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LIKE THE SEA.

I would be like the sea, that wide expands,
And grows more infinite, as ages do—
Clasp in my arms the utmost length of lands,
And I would love her depths, and be as true
To men as is the sea unto the sands.

I would be like the rocks along her sides,
My queen the pale wan moon, that bending low
Dips obeisingly their brows in the riding tides,
And lodges pearls with them, and even so
The salt of truth that with the sea abides.

I would be like the crags above her piled,
And find the depth of anguish, ankle deep—
Wake with the morning and the shepherd's child
That o'er their foreheads whistles to his sheep—
Lashed night and day, and always reconciled.
—Overland Monthly.

LIGHT IN THE EAST.

Summer in Ontario is always delightful, but that of 1885 was especially so. The long days, with their hot noontides, had a tropical air about them that suggested palm groves, pomegranates and cinnamon. The nights were cool and refreshing, and the radiance of each sunset was eclipsed only by the splendor of the following sunrise. The stars were brighter, and the moon gave a clearer light than ever before. The clouds, blown by freshening winds, took new and fantastic shapes, and all nature, smiling in her superb beauty, whispered, Behold me!

It was on one of these fine summer days, in August, that the good steamship Alexandria touched at Massassagua Point on her way up from Montreal. As the boat neared, a crowd of campers stood upon the dock, all of whom displayed an air of happy indifference, excepting Mrs. Secord, who, leaning upon the arm of her son, gazed intently toward the passengers. Only one disembarked—a lady of perhaps 40 years, dressed in French costume. Mrs. Secord recognized at once her sister, Mme. La Londe, whom she had last seen as Alice de Beaumont twenty years before. Of course there were embraces and laughter and tears, and then more embraces, until finally the French widow was led away to a group of five tents, the summer home of the Secords.

Mme. La Londe's story is a short one. The first eighteen years of her life were spent with her parents in Ottawa. She was then sent to Montreal to study, and there made her home with a married sister, who was ten years her senior. Two years later there came to visit at her sister's house an old friend of the family, Mr. George Carpenter, a man perhaps 50 years of age. Mr. Carpenter had a small income, to which he added by doing literary work occasionally. He was a bachelor, and had not a relative in the world excepting a half sister in Australia and two cousins in San Francisco. He was a talented man, with a warm heart and genial manner that endeared him to all who knew him. He loved every one in general, and gave this as a reason for never having loved any one in particular. But even Mr. George Carpenter was susceptible to the charms of the light hearted Alice de Beaumont—"the child of the morning," he always called her, for she reminded him of the glad sunrise that he so much loved. So the man of fifty actually became in love with the girl of twenty, and, O lamentable thought! the girl of twenty became in love with the man of fifty. What was to be done? Mr. and Mrs. Secord talked the matter over and very wisely decided to "let them love." So they loved.

Mr. Carpenter was the happiest man in the world. His great heart throbbed with a joy to which it had been a stranger for fifty years. He now loved every one more than ever. All the street Arabs in Montreal learned to know him. The poor sought him for his money and the rich for his mirth.

"Spring and Autumn have gone for a stroll," Mrs. Secord used to say to her husband when he would inquire for the lovers.

"Half a century, my darling," one day answered Mr. Carpenter as Alice wound her soft white arms around his neck and asked how long he had lived.

"Am I too old?" he inquired; then added, laughingly, "What matter swiftly passing years if the heart remain young? My soul, in spite of these years, is filled with a joyfulness to which it was a stranger in what was called my youth. You are my youth, the glad, golden morning of my life; while I have you I can never be old."

