#### Perfect Through Suffering.

There is no heart, however free and lightso But has its bitterness, No earthly hopes, however bright and blith

But ring of emptiness.

The world is full of suffering and sorrow. Of anguish and despair; Its brightest promises are of to-morrow, Its mockeries everywhere

Our weary hearts with slow and sad pulsation Beat to the march of years;
Their days are given to toil without cessation,
Their gloomy nights to tears.

But let us in pationce and submission The will of our great King-Remembering this, all through our earthly

Perfect through suffering.

Then cease, oh, foolish heart, cease thy repin-

The Master's hand above, Is only purifying and refining-The Alchemist is Love.

These tears and thrills of woe, these great afflictions, Are but the chastening rod;

And they shall prove the heavenly benedi

tions,

The mercies of our God. What seemeth now a dark and dreary vision

Unto our tear-dimmed eyes, Shall bust in glory into scenes elysian, A blooming paradise.

Then cease, Oh, foolish heart, cease thy repin ing; Hope! lift thy drooping wing;

The pain is one of God's all-wise designing Perfect through suffering.

# SUITED FOR LIFE.

"No hotel?" said Mr. Percival Payne. "Nothing in the shape of one," answered his friend. Lucius Warden, with the subdued triumph of one who an-

"I never heard of such a thing in my life!" said Payne.

nounces a startling fact.

"Nor I neither," serenely remarked Warden.

"But how do you account for it?" demanded the would-betourist, smiting his forehead in despair.

"I don't account for it all," said Mr. Warden, surveying the nails which he had just been carefully trimming with his penkuife, "except that nobody knows anything about the place as yet. There's a factory-wall-paper, I believe, or something of that sort-and a cigarshop and a beer-shop and two threadand-needle stores, and a postoffice where the mails come twice a week; and there's the Magalloway river, all carpeted over with water-lilies, and half a dozen glorious little trout-streams running into it, and the finest bit of scenery you ever saw. But-there's no hotel !"

"But where's a fellow to stay?" helplessly demanded Payne.

"Get an outfit and camp out, as I did," said Warden, cheerfully. "A hidden cascades; a blur of lighted winblanket, a canvas tent, with pegs and dows, which the driver said was the loops, a little smudge of bran or pineneedles, to keep the mosquitoes off at ing the tired horses at a one-storied night, and-

"But I don't enjoy camping out," vehemently remonstrated Payne. "It is all very well for those that like it, but I'm not one of that sort. I like our good walls, a feather pillow and regular meals served three times a

"Well, then, look here," said Warden. "Go to the Widow Buck's. She takes boarders now and then."

"Who is the Widow Buck?" asked Payne.

"That I don't know," replied his friend.

" And where does she live?"

"There you have me again." " Man alive! are you crazy?" despairingly questioned Payne. "How

am I to find her?" "Inquire," calmly responded Mr. Warden, as he shut up his knife and replaced it in his vest pocket. " Go to

Mailzie Ford-11 A. M. train-stagecoach-through in one day. Ask for the Widow Buck's! Bless my heart! nothing in the wide world could be easier. I always heard that people got good fare there and comfortable beds. And Mailzie Ford is a perfect little paradise when you once get there!"

"Well," said Payne, dejectedly, " it seems a wild-goose chase, but I've a mind to try it. A man can but come back again."

It was rather early in the season for the conventional operation known to the American public as "summering," but Percival Payne, being a bachelor of independent fortune and cultivated tastes, felt that he could do as he pleased. And it was rather a luxury to anticipate the first mad rush of travel, when all the seats are engaged, the cozy corners taken, and the most desirable points of observation usurped.

So he packed his valise, did up his fishing-tackle, laid in a great store of crayons and sketching-paper, and started for the far northern wilderness of Mailzie Ford.

