

THE OLD HOME.

BY EMILY G. WETHERS.

It stands upon the hill-side, with tall elms bending o'er it.

The homestead, with the lilacs by the door. And the quaint, old-fashioned garden, gently sloping down before it.

I remember how the sunshine fell across the golden meadows. Beyond the wooden dooryard, old and worn.

Three brown-eyed little children, with tangled golden tresses. When evening prayer in simple words is said.

TRUSTY JOHN.

Once upon a time there was an old King who was so ill that he thought to himself, "I am most likely on my death-bed."

Now when the time of mourning was over, Trusty John said to him: "It is time you should see your inheritance. I will show you your ancestral castle."

Then Trusty John saw there was no way out of it, so with these heavy and ponderous keys he unlocked the door.

The faithful servant pondered long how they were to set about the matter, for it was said to be difficult even to get into the presence of the Princess.

self as a merchant, and the King had to do the same, so that they should be quite unrecognizable.

When the princess had seen the wares she was quite enchanted, and said: "They are all so beautifully made that I shall buy everything you have."

Then Trusty John was quite delighted, and brought her to the ship; and the King, when he beheld her, said: "I shall buy everything you have."

Now it happened one day, while they were sailing on the high seas, that Trusty John, sitting on the fore part of the ship, fiddling away to himself,

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dicted, and a splendid chestnut bounded toward "Capital" King, "this animal shall carry me to my palace."

But Trusty John was too sharp for him, and, springing upon quick feet, he seized the pistol out of the boaster, and shot the horse dead.

Then the wedding was celebrated, and the bride and groom were joined in the presence of the King and Queen.

And the King and Queen were in despair, and the King said: "Alas! how ill have I rewarded such great fidelity!"

Then Trusty John said to the King: "Your Majesty shall be rewarded, and taking up the heads of the children, he placed them on their bodies, smeared the wounds with their blood, and in a minute they were all right again and jumping about as if nothing had happened.

Carleton College Observatory has issued a star catalogue giving the exact places of 644 companion stars.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S CHILDREN. Hark, a voice that cries and calls, As the summer twilight falls.

SOME LITTLE WORDS.

Three little words of wondrous power Changed the world in a single hour!

SOME WHIMS OF DECORATION.

As we do not build our houses for the sake of providing resting places for ornaments, but rather employ these for the sake of the beauty which they may confer upon our dwellings,

The colored glass camp kettle never had an excuse for its hideous existence, but the scarves, if well chosen, and used in moderation and without formality, may be both useful and beautiful.

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HER GOLDEN CASTLE.

The Story of a Bonnet.

MATTIE M. BOTELER.

Once, upon a time, a poor story-spinner builded for herself a shining, golden castle.

Don't imagine that I am posing as a rival to Jules Verne or Rider Haggard. While I do not deny that it is to the traffic in fiction that I look for my bread and butter

I arose, next morning with a look of determination and, of far off victory in my eye. I too would have for myself a golden top sheaf.

From the luxury side of my purse, I drew the solitary piece it contained. In size, it might have been ten dollars; but it was not.

Over the brim, the crimson velvet was laid in small plaits and the lace stretched tightly above the edge, the ribbon forming a fan-shaped bow at the front.

With trembling haste, I stuffed my bangs and, donning my best gown, adjusted my golden castle and sallied forth.

What's the use of worrying, Of hurrying, Of scurrying.

Nothing's gained by worrying, By hurrying, By scurrying.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Every man mines his own brim's ore. If you want to be happy, be thankful.

It is not the crown that makes the king. A good presence is a letter of recommendation.

Grumbler and growler have no lifting power. There are hypocrites in vice as well as in virtue.

Where religion is a trade, morality is merchandise. Success is a coquet, and a bashful lover never wins her.

It is of no use running; to set out betimes is the main point. The height of fashion and the height of folly are so much alike.

He who sues for success don't get it so often as he who demands it. Conversation should be enlivened with wit, not composed of it.

It is hard work for us to love a man who has no fault nor failings. If the vanity should leave this world, half the virtue would go with it.

He that want money, means an content, is without three good friends. There are but very few men whose wisdom lasts them their lives out.

Reform! Reform! This is too often the watchword of mere charlatans. It is a good horse that never stumbles, and a good wife that never grumbles.

The true way to never understand the judgments of heaven is to submit to them. Fewer people would be wicked if they would only stop to think how bad it looks.

The serene, silent beauty of a holy life is the most powerful influence in the world. We are never in more danger of being laughed at than when we are laughing at others.

The easiest way to bear your own troubles is to try to lighten those of other people. Business has come to be a buying what one does not want, and selling what one has not got.

Flattery is just like anything else we deal in—the supply is always regulated by the demand. Mankind are all stamped equal at their birth. Virtue alone the difference makes on earth.

Very few girls marry "the best man." They generally take "the bridegroom for better or worse." Listeners are not after the good they will bear of themselves, but the bad they hear of others.

If none of your neighbors seem to have much religion, it is a sure sign that you need more your self. Sunday is like a stile between the fields of toil, where we can kneel and pray, or sit and meditate.

None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair, but love can hope where reason would despair. Although the world is full of liars, there are but few men who don't prefer to listen to the truth.

Free living leads to free thinking, free thinking leads to free loving, and free loving leads to the devil. Ambition is like a tread-wheel—it knows no limits; you no sooner get to the end of it than you begin again.

The eyes of becoming importance in the art of others is not to overrate our self, but to cause them to do it. It is dreadful easy to mistake what we think for what we know. This is the way that most of the lies are born.

We have never seen anybody that didn't make mistakes, except babies, and they always died early. The worst education which teaches self denial is better than the best which teaches everything else and not that.

No man ever got his bread by preaching wisdom. Philosophy is a good thing to preach, but a poor thing to live on. The higher and more consecrated the individual life, the clearer will be its recognition of God's help and guidance.

Good breeding seems to be the art of being superior to most people, and equal to all, without letting them know it. Encourage such innocent amusements as may disembody the minds of men and make them mutually rejoice in the same agreeable satisfactions.

When a man is kind to a woman she forgets he was ever cross, and when a woman is cross to a man he forgets she was ever kind. No matter how poor a man may be, he may still have the comforting thought that his skeleton is worth \$20 to any medical college in the land.

Money to man is like water to a plant, only useful as long as it promotes and facilitates growth—like water in the fountain or water in the tank, keep it flowing, and it blesses; keep it stagnant, and it injures.

How wonderful that this one narrow foothold of the present should hold its own so constantly, and, while every moment changing, should still be like a rock betwixt the encountering tides of the long Past and the infinite To-come!

It is impossible to remove the vast difference in wealth and luxury which has existed in all civilized nations between different classes of the community; but the truest happiness and most real pleasures are, or might be within the reach of all.

Without love life is scarcely worth living; with it, the worst blows of fortune fall comparatively muffled and harmless. So long as we love and are beloved, we can bear the whips and stings with stoical equanimity. When love fails us, or the beloved is taken from us, then are our armor of pride, or defence, and our safe-guard gone.

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