WHEN WE GET RICH.

Ah, dearest, what a joy to build
Our palaces so fair;
No dreams like dreams of opulence,
Dispel the hours of care.

When Shakspeare wrote those living words,
"Who steals my purse steals trash,"
He recked not of the things we'll do
When we obtain the cash.

No vain and idle fancy ours,
To while away the time;
But land and sea shall then unfold
Their mysteries sublime.

How we will girt this glorious earth,
And bask 'neath foreign skies;
What mountain fastnesses we'll sweep
With our enraptured eyes.

The scenes in song and story told
By favored travelers,
Will find in us the praise of true
And ardent worshipers.

We'll read the riddle of the Sphinx,
And scale the pyramids;
Seek out old King's sarcophagi
And peep beneath the lids.

No spot in all this wide, wide world,
Of forest, glade or glen,
Shall deck itself and wooers mourn,
When we get rich—yes—when?
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

AN UNEXPECTED THANKSGIVING.

THE children danced all around the room, even Lois, the blonde little one.

"We'll have one Thanksgiving, anyhow," cried Will, the curly haired boy; and the other boy, whose hair did not curl, laughed louder than any of them. "Won't it be fun to have a Thanksgiving?" he asked when he could get his breath.

Mrs. Darlington folded the letter and shook her head.

"Don't depend on it, Will," she said. "It will take money, you know, and how are we to get it?"

"Oh, I guess the money will turn up somehow," Will answered as confidently as though they could pick up money in the streets if they should happen to want it.

It was a letter that had created all that commotion; the most unexpected letter that ever was, too. It had come from a farm house, and the writer was an old farmer, who wrote with the greatest labor, for he had never gone to school in his life. His old wife had been sitting beside him as he wrote, and when he finished this is what he read to her:

Dear Miss Darlington—I hav jus foun out that you are the gurl my little Minnie uste to love so when you was at school togather; an I foun out whair you lived. Mother an me wants you an your family to come out an spen Thanksgivin with us, an as much longer as you can. You take the Valley Raileroad an git off at Howard, an then you can come acrost in a waggin. Anybody knows the road. JOHN FENNER.

A Thanksgiving in the country! No wonder the children danced and laughed and shouted. "But it isn't much use thinking about it," said the mother to Will that night, after the others had gone to bed. "Try to make Frank and Lois forget it, Will, for there isn't money enough. We need so many things that we wouldn't dare spend money on a pleasure excursion, would we?"

Will was silent, but the tears went up

"PLEASE, SIR, COULD YOU LET ME HAVE THE MONEY YOU OWE MOTHER?"

into his eyes with a rush. He went to bed after awhile, when his mother was through with her work, and while he lay awake, thinking over this magnificent opportunity to have a pleasant Thanksgiving, he suddenly remembered Mr. Mayer.

Now Will very often thought of Mr. Mayer. This was the man that had never paid his mother for some work that she had done for him, months before. He had found fault with it, and had tried to put her off with half-price. Will had a vivid recollection of the many visits he had made to the store to get the money, and had hoped that his mother never would send him again; but as he lay awake the thought of Mr. Mayer came up again; and he could not get rid of it.

Next morning Mrs. Darlington was surprised to find that Will had an errand, after breakfast, and that he did not like to tell what it was.

"Mr. Mayer? He's in his office," said the clerk to whom Will appealed, and who went on with his writing, forgetting to add that a gentleman was with Mr. Mayer and he did not wish to be disturbed. Will opened the door of the little office and slipped in; and before Mr. Mayer had an opportunity to look around the lad was standing by his side.

"Well," said Mr. Mayer impatiently, not recognizing the boy; and Will stepped forward.

"Please, sir," he said, in a little gentlemanly way; "could you let me have the money you owe mother for the sewing, if it's convenient? We need it very much."

The gentleman visitor smiled, and Mr. Mayer, looking annoyed, opened the door and called to the cashier:

"Give this boy $15 for me, and take a receipt."

