

"LOVE THYSELF LAST."

Love thyself last. Look near, behold thy duty.
To those who walk beside thee down life's road;
Make glad their days by little acts of beauty,
And help them bear the burden of earth's load.
Love thyself last. Look far and find the stranger,
Who staggers 'neath his sin and his despair,
Go lend a hand, and lead him out of danger,
To heights where he may see the world is fair.
Love thyself last. The vastness above thee
Are filled with Spirit Forces, strong and pure,
And fervently, these faithful friends shall love thee,
Keep thou thy watch o'er others, and endure.
Love thyself last; and oh, such joy shall thrill thee,
As never yet to selfish souls was given.
What's thy lot, a perfect peace will fill thee,
And earth shall seem the anteroom of Heaven.
Love thyself last; and thou shalt grow in spirit,
To see, to hear, to know, and understand,
The message of the stars, lo, thou shalt hear it,
And all God's joys shall be at thy command.
Love thyself last. The world shall be made better
By thee, if this brief motto forms thy creed.
Go follow it in spirit and in letter,
This is the true religion which men need.
—Elia Wheeler Wilcox, in Independent.

A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

When I first started in life it was as salesman in the very small establishment of Mr. Brusie, stationer. It was not a very remunerative situation, but old Mr. Brusie was a kind old man, Mrs. Brusie a nice, talkative old lady, and Dolly Brusie often came into the store on busy days and stood behind the counter beside me, and just for this last reason I would not have taken double wages with Mr. Throgmorton, the only other stationer of the town.
Dear little Dolly! she had brown eyes and a dimple in her chin, and sang like a prima donna. She had lessons from a German Fraulein and from an Italian Signor, and the old man quite forgot Throgmorton and his gilt window when he sat with his handkerchief over his head of an evening and listened to her. The piano was old and tinkling, but none of us ever thought of that. Old Mr. Brusie and my father had been friends, and I was not a clerk only, but a privileged friend as well, and all the excuse I needed for coming every night was given in the words, "I want to hear the singing." Well, any one might have wanted to hear it, for that matter—not merely a boy who was in love.
Things went on in this way for three years, when one afternoon old Mr. Brusie, shutting the drawer of his desk with a bang, said:
"It's no use, Tom, I may as well give in. Throgmorton has beaten me. I'm not making a cent, and I shall break up. The old woman and I can manage on what I have, with only one child, and I can rest and stop fidgeting. I suppose Dolly can teach a little, too. There's no other music teacher in Hamilton. But the old shop is a mockery, and I've known it a good while."
So that was the end of Arcadia. The stock and fixtures were sold out, Throgmorton bought the stock, and the shop was altered into a parlor; and I wrote to my uncle in New York who had promised to take me into his business if I wished it, and he telegraphed: "Come next week."
And then one day I asked Dolly to walk down into the meadows and see if the blackberries were ripe. Before we picked one, I drew her to a quiet place under a great maple and put my arm about her waist, and said:
"Dolly, you know just how I feel toward you, don't you?"
She nestled up to me a little closer, and I took both her plump brown hands in mine.
"Will you wait for me a little while, Dolly? Will you think that I am doing my best all the time to bring the day nearer when I can ask your father to give you to me?"
She said nothing for a while, and in the pause I heard a bird sing a whole song through. Then came her voice:
"Yes, Tom, I'll wait."
And we picked the blackberries, and went home again through the meadows.
"We'll not speak of it yet, Tom," said Dolly. "At home I mean; they think me such a child yet. I don't want to break the charm. In time they'll guess that I'm a woman; and they like you, Tom."
For a while I was bewildered in the city, then very busy, then flushed with the prospect of being rapidly advanced, and of being able to ask Dolly to be my wife sooner than I expected. I wrote her joyous letters. She wrote pleasant ones back to me. We did not make them open love letters, but both understood the love at the bottom of them. And so the months glided by. For six I had no holiday. Then a grudgingly given week was given me, and I hurried down to Hamilton. I visited my old friends, and had a glorious time. Dolly was lovelier than ever

