A Thousand Cheers.

A thousand cheers for the blighted life, The lonely one- we daily meet, The sad, sad lot-a knight in the strife Is trodden down by rapid feet.

He needs our hand in the neartless race, The voice of love might calm his fears, Oar smile might brighten his care w

Inspire his life with a thousand cheers.

A thousand cheers for the sewing girll With her tired hands and her hevy

Though pure in soul-unknown in the whin Of money-makers in city mart.

O beautiful flower on the toilsome path,

O jewel rare for the weary eyes, ught sublime that her toiling hath O the

A thousand cheers from the starry, skies

A thousand cheers for the honest boy, Unlearned in schemes of fame and wealth,

Whose steps are heralds of restless jcy-The restless joy of rugged health. The clouds may shadow, some sunny day, This picture gilt with morning light, But honor on earth still finds a way

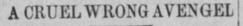
And room enough for a deed of right.

A thousand cheers for the man of might! Who bravely strives when others fail, Who marches on to the losing fight

When rights go down and wrong prevail The man who bears the scorn and the

frown And Censure's bitter blasting breath,

Receives at last, a dear-bought crown, A thousand cheers at the gates of death



On the plazza of a spacious residence on the plantation of Mark Denham, ir Alabama, sat two gentlemen in earness conversation. The elder was about forty years of age, the other but twenty. three. The former was the owner of the plantation, and the young man, Louis Hirst, was a visitor in the vicinity; he had seen Eila Denham, the niece of Mr. Denham, a beautiful brunette of twenty, and fallen in love with her. She loved him in turn, and he was now asking her uncle's consent to the union. A peculiar smile lit up the features of the planter, which he sought the young man and said:

"The significance of your words, as] understand them, implies that you want the girl for your wife?"

Hirst inclined his head, and the planter continued:

"Well, young man, I cannot say that I have any objections to the match.] suppose you have settled matters between yourselves?" he asked, and again the peculiar triumphant smile illumined his features.

"Yes, sir," was the response, "and she reterred me to you."

"And very proper, too," Denham re ouned. "You have my consent; bui before you wed her you should be lef into a little secret of her pedigree-4 secret she does not know herself, I be lieve,

"I think I have heard that which you reser to," was the smiling rejoin-

"Indeed!" exclaimed the planter, in arprise. "I cannot believe it," "You refer to the flight of Ella's father after that fatal duel, ten years ago, do you not?" asked Hirst. "No: that is a trivial matter in comparison to what I have to reveal. Listen, I will relate the story in a few words. You have, I presume, observed the handsome quadroon woman who officiates as housekeeper in the family?" "Yes, and a handsome, as well as intelligent and refined woman she appears to be,' rejoined the young man, quite unprepared for what was coming. "She is Ella Denham's mother !"

wore an expression that boded no good to the young man; he was about to follow after his assailant, when a low voice

"Uncle, I want to speak to you." "I will see you after I have chastised

cried:

that scoundrel," was the hasty response, and the next moment he disappeared. Deuham did not return until a late

hour; whether he and Hirst had met ras not known; nor was it known what ranspired in the interview between the planter and his niece.

It was prolonged until past midnight, and, according to the testimony of the servants, it was a stormy interview; violent words were used by both, but their import could not us learned.

When all was quiet the affrighted servants retired. In the morning they found their master dead in bed-stabbed in the heart.

Ella Denham was awakened and apprised of what had occured, and she at once denounced Louis Hirst as the murderer. She hastened to inform the authorities of the tragedy, stating that her uncie and Hirst had had a serious quarrel the previous evening, during which the young man knocked down Mr. Denham, and that in was her firm belief that Hirst was the assassin,

The young man was taken into custody at his hotel, just as he was on the eve of departure for his home in Philadelphia. He expressed both surprise and horror when he learned what had occurred, but smiled disdainfully when told who was his accuser.

Before a magistrate, the girl repeated what she had witnessed, but did not positively declare that Hirst had killed her uncie, but was impressed with that belief.

Hirst stoutly denied the killing, and said he was willing to swear that after he parted from Denham, after their quarrel, he went directly to his hotel and retired.

That night he slept in a felon's cell, Next morning, Ella Denham was missing, and the greatest consternation prevailed among the servants, who sought to conceal from the pleader. He faced for her everywhere in the vicinity without success. She had disappeared and left no trace behind her. Why she went away and whither she had gone was an unexplained mystery.