It was done. The money was buttoned up in Will's jacket, and away he went homeward, scarcely touching the pavement as he ran. But at the head of the stairs he slackened his pace, and went in and sat down quietly.

"Mother," he said, "how much would it take to pay our way there and back?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said sorrowfully, "a great deal more than we can afford. Will. There's the trip on the train—it will take as much as $8, I suppose, both ways, though all of you might go on half-fare; and then there is the trip in the wagon afterwards. It's a great pity to give it up, but I think we'll have to."

"Mother," said Will, "suppose you were to find enough money for the trip; suppose somebody that you never expected to pay us should pay."

And then in a flash Will had the money out, and there was another shout, louder than when the letter came; and what did Mrs. Darlington do but cry, and then laugh as merrily as the children did. For it really did begin to look like Thanksgiving.

That night she wrote a letter thanking Mr. and Mrs. Fenner, saying that they would all be there on the morning of Thanksgiving day.

The day came at last, and they got off, but it was raining, and they wondered why it should rain just as they were going to have Thanksgiving. At Howard they got out of the cars and ran into the station; and then they looked out of the windows and saw little rivers running down all the streets of the town.

"I'm afraid it isn't going to clear," said Mrs. Darlington to the children. "We'll try to find a covered wagon and then we can go on, in spite of the rain."

A small boy, who was lounging about the station, was sent in search of a wagon, and presently returned with one.

"Of course I knows where old man Fenner lives," said the driver. "I'll take you out there fur $3, that is ef ye can get there, but it'd be my advice to stay in town till it quits rainin'."

"Oh, we must go on," cried Mrs. Darlington. So the wagon was driven up under the shelter of the projecting roof and they climbed in.

"He says we'll be there by half-past 10," whispered Frank. "I'll bet the turkey's cookin' now; and maybe there'll be nuts—and raisins—and buttermilk."

The wheels went splashing through the mud, and as they went farther along the road it seemed to Mrs. Darlington that the difficulties increased. There were more streams and they were deeper and angrier.

"Gittin' pretty bad, ain't it?" said the

"I'M A LONELY OLD MAN," SAID THE OLD GENTLEMAN.

driver with a grin. "But that ain't the worst of it. It's my opinion we won't git to old man Fenner's to-day."

Mrs. Darlington's heart grew faint within her. She had so little money that she could not afford to spend any of it for lodging.

The driver was right, for after awhile they reached a stream that was away out of its banks, and that roared and boiled in the most threatening way. It was useless to think of going farther.

"Well, which'll you do?" said the driver, idly flicking his whip. "Shall I take ye back to town to stay all night, or shall I see the old man that owns this place an' git permission for you to camp in that cabin there till the creek runs down?"

No, they would not go back; so the driver went up to the farm house and soon came back with word that they were welcome to the use of the cabin. Five minutes afterwards they stood in the cabin door and watched the wagon out of sight around the bend; for the driver had declined to wait. He had done his part, he said; it was not his fault that the streams could not be forded.

"What shall we do?" exclaimed the mother, sinking down upon an old bench. "What an end to all our prospects or pleasure! What a Thanksgiving!" And the children began to cry.

"You just wait till I build a fire," Will called out cheerily; and in a little while he had a roaring fire started in the wide fireplace. Some dry boards and sticks of wood that he found under the house furnished sufficient fuel, and they all drew near to the pleasant blaze.

Then, while they were busy getting warm, Will surreptitiously counted the small store of coins in his pocket; little saving hoarded through many weeks, and now brought from home to spend on this wonderful Thanksgiving.

"Mother," he said suddenly, "will you lend me your umbrella a little while. I'm not going far." The mother asked no questions.

The gruff old farmer was sitting beside his own fire, when there came a gentle knock at the door; and in response to his surly "Come in," the door opened. A curly haired lad was there, lowering a dripping umbrella, which he was careful to leave outside.

"If you please, sir," he said. "I belong

ON THE WAY TO MR. FENNER'S.

to the family that you loaned the house to, down by the road; and we're very much obliged to you."

"Humph!" ejaculated the old man. "First one that ever thought to say so, and I've loaned the house a good many times."

