in his power, he gnashed his teeth, and strode up and down the white hall at Cypress Grove with bitter curses on his lips.

'But they shall not triumph!' he cried.

And hastily scribbling a telegram to his agent at Baton Rouge, he sent it off by the messenger in waiting, and patiently bided an answer. It came at last toward midnight:

'Burnett and party left for Bolivar Landing to-night on the City of Memphis.'

For days the Mississippi River had been rising, and for the last forty-eight hours its banks had been patrolled by armed men, who would shoot down any one who attempted to cut down the levee. In the country below there were great floods, and unscrupulous emissaries had been sent up along the river to make crevasses that would relieve the lower country.

'The city of Memphis will reach Bolivar Landing in half an hour,' muttered Felix Cox, reading the telegram.

And then crushing his hat down over his eyes, he dashed from the house.

On the way to the river he passed the gardener's lodge, and entering it, groped about until his fingers clutched the handle of a spade. With this implement thrown over his shoulder he continued on toward the levee.

A heavy rain was falling, and there were great pools of water that he waded through. He was mire besmirched and wet to the skin before he reached the river bank, against which the turbid waters of the Mississippi roared and surged.

As he stood for a moment breathing the storm, he heard the distant whistle of an upcoming steambot, and a bright light shot out and across the water.

'The City of Memphis!' he cried, under his breath. 'To reach Bolivar Landing and avoid the sawyers in the middle of the river, she must come close to this bank. In ten minutes minutes she'll be here, and when she comes, she and all on board shall go down the perdition.'

He laughed fensively, and with his spade began to dig a ditch in the levee, against the top of which the angry waters were lapping.

But first only a tiny stream trickled across the face of the levee, but with almost incredible rapidity it grew wider and wider, became a brook, a river, a rushing torrent—a crevasse four hundred feet long, through which the waters of the river plunged with a Niagara-like violence.

'Ha, ha!' cried Cox, throwing down his spade. 'No steambot can withstand that strong current.'

And to watch the result of this cowardly scheme, he climbed among the lower limbs of a big tree which stood on the edge of the crevasse.

On came the City of Memphis, the pilot all unconscious of the danger which menaced him. He was already in the whirl when the powerful searchlight on the jack-staff of the boat showed him his danger.

With a firm hand he grasped the wheel, and signalling to the engineer 'full speed,' he turned the bow of the boat toward the sawyers in the middle of the river.

The current was powerful, but the boat's strong paddle-wheels pushed her forward, and finally, with a mighty crash, she grounded. There was great consternation among the passengers; but the captain quieted their fears, and the pilot, coming down from his round-house, told them of the danger they had escaped.

The search-light was turned toward the shore, and all saw the yawning crevasse down which, but for the presence of mind of the pilot, they must have plunged.

A tall tree on the bank tottered and bent forward as the water surged about its roots.

'There's a man in that tree!' cried one of the roustabouts, and he pointed toward the tottering tree.

'Great heavens!' cried Colonel Abel Burnett, who, with his daughter and Rice Williamson, were gathered on the hurricane deck, 'it's Felix Cox!'

As he uttered these words the tree went down with a mighty crash, and high above the roar of the torrent there was borne to the ears of the passengers on the City of Memphis an agonized cry.

It was Felix Cox's dying utterance, for when the tree fell he was engulfed in the angry waters that swept through the crevasse, and borne on down the rushing torrent to his death.

On the day that his body was discovered, bruised and beaten out of all semblance to humanity, there was a wedding at Sedgewood plantation, and Alice Burnett became Mrs. Rice Williamson.

One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow.

The life of an action is greater than the life of a word.

Parimony toward education is liberality toward crime.

Liberty can only be safe when suffrage is illuminated by education.

If you wish to remove avarice you must remove its mother—luxury.

CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS.

A Homely Virtue.

Cora, when she married Frank Boyce, was earnest in her anxiety to please the family, and to win their love. She was an orphan and alone. His mother, she felt, must love her as a child, and his sisters take her in as one of themselves, or she would not be happy. She bought her gowns of the color which Frank said they preferred; she practiced her songs with fresh zeal upon hearing they were fond of music. She was an affectionate, generous girl, and eager for love.

But when the wedding was over, and Frank and his wife arrived at his mother's house, there was a look of dismay in the eyes of her new relatives which they could not conceal.

They tried to meet her appealing glances with a cordial welcome, but they could not be blind to the tear in her dress which was plined together, or to the grease spots on her elegant cloak.

When she came down that evening in her bridal dress to meet her friends, her face was bedaubed with white powder, and the skirts that peeped from beneath the satin gown were soiled.

Cora Boyce never overcame the untidy habits of her youth. All her warm affections, her beauty, her gay wit, could not win the respect of her new kinsfolk for a woman who came to breakfast in curl-papers and a dirty wrapper. Her husband, who had seen her before marriage only in the drawing-room, was shocked, distressed, and at last out of patience with her slovenliness.

She is an old woman now, and has married children, but she never has been able to understand why the love which she has given so generously to those dear to her never has been repaid in kind, nor why her children are ashamed when she meets their friends.

