

THE BEST OF LIFE.

Not till life's heat is cooled,
The heaving rush slowed to a quiet pace,
And every pulsed passion that has raged
Our nobler years, at last
Spurs us in vain, and weary of the race,
We care no more who loses or who wins—
Ah! not till all the best of life seems past
The best of life begins.

To toll for only fame,
Handclappings and the fickle gusts of praise,
For place or power or gold to gild a name
Above the grave whereto
All paths will bring us, were to lose our days,
We, on whose eons' youth's passing bell has
In blowing bubbles, even as children do,
Forgetting we grow old.

But the world widens when
Such hope of trivial gain that ruled us lies
Broken among our childhood's toys, for then
We win to self-control!
And mail ourselves in manhood, and there
Upon us from the vast and windless height
These clearer thoughts that are unto the soul
What stars are to the night.

—The Spectator.

A MAN'S CHOICE.



JANET'S fortune!
How much is it,
mother?" said
Ronald Mitchell,
as he carefully
measured the
anchovy for his
salmon.

"Nothing less
than the whole
Cross-Me-Joof es-
tate and \$10,000
good money in the Bank of Scot-
land."

"Too little. I could not sell myself
so cheap."

"But there is the lassie forbye;
she is not bad looking, and she is a
careful housewife and a good Chris-
tian."

"Doubtless, mother, she is better
than she's bonnie; but I know a girl
wider ever so much more than Janet
McDonald."

"That will be Baillie Johnson's
daughter?"

"You do me too much honor; I do
not aspire to a woman six feet high,
especially when her temper is of equal
proportions."

"Well, Isabelle has a bad temper,
but Janet is different; she has—"

"No heart."

"She has plenty of money."

"And no intellect."

"But she has interest enough to send
you to Parliament."

"I don't want to go there, and I do
want my dinner, and you are taking
away my appetite." And Ronald drew
the moor-cock toward him and helped
himself liberally. There was a few
minutes' silence, which did not deceive
Ronald; he knew it was a trap for
breaking of the storm. His
mother's attitude of indifference and
listlessness was all assumed; he was
perfectly familiar with it, and knew
what a spirit it hid.

She was only hesitating now to open
the subject which lay nearest her
heart. While she was hesitating, a
servant brought in a card and gave it
to her.

"It is Wylie Ronald," she said;
"you had better go and see him."

"Why so, mother? I know nothing
about the property. You and I have
always managed it. Besides, I have
an engagement at half past seven."

"But something must be done.
Every year the rents are decreasing.
My income will soon be at starvation
point."

Ronald looked up and smiled in-
credulously.

"Oh, yes. I keep up an appearance
of course, and I suppose I shall
always be able to do that, for I am
not one of the foolish women who
spend as they go. I have laid a little
by to help the future; but what is to
become of you?"

"Heigh-hoo! I have a good angel,
I suppose."

"A good wife would be more to the
purpose, and if you would only marry
Janet McDonald, she would bring you
a fine estate besides, she is a prudent
lassie (and would help you to keep the
gear well together.)"

"How do I know that Janet would
love me?"

"I have already spoken to her."

"It was throwing words away,
mother. If there is anything else I
can please you in, I shall be willing
and obedient, but I cannot cast my
life away—not for gold, at least."

"Let you are going to do it for a
pretty face."

"You are mistaken. I have my
price, I suppose, but neither land nor
beauty are able to buy me."

"The conceit of men is wonderful;
it passes the comprehension of women.
Where are you going this evening?"

"To Mrs. Sorley's."

"To see Mrs. Well, Ronald, re-
member, if you decline to accept Janet
McDonald as your wife, I also decline
to receive Eva Sorley as my daughter.
I suppose the right of rejection is left
to me as well as to you."

"Not equally, mother. You cannot
make Janet my wife; but I, by marry-
ing Eva, can make her your daughter."

and divined in them something new,
even before she saw him.

"What is the matter, Ronald? I do
not believe I shall all you 'sans souci'
to-night; you look troubled."

"You may call me the 'Disinherited'
Knight, for I think my trouble will
amount to that."

"What have you been doing?" said
Mrs. Sorley.

"My sin is one of omission, madam.
You see, I am only a part of the estate
to my mother. She wants to invest
me profitably, just as she does the in-
terest of her savings. At present she
allows me five hundred pounds a year;
but if I refuse to carry out her plans,
she will withdraw it. What am I to
do?"

"Ask Eva."

Eve met the questioning face with
one of confidence.

