A Face, as poet's visions fair,
A dro ping head with wealth of hair,
Golden as Summer's sun:
Two knitting-ne-dle long and bright,
Two hands that wield them small and white:
Low, murmured words—what do they mean,
Those sounds so soft and sibyline?—
"Pearl one—knit two—make one."

In admiration dumb I sit.
Fair Margaret, and watch thee knit—
I am most awfully hard hit;
My business thou hast done!
I dare not kneel at those small feet
And tell thee how I tove thee, sweet;
For ah! no kind words ever greet
My ears—those red lips just repeat,
"Pearl one—knit two—make one."

I mused upon that mystic phrase Through restless nights and heavy days, Until at length, with sudden biaze, I seek my Margaret—I press
My suit—I hear her whispered "Yes;"
I take that finger woite, and there
A half-hoop of her namesakes fair,
I place, and cry with joyous air,
"'Tis thus that I 'pearl' one."

"Thy knitting incantation, love,
That erst my wonder off did move,
A prophecy most true will prove—
Its working has begun;
Soon shall I claim that little hand.
Soon at the altar shall we stand,
The Church her blessing give us, and
By knitting two—make one!"

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

It does not take so much to be contented.

A bore is a Damocletian sword to the busy man.

No mortal's bread is ever buttered on Uncertainty is the keenest favor of

Employment and hardships prevent

melancholy. Beware equally of a sudden friend and a slow enemy.

The successful rival is always a contemptible .camp. Faith is the greatest builder, and envy

the greatest destroyer. Laziness travels so slowly that poverty

soon overtakes him. A man cannot be truly eloquent if he knows not how to listen.

Tact can afford to smile while genius ard talent are quarre ing.

Confide your secrets to the wind, but do not tell them to a woman. Great works are performed, not by strength, but perseverance.

The manly part is to do with might and main what you can do.

A fine art now means one by which a person can make some mouey. Wherever luxury ceases to be innocent it also ceases to be beneficial.

Both courage and tear owe much to the armed neutrality of prudence.

generally proportioned to its needs. Pirates make you "walk the plank;" society insists on your getting married . It is expensive economy to make a

part of the truth suffice for the whole. The balloon route to the top of Olvm-

Virtue and laziness may live together, but they are not usually on the best of All that is wise has been thought

alrewly; we must try however, to think it again. but do not use it to hurt, but to distrib- | sigh.

ute bread. Beware of the vicious man who proposes to reform his life on the instal-

ment plan. sake of gain what one wouldn't do for tuft of scanty flax-colored hair, bair-

love or duty. The bubble society, blown from the pipe of folly is picked by the pin of common sense.

Character gives splendor to youth, and awe to wrinkled skin and gray hairs.

The more one endeavors to sound the depths of his ignorance, the deeper the chasm appears, A man's real possession is his memory.

In nothing else is he rich, in nothing else is he poor. If a man could gain the whole earth it would begin to shrink as soon as he

had possession. Don't worry your brain about the

your own overcoat. Women are not all coquettes, but there never was one yet who didn't love

to be called one. A man may have brains and yet not make a bit; but he can't make a hit unless he has the brains.

There is a coarse streak in every man that lives; it is bound to crop out if you know him too well.

One of the pleasant things about candor is the ease with which it may be

made to fit our neighbors. As a rule there is no surer way to the dislike of men than to behave well where they have behaved badly.

Nature has given to men one tongue, but two ears, that we may hear from others twice as much as we speak. Charity, in watever guise she ap-

pears, is the best natured and the best complexioned thing in the world. When a woman wants to drive anything out of the house she "shoos"

it A man usually boots it. There is in this world a great deal of dignity that is composed entirely of

dignity and nothing else. "Straws tell how the wind blows," but a man doesn't realize it until he be-

gins to wear straw hats. Look out for those folks who are familiar on short notice, they are like

hornets-they mean to sting. There are but few men who can in-

fluence others by precept, but there are nore who cannot do it by cam; le. The only sens ble time to be happy is now. The great bulk of humanity are going to be happy week after next. Always do the work that is put before you, and you will be doing the work of

THE WEAVER.

I stood in the room of a weaver, Then watching the shuttles fly. And the colors as they blended, Like a rainbow in the sky.

