On your way-As you make it, so you take it, In the battle every day.

If your genius slumber, wake it; For our life is what we make it; As we shape it, so we take it; If we hunt for care or sorrow, We shall only always borrow Trouble from a better morrow Every day-

As we make it, so we take it-So the life will run away.

If the heart is thirsty, slake it; If a blessing offers, take it; For our life is what we make it; Joy abounds in happy faces; Pleasure lives in rosy places; Let us court the goodly graces

By the way; And we'll take it as we make it In the battle every day.

Dig the garden, smooth it, rake it; For the math is what we make it; As you work it, so you take it: Sit not idly hoping, dreaming-Wrapt in fancy's futile teeming; Victory does not come by scheming-Strike and stay!

As you make it, so you take it, If you faint not by the way. -M. V. Moore, in Detroit Free Press.

HER LITTLE JOKE.



ence," said Miss Jocelyn, half aloud-"the very dullest."

She does not finish her sentence, but the reflection of herself-a handsome girl in a smart frock. After one glance she turns back to the window with a

"What's the use? One might as well wear sackcloth trimmed with ashes in this place, for all the people there are to see one's gowns. It was much more fun at school, after all.

Blake with Mr. Stanford, and he is holding his umbrella over her! She has got his arm, too! I wonder how he likes it? Poor man-I wonder if he ever notices whether a woman is old and plain or young and pretty?

"Now he's gone splash into a puddle, and she is actually looking up at him before him, and he realizes how much and blushing and laughing. Oh, what that means to her. What a new flood of a joke. Fancy her blushing! Why she light has been poured suddenly upon must be forty if she's a day-quite forty. that sad, unselfish life! And these little curls bobbing about as And there is no help for either of she goes!

"I wonder if her sister makes her it be done at once. wear her hair like that? I wonder if she is in love with him? Poor old soul!"

Mr. Stanford is a curate, but he is a man first and afterward a cleric. Strong, manly, gentle, he plays cricket with the village boys, is ready to gossip for a few moments with the old gaffers, is a member of the debating society as well as the rowing club.

But Miss Jocelyn is young, and is not yet able to grasp more than the fact that she is better looking and better dressed than most of the girls whom she knows. So to her Ruth Blake is a ridiculous

sight, and Mr. Stanford's quiet courtesy. which he would extend just as readily and puts it into the little outstretched and pleasantly to his washerwoman, is a hand. "good joke."

She watches them part at the Misses Blakes' little green gate, and thinks she can see Miss Ruth's upward glance and forward. smile at the fine face above her before Mr. Stanford turns and comes striding and splashing back through the puddles.

Then, having nothing else to do, Miss Jocelyn plans a pretty little piece of mischief, which she promptly sets about carrying out. She has one gift, this handsome Miss Jocelyn; she is very skillful with her pen, and after a little practice can imitate almost any handwriting.

And now she remembers that there is in the study a letter of Mr. Stanford's to her father, and her eyes sparkle with de-

Blake a love letter! Perhaps she has and again he feels oddly that her life. never had one. It will be a kindness, positively! How she will blush and simper-silly old thing! Well, serve her right! When there are so few young men in a place, what business have old taken off her ugly gloves. What a bit maids strolling about with them under umbrellas.

"Miss Cornelia's a lying down, Miss Ruth. She have one of her bad head- but stands there before her, looking aches, and she says as how no one is to disturb her. And your tea is ready and waiting, Miss."

Ruth Blake turns into the prim little dining room, seats herself upon one of the straight backed chairs and begins to

draw off her brown cotton gloves. slim, and dressed in a hideous antiquated | best that only we two should know.' plaid, with shades of glaring blue and green; yet her fair hair-which the wind and rain have ruffled and made to look like a halo about her meek, small facepainful curve of her lips, and her slightly her oddly arranged hair. flushed cheeks, render her appearance

not altogether unpleasing. She eats her simple tea quickly, glancing from time to time at a book which she has propped up against the milk jug -a book Mr. Stanford mentioned incidentally one day, and which she has obtained from the village library.