"Go to work, sir, and make five
hundred pounds a year. I will marry
you when you can earn three hundred
pounds. What do you say to that?"

"That you are the loveliest and
bravest little lady in Christendom; and
he fairly lifted her in his arms and
kissed her."

"Put me down, Ronald, and listen
to what I say. You are six feet two
inches high, and strong as Hercules.
You never have a headache, and are
just twenty-two. 'Disinherited!' Pah!
Your inheritance is in your
own keeping. The world is given to
the children of men; go into it, and
take your portion."

Nothing strengthens a man in
trouble like the sympathy and help of
the woman he loves. Ronald went
from Eva's presence gifted with a
definite purpose. The inward change
had its outward evidences. It was per-
ceptible in his tread, which had lost
its usual lazy swing, in the manner
which he ascended the steps, and in
the impetuous way in which he flung
hat and gloves on the hall table, and
entered his mother's presence. She
partly turned her head, and said, in a
sleepy manner:

"Your energy is exhausting and un-
necessary, Ronald; I wish you would
be more gentlemanly."

He tried to obey her, as he had al-
ways done, but he was too excited.
Before he got half across the room he
stumbled over a small ottoman, and
then kicked it out of his way.

"What is the matter with you? What
kind of company have you been in, to
bring such a riotous influence back
with you?"

"I have been with two of the noblest
women in the world, mother."

"Indeed! I am sure I should never
have thought so."

"I told you I was going to Mrs. Sor-
ley's, and I have been."

"Very well, sir; that is enough. I
am not curious about the family. We
will change the subject, please."

The habit of obedience was so strong
that he remained silent.

"The Wilkies were here to-night.
They wish you to join a fishing excu-
sion to the Trossachs. I told them I
was sure you would go."

"You are mistaken, mother. I
shall be better employed, I hope."

Mrs. Mitchell raised her eyes in-
credulously, but asked:

"How?"

"I am going to try and find some
work."

"Work! and pray, what can you
do?"

"Indeed, mother, very little; but I
can learn. I have been taught nothing
useful; my education is superficial,
and no profession has been given me.
I am not even fit for a clerkship. I
see nothing before me but manual
labor, unless you continue my allow-
ance while I study law or medicine."

"You have begun at the wrong end
of your story. Now be pleased to be-
gin your argument properly. What
led you to form this resolution?"

"Your remark this evening. You
declared that if I married Miss Sorley
I should no longer be your son."

"Quite correct."

"Then, as I am determined to marry
Miss Sorley, it becomes necessary for
me to consider some way of support-
ing her and myself."

"True; for you can hardly expect
me to support a young woman I al-
lowed. As for continuing your allow-
ance, I shall do no such thing. I will
give you a month to reconsider your
conduct, and if at the end of it you
still prefer this—this—"

"Miss Sorley, mother?"

"This girl, sir. You can take her,
and go your own way. That is all I
have to say."

But it was easier to determine to
work than to find the work to do, and
if it had not been for the strengthen-
ing influence of Eva, Ronald would
perhaps have become discouraged.
The month drew to a close, and still
no employment had been found.

"What shall I do, Bright Eyes?"
said Ronald one evening. "It seems
as if there were no place in the work-
a-day world for me."

"Oh, yes, there is, only you have
not found it yet. And do you know,
Ronald, mamma and I have been talk-
ing of your going to America?"

The suggestion was not new to the
young man; his own heart had been
giving him the same advice, and the
subject, once broached, soon assumed
a tangible form. It was thoroughly
discussed and arranged, and Ronald's
place taken in a steamer leaving two
days before his month of grace ex-
pired.

During all his trials and prepara-
tions Ronald's home—never a happy
one—had been becoming daily more
wretched. His mother wearied him
with alternate reproaches and en-
treates, and his friends pitied or
abused, advised or laughed at him.
Still the last night he was to spend
under his mother's roof he made
another effort at reconciliation.

"I have a miserable headache to-
night," he said. "Kiss me, mother,
for the sake of old times."

"Certainly, Ronald, if the kiss im-
plies that you have recovered your

senses and are willing to follow my
plans for your welfare."

"I cannot give up Eva, mother."

"You are old enough to choose be-
tween us. If it is Miss Sorley, her
kisses must suffice you."

"At least, mother, shake hands."
"You are sentimental to-night—a
thing I have no use in the world for.
Obedience is the test of love."

"Well, good night, mother."
"Good night, sir."
And thus they parted.

Hard as his parting was with Eva it
did not sadden him like the unnatural
"Good night, sir," of his mother.

