BY EMILY G. WETHERBER.

Ir stands upon the hill-side, with tall elms bending o'er it.
The homestead, with the Illacs by the door, And the quaint, old-fashioned garden, gently sloping down before it.
I see it just as in the days of yore.

I remember how the sunshine fell across the golden meadows.

Beyond the wooden doorstep, old and worn:
And how the Summer cloudlets cast their quickly fleeting shadows
On distant fields of rustling, ripening corn on the pleasant roomy kitchen I see my father

sitting.
With leather-covered Bible open wide:
While my sweet-faced mother listens, as she
lays away her knitting.
And rocks the old red cradle by her side. Three brown-eyed little children, with tangled

golden tresses, When evening prayer in simple words is said, Come clinging round her neck with loving, soft Then merrily go tripping off to bed.

O happy years of childhoo i, with thoughts so true and loving.

An sweet and guileless days so full of rest!

Our old hearts love to linger, after all our years of roving.

And clasps found mem'ry's pictures to our breast.

Shall we ever in that country, the bright and giorious heaven.

Win back the s mple innocence and bliss

We knew when, in our childhood, in the dear ol a home at even,

We receive our angel mother's good-night kiss?

—Selected.

TRUSTY JOHN.

king who was so ill that he thought to himself, "Iam most likely on my death-bed." Then he said, "Send Trusty John to me." Now Trusty John was his favorite servant, and was so called because all his life he had served him so faithfully. When he approached the bed the King spake to him. "Most trusty John, I feel my end is drawing near, and I could face it without a care were it not for my son. He is still too young to decide everything for himself, to him as a father, I shall not close my eyes in peace." Then Trusty John eyes in peace." Then Trusty John Then Trusty John was quite de-answered: "I will never desert him, and lighted, and brought her to the ship; will serve him faithfully, even though it should cost me my life." Then the old King said: "Now I die comforted her picture, and thought every moment her picture, and thought every moment and in peace;" and then he went on:
"After my death you must show him
the whole cassic, all the rooms and
the whole cassic, all the rooms and apartments and vaults, and all the treas-ures that lie in them; but you must not ed the ship to push off, "Spread all sail, show him the last room in the long passage, where the picture of the Princess of the Golden roof is hidden. When he beholds that picture he will fall violently in love with it and go off into a dead faint, and for her sake he will encounter many dangers; you must guard him from this." And when Trusty John had again given the King his hand upon it, the old man became silent laid his head on the riller and she was so happy that she did not notice that the ship was sailing away. After she had seen the last thing, she thanked the merch-When he beholds that picture he will died.

When the old King had been carried to his grave. Trusty John told the young King what he had promised his father on his death-bed, and added: "Aud I shall assuredly keep my word, and shall be faithful to you as I have been to him, even though it cost me my

it was so beautifully painted that you imagined it lived and moved, and that it was the most lovable and beautiful thing in the whole world. But the young castle, and shall find out what is in there:" and with these words he approached the door and wanted to force it open, But Trusty John held him back and said: "I promised your father before his death that you shouldn't see what that room contains. It might bring both you and me to great grief." "Ah! no," answered the young King; "if I don't get in, it will be my certain destruction; I should have no peace night or day till I had seen what was in the room with my own eyes. Now I don't budge from the spot till you have opened the door."

Then Trusty John saw there was no way out of it, so with a heavy heart and many sighs he took the key from the big bunch. When he had opened the door he stepped in first, and thought to cover the likeness so that the King horse is slain, the young King will still the horse is slain, the young King will still then he rejoiced that she was of the total the sound of the likeness and ground the likeness and ground the likeness and the l might not perceive it; but it was hope-less; the King stood on tiptoe and looked over his shoulder. And when he saw the picture of the maid, so beautiful and glistening with gold and precious stones, he fell swooning to the ground. Trusty John lifted him up, carried him King puts it on it will burn him to his lated to her all that had passed, and to bed, and thought sorrowfully: "The curse has come upon us; gracious Heaven! what will be the end of it all?" original of the beautiful picture?" "She King is saved. But what's the good? is the Princess of the Golden Roof,' answered Trusty John. Then the King have half his body turned into stone,

into the presence of the Princess. niture—are made of gold. You have in your treasure five tons of gold; let the goldsmiths of your kingdom manufacture them into all manner of vases and vessels, into all sorts of birds and game and wonderful beasts; that will please her. We shall go to her with them. and wonderful beasts; that will please her. We shall go to her with them and try our luck." The King summoned all his goldsmiths, and they had to work hard day and night, till at length the most magnificent things were completed. When a ship had been laden with them the faithful John disguised him-