His eyes were fixed on the pattern. As he wrought the figure fine. So wonderful in its beauty, So marvelous in design. How earnestly he is looking:

He turns not to gaze away From the figure he is weaving. Or the shuttles in their play. He knows if a thread is broken,

Or a color be misplaced, It would mar the costly fabric, And could never be effaced. I watched, and watched, nor grew weary

And these thoughts came towny mind: That we, all of us, are weavers, And God has made the design; Has drawn a beautiful pattern, For us to work by each day; Is helping us with the shuttles,

Is guiding them in their play. But there oftentimes come moments When we tire, and listless stand: Grow forgetful of the pattern,

And seek not the helping hand. Only a moment we turn back, Then cry out with grief and pain. "O, Father! see the brokey threads

We cannot make whole again." When our weaving is all finished. And our looms stand idly by; When our work, its imperfection,

Is seen by the Master's eye, May we hear these words, rejoicing: "Though many threads are riven, And mars and stains thy fabric bears,

-Home Magazine. COUSIN CASSANDRA.

For these, thou art forgiven "

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES. The March winds were blowing their trumpets down Shegauk Valley, as only if I'd seen ye with my own eyes." March winds know how to blow, and the daffodil glow of sunset. lay over the brown fields, streaked here and there in shady corners with bars of late lingering "Ye don't s'pose, do ye, that they'll her Satan bore this as best he could for door to shake the crumbs off the table.

valley!" she thought. "I'm glad Grand. tather Greer built this house just here, instead of under the rocks. One gets such a view! I do believe the maples along the edge of the swamp are beginning to redden already. And there," with a flush on her cheeks which almost The seeming length of a sermon is rivaled the red of the maple copse, "is of the room. Arad Temple-at least, I think it's hecoming by Old Mill! I shouldn't a bit she.

wonder if he were coming here." She stood a moment, watching the black speck against the dasfodil shine; pus has never been successfully travel- a moment more, her lips apart, her brown

"Patty!" called her mother. "Why on airth don't you shut that door? The cold draught comes in like a bull pack o' wolves!"

"I-I-was-only looking." said Money and property are a costly knife. Patty, as she closed the door with a

The black speek had disappeared; it did not reappear again.

"I thought so," said Cousin Cassandra, It's a good rule never to do for the a lean, high-shouldered woman, with a pinned on the top of her head, and a checked cape drawn across her narrow shoulders.

She spoke so close to the girl's ear that Patty gave a little jump. "Thought what?" said she.

"That he'd gone into Lewis Hibbard's store," nodded Cassandra "The young fellers they're all dreadful partial to what this world is comin' to!" The red m Patty Greer's checks was

genuine peony color now. "I don't see what harm it is," she reman in the moon, but study the man in torted; "if he has stopped in for a min-

ute."

"I do!" said Miss Cassandra. "Anything but a dissipated young man!" "He isn't dissipated!" cried Patty.

"Well, p'r'aps he ain't," said Cassan. dra. "I'm sure I hope so. But there

man as there was the least doubts of!" "What a comfort it is that you have

And then Patty went up to her own room and had a good cry.

"I do think," she said to herself, "that Cousin Cassy is the most spiteful creature I ever knew! But, all the same, Arad might have come here to-night. He knew I was expecting him."

When her eyes were dried at last and her new frill satisfactorily adjusted, Patty came down stairs.

But the wistful glance she east into the room was unrewarded. No one was there but her mother, piecing patchwork; on 'oue side of the chimney corner, and Cousin Cassandra, knitting a preposterously long stocking of blue yarn, on the other.

And the subject of conversation had apparently remained unaltered for Cousin Cassandra was still hammering away on Lewis Hibbard and the new billiard

ground she. "Them, balls a-clickin" about and the doors always opened wide, for every lonfer in Shegauk tostray into. I allays did despise Lew Hibbard-a lazy, shiftless creetur', like all the Hibbards afore him! They do say he drav his first wife into her grave, and his second only lived two year, out of pure women o' Shegauk would only take a ried.

chop for mince pies." Patty had scated herself at the taide and listlessly taken up a book.

"I don't want to chop meat to-night, said she. "To-morrow morning will do just as well."

