

I'VE BEEN THINKING.

I've been thinking—I've been thinking
What a glorious world were this
Did folks mind their business more,
And mind their neighbors' less!
For instance, you and I, my friend,
Are ready prone to talk
Of matters that concern us not,
And others' follies mock.
I've been thinking, if we begin
To mind our own affairs,
That possibly our neighbors might
Contrive to manage them.
We've faults enough at home to mend—
It may be so of others;
It would seem strange if it were not,
Since all mankind are brothers.
Oh, would that we had charity
For every man and woman!
Forgiveness is the mark of those
Who know "to err is human."
Then let us banish jealousy;
Let's lift our fallen brother;
And, as we journey down life's road,
Do good to one another.

My Little School-Girl.

The first time I saw her was one
Autumn morning as I rode to town,
In a horse-car. It was early, and my only
fellow-passenger was a crusty old gentleman,
who sat in a corner reading his paper;
so when the car stopped I glanced out
to see who came next, hoping
it would be a pleasant person. No
one appeared for a minute, and the car
stood still, while both driver and conductor
looked in the same direction
without a sign of impatience. I looked
also, but all I could see was a little girl
running across the park, as girls of 12
or 13 seldom run nowadays if any one
can see them.
"Are you waiting for her?" I asked of
the pleasant-faced conductor, who stood
with his hand on the bell and a good-natured smile in his eyes.
"Yes, ma'am, we always stop for little
missy," he answered; and just then she
came, all very rosy and breathless
with her run.
"Thank you very much. I'm late to
day, and was afraid I would miss my
class," she said, as she helped her with
her fatherly air that was pleasant to see.
Taking a corner seat, she smoothed the
curly curls, disturbed by the wind, put
on her gloves, and settled her looks in
her lap, then modestly glanced from
the old gentleman in the opposite
corner to the lady near by. Such a
bright little face as I saw under the
brown hat ring, happy blue eyes, dimples
in the rosy cheeks, and the innocent
expression which makes a young
girl so sweet an object to old eyes!
The crusty gentleman evidently
agreed with me, for he peeped over the
top of his paper at his pleasant little
neighbor as she sat studying a lesson,
and cheering herself with occasional
sniffs at a posy of nosegay and sweet
peas. When the old gentleman caught
my eye, he lived out of sight with a
loud "Hem!" but he was peeping again
directly, for there was something irresistibly
attractive about the unconscious
lassie opposite; and one could not
more help looking at her than at a lovely
flower or a playful kitten.
Presently she shut her book with a
decided pat, and an air of relief that
amused me. She saw the half smile I
could not repress, seemed to understand
my sympathy, and said with a
laugh, "It was a hard lesson, but I've
got it!" So we began to talk about
school and lessons, and I soon discovered
that the girl was a clever scholar,
whose on a "drawback" was, as she
confided to me, "a love of fun."

We were just getting quite friendly,
when several young men got in, one
of whom stared at the pretty girl till
even she observed it, and showed that
she did by the color of her cheeks,
as to her cheeks. It annoyed me as much
as if she had been my own little daughter,
for I like modesty, and have often
been troubled by the forward manner
of school girls, who seem to enjoy
being looked at. So I helped this one
out of her trouble by making room
between the old gentleman and myself,
noticing her to come and sit there.
She understood at once, thanked me
with a look, and nestled into the safe
space so gratefully that the old gentleman
glared over his spectacles to the
rude person who had disturbed the
serenity of the child.
Then we rumpled long again, the
car getting fuller and fuller as we
got down town. Presently an Irishwoman
with a baby, got in, and before I could
offer her my seat my little school-girl
was out of her, with a polite
"Please take it, ma'am; I can stand
perfectly well."
It was precisely done, and I valued
the small courtesy all the more, because
it evidently cost the bashful
creature an effort to stand up in a car
full of strangers, especially as she
could not reach the strap to steady herself,
and found it difficult to stand comfortably.
Then it was that the crusty man
snatched how he appreciated my good
manners, for he looked his eyes in
the strap and gave it to her, saying
with a smile that lightened up his
rough face like sunshine.
"Hold on to that, my dear!" I
had thought, I, how little can we
judge from appearances. This grim
old soul is a gentleman, after all.
Turning her face towards us, the girl
held on to the strap case, and swung
easily to and fro as we bumped over
the rails. The Irishwoman's baby, a
silly little thing, was attracted by the
flowers, and put out a small hand to
touch them, with a wistful look at the
bright face above.
"Will baby have some?" said my
girl, and the little creature happy
with a gay sweet-pea and some red
leaves.
"Bless your heart, honey, it's fond
he is of the like of them, and seldom he
gets any," said the mother, gratefully,
as she settled baby's hood, and wrapped
the old shawl round his feet.
Baby stared hard at the giver of the
posies, but his honest blue eyes were so
ofence, and soon the two were so