ing; her father at work in the garden. It was a sweet picture, and I had come to turn his joy into sorrow; but better than that to let worse sorrow come.
"You, Tom?" cried Mrs. Brusie. "Why, Tom!" cried the old lady; "so you thought you'd see our girl off after all? You know she starts to-morrow?"
Dolly did not look at me, but I saw her face flush crimson.
"I'm sorry to say that I have come down to bring bad news," said I.
"Bad news!" said Mrs. Brusie. "I'm sorry for that, my boy. What is it?"
"It affects you, sir," said I; "not me. I come only because worse would happen if I were silent, and I beg you to believe that I am actuated by no spirit of revenge. You may not credit me, but I wish that any other man had this to do. Mr. Holly is, and has been for two years, a married man."
I turned my face away from Dolly as I uttered these words, and dropped it upon the hand that rested on the vine trellis. I expected to hear her scream, but my news did not seem to produce as great an effect as I expected. I looked up again; all eyes were fixed upon me.
"Ah!" said the old man.
"Well?" said the old lady.
"Go on, Tom," said Dolly.
"His wife is a cousin of the lady my uncle married," said I. "If you don't believe me, I can offer proof of the fact. He is married."
"Of course I knew that," said Dolly. "His wife is quite a celebrated contralto."
"Knew that he was married?" said I. "I don't understand you."
"It's a great deal nicer for Dolly," said Mrs. Brusie. "Mrs. Holly and she will travel together. But, O, dear! perhaps Mrs. Holly isn't nice. Is that it?"
I stared from one to the other.
"Mrs. Brusie," said I, "what did you tell me when you came down to New York? As I understood you, that Dolly was engaged to Mr. Holly and that you were buying the wedding dresses."
"Nothing of the sort," said Dolly. "Did you think that, Tom?" cried Mrs. Brusie. "I asked her to explain."
"Oh, dear me! Why, Tom, I have engaged to travel with him as one of a quartet he has just formed. A foreign gentleman and our tenor at church, Mr. Motley, and Mrs. Holly and I; and I shall make a great deal of money, and—Oh, Tom, that's why you sent back my letters."
I opened my arms, and Dolly ran into them without thinking of the old folks.
"You see how it is, sir," I said to Mr. Brusie. "I'm not rich, but I love Dolly; and if she'll take me as I am I shall be the happiest fellow under the sun. And for Heaven's sake, Dolly, don't mind breaking your engagement with that fellow. I don't want you running about the country, no matter how much money you make by it."
So the engagement was broken; and though my uncle said it was most imprudent, Dolly and I were married that winter.

LIGHTNING'S WORK.

Loss of Life and Destruction of Property in the United States in 1894.

In January no lives were lost so far as known.
In February 2 lives were lost, 2 persons injured and 50,000 feet of lumber destroyed.
In March 6 lives were lost, 3 persons injured, and 2 barns, 2 churches and 5 dwelling houses struck and damaged.
In April 14 lives were lost, 15 persons injured, 1 barn and 7 dwelling houses damaged.
In May 55 persons were killed by lightning and 34 severely injured; 12 houses were set on fire with a loss of not less than \$35,000; 36 dwellings, 4 churches, 2 school houses struck, and more or less damaged; 58 horses and 22 cows not in stables were killed.
In June 96 persons were killed and 102 severely injured; 69 barns were damaged not less than \$49,000; 49 houses, 30 cows, and 15 sheep not stabled were killed; 80 dwellings, 22 churches, railroad depot, 1 oil tank, 1 grain elevator, 6 mills and factories were damaged, the loss in the eight last named being not less than \$257,000.
In July 60 lives were lost, and 103 persons injured; 46 barns were damaged not less than \$50,000; 45 dwellings, 12 churches, 2 academies, 3 mills or factories, and 2 railroad depots were struck; 24 horses and 13 cows, 5 mules, and 6 sheep, not stabled, were killed.
In August 78 lives were lost and 76 persons injured; 81 barns were burned with a loss of not less than \$129,800; 41 dwellings were struck, 22 horses and 15 cows, not stabled, were killed; 5 churches, 2 academies (one with loss of \$38,000), 2 mills, and 1 oil tank (loss \$20,000) were struck.
In September 99 persons were killed and 14 severely injured; 53 barns were struck with loss of not less than \$141,500; 42 dwellings, 2 churches were struck, 14 horses, not stabled, were killed.
In November 1 dwelling was struck, valued at \$3,000.
In December 1 barn in Ohio, 2 dwellings (one in San Francisco, Cal.), where damage from lightning is almost unknown), were struck.
During the year 386 persons were killed and 351 severely injured, 268 barns struck with a damage of \$407,500; 55 churches were struck, damage unknown; 261 dwellings and several oil tanks, factories and elevators, the damage amounting to not less than \$351,000.