The next morning Miss Ruth gets a letter. She knows the handwriting upon his arms. the envelope before she opens it.

"Parish matters, of course," she says to herself. "Perhaps it's about the

school treat." She opens the envelope, unfolds the note within and is reading it slowly, when suddenly she utters a low cry, her breath comes fast and the familiar world about her grows in a moment strange and unreal.

For it is a love letter. She is thirtythree, and this is her very first.

And from such a man-the man whom she has looked up to and reverenced and followed so humbly and modestly ever since she first saw him! She goes down to breakfast with a flushed face, quivering lips and radiant eyes.

"Miss Cornelia's just on the ramp this morning, miss," says the little maid warningly, as she meets Ruth in the narrow passage that does duty for a hall.

Miss Ruth nods and smiles as if this were the pleasantest intelligent possible. Cornelia's diatribes this morning fall upon heedless ears.

Ruth answers at intervals, "Yes, dear," and "No, dear," and "I will see to it, sister," as in duty bound; but her heart and soul are filled with one thought -thar wonderful letter.

After breakfast, Miss Cornelia goes out to visit her district. Then Miss Ruth takes up her pen and writes tremblingly out of the fulness of her heart:

DEAR MR. STANFORD-Your letter has surprised me very much. I scarcely know what to say, except that I am most grateful to you. It is so good of you to love me as you say you do, and love has always seemed such a beautiful thing to me, though I never thought that it was likely to come to either my sister or me. But I am very, very glad to have had your letter, and shall always be so, even if you change your mind, for, in-deed, I am not worthy of all the good things you say of me. Still, whatever happens, I shall always feel happy to know that you once thought as you have written. And I beg you will think the matter over well. Though it seems impertinent of me to advise you, yet I think only of your good. And I am always your faithful friend,

RUTH BLAKE. She reads the letter over several times, and then shakes her head.

"How poorly I have said it!" she thinks. "But he is so kind; he will understand that I mean well."

The curate, when he receives the gentle, humble epistle, is filled with dismay. "I call this the dullest place in exist- He paces wildly up and down his small sitting room.

"Somebody has played a cruel, heartless trick upon that poor little woman, turns to the massive pier glass to look at | and I have to face her and tell her so. I would rather be shot."

He drinks his sealding tea in great gulps, and is glad of the pain it causes

"But what am I to do? Go and tell a woman-a kind, gentle, little ladycoarsely and brutally to her face, that she has been played with and insulted; that I never dreamed of loving her; "Why"-suddenly craning forward- that it is impossible for me to do so? "if that isn't that frumpy little Miss Oh, cruel and cowardly! How can I strike a gentlewoman, or indeed any woman, such a blow as that?"

He rests his head upon his hands and

After a while he reads the letter over again slowly. He reads between the lines and seems to see a soul laid bare

them. He must do it? Well, then, let

Mechanically he takes his hat down from its peg and goes out into the street, walking with his head bent down, seeing nothing, hearing nothing until he is close to the little green gate; then a child's clear, high voice reaches his ear. "My g'annie made it," she says. Ain't it pitty?"

"It's a beautiful doll," a gentle voice inswers. "Is it a good baby?" "Welly dood," the child says, tucking

the rag doll under one chubby arm. 'Dive me a wose, please." Miss Ruth plucks one of the few remaining June roses, one of the prettiest,

As she turns to look after the child Miss Ruth sees him and pauses shyly. Something has to be said, so he comes

"What a lovely evening?" he exclaims, though he scarcely knows whether it

rains or whether the sun shines. "Yes," she answers. "Won't youwere you-will you come in?"

He follows her into the house with an intense longing for something, however dreadful, to happen to him, and save him from what is to follow.

Ruth takes him into the dining room. He teels vaguely that his task is becoming more difficult. In the bare, chill little drawing room he could have said his say better. But she brought him "What fun to send poor old Miss straight into the sauctuary of her home, lies open before him.