Of course the train was late-trains always are late-and it was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when Mr. Payne found himself perched up in an open boxwagon, alongside of two trunks, a package of codfish, mail-bag, and a pretty girl, with eyes as soft as black pools of lilkly forged. But I'm willin' to be water, and one of those odd, fringy

so picturesque.
"Where do we meet the stage?" said Mr. Payne, as he settled himself so as to inconvenience his pretty neighbor as

little as possible. The driver stared at him. "This 'ere's the stage!" said he.

Git up, sorrel !" Mr. Payne stared. chist.

"But stages have tops," said he. "This 'ere stage don't," said the driver.

It was rather a trying situationsteep up-hill part of the way and steep down-hill the rest, with the codfish and the mail-bag alternately tumbling into Mr. Payne's lap, and the pretty girl laughing in her sleeve at his embarrassment.

"I'm very rude, I know," said she, "but if you'd just tie that codfish to the back of the wagon with your fishing-line it wouldn't trouble you so

much." "A good idea!" said Payne, briskly. Thanks, very much for suggesting

it!" "I've traveled over this road before,"

said the pretty girl, laughing. "Are you going to Mailzie Ford?" said Mr. l'ayne, with a sudden gleam of animation.

"No," said the pretty girl. "To Catley's Dam." "Perhaps you know something about

Mailzie Ford?" hazarded our hero. "Oh, yes!" said the nymph with the dark eyes. "It's a lovely place! I used to live there before I went into the factory at Catley's."

"Do you know the Widow Buck?" sked Payne, with interest.

" Very well," nodded the pretty girl. "I'm going there to look for board,"

said Mr. Payne. "I hope you'll be suited," said the girl.

And then they began to talk about the tall, blue-crested mountains, which were beginning to close in around them.

The dewy-eyed damsel had read Longfellow; she knew all about Thoreau; she was even "up" in Ruskin, and she expressed herself with grace and spirit, which set Mr. Payne to wondering if all the Maine girls were equally cultivated and beautiful.

And then the codfish tumbled down again and had to be tightened anew. and by that time they had come to house in the midst of a lonely belt of woods, which the driver said was "Catley's Dam," upon which the pretty girl disappeared into the purple twilight, and Mr. Payne and the codfish went on, sorrowful, much jolted and alone.

A glimpse of the beautiful Magalloway river by moonlight; the cry of a wild-bird in the woods; the noise of factory; down a blind lane, and checkstone house behind a wall of cedar trees, and then the Jehu cried out:

"Now, then! Here we be! Widow

Mr. Payne got stiffly out, and helped to unload the various paraphernalia of travel which belonged to him-all of them by this time considerably flavored with salt codfish.

"Perhaps you had better wait," said he, as the driver turned around and chirruped to his horse.

"What for?' demanded the man. "In case Mrs. Buck should not be able to accommodate me, or-'

"Oh, it's all right!" said the driver, She'll take you in. Naomi would have told you, else." And away he drove, leaving our hero

ile of Inggage at his feet, and dog smelling at the skirts of his coat. "Who's Naomi?" said Mr. Payne,

addressing the moon, "And what would she have told me?" He raised an old-fashion brass knocker that hung at the door and rattled it briskly. The gaunt dog,

aroused to a sense of his duty, left off snuffing and began to bark. Presently. a tall, thin woman, with a red pockethandkerchief tied on her head, with a kerosene lamp in her hand, opened the door.

"Oh," said she, peering sharply at him, "you're the young man from the

city are you?" With the initiative thus taken out of

his hands, Mr. Payne could only incline his head. "All them traps yourn?" demanded

the Widow Buck, abruptly.
"Yes, madam," Mr. Payne admitted. "Humph!" said the widow. "'Pears to me it's purty tol'able cheeky of you,

mister, to take it for granted you'd be asked to stay !" "I thought, madame-"I'm a-talking now," said the widow, sharply. "To begin right straight at

the beginning, we don't know anything about you. You may be a bank bur-glar or a counterfeiter, for all we know!" "My references, madame -"Yes," know," said the widow.

"And them very references is most reasonable. How old be you?"

hats of black straw, all covered with And Mr. Payne secretly wondering if agination. - Good Health.

loops and ribbon, that make people look this was the way they managed things in Maine answered meekly:

"Two-and-thirty !"

