

**Little by Little.**  
Little by little the time goes by—  
Short if you sing through it, long if you sigh;  
Little by little—an hour, a day,  
Gone with the years that have vanished away;  
Little by little the race is run,  
Trouble and waiting and toil are done.  
Little by little the sky grows clear;  
Little by little the sun comes near;  
Little by little the days smile out  
Gladder and brighter on pain and doubt;  
Little by little the seed we sow  
Into a beautiful yield will grow.  
Little by little the world grows strong,  
Fighting the battle of Right and Wrong;  
Little by little the Wrong gives way,  
Little by little the Right has sway;  
Little by little all longing souls  
Struggle up nearer the shining goals!  
Little by little the good in men  
Blossoms to beauty for human ken;  
Little by little the angels see  
Fancies better of good to be;  
Little by little the God of all  
Lifts the world nearer His pleading call!

### JOHN JUDSON'S NURSE.

"A dozen tea biscuits, did you say, Mrs. Rooney?" said the baker's wife; "and a loaf of bread? and a card of black gingerbread? Just let me take your basket, ma'am, and I'll pack 'em in a deal better than you could. Yes, as I was saying, there he lies, clean out of his head and raving, and nobody to take care of him but me. And you may guess how much time I get, ma'am, what with the shop and the six children and Feather-top's old mother to look after."

"But why on earth," said the customer who had ordered the tea biscuits, bread and black gingerbread, "don't you send the poor fellow to some hospital?"

"Just what the doctor advised his ownself," said Mrs. Feather-top. "But la! the minute you mention the word 'hospital' you'd think he would go out of his head, poor soul. 'No, no, no,' he says, over and over again, and he holds on to the side of the bedpost until one must have a heart of iron to try and get him away. And the worst of it is he's just been turned out of this place!"

"Turned out of his place?" repeated Mrs. Rooney, while Miss Price, the pale little seamstress who rented the top back room of Mrs. Feather-top and kept herself on infinitesimal morsels of bread and meat which she picked up nobody knew where, paused to listen, on her way through the shop.

"He was getting good wages in a manufacturing jeweler's," said the baker's wife, evidently enjoying her small audience, "and Mr. Goldilove set store by him, for he'd a way of working that he'd learned in foreign parts, and they tell me it's quite an art to set them precious stones in the gold so as they'll stay firm and show off their colors to good advantage. And there was a particular choice jewel sent there to be set as a wedding present for some young lady—a sapphire, they say it's called—and it was g'in into his charge. And from that day to this, ma'am and Miss Price, there hasn't nothin' ever been heard of that sapphire. If it had been any one else Mr. Goldilove would have had him arrested; but this John Judson had always borne so good a character and was such an out-and-out respectable man, as he hadn't the heart to do it. But he discharged him, of course—who wouldn't? And here the poor fellow is, out of place, with no reference, and so far as I know without a penny in his pocket. And what we're to do I don't know, for its downright sure I can't spare the time to give him his drops and look after him as a sick man should be looked after."

"Has he no friends?" said Mrs. Rooney.

"Bless your heart! no," said the baker's wife. "He is a stranger in the country. And poor folks, mind you ma'am, don't pick up friends here and there and everywhere like the millionaires we read about."

Just here Miss Price stepped forward, with her little splint basket on her arm.

"Mrs. Feather-top," said she, diffidently, "I am quite alone in the world, with no ties to keep me busy. If you don't object I'll take my sewing down into Mr. Judson's room and take care of him days, if Mr. Feather-top won't mind the night charge."

"I'm sure, Miss Price, it would be a deed of Christian charity," said Mrs. Feather-top.

And as she afterward said to Mrs. Rooney:

"It wasn't as if Miss Price were young and pretty. She's forty, if she's a day," said the baker's wife. "And she's had smallpox, as you may see for yourself, Mrs. Rooney, ma'am; and her hair is red and her eyelashes are white, and I often think, ma'am, of what Feather-top said when first she engaged our top story back; 'Peggy,' says Feather-top, says he, 'we've got the humblest woman in New York for our tenant.'"