> The coroner's jury found Louis Hirst guilty of the murder, and the young man was remanded for trial,

> When the deceased's affairs were examined it was discovered that the plantation really belonged to his excled brother. This was attested to by the attorney who conveyed the estate, in trust, to Mark Denham, by the consent of Richard, his brother, said estate to become the exclusive property of Ella Denham, daughter and only child of the exile, when she attained her majority,

Where Richard had bidden himself was known to few, if any, save, per-Mr. Barbour, the attorney. haps, Whether Eila knew it could only be conjectured, but it was presumed she knew where her father was and had probably joined nim. But the cause of her abrupt departure was a mystery. It it had not been for the set that she and her uncle lived on most amicable terms, her hasty flight would certainly have looked suspicious and in-clined the neighbors to think that she, instead of Hirst, had committed the murder. At the trial that followed, Hirst's counsel had subj onned Lizzie, the quadroon, as a witness for the defense, and truly her evidence created a sensation in court. It appeared that Mr. Mark Denham had her in his power-tne reason she would not give, however. Presuming that he compelled her to assume the position of mother to the girl, Hirst believed to be a slave, tainted with African blood. "I nursed E'la from early infancy," the witness said. "Her mother died directly after her babe was born, and she was a white woman. I was in the parlor and heard the whole conversation between Louis Hirst and Mark Denham. 1 was instructed by the latter to appear at a certain stage of the conversation and proclaim that I was Ella's mother. I did not know that the poor man ambassador offered the late owner girl was also a secret listener to the foul slander Denham uttered against her until I feit my hand seized by her's and then, with a moan of pain, she sank insensible at my feet. "After I had played my part on the piszza, I returned to my poor charge and restored her to consciousness, when I undeceived her and told her the truth. This aroused her anger to a pitch of madness, and she swore she would "I endeavored to appease her, and pointed out to her that no harm was done, now that the calumniator had wedding be?" asked the planter, in a been properly chastised by Hirst, who, mocking tone, and he no longer strove himself, would probably return to his northern home, and no one would repeat the scurrilous story." "Properly punished!" cried the girl in scornful tones, "do you call being simply knocked down proper publish-ment for so atroctors a slander? You shall see what I deem a proper punishment for such a dastard. "That night after Denham returned from his search for Hirst, he and E ia had hot words about it, but their nature I did not learn, However," continued she, "when I found in the morning that pham had been killed during the night I feared that the girl had com-

When Denham arose to his feet he who instantly disappeared in the crowd. The letter was addressed to himself, Jalapa now contains not more than written in a beantiful feminine band. 10,000 inhabitants, baving lost much of He opened it, looked at the signature its importance as a commercial entreand saw the name of E ia Denham, pot by the opening of the Mexican Rail-Hastily thrusting the letter into his pocket he went to his hotel and in the

Jalapa.

privacy of his room he read its con-This is what he read: ents.

"Sir-Had you come directly to me after that ioul slander was foisted upon you by my uncle, and manifested sympathy for me on account of that 'acci-lent of my birth,' I might have forgiven you even though you abandoned me afterwards: that would, at least, have been acting a maniy part. But, nstead, you be leved the 'coined lie, though uttered by an avowed enemy, and cowardly fied without seeing me or asking for an explanation. If you have ruly loved me you are now filly punished since you have the assurance that I am no 'negro.' But even were we to meet hereafter-which is not likely-I shall never recognize you, bear that in mind. I know you did not kill my uncle, but to satisfy my outraged leelings I caused your arrest, I aid not choose to have your blood upon my soul, and had you been condemned I would have proclaimed myself as the person who took the life of the miscreant, who, to gratify a petty spite he had sgainst your father, would have imolated me on the altar of his unholy revenge! But I am amply revenged for me, and I do not regret the act. You may make whatever useyou see fit of this voluntary confession; its promulgation cannot harm me, for I am lost to all who knew me in Montgomery, and they shall never see me again, With a saddened heart the young

man went home with that chastening letter close to his heart. He kept her secret, for he now doubly loved the spirited girl who was lost to him for-

But the matter was not to remain a secret in spite of his resolve to shield the girl he loved. Lazzie called on the mayor and made a voluntary statement that Mark Denham fell by her hand. On being closely questioned she entered into the details of the murder in enough to admit several chairs; and in so concise a manner that not a doubt this safe but slightly dim alcove I spend arose as to her guilt. most of the quiet days with book or

She was arraigned and subsequently pencil, after the manner of Las Jalacommitted for trial, and the affair was penas. Outside at this moment, I see widely published in the papers.

take place the authorities received a shine-for in this enchanting atmosletter from Ella Denham, in which she boldiy proclaimed herself as the murderer of her uncle, and gave her reasons for committing he deed.

