

### My Neighbor.

What if my neighbor lies a-bed,  
Until the morning is half spent;  
While wife and I have worked instead,  
And earned enough to pay the rent;  
He sleeps and has no rent to pay,  
We toil and sing the livelong day.  
What if my neighbor drives a pair  
Of blooded horses sleek and fleet;  
We save enough to pay our fare,  
And take the horse-car down the street;  
He makes a picture on the way,  
We look and have no charge to pay.  
What if my neighbor goes to church  
And proudly sits where all can see,  
While we are left quite in the lurch,  
And in a corner bend the knee;  
Of piety this is no test,  
The poor in spirit are the best.  
I know my neighbor rich has grown,  
But cannot see his heart within;  
I only need to scan my own  
And keep it free from envious sin;  
To him in whom there's naught obscure,  
All men alike are weak and poor.  
—C. P. Russell, in *Detroit Free Press*.

### MISS MINKLEY'S MISTAKE.

"Don't you know me?" said Martha Minkley.  
The Reverend Paul Blossom was digging up the bed for late peas, under the pink clouds of the apple boughs, with his straw hat tilted on the top of his head, his linen coat fluttering in the wind, and his brow beaded with perspiration.  
One little Blossom was following at his heels with a toy rake, smoothing down the lumps of fragrant earth; a second was building houses with clamshells in the angle of the garden wall, while two others were engaged in the wholesale manufacture of mud-pies at the kitchen doorsteps—all four dirty, happy and demoralized.  
Mr. Blossom looked hard at the trim figure, with its neat chip hat, black-and-white checked plaid shawl and fawn alpaca dress. He was a little near-sighted, a little absent-minded, and yet—surely this sweet-voiced, cherry-cheeked woman was none of the sisters of his flock!  
"No," said Mr. Blossom; "I—can't—say—that—I do."  
Miss Minkley smiled and colored a little.  
"Try and think back," said she, "to the days of the Wesleyan seminary on Rose river, where we recited Roman history in the same class, and old Doctor Dodge heard us in rhetoric and English literature—old Doctor Dodge, who wore green spectacles and talked through his nose!"  
Mr. Blossom dropped his spade.  
"It's Matty Minkley," said he.  
"But, dear me, how you've changed!"  
"I haven't grown any younger, I suppose," said Martha, biting her lip.  
"But that's a complaint that is common to us all, Mr. Blossom."  
"Yes, I know—I know!" admitted Paul, turning red to the very roots of his hair as he realized what an awkward mistake he had made. "Time doesn't spare any of us." And then, feeling that he had not bettered matters, he made haste to ask: "And how came you in Topleton village?"  
"My cousin's husband, Hiram Dodd, keeps the hotel," said Martha. "I've come to see about a situation as housekeeper for a gentleman that Mrs. Dodd knows; for I am not above earning my own living, Mr. Blossom."  
She spoke with a little fullness in her throat, for she had somehow cherished Paul Blossom's memory kindly since those boy-and-girl days, and now he never even asked her to "Come in!"  
"He might have introduced me to his wife, at least," said Miss Minkley to herself as she walked, swift and lightly, along the green path under the spreading maple trees. "That wouldn't have been too much for old acquaintance sake. But if he chooses to forget old times I can only follow his lead. I wouldn't have thought it of him, though."  
And the waving billows of the distant apple orchard swam in the disks of two big tears, which momentarily obscured Miss Minkley's bright, black eyes.  
And Mr. Blossom mechanically dug the pea bed up, planted the "wrinkled marrowfat," and went into the house, where his sister, a middle-aged spinster, of a care-worn aspect and a very uncertain temper, was engaged in single combat with the children.  
"I declare, Paul!" she croaked, catching sight of her brother, "them children are enough to try the patience of Job. All washed clean this morning, and mended and darned—and now look at 'em! Why, a gypsy gang couldn't be more discreditable in their appearance!"  
Mr. Blossom looked feebly at the chubby, rosy, dirty flock.  
"It never used to be so when Mary was alive," said he.  
"Well, and that's just what I am saying," said Miss Blossom, tartly; "and what I say every day in the week—you ought to marry again."  
"Yes," said Mr. Blossom, with a sigh, "I suppose I ought."  
And by some curious link of ideas he thought of Martha Minkley, standing out there among the apple blooms, with the delicate pink color on her