After Ronald's departure Eva waited
hopefully and happily for the good
news she was sure would come. Nor
did she wait in vain. In two years
Ronald had completed his study for
the law and opened a small office in a
flourishing town in Western New York.
For some time his practice was small,
but at the end of the fourth year he
was making more than enough to claim
the redemption of Eva's promise.

Mrs. Sorley accompanied her daugh-
ter to America, and lived many happy
years with the young couple. Ronald
is always a warm defender of that
much abused character—a mother-in-
law.

As years wore on the little cottage
was added to and enlarged until it be-
came the pride of the town, and Judge
Mitchell's house and gardens, his horses
and servants are certain evidences
of an income vastly above the £500 a
year he refused to accept as an equi-
valent for manhood's noblest rights and
privileges.

Ronald is a portly, middle-aged man
now, and Eva, though still beautiful,
has lost the early bloom of youth, but
up and down the long piazzas, and
through the shady arcades of elm and
chestnut, beautiful boys and girls
play, walk or read, uncontrolled by
any element but a wise and patient
love. For Ronald has still a sad re-
membrance of a home cheerless and
loveless amid all its splendor, of a
childhood unblest by fairy lore or
mother's kisses and of a youth in which
everything was to have been sacrificed
for interest and ambition.

Mrs. Mitchell still lives. If her
heart ever softens toward her son she
never suffers it to make any sign. She
is apparently as indifferent to his later
honors as she was to his early struggles
and trials. It is likely even that she
may outlive her busy, hard working
son, whose brain and heart carry the
cares and sorrows of many besides his
own, for

"The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer
dust
Burn to the socket."

A Wonderful Petrified Forest.

Down in Apache County, Arizona,
covering a tract of ten miles square,
on Government land, is a wonderful
petrified forest which has been visited
by many tourists and frequently de-
scribed in newspapers, magazines and
books. Some of the trunks of the
trees are 200 feet high and from seven
to ten feet in diameter. The exhibit
of petrified wood from this forest in
the Manufacturers Building at the
World's Fair will be remembered, and
also the beautiful samples that were
shown in the Arizona Pavilion.

In many respects the color and grain of
the petrifications are superior to the
Mexican onyx, although they cannot
be obtained in such large slabs. The
forest is being rapidly plundered by
speculators and tourists, and the Leg-
islature of Arizona has sent a petition
to Congress that the land be with-
drawn from entry and set aside as a
park.

As it was evident that Congress
could not take any action upon the
petition during the closing hours of
this session, a copy was forwarded to
the Secretary of the Interior, who
will cause an examination to be made
at once to determine whether he can
withdraw the lands. The law author-
izes the President of the United States
"to set aside and reserve, in any
State or Territory having public lands,
any part thereof covered with timber
or undergrowth, whether of com-
mercial value or not."

The word "undergrowth" in this
statute has been construed to give him
authority to withdraw from settlement
waterways to facilitate the develop-
ment of irrigation, because in the arid
countries streams are always bordered
by bushes and small trees. But the
petrified forest is not a watercourse,
and the law officers of the Interior De-
partment do not think it can be law-
fully considered "timber" or "under-
growth," although it was the former
once. There is no precedent for the
reservation of public lands for the
preservation of natural curiosities, al-
though every one will concede that
there ought to be a law authorizing it.
The canons of the Colorado and other
great phenomena of nature have been
withdrawn under the timber law, be-
cause there are trees along the banks
of the stream and on the cliffs, and I
do not think any one will object if
the President assumes the right to do
the same for the petrified forest until
Congress may have an opportunity to
make some permanent provision for
its care and protection.—Chicago
Record.

"Tsar! What is Tsar?"

At a banquet last summer at Arch-
angel, when the health of the Em-
peror was given, we English rose and
(in accordance with our custom) re-
peated the name, exclaiming, "The
Tsar." My neighbor on my left—the
commander of a Russian line-of-
battle ship then in the port—turned
to me and said in French, "The Tsar!
What is that you mean by the Tsar?"
It seemed to me that he had never
heard the title applied to his Emperor.
—Notes and Queries.

The number of emigrants from
British ports to the United States in
1894 was lower than the number in
1893 by twenty-five per cent.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

HOW TO AIR A BED.

It is not everybody who can make a
bed well. Beds should be stripped of
all belongings, and left to air thor-
oughly. Do not, however, leave a
window open directly upon a bed and
with a fog or rain prevailing
outside. It is not uncommon to see
sheets and bedding near a window,
with, perhaps, rain not actually fall-
ing, but with ninety per cent. of hu-
midity in the atmosphere, and the
person sleeping in that bed at night
wonders the next day how he caught
cold. A room may be aired in most
weather, but the bedding and bed must
not absorb any damp.—New York Dis-
patch.

