THE WONDERFUL RING.

-BY-

ERNEST H. HEINRICHS.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

THE miller who had lived beside the little forest stream all his life had got very old and feeble, and he realized that he could not live in this world much longer. So one day he called his two sons to him and said:

"Boys, I am getting old, and I am very little use for this world now. The pleasures of this life are not the same to me as they used to be. I don't take much interest in them. All I want is to have a little room where I can rest my weary bones until the day comes for me to die. Now what I want to do is this: I will give you the mill and everything belonging to it, and you can work it for all it is worth and all the profit shall be yours. All I want you to promise me is to keep me for the rest of my days. Are you satisfied with that?

John, the eldest, bowed his head as a sign of agreement, but Felix, the younger boy, said:

"Father, the mill is hardly large enough for John and me, and I don't think that we could make much of a fortune for both of us, so I am going to make John a proposition. I am going away to seek my fortune in some other country, and if he promises me faithfully to treat you well to the end of your days, I will give him my share of the mill. But if he does not, and I hear of it when I return, then he must give up to me the whole mill, and I will punish him into the bargain. What do you say to that, John?"

"You need have no fear that I will not look well after father; believe me, I will do my best, and if father should still live when you return, he will say so himself."

"All right," replied Felix, "I believe you my brother, and your assurance makes it all the lighter for me to go away, because I know that father is well taken care of."

The next morning saw Felix turn his back upon the old mill. He was a young fellow, who was fond of adventure, and his heart had always delighted in brave deeds of warriors and heroes. It was his dearest wish to see something of the world himself, and on that account the quiet, uneventful existence in the old mill did not suit him very well. He wanted to go away, because his excitable nature could not rest in contentment with nothing else to cheer him except the clatter of the old rickety mill wheel. He had no clear idea as to what he would do when he got among strangers and into strange places, but he had a heart full of hope for a bright future, and he was fully confident that something would turn up in his favor wherever he went.

So it happened that he traveled through a

great many lands and he saw a good many strange and wonderful things, that caused his eyes to open in wonder and astonishment. One day he was walking through a big forest when he noticed a very ancient dame dragging herself along the road with an enormous load of wood on her back. Felix felt compassion for the old lady and he immediately resolved to carry the load of wood for her. He quickly hurried after her and when he overtook the dame he said:

"I guess that load is rather heavy for you, ma'm, wouldn't it be easier for you if I put it on my back and carry it?"

The woman seemed to be well pleased with the young man's kind offer and she at once dropped the wood to the ground.

"Yes, young man," she replied; "if you think you are strong enough, all right, pick it up, but mind you don't promise what you cannot fulfill. I have a long way to go and it is all up hill walking."

Felix only laughed at the old lady.

"You don't mean to say that I could not carry a load of wood that does not seem to be too heavy for you?"

"I don't know," snapped the woman. "Many a young man thought he could do a lot, but when he tried he did not succeed. But, there! don't stand there talking. Pick up the wood and follow me."

Felix, although somewhat taken aback at the old woman's peremptory speech, picked up the load and walked behind her. He had not gone many yards, however, when he found out that he had undertaken a very heavy task. The load seemed to press down upon him so heavily as if every piece of wood had been transformed into lead. Still he never murmured. He did not want to have the old woman think that he was not as strong as she. At last he saw an old log house before him under a number of oak trees. Arrived there, the old woman bade him to put down his load and go inside. She soon followed him.

"Now, young man," she said, "I will give you a reward for your kindness, and I suppose you think that you deserve it. Sit down at that table there and eat. Whoever eats from my table he never will feel hungry again, and whoever drinks from my cups he will never be thirsty again, no matter how long he lives!"

"Is that so?" asked Felix. "Well, I am glad of it, because I have often been as hungry as a hunter, and I would have been glad if I had only a piece of bread to chew at. But where did you get these wonderful things to eat, old lady?"

"I am Neris, the Wonderful Woman of the Woods, and I am acquainted with all the good qualities of the trees, the shrubs, the grass and the brooks. I can concoct a soup that will change you into a roaring lion, and I can bake a pancake from the roots of a forest plant that will change your form into a rabbit. I can give you a drink of water that will cause you to cry tears which will drop from your eyelids as the most priceless diamonds, and I can make you up a drink that will cause you to perspire the ugliest snakes from all parts of your body. I am a woman who rewards the kindhearted and good natured a millionfold for the smallest trifle they do; but I am also a woman who is inexorable in punishing the wicked, especially those who laugh at the aged and make fun of the poor and feeble. I was pleased at your readiness to offer your service to me and carry that load of wood, and I mean to repay your kindness. Have you finished your meal and have you drank your wine? All right then; now let me give you something else. Take this ring that I have here and wear it around your thumb. That ring has a wonderful power. It can undo every charm of witchcraft and magic, and it will change the spell of sorcery from anyone you touch with it. Now goodby, my young fellow make good use of the gift and it will make your fortune."