Denham had blasted her hopes of happiness by coining a cruel whereby she was forever separated from the man she loved, and such a wrong could only be condoned for with the blood of the wretch.

The trial of Lizzie took place, but it was a farce, notwithstanding she vehemently declared that she, and not Ella, had killed Damham; that the girl meant only to shield her from harm.

her letters-namely, L'zzie confessed the murder only to shield Ella, whom she loved better than life. She wound New York, throughout Southern Mexup in these words, which decided the Ico, Yucatan and Central America, jury in their verdict: "I had a powerful motive for what I did. What motive had poor Lizz'e? day, they were essential for defense, None whatever." It appeared that the woman's only apprehension was that her darling would wilds-and, among these unreasoning be arrested and perhaps han jed for the people, a habit once formed descends prime, hence her confession.

plugged coin taken in at the stations, and refused at the banks, as well as the foreign com. He also buys up the mutilated silver, nickels and coppers that are dropped by absent-minded passengers into the gate boxes. There way from Vera Cruz to the City of are many persons who, on getting their Mexico via Orizaba. Such another odd change with a ticket at the window of old town can scarcely be imagined. the ticket office, will carefully put the Grass grows rankly in all its stony ticket in their pockets, and will drop streets, which straggle up and down their change in the toll-collector's box. the deep hillsides, winding in and out Some ladies drop their pocketbooks in, with labyrinthine crookedness. Its low while they hold their ticket with great casas, clinging to the heights, are all of solid stone -plainer without than

care. Inside of each box there is a cylinder full of teeth, and when a piece those of Vera Cruz, but more handof coin gets into the receptacle below. somely decorated within; all apparently it has two holes in it or is chipped at built centuries ago, and nothing but the edges. Every day the mass of the sturdy vines that overgrow them mutilated tickets is overhauled in the has held their crumbling walls so long main office before being sent into the together. There is no squalid poverty waste, and these coins are sifted out. in Jalapa, no filthy alleys nor uncleanly From \$5 to \$50 a day have been picked hovels. Every antique house is as neatout in this way. The money 18 80 ly whitewashed as its canopy of roses mutilated that it cannot be passed, and will allow, and bordered with outside it is sold to the old coin man for about "dadoes" of blue, pink or yellow. The 70 cents on the dollar. Hotel Vera Cruzana is a dilapidated

This curious speculator sometimes. but delightful rookery, built around a Moorish court filled with fountains, carties away \$600 or \$700 worth of such flowers and pomegramates, where pea- coin. He calls himself a "money dressfowls strut and pigeons coo all day in | er," a business which he insists is just the sleepy sunshine. Mine host is a as legitimate as that of a "coffee picture to behold-his swarthy face half polisher," or a dry goods dresser. He the foul wrong he would have put upon hidden by a wide sombrero, breeches beats out the twisted and bruised coin, bedecked with silver coins, and a dag- cleans the soiled copper, brighteas the ger and brace of pistols stuck in his foreign coin, and goes on his tour to crimson sash. The tiled floor of my dispose of his goods. The foreign apartment is, of course, carpetless; the money is sold to the stewards of foreign little iron bedstead is berufiled like a vessels, and the poor American coin is Frenchwoman's; pitchers and water- worked off at the cattle yards and sent jars of dark red pottery from Gaudala- out West. Much of it finds its way into the hands of the cowboys, who spend it jara are quaint enough to drive a collector of ceramics crazy, and the wide un- as freely as though it was fresh from glazed window has iron bars outside the Mint, The "money dresser" searches his purchases very carefully, and rude inner shutters of solid mahogany, which wood is here as cheap as and occasionally finds an old coin that pays him several hundred per cent, pine, made like the doors of a barn. The walls being of enormous thickness, profit when resold to collectors of rare the stone window-ledges are wide zoins,

> "Do you make a living in this way?" "Indeed I do, and a very nice living, 100

A PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

Several days before her trial was to a lepero sleeping peacefully in the sun- 1 Thrilling Experience of a Cleveland Hunter on the Texas Plains.