"And if you please, sir," went on the little man in the door, "I came to see if you could sell me a turkey for Thanksgiving."

"My gracious!" exclaimed the old man with his eyes wide open.

"Yes, sir. You see, we were going to Mr. Fenner's to spend Thanksgiving, and it would have been the first Thanksgiving we've ever had; and it rained so that we couldn't get there. So I thought we'd just buy a turkey, and have Thanksgiving right there in that house. Will you please sell a 29-cent turkey?" And he held out his hand with 29 copper cents in it.

How that old man looked at the boy and pulled out a redbandana handkerchief and rubbed his nose with it until it was crimson.

"Whose money is that?" he asked, so suddenly that he almost made Will jump.

"It's all mine, sir. I've been saving it for a long time, but I thought I'd buy a turkey with it now, and surprise mother with it, and the children."

"The children! He talks about the children!" murmured the old man to himself. "Bless us and save us!"

And then all at once he said:

"You go along back down to the house, and don't you breathe a word about the turkey. I'll send it down, after awhile—a 29-cent turkey. No, you needn't pay me till you get the turkey. Go on—they're hard to catch, you know, but I'll see that we catch one. Hurry, now, or you'll get wet. And you want it for the children, eh?—bless my life!"

Will hurried back, wondering what the old man meant by all that, and half inclined to believe that he would never hear about the turkey again. However, he was a hopeful little fellow, and he ran into the house, built up the fire again and set the children to playing, so that they were in great glee in no time. As for the mother, she was becoming reconciled to the condition of things, too, even though they were bedless, dinnerless and a long way from home; and that on Thanksgiving.

After awhile, in the very midst of the play, the door was pushed open, and there stood the old gentleman with a huge basket, and behind him was his servant with another huge basket, and behind them was a wagon, with a table and some chairs and more baskets in it.

"I'm a lonely old man," said the old gentleman, with his hat in his hand; "and I was about to eat my Thanksgiving dinner by myself. But I thought better of it; I thought that perhaps you would allow me to bring it down here and eat it with you."

Then Mrs. Darlington broke down and could not say a word; and the servant went to work and made a very presentable dining room of the old cabin. Such things as were put on that table! The turkey itself was a marvel. And there were fruits and home-made bread, and golden butter and milk and cake—the like of it had never been seen anywhere. Then they sat down and ate, and it was perfectly marvelous what an appetite those children had. As for the old man, there never was such a jolly old man since the world began.

And after the dinner was over and while they were right in the midst of a game of blind man's buff, the board a shout, and when they looked out they saw that the stream had run down, and that Mr. Fenner's wagon was just fording it; and he was calling to the servant to know whether he had seen anything of a lady and a crowd of children—and just then he saw them.

Well, but there was rejoicing then; and Mr. Fenner could hardly shake hands with them for staring at his gruff-and-grim old neighbor wearing a blindfold and playing with the children.

"I don't often come out of my shell," said the old gentleman; "but I've come out to-day, and it's done me good."

"Stay out, now that you've come out," said Mr. Fenner. "There's a fine Thanksgiving hasn't been touched yet, at my house. Get in the wagon with the rest of us, and let's go home and see after it."

And, would you believe it, the old gentleman actually climbed into the wagon and they went over to Mr. Fenner's, and had another Thanksgiving that very evening; with such good things on the table as you never dreamed of unless you have lived in the country, and the Thanksgiving lasted over the next morning, and perhaps for a day or two longer.

And the best of it was that it stayed; for Mr. and Mrs. Fenner could not bear to give Mrs. Darlington up, and they fell in love with the children; and the result of it was that the Darlingtons were established in a little cottage, close at hand, and that Mrs. Darlington was given charge of the dairy and other things. They are now the happiest people to be found anywhere, with the old gentleman coming over every few days to play with the children, and with the hard times all gone.

USELESS QUESTIONS.

The Bane of the Patient and Long-Suffering Doctor Has.