Felix, who had been listening to the woman like in a dream, mechanically took the magic ring out of the woman's hand. Then he put it on his thumb and bidding Neris goodby he retraced his steps down the hill. After he had walked for about two days, he began to feel the wonderful effect of the dinner he had in Neris' log house. He did not feel in the least hungry or thirsty, in fact he seemed to be so strong and vigorous, that tiredness and fatigue was something he did not know any more.

"The first town I strike now shall be the place where I will try my luck in all earnest. Now that I can do without eating and drinking I ought to be able to make lots of money."

Thus Felix encouraged himself while he continued his way. During the evening he arrived in a very large city and no sooner had he got inside the gate, he heard everybody talking about a very extraordinary story. The facts were these:

The King of the city had a confidential servant, who was a wizard, and who had the secret power to change any human being into the shape of an animal. This wizard, so the story went, was in love with the King's daughter, whom he wanted to marry. The King, however, when he heard of the matter, got so mad with his servant that he wanted to have him killed. But before the enraged monarch could accomplish this de-

sign the wizard-servant changed the King into a donkey, and in that shape it was said the King was running about the royal castle. But that was not all yet. The young Princess, however, liked the servant even less than her father, and when he came and asked her to marry him she refused him point blank. This made the wizard very angry, and he told the young lady if he did not get a more satisfactory and pleasing reply from her he would also change her into an animal.

But all his threats were of no avail, and the young lady could not be moved by the wizard to share her life with his. He promised her mountains of gold, shiploads of dresses and carloads of diamonds, but it helped him nothing.

All this had thrown the city into a terrible excitement, but everybody was afraid to kill the servant who had caused all this trouble, because he might turn the whole town into a menagerie if he got mad at everybody.

It was just at this period of events when Felix arrived on the scene. No sooner had he heard the state of affairs, when he resolved to try the quality of his ring. He went to his room in the hotel where he was staying, and here he put the ring around his thumb.

No sooner had he done so than behold! Neris, the Wonderful Woman from the Woods, stood before him.

"You have called me, and I am here to do your bidding. Don't be afraid to speak, for I will help you." These were the words the woman addressed to Felix, and he at once told her of the calamity which was terrorizing the people of the town.

"Is that all, my friend? H'm, we will easily help you in this. Get up at 5 o'clock to-morrow morning and walk outside of the city gate until you get to the river. When you arrive at the bank of the stream walk 300 steps to the left, then 300 steps to the right and then again 300 steps to the left. When you get to that place you will find a wonderfully handsome horse. You take that horse and lead it into town, right up to the castle. Everybody will admire the animal and quite a lot of people will follow you. When you get to the castle the wizard servant will be standing in the yard. He is a great lover of horses and when he comes to look at the animal, ask him to buy it. If he refuses, beg him to try and ride it once. he may hesitate for a few minutes, but be persistent. Then, when he is on the horse's back and he has his feet in the stirrups, just touch the horse's flank with your ring. No sooner will you have done so and the animal will gallop away with its rider, never to return again."

Of course when you have done that your task is easy. Find the King, and touching him with the ring, the spell of the wizard's witchcraft will be broken and he will regain his human shape.

Felix thanked the kind-hearted Neris and he followed her instructions to the very letter. When he had accomplished everything by aid of the "wonderful ring," the people in the city went almost crazy with delight. The King was especially glad because he had not liked himself much in the shape of a donkey and the Princess cried tears of joy when she heard that she was saved from the yoke of becoming the wife of a hateful wizard servant.

Felix was made a lord by the grateful King, and he rose from that position until he became himself the King's son-in-law by marrying the beautiful Princess.

After some years he went home to see his father, and when he found him still alive and John a good, honest miller, he took them both along to his own grand castle in the city.

THE NATIVES OF SAMOA.

A Curious Race of Mahogany Colored People of Amphibious Habits.

Cor. Boston Times.]

The natives of the Samoan Islands are a fine race of people, not quite so gentle looking as the Sandwich Islanders, but beautifully formed and with a nobility of carriage that would teach an actor a valuable lesson in stage bearing. Their color is a bright mahogany; their features are regular and often really handsome. The men in some cases were tall, and generally such perfect types of manhood as to cause us to wonder why poor civilized people couldn't be blessed with the same fine physique. We seldom have so much symmetry, for some reason. These islanders are not notable for extensive dressing; one yard of cotton cloth would make an elegant costume for either man or woman.

The men are like fish, the water being as natural an element as the air. They dive in and tumble about quite regardless of their draperies. The little boys made lots of amusement for us by diving into the water after money which the passengers threw out to them, and it was remarkable with what accuracy the little beggars would grab the coins in their mouths, although several feet below the surface and entirely out of sight. But they would come up every time with the money between their gleaming white teeth and shout for more. Their hair is black and fine, and curly, and the women have a curious fashion, not unlike their more civilized sisters, of tinging the ends of the hair with a bleaching preparation made of cocoanut oil, burning it a sort of golden color which is rather becoming than otherwise.