self as a merchant, and the King had dicted, and a splendid chestnut to do the same, so that they should be bounded tormard. "Capitall" et al. And so they King, "this animal shall carry me quite unracognizabe. crossed the sea and journeyed till my palace," and was about to more, they reached the town where the Prin- but Trusty John was too sharp for him,

cess of the Golden Roof dwelt. Trusty John made the King remain behind on the ship and await his return. "Perhaps," he said, "I may bring the Princess back with me, so see that everything is in order; let the gold ornaments be arranged and the whole that was to bear the King to his palship decorated." Then he took a few sce!" But the King spake: "Silence! of the gold things in his apron, went ashore, and proceeded straight to the palace. When he came to the court-good end he may have done this thing?" yard he found a bea tiful maiden standing at the well, drawing water with two golden pails. And as she was about to carry away the glittering water she bridal skirt, looking for all the world turned round and saw the stranger, and as though it were made of gold and silasked him who he was. Then he re-plied: "I am a merchant;" and opening and was about to take hold of it, but his apron, he let her peep in. "Oh! Trusty John, pushing him aside, seized my," she cried, "what beautiful gold it with his gloved hands, threw it has wares!" She set down her pails, and examined one thing after the other. Then she said: "The Princess must see again, and said: "See, he's actually this, she has such a fancy for gold things that she will buy up all you have got." She took him by the hand and led him into the palace, for she was the lady's maid.

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." But Trusty John said: "I am only the servant of a rich merchant; what I have Once upon a time there was an old here is nothing compared to what my master has on his ship; his merchan-dise is more artistic and costly than anything that has ever been made in gold before." She desired to have everything brought up to her, but he said: "There is such a quantity of things that it would take many days to bring them up, and they would take up bring them up, and they would have no prison." On the following morning prison." space for them in your house." Thus her desire and curiosity were excited to such an extent that at last she said: and unless you promise me to instruct him in all he should know, and to be myself and view your master's treamyself and view your master's trea-

that we may fly on the ocean like a bird in the air." Meanwhile the King showed the Princess inside all his gold was sailing away. After she had seen and said: "Oh! if I could only rethe last thing, she thanked the merch-store you to life my most Trustsilent, laid his head on the pillow, and ant and prepared to go home; but when John!" After a time the Queen gave sht and prepared to go home; but when she came to the ship's side she saw that they were on the high seas, far from land, and that the ship was speeding on its way under full canvas. "Oh!" she cried, in terror, "I am deceived, arried away and betrayed into the "And I shall assuredly keep my word, and shall be faithful to you as I have been to him, eventhough it cost me my life."

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." So he took him over everything, and let him see all the riches and splendid apartments, only the one room where the picture was he did not open. But the picture was placed so that if the door opened you gazed straight upon it, and it was so beautifully painted that you insecued it lived and more days that the picture was beautifully painted that you insecued it lived and more days that the picture was beautifully painted that you integrated in the crick, and deceived, arried away and betrayed into the again full of grief on the stone statue, and sighing wailed: "Oh! if I could only restore you to life, my trusty John!" Suddenly the stone began to speak, and said: "Yes, you can restore me carry you off by stratagem. The first time I saw your likeness I fell to the grief on the stone statue, again full of grief on the stone statue, again full of grief on the stone statue, and sighing wailed: "Oh! if I could only restore you to life, my trusty John!" Suddenly the stone began to speak, and said: "Yes, you can restore me carry you off by stratagem. The first time I saw your likeness I fell to the were again full of grief on the stone statue, and sighing wailed: "Oh! if I could only restore you to life, my trusty John!" Suddenly the stone began to sacrifice what you m