AN IDEAL SLEEPING ROOM.

In a bedroom just furnished the cur-
tains, bed-cover and canopy are of
fine white dimity scattered with little
sprigs of flower and leaf in pink and
olive. The bed-cover is made with a
deep flounce of the material, gathered,
about an inch and a half from the
edge. This part makes a little ruffle
that heads the flounce. The cover is
laid over one of pink satin, also made
with a flounce. This flounce has no
heading. The drapery at the head of
the bed is simply a long, wide scarf of
the dimity, with a ruffle a finger wide
on one side of its length. On the back
of the bedstead there is fastened a
wooden brace that has a brass rod with
a hook at the end fastened to it. The
scarf drapery depends from the brass
arrangement, and is draped back
gracefully like a curtain at each side
of the head-board.—New York Post.

FURNISHING THE BEDROOM.

It is well to remember that in times
of illness your bedroom is either your
prison or your pleasure. Cheerful-
ness and absolute comfort are the re-
quirements here. The room should
not be incumbered with much furni-
ture; it is far better whenever possi-
ble to have the furniture fitted and
fixed. Recesses such as frequently
occur right and left of the chimney
breast should be fitted as wardrobes;
their simply painted panel doors add
much to the appearance of the room.
Pictures are of doubtful advantage in
a bedroom.

There is just now a happy reaction
in favor of the so-called chintz papers
of bold flower patterns; they give a
delightfully cheerful look to a room,
and with them pictures are quite out
of place. Papers with cold gray
grounds should be avoided; they are
always dull and cheerless. It is a
good plan and a clean and wholesome
one to paint the margins of the floors
for about eighteen inches from the
walls. Paint is better than stain. It
is easier to renew when worn, and can
be applied to any old floor where stain
would make a bad job; it also offers a
variety of coloring that helps in the
decoration of a room.

With a painted margin less carpet is
wanted, the carpet need not be elabo-
rately "planned" to fit recesses and
projections, and, being of rectangular
shape, it can be changed end for end
when one part gets a little worn. The
modern brass bedstead is surely an
ugly object, with its hard, unsympa-
thetic glitter. How much better to
have bedsteads of hard wood well de-
signed, or with head and foot paneled
and painted. Surely, taking into con-
sideration the greater attention now
paid to matters of cleanliness and
sanitation, the old dangers that led to
the disuse of wooden beds need
scarcely be feared.—The National Re-
view.

WHAT MAY BE DONE WITH SALT, VINEGAR,
KEROSENE AND AMMONIA.

Salt on the fingers when cleaning
fowls, meat or fish will prevent slip-
ping.
Salt thrown on a coal fire when
broiling steak will prevent blazing
from the dripping fat.
Salt as a gargle will cure soreness
of the throat.
Salt in solution inhaled cures cold
in the head.
Salt in water is the best thing to
clean willow-ware and matting.
Salt in the oven under baking-tins
will prevent their scorching on the
bottom.
Salt puts out a fire in the chimney.
Salt and vinegar will remove stains
from discolored tea-cups.
Salt and soda are excellent for bee-
stings and spider bites.
Salt thrown on soot which has fallen
on the carpet will prevent stain.
Salt put on ink when freshly spilled
on a carpet will help in removing the
spot.
Salt in whitewash makes it stick.
Salt thrown on a coal fire which is
low will revive it.
Salt used in sweeping carpets keeps
out moths.

Vinegar will "set" dubious greens
and blues in gingham.

Vinegar is an antidote for poisoning
by alkalis.

Vinegar will brighten copper.

Vinegar and brown paper will heal
bruise or "black eye."

Vinegar and sugar will make a good
stove polish.

Vinegar and salt will strengthen a
lame back.

Vinegar used to wash the wall be-
fore papering will help the paper to
stick.

Vinegar for soaking lamp wicks
makes a bright light.

Kerosene simplifies laundry work.
Kerosene in starch prevents its
sticking.

Kerosene is a good counter-irritant.
Kerosene will remove rust from
bolts and bars.

Kerosene will remove fresh paint.
Kerosene will remove tar.

Kerosene on a cloth will prevent
flat-irons from scorching.

Kerosene cleans a brass, but it should
be afterwards wiped dry with whiting.

A solution of ammonia cleanses
sinks and drain pipes.

Ammonia takes finger-marks from
paint.

Ammonia in dish-water brightens
silver.