"Disapp inted!" whispered Miss Cass andra, behind her hand, to Mrs. Greer, who was slightly deaf. "Sort 'o calc'lated on Arad Temple bein' here tonight. Wal, mebbo it's just as well. Arad he's too partial to Lew Hibbard's place."

Patty could have murdered Cousin Cassandra. She jumped up and went to

the door to let the cat in. "Why, Arad!" she exclaimed, as pussy darted in, and a tall figure ap. peared in the background.

Cousin Cassandra opened the inner door and craned her neck forward. "Well, I never!" said she. "It's you, arter all, ain't it? We sort o' reckoned. me and Patty, that you'd found your way

into that new store o' Lew Hibbard's." "I did stop in there," said Ared, cool-Miss Cassy shook her head. "I knew it," sari she, "jest as wel

Mrs. Greer lighted the fire in the best toom, with true maternal solicitude. "What's that for?" asked Miss Cassy. anything to say that we can't hear jest's well's not? I wouldn't let Patty keep company with any man that goes to Lew

it's a reg'lar well of iniquity!" "I guess Arad Temple's a pretty steady young man," said Mrs. Greer, timidly, as she adjusted the best duplex lamp on the table, and set the big family Bible and the new photograph album straight. Cousin Cassandra stalked grimly out

"Don't say I didn't warn you!" . said

Patty came to her mother that nightjust as the big kitchen clock was striking eleven. "Mother," said the, "Arad Templo

has asked me to be his wife." Mrs. Greer looked quickly up. "What did you tell him, Patty?" said

shouldn't IV He is so good, so niceand he loves me so dearly!"

"But your Cousin Cassandra thinks-" "Mother," whispered Patty, nestling her head down on her mother's shoulder, "I did say something about Lewis Hibbard's store. I made believe I was angry, mother, and he looked so hurt, and said, 'If you can't trust me in everything, Patty, don't trust me afall!' And end. Did I do right?"

"Well," said Mrs. Greer, tenderly enfolding Patty with her loving arms, Lew's store sence they put in the billiard "it's just the answer I should have made bound, they forgave the erring brother tables. Dear me! dear me! I do wouder your father, Patty, when we kept com- and administered a tremendous flog-Cousin Cassandra-"

"Oh, let Causin Cassandra mind her own business!" said Patty, coloring up. ful, the arch-enemy more appalingly "She always was a medding, prying, dis- ugly than ever. agrecable old maid, and I think she grows worse every year."

Miss Cassandra Greer heard the news of the engagement with an ominous thirty miles across country, begging shake of the head.

"It's a dreadful resky thing," said ain't nothin' would induce me to marry a she. "I wouldn't run the chance, that I know !"

Patty had it on the tip of her tongue never been tempted in that way!" said to retort that it was extremely unlikely Patty, vindictively, as she folded the she would be called upon to hazard any tablecloth in a series of jerks and put it such danger, but she thought better of it, and dida't,

She was so happy that she could at- hair banged. ford to be magnanimous!

"Me and Mrs. Squire Rudder and Miss Betsey Hall and some other of the church ladies," said Miss Cassy, "we're gwine to try and get that place of Lewis Hibbard's shut up! And I don't think none the more of Arad Temple for his goin' there so much. But law! Patty's comno use talking' to her 'bout it!"

"Patty," said young Temple to his sancee, the week before the wedding, "you have trusted me, and you've done troubled look on your face whenever that of Hibbard's store. I have been there a affe good deal lately, but I've never speut a at my trade, putting up a new barn and "It's what I call a spate for souls?" my business there! But I wouldn't the rich.

please Cousin Cassy so much as to tell her that. Isn't it strange that people

can't mind their own business?" "Oh," said Patty, laughing, "Cousin

Cassandra never could!" Patty was sewing the last fleurette of white ribbon on the unpretending wedding gown of snowy albatross, when grit. Parson Pooley he says, if the Miss Cassandra came in, rather flur-

stind-Oh, Patty, is that you? Well, "White may do very well for you," I've put the dried apples in soak for the she said; "out for a woman o' my years, ass to-morrow, and the meat is read; to I sort o'think dove color would be more suitable. How many yards d'ye think it would take, Patty, for a dress for

> The girl opened her eyes very wide. "Why, Cousin Cassy," said she, "are you going to be married?"