"Ever been married before?" sharply questioned the widow.

"Certainly not, madame! answered Mr. Payne, with single man!" a very justifiable spark of indignation in his manner.

"Any business?" went on his cate-

"None, madame."

"Well, I like that!" said the widow, with a scornful sniff. "Like your im. pudence to come here and own to such a disgrace as that! Expect to live on me, hey?"

"Madame!" gasped poor Mr. Payne. "How d'ye suppose you're ever going to keep my Naomi, even if I allowed you to marry her?" sharply went on the woman, "which I shan't do, and don't you think it! She don't care for you, anyway! When she heard you was coming she made up her mind to stop off at Catley's Dam, just to get rid of the sight of you. There! So just pick up your traps and go back ag'in the way you come! You won't never be a son-in-law of mine!"

But while Widow Buck was volubly uttering these last glib sentences s light began to dawn on Mr. Pavne's obscured brain.

"I think, Mrs. Buck," said he, "that you must be laboring under a little misapprehension. My name is Percival Payne. I am from Boston. I was recommended here, as an eligible boarding place, by Mr. Warden, of 15 Peppermint place."

Mrs. Buck nearly dropped her lamp in consternation.

" Well, I never!" said she, instantly flinging the door wide open. "Please to walk in, sir." I'll send the boy out arter your trunks and things in half a minute. I beg your pardon, I'm sure, for mistaking you for Peleg Driggs, from Lowell, as was comin' here after my daugher Naomi! She works in the Lowell mills, Naomi does. To think how ever I could have made such a blunder! Do walk in, sir!"

And Mr. Payne was promptly introduced to a delightful little "interior" of red carpet, round table spread for tea, shaded lamplight, and a fire of keep out the damp of the summer evenning

After 10 o'clock, when the wearied traveler was in bed, in a pretty little room, where there was an eight-day clock in a cherry wood case, and a carpet made of woven rags, he heard the opening and shutting of doors below, the clear sound of a familiar voice -the voice of his black-eyed traveling companion.

Well, mother, did he come?" she

"Peleg didn't come," said the Widow Buck. "But a young gentleman from the city came. And don't you b'lieve, Naomi, I took him for Peleg, and I peppered away at him well !" "Oh, mother, what will he think?"

cried the softer young voice.

"I asked his pardon, of course," said the old lady. "And he took it all as a joke."

And when Peter Driggs himself the next day put in an appearance, he was summarily dismissed. While Mr. Percival Payne and the fair Naomi were sitting by a trout pool in the cool woods below: for Naomi knew all about the haunts and nooks of the neighborhood and handled a fishing-pole most

skillfully. Mr. Payne liked Mailzie Ford and stayed there all summer. And as there were several boarders in the old stone house Miss Naomi concluded not to realone in the spectral moonlight, with a turn to factory life in the Lowell mills but to stay and help her mother the housework; and when the autumn came she was engaged to Mr. Percival

Payne. "The sweetest wild-flower in all the Northern woods," he wrote, enthusiasti-

cally, to his friend Warden. Warden went up to Mailzie Ford. He was introduced to Miss Naomi. He

agreed with his friend. "She's a little jewel," said he. 'You're a lucky fellow, Payne. But I didn't know when you wrote me that you were so well suited with the accom-

modations here-"That I was suiting myself for life!" interrupted Payne. "But you see that such was the fact."

# Do Tomatoes Cause Cancer?

An old health reformer writes from Iowa, asking the above question. We have often answered it before, but will notice it once more. The matter has been thoroughly investigated, and there is no doubt as to the truth with reference to it. Tomatoes are as innocent of the charge laid upon them as are apples or potatoes. They are, by no means, the best fruit, but are perfectly wholesome when properly prepared for food. There is much more reason for thinking that the condiments generally used in connection with this fruit are a cause of cancer than that the tomato itself is objectionable on this ground.

The fancied resemblence of tomatoes to cancers is wholly a matter of the im-

# LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

A Queen's Residence.