Of course Alice promised to marry the man to whom she was all the world. But, strange to say, no one had the courage to impart this bit of information to Mr. and Mrs. de Beaumont, who were living a life of cold conventionality in Ottawa. It was finally decided that Mr. Carpenter himself should be the first to approach the subject. But love had been allowed to slip out of the life of Papa de Beaumont and Mamma de Beaumont, and they were shocked at the thought of their daughter's connection with one who had neither youth, nor a noble name, nor a fortune. Alice must leave Montreal at once. Then followed tears and entreaties innumerable. Mr. Secord insisted that Alice should remain, in spite of the opposition of her parents. It was a time of great mourning, for the parents refused to yield, and Alice left Montreal "bearing in her heart a life long sorrow." Three months later she sailed with her parents for France, where, nine years afterwards, she married a fat man with a bald head, a big name and a bank account. M. Alfred Eugene La Londe lived to see the fifth anniversary of his wedding day, then fell into his last sleep. Mme. La Londe remained in France until the summer of 1885, when she came to her sister in Ontario.

As soon as Mr. Carpenter fully realized his loss his grief was intense. He went at once to Ottawa, and, with all the earnestness of a man pleading for his life, implored the parents of Alice to favor him. But all his pleading passed for nothing with the fashionable parents, and Mr. Carpenter returned to Montreal the most sorrowful man in the world. "The light in the east has gone out," he would sometimes say to his friends. "I thought it was morning, and behold! it is midnight."

About the time of the death of M. Alfred Eugene La Londe the Secords left Montreal and came to Kingston to reside. Mr. Carpenter came with them.

The family decided to spend the summer of 1885 in camp at Massassagua Point, and Mr. Carpenter—now nearly 70 years of age—agreed to accompany them. So preparations were made and the party pitched five tents on one of the most charming spots of this charming Ontario.

The tents were pitched close to the Bay of Quinte. All night the warm winds swayed gently to and fro the white canvas walls, and brought the sounds of steamships as they plowed the smooth surface of the bay. Boat after boat passed by on its way to Montreal. Sometimes the sounds of musical instruments were heard. Sometimes voices sang in exquisite harmonies, that echoed among the trees stretching for three miles back of the tents. The moon rose over the bay in solemn beauty, and gave her light so generously that no lamps were needed within the white walls. When all else was quiet there still could be heard the lapping of the waves upon the pebbled beach, and the occasional splashing of a fish in the bay.

Mr. Carpenter rose at daybreak every morning and, passing Mrs. Secord's tent, wandered up and down the beach. "He is waiting for the sunrise," the lady would say to her husband as, drawing aside the door of her tent, she would watch the old man upon the shore, his long white beard blown aside by the wind that freshened from the south.

Mme. La Londe arrived in August. "Does he expect me?" she asked of her sister when they were alone.

"Not today," answered Mrs. Secord; "he knows that you are coming, but I did not tell him just when you would be here."

Then followed considerable planning as to how the gentleman should be informed of the arrival of his old sweetheart. Alice's impulse was to rush to him at once. "I must see him," she cried. "I have waited twenty years, and that is long enough." "But, my child," answered Mrs. Secord, "the morning never breaks suddenly, the transition would be too severe, it would be painful. We must give him the gray of the morning first and then the golden sunrise."

It was now late in the afternoon, so it was decided that Mrs. Secord should spend the night with her sister in the tent prepared for her, and Alice should awaken at daybreak, dress herself, and, just as Mr. Carpenter was passing, allow him to hear her voice in some old, familiar song. The family thought the arrangement a fine one, and so the little widow was kept out of sight all the evening. Mr. Carpenter thought he noticed an unusual excitement on the part of different members of the family, and he said to himself: "She is coming! There is light in the east!"

The next morning was a glorious one. The air was sweet with a fragrance of wild flowers, and the soft breeze brought the sound of sheep bells from the distant fold. When Mr. Carpenter passed the tent where the ladies had spent the night, he heard a voice which at first he thought to be Mrs. Secord's, but, listening again, he recognized an old song which he had sung scores of times to Alice in the long ago. Could it be—it must be—and yet? The old man held his head with his hands and sank down upon a rude bench near by. Then came the voice again, sweeter than any he had ever heard, fuller and deeper, and trembling with emotion, singing the old song:

"There's light in the east; lo! 'tis morning,
A brighter light shines than the light of yon sky,
Transcendent the beam of thy love laden eye!
Eclipsing the light of the morning.