Every profession has its petty annoyances, but probably the medical profession, above all others, from the mysteries attached to the human body, is more subjected to foolish and silly questions. A physician may spend the day, indeed, much of the twenty-four hours, in seeing cases, and, as a recreation, he may drop in socially to see a friend or attend a dinner or some other social attraction, and at once his neighbors begin to talk about the "wonderful human frame" and such things, and then some brilliant member of the company will ask, "Doctor, is there much sickness in the city?" as if the poor physician was a collector of statistics or knew just what the condition of the city was. Another person will call across the table or room, "Doctor, do you think I ought to be vaccinated?" and probably some especially scintillating member will say that she does not believe in vaccination, which, of course, settles matters at once.

The wise physician will keep quiet at such times and not let himself into a wild discussion which can lead to nothing between persons of unequal mental attainments. There is a temptation always to talk "shop," especially by those not in the "shop." The lawyer is asked his opinion in the parlor; the physician is consulted on the street corner. Such advice is worth usually just what it costs the person asking it, namely, nothing. No man should be called on to give an opinion for no remuneration when such an opinion may have cost not only time and money, but when it may, in a measure, involve the reputation of the person giving it.

If the public is to be instructed at all it should certainly be taught not to force any man to "talk shop" morning, noon and night.

Neat Trick in Bill Hanging.

"Of course, we used to put up small bills wherever they'd catch the eye," said a bill poster, who traveled with a circus, making one-day stands, "and one thing we used to do that always pleased folks was to hang a bill from a ceiling. You had to have a wooden ceiling, to start with, and then all you wanted, besides the bills, was a tack and a silver dollar. It took practice to do it, but when you'd got the knack it was very simple and easy.

"You attached two bills together, one at the foot of the other, so that it would hang down when the first one was attached to the ceiling. Then you folded the bills up, with a tack, thrust point upward through the top fold of the upper bill, with a silver dollar under it up against its head, and between it and the other folds of paper under it.

"Then, some time when the room was full of people—this might be a hotel office or perhaps a barroom—you tossed the bills up, and there was weight enough in the dollar to drive the tack into the ceiling far enough to hold. Then the weight of the paper itself and of the dollar would open the bills out, and the coin would drop and you'd catch it as it fell, and the chances are that not one man in five would see it fall. The bills would be seen, fastened up there somehow, most of the people wouldn't know how, and opening out with the lower bill hanging so you could read it.

"This was not the greatest thing in bill posting ever was, but, as I said before, always pleased folks."

Cecil Rhodes' Ambition.

Sixteen years ago Cecil J. Rhodes, then a man of small means and no political record, stood in a small Kimberley shop and looked for a long time at a map of Africa which hung on the wall. An acquaintance who had watched him for several minutes stepped up to Rhodes and asked him whether he was attempting to find the location of Kimberley. Mr. Rhodes made no reply for several seconds, then placed his right hand over the map and covered a large part of south and central Africa, from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean. "All that British!" he said. "That is my dream." "I will give you ten years to realize it," said the friend. "Give me ten more," said Rhodes, "and then we'll have a new map." Three-fourths of the required time has passed and the full realization of Rhodes' dream must take place within the next four years.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

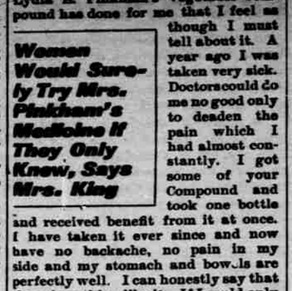
A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

Place a spool of cotton in the inside pocket of your coat, and, having threaded a needle with the beginning of the cotton, pass the needle through the front of the coat, unthread the needle and leave about two inches of the cotton hanging as if it were only a stray piece. The first person you meet will be sure to pick it off for you, and his astonishment, when he finds there is no end to it, will give plenty of innocent fun.

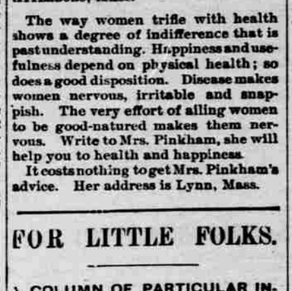
A Narrow Escape.