Miss Cassy gave a spasmodic giggle. "Why, yes," said she, "I am." "To Parson Pooley?" gasped Patty.; Miss Cassandra shook her head. "He's too bigoted," said sho,

wouldn't hev him!" "Peleg Rudder!" "La', no! He's poorer'a Job's turkey."

"Who is it, then?" "He's a good, well-to-do widower, "said Cassandra; "snd a man that has buried two wives will know how to take care of a third; and in his business he needs a stirrin', active helpmate."

"But you haven't told me who it is, Cousin Cassy?" persisted Patty. "Hain't I? La' me, how forgetful 1 be!" simpered Miss Cassandra. "Why-

it's Lewis Hibbard?"-Saturday Night.

A Spanish Legend. A certain young Spanish friar, a skilful painter, especially delighted in devising new aspects of blessedness and beauty for the Virgin, and in setting forth the devil in the most resome time, but at last he determined to be revenged. He assumed the guise of a most lovely maiden, and the un-"How pretty it looks down the Hibbard's place, of I was you, Sarah; position, fell into the trap. She happy friar, being of an amorous dissmiled sweetly on her shaven wooer, but would not surrender her beauty at a less price than the rich reliquaries and jewels of the treasury of the monastery. In an evil hour the poor painter admitted her at midnight within the convent walls, and she took from the antique cabinet the precious things she desired. Then, as they wound their way through the moonlif cloister, the sinful friar clutching his booty with one arm, and 'is beauty with the other, the demon lady suddenly cried out, "Thieves!" with dia-

bolical energy. Up started all the snoring monks, and rushed in disorder from their cells. detecting the unlucky brother making number and size of these trees. This off with the plate. Him they tied safe to a pillar, leaving him there till the next day should determine his punishment, while the brethren went back to "I-said-yes! Ob, mother, why their pillows or their prayers; and then the cruel devil appeared in his real shape to the poor painter, taunting and twitting him and making unmerciful mockery of his amorous overtures and his prayers-advising him now to appeal to the beauty he had so loved to delineate in his canvases! The penitent monk took the advice and lo! the radiant mother of mercy descended in all her heavenly loveliness, he let my hand fall so, mother" (with a unbound his cords, bade him fasten pretty little piece of pantomine), "and he | the evil one in his place to the column, and appear among the monks the next morning at matins, which he did, to the great surprise of the brethren. He I said I'd trust him, mother, to the very voted for his own condemnation; but when they went to the sacristy and found everything marvellously correct in its place, and when they went to the column and found the devil fast pany; that's all I know. And your ging to the devil. The monk became not only "a wiser and a better man," but a better artist; he was now able to paint the Virgin more serenely beauti-

Bound for a Bang. Two Michigan girls escaped from the State Industrial Home and tramped food as they went. They had a little money, but they couldn't waste it on food; they cherished in their maiden breasts a pure and lofty ideal, which the pangs of mere physical suffering were powerless to remove. Saturday night they arrived at a village, and trembling with eagerness at the prospective realization of their hopes they took the 50 cents, which was their all, and went to the barber and got their

Unlucky, Yet Lucky. While a French girl was playing with a rope about her neck, the other afternoon, in a Lake Village (N. H.) tenement-house, the building was struck by lightning, and, as the story goes, the rope was destroyed by the electric current, but the child escaped pletely infatuated with him, and there's aninjured. A month ago, it is added, the same girl was struck and thrown into a ditch by the locomotive of an express train, but was not hurt.

right. But I don't like to see the head, and it is certain that any strong passion, set the wrong way, will always infatuate the wisest of men; therefore old meddler gives tongue on the subject the first part of wisdom is to watch the

line of sheds at the rear—and that was printed. Five hundred copies were and briars without injury.

FOREST GIANTS.

California's Majestic Redwood Trees in Danger.

Steps Taken to Preserve Them From Utter Destruction.