Mr. Henfrey's villa, which has been placed at Queen Victoria's disposal during her stay at Mentone, France, is loftily situated at the extremity of the East Bay, at no great distance from the Gorge of St. Louis, the present boundary of France and Italy. It is not sufficiently large to accommodate the whole of the queen's retinue, and two smaller villas close by have also been secured. Surrounded by olive orchards, and protected from the northern blasts by the lofty range of mountains at the rear, the royal residence enjoys perfect privacy. The views from the terrace and flower gardens are transcendently beautiful. On clear days the snow-covered mountains of Corscia, some sixty miles distant, may be seen without the aid of a telescope; while the Mediterranean, with its ever-changing cerulean and malachite hues, affords an incomparable picture.

## New York Widows

Widows, says Clara Bell, writing from New York, are fashionable just now. A young widow, with any charms at all, can have all the suitors she wants. Widows always have the advantage of experience over maidens, for they know better how to flatter men, how audacious it is safe to be in each particular case, and how to lead them on without seeming to do so. But there is something in the air hereabouts favorable to widows. The most successful of the season's belles in society are widows scarcely out of their weeds. Clara gives this advice to broken-hearted females anxious to make their weeds as attractive as possible:

Mourning costumes were never more carefully or coquettishly made. A woman dressed in a mass of trimmings cannot look as if in mourning, no matter if the trimmings are all crape. There should be as few bows. loopings, puffs and ruffles as possible. The crape should be laid on in heavy, broad, plain folds. Any plain black cloth cloak, with black fur bands for trimmings, will answer for half mourning. The widow's long, double crape veil should be worn a year. After that a shorter one may be adopted or a logs, burning on an open hearth to square brussels net, bordered with

Church Manners.

Mrs. Lucy E. Sanford in the Observer as the following comment on the church manners of some of her sisters: Like a good Christian I went to church in the City of Brotherly Love. It was an elegant church, and the tones, rich and full, of the grand organ, filled the air as I mounted the broad steps. You'll have to wait till after the first prayer,' said the sexton, gruffly. 'Will you tell me where I can find Mr. -'s pew?' said my friend. He told us, and we were left to find it, but instead of turning to the right, we turned to the left, into by and forbidden paths, as it proved. As we were enjoying the opening services, thinking ourselves in a friend's pew, a woman came in and looked and looked. I stepped out, and she stepped in, and sat down at the door of the pew. Thereupon my friend came out and we left. In some prayer books of that church, I am told, is written, 'This pew holds six persons. Strangers are reguested not to sit here.' In my prayer-book is something about strar. gers being angels unawares; but I suppose the pew-holders of that church stand up in the aisle in a strange city."

Fashion Notes.

Pompadour styles are revived. Coachman's buff is very fashionable. Tuscan straws are beginning to ap-

Trains at the moment are rather

New passementeries resemble ap plique.

Larger and larger grow both hats and bonnets. Dark straws will be more worn than

Pear-shaped trains appear on many of the new dresses.

Scantily gathered frills trim some of the new dresses A comb of roses is employed to fasten

up low coiffures. Natural flowers are fastened on peaock feather fans.

Raw silk in artistic colors is offered for spring dresses. Wool goods are combined with the

new cotton satines. Many of the French dresses are voluminous at the back.

are worn by blondes. The jersey jacket supersedes the English walking coat.

Turquoise blue beaded lace bonnets

Transparent sleeves of lace or of beads remain in favor.

A fashionable stone for engagement ings is the sapphire. Small buttons are stylish

buttons are boll-shaped. Dresses are some of them compo of raw silk in artistic colors,

Ladies with red hair wear becomingly black satin and jet toilets.

A fan and parasol come to match new cotton satines in dress patterns.

India muslins embroidered in col-

ored silk are out for evening dresses. Blue stockings clocked with gold are counted with novelties in hosiery.

To match cloth dresses are made cloth shoes, with patent-leather foxing. Among Parisian novelties are numbered gants de Suede with plush and silk tops.

