The

In paths of peace and virtue Always the good remain : And sorrow shall not stay with them, Nor long access of pain ; At meeting or at parting, Joys to their bosom strike, For good to good is friendly, And Virtue loves her like. The great Sun goes his journey By their strong truth impelled. By their pure lives and penances Is earth itself upheld ; Of all which live or shall live

Upon its hills and fields, Pure hearts are the protectors For Virtue saves and shield

Never are noble spirits Poor while their like survive ; Without request these render, Without return they give. Never is lost or wasted The goodness of the good; Never against a mercy, Against a right, it stood ; And seeing this, that Virtue Is always friend of all, The Virtuous and Pure-hearted Men their "Protectors" call. -Edwin Arnold, in Harper

JOSEPHINE'S DREAM.

Josephine March lived in an old red brick house, which stood at the corner where the Canon's Close intercepts the Cathedral square. It looked on neither glance of two big windows which lit its staircase. All its casements opened on its own green garden, large enough to allow of bright flower beds, open sunny lawns and bower like leafy dells.

The Misses Knightley, to whom the house belonged, took a pride and an interest in their garden. They were proud. too, of the delicate nee lew which decorated their apartments, and days had been when they had added to its treasures; but they were old ladies now, and their eyes were failing, and they did no more. But spring and summer, autumn and winter, made room for perpetual changes in that garden, and their gentle exercise in its genial sunshine did them good. And Miss Margaret often said to Miss Elizabeth: "What should we do without' the garden and Josephine ?"

Josephine was not of their blood. She could remember the day when first she wondered who she was. She remembered asking that question of Miss Elizabeth. And she remembered the kind lady's answer, "that when she • was old enough she should know all they could tell her." The promise was kept when she was seventeen.

That was three years ago, and Josephine would have started to be told how many hours she had spent in revolving the few meager particulars she then heard. She was a foundling discovered in an encampment of gypsies, whose thievishness had brought down the police upon them. The pretty baby's fair hair and blue eyes had provoked inquiry, and some of the old women of the gang had eagerly confessed that she was none of their people; she had belonged to a strange young woman who had joined them some months before and had since died. They could not be quite sure whether she was the mother. She had always said she was not. One harridan went so far as to narrate the dead girl's confession that she had a baby of her own, which had died, and that she had stolen this one to personate it, for the sake of some money.

The Misses Knightley had heard all neighboring innocent ladies, they had gone to see the poor little babe crowing in the honest arms of the constable's

own heart she entirely refused to believe that she could be the child of the outcast woman who had died in the gypsies' camp. The police might have refused to believe about her dying confession-the Misses Knightley might seem to have forgotten all about it.

What did they care to whom she belonged, now that they saw her a fair and graceful maiden, full of gentle ways and learned in gentle lore, turning over their old volumes of the poets with her fresh young finger , and looking and speaking and acting just as they could have wished in that dream-child who might have been Joseph's "if Joseph had lived ?"

They had her portrait painted by the rising young artist of the town, and it was exhibited in the county art academy.

It was not called "Miss Josephine March." "Nobody but our Josephine's friends need know who it is," they said to each other, and the picture was called "An English Girl."

It showed her standing at the door of Miss Elizabeth's favorite arbor, just as she really stood nearly every morning during the mild months, for she always ran down there to await that lady's return f om her daily tour round the garden.

The young artist, Philip Harvey, felt he had never had a sweeter subject, and of them, except as it were by the side perhaps there was something in his eyes which said so, for certainly there was something which set Josephine thinking what would happen if they fell in love with each other, and she was suddenly discovered to be some great man's daughter-the child perhaps of some secret marriage. That dream dominated the poor girl's mind terribly. She grew to believe in it.

> It was only natural that she should yearn after the unknown kindred who must be somewhere in the world. It was only unfortunate she began to feel that the two maiden ladies were not really her aunts, and that this, and this alone, accounted for any rebellious feelings which would arise when the wise restrictions and counsels of age occasionally crossed the whims and impulses of youth.

It came to pass that one morning, when she was standing by the arbor, just as she stood in the picture, a carriage drove up to the gate. At least, it was not a carriage, but a cab; and out of this cab stepped an elderly lady, with a lean dark face, muffled in rich but rather rusty black lace.

She paid the cabman, and lingered for a moment at the gate, looking to the right and to the left. Then she advanced up the straight center walk toward the arbor.

She was nobody whom Josephine had ever seen before-a sour, commonplacelooking person, who eyed her with great curiosity.