friendly that baby boldly clutched at
the bright buttons on her sack, and
crowded with delight as he got one, and
we all smiled at the play, and were
sorry when the little lady with a bow
and a smile to us, got out at the church
corner.
"Now, I shall probably not see the
child again, yet what a pleasant
picture she leaves in memory. I thought
to myself, as I caught a last glimpse
of the brown hat going round the corner,
"But I did see her again many times,
that winter, for not long after I passed
down a certain street near my winter
quarters, I came upon a flock of girls
entering their luncheon as they walked
to and fro on the sunny side—pretty,
merry creatures, all laughing and
chattering at once, as they tossed
apples from hand to hand, munched candy
or compared cookies. I went slowly
to enjoy a sight, as I do when I meet a
party of sparrows on the common, and
was wondering what would become of
so many budding women, all of a
sudden, I saw my little school-girl.
Yes, I knew her in a minute, for she
wore the same brown hat, and the rosy
face was sparkling with fun, as she
told secrets with a chosen friend while
eating a wholesome slice of bread and
butter, as only a hungry school-girl
could. She did not recognize me, but I
took a good look at her. I went
secretly to know what the particular
secret was that ended in such a gale of
laughter.
After that, I often saw my girl as I
took my walk abroad, and one day I
could not resist speaking to her when I
met her alone; for usually her mates
clustered around her like bees about
their queen, which pleased me, for I
showed how much they loved the sun-
shine child.
I had a paper of grapes in my hand,
and when I saw her coming walked
out a handsome bunch all ready to
offer, for I had made up my mind to
speak this time. She was reading a
paper, but looked up to give me the
inside of the walk. Before her eyes
could fall again to the grapes, and
said, just as I had heard her say to
a school-mate at lunch time, "Let's go
home." She understood at once,
laughed, and took the bunch, saying
with twinkling eyes:
"Oh, thank you, they are beautiful."
Then, as we went on to the corner
together, I told her why I did it, and
recalled the carriage. "I'd forgotten
all about that matter," I remembered
very kind and always ready for me,"
she said, evidently surprised that a
stranger should take an interest in her
small talk. I did not have half time
enough with her, for a bell rang and
away she skipped, looking back to nod
and smile at the queer lady who had
taken a fancy to her. A few days after
and a fine nosegay of flowers was left
at the door for me, and when I asked
the servant who sent them he answered:
"A little girl asked if I came lady
didn't live here, and when I said yes,
she told me to give you these, and said,
"The grapes were very nice."
I knew at once who it was, and
enjoyed the funny message immensely,
for when one leads a quiet life little
things interest and amuse.
Christmas was close by, and I planned
a return of the flowers, but I found
that my young friend would appreciate
it. I knew that Christmas
week would be a holiday, so the day
before it began I went to the school
before recess and left a frosted plum
cake, directed to "Miss Goldlocks from
she knows who."

Muslim Marriages.