Now it happend one day, while they were sailing on the high seas, that Trusty John, sitting on the fore part but when he thought of Trusty John, sitting on the fore part but when he thought of Trusty John's may pass under the general name of of the ship, fiddling away to himself, fidelity, and how he had even died for bric-a-brac. The worst of it is that observed three ravens in the air flying him, he drew his sword, and with his this arrangement requires an hour or king noticed that Trusty John always toward him. He ceased playing and missed over one door, and said: "Why do you never open this one for me?" "There is something inside that would appall you," he answered. But the king replied: "I have seen the whole king replied: "I have seen the whole in the ceased playing and distance in the air flying toward him. He ceased playing and distance in the air fl "but he's not got her yet." "Yes, he warded;" and taking up the heads of lodge it. has," spake the third, "for she's sitting the children, he placed them on their Anothe has," spake the third, "for she's sitting beside him on the ship." Then number one began again and cried: "That'll not help him! When they reach the land a chestnut horse will dash forward to greet them; the King will wish to mount it, and if he does it will gallop away with him, and disappear into the air, and he will never see his bride again." "Is there no escape for him?" As she entered she said to her: "Did you pray in shurch?" "Yes," she answered; "but my thoughts dwelt conserved. asked number two. "Oh, yes, if some one else mounts quickly and shoots the horse dead with the pistol that is sticking in the holster, then the young King spake: "Dear wife, we can restore him is saved. But who's to know that? and to life, but the price asked is our two any one who knows it and tells him will little sons; we must sacrifice them. not keep his bride; when they enter the palace together they will find a ready-made wedding shirt in a cupboard, fetched the two children and Trusty which looks as though it were woven of John out, saying: 'God be praised!" gold and silver, but is really made of Trusty John is free once more, and we nothing but sulphur and tar; when the marrow and bones." Number three they lived together happily ever afterasked: "Is there no way of escape, then?" "Oh, yes!" answered number Then he poured wine down his throat two; "if some one seizes the shirt with till he came to himself again. The first gloved hands and throws it into the words he spoke were: "Oh! who is the fire, and lets it burn, then the young any one knowing this and telling it will continued: "My love for her is so great from his knees to his heart." Then very life depends on my winning her.
You are my most trusty John; you must stand by me."

more; though the bridal shirt too be burned, the King hasn't then secured his bride; when the dance is held after the wedding, and the young Queen is THE NIGHTINGALE'S CHILDREN. The faithful servant pondered long dancing, she will suddenly grow death-how they were to set about the matter, for it was said to be difficult even to get and unless some one lifts her up and get and unless some one lifts her up and As the summer twilight falls;
At draws three drops of blood from her sobbing through the summer rain. length he hit upon a plan, and spoke to the King. "All the things she has will die. But if any one who knows this "Wake, wake, about her—tables, chairs, dishes, gob-lets, bowls, and all her household fur-niture—are made of gold. You have in

MASE LITTLE WORDS.

good end he may have done this thing?" So they went on their way and entered

again, and said: "See, he's actually burning the King's bridal shirt." But

the young King spake: "Who knows

for what good purpose he does it? Let

Then the wedding was celebrated, the

dance begun, and the bride joined in,

but Trusty John watched her counte

nance carefully. Of a sudden she grew

deathly white, and fell to the ground as

if she were dead. He at once sprung

hastily toward her, tifted her up, and bore her to a room, where he laid her

down, and kneeling beside her he drew

three drops of blood from her right

side, and spat them out. She soon

breathed again and came to herself; but

and he was condemned to be hanged.

As he stood on the gallows he said:

right to speak once before he dies; am I to have this privilege?" "Yes," said the King, "it shall be granted to you."

So Trusty John spake: "I am unjustly

condemned, for I have always been

faithful to you;" and he proceeded to relate how he had heard the ravens'

conversation on the sea, and how he

had to do all he did in order to save his

master. Then the King cried: "Oh!

my most trusty John, pardon! pardon! Take him down." But as he attered the last word Trusty John had fallen

lifeless to the ground, and was a stone.

and the King spake: "Ah! how ill have

I rewarded such great fidelity!" and

made them lift up the stone image and

place it in his bedroom near his bed.

As often as he looked at it he wept

birth to twins, two small sons, who throve

her. One day when the Queen was at

same mind as he had been, and going

fetched the two children and Trusty

have our two sons again." Then he re-

ward.*

The King and Queen were in despair,

'Every one doomed to death has the

him alone; he is my most trusty John.'

aree little words of wondrous power.
Changed the world in a single hour!
Three little words, of letters eight,
All in a moment fixed her fate!
Clear as the tones of a silver bell
Into her ear the message fell,
Filling her heart with a strange content,
And echoing every where she went.
Oh, 'twas no wonder her eyes shone bright!
Oh, 'twas no wonder her heart was light,
And her joy so great! for those words so few,
Those three little words were—I Love You! and, springing up quickly, seized the pistol out of the hoister, and shot the horse dead. Then the other servants of the King, who at no time looked favorab y on Trusty John, cried out:
"What a sin to kill the beautiful beast

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, it should be a rule of first importance to allow in our rooms nothing (whatever its intrinsic value or charm) that does not add to the parmonious beauty of the room in which it is placed.