But Mary Price, if she was neither

young nor beautiful, possessed the rare attributes of a sick-nurse—the soft step, the quick perception, the noiseless, gliding movement—and before she had been the guardian genius of poor John Judson's room for a week the fever turned and he began to grow better.

"So," he said, suddenly, one bleak February afternoon when Mary Price sat stitching silently by his side, "I shall get well."

"The doctor says so," silently assented Miss Price.

"Why didn't they let me die?" groaned the poor lapidary, screwing up his forehead.

Miss Price looked at him in amazement.

"Don't you want to live?" she said.

"What have I got to live for?" burst out John Judson. "I have neither name nor fame left, and can't even get the chance to earn my own living. They believe me to be a thief. As well die of fever as die of starvation."

Miss Price looked gently at him.

"There is no need of either," said she. "I have a few dollars in the savings bank. You are welcome to them until you can work and earn something for yourself."

John raised himself on his elbow and stared at her.

"Why do you give me your hard-earned savings?" said he, bluntly.

"Because you need them more than I do," said Miss Price, sewing away.

Judson uttered a low, bitter laugh.

"I thought the race of Christians was extinct," said he; "but I believe there are some left."

After that he recovered rapidly.

But on the day when he first sat up there came a thundering knock at the door and in walked old Mr. Goldilove, plump, clean-shaven and looking eminently respectable in his fur-trimmed overcoat and new kid gloves.

Judson started.

"Have you come to arrest me, sir?" said he.

"Not at all, my dear fellow—not at all!" said the old gentleman, briskly. "Look here!"

And opening his hand he showed snugly reposing in the palm something small and sparkling like a drop of blue dew.

"It's the Mordant sapphire!" exclaimed the lapidary, eagerly.

"Exactly!" said Mr. Goldilove; "it's the Mordant sapphire. And where do you suppose we found it?"

"I am sure, sir, I do not know," answered Judson, whose fever-bright eyes were still fixed upon the glittering blue jewel as if he momentarily expected to see it melt away.

"Why," chuckled Mr. Goldilove, "I was the thief, Judson! I stole it myself. Ha, ha, ha!"

"You, sir?" ejaculated John.

"I sent this coat to the furrier's," said Mr. Goldilove, "to have the trimming repaired where it had ripped away. And the furrier found the sapphire lodged neatly in a seam. It must have clung to the fur some time when I leaned my elbow carelessly on the table—slipped in at the ripped place and tucked itself comfortably away. And all the time I was scolding about you, Judson, and believing you in my heart to be a thief, I was carrying about the missing jewel myself. Good faith, my dear fellow! I've thought since if the Lord judged us as hardly as we judge each other our chances in the other world would be mighty slim, eh? But I'm sorry—sorry from the very bottom of my heart—and I beg your pardon, Judson! And your old place at the shop is waiting for you, with a little rise in wages, whenever you choose to come back."

And he cordially wrung the lapidary's hand once more and hobbled off; and it was not until he had gone that Judson discovered that he had left a twenty-dollar bill on the table, folded in an envelope directed to "John Judson."

When Miss Price came in as usual on her way home from the shirt factory where she worked John Judson had a story to tell her.

"You've kept my heart up many a time, Miss Price," said he, "when it has been like a lump of lead in my breast, with your tales about the various little adventures you had had seeking for work in all those downtown places, and now I've got an adventure to relate to you!"

Miss Price burst into tears when she heard it.

"I'm so glad, Mr. Judson!" she cried.

"Oh, I am so glad! But I knew all along that you never took that jewel!"

"God bless you for that!" said Judson, in a low voice.

When Mrs. Feather-top came up she was full of Mr. Goldilove's good-nature—the pennies he had given her little ones, the praise he had adjudged to the shining, glass-topped counters and piles of wholesome-looking bread.

"And so the sapphire was found

after all," said Mrs. Feather-top. "But, dear me! have you heard about poor Miss Price. Did she tell you?"

"No," said Judson. "What is it?"

"The shirt factory has failed," said Mrs. Feather-top. "The hands are all left without work; and what's worse their back wages never will be paid. I'm dreadfully sorry for poor Miss Price. It does seem as if she had nothing but ill luck in the world. But, there! I've left Patty in the store and she don't know the price of a thing. I must hurry back as fast as ever I can."

