

Seek Not Thine Own.
Seek not thine own;
Live thou for others;
Live for thy brothers.
And when the blast
Of sorrow or temptation sweeps the sea of life,
And hearts beat low amid the busy toil and
strife,
When joys are fled,
When loves grow cold and hopes are dead,
"Love thyself last."
Seek not thine own;
In all the ages
Heroes and sages
By gifts are known.
The world esteems them great and good who,
living, shed
The gift of light upon the world. They, being
dead,
Are living still,
In monuments past human skill,
Of brass or stone.
Seek not thine own;
Forever giving
Is ever living,
While good endures.
Fruitful, self-sacrifice, to Him the Father sent
Shall get thee all. The world and bright-orbed
firmament,
Or life, or death,
Lo! the All-Giver, faithful, saith,
"All things are yours."

FAME VERSUS LOVE.

"It cannot be!"
As these words fell from Helen Armstrong's lips she arose from her seat, an old overturned boat, and moved slowly toward the water's edge.
For a moment her companion, a man of perhaps twenty-five, hesitated; then he joined her, repeating:
"It cannot be, Helen? Surely you are not in earnest. You love me, have you not said it? and yet you refuse to become my wife!"
"Edwin, I—"
"You did not mean it," quickly interrupted Edwin Bennett, adding:
"Come, darling, why should not we be happy?" And he drew her hand within his arm.
For an instant she let it rest there, then slowly but firmly she loosened his clasp, as she said:
"For two years you and I have been friends. In that time did you ever know me to change after I had once decided upon anything?"
"No, but—" answered her companion quickly, while she, unheeding, goes on with:
"You know the one great desire of my life is to win fame as an artist. Could I do this as your wife?"
"Why not, Helen? Would I not do anything in the world to help you?" came the proud answer, as Edwin Bennett bent his eyes fondly upon the fair face beside him.
"No, Edwin; as a wife I could never hope to obtain fame. Marriage brings to women so many cares that there is very little time left over for other work. I should not make you happy. I should be constantly longing for my old, free life."
"If that is all I am not afraid to risk my happiness, Helen," answered her lover, a more hopeful look lighting up his handsome face.
"Think how for five years," continued Helen, "I have worked with the one end in view. My home, you are aware, has not been particularly agreeable. Uncle and aunt are kind in their way, and have always let me have my own will about painting, providing it did not cost them anything. As for love or sympathy, you have seen how much they have yielded to me."
"Seen and felt for you, Helen, God knows. And now that I will make your life, if love can do it, one happy dream, you will not; and yet you do not deny your love for me."
For a second Helen's eyes rested longingly upon the face of the man who loved her so dearly; then into their dusky depths crept an intense, passionate longing, as they swept the horizon and noted the glorious splendor of the setting sun, while she exclaimed:
"Oh, Edwin! If I could only reproduce that sunset just as it is! If I only could!"
With an impatient sigh he turned away.
"Always her art, never me; perhaps she is right after all. It would always stand between us."
She, not noticing, went on with—
"If it would only stay long enough for me to catch those colors, but no, it is fading now."
Turning, Helen found that her companion had left her side, and stood a few yards away.
"Edwin," she called.
In an instant he was beside her, everything forgotten except that she was the woman he loved.
"I wanted to tell you how good Mr. Hovey is. It seems he was acquainted with poor papa years ago, when I was a baby, and therefore feels quite interested in me. You have heard how he praises my work, and last night he proposed—"
"Proposed!" exclaimed Edwin Bennett, hotly. "Why, you don't mean to say that old man actually had the audacity to ask you to marry him?"
"How ridiculous! How could you think of such a thing?" answered Helen, a ripple of laughter escaping