Reforms Need More Than a Day

To bring them about, and are always more complete and lasting when they proceed with steady regularity to a consummation. Few of the observant among us can have failed to notice that permanently healthful changes in the human system are not wrought by abrupt and violent means, and that those are the most salutary medicines which are progressive. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the chief of these. Dyspepsia, a disease of obstinate character, is obliterated by it.

HIGH LIFE IN ERIN.

The Entertainment Furnished Visitors to an Irish Estate.

REASONABLE ENJOYMENT PLENTIF

Model Farms That Require a Large Corps of Expert Managers.

HOW PHEASANTS ARE BRED AND KILLED

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

LIMERICK, IRELAND, April 1. — At Irish castles there is much entertainment of the informal sort, as compared with stately parties and receptions of a "season" in London; and this is what alone really renders life in the country endurable to the nobility. There is no estate here which has not either grouse, partridge, pheasant or rabbit shooting, or the more exacting and brilliant, because participated in by the ladies, riding after the hounds at stag, or fox hunt, to offer as entertainment, indeed the chief entertainment in Great Britain, to invited guests. To nobility and gentry of genuine quality all these pleasures, while rigidly conventional in spots, are made deliciously informal among themselves.

The free and easy hospitality of a hunt breakfast, with its toothsome cold meats and salads, its bitter ale, beer and liquors, laid and partaken of in the dining room with no ceremony whatever—while the ladies are being cared for by her ladyship in the drawing room—show you that even men with titles a yard long may reach, anywhere in the world, that genial human level which so distinguishes the great American free lunch.

A great many social obligations are canceled in the pleasantest of ways by the hospitality at Irish castles. Lord This, Duke That or Earl the Other, has entertained milord, or lady, or both, in England, or upon the continent. The visit is returned here, invariably for definitely understood periods of one, two, or three weeks.

HEALTHFUL PLEASURES.

Aside from the shooting for the gentlemen, and hunting for the ladies and gentlemen, there are many means of reasonable enjoyment. Even where there is little or no riding after the hounds, the pleasant Irish roads and lanes often swarm with grand cavalcades of horse-women and men, who thus make pilgrimages to points from which the unsurpassed scenery can be enjoyed; the drives are the finest in the world, and most brilliant intercourse is had between castle and castle. Within and without the great establishment itself, is always provision for almost every imaginable sport. Billiards and tenpins are as great favorites with ladies as with gentlemen. There is always a superb cricket field; the tennis courts are nowhere excelled; nearly every castle demesne has its well-stocked streams of trout, and its reaches of natural or artificial lakes for sailing and rowing.

Nor is this castle life lacking in sumptuous entertainment, for which no expense or effort is spared. Though most of these places are situated remotely from Belfast, Dublin and Cork, and always miles from the lesser railway stations, it is not an uncommon thing for extraordinary dishes to be served at dinners of special occasions, which, on telegraphic orders, are prepared in London and shipped by channel and rail a distance of from 200 to 300 miles. There are other features which are interesting as studies but unpleasant in fact. The relations between these idle, highly-fed and aristocratic cavaliers and ladies are frequently such as to invite that sightlessness for which servants of the nobility are especially distinguished; the liquor and wine drinking which often rounds out a day's jollities, as often continue in an all-night debauch; while the "No.——" room of every one of these establishments is a place where every night the most desperate and abominable gambling takes place.

GROTESQUE MIMICRY.

To return to the castle life of the servants, one discovers most grotesque mimicry, save in bad habits and character, of aristocracy above stairs. Among the servants there are what might be called an upper and a lower house. Precedence is as severe a master and scourge here as with the nobility themselves. The hours for servants' meals are: Breakfast, 8; lunch, 11; dinner, 1; tea, 5; and supper from 9 to 10. The upper house includes the steward, butler, housekeeper, head cook, the valets and the ladies' maids. These usually take all their meals by themselves, in either the steward's or housekeeper's room, where they also occasionally lounge and do their necessary correspondence.

The lower house comprises all other house servants of whom the under butler, or assistant cook, takes precedence. In many houses all the servants dine together; the upper servants assembling in the housekeeper's room, from which they solemnly march to the servants' dining hall, the lower servants remaining standing until their betters are seated, the butler at the head of the table. No conversation whatever is permitted while the joint is being partaken of. The lugubrious silence and austerity of this gathering are inconceivably ludicrous. When the meat course is finished, the upper servants rise. The lower servants follow with military alacrity. The former, in their proper order of precedence, then like automatic puppets march back into the steward's room, where, in the greatest punctillio, pudding and dessert are served. Meanwhile the lower servants, relieved of the presence of these their severest masters, fall to small talk, cheese and small beer to their heart's content.

SOME MODEL FARMS.