cheeks and the old roguish sparkle in her black eyes.  
"Certainly you ought," said Miss Blossom, thinking of Hester Henderson, the village dressmaker, who had money in the bank, which ought fairly to compensate for her Gorgon-like severity of countenance. "Some one of mature age and ripened judgment!"  
"Of course! of course!" said the Reverend Paul.  
"Who will best her position as a clergyman's wife, and keep your house for you in a model manny, as it should be kept," went on Miss Blossom, "and govern your children with discretion and mildness."  
"Yes, to be sure," said Mr. Blossom. "I believe I know the very person to realize all these ideals."  
"So do I," said Miss Blossom, oracularly. "And not a hundred miles away, either."  
"In this very village," said Paul.  
"Exactly," nodded his delighted sister.  
"It is certainly my duty," said Mr. Blossom. "And somehow, upon this very day of all days, I feel moved to fulfill it."  
And he put on his best suit, and went straightway to the Eagle hotel, kept by one Hiram Dodd and Elvira, his wife.  
"Is Miss Minkley to be seen?" he asked, politely, of Mrs. Dodd, who came out from the kitchen with carmine cheeks, and wiping her hands upon a snowy roller towel.  
"Oh, yes, I guess so!" said Mrs. Dodd, smiling and courtesying to the clergyman. "Squire Telwright has just been to see her; but I'm pretty sure that he has gone now. Mat—Matty, where are you? Oh, she's in the blue parlor! Please to walk in, Mr. Blossom."  
And the clergyman walked solemnly into the pretty blue-carpeted room, with its much waxed mahogany chairs, gaudy rug and stiffly-starched curtain, where Martha Minkley sat knitting.  
"Miss Minkley," said he, entering without unnecessary prelude on the subject which was at present absorbing his mind, "we have known each other from childhood."  
"Yes," said Martha.  
"And I believe you to be a devout Christian, a conscientious woman and a good housekeeper."  
"I hope I am," said Miss Martha, rather flattered by this unusual address.  
"In my home," said Mr. Blossom, abruptly, "I need all three. And I believe Providence has put it into my head and heart to appeal to you at this critical opportunity."  
Miss Minkley neither blushed, giggled nor burst into tears. She rocked back and forth, went composedly on with the red worsted sock that she was knitting, and lifted her black eyebrows just the least little trifle.  
"I'm very sorry," said she. "I only wish you had been a little earlier; but I'm engaged already."  
"Engaged?"  
Mr. Blossom's lower jaw fell; he stood blankly looking at her.  
"To Mr. Telwright!" explained Miss Minkley.  
"But he's sixty!" cried Mr. Blossom.  
"He is not young," admitted Martha. "Surely, surely, Martha," argued Paul, forgetting all formalities in his eager interest, "you cannot care for him?"  
"N—no," said Martha, "I can't say that I do. But he offers me a very good home."  
"Is it possible, Martha," said the good clergyman, reproachfully, "that you can allow yourself to be swayed by considerations like this?"  
"One must do the best one can for oneself," said Miss Minkley.  
"Well, well," sighed Mr. Blossom, "it would be downright sinful to doubt that all is ordered for the best. It is the will of heaven. I always liked you, Martha, and I believe your life with me would have been both useful and pleasant. At least, no effort of mine should have been lacking to make it so."  
"I'm very sorry," said Martha, demurely. "But first come first served, you know."  
"I should like occasionally to call and see you," said the clergyman. "You will still be in my parish, you know?"  
"Oh, certainly," said Martha. "I hope we shall always be the best of friends."  
And Mr. Blossom almost fancied that, for a quarter of a second, the tender grasp of his hand was in some measure returned.  
He walked dejectedly out.  
"I am too late, Mrs. Dodd," he said, meeting the cheery landlady, who was coming in with a pair of newly-brightened brass candlesticks.  
"Dear, dear, sir!" said Mrs. Dodd. "She has already promised herself to Mr. Telwright. Though how, to be sure, she could ever have made his acquaintance—"  
"She wasn't acquainted with him, sir," said Mrs. Dodd. "Not at all! At least, not until I introduced 'em, an hour ago!"  
The Reverend Paul looked horrified.