FOR THE KITCHEN MAID.

Simple Rules in Dishwashing That Are Serviceable.

The following simple rules, as taught in the cooking schools, hung in the kitchen, and followed, may prove of value to the young housekeeper or the "new girl":
1. Collect knives, forks and spoons by themselves.
2. Put away any food that has been left on small, clean dishes, never leaving fragments on dishes in which they were served.
3. Scrape all fragments sticking to dishes or pans into a refuse pail or in the back of the ashpan and underneath the firebox, where they may dry out, and then be burned.
4. Arrange all dishes conveniently on the table, putting glasses nearest the dishpan, then silver next the fine china, beginning with cups, saucers and pitchers, and lastly the greasy dishes.
5. Rinse out milk bottles, pitchers and egg cups with cold water. Empty and rinse cups. Put any dishes used in baking to soak in cold water. Fill kettles and spiders full of cold water, and set away from the stove to soak. If left on the stove the heat hardens whatever has adhered to the sides in cooking and renders it harder to remove.
6. Have one pan filled with hot, soapy water. For this purpose keep the soap in a shaker made for this object, or improvise one by putting a few holes through the bottom of a small pail. Never leave the soap in the dishpan to waste and stick to the dishes. Have a second ready full of hot water for rinsing before draining.
7. Wash glasses first, slipping them one at a time sideways into the hot water, so that the hot water touching them outside and inside at the same time may obviate the danger of breakage from unequal expansion. Dry immediately on a clean glass towel or on squares of old cotton cloth, hemmed and kept for this purpose.
8. Wash the silver and wipe at once from the soapy water, rubbing any piece with silver polish that seems at all discolored.
9. Wash the china, standing the plates and saucers on edge in the rinsing pan, and setting the cups right side up that they may be thoroughly rinsed. Scald the milk pitchers.
10. Wash steel knives and forks in warm, not hot water, scouring the blades, if necessary. Never leave the handles in water, as it tends to loosen them.
11. Rub tins inside and out, using sapolio if discolored, and paying especial attention to the seams of the double boilers. Set on back of range to dry.
12. Wash ironware inside and out with hot, soapy water, rinse thoroughly in clear water and dry. Dripping pans and kettles that have been used with grease may be wiped off first with soft paper, to remove as much of it as possible, and then washed in the suds, with a tablespoonful of soda added to the water. Granite dishes browned by neglect may be cleaned by boiling half an hour in soda water, then rubbing vigorously. Do this several times if necessary.
13. Coffee pots should never be washed inside with suds, but in clear water. Dry thoroughly on back of stove, wiping out with a clean cloth when dry, to remove the brownish sediment that is apt to cling to the pot.
14. Wash dish towels in lukewarm soapy water, rinse thoroughly and dry after every meal, and they will keep soft and clean.

MARCH OF THE TROLLEY.

Electric Railway Making Headway All Over the Country.