In a previous article I have shown that from 30 to 40 servants are employed at these castles about the household and the stables alone. The larger establishments require an equal number out of doors in various capacities about the great demesnes. First there is the "agent," who has general charge of the estate, indeed often the entire control of the property. Frequently with him are a half dozen accountants and clerks. The next man below him is the bailiff. His province is to look after the home farm and cattle. This is no sinecure, for on some of the greatest estates farming and grazing are conducted on a large scale; and this is entirely exclusive of fancy farming and gardening, in which nearly everyone of the nobility indulges. Sometimes enclosed by the inner walls enclosing the castle itself, though oftener at some little distance away in well-ordered arrangement, will be found outbuildings, graneries, machinery storage houses, mill houses where grain is threshed, logs are sawed and feed is ground by steam, and covered enclosures for young stock in number and capaciousness quite surprising to even one accustomed to the provision for the same by the most noted American farmers. A host of hangers-on find lazy employment here. Then upon a demesne of several thousand acres there will be a head gamekeeper who will be allowed a dozen men to assist him in breeding and caring for the game and in protecting it from the inroads of poachers who are often of better quality, and far more daring, than the village shaugran or vagabond.

FORESTRY A SCIENCE.

Some of the finest forests in the world are upon these estates. Each requires a head forester with a half dozen men under him. Anyone familiar with the operations in a great American city park will readily understand how these may be kept busy. New trees are being constantly planted. Too heavy growths are thinned out. Every sound tree-trunk is sold to be cut in deals; every unsound one finds ready sale for fuel. If a river run through a demesne, several men are required for constantly beautifying its banks, and keeping the poachers away from its fish. The roads and driveways alone of a fine demesne require as much attention as the driveways of Central Park, New York. Then there is a master sawyer and his men for cutting posts, repairing gates and fences. There are painters, glaziers, carpenters, a number of whom are kept in service, and busy the year round. The head gardener requires a half dozen assistants. And if a guest, your coachman's call of "Gate!"—"Gate!" will, in a ride about an ordinary estate, bring to the lodge gates of different entrances fully a half dozen bronzed old lodge-keepers from out of flower-embedded, ivy-covered lodges. Every one of these are army "pensioners;" heroes bold, at their British army pension and £10 a year, whose lives fade out here in these shadowy nooks among the hares and pheasants with perhaps one gate-call and a pot of beer a day to keep their scattering useless wits together.

PHEASANT BREEDING.

One of the most interesting occupants of these great estates is the pheasant. I have some good friends among the gamekeepers, and thus got on close terms with the pheasant. Somebody, an Irishman, perhaps, has called it "the sacred Ibis of Great Britain." It is certainly worshiped; and where in the world else is there so matchlessly beautiful a bird, at the same time so delicious on leaving the grill, the oven or the pot? Tens of thousands are sometimes yearly bred in the great wooded demesnes about the castles. They are half domesticated, and are fed oats and corn near their haunts, every one of which is known to the keepers. In order to secure the largest possible supply of eggs, during the last of February the birds are "starved" by non-feeding for a few days. Great "figure 4" traps are set near their haunts. Thin trails of oats are scattered between. They follow these to the traps, which are sprung with strings in the hands of keepers at a little distance, any number desired being thus caught. They are then taken to the "areas," as the keepers call them. These are simply great wooded spaces in the grounds, inclosed by fences of wire netting, provided with nesting places, where the birds are well watered and fed daily. They begin laying by April. The eggs are carefully daily gathered not only from the nests in the "areas," but from those of the unimprisoned birds. The latter is not a difficult task to the wise keepers; for it is a singular fact that notwithstanding the pheasants' wild nature, they nest most freely in shrub clumps along edges of walks and drives. The keepers tell me they love the sound and sense of companionship, though themselves wonderfully secretive and sly. Hundreds of dozens of pheasants' eggs are annually sold to gentry for domestic rearing for a shilling each or £5 per 100.

THE HATCHING PROCESS.

The pheasant, which lays from 20 to 30 eggs each, is not a good mother, and "domestic setting hens" are bought up from the peasantry at 2 shillings each in scores. The hatchery, always excellently walled and protected, consists of a long series of arched compartments, with sliding doors which descend and close in the hen tightly, leaving several small apertures for light and air. The hen is removed from the nest daily, fed and watered, and carefully put back on her own nest, great care being taken that it is not fouled, or the eggs misplaced, and all vermin are eradicated. At the end of three weeks the pheasant chicks have hatched. The hen is now placed in a conical, hand-made rush or willow coop, with free ingress or egress for the brood, which is closed in at night and let out at 4 o'clock every morning. They are fed hard-boiled chopped eggs, mixed with oat and cornmeal, a sort of food the chief material of which is boiled and dried horse flesh, ground biscuit and oyster shells. Several men are now required for their care, and for three months the entire collection of coops is changed like a camp daily to new ground, and each day a trifle nearer the cover or forest. The food is gradually changed to oats and cracked raw corn. The moment the young birds show signs of skulking they are removed from the domestic hen mothers and coops to the "areas," and in July they are set at liberty within the grounds and forest of the demesne.