Miss Price came down in the bakery that evening.

"Mrs. Feather-top," said she, "I am going to give up my room."

"I supposed so," said Mrs. Feather-top, wrapping up a loaf of Boston brown bread in a paper for a customer. "Well, Miss Price, I'm sorry," but—

"But I didn't tell you all," said Miss Price. "I—I'm going to be married! To Mr. Judson!"

Down rolled the loaf of Boston brown bread to the floor.

"Eh?" cried the baker's wife. "It ain't possible!"

But it was. Plain little Miss Price, with the white eyelashes, the red hair, the peck-marked complexion, had won a husband after all.

"In my eyes, dearest," John Judson had said, "yours is the sweetest face in the world. It bent over my sick-bed when I should have died, save for its help and sympathy; it lighted up the dark hours of my weary convalescence; it shone like a star in my utmost need. And if you will trust yourself to me, Mary, you shall never, God helping me, have reason to regret it."

So they were married, much to the wonder of the world in general.

"Well," said Mrs. Feather-top, "if Miss Price has got a husband, then nobody need despair."

But Mrs. Feather-top's vision was duller than that of John Judson. She had not seen the glory of Miss Price's pure soul shining through her plain face.—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

### Curiosities of Evidence.

The custom of kissing the thumb instead of the book was considered by many an evasion of the moral obligation attached to an oath, while to others, holding the Testament upside down was deemed an equally efficacious release. These and other reputable artifices are, however, very little indulged in at the present day.

When the celebrated Sergeant Hill conducted a defense at the bar of the house of lords, he propounded a question to a witness which the counsel on the other side objected to. After much had been said on either side, the law lords themselves disagreed, and the bar and all strangers were ordered to withdraw. After an absence of two hours they were readmitted, and the lord chancellor informed Mr. Hill that the house decided the question might be put, "Please you, my lords," said the sergeant, "it is so long since I asked the question that I forget what it was, but with your lordships' permission I will put another!"

A witness was lately called on a trial at the old Bailey to prove an alibi. He solemnly swore that the prisoner on the night and at the hour in question (11:25 P. M.) was at home and in bed at a distant part of the parish. Nothing could shake his testimony, for he said he had looked at the clock just as the prisoner went upstairs, and he had set the clock right with the church clock himself the same day, and it was certainly 11:25 P. M., etc. "Pray what do you make the time now?" blandly asked the counsel who cross-examined, pointing to a great white dial over the dock. No answer was given. "Don't be confused—take your time. I ask you again—what is the time by that clock now?" The question was repeated several times and the witness was eventually bound to confess that he could not tell the time by a clock at all. Singularly enough the clock in the court was standing at 11:25 when he made this avowal.

We remember a country witness being called at the assizes to prove that at a particular hour on a certain night the moon was shining and at the full. There happened to be no almanac in court, but the evidence seemed to be satisfactory, for he had obtained his information from "a regular good London stationer's almanac." The question was asked in cross-examination, "How did you obtain this London stationer's almanac? Did you buy it?" "Buy it! No; my father pasted it behind my kitchen door nine years ago—the day I was married!" It need hardly be said that information as to the moon's age during a day in the current year was of little value from an almanac nine years old.—*Ladies Hour.*

### TOPICS OF THE DAY.

In the last two years the world has lost 3,598 vessels, of which 390 were never seen or heard of after they sailed out of sight from port. The lives lost number many thousands.

The Canadian wheat harvest for 1882 is a material improvement over that of 1881. The crop of winter wheat is estimated at 32,300,000 bushels and the spring wheat crop at 3,300,000, or 41,600,000 bushels in the aggregate.

The great granite monument to the Ames brothers, builders of the Pacific railroad, is nearly completed near Ogden, Utah, at the highest point of the road. It is a red granite pyramid sixty feet square at the base, sixty feet high and will last as long as granite will hold together. A medallion bust of Oakes Ames has been hewn on the west face and one of Oliver Ames on the east. The cost is \$90,000.

A house was burning at Oshkosh, Wis., and a woman was left inside. Her husband cried, "Five thousand dollars to the man who saves her!" A fireman dashed in at great personal risk and brought her out alive. Although the husband is very wealthy, he refused to give a dollar of the reward; but the supreme court decides that the offer of \$5,000 was valid, and that the money must be paid.