Withing the past five years the trolley electric cars have covered so many localities that they are getting a great deal of the passenger traffic in the suburbs of cities and between populous country towns a short distance apart.
In Pennsylvania and Connecticut the courts have recently held that the trolley lines are not authorized to use public roadways for their tracks under the permission of the authorities until they secure the consent of every proprietor whose land fronts the roadway. This ruling checks the progress of the trolley in these two States and yet they are making headway there and in other States, especially in the thickly settled North. In Pennsylvania the Legislature has passed an act authorizing street railways to carry freight, and the Lehigh Valley road will equip all its charter branches as trolley roads for freight and passengers.
In Vermillion County, Illinois, a trolley line has been granted for twenty years the free use of public highways for freight and passenger service for a distance of thirty miles, paralleling the Chicago and Eastern Illinois road, on condition that passengers shall not be charged more than a cent and a half a mile. In Michigan an electric road forty miles long is being constructed from Port Huron. It is laid with heavy T rails and will be equipped with standard freight and passenger cars. It will cost less than \$7,000 a mile to build and equip, whereas the cost for a steam railway would be between \$40,000 and \$60,000.
What it will cost to operate and renew the trolley lines the future will determine, but there is good reason to believe that this cheap, rapid and satisfactory system of transportation will be greatly extended in the next few years. The electric lines will be very useful in the farming districts, connecting them with their country towns and the markets and acting as

feeders to the steam railways. It is not likely that there will be any serious discrimination against them attempted by the State Legislatures. Such measures would be very unpopular, and the steam railways will in the end find the electric lines such valuable auxiliaries that they will not oppose them.

This Cat Craves Approval.

"Mrs. Muggins" is a very good mouser, and occasionally she will catch a great big rat in the barn, says the Cincinnati Tribune. Of this feat she is always very proud and invariably brings the rat after it is led to the house, where every member of the family must see it and praise and pet her for being such a good, brave cat. The first time this occurred one of the members of the family took the rat up on a shovel and threw it over the back fence, but in a few moments "Mrs. Muggins" had it back again; again and again it was brought back. At last the two compromised matters by allowing the rat to remain just outside the back door by the side of the step. Here it stayed all day until evening, when it was found out why "Mrs. Muggins" objected to having it thrown away.
The father had been home only a few minutes when "Mrs. Muggins" walked proudly into the sitting room with her head aloft and a big rat dangling from her mouth. She went up to the man and laid the rat at his feet, looked up in his face and waited to be caressed and praised. After she received the desired attention she allowed the rat to be carried away and cared nothing more about it.
Now the rats that are caught are always allowed to remain near the house until all the family have seen them.

Matches.

It has been estimated that every man, woman and child in the country uses or destroys six matches daily, so that the aggregate consumption of our population may be set down as 300,000,000 each day, or the enormous annual aggregate of 109,000,000,000. These matches retail at about 2 cents a box, 200 in a box, so that the retail value of the product in the United States may be set down at \$10,350,000 and the wholesale value at about \$6,000,000.
I am told that the wood used in the manufacture of matches is principally white and yellow pine. In the United States white pine is used almost exclusively. It burns freely, steadily, slowly, constantly and with a good volume of flame. The wood is soft, straight grain, easily worked, and its light weight is of no small consequence in the matter of transportation charges, which are unusually high on combustible articles. For the best grade of matches the choicest quality of cork pine is used, a variety of white pine, the trees being large and well matured. A large match company, about twelve years ago, secured hundreds of millions of feet of choice standing cork pine timber on the waters of the Ontonagon river in the upper peninsula of Michigan. This company now cuts annually upward of 30,000,000 feet of this timber, but this is by no means all that is used in the manufacture of matches in this country. Millions of feet more of choice white pine timber are bought every year and made into matches by a number of factories under control of this corporation.

Dangerous Trees.