Titled crack shots regard pheasant shooting as very great sport. What I have seen of it looks like murder. The death-dealing guns crack rapidly in the hands of the friends of Milord. This goes on all day, with an hour for a lunch of Irish stew and beer at 2, when the "beaters" are furnished a liberal amount of bread, cheese and beer; and their assistants, who follow the hunters with carts and donkeys, by night have often gathered up 1,000 slaughtered birds. These are shipped direct to London to dealers who provide hampers and tags, and pay the lordly murderers from 4 to 6 shillings per brace. From 20,000 to 50,000 pheasants from one Irish estate thus frequently reach the London market.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

THE SPEED OF THOUGHT.

How Long It Takes for an Idea to Reach the Brain.

Some of the readers have no doubt frequently made use of the expression "quick as thought," but have any of them ever stopped to consider how quick thought is? A writer in the *Nineteenth Century* has made some interesting calculations regarding the comparative length of time it takes to call to mind various every-day facts.

It takes about two-fifths of a second to call to mind the country in which a well-known town is situated, or the language in which a familiar author wrote. We can think of the name of next month in half the time we need to think of the name of last month. It takes on the average one-third of a second to add numbers consisting of one digit, and half a second to multiply them. Such experiments give us considerable insight into the mind.

Those used to reckoning can add two to three in less time than others; those familiar with literature can remember more quickly than others that Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet." It takes longer to mention a month when a season has been given than to say to what month a season belongs.

The time taken up in choosing a motion, the "will time," can be measured as well as the time taken up in perceiving. If I do not know which of two colored lights is to be presented, and must lift my right hand if it be red and my left if it be blue, I need about one-thirteenth of a second to initiate the correct motion. I have also been able to register the sound waves made in the air by speaking, and thus have determined that in order to call up the name belonging to a printed word I need about one-ninth of a second, to a letter one-sixth of a second, to a picture one-quarter of a second, and to a color one-third of a second.

A letter can be seen more quickly than a word, but we are so used to reading aloud that the process has become quite automatic, and a word can be read with greater ease and in less time than a letter can be named. The same experiments made on other persons give times differing but little from my own. Mental processes, however, take place more slowly in children, in the aged and in the uneducated.

Beautiful Engraving Free.

"Will They Consent?" is a magnificent engraving, 19x24 inches. It is an exact copy of an original painting by Kwall, which was sold for $5,000.

This elegant engraving represents a young lady standing in a beautiful room, surrounded by all that is luxurious, near a half-open door, while the young man, her lover, is seen in an adjoining room asking the consent of her parents for their daughter in marriage. It must be seen to be appreciated.

This costly engraving will be given away free, to every person purchasing a small box of Wax Starch.

This starch is something entirely new, and is without a doubt the greatest starch invention of the nineteenth century (at least everybody says so that has used it). It supersedes everything heretofore used or known to science in the laundry art. Unlike any other starch, as it is made with pure white wax. It is the first and only starch in the world that makes ironing easy and restores old summer dresses and skirts to their natural whiteness, and imparts to linen a beautiful and lasting finish as when new.

Try it and be convinced of the whole truth.

Ask for Wax Starch and obtain this engraving free.

THE WAX STARCH CO., Keokuk, Iowa.

THE DUTIES OF LIFE.

Rev. George Hodges Discourses on the Necessity for a Purpose to

INSURE PERMANENT SUCCESS.

Work, Companionship and Culture Essential to True Happiness.

ONE IDEAL LIFE ALWAYS BEFORE US

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

I remember an imposing picture by Dobson—the Dobson whose "Good Shepherd" everybody knows—a picture called "The Plough." A young boy is just getting his first good grip of the handles of a plough. His father stands beside him pointing out the direction of the furrow. The boy is looking out ahead over the line he is to make. It is a picture of purpose.

There are several of Toby Rosenthal's pictures in Pittsburg. I was looking at one the other day. A young emigrant is starting out for Oklahoma, or whatever took the place of that new land when the painter made the picture. He stands amid his bales of baggage, father on one side and mother on the other, listening to their last words of counsel, looking out into the distance and the future. It is another picture of purpose.

The important thing about a purpose is its direction—as it is the important thing about a journey. The natural question about a journey is, where are you going? The natural question about a purpose is, what is it which you wish to do or to be?

The Master started once, we are told, upon a journey to Jerusalem. That was the purpose of His journey. He was going to Jerusalem. They asked Napoleon one day, as he stood upon the coast of Syria, if he would not visit the Holy City, and he avowed that Jerusalem did not enter into his line of operations. Napoleon was not going to Jerusalem.