Preparations are active in England in regard to the great international fisheries exhibition to be held in London in the early part of 1883. Arrangements have been completed to hold the exhibition in the gardens of the Royal Horticultural society. With the existing buildings and such additional space as will be covered the total area provided for will be some 220,300 square feet. The United States will be extensively represented.

Judge Brown, of the supreme court of Baltimore, has delivered an important opinion bearing upon the question of what constitutes legal residence of a government officer, and where he is entitled to vote. The judge held that a citizen who takes an office under the government does not lose his residence by removing to another place while he is employed by the government, unless he intends to make such place his permanent residence.

A writer in an English news paper thinks that the teeth of Americans must be getting into a very disastrous condition when it requires twelve large factories, turning out 10,000,000 artificial teeth a year, to supply the annual loss, and \$2,500,000 worth of gold to stop up the cavities that appear in natural teeth. These figures, says the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, do not prove that our teeth are worse than they used to be, but that we are taking better care of them.

The Prussian government, alarmed at the continued state of emigration, has been seriously considering what means to adopt for checking the steady drain upon the population and resources of the country; and it is now proposed to take the ground that persons who intend to emigrate must first prove that in doing so they will not violate any contract obligation, public or private, express or implied, like those that may be construed to exist toward municipal and village communities, families and employers. Wherever it is impossible to infer the existence of such obligations, the official authorities will doubtless be ingenious in spelling them out, and measures will be taken to prevent emigration in all such cases.

Bands of gypsies wander about in large numbers in some parts of Germany, and occasionally, emboldened by their numerical strength, and rendered reckless by their necessities, they do not hesitate to make serious incursions upon the farms that they come across. Lately a band counting over 200 encamped near a small village in the Hessian territory, and turned their horses loose to graze at will over the meadows and farming lands of the neighborhood. The exasperated farmers and peasants thereupon armed themselves with pitchforks and other weapons, and attacked the intruders. A pitched battle followed, and it was not without a severe struggle that the native population remained masters of the field. The interference of the government will probably be required to put an end to the growing evil.

From a lately published work by General Strelbitsky it appears that Europe is 133,000 square kilometers, or about 15,000 square miles, larger than was supposed. General Strelbitsky as founded his calculations on the most careful measurements, and ascertained that Europe has a superficies of 10,010,

485 square kilometers, of which 9,346,023 belong to the continent and 664,463 to the islands, a calculation which differs considerably from those hitherto made. If General Strelbitsky be correct, the size of Scandinavia, France and Hungary has hitherto been undervalued, while that of Italy, Great Britain, Spain and Portugal have been exaggerated. The three smallest European States have the following size: Liechtenstein, 159; San Marino, 85, and Andorra, 21 square kilometers, the latter being about one-third as large as the city of Berlin, which has a superficies of 69.6 square kilometers.

### The Grandeur of Woman.

When you want to get the grandest idea of a queen, you do not think of Catharine, of Russia, or of Anne, of England, or of Marie Theresa, of Germany; but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked with him arm-in-arm down life's pathway; sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together—soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with the needle or at the spinning wheel, and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then, at last, on that day when she lay in the back room dying, and you saw her take those thin hands with which she had toiled for you so long and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to the God whom she had taught you to trust—oh, she was the queen! The chariots of God came down to fetch her; and as she went in all heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that stirs the deep foundations of your soul, and you feel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap; and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more your name, as tenderly as she used to speak it, you would be willing to throw yourself on the ground and kiss the sod that covers her, crying: "Mother, mother!" Ah! she was the queen—she was the queen. Now, can you tell me how many thousand miles a woman like that would have to travel down before she got to the ballot-box? Compared with this work of training kings and queens for God and eternity, insignificant seems all this work of voting for aldermen and common councilmen and sheriffs and constables and mayors and presidents! To make one such grand woman as I have described, how many thousands would you want of those people who go in the round of fashion and dissipation, distorting their body until in their monstrosities they seem to outdo the dromedary and hippopotamus! going as far toward disgraceful apparel as they dare go, so as not to be arrested by the police—the behavior a sorrow to the good and a caricature to the vicious, and an insult to that God who made them women and not gorgons; and tramping on, down through a frivolous and dissipated life, to temporal and eternal damnation.—*Dr. Talmage.*

### PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

An old feud: The feeling between ague and quinine is exceedingly bitter. In the cup of life youth is the sugar, middle age the cream and old age the dregs.