"And yet," he gasped, "she is going to marry him!"  
Mrs. Dodd, in her consternation, dropped one of the brass candlesticks.  
"Bless your heart alive, sir!" she cried out, "she ain't a-goin' to do nothing of the kind. She's only going to be housekeeper for him at twenty dollars per month, and two servants kept. You wasn't a-meanin' sir, to—"  
"I was asking her to be my wife," said Mr. Blossom, solemnly; "and I fully believed that she understood me to that effect."  
Mrs. Dodd grasped eagerly at the sleeve of his coat.  
"She couldn't!" said she. "Just wait a bit, sir—wait a bit. Martha! Mat! come out here this minute! You haven't understood a word that the Reverend Mr. Blossom has said to you. He has asked you to marry him!"  
The knitting fell from Miss Minkley's hands; she turned very pale and began to tremble. Was it then true—the crushed-out, forgotten dream of her whole life? the reaching instinct of her hungering heart? Did some one really love her at last—even her?  
"I—I didn't comprehend it!" said she.  
"I supposed that he wanted me to be his housekeeper. I believed that his wife was living."  
"She's been dead these four years," interjected Mrs. Dodd. "And if ever there was a saint upon earth, Martha Minkley, and a man as any woman might be proud to marry, it is Mr. Paul Blossom."  
Martha held out her hands.  
"Paul," said she, forgetting all the years that had elapsed since they were boy and girl together at the Wesleyan seminary, "do you care for me? Do you love me, Paul?"  
"I do," he answered, solemnly.  
"Then I will be your wife," said Martha, with a little sob.  
In this world nothing is altogether satisfactory. The Reverend Paul Blossom was happy; so was Martha Minkley, so were the children, and, in a lesser degree, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Dodd. But Miss Jemima Blossom was not at all pleased, after having selected Miss Hester Henderson as her brother's second wife. Neither was Miss Henderson herself, who had already settled on the color of her wedding hat. And Squire Telwright was compelled to advertise in the paper for a suitable housekeeper after all.  
But Love, a late-blooming flower in some lives, was beginning to brighten Miss Martha Minkley's solitary existence at last; and what mattered anything else?—*Helen Forrest Graves*.

### PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

A face that cannot smile is never good.  
We like to give in the sunlight and to receive in the dark.  
Prosperity unmarks the vices; adversity reveals the virtues.  
Experience is the name men give to their follies or their sorrows.  
Sometimes we may learn more from a man's errors than from his virtues.  
The waves of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.  
Strong thoughts are iron nails driven in the mind that nothing can draw out.  
When was a man ever weak that the devil did not charge down upon him?  
Eternity is long enough to make up for the ills of our brief troubled life here.  
If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.  
A man in any station can do his duty, and doing it can earn his own respect.  
Do not cast your burdens upon others: Rest them between yourself and heaven!  
If you assume the garb of a fool, are you very sure that you have not a natural right to it.  
There is nothing more necessary than to know how to bear the tedious moments of life.  
Retribution stands with uplifted ax, and culture, rank and robes of sanctity cannot stay its blow.  
It is always safe to learn even of our enemies—seldom safe to venture to instruct even our friends.  
It is true wisdom to speak but little of the injuries you have received or of the good deeds you have done.  
If our whole time was spent in amusing ourselves we should find it more wearisome than the hardest day's work.  
Never speak evil of another while you are under the influence of envy and malevolence, but wait till your spirits are cooled down, that you may better judge whether to utter or suppress the matter.  
There is, perhaps, no quality which has a more pervading influence in giving color to the whole character than the strictest truthfulness, for it is the foundation-stone of honesty and an all-pervading integrity.  
Always say a kind word if you can, if only that it may come in, perhaps, with singular opportuneness, entering some mournful man's darkened room like a fire-fly whose happy circumnavigations he cannot but watch, forgetting his many troubles.

