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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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JUST FOR FUN.

Asleep, our dear old grandpa sat
Before the fire in his armchair
Dreaming perhaps of other days,
When he and grandma both were fair.

Of what he dreamed we did not care
So long as he asleep did stay,
For we were planning, just for fun,
On him a little joke to play.

We racked our brains to think which one
Would be the simplest and the best
At last we thought 'twould be such fun
If he were in a fool's-cap drest,

Then with a zest we went to work,
And soon the cap was made and on;
Surely by wiser fool, methinks,
Than pointed cap was never worn.

Full of suspense, impatient, too,
Till from his nap he should awake,
So anxious were we, that we thought
A nap so long he ne'er did take.

At last he opened wide his eyes,
Seeming to wonder why 'twas still;
But soon was heard on every side:
"O grandpa! you must! you will!

"Come look! don't wait, come right along!"
The dear old man was pulled away
To where the best long mirror hung
In parlor, where we could not stay
(Except on some high holiday).

He laughed as hearty as the rest;
Then with a teardrop in his eye
He said: "My cap I humbly doff
To those who wiser are than I."

We never shall forget that time;
We felt like sinking through the floor;
For play no more cared we that day
Though full of sport we'd been before.

Old age is sacred, little friends;
For round a life that's well-nigh done
A heavenly light doth seem to shine;
Reflection 'tis of setting sun.

Somerville Journal.

MARGARET'S LOVE.

Right by the old sun dial I saw her first; about her was a blaze of sunshine; blood-red and virgin white roses bent their beauteous heads beside her. A hundred sweet scents mingled with the warm odor of ripening fruit, and the drowsy hum of a solitary bee was the only sound that disturbed the summer stillness.

I had met her brother a month before in London. We had been school-fellows once upon a time, and when, after years of separation, we encountered and recognized each other, he gave me an invitation to come and see him.

Having accepted his invitation and apprised him of the day and hour of my arrival, I certainly expected to find some sort of a conveyance awaiting me at the small rustic station.

Such was not the case, so, with the solitary porter's assistance, I engaged a fly to convey me to my destination.

When we stopped before a pretty, low-storied house, whose white walls were nearly covered with ivy and other creeping plants a neat maid servant opened the door. The expression of astonishment which the sight of my luggage for a brief instant called forth was quickly suppressed as she bade the driver deposit it in the hall and ushered me into the dining-room.

I had not been there many minutes when the master of the house entered.

"My dear fellow," he began almost before he had opened the door, "I don't know how to express my regret. I have been so busy lately—I am writing a series of articles for the Weekly Gazette—that I put your letter aside and forgot to tell my people you were coming."

"Pray, don't apologize, if I am in the way," I began.

"No, no; not at all," he hastily interrupted; "only I am sorry you had to come from the station by yourself. Would you like a little refreshment now, or will you wait till dinner time? We dine in half an hour."

"I should prefer waiting," I replied.

"Then come up to my room at once. Your own shall be gotten ready while you are at dinner."

Thus speaking, my host led me to his chamber, an apartment of ample dimensions, but cramed with books, pamphlets and periodicals.

Telling me to make use of whatever I might require, he begged me to excuse him, as he had still a few paragraphs to add to an article he wished dispatched by that night's post.

"If I am not back by the time you have finished your toilet you are pretty certain to find my sister in the drawing room," he added as he left me.

I made the best of myself that was possible under the circumstances, and as I brushed my hair was even able to smile at Robert Elliot's short memory and the surprise which my coming must have been to his sister.

He did not return, so I ventured downstairs unaccompanied. An open door showing an interior of softly-tinted harmony of books and pictures and flowers, with lace drapery fluttering in the gentle breeze, and a delicate tone of blue prevading the furniture, guided me to the drawing-room.

It was empty, however, but as I gazed around at the many signs of taste and refinement scattered about, my preconceived notion of Miss Elliot, as a middle-aged spinster in spectacles and wiry ringlets, who ruled her brother and his household with impartial severity, and who attired herself in sad-colored garments, began to waver and grow dim.