The waiters ought to succeed in a strike, for they usually carry all before them.

It was Chaucer that appropriately said, "There is nothing new but what has once been old." Chaucer evidently knew hash when he saw it.

It was very rude in the old bachelor who was told that a certain lady "had one foot in the grave" to ask "if there wasn't room for both feet."

A young lady says that males are of no account from the time the ladies stop kissing them as infants till they commence kissing them as lovers.

Arabella—"Yes, I think this sweet pug is just perfection. Don't you?" George (with feeling)—"No, not exactly; but I do think he is very near perfection."

A man sent one dollar in response to an advertisement which promised, in a mysterious way, to tell "Why I became a Mason." He received as an answer, "Because I didn't want to become a carpenter or a shoemaker."

Spinks went home the other night afflicted with double vision. He sat for a time with his sleepy gaze riveted on Mrs. S., and then complacently remarked: "Well, I declare, if you two gals don't look 'nough like to be twins."

An Iowa City man has 153 hives of bees, which are arranged around his hen-house, and when he hears a thief fooling around that establishment in the darkness he just lies still and waits to hear a hive upset, and then laughs at the sound of wild yells gradually dying away in the distance.

Jenkinson is having his fortnight off. As he was leaving the house the other morning Mrs. J. presented her lips for the customary parting kiss; but Jenkinson, the brute, turned on his heel with the remark: "Not this morning, Tilda; I'm on my vacation, you know." Evidently Jenkinson is bound to get all the recreation possible out of his vacation.

"Why, my dear," said poor little Mr. Penhecker, with a ghastly smile, "why would the world, without woman, be like a blank sheet of paper?" Mrs. P., who had just been giving the little man "a piece of her mind," smiled and "couldn't think." "Why, because, don't you see, love," said the long-suffering one, "it wouldn't even be ruled."

The clergyman's wife had presented him with a son, and the happy father, as he went his parochial rounds, was congratulated by the members of his congregation. There was one old farmer, however, who received the tidings very coldly, but when perceiving the pastor's disappointment, good-naturedly explained: "I ain't got no spite, it's all accordin' to natur', I s'pose; but when I think of that boy of yours I can't help reck'nin' that in a few years there'll have to be a new fence put 'round my watermelon patch."

### "Heathen" Buffaloes.

Buffaloes are the oxen of Burmah. But the creatures have a strange antipathy to white people. A whole herd will gaze quietly upon a white man for a time, but the moment he goes to the windward of them, their heads are thrown up, they sniff the air, show signs of alarm and anger, and then break into a run. This antipathy makes it difficult for white persons to ride on a buffalo cart, unless it is drawn by buffaloes accustomed to see them. The missionaries, who are obliged to go in carts through the jungles, are sometimes reassured by the natives saying, "You have nothing to fear; these are Christian buffaloes." At other times the caution will be, "Take care! these are heathen buffaloes."

**Field-Paths.**  
Paths of the fields,  
Oh pleasant paths! that stray  
Through the deep wind-trod pastures of the spring,  
Through all the glory and the blossoming  
That summer yields,  
Companioned of the golden buttercup  
Up in heaven's far cloud-flecked sapphire  
gazing-up,  
Piercing to heights that see the sky lark  
sing,  
From the world's weariness, from hope's  
decay,  
Lead me, Oh lead me, pleasant paths away—  
Paths of the fields!  
Who knows not hours—  
Hours when life longs to cease  
Its endless questioning of the mystery  
Of sorrow; when the eternal ill we see  
All hope o'erpowers?  
Oh in such hours of darkness and of fear,  
In joy and quietude alike, be near:  
Near in deep tranquillity and gladness be!  
Through nature's placid calm, through sweet  
release  
From doubt, from tears, Oh lead me, paths  
of peace—  
Paths of the fields!  
—William C. Bennett.