A prairie on fire is a sight seldom seen by people at the present time. Mr. B. P. Gardner of the County Auditor's office, tells of a thrilling experience he had not ong ago while hunting on the plains of Texas.

resembling Roman swords) are worn by "We left the railroad and journeyed all the natives hereabouts, and are the into the interior of the great State on universal implement for every purpose, horseback," said Mr. Gardner, "with domestic or mechanic, peaceful or murthe tall waving grass on every side as far derous. You might search the vaiole as the eye could reach. We saw evidgreat State of Vera Cruz for a rake or ence of small, fires from time to a hoe, and find none, even among the time, but we had made up our minds that we would see none

point about 500 miles from any railroad.

We proceeded to make ourselves com-

fortable for the day, for we were very

tired and we intended to take a good

rest. After breakfast we stretched out

selves out on our blankets, with the

were taking it as easy as we could. All

at once we heard a terrible noise like

distant thunder, and jumping up we

saw a sight we shall never forget. The

prairie was on fire. For miles and miles

as far as we could see the flames shot

up in the air with a deafening roar.

The wind was blowing fresh and the

fire was coming towards us with the

swiftness of a railroad. Looking in the

opposite direction from the fire there

was nothing to be seen but grass, grass

grass. There was no way of escape.

could think of went pell mell past us

the way of the fire, which was chasing

them at a rapid rate, although it was

many miles away. Our old guide, who

had been around the prairies all his life,

away upon the waving sea of grass be-

when we reached that we would be all

right. We mounted our ponies, but I

knew well enough we could not go five

miles before the fire would catch us.

The roaring increased and it began to

get warm. Birds and animals rushed

by us more frantic than ever. An idea

struck me. Jumping from my pony I

soon had our ponies and effects in the

soon, for looking in the direction of the

fire I saw it part at the point where we

were not burned to death. as we would

have been if we had followed the old

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Little troubles are the most deadly. The right kind of sugar never sours. Love is always willing to be crucified. Troubles always look big at a disance.

Our power lies in the strength of our ntuitions.

Before you can do much good, you must be good.

Don't do anything that will wound your conscience

Kind words never die: unkind words don't die either.

Many a man signs his death warrant with his teeth.

In nothing else can there be such a Change as in man.

There is no such word as light in the bl nd man's dictionary.

When the world can't understand a man it calls him a crank.

Most men take life as they find it. doctors in particular.

It is vanity to wish to live long, and to be careless to live well.

It is strange, but the dregs of a pot of "red paint" are always blue.

Doing a wrong thing with a good notive does not make it right.

One blind man can easily prove to another that there is no sun.

Love is the only thing that can lighten burdens by adding to them.

Probably troubles never come singly because misery loves company.

How we do admire the wisdom of those who come to us to ask for advice. When you want to see the crooked

made straight, look at a railroad map. Every man eats, but it is only here and there that you find one who thinks.

Suffering is always a consecration. It brightens and purifies.

It is always our own feeling that iluminates the objects around us.

Find a man who grows a little, and you will find one who works little.

The highest and most profitable lesson is the true knowledge of ourselves, As a rule the less folly a man is cursed with the more he dreads his own foolish-

DESS. No one is useless in this world who lightens the burdens of it for any one else.

Woman possesses in good, as well as evil, an energy which surpasses that of man.

If you want to find the most misersble man in the world find the most seltish one.

Knowledge is power, but it takes something more than head work to turn a grindstone.

How much easier it is to be pleasant to people of consequence than to those who are no account.

There is something lovable in all people, if we could but stand where we could see it.

The man who can learn from the experience of other people is an apt the fiery element itself. One scholar.

"My Godl" cried the young man, as he started to his feet.

As he uttered this exclamation a fain wail echoed it behind him, and Lizze. the alleged mother of Ella, stepped out upon the piszza and stood before them, 'Do you doubt my words?" Denham

asked the stricken lover, as he sat with his face buried in his hands,

Hirst made no response.

"Because, if you do, here is mother to verify my statement," the planter continued.

Hirst looked up and gazed at the woman in a dazed manner for a moment, then hoarsely asked her if it were trae?

"That I am Ella Denham's mother? Yes," was the reply. "And her father?" asked Hirst.

"Lichard Denham," replied the wo-

man.

"And Ella was born-when?" almost whispered the anguished young man. "In 1857, three years before the rebellion.