There was a youthful appearance about this room somehow, a homelike carelessness of arrangement which together with the open workcase, fitted up with very fragile-looking tokens of industry, a gold thimble set in a rim of precious stones, gilded scissors, and a very fairy's web of dainty embroidery, relieved my mind of the fear lest I might be domiciled with one of my special horrors—a strong-minded, straight-backed female, delighting in Dorcas meeting, coarse calico and flannel petticoats.

The smooth, green lawns, the surrounding beds dazzling in pomp of purple and gold, scarlet and blue, tempted me through the open window, and the quaintness of the floral arrangements lured me onward from path to path.

And so walking slowly along I came face to face with my "Queen of Beauty" my "Star of Light," her clasped hands resting on the moss-grown stone, her eyes dreamy and downcast, the rich blood mantling in her cheeks, and the pale cream hue of her dress suiting admirably the magnificent coloring of skin and hair.

Screened from view by a clump of evergreens, I stared on spellbound. I had seen many handsome women. Being an artist I was acquainted with every style of beauty, the classical, the piquant, the stately and the placid, but never before had I beheld so perfect a face, so perfect a figure.

Of what was she thinking? Of whom was she dreaming? Was she "wrapt in maiden meditation fancy free?" As I watched her I almost prayed that the passionate nature, which must of a surety be combined with such tropical southern type of beauty, might still be slumbering unwakened, and that I might be the happy prince who should summon it to life; that mine might be the kiss that should call it forth; that—

There was a noise of swift footsteps crushing the gravel of a neighboring path, and ere I had time to move from my place of espial a gentleman came hurrying forward, glad joyous expression on his face.

At the sound of his hasty approach the white jeweled fingers were unclasped, the fair face aroused from its abstraction, the dusky, luminous eyes were lifted, and with a crimson smile Margaret Elliot returned the newcomer's greeting.

"Elliot, is Mr. Vernon a relative of yours?" I abruptly asked, as we smoked an ante-noctural cigar and chatted over old school days on the lawn before retiring to rest.

"Well, not at present, but he soon will be, I suppose."

"How? What do you mean?"

"Why, Margaret and he are to be married next month."

"The deuce! I beg pardon, but I gave my pet corn a most unkind knock against a stone. How dark it is tonight."

"Do you think so? I had just been remarking how brightly the stars were shining."

"Had you? But surely Mr. Vernon is a great deal older than your sister."

"Yes certainly. He is nearly sixty and she is twenty."

"What an awful difference. I consider such unequal marriages ought to be forbidden. They are horribly wicked and wrong. How can you allow it, Robert?"

"Well, you see, the circumstances are rather peculiar. Vernon has been fond of her from a child. Many years back he did my father great service, so when he died, eighteen months ago, he made Margaret promise to marry him."

"And what are her feelings? Does she like him?"

"I think so. She seems quite reconciled and happy. For my part I think her a very lucky girl. Vernon is immensely rich. Besides his estate here he has a house in town and a shooting bow in Scotland. Then he comes of a good old family, and will spoil and indulge her to her heart's content."

"Oh! well, I shall turn in now. Good night."

Six weeks later in my studio, at Kensington, I read the announcement of the marriage of "William Gale Vernon and Margaret Alice Elliot."

The sun was sinking down from the blue vault of a cloudless sky. The sea lay rippling and glistening each little wavelet reflecting a separate sparkle. I had been on the beach all morning sketching in a desultory sort of way, and was now returning to the hotel in search of some solid refreshment. Brighton was unusually full—that is to say, Brighton can ever be unusually full—the King's road was thronged with a fashionable crowd.

I was in an extremely lazy mood and even with the hotel in sight sat myself down on a seat facing the road, and fell to idly scrutinizing the folks as they went by. All at once my attention was engaged by a group of three. They had passed beyond me before I had observed them; but I could perceive that the occupant of the bath chair, drawn by a man in livery, was a gentleman, and that the lady who walked by his side was young was evident by the carriage of her shoulders and the contour of her form, while from the poise of her head I further concluded that she was good looking.

