

RESURGAM.

"I shall arise." For centuries Upon the gray old churchyard stone...

AN OLD MAID.

Of course I was an old maid; anybody in Maple Ridge could have told you that...

Nevertheless it did seem hard that she and her baby should have the one spare room and a fire, and coal so dear.

It was one dull, rainy evening in February when poor Susie came to me with her pitiful story of sacrifice she had resolved to make.

She came in quite early for it, but the rich silk was all finished. I trembled a mite as she scanned it so closely.

"You are looking far from well, Mary; brother Tom would hardly recognize his old sweetheart if he could see you now.

"Good advice—excellent," said Susie in a hard voice, and I was glad she had not noticed what Mrs. Greathouse said about her brother.

"I wish you had charged her \$15 instead of \$5, Mary. The dress was worth it."

"Dear Mary—Accept a little present from a loving friend."

"That was it. We looked at each other stupidly."

"Who could have sent it? Oh, Susie, it's a mistake!" I gasped.

"No, it is not; the letter is sent to you and is for you. I find it is just \$100. I'm so glad."

I kept the money. I needed it so sorely, and they all said it really was mine; but I felt uneasy all the time.

Once more "the lady" entered and dropped in my lap another letter and a book.

This letter was not so bulky, but when I opened it I found that it contained two bills of \$100 each.

"What—who?" I began vaguely as before, when once more "the lady" bent over Susie and me, and, winding her white arms around our necks, fell into a violent fit of weeping.

"Oh, my sisters," she sobbed, when she could speak. "Do you think me blind as well as heartless? Do you think you are to do all the work and me none? Dear patient fingers!"

"There's the book," she continued; "read it when you can. I began it when my husband was first taken ill. I fancied I could get it done in time to help him, but I couldn't. Yet he knows—the most know—how glad I am to be able to help those so dear to him."

"Florence," I said in wonder, "what are you talking about?"

"Why, my book; it is there in your lap, as well as the money for it—a portion of it. I always scribbled more or less, but in a careless manner, until I saw the great need, and then I found I could write even better than I dared hope. I never told because I wanted to surprise you. Susie, little sister, don't dream of that distasteful marriage. I was so afraid it wouldn't come in time to save you. And Mary, gentle one, I've something for you even better than gold. I—forgive me! I found out all about your sad love story, of the quarrel long ago, and the lover in the West, and I sent a little bird with a message of your faithfulness, your noble life, and the answer came, (Oh, the West is not very far away): 'I'm coming.'"

I wondered why Susie, with such a face of peace and joy as I had not seen her wear for years, should look startled and step back, while "the lady"—oh, such a lady—stood between me and the door.

Suddenly she bent and kissed my hot cheek, and deftly snatching the comb that held my curls so very primly—as I deemed most becoming a staid old maid—she fled with Susie into the next room and closed the door.

I knew then why she had held herself so persistently before me, for standing on the threshold of the outside door stood a tall man, tanned and bearded.

I could not speak. I would have fled, too, but I could not move.

The tall man smiled and approached me, took me in his arms and whispered: "Is it my own little Mary?"

And somehow in his sheltering arms I found my tongue and answered boldly: "Yes, Tom."

We call her "the lady" still, sometimes, for she is famous now, and rich, and Susie and her children live with her. The old folks have found a better home with Fred, and I cannot help but think they told him how we love his wife and of all the happiness she brought us.—The Old Homestead.

The total consumption of raisins in the United States amounts to about 53,000,000 pounds.

The Longest Beard in the World.

We give below a picture of what is probably the longest beard in existence and which would be a fortune to its owner in this age of freaks and dime museums.



It belongs to an individual named Louis Coulon, of Montlucon, France, and measures seven feet in length. As the owner is scarcely five feet in height the length would be seriously in his way.

Short and Sweet.

- "Just back from America, Mr. De-luge?" "Ya'as." "Blasted country?" "Beastly!" "How's the people of New York?" "Rabble." "The business men?" "Dabble." "The wives and mothers?" "Gabble." "The girls?" "Babble." "And out West, among the Indians?" "Battle." "And cowboys?" "Cattle." "And mining mills?" "Rattle." "And nice country-town people?" "Tattle." "Did you go far West?" "Seattle." "Any old mansions in America?" "Flats." "Who inhabit them?" "Bats." "What games prevail?" "Ball bats." "In the cities?" "No, brickbats." "Visit the prisons? What's the system?" "Mush." "And in the foundling asylums?" "Hush." "Many poets?" "Gush." "And the habits of the men?" "Lush!"—Chicago Ledger.

Boston Brown Bread.