There is her work lying folded together. What a tiny thimble! He glances down at her small bare hands. She has of a woman for a strong man to fight! What a gentle life to be marred and that the current is to be employed for shattered by a bitter shame!

Still Mr. Stanford does not speak, very pale. His back is to the window and she cannot see his face well, but the light shines full upon hers. "I did not show my sister your letter."

she begins hesitatingly. "I thought I predetermined heat .- New Orleans Pichad better wait—that perhaps you would change your mind, think differ-She is an odd little figure, small and ently about it all, and then it would be

changing her own mind. She stands there before him, a sweet, fair woman, an international fair that is held every in spite of her old fashioned gown and

fast eyes, and bids him take or leave her | changed. There is much dancing and as pleases him best. And his courage | feasting on these occasions, as well as to hurt, wound, perhaps kill her, fails trading. All the trading is done by In a moment his resolution is taken. He strides hastily forward,

"Ruth, do you lov" me?" he asks, holding out his hands. And the calm of her face breaks up as she sinks into

"Oh, so much -so much !" she almost | sulted .- Chicago Herald.

"But I am not worthy of you. You should marry some one ever, ever so much better and younger and prettier than I. Do you know," hiding her ashamed face and confessing it as she would have contessed a sin, "I am thirty-three."

"And I am thirty-four," he answers. "Dreadful isn't it?"

When Miss Jocelyn hears the news, she goes away suddenly on a visit to some friends.

Three years have passed, and Laura Jocelyn is older, sadder, wiser. She has loved and suffered, and learned to sympathize with others. But she has never seen Mr. Stanford or his old maid wife again.

When she returned home the marriage was over, and they were gone to his new

"This was the worst thing I ever did," she says sadly to herself. "I will go and confess, and tell him how sorry I am. What a horrible thing to have rumed two lives!"

So she goes on her penitent errand to the small town forty miles away. On getting out of the train she asks the way

to the vicarage, and walks there slowly. A child's laugh startles her from her bitter musings, and she looks up and across the sweetbriar hedge that is in bloom at her side, for it is July again.

She sees but dimly an old-fashioned garden, a quaint, rambling house, for that is Mr. Stanford himself standing so close to her that she could almost touch

And who is that lady, the pretty little woman in the dainty gray gown, her fair, wavy hair knotted close to her head, and her eyes shining with happiness?

With a gasp Miss Jocelyn recognizes That is-no!-that was Ruth

"Now let him come to me," the little woman cries gaily. "Harry, you are spoiling the child. Let him come to his

Ruth stoops down and holds out her arms, and a tiny figure in white rushes wildly for a little distance toward her, and then totters unsteadily, and finally sits down plump upon the grass, the performance being hailed with a shout of laughter from the father, echoed more softly by Ruth.

Under cover of their mirth Miss Jocelyn steals away. She has received forgiveness unasked, and she has the sense to see that to apologize to either of these two happy, blessed people would be an impertinence. - Boston Globe.

Frogs' Legs Are Dainty.

It is not a hundred years since Dr. Kitchener, in his quaint old book, "A Cook's Oracle," gave among culinary curiosities, with "roasted horse and lizards in hot broth," "fried frogges."
Yet a dish of frogs' legs is to-day a dainty dish that almost any one will appreciate. It has been estimated that over 40,000 frogs' legs are used in New York in a single season. When it is remembered that they seldom sell for less than fifty cents a pound, it will be seen that they are no inconsiderable feature of our markets. They will be in market in the spring time, being in prime condition in the latter part of April and in May. The only part of the animal used is the hind legs. The finest quality of frogs' legs come from Canada. They are brought to market skinned and ready for use. All that is necessary is to twist off their claws. Sprinkle them with salt and pepper to broil them; dip them in sweet oil, squeeze over them a few drops of lemon juice and lay them on a broiler. Broil them very carefully, about five minutes on each side, until they are a very delicate brown. They should be served with a maitre d'hotel butter.