Some subtle attraction impelled me to rise and follow them; with languor and fatigue forgotten, I set out in pursuit.

I slackened my speed as I came up to them, and turned slightly so as to catch a view of the lady's face.

"Mrs. Vernon!"

The color in her cheeks deepened by ever so faint a tinge, and for one brief second there was a flicker of something in her eye that sent an odd tremor through me. But the next moment she was the weibred woman of the world again, as she smiled and extended her hand.

From her I turned to the occupant of the bath chair, and my emotion was simply one of shocking surprise as I recognized her husband in the frail, emaciated frame before me.

When I saw him two years before he was hale and hearty, with hair scarcely touched by the frost of time; but now his limbs were feeble and shaking, and his scanty locks white as driven snow.

"My husband is a great invalid," come the quiet remark, as though in answer to my pitying astonishment.

Mr. Vernon looked up quickly.

"Yes, but I have no cause to complain, for my dear wife makes my hours of pain and sickness so bright with her care and attention that I found more happiness in ill-health than during my long life of health and vigor."

That chance meeting led to many others, and I was speedily on terms of friendly intimacy with them. They were living very unobstrusively, the doctor having enjoined strict seclusion and quietude as necessary to the recovery of his patient, who but a short time previously had been smitten by a stroke of paralysis.

Mr. Vernon always accorded me a cordial welcome, and it soon became customary for me to spend a couple of hours every evening in their apartments.

When we were alone together his conversation had but one subject. Margaret's goodness and accomplishments, and on this theme I was ever an attentive listener.

One evening our discourse had taken the usual direction. There had been silence between us for a while, when my companion broke it suddenly:

"It has frequently occurred to me, and more persistently during my illness, that I ought never to have allowed Margaret to consider herself bound by her promise to her dying father. I ought to have known that such discrepancy in age was too great and unnatural ever to be productive of happiness."

"But," I remonstrated, "Mrs Vernon appears to be happy."

"Yes," he said, sadly, his face reflecting the glow of the sunset skys, "she appears to be happy, but she cannot be so in reality. See what I am; what a shattered remnant of humanity; what a crippled wreck of a man, and think of her youth, her beauty and her perfect health, and even when I was well and strong there was too much of May and December about the union for it ever to be a well-assorted one. My only excuse is that—that I loved her dearly."

I attempted neither response nor consolation, for words fitting to the occasion would not come.

After a short pause he spoke again.

"Lying awake, as I often do, I please myself by thinking what would be best for my darling's happiness. I know I cannot live long. Nay, nay," (for I was about to utter an impetuous objection) "the doctors have spoken plainly to me, and have told me that my span of earthly days is nearly over; and so," he went on bravely, "I plan out that by-and-by, when—when she shall have mourned for me a little—she will meet some one who will be to her more than I ever have been or could be, I—"

There was a tap at the door, and Bennet, Mr. Vernon's personal attendant, appeared.

"If you please, sir, you are wanted immediately," he said addressing me.

I left the room to find awaiting me a messenger, bearing the tidings of my mother's dangerous illness.

I made a hasty adieu and started for London at once.

For days and weeks I watched by her bedside, and when at length the crisis was favorably passed the south of France was ordered.

I was making the necessary arrangements for our sojourn abroad, when the news came to me that Margaret Vernon was a widow.

DEAR JACK:—The woe wife lays upon on imperative commands to put in an appearance to-morrow evening. Dinner at 7 sharp. Thine.

TED FOREMAN.

Furthmore, she bids me say that a bed shall be at your disposal.

Ted Foreman was one of the best fellows that ever stepped, and his wife the dearest little woman that ever spoiled her babies. So the following day at precisely 10 minutes past 7 p. m., my rat-tat sounded through No. 19, Pembroke Gardens, W.

"That's right, old fellow!" called out Ted's hearty voice, and Ted himself immerged from the dinning room. "Come and meet your doom like a man and a Briton."

"What's up now?" I inquired unbottoning my overcoat.