"This is Miss Knightley's house?" she asked, abruptly, when she was within speaking distance.

"Yes, madame, it is," answered Josephine. The lady came a step nearer and

looked at her shrewdly. "And you are a Miss March," she

aid; "and your portrait is in the -Gallery. Have they been good to you -these people here ?"

Josephine flushed hotly.

"They have been my truest, kindest friends," she said, warmly. "But for them-"There, there child!" interrapted

the stranger, "don't go into heroics. I this at the time, and, like most of the want to see them. Take me to them."

Josephine obeyed. She led the ttle drav room and bade a maid to send the Misses Knightley to her immediately.

d all the information she could get. from here," returned Miss Elizabeth, was again rich in color and sweetness with heroic truthfulness. "Come into the house, child, and see your mother's miniature and hear all your aunt has to 88y.'

How different it was from Josephine's dream ! Yet her courage somewhat revived at the thought of the learned old gentleman and his scholarly seclusion.

Only her new aunt - her "real aunt "-damped it again. She was so ugly and so business-like. She did not want to lay any surreptitious claim to Josephine's affections. She did not want to carry her off. A lawyer would wait on the Misses Knightley and go into every detail of the matter before they would be expected to resign their charge. Then she would return for her. Her name was Payne - Miss Selina Payne; and her niece had been christened after her.

"So you're Selina Payne, too," she said, looking at Josephine March; "and I expect you will be very thankful to have a name that really belongs to you.'

Josephine had just one more week in the old Corner House, and a sad and trying week it was. As for the Misses Knightley they wept much in secret, and though they said little about Miss Selina Payne they often wondered over Mr. Payne, and remarked to each other that brothers and sisters were frequently very unlike, as if that offered the most hopeful view of that unknown savant.

Then Josephine left them. Miss Se lina cut their farewells short.

"You're not parting forever," she said. "I come very near here every half year about some money business and sometimes I'll bring her with me and leave her for half an hour.'

And before the Misses Knightley ould protest against such curtailed visits the cab had driven away.

Their railroad journey brought them to a dismal little black village called Carrow. It stood up anyhow round a great factory, which was pouring forth fierce light from a hundred square windows.

"That's the works, Selina," said her aunt-"the chemical works for which your father experiments and analyzes." Oh, how ugly !" cried the girl-

which was perhaps ungracious. "It brings us bread, Selina," said the unt; "and your father will expect you to take an interest in his work and to help him, I can tell you," she added; "though he'll claim more from you for his hobbies and his pets and such useless trash."

"And so you're Selina," cried a thin, racked voice in the hall of the low, dark house into which they were ushered "Ab, you've got Maggie's eyes

Poor Maggie! There, there, don't smother me! We shall have plenty of time to get to know each other.' And as that life began so it continued through that awful winter. The old

lady and gentleman received no visitors; they had dropped most of the amenities of life, and they were waited on by faithful servants after their own heart.

Mr. Payne's duties lay among dangerous gases and acids; his recreation consisted of the study and domestication of living snakes and newts and frogs, and the dissection of dead specimens-delights which he cordially invited his daughter to share.

As for Miss Selina, she always gave grunt when letters came from the Misses Knightley, and when Josephine threw out hints that she would like them to receive some substantial yet graceful recognition of their goodness to her, Miss Selina curtly replied that she had no doubt they had paid them-

A carriage stands at the gate. Half an hour ago it brought up three people; in a few minutes it will carry away only two.

A group of five advance from the little arbor. There are the two Misses Knightley and Josephine. How pale and thin she looks, and how like a convalescent breathing fresh air and sun-shine after months of fevered confinement! and yet Josephine has never been, as her Aunt Selina says, "really ill." And there is Aunt Selina herself and Mr. Pavne.

"Yes, ladies," says the old gentleman, "I know it's all right. ' What can the girl want,' says my sister, 'more than to have us always and to see the Misses Knightley every now and then?' Say I. 'Selina, maybe the right chemical combination would be for her to have the Misses Knightley always, and see us now and then, just by way of renewed experiment to prove it would

not do.' You needn't defend yourself, child, I know you did your best. Selina, are you ready? Well, child, if ever you hear of any curious specimens-you remember that rare toad I was always looking out for-let me know. Goodbye."

"Josephine," whispered Miss Elizabeth, as the three turned back to the old house, "I have asked Mr. Harvey to come up and spend this evening with us-I did not think you would object Why, Margaret, the roses on her cheeks are beginning to bloom again already!"

And Josephine dreamed no more of grandeur and broken hearts.