It is gratifying to learn that the Land Office at Washington is at last taking steps to preserve the glant redwoods of California, which are famous the world over as the greatest trees in existence. These majestic monuments of nature are in danger of utter destruction, and it is high time that something were done to save them. In the first place, they are being killed off by the mountain fires which are very frequent on the slopes of the Sierra Nevadas, and are due to the carelessness of sheep herders who who lead flocks far up the mountain's sides. In fact, there are few of the giant trees of California which are now wholly uninjured by fire. There are also sawmilfs building in the neighborhood of some of these groves of giant trees, and, strange as it may seem, they have not the slightest companction about destroying them, although many of the larger trees are. of course, difficult for them to handle, and this fact has helped to keep them from destruction,

In the Visalia district there are several groves of enormous trees, the largest of which is 106 feet in circumference. These forests are very impressive on account of the grand trees they contain, and, although the land was withdrawn from public entry five years ago, a colony of cuthusiasts and theorists, who were bent upon demonstrating the practicability of Bellamy's ideas, have settled in the neighborhood, and it is said that they have destroyed some of the trees.

There is a general feeling in California that all that region of forest trees on the western slopes of the Sierra Nevadas should be withdrawn from settlement. The Government is already taking steps to protect the redwoods by withdrawing from entry the sections which contain groves of these giant trees. During the past two years the General Land Office has made a careful investigation of the Stockton, Visalia, Mariposa and other found, and reports have been eent to | yearlings in training at his farm in was done in order that the Government might have all the information needed for carrying out measures to protect the forests.

The trees are always found at an elevation from 6000 to 7000 feet above the sea. They are a little south of the Yosemite valley, and south of east of San Francisco. The most famous of these groves is the Mariposa, which contains about 320 giant trees, and is earefully guarded from forest fires by a company which makes a business of carrying excursionists to see the great trees. The redwoods in this grove cover about four square miles. With proper protection the giant trees of the Sierra Nevada slopes will, for many years to com:, be among the greatest natural curiosities of California. The General Land Office has entered thore oughly upon the work of saving the trees which still exist, and there is every prospect that the various causes which have been depleting their number will be removed and that the trees will still be for many decades a source of great interest to the tourist.

-[New York Sun. THE JU TRIBE.

The Ju people are a tribe of Miactsy, who dwell among the long range of the Nan Ling Mountains, in the north-west corner of Kwangtung. They are a remarkable people, na'fbarbaric, quarrelsome, and supersti-tious, and their capabilities to undergo long periods of hunger is most extraordinary. Many of them live in huts builts on the branches of trees, others in mud hovels, while some occupy caves dug out of the cliff, often at an altitude of 600 feet. The Chinese give these savsges the credit of posses sing tails, but the origin of this Darwinian supposition is difficult to account for. Our illustration-which is from a photograph by Mr. Andrew Beattie, of Canton, China -represents husband and wife in native dress, the woman wearing an elaborate headdress, while the men never wear hats of any kind. In the manners, customs, and religious observances, they differ videly from the Chinese. neither shave the hair nor wear the queue. Both men and women wear their hair braided in a tuft on the top THE heart will commonly govern the of the head. Their garments are loose, made of cotton and linen. Both sexes wear immense silver earrings They are physically and necklets. very strong, and carry heavy burdens, When their children first begin to A SILK-WEAVER in Lyons, France, walk, they sear the soles of their feet cent, I've been carning money instead. Catholic prayer book, in which the soles become as hard as wood. This at my trade, putting up a new barn and prayers were woven into each Laf, not enables them to walk through thorns with hot irons or stones, so that the

The fewer words the retter proverb.

HORSE NOTES.

-Nelson 2.10 has been sent home to Maine.

-Hal Pointer will be wintered at V11lage Farm.

-Stamboul, 2.11, will make no further attempt to lower his record.

-Three stallions have tretted in 2.10 or better Allerton, 2091; Nelson, 2,10, Palo Alto, 2.10.

-The dam of the pacer Scioto Girl, 2.15½, is now on in foal to the pacer, Free Arthur 2.134. -A. H. Moore has lost by death the

bay colt weaning by William L., dam by Mambrino Boy. -Robert Bonner says he will give \$50 0 to see any horse trot a mile over

a regulation track in 2.05. -George Ingraham, who owns Delmarch 2,111, is an old driver, and is partially parelyz d.