"What's up? Why, your fate awaits you in the drawing-room. My little woman has settled it all completely to her satisfaction; and I'll tell you what my boy, if I hadn't been tied up pretty tight in my matrimonial noose I'd have gone in for myself—aye, and cut you out too. She's no end of a fine girl; but come along, and judge for yourself.

Ted threw open the drawing-room door, and Mrs. Foreman rose to welcome me.

"Mr. Frazer, permit me. Mr. Frazer—Mrs. Vernon.

A white, ringless hand was extended and a musical voice said:

I have the pleasure of a previous acquaintance with Mr. Frazier."

I had been commissioned by Mrs. Foreman to choose some music for her, and with her roll of pieces under my arm was hastening to lay before her the fruits of my selection.

"Are the ladies in?" I inquired of the servant who answered my knock.

"Yes, sir. They are in the drawing room, I believe.

"Thank you—you need not announce me."

The warm perfumed air of the cosy apartment struck pleasantly comfortable after a chill blast outside. As I closed the door a slender figure moved from behind a curtin, and for the first time since her husband's death Margaret and I were alone.

I had taken her by surprise, and she flushed and trembled strangely, and her voice faltered as she essayed some commonplace remark.

A quick, sudden hope sprang up within me; my whole soul was filled with irrepressible longing, and like a torrent that could not be stayed my tongue was loosened in passionate vehement pleading. I dot not remember what I said, only that in burning words of eager entreaty my story was told. When at last I ceased, she stood motionless, with drooping head and fingers closely entwined.

"Give me one word of encouragement," I urged; 'only one little word my love, my queen.'

"What would you have me say?" she murmured.

"That you like me a little; that—that you will try to like me more."

With a sobbing catch in her breath she stretched out her hands:

"Like you a little! Oh, Jack, I love you with all my heart."—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

Making Steady Progress.

"Yes, sir," said the long haired boarder, "I am fully satisfied in my own mind that woman should be vested with all the privileges of man."

"I don't see why she shouldn't be vested," chipped in the cheerful idiot. "She has been coated the same as man, and if this bicycle business keeps on she will be trous"—

The dinner bell rang, and in the mad rush ensuing the rest of the cheerful idiot's speech hit the empty air.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Before marriage she believes everything he says; after marlage she wants him to believe everything she says.

Grant as Father.

The rumored engagement of Nellie Grant Sartoris to Gen. Fred Douglas recalls to the public mind the beautifully tender attachment which Gen. Grant manifested for his daughter. The union with Sartoris was opposed to the fault by the young lady's parents; subsequent events proved all too clearly that the old folk's estimate of Sartoris character had been correct. Sartoris was a drunkard, and there is probably no language adequate to portray the misery and the humiliation to which he subjected his wife. To add to the wretchedness of her life, the family of the drunken husband utterly declined to receive the young wife or to accord her that recognition to which, as the daughter of General Grant, she had been accustomed and was entitled. Mrs. Sartoris may have kept silent; her womanly pride probably prevented her from telling her parents of the dreadful mistake she had made. But rumors of her misery came from over the sea, and they caused Gen. Grant concern enough.

One time Hugh Hastings went down to Long Branch to visit with the Grants. He was told that the General was sitting on the rocks overlooking the sea, and surely enough he presently discovered Grant perched on a rock and gazing in apparent abstraction over the waters. Hastings stole softly up and put his hands over Grant's eyes, saying: "Now, guess who it is!"

But Hastings drew his hand back almost immediately; they were wet with tears; Grant was weeping.

Hastings was too surprised to say anything. Grant looked up.

"Hello, Hughy," said Grant, kindly.

"You are crying, General! What has happened? What is the matter?" demanded Hastings.

Grant came pretty near breaking down, but by a heroic effort he pulled himself together. "We got bad news from England," said he. "Nellie is unhappy, and I can't help thinking about it—thinking about it all the time! I am in trouble, Hughy, the greatest trouble of my life!"

It were difficult, perhaps impossibleble, to fancy a more beautifully pathetic picture than that of this foremost man of his time stealing away by himself and communing with his love for that daughter so many, very many leagues away. It appeals more directly and it means more to humanity than a thousand Vicksburgs, a thousand Corinths, a thousand Appomattoxes!