Brokers generally arrange the marriages,
though there are some love matches
in which the parties become attached
to each other without the intervention
of a third party. When a man has
reached the marrying age, he is
expected to enter the matrimonial
ranks, unless prevented by poverty or
some other impediment, and it is
considered improper, and even dishon-
orable, for him to refrain from so doing.
If a marriageable youth has a mother,
she declares his name to the girls of her
acquaintance, and enables him to decide
whom to take to his house and home.
Frequently he engages the services of
a woman marriage-broker, who has access
to harems where there are marriage-
able women, and is employed by them
quite as often as by the men. She
receives fees from one party and fre-
quently from both. In her visits to the
harem she is accompanied by the mother
or other feminine relatives of the young
man; she introduces them as ordinary
visitors, but gives a slight hint as to
the object of her call. If they do not
like the appearance of the maiden, they
plead many calls to make, and cut short
their stay; but, if satisfied, they come
to business at once, and ask how much
property, personal and otherwise, the
young lady possesses. When those
facts are ascertained, they depart with
the intimation that they may call again.
If the young man is satisfied with the
report of the broker, he sends her again
to the harem to state his own prospects
in life, and if she reports favorable to
his suit, the match is made. Every-
thing is arranged by deputy, and the
Mohammedan lover does not see the
face of his mistress until she is his
wife.

A Strange Bird Story.

L. Page and son, cutting wood near
San Jose, noticed for several days that
a number of birds remained constantly
upon a tree near to them, some young
ones coming from time to time. Upon
cutting down the tree they discovered
a limb with a hollow cavity some two
feet in length and three or four inches
in diameter, in which were two full-
grown birds of some goodly-sized
species. There was a small aperture
through which the birds were supplied
with food from their mates. The limb
was cut and the birds liberated. They
were neither of them able to fly, having
evidently never been out of their im-
prisonment. How they came inside is
a question. It is probable that the
mother bird was small, and though
large to make her nest in the hollow of
the tree and rear her young, could not
extricate them, and they did not gain
strength enough to help themselves
until the hollow had so closed that
escape was impossible. Those who
examined the birds think they are
about two years old. They had been
fed from their birth by their bird-
fellow through the aperture in the limb
of the tree. A human instance of devo-
tion even the noble family never exhib-
ited.—*San Jose Mercury.*

Unhappy.

The vicar and church-wardens of an
English church objected to having in
their churchyard the tombstone of a
professional cricketer, on which are
sculptured stumps, balls, and bat. In
Scotland, however, it is not unusual to
cut upon the tombstone the symbols of
the trade followed by the deceased.
Thus at Dunblane about one-quarter
of the tombstones that are from one to
two hundred years old are marked with
such symbols. A sugar-coat shows the
grave of a grocer; an axe and saw the
grave of a carpenter; while a hammer
and awl are found on the tombstones of
shoemakers; while at Burny Church,
Northamptonshire, the monument which
was erected about the middle of the last
century to Sir Thomas Parkyns, who
was famed as a wrestler, represents
him in the cap and dress of a wrestler,
wrestling with Death. At Brompton
Cemetery, the monument of a well-
known Thames waterman exhibits his
wherry and scull.

A Black Maller—A colored post- master.

Street organs, hurdy-gurdies, brass
bands, accordeons, penny whistles, and
a large amount of gratification by the
sounds which they evolve. At least we
may venture to conclude as much from
the numbers of these instruments of
torture that are found perambulating
our thoroughfares. We doubtless all
remember the lines describing the
effects of street music, and beginning—
"No, ma'am; but its no use waiting
for little missy any more, because?"
The piece ends with the touching de-
scription of how to the ears of the
patient drudge of a servant a paradise
seemed opened, and her heart and mem-
ory were carried far away to her home
in the country. Reflections upon the
enjoyment which some people are re-
ceiving from the hearing of street music
may make very charitably disposed per-
sons inclined to suffer a little for the
sake of others. But there are limits to
human endurance; and when, in a
"quiet" street, two organs and a brass
band are pouring out their dissonant
notes at one and the same moment, it is
possible that the patriarch Job might
have found that there were things
which even he could not stand had he
been a dweller in one of the houses.

The Misery of Street Music.

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Marvels of Man.