"Were you a slave then?"

"I was," replied Lizzie, and at a avenge the cutrage. signal from Mr. Denham the quadroon "I endeavored to glided into the house.

"Well, Mr. Hirst, when shall the to conceel the triumphant expression that now lit up his whole face.

"Sir; you insult mel" cried the young map, starting to his feet again.

"Don't want to marry a slave, ch?" "Mr. Denham," was the indignant response to this taunt, "I took you for a gentleman, but I now see my mis-

Denham flamed up at these words, and, striding up to the young man, he hissed these words in his face:

"The same mistake, perhaps, I made when 1 took your father for one fifteen De years ago. He was my neighbor, and by devilish means he enticed me to resort to the gambling table, and almost to her. rained me. He fled to the North with his ill-gotten gains, and I could not reach him. However, I swore to be even with him on one of his kin.

"You came most opportunely, and you may suppose I eagerly watched your growing love for the daughter of a slave, and was not slow in striking at

the proper time. "Marry her, if you will," he con tinned, "I shall not say nay; possibly she will make you a good wife-good evongh, anyway, for the son of such a father as Pailip Hirst,"

"Wretch!" cried the now enraged man, and with one blow he struck the planter prostrate at his feet, then sped away in the gloom of the deepening twilight.

mitted the deed, a nd intimated as much "No,' she answered, 'I was just per-

and that act I lay to his credit as an offset sgainst his cruel decision not to unite his destines with one of the "accursed race." I shall nevertheless, dencauce him to the authorities, and let them decide his fate. I loved him truly, and now despise him."

"After her flight, however," the woman said in conclusion, "I was con-

put upon her, and I believe so still," The jury was of the same opinion

and acquitted the accused after a brief consultation in the box.

As Louis left the door a letter was thrust into his hand by a colored lad.

Eila never returned to her late home and the proparty was disposed of by the attorney, the proceeds of which doubtless reached either E la or her "ather.

An Old Drinking Cup.

A silver drinking cup which formerly belonged to Frederick the Great has just been sold at Berlin for two thousand roubles. The cup was presented to Frederick by his troops, and he drank The only drawback to unalloyed enjoyout of it on his last battle-field. There are inscriptions on it of the names and dates of his great victories, and it is in all respects a rare curiosity. The Gerfive thousand ros bles for it some years ago, but he then refused to sell it.

New Telephone Device,

A new device has been invented for telephone stations. They are so constructed that a person wishing to use them enters a box, and on depositing a nickel in the fare box a clock indexes his entrance and he is permitted to occupy the box five minutes. At the expiration of that time he must leave the box, or, if he remains, he must pay a second fare. Should be decline pay. ing the fare he is bolted within and the machine telephones the fact to the central office. Then he must remain until released by a messenger from said office. These boxes are designed for cigar shops, drug stores and such places accossible to the public.

Whoever takes a little child into his ore may have a very roomy heart, but that child will fill it all. The children that are in the world keep us from growing old and cold; they cling to our garments with their little hands and impede our progress to petrifaction; with their pleading eyes they win us back from cruel care; they never encumber us at all. A poor old couple with no one to love them is a most pitiful picture; but a hovel with a small face in it is robbed of its desolation

The man who stands ready to break a lance with all self-opinionated oppon-ents will fight more windmills than ever did Don Quixote.

This is the law, of benefits between men; the one who ought to forget at once what he has given, the other ought never to forget what he has recelved.

A woman can say more with a few tears than a man can express in a book. few days to purchase the worn and that is negligent is many ways tempted.

Sunday we stopped for the day at a though they are unknown in the Northern States, Doubtless, in an earlier and for cutting paths through the tropic from father to son forever.

phere even beggars forget to beg; and a

boy, folling upon the sharp stones that

pave the main thoroughfare, is lazily

cutting grass for his donkey with a

machete somewhat longer than himself.