A more familiar way of cooking frogs is to fry them. Wipe them off, season with salt and pepper, squeeze a few drops of lemon juice over them if you wish; dip them in beaten egg and then in the finest sifted bread-crumbs. Lay them in a frying-basket so that they do not touch and plunge them into a kettle of boiling fat. When they have fried for five minutes lift them up, lay them on a hot platter, and serve them with a little decoration of green. Tartare sauce is very good with them. No one who eats frogs' legs cooked in either of these ways will be tempted to try the most elaborate fricassee of frogs' legs .- New York braries, etc. Tribune.

Electricity Serves All Purposes.

Wondrous boasts are made in this country of the progress of electrical science, and many Americans seems to imagine that the United States leads the world in this regard. But the fact is claimed that little Switzerland is far ahead of all competitors in the use of electricity. Its rushing streams and waterfalls are everywhere utilized for the production of electric power. Arrangements have just been completed at Maloja Kursaal for heating a great hotel by this agent. The heaters are to be scattered about the buildings, just as stores or steam coils would be, and it is understood cooking too. The circuits run, of course, into every room, and at night nothing will be easier than to unship one of the little lamps and put in the wires for a hot-water "grog" boiler, or for a bed-warmer, both of which will stay warm through the whole night, and at one

Alaska's International Fair.

The Esquimaux wear reindeer skins She does not say a word about for clothing. They buy them from the Siberian Chuckchees, who come over to summer on Kotzebue Sound, just above Bering Strait on the Alaskan side. For She looks at him with smiling, stead- | the pelts seal oil and walrus oil are exbarter, no sort of money being in circulation. At this fair also many wives are bought. One can purchase a very good article of a wife for \$10. Wives among the Esquimaux people are usually bought. Sometimes the women are con-



Pink is in favor again.

& Oyster white is a new tint.

The old Directoire cape is in again. This is going to be a grenadine year. The emerald is the stone of the hour. Neck ruches of all kinds are to be

Silks are much used for dinner dresses.

In decorating skirts, ribbon has completely superseded lace. Floral slippers are the correct thing to

throw after a bridal pair. Queen Victoria, of England, has an

income of \$5000 per day. Meriden, Conn., has had a woman Assistant City Clerk for six years. The number of lady students in Switz-

er and is continuously increasing. Eight girls are now studying at the Royal College of Surgeons in Dublin, Ireland.

Lace edgings of Valenciennes are placed on ruchings, but they must be

The number of patents applied for and obtained by women is still on the increase.

An ecru staw alpine, with matching ribbon, makes a pretty walking hat with Galician women have petitioned the

Emperor of Austria for permission to serve as soldiers. Persian women, generally speaking, are unusually bright and shrewd, as

well as very beautiful. Baroness Burdett-Coutts, of England,

believes that sapphire blue velvet is the proper mourning color. Women are now employed as stenogra-

ohers in the Parliament at Copenhagen, Denmark, for the first time. The students of the Women's College, in Baltimore, Md., have decided to wear

the academic cap and gown. The State Librarians of Kentucky and of Mississippi are women, and the positions they hold are well paid.

Mulls in delicate hues will be popular this summer. They are scattered over with clusters of flowers and look very Rosa Bonheur, the French artist, is

one of the women on whom the decoration of the Legion of Honor has been Mrs. M. D. Young, a daughter-in-law of the late Brigham Young, is a worker

on a Salt Lake City (Utah) paper which is opposed to Mormonism. The Chicago Woman's Club has been agitating for eleven years the subject of establishing a county hospital for the care and treatment of contagious dis-

The Methodist Episcopal Conference of Kansas, by a ballot of eighty-five to twenty-five, voted in favor of admitting women as delegates to the General Conference. One of the successful lawyers of Mis-

souri is Mrs. Dudgeon, of Mexico, who has a good practice as a counselor, and is also a clever stenographer and a notary public. A bust of Queen Victoria of England, executed by her daughter, the Princess

the Woman's Department of the World's Fair at Chicago. Kate Field proclaims that a woman, to be agreeable, must listen. "Keep a man wound up," she counsels; "look as though you were hanging on his lips, and

Louise, will be one of the attractions of

he'll think you charming." The Girls' Friendly Society of England is a union of over 170,000 women and girls of all classes which holds religious and secular classes, provides homes of rest and training, lodges, li-

Woman's work in foreign missions is making itself felt in a noble way. The summaries of last year show sixty-eight women's societies, supporting 1468 foreign missionaries, and raising for this work \$1,692,962.