### AN ERA OF PARRICIDES.

The *Ferocious List Already Reported in 1882.*  
The conviction of a boy twelve years old of murdering his father in Missouri recalls a rather formidable list of parricides this year, and it further raises the question of the propriety of hanging a child. Pomeroy, the youthful Boston fiend, escaped the gallows narrowly on account of his years, but as there was little doubt in his case that he was a brute in human form, a freak of nature that could hardly be called human without straining language, it isn't clear that there was any reason for exempting him. If he were really more animal than human, as those who pleaded for his life claimed, the fact was rather for treating him like a mad dog than for extending unusual clemency to him. The Missouri parricide is also represented to be so peculiarly bad that he ought not to be hanged; but if he is so much more diabolical than other very bad boys, it is evident that he is not the sort of youth to raise. Conviction in this case has followed quickly on the crime.  
On the 6th of July Guy Smith, a boy of twelve years of age, of Kirkwood, Mo., having been punished by his father for fighting with his brother, got a revolver and shot his father, Milton Smith. He has been tried and convicted of murder. There have been several cases of the most deliberate and cold-blooded parricides, in some of which cases the criminals were of tender years, though in most they had reached semi-maturity at least. In January last a protracted quarrel between a man named Smith, in Richmond, Ind., and his wife and two sons culminated in his being shot by his son Dan, aged nineteen, after which Dan and an older brother threw the body into the well. The wife and mother was a party to the affair and looked up the smaller children, so that they would be out of the way when the crime was committed. The son who did the shooting got a life sentence in the penitentiary. All the criminals were very hardened, and confessions were readily extracted from them. In February Solomon Richards, of Charlton, Mass., was shot and killed by his son, a young married man. The murderer claimed that his father had abused his mother. There was some evidence that he shot his father to get possession of the farm. On the 17th of the month James G. Allison was hanged at Indiana, Penn., for the deliberate murder of his father two years before. The father and mother were on bad terms, and the son sided with his mother, and had long entertained a bitter hatred against his father on his own account. He was thirty when executed. Later in the month Charles B. Gillem, aged seventeen, shot his invalid mother in her bed. Having had a dispute with her, he went into another room, got a pistol and killed her, and when arrested manifested no remorse. This occurred in Macomb county, Ohio. In the same month—February was productive of parricides—John Lanaha, who lived twenty miles from Rock Rapids, Iowa, was shot by his daughter, aged twenty. The girl's lover, to whom the father objected, furnished her with the pistol, and her mother and younger sister were in the plot. They had been intending to kill John since last November, but neither the wife nor the younger daughter could muster up courage to do it, so they sent for the older girl, who was away, to come home and do the bloody work. The family complained that John Lanaha was cross and did not provide well for his family. A somewhat similar crime occurred in May in the same State, near Muscatine. In this case a man named McMenomon was shot by his young son, his two daughters, both young, being parties to the crime. They said they wanted to have things their own way at home and they couldn't so long as the father lived. They planned that the youngest sister should confess that she killed her father, their idea being that her sex and age would shield her from severe punishment, and so all would escape. But the plot fell through. On the 4th of July Frank Dagon, of Harwinton, Conn., pushed his father backward, breaking his neck, because he was not allowed to take the horse and go to ride. It is worth noticing that all of these parricides occurred in the rural districts, and, with one or two exceptions, among farming people.—*Chicago Times*.

An English statistic says that no less than 7,000 swans' skins are annually imported into London alone for the exclusive manufacture of the "puffs" used for the purpose of laying powder on the face. Every swan's skin makes about sixty puffs, which would make an annual consumption of 420,000 puffs. Is, then, the natural whiteness of the English face in a myth? The same English statistic says that tons of rice and wheat powder are consumed annually in England, and he regrets the waste of so much rice and wheat, which might be better used to feed the starving.