These machetes (enormous knives, much

In quiet Jalapa no sound of wheels is ever heard, and probably a carriage was never seen here, for these steep streets, as tiresome as picturesque, were constructed long before such vahicles had been thought of. The backs of mules and Indians serve all purposes for which carts are usually employed, and horseback riding is an unfailing delight, for some of the finest views in the world are obtained from the surrounding hills. ment in these otherwise perfect days is the frequency of chipi chipis, as the light drizzling showers are called; and ven these are blessings in disguise, for hey keep vegetation perpetually at its creenest and render dust an "unknown mantity." Of all the queer plazas, quaint market places and charmingly rotesque old churches it has been my good fortune to find, those of Jalapa ear off the paim. All the ancient stone anctuaries have curiously shaped roofs. with towers and buttresses, having been wilt in days when churches served for orts and places of refuge, as well as for purposes of worship. Among other andmarks belonging to a half-forgotten -poch is the old monastery of San Franisco, built in 1555, looming up amid loom and beauty like a ghost of the gloomier past. Its walls are apparently comb-proof, but that wing which was ormerly occupied by the Inquisition was rent in twain by lightning not nany years ago, and the ghastly wound remains as a sign from heaven that such niquities as once occurred within its walls shall be practiced no more.

rushed out into the tall grass several The Franciscan Convent, built by the hundred feet and started a fire. It went conquerors for the benefit of the early with a whirl and in a minute a space of Jalapans, is now converted into a colthree or four hundred acres had been It one dare venture upon the lege. moldering stairs that wind up its lofty | burned. We worked with a will and teeple it is well worth the trouble of middle of the bare spot. It was none too climbing them for the sake of the matchless view to be gained from the summit. The courtyard of the convent is a hundred feet square, surrounded by massive had stood a few minutes before, and stone walls shaped into arcades of two then it went by us with a terrific roar. stories, the upper part being a series of spacious cells. Now all wears an as-It was terribly smoky and hot, but we ect of ruin and decay, like the fortunes of its founders, for more than once has the old pile been converted into a cav-

airy barrack, where the bugle has guide." sounded the morning call as often as the big bell to matins, and monks and mules shared the desecrated cloisters

the elevated railroad, New York, every to and fro with the waves, so the man

It isn't safe to judge a man by the clothes he wears-they may belong to his room mate.

Now it is my nature to accept every offer that means a wider outlook from a higher point of observation.

He who does right from principle is just ninety-four per cent. alead of him ponies tied a short distance away, and who does right from interest.

A man never finds out how little he knows until his children begin to ask him questions.

Some persons have the luck of perceiving stupidities only after having committed them.

if we only knew what our enemies have suffered is would not be hard for us to be forgiving.

Every sorrow has its limits, and the most violent outbursts exhaust most quickly the fountain of pain.

We are never in earnest about anything that we cannot occasionally get enthusiastic over.

The roar of the fire became louder and It is well enough for charity to begin louder every minute. Birds went screamat home, but it shouldn't stop there, It ing by, terrified by the sight and sound, ought to be a great traveler. and almost every kind of game a person

There are two kinds of people in the world. Those who have found that they are fools, and those who have .'t.

screaming, booting, barking and screeching, caring for nothing but to get out of F-ar makes man a slave to thers. This is the tyrant's chain. Anxiety is a form of cowardice, embittering life.

First there occurreth to the mind a simple evil thought; then a strong imaginat on; afterward delight; and lastly was frightened, much to my surprise.

He cast his eye upon the fire and then How easy it is to feel generous when you get a chance to tell other people what they ought to do with their money. A good deal of the trouble in this life yond, and soid we must mount our ponies quickly and ride away before the fire as fast as we could. There was a comes because men take too much time to make money, and too little to enjoy trail about ten miles away, he said, and

> The love of approbation, the desire to please, to be adm red, to be loved, is in some way the cau e of all heroic, selfdenying and sublime actions.

A cynic has written:

The hearts of most men are like the grates in unns, where the smile of any pretty woman is enough to set it in

Living only to get riches generally turns out like the boy who got the hor-Let's nest. Just as he thought he had it he found out that it had him.

IT is a common remark for a man to assert that such a woman is as homely as sin. And yet mankind is ever prone to embrace sin.

It is the bubbling stream which flows gently, the juttle rivulet which runs along day and night by the farmhouse, that are useful, rather than the swollen flood or winding cataract. So it is the quiet daily virtues of life that accomplish the greatest good, rather than fine-span heories and high-sounding pretensions.

"We find Christians," says St. Ligouri, "who communicate daily, yet commit mortal sin; Christians who give abundant alms, yet commit mortal sin; Christians who fast and mortify their oodies, yet commit mortal sin; but you will never find a soul who medits daily that remains in a state of mortal

Energy will do any thing that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged animal a man with-

out it. For as a ship without rudder 's tossed An old coin man visits the offices of

A Money Dresser.

ogether