Woolen stuffs, with raw silk figures in quaint designs, are shown for summer costumes.

The fashion remains of wearing a tight-fitting coatsleeve with a long glove reaching nearly to the elbow.

Fashionable material for small boys school suits are corduroys, Scotch tweeds, cassimeres and English suitings and homespuns.

### National Debts of the World.

The United States census report on ublic indebtedness, prepared under the direction of Robert P. Porter, will make a quarto volume of 667 pages. It forms a history of the national loans and of the debts of the several States. The report contains detailed statistics of the funded and unfunded indebtedness of the United States, of each State, counties, cities, towns, townships and school districts. In the introduction Mr. Porter gives an interesting account of the national debts of the world. According to the best authorities the national debts of the principal countries of the world have increased since 1848 as follows:

Years.	Aggregate debt.	Actual in- crease.
1860	\$7,627,692,215 10,399,341,688 17,117,640,428	\$2,771,649,47
1880	23, 286, 414, 753	6,168,774,32

Mr. Porter presents a table showing the indebtedness of different countries fane. at different periods, and the per cent. of increase or decrease. From this table is taken the following:

Countries.	1870.	1880.	
France	\$2,777,522,000	\$3,829,982,399	
Great Britain	3,883,467,000	3,766,671,000	
Russia	1,070,630,000	3,318,953,000	
Spain	1,386,952,500	2,579,245,000	
Italy	1,900,000,000	2,540,313,000	
United States	2,480,672,428	2,120,415,371	
Austro-Hungary	1,654,610,000	1,881,115,350	
Turkey	603,446,000	1,376,486,500	
Portugal	291,990,000	457, 451, 000	
Australia	180,060,500	442,851,500	
Holland	369,854,060	389,320,000	
Canada	82,730,500	175,191,000	
Eoumania	63,000,000	118,742,600	
Sweden-Norway	29,199,000	97,330,000	
Greece	60,000,000	94,361,435	
German Empire	720,242,000	49,317,598	
Denmark	63,264,500	48,665,000	

The debt given for the German empire in 1880 does not include the debts of any of the States composing it, but only the empire proper. The average yearly increase of indebtedness since 1848 has been \$489,335,079, and if that ratio shall continue, the aggregate at the end of this century will be \$32,583,-781,254. Mr. Porter's history of the State debts is very full, and its accuracy has been officially proved by the proper authorities of the respective States. Mr. Porter sums up the State and local indebtedness of the United States as follows :

	Gross Debt.	Net Debt.
State debt proper. County debt Township debt School dist, debt. Debt of cities and towns of 7,500	\$260,179,723 125,471,556 31,900,645 17,507,411	\$234,436,261 123,877,686 31,601,244 17,507,411
inhabitants and over Debt of munici- palities less	710,535,924	593,344,418
than 7,500 pop- ulation	56,376,857	55,817,126
Totals	\$1,201,981,115	1.056.584.146

The total outstanding bonded inincurred for the following purposes: \$2,514,082, improvement of harbors, close again in peaceful meditation. rivers, canals, wharves and water power, \$36,224,548; railroad and other aid, \$185,638,948; schools and libraries, \$26,509,457; streets, \$86,674,860; war expenses, \$75,154-400; cemeteries, \$283,-816; funding floating debt, \$153,949,-536; public buildings, \$48,493,952; refunding old debts, \$138,743,730; sewers, \$21,370,536; miscellaneous, \$130,374. 758; water works, \$146,423,565.

The lowest rate of interest is in North Carolina, which State pays or promises to pay two per cent. on \$6,578,000 of its debt. Almost one-half of the aggregate debt, or \$516,832,826, pays six per cent. interest, while on \$23,370,-864, ten per cent, interest is paid. Nevada pays fifteen per cent. interest on \$19,000 of indebtedness and twelve per cent. on \$29,000. Minnesota pays twelve per cent. on \$26,190. These States.