"The world is awake, birds are singing,
A melody sweeter sing thou to my soul,
And all thro' my being the music will roll,
My heart is awake! come with singing!"

Long before Alice had finished the song the good man had fallen to his knees, and, with tears streaming down his face, was now murmuring, "God of the morning! receive the thanksgiving of a heart too full for utterance."

Alice gave a joyful cry and rushed to him. He held her to his breast for some moments, then led her away to his tent.

Of course the family were all astir by this time. When they had breakfasted Mr. Secord took a boat and a pair of strong oars, and rowed hastily to Belleville. From there he sent this telegram to their clergyman in Kingston: "Autumn and Winter have met. Come at once."

The clergyman arrived that evening, and the next morning, standing beside the waters of the Bay of Quinte and bathed in the glorious light of an unclouded sunrise, these two happy ones were united forever.

Mr. Carpenter lived until the summer of 1889. "There will never be any more night," he often said; "it will always be morning, either here or there." When he died the shadows fell around Alice, but only for a short time, for soon she closed her eyes to the autumnal tints of her life and opened them to the beauties of an eternal springtime.—Eva Rose York in Toronto Globe.

Love and Transfusion of Blood.

Four years ago Frederick Ayres, of Racine, Wis., became infatuated with the lady who is now his wife, but she preferred some one else. He made way for her more favored suitor. A few days after her engagement she became ill and grew worse rapidly. It was finally decided that the only thing that could save her was the transfusion of blood. Her favored suitor was sorry, but he thought he needed all the blood he had in his system. Ayres offered himself, and the operation was performed with successful results. The engagement was broken, and six months afterward Ayres married the woman.—Chicago Times.

A New White Pitch.

A new white pitch for shipbuilders has been introduced, which, it is claimed, supersedes the present laborious, expensive and inefficient method of white deck seams by working putty into the seams with a knife. The peculiarity of the white pitch is that it is the only material hitherto introduced of a white color that can be run into deck seams in a hot state like ordinary pitch. The material is especially suitable for hot climates, as it will stand a sun heat which would cause ordinary pitch to melt out of the seams.—Philadelphia Record.

Art Notes.

Some of the pot boilers to be seen in our art stores and in private collections show so plainly why they were painted that one cannot help thinking a kitchen stove should go with every specimen.

Pictures are improving in Pittsburg. So are frames, and if the artists do not take care, the carver and gilder will soon be in a position to demand that pictures shall be painted to suit their frames, instead of the other way.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Hawarden, Mr. Gladstone's country seat, was invaded one day by a little olive colored man, making many gestures and talking a strange jargon; so the servants arrested him as a maniac and possible assassin. Mr. Gladstone was summoned to see the wretch, who turned out to be a Greek professor, speaking no English, who had come all the way from Athens to congratulate the British statesman on knowing Homer's "Iliad" by heart.

A TRUTH.

Oft in a beauteous body
A soul obscene is hid,
As the noisome worm nestles
The leaves of the rose amid.

Oft in a frame ill favored
A heart of gold we find,
As the brightest of earth's jewels
From the darkest caves are mined.
—Susie M. Best.

OLD CLOTHES.

"For once I've been made a fool of," said Mr. Pattipan, just before he went out to breakfast one morning. "I've taken bad money, and I no more know from whom than I know the Koran. And what is more," added Mr. Pattipan, "I shall offer it to some one if I carry it about with me, and get into difficulties. I'll leave it here."

He put it into the china bowl full of visiting cards that stood on a table in the corner of his wife's parlor as he spoke, kissed her, and took his way to those regions vaguely spoken of as "down town," and Mrs. Pattipan looked at the counterfeit note, and in order that she might not make some mistake herself tore it across the middle before throwing it back into the china bowl.

"Mr. Pattipan never observes sufficiently," she said to herself. "His organs of reflection are large, but his organs of observation are small."