Hither and thither, upon all sorts of errands, men are making journeys up and down the world, with faces turned toward Jerusalem or away from it. It makes a good deal of difference whether a man's face is turned away from Jerusalem or toward it. Whether a purpose is right or wrong, worthy or unworthy, is determined by its direction.

Now, the direction of purpose is determined by our idea of what constitutes success. For all purposes aim at success. And as the kind of purpose which a man has makes all manner of difference in his life, so there are few questions to which it is more important to get a right answer than just this: What is your ideal of success? Or, to put the question in another and a blunter way: What sort of man or woman do you account the most successful? Suppose that the old fairy tale could for once come true, and you could have one wish. You could wish once, and whatever you asked for, you would get it. What would be your wish? That will show the direction of your purpose. Because that will reveal your idea of what constitutes success.

TWO KINDS OF SUCCESS.

Now, it is immensely needful that we should be distinctly aware of the wide difference between two kinds of success: The temporary and the permanent. Many mistakes in the career of men and nations have resulted from a failure to distinguish between the temporary and the permanent.

Sometimes the most unfortunate thing that can happen to a man is to succeed. Because success may stand in the way of success. Success may came too soon, and by making the victor contented with his vantage may discourage effort toward worthier success. Or success may mean emphasis upon a side of life which lowers one's ideal, which hides true success entirely. As where success financial may obscure the vision of success spiritual; or as where a success in politics may bar the way to a success in statesmanship. Success may mean failure.

And, on the other hand, failure may mean success. As in a game of chess, a player will sacrifice an important piece, and put himself at a disadvantage for a moment in order that in the end he may gain much more than he has lost. True success always costs sacrifice. It is a universal law that no great good can be attained without pain and toil. All things which are worth anything have to be paid for. The more they are worth, the more we must expect to pay. That is, permanent success can be won only by temporary failure. We must be willing to give up some ease and pleasure for a time, if we will gain any lasting pleasure or win any prize worth winning.

It makes all the difference in the world toward which kind of success the purpose of a man's life is directed—toward the temporary or the permanent.

ONLY ONE PERMANENT SUCCESS.

But where is permanent success to be discovered? Is it in riches, which take to themselves wings, which moth and rust may corrupt and thieves may steal? Is it in pleasure, which will presently pall upon the senses and fade into vacancy and vain regret? Is it in power, or fame, which will inevitably pass out of your hand into another's, and you be none the happier or better for it? No; not in any of these things. These are only temporary. If the direction of your purpose is toward such ends as these, you will certainly find at last that they are but pitfalls in the path of failure. There is one permanent success, and only one, and that is the possession of an unstained character. There is only one thing in all this world worth striving after, only one thing worth the sacrifice of all which we account precious, one thing worth living for and worth dying for, and that is the approving benediction of God our Father. That alone, of all things in this world, lasts.

Aim at the best success. Look up and not down. Make your purpose high. Set your affection upon things above, not on things on the earth. For the things which are seen—the joys which you can taste, the praises you can hear, the coins you can count—the things of sense are temporal; they will pass away: while only the things unseen—the graces, the virtues, faith, hope, love, the blessing of our heavenly Father—only those are eternal. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but these things never. Only these are permanently worth while.

But on the way toward success permanent lies success temporary. The essential thing is to aim at the permanent. Then the temporary will not harm you. It will help you. You will make the temporary a great stairway of ascent toward the permanent. With the better in your mind all the time all else will bend toward it. All roads will lead that way. He makes a success of life who succeeds in being a good, honest Christian. But Christian character is not best now in the deserts or mountains, but among men. Then become Christians by a continual translation of the temporary into the permanent. Money is translated into generosity, into helpfulness; social position into influence; talent into opportunity; time into eternity. If you are upon a journey, and you want to reach a certain mountain which lifts its head in the distance before you, you will get there by passing this corner, and reaching that farmhouse, and going through that village yonder—beyond these lies the mountain. You are upon the journey of your life. You want to gain the blessing of the Father in heaven. You will get to that by striving to do this duty and that duty, as they come, sanctifying them all by the sacred purpose for which you do them. Beyond the duties of life lies the benediction of God.

THE WORDS AS THREE ROADS.

The duties of life gather for the most part about the three words, work, companionship and culture. Through these three roads we may gain the only end worth purposing—we may win Christian character.

Whoever would please God must set before himself the distinct purpose of success in work.