-The extraordinary statement is m ide that the new Columbia (Tenn.) kite-track is down-hill all the way -Sir Walter, Jr., was awarded the

blue ribbon as the handsomest trotting stall on : t the Boston horse show. -William Nicholson will win'er Delaware Boy, 2.181, and Bine Light, by a son of Hambietonian, at Belmont

-Raiph Wilkes, with a mile in 2.18 at Ind-pendence recently equaled the 2-year-old record of Sunol and Mon-

-Judge P. P. Johnston has decided to resign his position as President of the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders'

-In Fonse, by King Alfonso, Applegate & McMeekin got a cheap station, they paying Mrs. Goodlos \$10,000 for him recently.

-Hart Beswell, J. Malcolm Forbes and Budd Dobte are the only men that know exactly what Mr. Forbes paid for Nancy Hanks, 2.09. -It is stated that Pancoast(2.211) has fully recovered from the effects of the

lightning stroke which he received some three years since. - Razimunda won the Cesarewitch in a canter, and his owner, the Duke of Beaufort, is credited with a win of £6 00 over his first Cesarewi ch.

-It seems possible that the experiment may be tried of continuing racing through the winter at the Beenings' race course near Washington. -Buffalo Maid, by Jerome Eddy, out

of Buffel, Girl, 2.121, is said to be one of the handsomest and cleanest limbed yearlings at the Buffalo track. -The Full-Mile Driving Club of Cincinnati, Ohto, and the Woodbine Driving Ciub, of Toronto, Ont., are

applicants for places in the Grand Cir--J. B. Haggin will probably return to an active participation in racing districts where the giant trees are o ce more. He has forty thoroughbred

> - Independence, Ia., was almost unknown in the East until the trotters began to go fast miles over C. L. Willlams' kile track. Now everybody knows all about Independence. -M. E. McHenry, of Genesee Il ,has

this year driven s x hor es to better han 2.17, viz.: Charleston, 2.15; Thornless, 2 151; Lobasco, 2.161; Richard, 2.161; and Fo est Wilkes, 2.15. -The Crow family is well represented on the race track. In this year's events Young Crow, Old Crow, Big Crow, Little Crow, Black Crow,

Jim Crow, Crow Bird and Crow have all started. -The Belmont matinee races recently were decided in a gale of wind and a dash of snow. The day was a most unfortunate selection, since the day previous was warm and the day

after was much less uncomfortable. -B. J. Treacy, the popular Kentucky horse man, sends the Philadelphia Record a copy of his Ashland Park -tock Farm Catalogue for 1891. Ash and Park is located at Lexington, Ky., and the catalogue can be had (without stamps) on application.

- The Duke of Beaufort's entries in Columbian Exposition Year's Ame. 1can Derby are: St. Jude, bay colt, by St. Simon-Palmula; Son of a Gun, bay colt, by Petronel Ithona, and Strathrose, brown colt, by Highland Chief -Queen of the Roses, -The creat mare Zoe B., 2.171, the

fastest of the produce of Blue Bail, will be sent from Europe to Independence, Ia., to be bred to Allerton, 2,091, the stall:on king. She was bought some years ago for \$10,000, to go to Europe, and has been successfully campaigned there ever since. -Tobe Broderick and his team of

trotting mules booked to a natural oak wagon have become a familiar sight on the drive to the track at Chicago, Tobe has trained the little "rabbits" to trot squarely, and they are capable of surprising speed. .-Direct three heats in 2.09, 2 08 and

2.081 over the new Columbia (Tenn.) kite track eclipses all previous harness, performances, His second heat (2,08) is now the fastest in a race to barness, and the three are the fastest consecutive heats ever paced. Direct is the king of pacers from every stand-

-"Dod" Irwin drove the team Bay Thornwood and Hattie H, a mile in 2.282, to road wagon over Belmont track recently. It was the first time they were hitched together. Thornwood's record is 2 31 and Hattle H.'s 2.341. After the performance Mr. Robert Smith, of Wayne, purchased Hattie

-Rollo reduced the yearling pacing record to 2.282 over the Indepen kite track recently. He is the first yearling pacer to beat 2.30. Bell Bird's yearling trotting record is 2,261. Rollo is by Jerome Eddy. 2.16; dam Grey Bet y, by Mambrino Patchen; sec and dam by John Dillard, third day by Park' Highlander.