### A Curious Snuff-Box.

Shortly after the breaking out of the French revolution, its advocates denounced our premier as "an enemy to the human race;" that man, "so easy to live with," who sang the song about himself, called "Billy Pitt, the Tory." His secretary one day told him that a foreigner, who spoke English tolerably well, had twice or thrice asked to see him; but, not looking like a proper applicant, had been sent away, the great man's time being too precious for him to admit every stranger who, on frivolous pretexts, might seek to gratify an idle curiosity. This person, however, had said he should return in an hour; the secretary, therefore, thought it his duty to inform Mr. Pitt of such intention, and ask his further orders in the affair.  
"Have the goodness," said the minister, "to open the top left-hand drawer in that cabinet and bring me its contents."  
These were a pair of pistols and a morocco case; opening the latter he produced a snuff-box, in which was set a portrait.  
"Is that like our visitor?" asked Pitt.  
"It is the man, sir," answered the secretary.  
"Ah, I have expected him for some days! He is sent over to assassinate me; so when he calls again, let him be shown up."  
"Sir!" exclaimed the attached retainer, "will you expose to danger your life on which so much depends?"  
"There will be no danger, I thank you; but you may be within call, if you please."  
Accordingly the Frenchman, on his return, was ushered into the room where William Pitt sat alone—a loaded pistol in one hand, the miniature in the other.  
"Monsieur Mehee de la Touche," said Pitt, calmly, "you see I am in every way prepared for you, thanks to an agent employed by this government. Attempt my life, and your own instantly pays the forfeit. In any case I shall have you secured, and given over to the law."  
The intended assassin stood paralyzed and dumb at this cool reception.  
"But," continued Pitt, "there is another alternative—personal safety and high rewards are in your power. Sell your services to Great Britain; make your market of whatever secret information you can procure, that may guard us against the machinations of your country; be, in fact, one of the necessary evils which policy forces us to use in desperate cases; do what no honorable man could do to save yourself from speedy death; your conscience is stained by purposed murder. Compromise, perforce, with these conditions, and you shall be as liberally paid as you must, by all parties, be justly despaired."  
The secretary used to repeat his illustrious master's words, which were, as nearly as possible, to the foregoing effect.  
The clever miscreant joyfully accepted these terms, and for many years earned the bribes of a spy in our behalf.  
No doubt a snuff-box was the safest medium for the warning portrait, as fancy heads frequently adorned such a thing; while, had the miniature been set as a locket, whoever saw it must have been sure that it depicted some real individual.—*London Society*.

### Beryl's Bravery.

"Be brave, Beryl."  
The north wind was howling fiercely through the cordage of a stanch vessel as she danced madly through the seething waters that stretched away from her on every side in desolate fury. Now poised on the crest of a great green billow, and anon plunged into a watery depth that seemed to end only in the bosom of the earth, the good ship struggled bravely with the mighty forces of the tempest; but though her timbers might groan in almost human agony, there was no parting of the seams, no weakening of the bolts that held deck and bulwark together in so firm a clasp.  
It was Beryl McCloskey's wedding trip. Two days ago she had been joined in wedlock's holy bonds to George W. Simpson, and her mother had consented to go with them on their bridal journey. It was her loving arm that supported Beryl now, her kindly voice that spoke the words with which this chapter opens.  
"George cannot love me, mamma," the girl said, speaking in low, mellow tones, "or he would be at my side now, when I need him so sorely."  
"Do not judge hastily, my child," replied the mother. "George is very busy. Even now I see him leaning over the vessel's side."  
"Is he then so very sick?" asked Beryl.  
"Quite very," said Mrs. McCloskey. "Has he thrown up his situation?"  
"No, my darling."  
"Then," said the girl, a holy love-light illumining her pure young face, "I will never leave him."—*Chicago Tribune*.