A word of warning is necessary as to the proximity of trees to houses. Many old-fashioned rural houses, as distinguished from the maisons de campagne, are embowered in trees and buried in laburnum. They look delightful in pictures and sound enchanting in poetry; but there are drawbacks in every mundane sphere, and there are one or two little penalties to pay, even in laburnum land. The nearest tree should be several yards away from the house, and if possible, from every part of the house. We have observed lately, in more than one London suburb, where an attempt is being made to build dwellings which are at once healthy and picturesque, that houses have been placed within half a yard of old trees, mainly elms. Some of these houses are most certainly built over the roots of trees, and it will require a very liberal supply of good concrete to keep such dwellings dry.
A house with trees so near to it must inevitably be dark and damp, for the roots, which are not themselves really damp producers, are damp retainers, for they form an obstacle to the escape of the water which is always moving about in the soil. There is a double danger attaching to the very close proximity of elms to a house. Altogether, apart from the damp, the elm is a treacherous tree, and if it be near enough, is certain sooner or later to drop one of its boughs through the drawing-room window, or, perhaps, even to break off and knock a hole in the wall. It was only last winter that we saw an old elm perform this very feat. It was a windy day, and the tree, which was a large one, broke off short at the hole, and was thrown so violently against the house that several windows and the whole of the front portion of the roof was stove in.

Thumbnails as Pens.

The ancient Chinese and Japanese frequently used to draw pictures with their thumbnails. The nails were allowed to grow to a length of some eighteen inches, and were pared to a point and dipped in vermilion or sky-blue ink.

Lifting a Dead Tiger.

When one comes to lifting a dead tiger one becomes fully aware of its weight; so does one arrive at a due appreciation of its strength after once feeling the forearm, which is a splendid mass of steel-like muscles. Then one understands how the tiger in his prime can throw a bullock over his shoulder and run off with it. Then, too, one may pool pooh the claim of the lion to be called the king of beasts. But, however interesting may be the study of the tiger in this particular phase once or so, it falls after a time; lifting it is hard and hot work, and is sometimes made very exasperating by the laches of the elephant selected for the carriage of the tiger. For that great animal is required to kneel to receive his burden, and to kneel long enough to allow the tiger to be hoisted on to the pad and fastened on; and, very likely, he will rise on the critical moment when the tiger has been raised to the edge of the pad, and tumble the tiger and some of its bearers on to the ground, and so bring about the status quo ante.
The elephant has wonderful intelligence in some utterly useless directions. He will, for example, pick up a pin with his trunk, and I dare say, with sufficient encouragement would swallow that, and convert his internal economy into a pin cushion; but I have never known one to direct his talents to the simplification of tiger-packing, although I have seen many devote their minds and bodies to the unnecessary duty of adding to the difficulties of that operation.

Curing Insomnia.

"I was cured of an annoying propensity to sleep in rather an original way," said Jones. "Some time ago there were a number of nights when I could not sleep until just before it was time to rise in the morning. Then, of course, it was hard to wake me. My friends advised all sorts of remedies, but my wife set her wits to work, and found the right one. The next night I fell into a light doze soon after I got into bed, but in less than twenty minutes I was as wide awake as ever, pitching and tossing, and unable to close my eyes. Well, my wife got up, struck a match, and pretended to look at her watch. Then she said, 'I wouldn't try to go to sleep, dear, as it will soon be time for you to get up now.' That settled it. In three minutes I was asleep, and slept like a log. This was repeated once or twice, and now I get my regular sleep every night. The best of it was I didn't know for a number of days the little ruse that had been employed to send me to sleep."

Must Reckon with Gladstone Again.

Mr. Gladstone may pretty certainly be reckoned upon as an active political force in what remains of the present session, and probably in the general election which will follow it. He is said to have expressed his conviction that the real feeling of the country is in favor of the policy of the present Cabinet, and he is not likely to lose any opportunity of making it favorable. If, a year ago, his health had been what it is now, he would certainly be at this moment Prime Minister of England. In one form or another, the Unionist party may make up their minds to the fact that they will have to reckon with him in the House of Commons, and at the polling booths.—London World.

After a woman has been in love three or four times, her heart becomes petrified.

To Cleanse the System

Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, cold or fevers, use Srup of figs.

An army is a great monster with a head, but no heart.

Tobacco User's Sore Throat.

It's so common that every tobacco user has an irritated throat that gradually develops into a serious condition, frequently accompanied, and it's the kind of a sore throat that never gets well as long as you use tobacco. The tobacco habit, sore throat and lost manhood cured by No-To-Bac. Sold and guaranteed to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book, titled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

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