Mrs. Pattipan had studied phrenology in her youth, when it was fashionable to do so, and had a habit of attributing people's virtues or failings to their bumps. Then she went about her household duties, ordered the dinner, scolded the servant, arranged her bureau drawers and attended to Mr. Pattipan's buttons, and in the middle of this task heard the door bell ring. It rang twice without being answered—cook and Sara Jane being in a deep quarrel, occasioned by the reproofs of their mistress—so Mrs. Pattipan, having peeped over the balustrades for some seconds, descended the stairs and opened the door herself. Through the glass she could see that it was only a peddler of some sort, who would be sent away at once, after which she would attend to the culprit below stairs.

As she opened the door she saw upon the steps without an old clothes man with a basket of china on his arm. A fat little old fellow with an immense nose and a benevolent smile, who pushed his basket into the door as an entering wedge, and said very softly and tenderly and with persuasive waves of his hand from the cheek outward:

"Laty—dear laty—a-me-aible laty, vill you not exchange some ole clo'es which are of no goot for some elegant new vases vich vill make you always some bleasure ven you look at dem? Elegant vases! Oh, you shall see dem."

"No," said Mrs. Pattipan, "no, I think not."

But the woman who deliberates with an old clothes man at the door is lost. The basket wedged itself further in.

"It vill cost noding to look at dem," said the old clothes vender. "It vill be a bleasure and cost noding."

"Very well," said Mrs. Pattipan, "I don't really promise, you know; you never give much for the clothes. I think your acquisitiveness is more largely developed than your benevolence. Seems to me so, looking at you."

"Madame is very good," said the old clothes man, waving from him the compliment he fancied he had received. "I go in—danks."

He entered the parlor. Mrs. Pattipan rested herself on a chair near the window, and the old clothes man exhibited his stock of common vases, at which Mrs. Pattipan looked contemptuously.

Finally regarding her with an acute eye the clothes man restored all these to his basket, and saying:

"No, dese are not to madame's superior taste," put his hand in his pocket and drew forth a little ornament of very beautiful china—a Cupid with a butterfly on its shoulder. "Zere!" he said, spreading both hands abroad. "'Ow about zis?"

"Well," said Mrs. Pattipan, "that is lovely."

"And zere is no more; 'e come from Paris," said the old clothes man.

"Oh, he is sweet!" said Mrs. Pattipan. "I'll see what I have."

And upstairs she rushed, and gathering from drawer and closet all the old pantaloons with baggy knees, and all the old coats with frayed cuffs and greasy collars which were in the house, laid them at the feet of the clothes man.

But now it was the old man's turn to be scornful.

"Zese rags! Oh, madame, not zese rags for my lofely Cupid from Paris!" he sighed, reproachfully. "Madame vill find somezing else; she vill not expect ze poor old clo'es man to cheat himself. Madame has some pretty silk dress—a cloak, a shawl—madame vill see!"

Madame, who could not give up the idea of possessing the Cupid, now that she had once harbored it, ran upstairs again. She searched her drawers, her wardrobe, but really she had nothing. Suddenly it occurred to her that she had a broche shawl, and that she never wore it. Shawls were out of fashion, and if she hated anything it was a shawl turned into a cloak. The thing would lie there useless for years, or she should give it to Mr. Pattipan's Aunt Jane. She would never wear it again, that was morally certain. Why not buy the Cupid with it?

She unfolded the shawl and felt an unusual contempt for it, it looked so old fashioned. It had cost $25 when it was bought, and was as good as ever; but what an ugly thing! Yes, she would do it! She carried it down stairs therefore, and the clothes man condescended to accept it. However, he also put into his bag the old cloth garments.

"I vill not leave zem about to trouble madame," he said; "I vill oblige her by carrying zem away."

Mrs. Pattipan returned to her parlor to adore her Cupid—certainly a very lovely little being.

"How I admire it! It's my ideality and my 'form,' I suppose," she said, becoming phrenological again. "I should have been an artist, having form and color so largely developed."

Then she placed it on the cabinet shelves, and as she retired to a distance to observe the general effect, saw that the counterfeit bill that she had thrown into the china bowl after tearing it across had vanished. The old clothes man had taken it—there could be no doubt of that.