Mary's doll and Anna's
Are sipping cambric tea,
And they are as happy
As dollies well can be.
See! a lion enters.

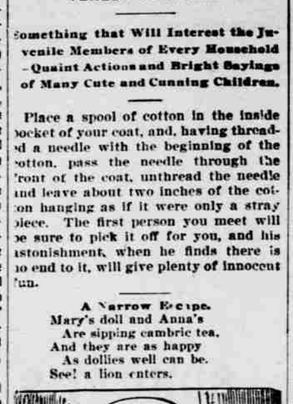


Also an Indian brave.
Oh, the hapless dollies!
Will no one come to save?

Haste, fond little mothers,
Wherever you may be,



If you don't come quickly
Dead dollies we shall see.
Here they come a-charging;



This does not look like fun—
Indian brave and lion
Conclude 'tis best to run.

Were you scared, sweet babies?
Well, now, no longer fear,
Nothing again shall tempt them
To leave their children dear.

Carlo as a Witness.

A grizzly St. Bernard proved this the other day in the superior civil court, to the satisfaction of judge, jury and witnesses.

About a year ago the dog was kidnapped from a Revere farmer, and subsequently sold to a Brookline livery stable keeper for fifty dollars. The Revere farmer advertised, but to no purpose. Business one day took him to Brookline. He was accompanied by his six-year-old daughter. They were driving slowly through the main street. Suddenly the child uttered a cry.

"Look, pa! Oh, look! look! Carlo! Carlo!"

There on the green, with tail extended and eye dilated, his great body trembling with the excitement caused by that voice he loved, stood kidnapped "Carlo."

"Oh, come, Carlo!" cried the child, eagerly. There was a merry bark, and the dog was by the side or the wagon in a twinkling, wagging his bushy tail and prancing in doggish glee. The farmer of course took possession of the dog. The Brooklineite laid his grievance before the court.

It took two days to hear the case. The complainant put in evidence to show that he purchased the dog of the man who reared him. On the other hand, the defendant described every mark and scar on the dog.

"I think I'll postpone the trial in order to have the dog in court as a witness," said the judge.

A deputy sheriff brought the canine to court the day following.

"Carlo!" called the livery stable keeper. The dog only sniffed and moved uneasily.

"Oh, Carlo! Carlo!" cried the farmer's child. The huge St. Bernard's tail went round. In another second he was bounding down the corridor to his mistress. The case then was submitted to the jury, and after five minutes' deliberating the jury returned with a verdict for the farmer.—Boston Daily Traveler.

A Cat that Earns Its Living.

That was rather a useful cat of Dick Whittington's, but it did not display a very positive kind of usefulness, as the store cat of a Sioux City grocery firm does. Tom—that is the grocery cat—is a very familiar figure to the customers, for he is always behind the counter with the clerks. When a bundle is tied and the string must be broken then it is that Tom springs up and runs along the counter, grabs the string in his teeth and with a deft bite and yank parts it. It is all done so quickly and is so astonishing that the customers think their eyes must have deceived them, as Tom cuddles down again and begins to purr cheerfully, waiting for another chance to cut the string. The grocery firm would not take a good deal of money for their cat, and he is most carefully provided for.

Small for His Age.

"Grandfather," said a saucy little boy the other day, "how old are you?"

The old gentleman, who was much under the ordinary size, took the child between his knees and said: "My dear boy, I am 85 years old, but why do you ask?"

The little fellow replied: "Well, it seems to me you are very small for your age."

Pie that "Ate" Well.

Ted's friend treated him to a piece of pie. It was so good that he wanted another, but thought it would not be polite to ask for it. So he sidled up to her and said: "Miss Turk, that pie eats well."

Startling News.

At the close of Mabel's first day at school she came home, and running to her mother she said: "Oh, mamma, one little girl was tidy and the teacher sent her home for a suskuse."

"Tommy Atkins."

"Tommy Atkins" has become the nickname of the British soldier from the fact that the printed forms used in the army have the name "Thomas Atkins" printed to indicate where the user should write his name.