A man's work is his vocation, which means his calling. He who calls us to our work is God. He who gives us opportunities for work of different kinds, making one man love machinery, making another man love books, making women love their homes and so pointing out what kind of work we ought to do, is God. God works, and we work. He who gathers in the grain, works with the God of the harvest, and at the same kind of labor. He who tends an engine, works with the God of iron and fire. He who keeps the books of commerce, works with the God of the winds and the waves, of the steam and the lightning. A microscope is only an addition to the natural power of the eye. And our work is only an addition to God's work. We carry God's work on. "We are fellow laborers with God." This ennobles work, and gives it a religious meaning. When you do your daily labor best, you are helping God most. It is God Himself who would have every man work for all that is in him, and make it his purpose to succeed in business. It is God Himself who would have every man continually on the alert to do his business better; whatever the task, no matter how humble, to know all about it that anybody else knows and then find out one thing more, to do it as well as anybody else can do it, and then go out and do it two degrees better. God has made us with the ability to grow. He does not mean us to plod along like horses, doing just the same thing day after day and day after day, and to-morrow no better than yesterday. This is a part of religion. This is what Christianity means. This is one of the reasons why the faith of Christ uplifts and inspires men—because, whether it be always put into just so many words or not, it means just this. A young man's first duty is to try to find out what God wants him to assist Him in—what he can do best—and then he ought to strive to rise till he can get to be God's first assistant, helping more in that especial work than any other workman.

EVERY HOME TOUCHED.

Again, whoever would please God must purpose to succeed in the grace of companionship. This touches everybody's home.

God, our heavenly father, who has set the people of the earth in families, of Whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, who sent His son to become our brother, and so ordered it that by His birth and nurture the mark of consecration should be set upon every human home. He has made our life in the family a part of our religion. As God, who works, thereby sanctifies our work; so God, who loves, sanctifies love. God would have your home the abiding place of happiness and helpfulness. It is a very practical truth that it ought to be one of the purposes of every man's life to have a home—to have a place which he can call his own. But nobody deserves a home who does not know how to use it. The most sacred place upon the surface of this planet is the home. The first and emphatic duty of every man and woman is their duty to their home. The homeliest work is dignified and sweetened when it is made a contribution toward the happiness of the home. Something is wrong when business takes time which belongs to the home. Even the church has no right to the time which anybody owes to their home, the best church work is home work. The best services which any man or woman can render to-day to church or State is the making of a Christian home. The love and loyalty of the husband and wife, their diligence to make home delightful for their children, and the children's growing affections—if this is not an absolute essential element in religion, I do not know what true religion is.

You must not think that you are pleasing God our Father, unless you have and keep within your heart a definite and emphatic purpose so to order your speech and conduct, that, so far as lies in you, the spirit of courtesy and kindness, the spirit of charity and love, the spirit of loyalty, the spirit of helpfulness, and the spirit of holiness shall have dominion in your home.

A THIRD EMPHATIC DUTY.

And whoever would please God must aim also at a third success. He must purpose to succeed in culture. This is only another way of saying that the third emphatic duty of the Christian life is to make the most of yourself.

Make it your distinct and religious purpose to develop yourself upon all sides. Strive daily to learn more, to do more, and to be more. Do not neglect anything which can minister to culture.

Culture is often interpreted, I am afraid, to mean a very narrow and partial thing. Intellectual alertness, wide reading, varied experiences, the acquisition of an accent, accurate knowledge of the ways of the social world, mean culture to a good many people. To be cultured is to possess the two desirable and charming graces of good talking and good dressing. That is a part of culture—a small part that is one side of culture—a lesser side. That is what one gets by culture of certain elements of human nature. And we need that kind of culture—just as much of it as we can have. But culture is the bringing out and developing of all that is good in us. He has most culture who is developed on the most sides of his being. He has the best culture who is cultured on the best side. The prize-fighter, Sullivan, has culture of a certain kind, physical culture. I suppose that in other directions, he could hardly be called cultured. A man who eats with his knife could hardly be called a cultured man. He would be deficient upon the social side. A man who never prays could hardly be called a cultured man. He would be deficient upon the spiritual side. In that important direction of his being he would be undeveloped, uncultured. There is no high culture apart from religion. Whoever is not a Christian, whoever has not the spirit of reverence, whoever takes no interest in the high themes which engage the thoughts of the religious, whoever has in him no response to spiritual impressions, he is simply uneducated, undeveloped, in the direction of the worthiest possibilities of man. He is in the spirit such a man, and the man who cannot read nor write, and the man who does not know how to behave himself at a dinner table, all belong together. They are all uncultured.

Make it your purpose to gain culture. Do not leave undeveloped any ability which God has given you. Be the best man, be the best woman upon every side.

If you keep one great, ideal life before your eyes, the life of the Master, if you love what He loved and hate what He hated, and try to think His thoughts and do what He said, and to attain to some distant measure of His spirit, you cannot help gaining; you cannot help getting to be more of a genuine man, more of a true and worthy woman; you cannot help making the most of the best part of yourself.

GEORGE HODGES.

OSTRICHES AS WALTZERS.

How the Huge Birds Gracefully Dance for Their Own Diversion.

San Francisco Call.]

"Ostriches, like cattle, are liable to stampede," said a Cape Town man now at the Palace Hotel, "but the funniest thing they do is to waltz."

"How, pray, is that done?"