"But he was so acquisitive he could not withstand temptation," said Mrs. Pattipan. "Well, I hope he will not pass it on some poor person, and I don't care if he gets himself into trouble—he deserves it."

At all events she had her lovely Cupid—how much better than an old shawl that she detested! Still, she would not mention the old shawl or the coats to Mr. Pattipan. Since she had made the awful mistake of exchanging his best trousers for a match holder it was understood between them that old clothes men were not to be permitted to cross the threshold.

No; she could buy what she pleased, and Mr. Pattipan never thought of asking where it came from. It should go so. But, oh! her lovely Cupid—how she adored it!

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Pattipan returned in very fine spirits.

"Well, Ducky," he remarked to Mrs. Pattipan, "I've got a surprise for you. Shan't tell you what it is until I have had dinner. It is a birthday present."

Then he concealed a bundle beneath the sofa.

Mrs. Pattipan felt pleased to be remembered. She was as charming as possible during dinner time, and Mr. Pattipan made her guess what he had brought her; but her guesses were all failures. Not roses—not a book—not his photograph—not a watch—not a ring—not a dress pattern—not a muff!

"I meant to buy a muff," said Mr. Pattipan; "but this was brought into my office by somebody—quite as though I had asked the spirits to help me, you know. Come along, my dear; I want to see you sail up and down the parlor in it. You are quite a queenly sort of figure, you know, and a shawl"——

"A shawl?" said Mrs. Pattipan.

"Ah!" said Mr. Pattipan, who was now unfolding his parcel beside the parlor table, "a shawl! It is a splendid one—a Cashmere, or some Indian place of that sort—wonderfully valuable; but, you know, he smuggled it, and so sold it for nothing. For a shawl like that forty-five dollars is nothing—and I knew you were out of shawls. You used to wear them so elegantly in our courting days, and I haven't seen one on you for years!"

"Nor on anybody else!" Mrs. Pattipan said within herself, but she beamed upon her husband.

"Here it is!" said he, flinging it abroad "Now put it on."

The room was not a large one, and as the shawl swept into the air it struck the cabinet on that particular spot on which the Cupid was perched. The lovely bit of china danced wildly for a moment, then toppled over and fell to the floor. Nothing remained of it but gleaming fragments as Mrs. Pattipan stooped to pick it up.

"Never mind the gimcrack, Ducky!" remarked her spouse. "I hope it is that confounded match safe that you gave my best trousers for—ha! ha! ha! Come, try on the shawl!"

Mrs. Pattipan, with a secret wail for her treasure, obeyed. She turned her back and allowed the drapery to fall over her ample shoulders, and glided as gracefully as possible up and down the room.

"Charming!" said Mr. Pattipan. "You must wear that freely. Don't save it for best. By Jove! I'm glad I bought it. The little old fellow came into my place with the parcel, and bless me if he wasn't a curiosity! He called me a worthy gentleman, and he wanted to show me a shawl. Well, I wouldn't look at it until he told me all about the Vale of Cashmere, where it was made, and asked me to smell the attar of roses; and suddenly says I, 'The very thing for Ducky!' and I had Pringle, the clerk, in and put it on him, and he said he thought it must be genuine, for his grandmother had one just like it"—("No doubt," said Mrs. Pattipan to herself)—"and out came my little $50 bill and he gave me a $5 note, and done it was!"

Mrs. Pattipan had reached the end of the parlor and was standing quite still with her back turned. She could not control her features at that moment; she had just recognized her own old broche shawl—the one she had given to the clothes man! She know it only too well by the pattern. And there was the little fray darned by her own fingers five years before, when she did occasionally wear the shawl to market.

"Turn about, Ducky," said Mr. Pattipan. "Now, do you know, I haven't seen you look so elegant for a long while! We'll go to the opera to-night—comic—and show it off. I know women like to exhibit elegant things when they have 'em—and here is the change the old fellow gave me out of the fifty—a five dollar bill. Take care; it's been mended. You'll want some little fallal."