She has undoubtedly made many efforts to change her personal habits in this regard, but such habits, when once firmly established by an untidy childhood and youth, are almost incurable in manhood and womanhood.

She does not know, perhaps, even now, that she lacks that homely quality of which Strebling says, 'It is a necessary virtue, the presence of which we do not notice in a woman, though its absence drives us mad.'

Cleanliness assuredly comes next to godliness in winning respect for man or woman.

The memory of good Sir Walter is more sweet and wholesome in the hearts of all men when they read of his scrupulous personal nicety, and who does not love Charles Lamb better for hearing that he 'always looked as if he had just come from the bath?'

Was Columbus a Jew?

Jews figure prominently in the history of the discovery of America. The plans and calculations of Columbus' expedition were largely the work of two Hebrew astronomers and mathematicians. Two Jews, also, were employed as interpreters by Columbus, and one of them, Luis de Torres, was the first European to set foot in the New World.

When Columbus sighted the Island of San Salvador he imagined he was approaching a portion of the East Asiatic coast and he sent Torres—who was engaged for his knowledge of Arabic—ashore to make inquiries of the natives. It was, probably, this Torres who was the Madrid Jew to whom Columbus bequeathed half a mark of silver in his will. Another curious fact is, that it has been seriously suggested, by Dr. Delitzsch we believe, that Columbus himself was a Jew, or of Jewish birth.

The name Christopher was frequently adopted by converts, while the surname Colon was borne by a distinguished family of Jewish scholars. Christopher's brother, Diego, bore originally the Jewish name Jacob, which sounds surprisingly like a Shem Kadosh. Perhaps during the coming celebrations some Jewish scholars in Italy will make inquiry into the validity of this daring suggestion.

Men and their Hobbies.

A statement made by a wise man is that 'Every honest man has a hobby.' The man in question did not use these precise words, but they amount to the same in substance.

A man who is always tinkering around, making something or other in the mechanical line, is never found spending his leisure hours in a gin mill or saloon. The young man whose hobby is study will be found at his books as soon as his day's work is done and supper is swallowed.

The chap who has 'music on the brain' will be puffing or scraping his instrument early and late, until his friends almost wish he would quit his hobby and relegate himself to the rum shop.

Many young men ride a mechanical hobby, and are often building experimental machines, and making 'young' steam engines. To such men, electricity possesses a most enticing field. There is no end to the directions in which thought may be profitably turned in connection with electricity. Well developed as it is, electricity is as yet an almost unknown thing, which will require lifetimes of study to reduce to the full understanding of all. Electric-

ity is the future power of the world, as it has always been its life, although unknown and uncomprehended for ages.

That a young man will waste hours and days of his life in doing worse than nothing, when he has such a field before him, is scarcely to be comprehended, but it is a disgraceful fact.

Let the young men awake to the idea that the advance of the world depends upon them personally; that the years to come may be better or worse as they choose to study or to be idle, and it seems as though they would quit beer drinking, dice shaking, and card shuffling instantly, to avail themselves of the privileges before them.

A man may be about what he makes himself nowadays, and if he chooses to become a sot, the way is open; if he chooses to become a power in the land, he can do so by going to work in that direction and keeping at it.

MY MOTHER'S FACE.

What is Home Without It.

As I look back through the years to the days of my childhood, the first thing I can remember of seeing and loving with all my childish heart is my mother's face—that face whose smile made all the sunshine of my little world. What mattered it to me if the day was dark and rainy, with no blue sky to be seen through the gray clouds? I could look into mother's eyes and find my blue sky, and in her smile the beautiful sunshine of my life. What a happy childhood she made it! No other smile could cheer me like hers, and if suffering any childish ailment, no other hand could smooth my pillow or feel so delightfully cool on my head as mother's hand. So as childhood passed away, and womanhood came, bringing with it new ties, affections and cares, still it is mother's hand that can best smooth out all the rough places that must appear, once in a while, even in the smoothest of pathways through life. Mother must listen to all our joys and sorrows, great or small; little things that must be told to no one but mother because she alone could understand them; and no matter how small the trouble may be it never fails to bring sympathy and comforting words from her, and, if possible, she will lift the burden entirely from our shoulders to bear it herself. How true and beautiful are the words of that poet who says:

'Over my heart in the days that are flown
No love like mother love ever has shown;
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish and patient like yours!'

When any pain or sickness comes to her, how we miss that familiar step about the house! We do not like to look at her favorite chair, it looks so empty. Everything about the well-known rooms has a strange, unfamiliar look; even the good old family cat looks wishfully up into my face and knows there is something wrong and tries to comfort me by rubbing her soft gray fur against my hand; everything seems to say: 'Mother is sick.' All seem to have lost their life and brightness. The home has lost its soul, and we realize more than ever before, that it is the mother who makes the home. Even the flowers in the old-fashioned garden always seemed to look more brightly and proudly into her face because they know she loves them and is something akin to them in her pureness of heart; but bow anxiously and with a dull heavy pain in our hearts we watch that dear pale face until all traces of pain have left it, and it can smile on us once more as we enter the room (and how quickly that smile will come for us.)