### Resolve.

Build on Resolve, and not upon regret  
The structure of thy future. Do not grope  
Among the shadows of old sins, but let  
Thine own soul's light shine on the path of  
hope  
And dispel the darkness. Waste no tears  
Upon the blotted records of lost years,  
But turn the leaf, and smile, and smile to  
see  
The fair white pages that remain for thee.  
Prate not of thy repentance. But believe  
The spark divine dwells in thee; let it grow.  
That which the upreaching spirit can achieve  
The grand and all creative forces know.  
They will assist and strengthen, as the light  
Lifts up the acorn to the oak tree's height.  
Thou hast but to resolve, and lo! God's  
whole  
Great universe shall fortify thy soul.  
—*Ella Wheeler*.

### PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Bluefishing—Not so much as a nibble.  
A pair of pumps: Two special reporters.  
The way to treat a man of doubtful credit is to take no note of him.  
"Oh! for a better half," said the sorrowing widower, when he found a counterfeit fifty-cent piece among his coin.  
"I shall follow her soon," said a sly-eyed man at the grave of his wife. Within a month he was following another woman.  
The great demand of the age is an invention by which a man may be enabled to descend a fire escape without breaking his neck.  
"Is that marble?" said a gentleman, pointing to a bust of Kentucky's great statesman. "No, sir; that's Clay," quietly replied the dealer.  
A dull old lady being told that a certain lawyer was lying at the point of death, exclaimed: "Oh, dear! won't even death stop that man lying?"  
The man who is as bold as a lion six days in the week covers his fishing rod with the horse blanket on Sunday and drives through the back streets.  
A home thrust.—Doctor: "Now, tell me, colonel, how do you feel when you have killed a man?" Colonel: "Oh, very well, thank you, doctor—how do you?"  
A letter addressed "gin oshed, mastisat," mailed in Champlain, New York, was forwarded by a sharp-witted clerk to Indian Orchard, Mass., and found its owner.  
"What a change," exclaims a novelist, "one little woman can make in a man's life!" "Exactly," says a victim; "and what a heap of 'change' she requires while doing it!"  
"What building is that?" asked a stanger of a boy, pointing to a schoolhouse. "That?" said the boy. "Why, that's a tannery!" And he feelingly rubbed his back as he passed on.  
"I know," said a little girl to her elder sister's young man at the supper table, "that you will join our society for the protection of little birds, because mamma says you are very fond of larks."  
She was a blue-eyed, sweet-faced girl, and when she asked at the country fair, "Where are the beetles who made the bees?" the honest granger in charge stuffed half a pear into his mouth and crawled under a table to get out of sight.  
A preacher was called upon by some of his congregation to pray for rain, of which the crops stood greatly in need. His reply was, that he would pray if his congregation desired it, but he was very sure it would not rain until the wind changed.  
An exchange tells of a railroad baggage-master who missed his train. Probably on account of a struggle with a trunk that didn't break so easily as usual. Of course he would have felt ashamed to put a trunk on whole, and so took it out behind the station to finish it.  
"Please, sir, I want a Bible," said a bright youth. The Bible was handed to the boy, who had been sent for it, and was about to carry it away. But he stopped a moment and inquired: "Is it this year's?" That boy had heard something about the revision of the New Testament, but couldn't tell exactly what it was.  
A bibulous gentleman was introduced to a lady who had been represented to him as quite a talented artist. He greeted her by saying: "I understand, madame, that you paint!" She started, blushed deeply, and, recovering herself after a few seconds, said, with as much acidity of tone and style as she could command: "Well, if I do paint, I don't make any mistake and put it on my nose."  
Some objects just found in Newfoundland are considered by Swiss archeologists to throw a new light on the history of the lake dwellers. Among them are a carriage wheel with iron rim, iron swords and many human bones.  
On his big Dakota farm ex-President Hayes has, it is said, this year 265 acres of wheat, 275 acres of oats and 10 acres of miscellaneous crops. From the present outlook he will harvest not far from 20,000 bushels of grain.