One might fancy that such a rule was too evidently a canon of good taste to be mentioned, but who can not recall houses in which it has been so forgotten that they more nearly resembric-a-brac shops than tasteful dwellings, so crowded are they with parti-colored wares from every clime, from the barbarous camp kettle of colored glass, hung over a sham fire, to the wilderness of scarves of more or less cost and ugliness which impart an air of artificial untidiness to the neat-

est of rooms? 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. Their employment for decorative purposes followed closely upon a widely copied paragraph telling how a French lady had added point and warmth to the pale blue furnishings of her boudoir by allowing a soft, bright crimson shawl to trail carelessly over the back of her sofa. It seemed a marvelously simple thing to do, this draping of a bit of bright color! And in the course of a few months the "carelessly trailing shawl," transformed into glaringly artificial arrangements of scarves, long or short, wide or narrow, plain or embroidered, coarse or fine, of dull hues or bright, harmonious or not, was seen sprawling about in all sorts of parlors. An easy chair upholstered in crimson, has affixed to the centre of its long suffering back a big bow knot of some half transparent pale pink stuff em-broidered with blue, and on either arm are others having a single knot tied carefully near one fringed end, while the other end is stretched out in a beseeching manner toward the one in the middle, the whole arrangement being kept in their positions of affected carelessness by a legion of concealed pins. An easel-which itself is an awkward and out of place article of furniture for a room of moderate dimensions, is stiffly and grew, and were a constant joy to hung with other scarves, and still others are twisted around picture church, and the two children sat and frames, or-with glaring unfitness-are played with their father, he gazed attached to the corners of mantel piece,

Another whim-now fortunately on the wane-is that of hanging on the parlor walls all sorts of platters and plates. We think it would be within the limits of truth to say that not one piece in five hundred of those so hung is worthy of so conspicuous a position. Few are beautiful, and still fewer are interesting either from unique design or from historic association. For the few that possess interest or value the proper place is not upon parlor walls, but in a cabinet.

And to what place but the garret shall we relegate the spinning wheels and warming pans of a century ago? Are they any more in keeping with our modern parlor furnishings than would be the foot stoves or the looms of a similar date?

Draperies, soft in fabric and harmonious in coloring are beautiful in their proper places, but they are great dust-collectors and we fear that even these are becoming too abundant in our houses. We know an asthmatic who declares that portieres are an invention of the Evil One to heighten her sufferings; so much is she affected by the dust which collects upon them and is disturbed every time that they are

But, however unhealthful they may Carleton College Observatory has isbe, well chosen draperies are beautiful, sued a star catalogue giving the exact while the Japanese combinations of places of 644' companion stars," as debeads and bamboo which for a time places of 644' companion stars," as determined by original Observations. It took the place of curtains in our interthat if all the leaves on the trees had number three spake: "I know yet tongues they could not express it; my more; though the bridal shirt too be and is a valuable contribution to astroeither pretty or useful. Hung between two well lighted rooms they do not serve as screens, for everything is plainly visible through them; and the drafts that set them to rattling like castanets have free range. The only place where we have seen them of any real service was in a city house, where for economy of space the stairs are placed in a wide hall between the front and near rooms. In order to utilize this space as a music room the stairway was screened with these bamboo and bead hangings falling from the ceiling to the floor in front of the stair rail. As there was no light behind them one could pass up and down the stairs with-out being observed, while there was sufficient light from the hall way (or sumcient ignt from the half way (or music room) to enable the unseen per-son to move fearlessly. These bamboo and bead ropes have the advantage over draperies that they are easily kept free from dust by passing a damp cloth 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. "As if story-spinners were not always building castles!"

Ah, but this one was different. It had a tangible being out side the brain of its author. 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 (which, alas, is itself too often fiction) I will vouch for the truth of what I am about to relate. In the first place, I must blushingly confess myself to be the heroine of this "o'er true tale." It came about in this way, I think. I had availed myself of

the privilege acceded even the dollarless woman of doing the openings. With the admiring crowds, I stood gazing at the coquettish hats and loves of bonnets, posed to win the golden opinions and also shekels of my frail sex. Suddenly there burst upon my vision such a dream of beauty that, from that moment, my peace of mind was gone from me. I can not, even now describe it-a bewildering symphony in crimson and gold.

"Here," I soliloquized, "is the bonnet designed by fate for my peculiar

style of beauty."
I was seized with an irresistible desire to try it on. I might have asked the privilege, but the haughty mien of Her-salesladyship deterred me. And I went home to wrestle with the problem of a bonnet of gold sans a pocket of silver.