Cutting the Key Log of a Lumber Jam.

The first thing to be done is to find out where the jam occurred, and then to discover what is called the "key log," that is to say, the log which holds the base of the "jam." An old experienced "steam driver" is soon on the spot, for the news is soon carried up stream that there is a "jam" below. Every minute is of consequence, as logs are coming down and the "jam" being found, there is a cry for volunteers to cut it. Now, when you consider that there are some hundred big logs of timber forming a dam, and the instant the key log is cut the whole fabric comes rushing down with a crush, you will see that unless the arman gets in-

stantly away he is crushed to death. There are usually in camp plenty of men ready to volunteer, for a man who cuts a key log is looked upon by the rest of the loggers just as a soldier is by his regiment when he has done any act of bravery.

The man I saw cut away a log which brought down the whole jam of logs was a quiet young fellow, some twenty years of age. He stripped everything save his drawers; a strong rope was placed under his arms, and a gang of smart young fellows held the end. The man shook hands with his comrades and quietly walked out on the logs, ax in hand. I do not know how the loggyroad one felt, but I shall never forget my feelings. The man was quietly walk ing to what very likely might be his death. At any moment the jam might break of its own accord; and also if he cut the key log, unless he instantly got out of the way, he would be crushed by the falling timber.

There was a dead silence while the keen ax was dropped with force and skill on the pine log. Now the notch was near half through the log, one or two more blows, and a crack was heard. The men got in all the slack of the rope that held the axman; one more ow and there was a crash like thun

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Flannel Dresses White, cadet blue, olive and black are

the desirable colors for sheer flannel dresses that will be worn all summer at the seaside and mountains. The white flannel dresses are only suitable for morning wear, but those of colors will be used for traveling. The princesse effect, with panier sash and plaited white flannel dresses, and to these are sometimes added Byron collars, square

cuffs and pockets, of velvet, but as these dresses must be cleansed often, the Hercules braid in many rows on the skirt, with frogs on the cuirass waist will be a better trimming. A snugly fitted hunting jacket well belted in, braid to match in color, and a skirt like that just described, is the design for black and colored dresses of flannel .-Bazar.

The Kind of a Man to Marry.

A young man, receiving a small sal ary, determines to put aside each week a certain sum as a foundation for the pleasant home he some time hopes to have. It forces him to make many sacrifices; he eschews jewelry and canes, soda water and cigars, and carries an unperfumed handkerchief. When in this semi-rustic plight, and wearing a suit (perfectly preserved) two seasons old, he calls on a maiden whose company he desires, she looks with scorn at the dowdy dress, and is suddenly otherwise engaged. Discouraging as this may be, he plods on in the chosen path, and finally lays his heart before a quiet maiden who has read:

"I see a man: I do not see his shabby dress, I see him in his manliness; I see his ax. I see his spade. I see a man that God has made If such a man before you stand-Give him your heart, give him your hand And thank your Maker for such men They make this old earth young again

The beginning of their wedded life is devoid of much of the splendor that attended the other pair, but to them there is no rude awakening to misery and woe. increasing in strength. The "key log, Their affection having never been trifled away, but reserved, each for the other. proves a constant joy and ever-present delight.

A Woman's Warning.

The Lowell Courier reports a recent lecture of Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, in which the speaker said:

"A prominent cause of the degener acy of woman is the compressing of their chests by the use of corsets. They are not necessary to a good figure; what artist would choose a corseted female for a model? They are not necessary for support. Indeed, they are destructive of those very means upon which a woman should depend to uphold her body. The female form is provided with muscles exactly similar to those of the male, but in the former those muscles are not developed, they are weakened, compressed, until in a woman forty years of age, who has always worn corsets, the waist muscles have entirely disappeared, and the woman is absolutely obligel to depend upon the artificial means to support her body. This practice also interferes with digestion, and with the operation of the lungs."

Mrs. Livermore also discountenanced the support of clothing upon the hips, and the use of small peg-heeled shoes. The latter occasion permanent injury to the muscles and incurable lameness in many cases.

Fashion Notes.

Worth uses jet profusely.

The hair, to be fashionably dressed, must fall low on the neck and also on the brow

In spite of efforts to make all even ing dresses short, trains are worn ertensively.

Pink is a favorite color for young ladies' dresses, both for morning and evening wear.

Hideous curtain paniers disfigure a. skirt, prevails for young ladies' creamy large proportion of Paris-made dresses of this season.

> Pale gray and terra cotta, pale blue and canary yellow, are favorite com. binations for tea gowns.