While the gastric juice has a mild,
bland, sweetish taste, it possesses the
power of dissolving the hardest food
that can be swallowed; it has no influ-
ence whatever on the soft and delicate
fibres of the living stomach, nor upon
the living hands, but at the moment of
death, it begins to eat them away with
the power of the strongest acids.
There is dust on sea, on land; in the
valley, and on the mountain top; there
is dust always and everywhere; the at-
mosphere is full of it; it penetrates the
noisiest dungeon, and visits the
deepest, darkest caves of the earth;
no palace door can shut it out, no
drawer so secret as to escape its pres-
ence; every breath of wind dashes it
upon the open eye, and yet that eye is
not blinded, because there is a fountain
of the blandest fluid in nature incessantly
emptying itself under the eyelid,
which spreads it over the surface of the
ball at every winking, and washes every
atom of dust away. But this liquid, so
mild, and so well adapted to the eye it-
self, has some acidity, which under cer-
tain circumstances, becomes so decided
as to become scalding to the skin, and
would rot away eyelids were it not that
along the edges of them there are little
oil-manufactories, which spread over
their surface a coating as impervious to
the liquids necessary for keeping the
eyeball washed clean as the best varnish
is impervious to water.
The breath which leaves the lungs
has been so perfectly divested of its life-
giving properties that to breathe it,
unmixed with other air, the moment it
escapes from the mouth, would cause im-
mediate death by suffocation; while
if it hovered about us, a more or less
destructive influence over life and
health would be occasioned; but it is
made of a nature so much lighter than
the common air that the instant it es-
capes the lips and nostrils it ascends to
the higher regions, above the breath-
ing point there to be rectified, reno-
vated, and sent back again, replete with
purity and life. How rapidly it ascends
to the very top of the atmosphere, the
expired air, is, nature, wisely economi-
cal in all her works and ways, turns it
to good account in its outward passage
through the organ of voice, and makes
of it the whippers of love, the soft words
of affection, the tender tones of human
sympathy, the sweetest strains of rav-
ishing music, the persuasive eloquence
of the finished orator.
If a well made man be extended on
the ground, his arms at right angles
with the body; a circle, making the
navel his centre, will just take in the
head, the finger ends, and feet. The
distance from top to toe is precisely the
same as that between the tips of the
fingers when the arms are extended.
The length of the body is just six times
that of the foot; while the distance from
the edge of the hair on the forehead to
the tip of the chin, is one-tenth of the
length of the whole stature.
Of the sixty-two primary elements
known in nature, only eighteen are
found in the human body, and of these
seven are metallic. Iron is found in
blood, phosphorus in the brain, lime-
stone in the bile, time in the bones, and
dust and ashes in all! Not only these
eighteen human elements, but the
whole sixty-two, of which the universe
is made, have their essential basis in
the four substances, oxygen, hydrogen,
nitrogen, and carbon, respectively the
more familiar names of fire, water, air,
and earth; and such is man, the
lord of the earth; a spark of fire, a
drop of water, a grain of gunpowder, an
atom of charcoal.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

On Color.

As to the color of this room, and the
color of the rooms and decorations gen-
erally, I find myself utterly at fault. I
could tell you the color I like myself; I
could tell you the color I like my wife,
with little fear of contradiction, the
green and crimson and gold form a
beautiful form of color, or that black
and amber or that blue and grayish
green go well together, and still I
should tell you nothing, or at least
nothing worth the telling. For the
fact is that every really fine combina-
tion of color is dependent upon subtle
gradations of tint and arrangement,
which can only be felt, not expressed
in words, and the only way I have ever
discovered of gaining a notion of good
color is to seek it in lands where it
is understood. It will perhaps seem a
strange thing to many of my readers
that I should talk about color being un-
derstood, as if it were some branch
of knowledge, and they would perhaps
answer me, "Have we not good art-
ists, as good as any in the world at
present, and can they not tell us all
about color, and show us how to man-
age it?" Well, this is exactly what
they can't do.
It is with colorists with another form
of art—that it can only be produced by
the people who delight in it. Now, for
some years we have taken most of our
combinations of color from France, and
slavishly followed whatever was the
prevailing fashion there, and the result
has been that the majority of dresses
and fashions have been made in neutral
tints, and people have cried out "what
an improvement! No more nasty
emerald-green or sky-blue, but soft
shades of gray and brown and dull
green." But as a matter of fact,
we were before, and we shall have to
retreat our steps before there is a chance
of our obtaining it. Formerly, England
had, at all events, firmly grasped one
idea about colors, and that was that
bright colors were the prettiest, and
best, somehow, and so it tried to have
as many of these as possible. After all,
in the main, this was a true idea—the
error was only in the deduction made
from it. Bright, pure colors do not
best, really, and all real magnificence
of hue must be based upon them. I
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On Color.

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