As Mrs. Pattipan came to her husband's side she was aware that she should see the counterfeit bill that the old clothes man had stolen from the china bowl, and indeed she did; and I cannot help believing that some of the very finest phrenological developments must have been hers, for she smiled up into Mr. Pattipan's face and said: "My dear, you are really generous!" and put the worthless bill in her pocket with a little air of coquetry, and actually wore the faded, old fashioned broche shawl to the theatre that evening and was happy in it!

But after all, to have a husband who thinks one a beauty at 45, and is only anxious to make one happy, compensates for any such little mortifications as that which Mrs. Pattipan experienced when the lady in the seat behind her whispered audibly:

"Well, that shawl must really have come out of the ark!"—Mary Kyle Dallas in Fireside Companion.

A Young Whistler.

The Guilford correspondent of The Dexter (Me.) Gazette tells of a boy now 11 months old who began to whistle, a real, genuine whistle, clear and distinct, at the age of 10 months, and who, at 6 months of age, could speak several words plainly enough to be understood by any one. That youngster probably stands a good chance of being spoiled.

Cap and Gown Unpopular.

The young ladies of the graduating class at Colby have taken a step that must be regretted by all lovers of the picturesque. They have voted to take no part in the class day exercises of the next commencement. They didn't enjoy the spectacle made by their sisters in mortar board caps and black gowns last year.—Lewiston Journal.

The Central Shoe Blacking institute in Berlin undertakes to clean boots and shoes for its clients as often as required between 6 a. m. and 9 p. m. for monthly payments at the rate of fifty cents a month for men and thirty-five cents for women. Half rates are given when several members of one family subscribe.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward's eldest son, Arnold, is said to be a literary prodigy. He is only 14 years of age. He recently sent an essay to a magazine and received a check for $50 and a letter of thanks. It is also said of him that he read "Robert Elsmere" during the first year of its existence.

In Maine spruce gum now brings to the man who gathers it from $150 to $180 a barrel, according to quality. A barrel weighs about 170 pounds.

THE PICTURESQUE BRIDESMAID.

Different Styles of Costumes Worn Nowadays by the Bride's Attendants.

The fashionable wedding of today has become a pageant of picturesqueness, in which the bridal procession is a glittering array of gay colors and historical costumes. The bridesmaids in dresses of the first empire or the directoire mode, and the tiny pages in court dress of the time of Louis XIV alternate, and vie with the bride's procession of flower girls, who are attended by Little Lord Fauntleroys. It may be that the fair bride has chosen to go into the church escorted by a bevy of fair maidens who are arrayed in the hues of the rainbow, and shining in red, yellow and blue.

Others again are preceded in their passage down the aisle by a seeming flock of snowbirds, in their frocks of white silk, trimmed with white fox fure and silver braid. Another bride will choose a bevy of fair maids who shall dress in gowns of golden yellow, carry bunches of yellow chrysanthemums or roses, and altogether lend a gleam of sunshine to even a rainy wedding day; while one bride is recorded as having clothed her maids in wedding garments of dust colored broche figured with pink and red roses, and hats of dust colored felt hidden beneath claret tipped plumes crowned their pretty heads, while tiny pages dressed in ruby plush danced gayly along.