Will Wed in a Lion's Den.

A St. Louis Special.

"The way to win a woman" is a problem that has been solved by ardent lovers thousands of times in many different ways since the world began. But there is still room for variety. Thursday night at Wombwell's Trained Animal Show, at Broadway and Hickory street, Harry Bishop, a cowboy from Galveston, Tex., and Mlle. Pauline Devere will be married in the lions' cage. It will be a refreshing sight for easy bachelors.

Justice Zimmerman has been engaged to perform the ceremony and has consented on the condition that he be on the outside. Mr. Zimmerman is willing to attend the nuptial banquet, but not to furnish an integral part thereof.

Mlle. Devere, whose name on the stage is Planka, is a native of Prussia. She has been a "lion queen," according to circus phraseology, for eight years. She joined the American division of Wombwell's show at New Orleans last winter, and there Bishop met her. He has followed the show and pressed his suit vigorously. Courting is a tame pastime to a lion queen, but Bishop is a good-looking fellow, and his sweetheart told him he could wed her if he would marry her in the den with her lions. Bishop took her at her word, and the license was procured Wednesday.

Mlle Devere says she can keep the big lion quiet during the ceremony, but is not so sure of the lioness, who is a selfy beast and has left the marks of her claws many times on her mistress' body. Mlle. Devere will be wed in circus costume and Mr. Bishop will wear evening dress and a scared look. The lions will get their share of the wedding supper before the ceremony.

His Missing Ten-Dollar Bill.

A $10 bill, which had mysteriously disappeared, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, was recovered by Assistant Coin Teller Phil Turpin, of the Sub-Treasury, in a peculiar manner. He has a beautiful farm out on Cliff Creek, near the Little Miami River.

One balmy afternoon recently Mr. Turpin dressed for a journey. In changing trousers he took out some money and placed it on a table. Then he stood by an open window and shaved. Then having fixed his tie, he picked up his money—all except a $10 bill. This was missing. He searched high; he searched low. No bill.

Day before yesterday the severe wind storm blew a robin's nest out of a tree near the front porch. Mr. Turpin picked the nest up, and was about to cast it away when he noticed what seemed to be a piece of paper of peculiar color. He examined it, and found it to be currency of some denomination, but it was not until he had carefully torn the nest apart that he discovered it to be a $10 bill. It was apparently the one he had lost a couple of weeks ago, a bird having flown into the room and snatched up the money. The bill was in pretty bad condition, and he redeemed it at the Treasury yesterday.

How Hot Our Clothes Are.

How hot our clothes are has just been determined by a Dr. Von Bebber, a German meteorologist. When the outside temperature is 50 degrees Fahrenheit the temperature on the coat is 71.2 degrees; that between the coat and the waistcoat, 73.6 degrees; between waistcoat and shirt, 75.9 degrees; between shirt and undershirt, 77.4 degrees, and between the woolen undershirt and the skin 90.9 degrees.

The breath of winter may be cold, but it is not half so cold as the glance of the man you strike for a half dollar.

Getting Ready to Vote.

"Will you loan me your knife, Alfred?" she asked as he settled down in his easy chair and picked up his evening paper.

He took his knife from his pocket, opened it and handed it to her without a word.

There was a silence as she took a seat at her dainty little writing desk and drew a sheet of paper from one of the drawers. Then the silence was broken by a steady scraping as the edge of the knife blade was moved back and forth over the paper. It was annoying and her husband finally looked up with the remark:

"I hope you will get that rubbed out in time."

"I'm not trying to rub anything out," she exclaimed pleasantly. "I'm merely practicing."

"For what?" he asked. "For an imitation of a sawmill?"

"Oh, dear, no!" she said in surprise. "You see, it's this way, Alfred: All the ladies of our sewing circle have registered and we have all agreed to vote. But none of us is going to vote the straight ticket. We have agreed on that among ourselves, you know. We think it shows too much party dictation when any one votes the straight ticket, and we propose to show our independence."