What the "Funny Bone" Really Is.

That which is popularly known as the "funny bone," just at the point of the elbow is, in reality, not a bone at all, but a nerve that lies near the surface, and which, on getting a knock or blow, causes the well-known tingling sensation in the arms and fingers.

Liars don't seem to know that everybody would sooner listen to the truth than to a falsehood.

If you want to be loved make yourself lovely. Neither time nor chance can change you then.

In the minds of moody, distrustful persons, an insidious word reported by espionage, an appearance of hypocrisy, or a slight doubt, makes more impression than a thousand imprudences.

It is not so much what people don't know, as it is what they do know that isn't so, that causes trouble in this world.

HAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

DOING is a sure proof of believing.

Every man has his price—Calvary.

There is no sin so subtle as spiritual sin.

Christ is Jacob's ladder made real.

The gospel for the eternities is the only gospel for the times.

Truth wins her battles in the open.

Eternal life is a present possession.

No vocation is a perpetual vacation.

Do the next thing, and do all things.

Epicurean meals do not make athletic men.

Some big men are very small in God's sight.

A good man must be good as well as do good.

He who enslaves another, is thereby enslaved.

Patriotism without principle, is but prejudice.

Christ made no apology for preaching the truth.

If your life blesses God, God will bless your life.

It is hard work making an auger-hole with a gimlet.

True principles are as enduring as the throne of God.

Prayer meeting talk is not a sure criterion of piety.

Though humanity proves false, God will still be true.

Fires of envy warp and mar the things that are ours.

To speak of life's lesson, implies death's graduation.

The man who walks with God, never has to hunt his own road.

Christ towers above all the great men of history, like an Alpine peak.

Christian sobriety will not permit of our licensing a recognized evil.

In the scales of bigotry, the greatest of men have weighed but little.

Preaching for oratorical fame is not the kind of preaching God blesses.

Daniel was in training for his lion's den experience a good many years.

The preacher's power will increase as his distance from Christ decreases.

Nothing but God's righteousness will avail at the judgment seat of Christ.

Those who prefer the service of sin, must be satisfied with the wages of sin.

A word to the moderate drinker: your indulgence may mean a weaker brother's ruin.

The spider in the saloon, down in the slums, may entice your innocent boy into his web.

When you start to give your neighbor "a piece of your mind," be sure that you keep some for yourself.

Daniel would not bow to the king in his religious principles, but made the king bow to his religion.

A Boy's Dewey Souvenir.

Souvenirs of Dewey are to be had on every hand, if not for the mere asking, at least for the paying. But they are cold-hearted souvenirs that have no intimate connection with the life of the great Admiral. If one might get as a memento something that had been his own, that would be a different matter. A certain small boy has a keen appreciation of that fact. He feels that he has been more highly favored than the average mortal, for has he not even penetrated the sacred precincts of the Olympia, and met the hero of Manila face to face? He was taken aboard ship by his father. After his return home the family observed that the little fellow was going about carrying his hand carefully bound up in a handkerchief. "Have you hurt your hand?" they asked.

"Hurt my hand? No!" in disgust. Then in great dignity, "That is the hand that Dewey shook."—New York Evening Sun.

New Holiday in Colorado.

Colorado has added another name to its list of harvest festival days. Beginning with "Watermelon day" at Rocky Ford, which has been a great holiday for several years, there have been added "Strawberry day," "Peach day," "Fruit day," "Corn Roast day," "Potato day" and the interesting "Festival Mountain and Plain." The addition this year to the list is "Game and Fish day," which was put in operation at Steamboat Springs on Sept. 8, and was an undoubted success.

The child taught to believe any occurrence a good or evil omen, or any day of the week lucky, hath a wide inroad made upon the soundness of his understanding.

Two Puns.

In "Passages from the Diaries of Mrs. Philip Lybbe Porrys" there are some amusing chronicles of eighteenth century small beer. For example:

Princess Amelia asked a remarkably tall young man what he was intended for.

"The church," said he.