And when we see her sitting again in her favorite chair, her face bright with returning health, that dull weight is lifted from the heart and it grows light with unspeakable gladness and warmth, as after a cold dark day, the clouds suddenly disappear, and heaven's beautiful sunlight shines upon us once more.

POLLY PAXTON.

A Poet's Pen.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has a gold pen which has been a constant companion for twenty-five years. Though he has written with it during all that long period, it is as good to-day as if it had only issued a week ago from the manufactory. The poet can not write with any other pen, and cherishes his old servant with the greatest care and affection. He has a note book almost as old—a tattered, torn and limp note book—which has been the depository of his thoughts and confidences for many years.

Fancy the Reflections of the Watch Maker.

'It is not generally known, even among shoe dealers,' said a shoe manufacturer, 'that the hooks which serve in place of eyes for the laces of men's shoes were invented by a little old watchmaker in Aurora Springs, Mo. His name is Klinger, and he still lives there, working at his trade. He sold his patent for the hooks to a Boston man who was out there looking for health, the price paid being \$500. Last year the royalties on these hooks yielded the present owner of the patent the neat income of \$300,000.'

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

The one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation.

Whatever you dislike in another person take care to correct in yourself.

Truth is the foundation of all knowledge and the cement of all societies.

We measure not our cause by our success, but our success by our cause.

We confront the dangers of suffrage by the blessings of universal education.

The ill consequences of one imprudent step will be felt in many an after step.

If men will have no care for the future they will soon have sorrow for the past.

A dollar for the Kindergarten is worth a hundred for the temperance society.

The aim of education should be to teach us rather how to think than what to think.

A cynic is a man who is disappointed because the world was all made when he got there.

Success is largely dependent upon ability to draw correct inferences from accurate observations.

We get the highest power over others by teaching them, both by precept and example, to control themselves.

Go where duty calls, but turn in and help when you get there. Don't stand around with your hands in your pockets.

Every crooked pin, every spitball, every bad-boy device, is a plea for the energy pent-up and struggling to free itself.

The welfare of the children means happier homes, better men and women, purer ballot boxes, and a higher civilization.

The school when governed by an arbitrary and tyrannical teacher, is a fearfully demoralizing influence in a community.

No man was ever so completely skilled in the conduct of life as not to receive new information from age and experience.

There are 2,700 courts in the United States engaged in granting divorces, and one marriage in every twenty-eight is thus annulled.

The limbs and organs of the body must be developed to a certain degree before they can serve as adequate tools for the mind.

It makes the mind free when we give up wishing and only think of bearing what is laid upon us and doing what is given us to do.

The happiness of the human race in this world does not consist in our being devoid of passions, but in our learning to command them.

A man is not educated until he has the power to summon, in an emergency, his mental powers in vigorous exercise to effect his purpose.

I am glad that I am not bound to make the world go right, but only to discover and do with a cheerful heart the work that God appoints.

Nothing can work me damage except myself, the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault.

Some men are always thinking so much about what they would do if they had the chances of somebody else that they utterly neglect their own.

You may only crink from sorrow's cup but once in your whole life, yet you will never be able to get the bitter taste of the dregs out of your mouth thereafter.

Principle, diligence and cheerfulness in a private and inferior condition, are the best preparations for, and the surest pledges of good behavior in higher and more public situations.

Definite work is not always that which is cut and squared for us but that which comes as a claim upon the conscience, whether it's nursing in a hospital or hemming a handkerchief.

Woman was not taken from man's head, that she might govern; nor from under his foot, that she might be trampled on; but from beneath his arm, that she might be protected; and from near his heart that she might be beloved.

Adversity has often developed strength, energy, fortitude and persistence that prosperity could not have produced. The dignity of self-support and self-respect often has been gained when an external prop has been removed.

All physical well-being, all mental sanity, all moral advancement, and of course all happiness, depend upon the continual exercise of power; and this, in its turn, depends upon having an aim close at heart, an object for which it is worthy to strive.

No man can produce great things who is not thoroughly sincere in dealing with himself, who would not exchange the finest show for the poorest reality, who does not so love his work that he is not only glad to give himself for it, but finds rather a gain than a sacrifice in the surrender.

The kind true heart is always young; for the bitter waters of misfortune and dispelled illusion leave no stain on the pure tablet. Such a soul flourishes in imperishable youth; and two to four score years may turn the locks to white, but they can not banish the sunshine from the heart.

The man who locks his door against all strangers will never entertain an angel unaware; the man who shuts his mind and heart by entire engrossment in daily toil, by unfaithfulness to duty, by neglect of principle, by any kind of unrighteous action, will never be visited by divine visions of higher things.

Real education is the formation and training of the mind; to train the mind requires hard, patient and independent thinking and work. The mere crude teaching of a youth a bundle of facts, which he acquires with no labor and, only retaining, neither digests nor assimilates, is no training at all.

The one sole object of education when properly understood, is not to make a gentleman, or a lawyer or a mechanic, or a farmer, but to draw out to their utmost limits all the susceptibilities of our three-fold nature; and the product of this true discipline is not a scholar, nor a philosopher, nor an artist, but a fully developed man.