"But what has that got to do with this knife exercise?"

"Why, Alfred!" she exclaimed in surprise, "didn't you ever hear of a scratched ticket?"

"Certainly," he replied.

"Well, I'm learning to scratch a ticket without taking too much time over it. We all agreed to do that you know."—*Chicago Post.*

Napoleon's Booty in One Campaign.

The season was as busy on the military as it had been on the political side. Day and night the soldiers in the conquered Venetian lands wrought with ceaseless labor until the whole territory was in perfect order as a base of military operations. Not a single strategic point there or elsewhere was overlooked. Even the little island of St. Peter in the Mediterranean was taken from Piedmont, and garrioned with 200 men. It was generally understood that war might break out at any moment. Every contribution under treaty obligations was exacted to the utmost farthing. As a single illustration of the French dealing, jewels and gems estimated by the Pope as worth ten millions of francs were accepted by the French experts at a valuation of five. Within the previous twelve months Bonaparte had sent to Paris 7,000,000 francs, of which he destined 2,000,000 for the outfit of a fleet. It was but a moiety of what he had raised. During this summer, on the contrary, he kept everything; even the 3,000,000 francs promised to Barras were not paid. It is therefore likely that he had in hand upward of 30,000,000 francs in cash and commissary stores to the extent of several millions more.—[Prof. W. M. Sloane's Life of Napoleon in the June *Century.*

Glaciers Seen to Glow in the Night.

After sleeping a few hours, I stole quietly out of camp, and climbed the mountain that stands guard between the two glaciers. The ground was frozen, making the climbing difficult in the steepest places; but the views over the icy bay, sparkling beneath the glorious effulgence of the sky, were enchanting. It seemed then a sad thing that any part of so precious a night had been lost in sleep. The starlight was so full that I distinctly saw not only the bay with its multitude of glittering bergs, but most of the lower portions of the glaciers, lying pale and spiritlike amid the huge silent mountains. The nearest glacier in particular was so distinct that it seemed to be glowing with light that came from within itself. Not even in dark nights have I ever found any difficulty in seeing large glaciers; but on this mountain-top, amid so much ice, in the heart of so clear and frosty a night, every thing was luminous, and I seemed to be poised in a vast hollow between two skies of equal brightness. How strong I felt after my exhilerating scramble, and how glad I was that my good angel had called me before the glorious night succeeding so glorious a morning had been spent!—["The Discovery of Glacier Bay," by John Muir in the Century for June.

Pet Wasps That Dance.

A young lady living near Monroe, La., has a pair of pet wasps that she has trained to do various tricks requiring remarkable intelligence. Among other things she has taught them to drink water from a thimble and to perform the "skirt dance," as she calls it, by fluttering their wings as they rest in the palm of her hand. They will sing at her bidding, making a faint, almost inaudible cheep, and seem to be passionately fond of music. The young lady is a musician and when she plays on the piano the wasps take up their positions on the music rack and never budge till the performance is over.

The wasps seem to have a good deal of vanity, and nothing delights them more than to be allowed to walk about and inspect themselves on a little hand mirror, which is kept for their exclusive use.

Short and Sweet.

You can easily fill the public eyes if you only have the dust.

A sharp old coon is never treed. But sometimes he is T. Reed.

Many a man whose yacht costs $10,000 a year is too poor to rent a pew in church.

An anti-monopolist is one who would like to put himself in a millionaire's place.

Hardly a week passes but we are constantly surrounded by perils seen and kerosene.

"Our parrot is dead," wrote a little girl, "and a poll seems to have settled over the family."

Man was made to mourn, but he has fixed things so that his wife has taken the job off his hands.

A Cheerful Giver.