from between her pretty teeth, as she continued:
"No; he proposed, if I were willing, to send me to Italy for two years, he, of course, defraying the greater part of the expenses. He said when I became famous I could refund him the little amount if I wished. Was it not generous of him? Just think, two years at work among the old masters. What could I not do then? It would be such a help to me. My little income would do, with care, I think."
"And you would go?" As Edwin Bennett asked this question a look of pain crossed his face.
"Why not?" came the reply, as Helen raised her eyes questioningly to her companion.
"You say you love me; and yet you would put the sea between us. Helen, wait; I will work hard and earn money enough to take us both abroad. Do you think I could deny you anything? You should paint to your heart's content, from the old masters, or anything else you pleased. So long as you were happy, I should be. Perhaps I might turn painter, too, some day, with you to inspire me," he added, smiling slightly.
"I do not doubt your love for me, Edwin; but I shall never marry. I intend to devote my life to my art. As a wife it would be impossible for me to do so. I should be hindered and trampled in a thousand ways. Believe me, I have thought very earnestly of all this, and I—"
"Helen, when I came to spend my vacation here at Little Rock, so as to be near you, I said to myself, Now you can ask the woman you love to be your wife, and know that you have a home to offer her. For your sake I wish I were rich; but I am still young, and with the good prospects I have, I do not see why I shall not be able before many years to give my wife all she can wish."
"It is not that, Edwin. I should not love you one bit the more if you were a millionaire," interrupted Helen, glancing reproachfully at him.
"Helen, my holiday is over to-morrow. I must have my answer to-night." The words came somewhat sternly from between Edwin Bennett's lips.
Mechanically, with the end of her parasol, Helen Armstrong traced on glittering yellow sands, "Fame versus Love." Then, as she became aware of what she had done, she sought to efface them. Too late. Edwin Bennett's hand stayed hers, as pointing to the letters stood out, he said, hoarsely:
"Choose!"
For a second she hesitated, then slowly came the answer:
"I accepted Mr. Hovey's offer this morning. I am to sail in a week."
Spurning her hand from him, Edwin Bennett cried out, passionately:
"God forgive you! I cannot!" Then, without another word, he turned and left her.
A faint cry of "Edwin" escaped her lips, as her arms were held out impudently toward him. Then they fell to her side, and she, too, turned and went slowly across the sands in the opposite direction. If he had looked back and seen those outstretched arms, how different their life might have been; but no, he plodded angrily along the shore, glancing neither to the right nor the left. Little by little the waves crept up and Love was drowned, while Fame stood out bold and clear upon the yellow sands.
Ten years have come and gone since Helen Armstrong and Edwin Bennett parted on the shore, and during that time they have never met. Helen had won that which she had striven for. She had become an artist of renown. Even royalty had been pleased to compliment her upon her art.
For the last month one of Helen Armstrong's paintings had been on exhibition at the Academy of Design, and crowds had been drawn thither to see this last work of the celebrated artist. The subject was simple, nothing new, yet visitors returned again and again to gaze at it.
It was the last day of its exhibition, when a lady and gentleman, the gentleman leading a little girl of perhaps three years by the hand, passed into the room where the painting hung.
"Oh! isn't it too bad there is such a crowd; I wanted to see it!" exclaimed the lady, to which the gentleman replied:
"We will look at the other pictures first and come back again; perhaps there will not be such a crowd then."
An hour or so later the gentleman and lady returned; then the room was almost deserted, except for a few stragglers here and there. It was just about time to close the gallery.
For a few moments they stood in silence before the painting; then a little voice said:
"Baby wants to see, too, papa."
Stepping down the gentleman raised the pretty, daintily-dressed child in his arms. After gravely regarding the picture for a second, the little one asked:
"Is zzy mad, papa?"
"I am afraid one was, pet," came the