"The leader of the herd, generally an old male ostrich, evidently thinks that his followers should have some diversion on a long march from one pasture to another, so he begins by slowly but gracefully turning round and round. In five minutes the whole flock is doing the same, and it is quite a sight; their long plumes waving in the wind until they conclude to quit and go on their way. Music, of course, has nothing to do with their dancing."

Gave Them a Thorough Trial.

Hon. E. A. Moore, Member of Assembly, Richmond County, N. Y., writes: "ASSEMBLY CHAMBER, ALBANY, N. Y., April 11, 1887.

"I have two afflictions which sometimes make life a burden. One is dyspepsia, the other is rheumatism. I heard that Brandreth's Pills, taken one or two a night on an empty stomach, would cure rheumatic pains. I gave them a thorough trial for three weeks, taking one or two every night. To my delight, not only was I cured of rheumatism, but dyspepsia, costiveness and biliousness. They did not interfere with my diet or business, and I really think them an incomparable blood purifier and cathartic." su

THE FIRESIDE SPHINX

A Collection of Enigmatical Nuts for Home Cracking.

Address communications for this department to E. R. CHADBOURN, *Lewiston, Maine.*

551—NUMERICAL CHARADE.

A Christian and a 1 to 4
About a *whole* contended,
And in the contest, e'er 'twas o'er,
Much angry breath expended.
Said C., "'Tis mine without a doubt,
I know it's sort of leather,
And here upon it's leg [held out]
Is mark made by its tether."
"Not so," said 1 to 4, "'tis mine;
I raised it a large stock in,
I knew it by its half-cropped wing,
Its crest, and mode of stalkin'."
Thus differing, the case at once.
Went into court (the Justice's),
And witnesses in long array
Each brought to prove it *must* be his.
The case was heard amid great suspense,
And each did lengthy talking,
While *whole* put in its frequent gab,
While round the area stalking,
As oft we see a lawyer pace
The floor, when trying to plan it,
To make reply, to win a case.

ABOUT SOME WHOLE OR GANNET.

The Justice said it was a *tie*,
As near as he could figure,
And he would put the *total* by,
Till grown a little bigger,
When he would pay the costs *in full;*
To which "all hands" assented:
So 3 to 6 on it was turned,
And all went home contented.

Meanwhile old Christmas came around,
And neither being winner,
On neither's table was there found
The *whole* served up for dinner.
ASPIRO.

552—ADDITIONS.

One poor letter stands alone,
Heaves a sigh for company:
To its left another's come—
"Hush," both whisper, as they see
At their right the last of three;
Voice is given, the tale is told—
Lonely man, your fate behold.
THENORA.

553—SYNCOPATION.

Remove the central letters from the words in the first column to make those in the second. The syncopated letters name a great preacher and lecturer, now dead.

1. A blank book.	1. A chemical.
2. Inexperience.	2. The jaw.
3. Poetry.	3. Motto on a ring.
4. Denominations.	4. Places.
5. Pains.	5. Trifles.
6. A lance.	6. A mineral.
7. A marine growth.	7. A combustible.

PORTABLE ELECTRIC.

554—CHARADE.

Once *wholes* were known and admired,
And their sweet music seemed inspired;
But, though so well beloved of yore,
Their charming tones are heard no more.
Their rival came—Piano Forte—
And they were doomed to pass away.
And *first*, like *whole*, are banished too,
Because folks wish what is new;
So *thirds* of *first* and *thirds* of *whole*
Do not as erst entrance the soul:
The touch that once gave them their glory
Is now transferred to *second*-vory.
NELSONIAN.

555—ANAGRAM.

PROPER NAME OF TWO WORDS.

On the far Western plains
The deer, bison, and bear
May be still seen in droves
When no hunter comes there.

My friend has a sheep ranch
In charge of Donald McKay,
As quaint an old Scotchman
As you'll see any day.

The pronghorns were plenty
Last year in the fall,
When the hunters left home,
Armed with rifle and ball.

They hunted for horns,
But the pronghorns were shy;
And not one could they get,
Were they never so sly.

On the home run they saw one,
And at once they gave chase;
The barn doors stood open—
The deer entered the place.

Old Donald was joyous.
He rushed in with a swoop;
He banged the doors quickly: now
We'll "*barn an antelope oop.*"

A Frenchman's the cause of this story.
France better without him had been;
He was an egotist, eager for glory;
Still a greater general never was seen.
ELVA.

556—LOVE IN THE KITCHEN.

It was Saturday morning, and Patty was in the kitchen mixing her dough for the morning's baking, when who should call but her beloved Jason? It put Patty in no amicable mood to receive a call even from him at that time of the day and week, and pushing a chair into the corner, she bade him sit down where he would be out of the way.

Jason meekly did as he was budden, and sat demurely with his thumbs in his vest pockets, his right foot crossed over his left leg, and his left foot on the side round of his chair.

"Can't you put yourself into a less awkward position?" suggested the fretful Patty.