It takes a woman to think of and dare to do so unconventional a thing as to make her rounds as a physician on a tricycle. Yet precisely this a New York woman is doing, getting her exercise and practicing an economy of time as well.

Mme. La Croix, the French painter, has the honor of being the first French woman to be elected a member of the Academy of Madrid, Spain. The distinction was conferred on her for the excellence of her paintings on the walls of the Madrid Athenæum.

Buy a hat or bonnet with a wing or quill feathers, if you want service. Flowers, even the best of them, are perishable; colored rosettes wash out in damp or wet weather, and unless a woman knows how to curl a feather it will cost her the price of her hat to keep the ostrich plumes in trim.

If a girl does not know what colors are unbecoming, it will pay her to seek advice of a disinterested woman of taste. Very often the photographer is a good man to talk to when hints are wanted; so is a dressmaker, but milliners are not to be depended upon, their aim being to force a sale if need be.

A native Hindoo woman, Miss Jagannadham, has been educated as a physician to serve as a medical missionary in her native land. She studied first three years in Madras, then two years in Edinburgh School of Medicine for Women, where she passed her examination most successfully, and obtained the diploma of the Scottish conjoint college, thus placing her name on the British Medical Register.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Solomon's best horses cost only \$85. Turkeys have been known to live thirty vears in India.

Boise, Idaho, is now heated by water from a hot spring near the city.

The Legislature of Ohio has decreed that the car stove must go by September 1, 1893, on all roads over forty miles in length.

A citizen of Moberly, Mo., has a curious collection. He has a slipper seventyfive years old, a Bible and a trunk each 100 years old, and a razor hone 300 years

Ebony is said to be so abundant in some parts of Tamaulipas, Mexico, that it is used as firewood by the people, and the Monterey & Gulf Railway uses it for The time of building the first iron ship

is a matter of dispute, but there is a tradition that as far back as 1787 an iron vessel was used on the Severn River in Queen Victoria's horses are attended

when they get sick by a veterinary surgeon who wears a title and who is the only man of his profession in England who does wear one.

Bassett Williams, of East Branch N. Y., has a big black cat which has always found more pleasure and profit in huntng her living in the fields and woods than in getting it at the expense of rata and mice.

The Japanese cite 269 color varieties of the chrysanthemum, of which sixtythree are yellow, eighty-seven white, thirty-two purple, thirty red, thirty-one pale pink, twelve russet and fourteen of mixed colors. A fancy prevails in this country that in this flower the same tint is never exactly reproduced, and that in this it resembles the endless variety of the human countenance.

What a "Sea-Horse" Looks Like.

The genuine sea-horse or hippocampus is a veritable curiosity. It is an osseous or bony fish, with tufted gills like those of the pike family. The average length of specimens found on the East coast of the United States is about five inches, those in the Gulf of Mexico often growing to be eight to ten inches in length. The snout of the creature is rather elongated, and the head highly elevated posteriorly. The ears, which are simply a spiny coronet on the occiput, help to give the little animal's head and neck a striking resemblance to those of a horse. The eyes are very prominent, and can be moved independently of each other, and in opposite directions. This little rish horse suspends itself to seaweed and and other marine objects by means of a long, slender, whip-like tail which is without fins. They have but three fins altogether, two protectoral (just behind the ears) and one dorsal. The mouth terminates "sucker like" and is without teeth. They swim vertically, the tail always ready to wind about any object with which they may come in contact. The dried specimens of this marine oddity convey but a slight idea of the real looks of the creature, its appearance being as graceful and as elegant as one could hope to see in any specimen of the fish family. The most peculiar trait of the sea-horse is its habits of breeding, which are unlike those of any other species of fish known to the writer. The male has a pouch or sack just at the beginning, or place where the tail connects with the main part of the body. The female deposits her eggs in this sack and the male lugs them about until they become real fiery and untamed "steeds of the deep."-St. Louis Republic.