"Oh, sir, you must mistake," said the Princess. "It was certainly for the steeple."

Hitherto this retort has been attributed to Curran; but Mrs. Porrys was smiled upon by many of the great ones of the earth, and was therefore in a position to credit it to the right person. At all events, Curran has had the honor quite long enough.

Mrs. Porrys also notes a new Pope pun. One day Sir Walter Blunt's father was in Pope's company, and talking of punning. Pope said that was a species of wit so trifingly easy that he would answer to make one on any proposed subject, off-hand, when a lady in the company said, "Well, Mr. Pope, make one on headbanging."

He instantly replied, "That, madam, is indeed putting a man under a hard ship" (hard ship).

One of the trials of those interested in the culture of flowers is the presence of destructive insects. Persons who have been discouraged by the trouble and often lack of success attending the use of insecticides will find the following simple and easily prepared wash entirely effective. It is the recipe of Mr. Eben E. Rexford, an authority of national reputation.

Shave a quarter of a pound of Ivory Soap in water sufficient to cover it and dissolve upon the stove, then add five gallons of warm water. Spray this solution upon the plants with a florist's syringe, or if they are small dip them bodily into it. In either case, be sure to reach every part. Let them stand half an hour and then rinse with clear water.

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ROMANCE

Concealed in a Ring Bought in an Old Curiosity Shop.

"I picked up this ring in a Royal street curio shop," said a visitor from New York to some friends last evening, extending his forefinger as he spoke and exhibiting an antique gold hoop, set with a veined red stone, not over half an inch across. "You think it is rather ugly, I suppose," he continued, "and so do I, but while examining it at the shop I happened to notice that the setting was inordinately thick, and I bought the thing 'on suspicion,' as the saying goes. When I got outside I put my knife blade to the edge of the little band around the stone and this is what happened—see!" The dull red setting opened like a lid, disclosing a tiny portrait of a woman, the smallest and most perfect miniature any of the admiring group had ever seen. The face was strangely sweet and pensive; it was that of a woman apparently about 25 years old, and the arrangement of the hair, as well as what could be seen of the dress, indicated a period somewhere in the forties. On the edge of the setting were some curious angular marks, but whether they were intended for a name or a date nobody could determine. "I first thought the picture was a daguerreotype," said the owner of the ring, "but closer inspection showed that it was painted, either on enamel or ivory. You will notice that the cheeks are tinted, after the old style, while the rest is in black and white. It is certainly a wonderfully fine piece of work, and that there is a romance connected with it goes without saying. Look at the hoop—how it is worn? The minature must have been painted more than half a century ago, and I dare say this woman is sleeping now in one of the old cemeteries here in town. I would give a good deal to know the history of this trinket, but it seems to be lost—hopelessly lost."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Peas and Beans Nutritious.

Peas and beans are the most nutritious of vegetables, containing as much carbon as wheat and double the amount of muscle-forming food.

It is his willingness to pay a good rental that gives his Satanical majesty the choice of apartments in some mansions.

Glass Doors in Ovens.

Glass doors are used in some of the new cooking stoves, to enable the cook to watch the food in the oven without opening the door.

We do not get enough spiritual help all at once to last us forever. It is gradual, and we must look for it constantly.

What I want is frankness, confidence, less conventionality and freer play of the soul. We are dreadfully artificial.

It is no credit to any man to work for half-price and board himself, and it is no credit to any one to pay such wages.

Pity is too cheap and common to be worth much.

Force yourself to take an interest in your work and the effort will soon become a pleasure instead of a hardship.

Trees of Enormous Size.

The largest tree in the world is to be seen at Maseall, near the foot of Mount Etna, and is called "the chestnut tree of a hundred horses." Its name rose from the report that Queen Jane of Aragon, with her principal nobility, took refuge from a violent storm under its branches. The trunk is 204 feet in circumference. The largest tree in the United States, it is said, stands near Bear Creek, on the north fork of the Tule River, in California. It measures 140 feet in circumference. The giant redwood tree in Nevada is 119 feet in circumference.