Bridemaids wear white straw Rem. brandt hats with white plumes falling over the front of the brim.

A loose, puffed drapery just below the hips all around the skirt appears on handsome dresses for children.

The colors for neck ribbons are terra cotta, aurora pink, porcelain blue, mahogany, ruby and cardinal red.

Parisian hair-dressers are making an effort to revive the Roman coiffure of the first directory period in the style worn by the Empress Josephine and Madame Recamier just before the days of the empire.

Information About the Aged.

After Mrs. Mary McElroy, of Greens burg, Ind., had lived 100 years, she was burned to death.

Mrs. Lally died recently in Chicago, ged 108 years. Her health had not een good for three years.

Mrs. Catherine Mannion died lately in Baltimore at 106. Her sister, ninetytwo years old, had died just; before.

Colonel Camp, of Shippensville, Pa., was ninety-four years old when he was married recently, and his bride, Mrs. Rich, was seventy-two.

Christopher C. Graham, of Louisville. Ky., is ninety-eight years of age. He recollects that he was a guest at the wedding of Abraham Lincoln's parents.

After ninety-six years of active life, Polly Herr, of Phenix, N. Y., passed into eternal rest. She was never sick in her life, and died in her sleep.

At a birthday surprise supper given to Mrs. Hannah Roberts of South Bend. Ind., the united ages of the sixteen persons at table made 1,083 years.

Archie McTavish has just made a long journey by rail to spend his old age with a favorite son. He is at Ux-bridge, in Canada, and 106 years of age. Mr. Sarah Fifield, who died recently at Deer Isle, Va., at the age of ninety-

eight, had been a strictly pious woman for eighty-three years, and of descendants had 252.

The united ages of a family of Newburg, consisting of eleven brothers and sisters, is 760 years, an average of nearly seventy years. Their father lived 100 years.

With good physical health and all his mental faculties unimpaired, Andrew Bisconnior still lives at 108 in the city of Syracuse, N. Y. He is now cutting teeth and recovering his sight.

The father of Robert A. Wright, of Santa Rosa county, Florida, is 116 years of age, more or less, and he has three sons fifty-two years old. Healthy triplets, that is to say, were vouchsafed to him in his sixty-fourth year.

"Fun" With a Mule.

A little Southern boy, when asked if his father had a good mule, mournfully replied: "One end of him is good." Personal attempts to play with the heels of a mule are generally failures. A correspondent of the Chicago Times, writing from Fort Buford, gives an example of that kind of an experiment A gallant captain of the Fifth Infantry, on a notable occasion, attempted to coerce a mule which had backed up against his teat on a wild and stormy night to secure some slight protection from the whirling blasts. The male was an old offender, and was continually wandering about the camp after night. Upon this occasion he backed up against the tent, and the light inside permitted an accurate view of the animal as his shadow fell on the canvas. The captain was entertaining a party of friends, and when he caught sight of the mule he picked up a pine board, and remarking to his visitors, "Now we will have some fun, boys," leveled a full and fair blow at the animal. The aim had evidently been true, as the shadow was seen to move on the canvas, and then followed an awful tearing sound, and a pair of mule's heels made themselves distinctly visible to the assembled crowd. The mule continued the kicking process until he had torn in shreds the objective side of the tent selected for his attack, and his heels reached far enough to enable him to encounter the stove. The boys adjourned for the evening, concluding they had bad "fun" enough. The officer who assaulted the mule was given other quarters that night, and on the following day purchased a tarpaulin with which to repair his dom-

wife, who had it in temporary charge. The Misses Knightley walked home in

silence till Miss Margaret said: "Lizzie, the little thing took to you." Then she saw her sister was crying.

But Miss Elizabeth put aside her tears, with a strong effort, and said: mine just as Joseph did when he was a baby."

Joseph was a brother years younger than themselves, who had died in boyhood.

"Her eyes are the color of his," observed Miss Margaret. "Ah, if he had grown up and married, we might have had his children about us now."

"Why shouldn't we take this one?" asked Miss Elizabeth, impulsively. "We have a right to do as we like, I suppose," she added, with a dash of defiance at the storm of criticism and ridicule which she felt would rise about them

And in the end the two ladies drove back in the twilight and bore home the baby in triumph.

"I never in my life felt so much as if I was committing a crime," Miss Mar-garet had afterward confided.

This was little enough for poor Josephine to hear, though it was dressed up with loving little details of how they gave her the feminine form of their dead boy-brother's name, and added for patronymic that of the "roaring moon of daffodils." during which she was carried into their quiet retreat.