August

I have been troubled with dyspepsia, but after a fair trial of August Flower, am freed from the vexatious trouble—J. B. Young, Daughters College, Harrodsburg, Ky. I had headache one year steady. One bottle of August Flower cured me. It was positively worth one hundred dollars to me-J. W. Smith, P.M. and Gen. Merchant, Townsend, Ont. I have used it myself for constipation and dyspepsia and it cured me, It is the best seller I ever handled-C. Rugh, Druggist, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

JOHNSON'S Anodyne Liniment. THIME OF IT! ALMOST A CENTURY.



YOU NEED NOT FEAR

A Ventriloquist's Throat.

Professor R. H. Mohr, the ventriloquist, went through a strange experience the other day. In one of the laboratories of the Harvard Medical School he submitted to an examination of his throat and chest by a number of physiological experts, to determine what special formations gave him his peculiar powers.

The experts are uncommunicative concerning the results of the examination, and the professor, who is not a physiologist at all, did not learn much about him-

"They put mirrors down my throst," he said. "They led me by narrow passages into a dark chamber, and what they did there I don't know. After it was all over they told me that my larvnx was flatter than that of other men and shaped something like a woman's, and also that one of the stops in my throat was drawn downward instead of upward by the connecting muscles.

"I can't make much out of that explanation, but I can make a living out of my peculiar throat just the same.'

Then the professor threw his voice under the table and laughed hoarsely .-Boston Herald.

It is estimated that at least \$50,000,-000 of the United States Government's paper money has been lost or de-

Questions Often Asked.

What is Alabastine?
Alabastine is a durable coating for walls

A. It is entirely different from all other preparations on the market.

Q. Wherein does it differ from these kalsomines on the market?

A. It is made from a cement that goes through a process of setting on the wall, and grows harder with age.

a process of setting on the wall, and grows harder with age.

Q. What are kalsomines inade from?

A. From whitings, chalks, clays or other inert powders for a base, and are entirely dependent upon glue to hold them on the wall.

Q. Why do kalsomines rub and scale?

A. Because the glue, being animal matter, decays in a short time by exposure to air and moisture, and the binding qualities of the material are then gone.

Q. Does the Alabastine contain any injurious substance?

substance?

A. Alabastine has been most carefully tested, and is recommended by leading sanitarians throughout the country, on account of its

throughout the country, on account of its anitary nature.

Q. What has the same investigation shown regarding wall paper?

A. Sanitarians condemn in strong terms the use of wall paper for walls of living rooms on account of the poison used in its manufacture.

Q. Can anything but plain work be done with Alabasting?

Q. Can anything but plain work be done with Alabastine?

A. Any kind of work, from plain tinting to the most elaborate decorating can be done.
Q. How can I learn to do this work and decorate my house?

A. By writing the Alabastine Company, Grand Rapids, Mich., for book of instructions and suggestions, and illustration of stencils; also showing six sets of tinted wall designs. Sent free.

A large bed of scollops has been discovered near Castine, Me. Large undeveloped deposits are also in the lower St. Croix River.



WILLIAM SPENCER.

A PROMINENT G. A. R. MAN. Ever since I came out of the Army in '65 I had been in poor health and had taken more or less medicine all the time. I suffered principally from kidney and liver complaint, pain in back, poor appetite and constitution run down generally. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root did me more good than all the other medicine I had ever taken. At present am feeling better than for years. It is the best medicine on earth. Wm. Spencer, Co. F. 30th Indiana Infantry, Elkhart,

It is just such cases and wonderful cures as these that have made Swamp-Root famous and given it a world-wide reputation. Everybody has a good word to say for it. Have you tried it? Recommended by Druggists, 50c. or



GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

BREAKFAST.



CONSUMPTION

\$65 A MONTH for 8 Bright Young Ladies in each county. Address ZIEGLER & CO., Phila.,