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. The sordid Uncle Sam declared it to be worth five cents. Vulgar people called it a nickel. And yet, t held possibilities. But I had other resources, a certain box, which I drew from its hiding-place, emptying its

contents upon the floor.
"It contained?" Well, candidly, 'things." From out of this beterogeneous mass, I quickly made my selec-tion. Here was a roll of wire, saved from the rim of a departed sun hat; there, a yard of cotton bobinet, stiff, and fine of mesh; a scant yard of coarse, linen lace, a strip of crimson velvet, thick and rich, and a yard of cream ribbon, with edge of deep crimson. This last, I had joyfully carried away from a bargain counter one day, to find, alas, that I had nothing under the sun with which to wear it. But at last, it's hour of destiny had arrived.

After careful measurement, I constructed, of soft pasteboard, a brim, oblong and narrow, covering it neatly with cheese cloth, that it might tell no tales. To this, I fastened pieces of wire tacking together, where they crossed and, forming a skeleton crown, much religion, it is a sure sign that you high in front and sloping to the back. Over this, I drew firmly a piece of bobinet. And lo, I had a frame not haughty milliner had demanded seven- pray, or sit and meditate. ty-five cents.

generous square from the remaining net, I pinned it firmly to a board; and with a bottle of gold paint and a stiff brush, subjected the net, and also the bit of lace, to a bath of gold, repeating it until both sparkled with the sheen of real bullion. Having invested my cash capital in a ball of tinsel, I powdered the net with tiny rings of the tinsel sewed firmly to it, outlining also the bolder patterns of the lace in this way. The net was soft enough to puff gracefully and stiff enough to retain its shape, covering loosely the skeleton

crown. 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.

In an ecstasy of delight, I held it at arms length and gazed upon my materialized dream.

With trembling haste, I fluffed my bangs and, donning my best gown, adjusted my golden castle and sallied forth. As I followed the gentlemanly usher to my chair in the dress circle, a patronizing, Duchess of Marlborough smile illumed my face. True, that haughty artist, Mademoiselle Bonnet strings, was seconding at me from net strings, was scowling at me from across the assle; while, behind me, Mrs. De Moneybags was turning green with envy and, wondering how a poor writer of rejected manuscripts could afford imported bonnets. And yet, when the lecture was over, the smile was still there; so also was the bonnet. It was tormenting the tormenter. It was becoming, and it had cost a nickel.

QUIET WAYS ARE BEST.

What's the use of worrying,
Of hurrying,
And scurrying,
Everybody flurrying,
And breaking up their rest?
When every one is teaching us,
Preaching and beseeching us,
To settle down and end the fuss,
For quiet ways are best.
The rain that trickles down in showers,
A blessing brings to thirsty flowers;
Sweet fragrance from each brimming cup
The gentle zephyrs gather up.

There's ruin in the tempest's path;
There's ruin in a voice of wrath;
And they alone are blest
Who early learn to dominate
Themselves, their violence abate,
And prove, by their serene estate,
That quiet ways are best.

Nothing's gained by worrying,
By hurrying,
And scurrying,
With fretting and with flurrying
The temper's often lost;
And in pursuit of some small prize
We rush ahead and are not wise,
And find the unwonted exercise
A fearful price has cost.

Tis better far to join the throng
That do their duty right along;
Reluctant they to raise a fuss,
Or make themselves ridiculous.
Calm and serene in heart and nerve.
Their strength is always in reserve,
And nobly stands each test;
And every day and all about.
By scenes within and scenes without,
We can discern, with ne'er a doubt,
That quiet ways are best.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Every man mines his own brims'o e. If you want to be happy, be thankfu. Ostentation is the signal flag of hypo-

It is not the crown that makes the king.

A good presence is a letter of recom-Look not at adversity with a spirit of mockery.

Grumbl-rs and growlers have no liftng 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.

It is as hard to make a weak man upright as it is an empty bag. 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 fallings.

If the vanity should 'eave this world, half the virtue would go with it. He that wants money, means and 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 un erstand 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 Canger of being laughed at than when we are laughing

at others. The easie-t 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 Very few girls marry "the best man." They generally take "the bridegroom

for better or worse." Listeners are not after the good they will hear of themselves, but the bad they

hear of others. If none of your neighbors seem to have

need more yourself. Sunday is like a stile between the less chic than that for which the fields of toll, where we can kneel and

None without hope e'er loved the But the end was not here. Cutting 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 art of becoming of importance in the eyes 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.

Facourage such innocent amusements as may disembitter the minds of men and make them mutually rejoice in the same agreeable satisfactions.

When a man iskind 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 mo-ment 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

Without love life is scarcely worth Without love life is scarcely worth living; with it, the worst blows of fortune fall comparatively muffied 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 de-fence, and our safe guard gone