Mr. W. D. Howells has written for the *Century* two papers entitled "Tribulations of a Cheerful Giver," giving his experiences with the begging fraternity. The following is taken from the first paper, published in the June *Century*:

Some months ago, as I was passing through a down-town street on my way to the elevated station, I saw a man sitting on the steps of a house. He seemed to be resting his elbows on his knees, and holding out both his hands. As I came nearer I perceived that he had no hands, but only stumps, where the fingers had been cut off close to the palms, and that it was these stumps he was holding out in the mute appeal which was his form of begging. Otherwise he did not ask charity. When I approached him he did not look up, and when I stopped in front of him he did not speak. I thought this rather fine, in its way; except for his mutilation, which the man really could not help, there was nothing to offend the taste; and his mere dole silence was certainly impressive.

I decided at once to give him something, for when I am in the presence of want, or even the appearance of want, there is something that says to me, "Give to him what he asketh," and I have to give, or else go away with a bad conscience—a thing I hate. Of course I do not give much, for I wish to be a good citizen as well as a good Christian; and as soon as I obey that voice which I cannot disobey I hear another voice reproaching me for encouraging street beggary. I have been taught that street beggary is wrong, and when I have to substitute two coats and go through three or four pockets before I can reach the small coin I mean to give in compliance with that imperative voice, I certainly feel it to be wrong. So I compromise, and I am never able to make sure that either of those voices is satisfied with me. I am not even satisfied with myself; but I am better satisfied than if I gave nothing. That was the selfish reason I now had for deciding to yield to my better nature, and to obey the voice which bade me "Give to him that asketh!" for, as I said, I hate a bad conscience, and of two bad consciences I always choose the least, which, in a case like this, is the one that incensed political economy gives me.

I put my hand into my hip-pocket where I keep my silver, and found nothing there but half a dollar. This at once changed the whole current of my feelings; and it was not chill penury that repressed my noble rage, but chill affluence. It was manifestly wrong to give half a dollar to a man who had no hands, or to any sort of beggar. I was willing to commit a small act of incivism, lest I had not the courage to flout political economy to the extent of fifty cents; and I felt when I was bidden "Give to him that asketh," I was never meant to give so much as a half-dollar, but a coin, or a half-dime, or at the most a quarter. I wished I had a quarter. I would gladly have given a quarter, but there was nothing in my pocket but that fatal, that inexorably indivisible half-dollar, the continent of two quarters, but not practically a quarter. I would have asked anybody in sight to change it for me, but there was no one passing; it was a quiet street of brownstone dwellings, and not a thronged thoroughfare at any time. At that hour of the late afternoon it was deserted, except for the beggar and myself, and I am not sure that he had any business to be sitting there, on the steps of another man's house, or that I had the right to encourage his invasion by giving him anything. For a moment I did not know like what to do. To be sure, I was not bound to the man in any way. He had not asked me for charity, and I had barely poised before him, I could go on, and ignore the incident. I thought of doing that, but then I thought of the bad conscience I should be certain to have, and I could not go on. I glanced across the street, and near the corner I saw a decent-looking restaurant; and "Wai a minute," I said to the man, as if he were likely to go away, and I ran across to get my half-dollar changed at the restaurant.

I was now quite resolved to give him a quarter, and be done with it; the thing was getting to be a bore. But when I entered the restaurant I saw no one there but a young man quite at the end of a long room; and when he had come all the way forward to find what I wanted, I was ashamed to ask him to change my half-dollar; and I pretended that I wanted a package of Sweet Caporal cigarettes, which I did not want, and which it was a pure waste for me to buy, since I do not smoke; doubtless it was better to buy them and encourage commerce than to give the half-dollar and encourage beggary. At any rate, I instinctively felt that I had political economy on my side in the transaction, and I made haste to go back to the man on the steps, and secure myself with Christian charity too. On the way over to him, however, I decided that I would not give him a quarter, and I ended by poising fifteen cents on one of his outstretched stumps.

"Our little girl had diarrhea in a very bad form. We tried everything we could think of but without effect until we got Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry, which helped her right away." Mrs. Ann Borgman, Verban, Sanilac Co., Mich.

Renandt, the great religious and doctrinal controversialist, is said to have known 17 languages to the extent of being able to conduct an argument in any one to almost any length.

Know Thyself.

How important this injunction to every young man! How many ruin their health and future happiness through pernicious practices contracted in ignorance, and repented of when