low answer, as Edwin Bennett softly kissed the fair cheek of his little girl. Then his gaze returned to the painting.
A stretch of yellow sands, dotted here and there by huge boulders and piles of snowy pebbles, against which the overhanging cliffs looked almost bleak. Gentle little baby waves rippling in toward the shore, while majestic purple-hued, silver-edged clouds seemed floating en masse toward the golden, crimson-barred sun that flooded the sky and water with its warm light.
In the center of the picture, where the beach formed a curve resembling a horseshoe, was an old boat, turned bottom upward; some few feet off, the figure of a young man, apparently walking hurriedly away. Although the face was not visible, the gazer felt that the man suffered; that the glorious sunset was this day as naught to him. Perhaps it was in the tightly-clasped hand, the veins of which stood out like great cords; or, maybe the man's apparent total disregard of his surroundings.
To the right of the picture the figure of a young girl, trailing a parasol in the sand, as she appeared to move slowly in the opposite direction from her companion. Only a little bit of a delicately-shaped ear and a mass of glossy braids showed from beneath the shade hat, but one could readily believe that the pretty girlish figure belonged to an equally attractive face.
About half way between them, traced upon the sands, were the words, "Fame versus Love."
"Is it not lovely, Edwin?" and Mrs. Bennett laid her hand upon her husband's arm as she added:
"Yet how sad it somehow seems. I can't help feeling sorry for them. I wish I could see their faces. I feel as if I wanted to turn them round."
Clasping the little hand that rested so confidently upon his arm, Edwin Bennett inwardly thanked God for the gift of his fair young wife, as he said:
"Come, dear, they are commencing to close up. Baby's tired, too."
"Ess, me's tired. Baby wants to tiss mamma," lisped the child, holding out her tiny arms.
Husband and wife failed to notice a lady who stood near, gazing at a painting. As the pretty young mother stooped down to receive her baby's kisses, which the little one lavished on her cheeks, lips and brow, a deep, yearning look gathered in the strange lady's eyes and she turned hastily away.
"Oh, Edwin!" exclaimed his wife as they passed the silent figure in black. "Wouldn't it be nice if baby should grow up to be a great artist like this Miss Armstrong?"
"God forbid, Annie," came the earnest reply, followed by "let her grow up to be a true, loving woman, that is all I ask." The lady's hand tightened its hold upon the back of a settee as the words reached her ears, but she did not move until they were out of sight. Then lifting her veil she went and stood before the painting that had won such fame. Tears gathered in her eyes as she gazed, and with the words, "I will never look at it again," she, too, passed out of the building, and in her own handsome carriage was driven home.
Scorn shone in her dark eyes as they fell upon the costly works of art scattered in lavish profusion about her luxuriously furnished apartments. Hastily throwing aside her wraps, she crossed over to a mirror. A very handsome face it reflected. Not looking the thirty years it had known.
Helen Armstrong—for it was she—had heard of Edwin Bennett's marriage; heard that he had succeeded in business beyond his most sanguine expectations; heard that his wife was one of the loveliest and gentlest of women, and that Edwin Bennett idolized both wife and child. This day she had seen them.
Then came the thought that she might have stood in that wife's place; she, too, might have had those baby lips pressed as lovingly to hers; but she had put it from her. She had chosen Fame versus Love. If she could only go back to that day on the sands, how differently she would now act.
Turning away from the mirror, she exclaimed, bitterly:
"Too late, Helen Armstrong. As you have sown, so must you reap."
Florence Revere Pendor.

Getting It Valued.

"Hello! coming out of a pawnshop? What have you been doing there?"
The party accosted, with confusion:
"Oh, you see, I thought I'd go in and have my watch—ah—valued. You see, you can get a more accurate estimate in that way than in any other."
About three weeks later the same parties meet under similar circumstances.
"Ha, been getting your watch valued again?"
"Well—a—yes! I see from the stock market news that there has been a general adjustment of values, so I thought I'd see how it affected my watch."

AN EGYPTIAN PRISON.
The hideous scenes encountered by a Ben-venotian Englishman at Cairo.
We were in a sort of ill-paved, ill-looking, ill-smelling square; on each side of the square was a large door, now thrown open, displaying an inner door of cross-barred, wooden grating, and behind row upon row of miserable, hopeless faces. Already the old folk and children who had followed us had begun to pilfer from the bread paniers, and as soon as the prisoners caught sight of the food, the horrid clanking of chains grated on my ears, loud cries and howls came from the gratings, and the faces at the apertures multiplied threefold. I could see the poor wretches struggling with one another for a place in front, the weakest of course going to the wall, the greediest and strongest crushing forward. And such faces! Most of them were revolting enough in themselves, and could well have spared the loathsome environment that made them worse. Of some, indeed, that scourge of the East, leprosy, had left its mark; some were merely ill and hungry-looking; the better favored seemed to stay with their chains behind, for shame, perhaps. All the foremost cried out for the bread they saw, and scrambled and fought like wild beasts for such of the round-takes as escaped through the bars without being torn piece-meal in their passage. One or two of the officials volunteered to help us distribute our doles; and of course inviolable Eastern custom demanded that a little of the sorry stuff should disappear by the way into their own capacious pockets. I tried to get one of the fellows—Jusef, as I had heard some of the prisoners call him—to deal out the bread in something like order, but order seemed impossible; official authority stopped short outside the bars of the prison-house, while inside I could see some sturdy ruffians dealing blows to their fellows with rude whips and sticks, and even with their chains, driving them from the raised step that led to the door, cursing loudly. And while this din was in our ears and we were feeding the wretches inside the bars the unfortunates outside, who had followed us closely to this very holy of holies, were pilfering as fast as hands, big or little, could help them. Yes, big or little. One tiny child, about five years old, stole three cakes, before my eyes, was cuffed, hustled away and returned in a minute to steal a fourth from my left hand, while her mother was snatching from my right. The cigarettes produced almost equal excitement and were hugged by the happy possessors almost as eagerly as the bread.
And now that my stock of provisions was exhausted I thought I had seen enough for once, and proceeded to make my way out of the vile den. As I was moving off one of the officials blandly asked far backshish, in reply to which I used all the Arabic indignant expletives I knew, and failing that, French, and when that also came too slowly for my indignation, I found relief in native English.
I heard subsequently that "the Khe-cive"—i. e., I supposed the government—sends daily supplies to the prisons to the extent of three of those small round cakes for each person in confinement, but they only get one and some who had tasted the sweets of this same prison-house assured me that they often got none. Where do the rest go? What man who knows Egypt knows not this, too?—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Ozone has an odor similar to a spot that has been struck by lightning.
Where birds fly very little their feathers never acquire or else soon lose their distinctive quill-like character.
In France it is observed that there are 100 species of insects living upon the maritime pine, some of them without special injury to it and others with the worst effect.
Separate acorns from their shells and they can be used to yield an alcohol capable of employment in the arts, and so can the helianthus root be turned to similar account.
The amount of heat poured down annually on the surface of our earth exceeds a million times the heat produced by all the coal raised, which may be estimated at 280,000,000 tons a year.
Medicago and heliotrope have been raised from seeds found in a Roman tomb, where they must have lain for 1,500 years, having been put in a bag, under the head of the corpse, for a pillow.
According to statistics just worked out, one railway traveler is killed in France for each 1,600,000,000 kilometers (about 994,250,000 miles) run, which is equal to 40,000 times the length of the voyage around the world. This excursion, the computer adds, would last during 3,044 years travelling day and night at the rate of sixty kilometers (37.28 miles) per hour. Allowing sixty years to be the average lifetime in store for a healthy man, it follows that before he could be killed by a railway accident according to the law of probabilities he would have died a natural death fifty times.

Orange Insects.
When a dish of oranges is seen on the table for dessert, the fact is hardly realized that in all probability their surface is the habitat of an insect of the Coccus family. This tiny creature is found on the orange skin in every stage of transformation, from the egg to the perfect insect, during the winter months, instead of remaining dormant in the cold weather, as is the case with most of the insect tribe. It would hardly be possible to find a St. Michael's or Tangerine orange that had not hundreds of these little creatures in various stages of development on its surface. Lemons, too, are frequently covered. Upon inspection, the skin of an orange will be found to be dotted over with brownish scarlet spots of various sizes. These specks can be easily removed by a needle; and when placed under a microscope an interesting scene is presented, consisting of a large number of eggs, which are oval white bodies, standing on end, like little bags of flour, some of the inhabitants of which may very probably be seen in process of emerging from the opened end of the egg. The female insect upon leaving the egg has six legs, two long hair-like appendages and no wings; it thrusts a sucker into the orange in order to obtain a nourishment, and never moves again, passing through the various stages of development until it lays its eggs and dies. In the case of the male insect, the chrysalis after a short period opens and the insect flies off. The male is supplied with wings twice the length of its body, and each of the legs has a hook-like projection. It has four eyes and two antennae, and is so tiny that it cannot be seen when flying.
From some parts of Spain oranges come to us having their rind covered with a coccus of quite a different type. The surface of oranges, indeed, affords the possessor of a microscope an infinite amount of interest and amusement.—*Chambers' Journal.*

A Washington Story.

The following is from a Washington letter to the Philadelphia Times: From what you have heard of our aesthetic society I know you will be willing to believe almost anything of it. Yet an incident of the week is so extraordinary that it is doubtful whether the outside, and of course vulgar, world can comprehend or appreciate. One of our society's women lost a member of her family by death, the other day, a pug dog. An extensive preparation for a funeral occurred, and the obsequies followed in due course after the fashion laid down by custom for civilized humanity. I do not know whether the services of a preacher were called into requisition or not, but as all the other funeral conditions were fulfilled it is very probable. The coffin in which the remains of Mr. or Miss (as the case may be) Pag were exposed for the last gaze of the grief-stricken members of the family was of the regulation pattern with silver handles. The hearse was white, emblematic of the purity of character of the deceased, and was managed by a first-class undertaker, who wore the proper emblems of respect usually considered necessary in ceremonies of this kind. There was a respectable train of carriages to make up the funeral cortege, which proceeded to the cemetery in solemn order, and there the body of Mr. or Miss (as the case may be) Pag was interred in the family lot with appropriate ceremonies.
Thus far everything went smoothly enough, and had not some sensitive people who had relatives and friends buried in this cemetery raised a row about it the outside and vulgar world would have been none the wiser. As it was, the sexton was called to swift account for having granted a burial certificate.
Using Ants in Horticulture.
Dr. O. T. Macgowan has sent Professor C. V. Riley, of the agricultural bureau, Washington, from Han Chow, an account of a curious use made of ants in that part of China. It seems that in many parts of the province of Canton the orange trees are injured by certain worms, and to rid themselves of these pests the inhabitants import ants from the neighboring hills. The huge people throughout the summer and winter find the nests of two species of ants, red and yellow, suspended from the branches of various trees. The "orange ant breeders" are provided with pig or goat bladders baited inside with lard. The orifices of these they apply to the entrance of the bag-like nests, when the ants enter the bladders, and, as Dr. Macgowan expresses it, "become a marketable commodity at the orangeries." The trees are colonized by placing the ants on their upper branches, and bamboo rods are stretched between the different trees so as to give the ants easy access to the whole orchard. This remedy has been in constant use at least since 1640, and probably dates from a much earlier period. It is certainly a new way of utilizing ants, which as a rule are deservedly considered a nuisance by the horticulturist.

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.
There are said to be 1,000 acres planted with tomatoes on the Manatee river, Florida.
The plumes known as bird of Paradise feathers are only developed by the adult male birds.
Forty thousand dollars worth of chewing gum is gathered in the State of Maine every year.
A receipt for chapped hands is a piece of camphor the size of a walnut melted with half a cupful of mutton tallow.
Rags are now recognized as such a valuable commodity that their export is forbidden by the English government.
No less than 340 periodicals were started in the United States last year, the majority of them filling early graves.
The chamois is the only antelope found in Europe, and the baboon, on the rocks of Gibraltar, the only quadrumanus.
Sultan, the pet elephant of the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, was unable to survive the death of his companion, the dog Jean.
Four million of a young spider's threads, which are not so large as those of a grown spider, are not as large as a single human hair.
The alabastrine marbles of the ancients were not marble proper, but a hard carbonate of lime, identical with talcagmite, the modern alabaster.
Workmen employed in nail manufactories are liable to contract a disease known as nailers' consumption, caused by the deposit of iron particles in the cells of the lungs.
The Chinese pharmacopoeia contains instruction for making various kinds of wine known as mutton, deer, dog or snake wine. The ingredients of mutton wine are a sheep, milk, brown sugar, honey, raisins and various drugs.
Andrew Charles, of St. Johns, Mich., has a walking-stick four feet long, around which is coiled a snake six feet long. It is supposed the snake is sick or indisposed when it took its position upon the growing sapling, and the bark being moist and gummy, the snake adhered without effort, and there died and dried.
PEARLS OF THOUGHT.
What makes life dreary is the want of motive.
To see what is right and not do it is want of courage.
No man was ever written out of reputation but by himself.
Recollection is the only paradise from which we cannot be turned out.
If you wish to remove avarice you must remove its mother—luxury.
Charity and personal force are the only investments worth anything.
We carry all our neighbors' crimes in the light and throw all our own over our shoulder.
Pleasure is the mere accident of our being and work its natural and most holy necessity.
There are none so low but they have their triumphs. Small successes suffice for small souls.
It is in general more profitable to reckon up our defects than to boast of our attainments.
Youth is the passer and sinner flower of life; age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear.
Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and reflection must finish him.
Without the virtue of humility one can neither be honest in poverty nor contented in abundance.
As concerns the quantity of what is to be read, there is a single rule—read much, but not many works.
The best way to discipline one's heart against scandal is to believe all stories false which ought not to be true.
A memory without blot or contamination is an exquisite treasure and an inexhaustible source of pure refreshment.
Smart Indian Children.
Secretary Teller returned to Washington from Carlisle, Pa., much pleased with the evidence of progress among the young Indians. He says the boys are doing well at farm work and learning the practical part of agriculture. They need more land, and he will ask for the means from Congress to purchase 200 acres more land, which can be worked profitably. Some twenty-nine or thirty of the boys and girls are placed out with the farmers of the neighborhood during the summer vacation, because there is not enough for them to do on the school farm. The institution needs some more cows also, in the opinion of the secretary. He thinks the girls should be taught to milk and make butter, in order that when they return they can show their people that they can make other use of the cattle than to kill them all for beef.
Mobile, Ala., makes female violators of the law work out their fines on the chain-gang.