Brown bread always goes with Boston baked beans and for this reason must, of course, be canned likewise. The mixture for this essentially Boston product is made in enormous tubs, with its due proportions of rye and Indian meal, molasses, soda and sour milk. Then it is packed in cans and baked like other things. As the small boy says at the end of his school composition, this is all there is about brain-food at the modern Athens.—Piscayune.

Tangled Up.

"Do you like America, Pat?" "I do, although the first bit of meat I ate since I arrived was a roasted potato." "Indeed!" "Yes, and that was boiled yesterday." "That don't sound right." "You don't believe me? I've got it in my pocket now."—Chicago Ledger.

Retribution.



Country Folks in New York.

Two New York girls, both school-teachers, walked up Broadway and talked to one another upon the presence of the country folk. One of them said last night:

"We had heard so much in school about the strangers in town that we wanted to see for ourselves. Well, we saw them, and, while they are amusing, still they are not to be criticised as much as some New York women. Yes, many New York women ought to be criticised. What do I mean? Well, just this: The country women who are here are not painted and powdered. It's shameful the way so many fashionable women are beginning to lead off in this abominable fad. That was one way we could tell the strangers from the city people. Another thing we noticed was that there were so many women on the street in felt hats. Now felt is for winter, and every New York woman has her light spring hat by this time, and we could easily pick out the country people by this difference. This point showed us that there were thousands of our country cousins here. Another indication of their presence was the style of their clothes. Almost every New York girl boasts either a whole Directoire gown or at least wears a Directoire coat, but there were strings of women whose dresses were of the older styles, and these were unmistakably strangers. Besides all these things, the city women—most of them—wear a few flowers, but the country women do not."

"The chief way we discovered the presence of so many 'jays' was by their staring. The children particularly are regular gawpers, and they walk along with their fathers hand in hand. Every once in a while on our walk up Broadway there would be a blockade. Why? Well, because a pair of strangers would suddenly halt and stand stock still and lift their heads as they stared at some big hotel or other sight. They would get in the way of the New-Yorkers, and the New-Yorkers would watch them curiously for a moment, and then smile at each other and circle around."—New York Sun.

The Noise of Thunder.

One of the best descriptions of a common natural phenomenon is that recently given by M. Hirn, in which he says that the sound which is known as thunder is due simply to the fact that the air traversed by an electric spark—that is, a flash of lightning—is suddenly raised to a very high temperature, and has its volume, moreover, considerably increased. The column of gas thus suddenly heated and expanded is sometimes several miles long, and, as the duration of the flash is not even a millionth of a second, it follows that the noise bursts at once from the whole column, though for an observer in any one place it commences when the lightning is at the least distance. In precise terms, according to M. Hirn, the beginning of the thunder-clap gives us the minimum distance of the lightning, and the length of the thunder-clap gives us the length of the column. He also remarks that when a flash of lightning strikes the ground it is not necessarily from the place struck that the first noise is heard. Again, he points out that a bullet whistles in traversing the air, so that we can, to a certain extent, follow its flight, the same thing happening with a falling meteorite just before striking the earth. The noise actually heard has been compared to the sound produced when one tears linen. It is due really to the fact that the air rapidly pushed on one side in front of the projectile, whether bullet or meteorite, quickly rushes back to fill the vacuum left in the rear.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Old-Time Election Bet.

Judge Joseph Cox, a few days ago, in overhauling some papers belonging to the estate of Robert Crawford, deceased, found the following unique note given by Amos Worthington, head of the well-known family of that name, now long deceased.

"On the first day of January, 1829, I promise to pay Robert Crawford, one beaver hat of the value of nine dollars. The condition of the obligation is such that, if John Quincy Adams is elected President of the United States at the next Presidential election, then the above obligation is to be null and void, otherwise to remain in full force and virtue. Amos Worthington.

"Cincinnati, Jan. 1, 1828."

This is the way the lively boys of sixty years ago recorded their election bets.—Cincinnati Commercial.

A company of Chinamen styled the Imperial Chinese Dramatic Company of San Francisco is playing at a Chicago theatre. The play produced is said to be 3,000 years old.

Even the evil one has one good quality, that if we resist him he will flee from us. Though cowardly in him it is safety to us.

Happy Homes. Here's a health to the wives and the mothers Who sit in our households to-day; Who are glad when they brighten for others The hours that go drifting away. May their eyes keep the light of the gladness, Their hearts hold the fulness of bliss; That banish shadows and sadness, And what need we ask more than this? But—how can this happiness be kept? What shall protect those we love—those who make a Heaven of the Home—from the ravages of disease that is often worse than death—that is, in fact, a lingering death? The question is easily answered: Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—the standard remedy for all those peculiar diseases to which women are subject—is what must be relied on to preserve the health of wife and mother. It prevents those diseases, and cures them. It is a blessing to women, and therefore a national blessing, because it gives health to those about whom the happiness of home centers, and the strength of a nation is in its happy homes.

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