

Remember or Forget.
I sat beside the streamlet,
I watched the water flow,
As we together watched it
One little year ago;
The soft rain pattered on the leaves,
The April grass was wet,
Ah! folly to remember;
'Tis wiser to forget.
The nightingale made vocal
June's palace paved with gold;
I watched the rose you gave me,
Its warm red heart unfold;
But breath of rose and bird's song
Were fraught with wild regret.
'Tis madness to remember;
'Tis wisdom to forget.
I stood among the gold corn,
Alas! no more I knew,
To gather glimmer's measure
Of the love that fell from you.
For me no gracious harvest—
Would God we ne'er had met!
'Tis hard, sure, to remember, but
'Tis harder to forget.

The streamlet now is frozen,
The nightingales are fled,
The cornfields are deserted,
And every rose is dead.
I sit beside my lonely fire,
And pray for wisdom yet—
For calmness to remember,
Or courage to forget.

—Hamilton Aidee.

YOUNG JOHN.

Back and forth along the green terrace of the Chestnuts strolled beautiful Ruby Londeborough, her silken dress of silver-gray trailing over the emerald turf, her diamonds flashing, her flowers glowing in the afternoon sunlight, and by her side strolled Charles Henrick, a pleasant, blonde young gentleman whom she had known only during the present summer. But she had never known a more agreeable companion for a leisure hour, and something in this thought made her impetuous young voice a little sharp as she said:

"Married? Yes, I suppose so; some time. You know that I am engaged, Mr. Henrick?"

"No, I did not know," he replied, quietly.

"Betrothed by my father when I was a child," she remarked, coolly, stopping to add a red rose to the two white ones she carried in her hand, and attentively viewing the effect.

Charley observed it too in silence for a moment.

"To whom? Or is that a secret?"

"Oh, no!" answered Miss Londeborough, going on with her walk. "To the owner of the Prince estate, adjoining ours, half a mile below here."

"Do you mean Mr. John Prince?" asked Charley, with a quick glance at the perfect profile of this glowing young beauty of nineteen.

"Yes, I have never seen him, you know. He has never lived here, and perhaps never will. The old squire who did live at Three Elms was papa's godfather and grandfather to—well, Young John."

"Young John?"

"Yes. They were all Johns, you see. The squire and his son and his son's son, the present heir, were all the same name. The squire, Old John and Young John, I have always heard them called," laughed Miss Londeborough, musically.

"And you are engaged to Young John?"

"Yes. All the others are dead; he is coming here this autumn and I am to be married to him."

In spite of herself the careless voice faltered a little. With an unexpected hasty movement she flung the flowers she had been so tender of into the fishpond, at the edge of which they had stopped. There was a flashing of silver fins about the white and red; then Miss Londeborough shivered, said she was cold and must go in.

He gave her his hand up the terrace steps, for he was not going in, then descended, and stood with his hat in his hand watching her as she made a quick, graceful gesture of farewell, and passed the portals of the old mansion. When the last shimmer of her dress had vanished he went away very thoughtful.

His pretty little sister May was one of the guests at the Chestnuts. He was himself staying at the Spring house with a party of friends. He often came to see May, but he lingered to see Ruby. Her frank hospitality was irresistible, especially when she gave him half an hour of her bright society alone. She was not like other girls; she never feared misconception of her actions. Why need she? he thought. He was poor; she was an heiress, and engaged to Young John. He went down the road, frowning at the birds and the buttercups. But he came back that evening with a buggy, and took May to drive. Ruby watched the spirited chestnut horse disappear among the trees.

"You have lost your game," said young Viviers, with whom she was playing chess in the long drawing-room. "Checkmate!"

She pushed back the table imperiously.

"There, that will do!"

"The rubber," he implored.

"No."

was not becoming to her; perhaps that was why she looked pale and as if there were dark shadows under her eyes. The tea-bell rung. She pulled a silken cord, without rising, and summoned a maid, to instruct with the message that she was not coming down to tea—she had a headache. The others could be merry over tea and toast without her. She must have time to think, out of the long whirl of gaiety, or she should be crazed. How fast the summer was going! how imminent her marriage was! Let her think—oh, let her think! She had never done so before.

Since she was fourteen she had known that she was engaged to Young John. He was a fine fellow, they told her, well educated, traveled, rich—a parti in a thousand. She was felicitated, congratulated, and she had been flattered, content, having no wanton fancies to perplex the wise provision made her by her father.

Why should she quarrel with an arrangement which had been deemed good for the princesses of noted lands? Yet she suddenly found herself battling with a strange unhappiness. She was not wont to be sad; she was too healthy and social. At school she had been prime favorite—at home she was queen.

Since her return from the seminary the previous spring the Chestnuts had been full of company—most of the guests her "gay girl graduates with their golden hair." May Henrick and a half-score of others were with her now. She ruled her house and presided at her table with ease, for the wheels of the establishment were liberally oiled with gold; the servants were old and versed in the ways of the Londeboroughs; faultless service and lavish pay had been her father's rule. She had not a care.

But to-night she brooded alone until long after the twilight had filled the room. She wished they had not promised her to Young John—a man she had never seen. How prosaic and unpleasant at nineteen to have all one's future fixed! She wished those old men—the squire and her father—had let her future be. Other girls married men of their choice. Why should not she? She had no doubt that Young John was unexceptionable, but she really wanted none of him.

And she was to be married the coming autumn! A feeling of dull resentment and grief mingled and swelled within her breast. He had written her two letters, Young John—very nice, civil letters, which she had been instructed by her father's old lawyer, Mr. Lindsay, to answer. She had never done so. She really did not like to write letters, and had never had a correspondent in her life.

She pouted now, thinking that Young John was probably awaiting an answer to his last epistle. Finally she suddenly got up, bathed her face and rearranged her shining, dark hair. She had remembered that when Charley Henrick brought his sister back he would probably come in for an hour.

She fastened some scarlet geraniums at her throat and tied her hair with a cardinal ribbon. The glowing red became her; it was his favorite color.

Certainly she had never looked prettier than when she appeared below among the bright company. And when Charley Henrick had come with May it was late before he left the Chestnuts.

Now, May Henrick was one of the prettiest of the "golden-haired graduates"—a girl cool and mild enough to be Ruby's very opposite, and by virtue of these qualities was very agreeable to her.

But the latter never told her what she had never told herself until that night, and May, having her object in view, had some difficulty in approaching the subject during the coming day.

They were sitting on a bank, watching the others on the croquet-lawn, when May, having gathered all the blueets within her reach, opened the conversation with the remark:

"I suppose you will be married by this time next year, Ruby?"

Ruby started, and her smile faded, but she replied coolly enough:

"I suppose so."

"You are quite sure that you have never seen Mr. Prince—when you were a child, I mean?"

"No—I have never seen him, May."

"Do you know how old he is?"

Ruby had never noticed that May's blue eyes were so sharp before; but she replied, quietly:

"No—I haven't the least idea. It's rather like buying a pig in a poke, as the Scotch say—isn't it?" she added, with a rather absent smile.

Then young Viviers came up to beg her to take his mallet, as he had twisted his ankle by a misstep and it pained him, and Ruby went upon the ground, leaving her seat by May very welcome for his use.

By-and-by, Charley Henrick drove up, and when they had all played croquet until they were tired, and had had a lunch of strawberries and cake under the trees May found time to whisper to him:

"She doesn't know. It's just as I told you—she doesn't know."

What ailed Ruby during the coming weeks? She was not like her old self—her careless ease was gone. She was wildly gay or silent and absent.

The last of September Mr. Lindsay came to see her; the first of October Young John was expected.

"Mr. Lindsay," asked Ruby, "suppose I should not marry Young John?"

The old lawyer raised his gray eyebrows.

"Such a supposition is not possible," he said, "for in that case he can appropriate your fortune. The two estates are combined, and all you have is involved in them."

Ruby went about like one in a cloud. She wondered if in all the world there was any one else so unhappy.

One cool night the company were dancing in the long hall which extended through the house. In the midst of the hilarity Ruby's spirits suddenly deserted her. She went out upon the piazza and stood leaning against one of the pillars wreathed with woodbine, fanning herself.

Her dress was white; her dark eyes were in shadow. Their gaze was utterly sad as they were turned upon the happy company under the flashing lights. They—everybody—seemed so far away, and she so lonely.

She turned aside, catching her breath with a little sobbing sigh, and turned into somebody's arms. A loving, blonde face, a strong shoulder—before Ruby knew what she was doing she sobbed there for a moment.

"Darling!" whispered Charley Henrick, "let me comfort me. You do not know how dear you are to me! I love you best of all the world! Tell me—tell me what grieves you?"

"Hush—hush! Oh, it is nothing," answered Ruby, flushing, trembling, frightened, yet "comforted" to the depths of her heart. "Oh, you mustn't talk to me so!" and she turned away and was gone.

Charley Henrick was soon gone, too—indeed, he started on a journey that very night. In fact, it was the thirtieth of September, and he had not much time to spare.

On the evening of October 2 a carriage stopped below the lower terrace of the Chestnuts, and Ruby, starting up startled in her chamber, soon had a card laid in her hand. Mr. John Prince—Young John—awaited her in the drawing-room.

For a moment the girl turned quite faint, then she rose up resolutely and went to the mirror. She was utterly pallid, but she arranged her dark braids with a steady hand and went steadily; below.

The door swung under her cold hand a stalwart gentleman, with curling white hair and beard, apparently about sixty years of age, rose from a sofa and advanced, with kindly courtesy, to take her hand.

"Miss Londeborough!" he said, kindly.

"Mr. Prince?" she faltered, looking at him with wonder, the interrogation of her accent repeated by her amazed eyes.

"Yes, Young John—though young no longer."

The cloud in which Ruby moved was intensified. Mr. Prince remained at the Chestnuts on a visit of a week. He would have been very nice, Ruby thought, if he had been her father. But her husband!

"Well, my dear," taking her hand one evening, "What do you think of me?"

"I respect you very much," faltered Ruby. "Only—rushing on—I—I thought you were young!"

"My grandfather was very old and evidently in his dotage when he betrothed us—eighteen years ago," he said. "I was a middle-aged man when you were born. I know, my child, that you would be very miserable if I should propose to marry you. But I have a young friend in whose happiness I have an interest. You shall marry him and I shall be quite satisfied. Your fortune, too, shall be yours."

"Oh, no, no!" gasped Ruby.

"What! Not a young husband, blue-eyed, and handsome as yourself?" evidently enjoying her agitation.

"No," murmured Ruby.

"You are quite sure?"

"Quite."

"You shall be urged to nothing against your will; but let the young gentleman speak for himself."

He rolled aside a folding door and Charley Henrick rose and came into the room.

"It is as you believed, my lad; her heart is yours, not mine," said Young John, rubbing his gray hair upright about his wrinkled temples and smiling benignly upon Ruby's blushes. "I am very glad you came to confide in me, Henrick, and saved me a disappointment, for I am convinced she is as good as she is beautiful, and a treasure for any man."

It soon came out that Charley Henrick had known Young John for years, and his sister May had sagely hinted that Ruby would never marry him when she knew how old the gentleman was—a hint upon which he acted by going to meet Young John, and telling him frankly that he had won her, or believed that he had.

Surely there was never such an exemplary old gentleman as Young John. He came blithely to the wedding.—*Es. the Serle Kenneth.*

Training a Colt.

The most successful way of training an animal, says a correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, is to begin at birth. It is then readily managed, as there is no acquired habit to be overcome. The important point to be kept in view is to teach him what you want him to know, and only that. In order to do it successfully two things are necessary—kindness and decision; these must never be lost sight of. Let the colt know you mean well in the start and all subsequent handling. And in directing him give him to understand that there is no other way than yours, and he will soon be made to respond to the gentle, yet firm, pressure. Let your society be among his first impressions. Pass your hand softly over him and pat him, but do not tire him. Repeat your visits at first at short intervals. You will thus, in his mind, be coupled with his mother, and share her familiarity and also the sense of protection. If you secure his attachment and reliance upon you, you will have laid the basis for all your work. When leading the mother put a halter on the colt also, so as to get him used to it and give an idea of restraint. Continue this in the stable. In the use of the halter care must be exercised so as to avoid rashness and undue severity. But always maintain your firmness with him; never yield in what you undertake, being sure you undertake only what is necessary, and what has previously been determined upon. But have confidence; he is young, and you never can handle him so readily as now, when he is at the feeblest and has not learned differently. He will soon yield to your way, the only way he will know, and all the more when he knows it does him no harm. This last is important. If harm is to come to him let it not come from you. Make him familiar with noises and startling approaches, first of a mild character, gradually increasing till the most stirring ado fails to move him. This will prevent his shying. Handle his feet and familiarize yourself with every part of him. Put things on his back, light at first; follow him with a bag, and at last, when old enough, with yourself.

Whatever is done, never lie to a colt—never contradict yourself; he will remember it, and it will confuse him; he will be as apt to go wrong as right. All uncertainty must therefore be avoided, and the line marked out for him must be clear to him, and to you also; he must be held steadily in until he becomes established in it, when he will not wish to depart from it. All must be done with a view, among other things, to make it as pleasant for him as possible, with the restraint always applied where needed, and never yielding, but doing it in kindness and with as little ado as possible. He thus gradually, and unawares to himself, learns to do what you want of him, and that alone, if you keep other influences away from him. Never over-exercise him. Do not bother him with heavier loads than he can draw if you wish to keep him from balking. In all that you are to do, do not lose sight of the important element of doing it in a gradual way. If it is thought there is too much to be done, let it be remembered that the horse is a valuable animal, and that the pains taken with him increase this value by making him so much the more serviceable, readily handled and always reliable. Every true horseman will appreciate this. If the colt fails to respond with sufficient alacrity, if, further, he is stupid or awkward or of an indolent nature, sell him; you do not want him.

A Love Affair Wound Up.

"I should smile."

As Bertha Redingote spoke these words she lay coquetishly in a hammock that had been swung between two giant oaks that reared their tall heads aloft in the broad lawn at the edge of which stood her father's stately residence. A little foot peeped out from beneath a fleecy white dress, while the laughing eyes and fair forehead of the girl were surmounted by a coronal of sunnily-gold tresses of which any hair store might have been proud.

"So you like ice-cream?" said Harold McIntyre, bending over the hammock and looking tenderly into Bertha's blue eyes.

"I should smile," said the girl again, getting ready to put on her slipper and start.

"You are right," said Harold. "Ice-cream is a good thing. Perhaps some day next week I will buy you some."

The look of happy expectancy faded from the girl's face. "What time is it?" she asked.

"Ten minutes to 6," replied Harold.

"Then," said Bertha, "if you start right away, you will get home in time for supper."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The estimate at Washington is, that the debt reduction for the current fiscal year will reach fully \$150,000,000.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Good Nature

Good nature is a gem which shines brightly wherever it is found. It cheers the darkness of misfortune and warms the heart that is callous and cold. In social life who has not seen and felt its influence? Don't let little matters ruffle you; nobody gains anything by being cross and crabbed. If a friend has injured you, if the world goes hard, if you want employment and can't get it, or can't get your honest dues, or fire has consumed or water swallowed up the fruits of many years hard toil, or your faults are magnified, or enemies have traduced or friends deceived, never mind; don't get mad at anybody, don't abuse the world or any of its creatures.

Keep good-natured, and our word for it, all will come right. The soft south wind and the gentle sun are not more effectual in clothing the earth with verdure and sweet flowers than is good nature in adorning the hearts of men and women with blossoms of kindness, happiness and affection, those flowers the fragrance of which ascends to heaven.

Religious News and Notes.

The two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Congregationalism was recently celebrated in Lynn, Mass.

Joseph Cook has delivered five lectures in Yokohama, and is to lecture in Shanghai before he goes to Australia. He draws crowds.

The Hymnal of the Established Church of Scotland has been received with such enthusiasm that more than a million copies have been sold.

It is stated as one of the most recent proofs of the success of missionary effort in Japan that it is quite common to hear the children in the streets singing, "Ah Jyosu di su"—Jesus loves me.

The old plan of the American Bible society to give a Bible to every family that is not supplied with one, worked so well a generation ago that the managers are about to do their work over again, and on a larger scale.

The bishops of the Methodist Episcopal church have issued a circular letter to all the denominations, recommending that the churches get out of debt, so that "no more of the Lord's precious money be sunk in the interest."

The American Home Missionary society makes a new departure in Minnesota and Dakota. Under direction of Superintendent Montgomery, assisted by Rev. F. N. Wolcott, a vigorous effort is being made to secure the building of churches and parsonages in the small towns and frontier fields.

The ninety-ninth annual convention of the Protestant Episcopal church of the diocese of Maryland, met at Baltimore recently. The number of communicants reported was 20,853, an increase of 800. The sum of contributions for the year was \$266,471, an increase of \$11,503 over the previous year.

Anomalies of Mormonism.

The special correspondent of a New York paper writes from Salt Lake City, where he was sent to picture the pleasures and conveniences of polygamy, that a Mormon friend enumerated at his request the following anomalies that he knew of in recent polygamous marriages:

"A young and very pretty girl, in 'the upper ten' of Mormonism, married a young man of her own class, but stipulated before marriage that he should marry a second wife as soon as he could afford to do so. Against his will she has now kept him to his promise.

"A young couple were engaged, but quarreled, and the lover out of pique married another lady. Two years later his first love, having refused other offers in the meantime, married him as his second wife.

"A man having married a second wife to please himself, married a third to please his first.

"A couple about to be married made an agreement between themselves that the husband's second wife should be one of the relatives of his first wife. The lady who was selected refused, and the husband remained true to his promise for ten years. At the end of this time his first wife voluntarily chose another mate for him.

"The belle of the settlement, a gentle, refused monogamist offers of marriage, and married a Mormon who had two wives already.

"I should smile," said the girl again, getting ready to put on her slipper and start.

"You are right," said Harold. "Ice-cream is a good thing. Perhaps some day next week I will buy you some."

The look of happy expectancy faded from the girl's face. "What time is it?" she asked.

"Ten minutes to 6," replied Harold.

"Then," said Bertha, "if you start right away, you will get home in time for supper."—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE PHANTOM CITY.

What an Explorer has Discovered in Central America.

Some weeks ago the news came from Central America that M. Desire Charnay, the explorer, sent thither by Mr. Lorillard, of New York, had discovered the "Phantom City," of which Stephens heard, and which one of his informants claimed to see from a lofty mountain top. It was hoped that the discovery might establish the existence of a settlement of the ancient race of the country far in the wilderness, and throw much new light on prehistoric America. In the *North American Review* M. Charnay tells what he saw. He was in the country of the Lacandones near the Guatemala border, and was making his way with difficulty. The natural obstacles of the wild country were great, and besides he was suffering from an attack of fever. To his surprise, on reaching the city, he found an Englishman, Alfred Maudsley, was ahead of him. He was only an amateur, however, and bade M. Charnay regard the conquest as his own.

Lorillard City, as M. Charnay calls the place, consists of palaces, temples and palaces resembling those of Palenque, erected on the top of natural elevations which the builders rendered accessible by esplanades and flights of steps. There are the same hieroglyph characters in the inscriptions, and the same personages and facial types on bas reliefs. It was a Toltec settlement. The buildings have been greatly disfigured by time, the plaster and the interior decorations having fallen away. The vaults are convex, concave and plane, while at Palenque plane surfaces, and at Comalcalco and Kaboh concave ones are in the ascendant. Two walls in one of the two palaces come together without any keystone, while each palace has a massive wall rising above the roof, with oblong openings like windows.

The great temple is still standing. It is built on the summit of a pyramid 125 feet in height, and faces toward the river. The wall above the roof reminds one of the edifices in Yucatan described by Stephens. In the middle of the wall once stood an enormous statue, only fragments of which remain. Among the bas reliefs of its three portals was one which exhibits two human beings of the Palenque type, each holding in the hand a regular Latin cross with flowered arms. The interior of the temple consists of a long, narrow corridor, with openings in the rear wall into four oratories or little chapels. There is a similar chapel at the right hand end of the corridor, and at the left hand end is a little dwelling room, probably intended for the use of the servant of the temple. In the little chapel in the middle is a platform about two feet high, on which once stood a large idol, finely sculptured. Its fragments now lie on the floor. The natives offered incense to it until it fell, since which they have ceased to frequent the city. To the left of the temple is a palace with sleeping places of cement, doubtless for those who served the temple. The great teocali, or perhaps the fortress, stands in the rear of the temple. It is a pyramid 200 feet high, and on the esplanade at its top six palaces formerly stood, of which the ruins of one remain. H. Charnay hardly thinks he has reached Stephens's "Phantom City." The name probably belongs to one discovered in Chiapas on the other side of the mountains. This he was unable to reach, through sickness and fatigue. He therefore went to the city of Mexico, there to make castings for the Lorillard museum. He has reached the opinion, after repeated examinations of the forests, that no argument for the age of the ruins can be based on the age of the trees. The concentric rings grow very fast in the hot and humid climate, and the hardest wooded trees rarely live more than 200 years. Monuments whose age is certainly known, and which cannot date from a period anterior to 1430 or 1440, and were destroyed or abandoned in 1696, are in the same condition as those of Palenque or Lorillard City, and the forest that surrounds and is preying upon them is of the same age. The same conclusions have been set forth more in detail in some of the author's earlier articles, and they refute, on apparently good grounds, the prevalent theory of the vast antiquity of Central American civilization. The sculptures also show a relationship between American and Asiatic—perhaps the Buddhist—faiths and incline one to repose some confidence in the Chinese story of the Fuh Siang voyage to the unknown west in the fourth century of the Christian era. Altogether Mr. Charnay has made a rich "find," and can afford to leave the Chiapas ruins for some other explorer, since, as he says: "The question for the determination of which I undertook this expedition is settled. A city more or less cannot affect the results obtained."

Resinous trees, like the pine, transpire twice as much as other trees, and, when they are exposed to moist air, absorb more water.