Formerly the bridesmaids, like the bride, were "clad in robes of shining white," and their beauty and elaborate array were supposed to be to her as the pale beauty of the moon to the radiance of the sun, as the modesty of the violet to the elegance of the rose, as the limpidness of water to the richness of ruby wine; nowadays, the bride, the central figure round which clusters all the love and joy and hope that a wedding ring can hold—the bride is apt to be in her conventional wedding gown, the fashion for which varies but little from year to year, though she may substitute roses, hyacinths, chrysanthemums or lilies of the valley for the old time favorite, the orange blossom and flower, is somewhat overshadowed by the gorgeousness of her attendant maids. She may have them handcuffed together with floral links, she may have them bound with chains of roses which shall fall asunder as she falters forth her solemn vow to love, honor and obey, or she may have them ready to strew flowers in her path as she turns, a newly made wife, from the altar; but in all these picturesque fashions and quaint ideas, she detracts from the interest which should center round herself alone, and instead of one interesting and beautiful figure—for who ever thinks of the groom?—there comes a group of lovely maidens, a galaxy of beauty in which each star is of equal brilliancy. It can hardly be gainsaid that in their picturesque array the bridesmaids are fast stealing the honors from the bride, who must confine herself to the regulation snowy garments of silk, satin and tulle, while her maids brighten and beautify the wedding pageant with sweet artistic fantasies and raphsodies in raiment. So long as they are thus attired the truth of the old adage that "Every wedding makes another," is quite sure to be proved; and the charming maid, in addition to her gifts of pin and locket and bangle and buckle, may count among her trophies a captured heart.

Things Best Left Undone.

Do not write on ruled paper, or on that decorated with printed sunflower or blossoms of any kind.

Do not introduce your girl friend to the gentleman visitor. Instead say, "Miss Brown, will you allow me to present Mr. Jones?"

Do not talk especially to one person when you have three or four visitors. Instead make the conversation general.

Do not attempt to take care of a man's overcoat—he has a vote and ought to be able to look after his own clothes.

Do not ask people who they are in mourning for. If you don't know, wait until you find out, and in the meantime don't ask after the members of their family.

Do not giggle when a smile would answer, and don't talk in a jesting way about things that are holy to other people.

Do not laugh at anybody's form of worship—respect a toad praying to a mushroom.

Do not say the rules of etiquette are nonsense—they are made up for your comfort and mine, and arranged so that the feelings of every human being are considered.

Do not get into the habit of laughing at elderly people. It is not only unladylike, but it is vulgar.

Do not think it clever to find out by pumping, the private affairs of your friend. There is no reason why you should lay bare her heart for an inquisitive daw to peck at.

Do not get into debt, but if you have been guilty, deny yourself everything possible that you may be free once more.

Do not believe that all these don'ts are not spoken to you in the kindest manner as from girl to girl, but one has to suffer and make mistakes one's self to find out into just what pitfalls one is apt to tumble.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Retort Unfortunate.

A certain Shakespearean club in one of the most fashionable suburbs was entertained successively by the various members. It finally became the duty of a popular young bachelor to assume the position of host. Wishing to make the evening a pleasant reminiscence to all present the gentleman had Rosalie Music hall, in which he proposed entertaining, decorated in a charming manner. He also had a delicious luncheon served by a proficient caterer, and the appointments were elegant in every particular. So thoroughly enjoyable was the evening that every one felt like expressing their thanks to the young host, and in various pretty speeches did the ladies signify their appreciation of his efforts.

Surrounded by a bevy of his fair guests, the face of the young man was the picture of delight, when another young lady joined the circle and offered thanks where thanks were due. Her manner of expressing herself, however, caused the light to die out of the young gentleman's face, and a baby stare superseded it. It might be remarked here that the young man had offered his hand to a Rosalie Court belle the preceding month and been refused. And the lady, entirely unconscious of the affair, said: "Oh, Mr. Blank, I really must compliment you on the charming manner in which you have entertained us this evening. Everything has been perfectly lovely; we have noticed the absence of nothing that would have added to the evening's enjoyment, unless, perhaps, a bonfire, and (in a piquant manner) we are sure that is something you really couldn't procure."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the grocer's business
The finest in the land.

100 Ladies Wanted.

And 100 men to call at druggists for a free package of Lane's Family Medicine, the great root and herb remedy, discovered by Dr Silas Lane while in the Rocky mountains. For diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys it is a positive cure. For constipation and clearing up the complexion it does wonders. Children like it. Everyone praises it. Large size package, 50 cents. At all druggists'

—The quantity of paper that jewelers wrap around their goods strikes most people as a great waste of tissue.

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away, but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial size free. At all druggists.

—A sailor is considered a good skipper when he understands the ropes. The same may be said of a little girl.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly