

What Time Is It?
Time to do well;
Time to live better;
Give up a grudge;
Answer that letter;
Speak that kind word to sweeten a sorrow,
Do that good deed, girl, you would leave till to-morrow.
Time to try hard
In that new situation;
Time to build up, boys,
On solid foundation;
Give up needlessly changing and drifting,
Leaving the quicksands that ever are shifting.
What time is it?
Time to be earnest,
Laying up treasure;
Time to be thoughtful,
Choosing true pleasure.
Loving to do right, of truth being fond;
Making your word just as good as your bond.
Time to be happy,
Doing your best;
Time to be trustful,
Leaving the rest;
Knowing in whatever country or clime,
No'er can we call back one minute of time.
—Christian at Work.

The Leaf of Geranium.

It is very strange when we come to think of it on what small cogs and pivots the wheels of fate run, and what a slight jar will do toward changing the whole machinery and set it to turning in an entirely different direction. It was a geranium-leaf that altered the whole course of my life. But for the trivial leaf plucked by a young girl in a thoughtless mood, I should not be sitting here to-day in this pleasant dining-room, where the sun comes in through the vine wreathed windows and falls upon the geranium pots inside; and this little girl would not be upon my knee, nor yonder red-cheeked maiden on the veranda with young Smithers; and neither would that very handsome matron who just passed into the parlor have been in her present situation.

If you will listen an hour or so I will tell you my story. It was just twenty years ago this summer that I fell in love with Carrie Deane. She was twenty, and I twenty-seven—both old enough to know what we meant and what we were about—at least I was, but Carrie was such a little coquette I used to think she had no mind of her own.

Oh, but she was lovely!—all rose colored and white, and brown-tressed, and pearly-teethed, with the roundest, plumpest figure, as graceful as a fairy in every movement, and with beautiful, shapely hands that were a constant delight to the eyes.

I was just home from college, and she was on a visit to my stepmother, her aunt, and my half-sister, Lilla, and her cousin.

I had seen a good many girls in my seven years at college, and some of the belles of the land; but I had never yet had my heart stirred by any woman's eyes as Carrie Deane stirred it when her glance met mine in greeting; and the touch of her soft fingers completely set me afloat on the sea of love.

I was her slave from that hour—not her slave either, but her passionate lover and worshiper. And of course she knew it, and of course, being a finished coquette, she queened it over me right royally.

There was Fred Town, the country physician, and Tom Delano, the handsome young farmer, both as badly off as I was; and a pretty time we had of it. Fred and I—old chums in former days—were at swords' points now, and hated each other splendidly for a few weeks. And Tom I held in the utmost contempt, and railed at them both whenever opportunity presented itself, for Carrie's edification, after the manner of men, and was repaid by seeing her bestow her sweetest smiles and glances upon them the next time they met.

Fred drove a splendid span of bays, and almost every day they dashed up the avenue, and dashed out again with Miss Carrie's added weight. And Tom was on hand nearly every evening, and she was just as sweet to one as the other, and just the same to me; and that was what maddened me.

I was not to be satisfied with a "widow's third" by any means, and I told her so at last, and asked her how the matter was to be settled.

"I love you better than those brainless fops know how to love," I said, hotly; "and now decide between us."

She had listened to my love confession with blushing cheeks and downcast eyes; but when I said this she turned defiantly on me.

"They are no more fops than you are," she said, "even if they have not spent seven years in college. They are gentlemen, and I can't say that for every man of my acquaintance."

And here she shut the door between us with a slam and left me to my pleasant meditations, and half an hour later I met her at the gate with Fred, going out for a ride, which was very aggravating, I must confess.

I thought over my conduct that night, and concluded that I had been a brute. The next morning I found Carrie at the dining-room window alone, and sought her side. She had her

hand among the leaves of a sweet-scented geranium, and just as I approached she plucked a leaf and twisted it among her braids. I remember how bright and green it looked among the dark locks.

"Carrie," I began, "I fear I was very rude yesterday."

"I know you were," she said, looking indifferently out of the window.

"This was a bad beginning, but I went on."

"But, Carrie, I love you, and when I see you with that Fred—"

But here Miss Carrie turned on her heel.

"I am not going to listen to you while you slander my friends," she said. "When you can speak respectfully of Mr. Town, I will return;" and here she left me again.

I let the house then and did not return till afternoon. As I came up the path, I met Tom Delano. Poor fellow, he looked like the last rose of summer after a frost.

"Good-bye, old fellow," he said, gloomily; "I'm going away. She has sent me off and I can't stay in the place. I hope you are the happy one—I do, honest, Al. She said her heart was given to another, and it is either you or Fred. I hope it is you, and God bless you!"

Here Tom dashed away and left me staring after him in amazement.

"Given her heart to another!" I repeated, with a great pain in my chest somewhere. "Well, it is evident that I am not the other, and that Fred is. Poor Tom—poor me! The best thing I can do is to follow suit and leave too. I can never see her the wife of another, and the sooner I am off the better."

So I went moodily up to my room and packed a satchel, and got all things in readiness for a speedy departure.

On my way up I met Carrie just emerging from her room, arrayed in her jaunty riding habit, and I could hear Fred's deep tones shouting "Whoa!" down in the yard below.

I watched her trip down the stairs and out of sight, thinking it was the last time I should see her for years, perhaps forever.

When I had strapped the last buckle on my satchel and all was in readiness, I went down to say good-bye to father, mother and Lilla. Lilla was not indoors, and my parents looked at me in amazement.

"But, Allen, my son," pleaded father, "I had thought you would enter into business with me. There is a grand opening for you, and I have held the position in reserve."

"I thank you for all that, but I want to travel a year or two before going into business," was all I could answer; and my father gave up in despair.

Lilla was still absent; but it was quite dark, and the train would leave in half an hour, so I left a "good-bye" for her, and passed out into the hall.

It was a long, narrow hall, reaching the whole length of the house, and with several rooms opening into it; but as yet it was unlighted and as dark as Egypt.

About half way through it I heard the street-door open and shut, and a moment later ran full against some one who was entering.

"It is Lilla," I thought, and reaching out my arms caught her between them.

"Is it you, Lilla?" I said.

But she did not answer, only twined her two arms about my neck.

"Why, little sister," I said, softly, "do you love me so much?"

For Lilla was not demonstrative as a usual thing, and I was surprised at her movement.

"Oh, better than all the world beside, Allen!" she said, in a whisper.

And then, as I lifted the face to my lips, the sweet odor of geranium perfumed the air, and my heart gave a great leap.

It was Carrie, not Lilla, whom I held in my arms!

She was trying to disengage herself now, but I suddenly caught her light form in my two stout arms, and, opening the library door, I carried her into the brilliantly-lighted room. Her face was hot with blushes now and her eyes full of tears.

"You are too bad," she sobbed, "and I hate you!"

But just then she noticed my traveling attire, and paused abruptly.

"Why, where are you going?" she asked, with interest.

"I was going away, never to return," I answered; "but since you said what you did in the hall I have changed my mind."

Carrie pouted.

"I was only speaking for Lilla."

"Then I shall go, shall I, and leave you to marry Fred?"

"I detest Fred," she cried.

"And you love me better than all the world?"

"Yes."

So the flirt was conquered at last, and I was the victor.

"But how did you know it was me, Lilla?" she asked as we sat together.

"By the geranium leaf that I saw you put in your hair this morning."

"And but for that you would have gone away and not come back for years?"

"Yes; perhaps never come back, but for that telltale leaf."

"Then we will keep this leaf always," she said, taking it from her hair.

And so we have. I procured a little golden box, and there it is to-day, one of our dearest treasures.

Of course I married Carrie, and of course that blooming matron is she.

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Tom Delano didn't die of a broken heart, but married a lovely girl out West a few months after his departure; and Fred Town is our family physician, and has a pretty wife of his own.

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The Temple of Diana.

At Ephesus, the capital of the twelve Ionian cities in Asia Minor, stood this famous temple of Diana. The edifice was burned down on the night in which Alexander was born. It was set fire to by Eratosthratus, a native of Ephesus, with no other view than to immortalize his name. His townsmen, however, passed a decree forbidding his name to be mentioned; nor would it have been known unless Theopompus had introduced it into his writings. Hence the incendiary has come down to our times as "the youth that fired the Ephesian dome."

Alexander made an offer to rebuild the temple, provided he could inscribe his name on the front, which the Ephesians refused. Aided, however, by the whole of Asia Minor, they erected a still more magnificent temple, which occupied them 220 years. Pliny describes it as 425 feet by 220 broad. Chersiphron was the architect. It was built of cedar, cypress and even gold; and within it were treasured offerings to the golden Diana, the value of which almost exceeded computation. Nero is said to have despoiled the temple of many of these treasures; but it existed until it was finally burned by the Goths, A. D. 56—268. Vitruvius considers this temple as the first edifice in which architecture was brought to perfection, and the first in which the Ionic order was employed.

Ephesus, once the pride of Asia, is now represented by a poor village of a few cottages, and a castle and mosque built with fragments taken from the ruins of Ephesus, half a mile distant. The stadium (now converted into a corn-field), the theatre, the circus and the magnificent gymnasium may all be distinguished in outline, and their areas strewed with fine fragments.

There is a particular part of the entablature of a Corinthian temple, which, in the richness and variety of its ornaments, as well as in their fine execution, has perhaps never been surpassed. But it is not without difficulty, and even doubt, that we can determine the spot where stood that proud boast of antiquity—the temple sacred to Diana of the Ephesians. All that constituted the splendor of this edifice—its columns, of which 127 were the gifts of kings, its works of art, comprising the masterpiece of Apelles and Praxiteles, and the one column sculptured by Scopas—have disappeared. After the great temple had been repeatedly pillaged by the barbarians, Justinian removed the columns to adorn the church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople. The temple site can now be identified only by the marshy spot on which it was erected, and by the prodigious extent and magnitude of the arches raised as a foundation. The vaults formed by them compose a sort of a labyrinth. There is not an apartment entire. But walls of immense blocks of marble, in the front of which are perforations wherein were sunk the shanks of the brass and silver plates with which the walls were faced—these and shafts of columns are all that remain of this splendid edifice, once pointed out as that which all Asia worshiped when the people cried out in their enthusiasm, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians, to whom such a temple belonged!"

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The Gypsy King.

Charles Dudley Warner, in a recent letter from Granada, Spain, says: I went the other evening to see a gypsy dance and to hear the king of the gypsies play. The king, who wears the dress of an ordinary Spaniard, is a man of some forty-five years, very dark complexion, and, unlike any other of his race I have seen, with a fine head and good features, and a commanding and dignified bearing. I had heard that he is the best guitar player in Europe, and that he has refused offers to go to the capitals. He certainly handled the instrument as I never saw it handled by any one else, and made it sing and almost speak, and in a sort of articulation of the strings he rendered, in a most remarkable manner. Most of the compositions he gave were gitana dances, but he played one piece with exquisite pathos and feeling. It was, he said, a *Marche funebre*, *El ultimo Suspiro del Moro* (The last sigh of the Moor)—a mournful and touching reminiscence of the departure of Boabdil from his lost capital when he turned back from a sandy knoll on the other side of the Vega to look the last upon the towers of the Alhambra.

A MISSISSIPPI ROMANCE.

How Captain Asbury was Recognized by One of His Beneficiaries.

A letter from "Flora" to the Dubuque (Iowa) Herald contains the following recital of a pleasant romance: We boarded the Minneapolis for a ride up the Mississippi. Four of us girls, and unattended by a gentleman. Afraid? Not much, for we had heard of the real good-natured Captain Asbury down below. I don't mean down below referred to in the new version, but on the lower river. This is his first season on the upper river, and to make a long story short he is just lovely; one of the girls thinks him really handsome. I, for my part, liked his brown-faced, robust look, indicating experience on the mighty river whose waters lave the jetties and so far beyond the gulf. Well, Captain Asbury has had experience on the Mississippi—thirty years a river mariner—just think of it—three decades—and in that time what wonders have taken place; the civil war that shook and shocked the world, but all is peace again, and with it came the telephone, electric light and a thousand other inventions for man's comfort and happiness. And during that thirty years Captain Asbury has seen the Mississippi change as he has a child from the cradle up. He has seen islands grow almost spontaneously out of the water, and in a season or two, as it were, covered with large trees; he has traversed the channel on one side of the river one year and compelled to seek safety for his boat on the other side the next year. Wonderful, isn't it? But it plainly tells us that all things on this earth change and which admonishes us to be good.

Last evening the weather was delightfully cool, the stars shone brightly, the north star just ahead of us as the proud steamer floated along its serpentine course, while the large black bluffs loomed up like sentinels of protection, and their peaks seemed to crush the angry clouds from the west, as if exerting themselves to head off an impending rainstorm, and perhaps a young cyclone. We girls were all seated around the captain, as if craving his protection, and we were delighted with the yarns he was telling us about this great river. Interested? I guess we were. We didn't care a fig for the gayety going on in the cabin, although the inspiring music of the waltz occasionally arrested our attention, and for a moment lost the thread of the captain's story. Seated near us was a lady and her daughter, about nineteen years old. She, too, was listening to Captain Asbury's yarns. They were about his adventures on the river, his trials and tribulations, his joys and sorrows. "About eighteen years ago," he said, "when I was running between St. Louis and Keokuk, there came on the boat at Hannibal one of the most handsome young women I had seen in all my life. She had a little girl with her more handsome than she was. The lady came up to me, for she was a lady, and asked me to take her to Keokuk, as she desired to go to Burlington to her friends, and that she had not a cent in the world with which to pay her fare. Her pleading eyes were too much for me, and I bade the clerk consign her to a stateroom as it was in the night. The boat was delayed by a heavy fog, and we were compelled to lay to at the bank until long after daylight. The lady approached, and thanked me ever so much, and told me that she was the wife of a Confederate captain who had been shot and killed by a party of scouts or guerillas, her home had been robbed and burnt and she, with her child, succeeded in fleeing from the scene of carnage, and was the next day brought to Hannibal by a kind farmer, in whose house she had sought protection. Girls, that woman's story and wrongs and suffering made my heart softer. I know it did, and I put my hand into my pocket and gave her a \$20 greenback, for I thought she needed it. Well, I haven't seen or heard of her since, but I hope she is happy, and that little girl of hers a handsome grown-up woman." The lady who was listening to the captain's little story, arose from her chair, and, taking the hand of her daughter, approached the captain, saying: "Yes; we are both happy, and I will have you judge about the good looks of the grown-up daughter, for here she is." Captain Asbury stood up as if struck as dumb as the fellow who caused the maiden to hurl herself off yonder rock, for we were near that noted landmark. He peered into the lady's face, plainly discernible by the reflection of the electric light, in utter astonishment. The captain recognized the lady and even the grown-up young lady, and expressed himself pleased to see them again. After mutual greeting and an introduction to us girls, the lady, Mrs. Russell, who now resides in New York, went into the cabin and soon returned upon the "roof" with a piece of paper in her hand, which she handed to the captain. It was a check for \$200, which she desired to return to him for his kindness eighteen years ago. Captain Asbury refused the proffered check, and no

persuasion could induce him to accept it. Of course Mrs. and Miss Russell were admitted to our circle, and our trip up the river made more joyous than ever, as she proved to be a very intelligent and worthy lady, and her daughter proved to be as lovely in disposition as she was beautiful in face and form.

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

Queen Victoria weighs 200 pounds.
Two harnessed crocodiles tamely drew a wagon into Atlanta.
It costs the United States about \$125,000,000 every year to go to Europe.
A German scientist finds that the true color of perfectly distilled pure water is a fine, deep blue-green.
Plateau, the eminent French naturalist, finds that a June bug can exert as great a force in proportion to its size as a locomotive.
Ten thousand tons of sand are annually dug from Neversink mountain, near Reading, Pa., for use in the foundries of that place.
A peach has been raised in Georgia which measured eleven and three-quarter inches in circumference and weighed thirteen and one-half ounces.
China claims to have invented cannon 1800 years ago. She seems to have been satisfied with her first invention, as she has made no progress in cannon making since.
Reaumur, who invented and gave his name to a thermometer, by which he is everywhere known, was a great naturalist, publishing an exhaustive work on insects. He died in 1757.
Mirabeau, doubtless one of the most eloquent men that France ever produced, was a member of the national assembly in 1789, but died two years later, in the midst of a most brilliant career.
In the sixteenth century, when explorers were haunted by the idea that exhaustless wealth was to be found in the new world, a stone brought to London, by an English sailor from the Polar regions, was pronounced gold by a "mineral man." Some fifteen vessels immediately set sail for the north, to return crestfallen, laden with worthless yellow stones instead of gold.
Somebody with a penchant for coincidences has remembered that the three fires most destructive of human life during the last quarter of a century—those in Santiago, Brooklyn and Vienna—also occurred in the month of December; not only that, but the Santiago cathedral and Ring theatre were burned on December 8, at the same hour, and the Brooklyn theatre was burned only three days earlier in the month.

Dick Turpin No Hero.

Everybody has read about Dick Turpin, who was executed, not as has been supposed for gallant robberies, but for the lower crime of horse stealing. Instead of being an elegant fellow with an impulsive heart, Turpin was a low wretch, petty, selfish, common and brutal. The late Mr. Ainsworth made him a prominent character of "Bookwood." In reality he was a farmer's son in the county of Essex, east of London, sent to a common school, and apprenticed to a butcher in Whitechapel, the worst end of London city, and there he became noted for his brutal disposition, his love of fighting, tackling people and outdoling his horse. When his apprenticeship expired he married a young woman and returned to Essex county, at Eastham, and started the butchering business; and it occurred to him that he had better steal cattle than buy them, and so he deliberately sold in his shop the cattle of his neighbors; and when two oxen were traced to him and a warrant obtained, he jumped out of the back windows of his house as the officers entered the front door, and this made him an outlaw, his wife furnishing him with money to join a gang of smugglers on the coast.
This gang was broken up by the custom house officers very soon; and then Turpin went to deer-stealing in Epping forest, which lies to the north-east of London, and in it were several fine parks of gentlemen containing deer. This business was not remunerative, and the band resolved to be house-breakers; and, while one of them knocked at the door, the others would rush in as soon as it was opened, and make away with whatever they could lay their hands on.
In the course of these adventures they heard of an old woman in a village who kept about £900 in her house, and when she came to the door they forced their way in, tied her and her maid, and Turpin told the old woman that he would set her on fire if she did not reveal where the money was.
She, refusing, was actually placed on the fire and kept there till her tormenting pains made her point out where she had concealed her gold, and she stole £400 and ran away. This entirely disposes of the romantic origin of Dick Turpin.—London Letter.

Through Life.

We might the gifts that every season bears,
And let them fall unheeded from our grasp
In our great eagerness to reach and grasp
The promised treasure of our coming years;
Or else we mourn some great good passed,
And in the shadow of our grief shut in,
Refrain the lesser good we yet may win,
The offered peace and gladness of to-day.

So through the chambers of our life we pass,
And leave them one by one, and never stay;
Not knowing how much pleasantness there was
In each, until the closing of the door
Has sounded through the house, and died away,
And in our hearts we weigh, "For ever more."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

No man wearies of the cares of state quicker than he who serves in the State prison.
The young skipper who takes a party of girls out sailing should content himself with hugging the shore.
Carlyle said that trifles were the hinges of destiny, but he never used any of them on his front gate.
"Don't put in no musketeer nettin' for me," said Aunt Hannah. "I don't want to breathe no strained air."
Most people who visit Niagara Falls are disappointed in the roar. They expect to hear something like the voice of a chairman at a political caucus.
An exchange says that "Henry Irving, the actor, has two sons who will beat him on the stage." Henry should have them bound over to keep the peace.
"We stand at Life's west window,
And think of the days that are gone"—
While the grocer's boy licks the molasses,
And a pair of goats butts on the lawn.
"I was not bred for work," said a foppish tramp to the farmer. "Very well, then," replied the farmer, "let us see if you can't work for bread."
A girl who sets out to look graceful in a hammock has as much work on hand as the man who tries to be languid with a sawlog following him down hill.
It is reported that a paint mine, comprising five different colors, has been discovered near Los Angeles. A rainbow must have been buried in that locality.
Rheumatic Mr. Burke bathed himself in turpentine at Lyons, Iowa, and then lighted his pipe for a comfortable smoke. When he got through smoking he put the pipe away and went to bed. You see, it didn't happen.
The small boy climbs the apple tree,
And, with delighted mien,
Down to his mates below doth he
Let fall the apples green.
They grip the fruit with noisy glee,
Just wrestled from the stem;
But soon with grim tenacity
The apple green grips them.
A man with a private library of 12,000 books is well fixed. He isn't supposed to know anything and is never asked for information. It is the man who has scraped together a dozen volumes who is bored to death about the population of London and the name of the undertaker who buried Diogenes.
A jeweler has long dunned a lady of fashion for the amount of his big bill, but in vain. When he rings the bell the footman says, politely but firmly: "Sir, the countess only receives on Tuesdays." "I don't care when she receives," thunders the irate and long-suffering creditor; "what I want to know is the day that she pays on!"
A good man once had in his garden three fine watermelons which were pleasing to his sight. One night his neighbor came and stole one of them, which grieved the good man sorely; but he said within himself: "By kindness I will make him ashamed so he will restore that he hath taken." And he sent and presented his neighbor with the second watermelon. Thereupon the bad man reflected thus: "This person is a simpleton, I will make hay while the sun shines;" and when night had come he went straightway and stole the third watermelon and put it where the other two had gone. Moral: This is not a moral fable.
Sacrifice in India.
Human sacrifice is by no means the obsolete custom it is supposed to be; and a recent issue of the *Hindu Patriot* has information from Tripura that a human sacrifice was offered to the goddess Kali near Amlichatta station in Hill Tipperah. The inhabitants of the place, in worshipping the black goddess, thought of sacrificing a human being to satisfy the goddess, and fixed upon an unfortunate man for the sacrifice. They then asked the consent of his wife, who, curiously enough, said she had no objection if they were all bent to offer him up as a sacrifice. The man was carried to the place of execution by force, and murdered. The son of the deceased asked his mother where his father was. The mother replied that she consented to his being sacrificed. He being her other half, she said, she could, ever, right to dispose of him in any manner she liked. The woman and other culprits are awaiting their trial before the magistrate of Sarnachora, who is a kinsman of the raja.
Twenty-seven missionaries for China and Japan left San Francisco recently in one steamer.