# A Mammoth Lily.

A water lily, four feet two inches in circumference and weighing three and one-half pounds, was recently found in Lake Nuna, Peru. The leaf was twentyfive feel in circumference and weighed petals of the flower were nine inches

# CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

There are at present seventy-seven elephants in the United States.

During the time of the Norman conquest the game of dice was very com-

Rabbits and guinea-pigs are said to be seldom affected by poisons which are fatal to other animals.

Some years ago a Missouri farmer in plowing found a rattlesnake which had two perfectly formed heads. The vanilla, as a living plant, was

imported into England toward the en d of the eighteenth century. In the Himalayas is found a plant resembling the cobra with its head

erect, called the cobra plant. In the twelfth century slaves in Europe were rare; in the fourteenth lavery was almost unknown.

The waste heat of the lime-kiln is made to generate steam and warm immense public buildings in Europe.

A scientist says it does not kill an syster instantly to open its shell. Maybe not, but it surprises it considerably.

Jerusalem existed 700 years before Rome was founded, 300 before the siege of Troy, and 500 years before the hanging gardens of Babylon were built.

The manufacture of wooden shoes is an important industry at Green Bay, Wis. A local paper say they are made of green basswood, then smoked and dried like hams.

On the patent roll of Henry IV. is a record which allows Matthew Flint, toothe drawer of London, sixpence a day for life upon condition of his drawing the teeth of the poor gratuitously.

Christian names are so called by having been given to converts in baptism as substitutes for their former pagan appellations, many of which were borrowed from the names of their gods, and were therefore rejected as pro-

#### A German Professor.

A correspondent of Sunday Afternoon gives an amusing sketch of the style of lecturing which Professor Kahnis, one of the great church historians of Germany, has made his own :

He ambles up to his desk, and turns upon us a plump face, naturally red, but flushed by climbing two flights of stairs to an over-ripe strawberry color; plants himself against the blackboard with hands folded under his coat-tails, and shuts his eyes-or they shut themselves; it is difficult for him to keep them open. He talks fast and vehemently, swings back and forth, carelessly crasing the chalk-marks from the blackboard with his broadcloth, and opens his mouth widely to the embarrassment of his only tooth. He looks altogether, with his red, chubby face, like a dissipated cherub. It is a favorite amusement with the American students to see the professor search for his pocket Testament. He wants to make a reference to the original. His eves are shut as usual. Suddenly, without any previous intimation of what he is about to do, he strikes his finger nervously against the left breast of his coat, to sound the pocket - no book. Then the right pocket more excitedly-nobook. Then hestrikes both hands alternately against his coattails - without success. In nervous desperation he thumps his trousers-in vain. He pauses a moment to reflect, then institutes another search in the reverse order, and more carefully-trousers, coattail, breast pockets;all the time we can see his book lying beside his manuscript on the desk. Al though he looks troubled and annoved. he has not opened his eyes yet. Suddenly it occurs to him; and his "vxious debtedness is \$1,117,821,671, and it was features assume their natural look of cherubic serenity as his eyes rest for a Bridges, \$24,853,388; fire department, brief moment on the stray volume and

Every Jack is said to have his Jill; but he does not always find her; thus bachelors who would make model husbands, and old maids who would make 095; parks and public places, \$40,612,- excellent wives, let gray hairs and even the grave overtake them in their single life. Not that they have failed in courtship, as is invariably said of them. Numerous are the chances they have let slip through their fingers that others were glad to catch even though aware of the former choice of their "accepted." But their ideas of the partners who could make their life as happy as they desire, are too exacting; they fail to detect all their own peculiarities and faults, and make too little allowance for the weakness and imperfection of human nature in those they would cherish above all others, the highest rates paid in any of the They want to centre their life's happiness on the one of their choice; they feel that a mistaken hope of connubial felicity would be eternal ruin, and failing to find the character answering to their own exactness, they fear to choose, and thus are reduced to avoid the matrimonial bonds. This scrupulous exactness in choosing a wife or husband is a some fourteen pounds, while the outer real misfortune to the sensitive ones possessed with it, as they are self-con-demned to a life of oneliness.