What dwelt most in Josephine's mind

Then she returned to the arbor. Her heart beat fast with uneasy fears. No, no; it could not be; she was foolish to imagine it. This was somebody from "She curled her little fingers round the county town, probably begging on behalf of some institution

Presently there was a light step on the gravel walk beside her. It was only Miss Elizabeth; but her face was pale and her eyes tearful.

Josephine's heart stood still.

"Child," said the old lady, tenderly, "it is a comfort to think you will not suffer in leaving us as we shall suffer in losing you. We often felt that you must long for your own people. We

think they are found now.

"That is not-not my mother?" gasped Josephine.

"No," said Miss Elizabeth; "your mother died when you were born, sweet

one: and that poor outcast of the gypsies' camp stole you from the woman with whom were placed at nurse. It

all !' cried the old lady, bursting into "Your relations saw it, and ears. hought that nobody but her own lost

daughter could be so like your dead mother. And so they found out who you were and all your story. This lady is your aunt-your father's sister." " And my father ?" gasped Josephine again

" Is a learned and distinguished old gentleman with whom she lives in prowas the vague unknown which lay be- found retirement, about a hundred miles old green garden of the Corner House

lother. And this was the fulfillment of the

dream for which Josephine had often thrned away from the sweet realities of her old life at the Corner House !

There was nothing shameful in it: on the contrary, it had credit and honor, for the poor girl saw from a newspaper

and certificate how high her father stood in the estimate of his brethren. And she would inherit a considerable fortune, too. She was assured of that. Yet Josephine's head was sick and her whole heart was faint.

The crisis came one day, when, rising from a dutiful but nauseating endeavour to mount a specimen for her father, she fancied she heard a familiar voice in the hall.

What could have brought Philip Harvey here, and what sort of reception would he get from Aunt Selina Hastening from the study she met that

lady returning from the front door with a satisfied smile on her lips.

"Who has been here?" asked the niece, with a sinking heart.

"Some young whipper-snapper want was that pretty portrait which did it ing to see you," returned Aunt Selina "A Mr. Harvey. We don't want any of that sort here. Those fellows who live by their wits are always very sharp after fortunes."

As her aunt spoke Josephine felt the low dismal hall reel round her, until it seemed as if the frayed brown oilcloth rose up and smotcher on the face-and she had fainted !

. It was summer once more, and the

der, and down came the wall to all appearances on he axman. Like many others I rushed to help haulaway the poor fellow, but to my

great joy I saw him safe on the bank, certainly sadly bruised and bleeding from sundry wounds, but safe .- Field,

The Tramp's Reward.

A Western newspaper draws on its magination for the following story :

An ingenious tramp, thinking to wring tears and money assistance from the stoniest hearts with a new science gave it an experimental trial in the North End. He has decided not to patent the invention. He told a North End lady of his unfortunate condition, and asked if he might eat some of the

grass in the yard. The lady, not less amused than surprised, said : "Certainly."

He went out, and getting down on all fours commenced on the grass after the neglected and never popular fashion of Nebuchadnezzar, and apparently not enjoying the diet any more than that

cient sinner of olden time. Presently the tramp's anxious eye caught sight of the servant girl beckoning to him from the back yard. He thought a rich re ward for his humility was in store, and

astantly responded. "Did you motion to me ?" "Yes."

"What did you want?" He now wore a look of most hopeful expect-

ancy. "You may go in the back yard if you want to. The grass is taller there."

e bot Tournures are very large. Cloth jackets are severely plain. Roses border evening dress skirts. Some of the new mantles have pan-

Polka-knotted handkerchiefs are again carried.

Lace is worn with everything and on everything.

White camels' hair is much worn for tes gowns.

Historical and picturesque costume grow in favor.

Brocaded China crape appears among late novelties.

Some of the new ulsters show box plaits in the back.

Hip draperies and tunics are much tucked and gauged.

Ostrich feathers droop over the front edge of large straw hats.

Soldier-blue is the popular shade for cloth jackets and suits.

Patent leather low shoes will be worn in the summer by ladies.

Worth uses striped and changeable silks in his richest dresses.

White flannel dresses will be popular in the country with young ladie

Jersey jackets are preferred to the aline English walking jackets.

chenille fringe are very fashionable.

Ficelle or Medici lace is the coming novelty for trimming dresses and bo

A reason given why a plano was not saved at a fire was because none of the firemen could play on it.

Persain cloth mantles trimmed with ioila.