Ammonia in water keeps flannels
soft.

Ammonia is good in washing lace
and fine muslin.

Ammonia cleanses hair-brushes.
Ammonia bleaches yellowed flannels.
Ammonia brightens windows and
looking-glasses.—New York World.

Where Do Children Learn Lying?

A Chicago kindergarten teacher says
that mothers come to her so often,
asking how they shall break their
children from telling untruths, that
she has almost come to think that ly-
ing is a National evil. Humiliating as
is this conclusion, its truth cannot be
gainsaid.

"I am so distressed," said a mother
to her boy's teacher, "that Freddie
could deceive you so. I can't imagine
why he is so untruthful; his father is
truth itself, and I am sure no one ever
heard me tell a lie. Call him in," she
added, turning to her little daughter.

"He won't come if he knows Miss —
is here," said the child. "Say it's
grandma wants him," suggested her
mother; "that will fetch him."

And yet she wondered at her boy's
untruthfulness!

"Have you a dog?" asked a tax col-
lector at another home.

"Not a dog of any description,"
was the prompt reply.

"What about Speck, mamma?" asked
the little son, appearing in the door-
way with a tiny dog in his arms.

"Cost me two dollars," laughed his
father, relating the incident. "Capital
joke on his mother, though."

Rather a costly joke, involving the
loss of a boy's respect for his mother's
veracity, and by reflex influence low-
ering his own standard of truth.

"You're a half an hour late, Willie,"
said another mother, "but here's an
excuse; give it to the teacher, and she
won't say a word." The child, who
couldn't read writing, confidently de-
livered the note; it was an urgent re-
quest to have him punished, a mean
revenge for some trouble he had given
while being bathed and dressed.

It means little lies and petty decep-
tions on the mother's part are the
child's early object lessons, what
wonder that he soon outstrips his
teacher, and even shocks her by his
proficiency in the art.—Donahoe's
Magazine.

Hunting Porcupines in Egypt.

I had an adventure one evening,
when, just before retiring, I turned,
on hearing a noise, and beheld a large,
black object rolling towards me. My
hair began to rise on end. I took a
brave stand and flapped my towel at
the intruder, but on it rolled. I was
cornered; but when I stamped my
foot and "shoo-ed" vigorously, it
took a stand, too. Then it rolled
away and disappeared. My husband
returned from his errand, and I, after
relating my adventure, mounted a
chair in true woman fashion—for my
courage had rather oozed out at my
feet in that heroic stamp—and left my
husband to poke around the room,
umbrella in hand, after the unknown
and unseen foe, which I described to
be about as large as a puppy. Nothing
came to light; and "hubby," after the
manner of men, teased me unmercif-
fully as he rumbled around with our
best umbrella, while from my perch I
insisted that such an object really had
attacked me, and that my natural his-
tory remembrances were unable to
cope with its species.

Finally, much to my triumph, the
foe was unearthed from behind the
portmanteau, and the erudite hunter,
after a prolonged stare of astonish-
ment and a prolonged poke of his
weapon, declared it to be a little porcu-
pine! He determined to kill it and
bring it home to show his prowess as a
hunter in a foreign land; but first he
went and displayed it to our hostess as
a sample of what was generously
thrown in with the room and not in-
cluded in the board bill. Horrors! It
was one of her pets, which, with its
two brothers, she, according to Egyp-
tian custom, kept to rid the house of
roaches and other pests! Therefore
we had to return porcupineless to
America.—Demorest's Magazine.

Converting Salt Water Into Fresh.

According to the Revue Scienti-
fique, Mr. Pister, an Austrian engineer,
has discovered a curious property of
the trunks of trees—that of retaining
the salt of sea water that has filtered
through the trunk in the direction of
the fibers. Mr. Pister utilizes this
property for obtaining potable water
for the use of ships' crews. The ap-
paratus, which has been patented,
consists of a pump, which sucks up
the sea water into a reservoir and then
forces it into the filter formed by the
tree trunk. At soon as the pressure
reaches from 1.5 to 2.5 atmosphere,
the water is seen (at the end of from
one to three minutes, according to
the kind of wood used) to make its
exit from the outer extremity of the
trunks, at first in drops and then in
fine streams. The water thus filtered
is potable, having been freed from
every particle of saline taste. The
tree trunk measures fifteen feet in
length, by from five to six inches in
diameter.—New Orleans Picayune.

He Fined Mark Twain.

Among the recent deaths at San Fran-
cisco, Cal., was that of Alfred Barstow,
a pioneer lawyer, who, as a justice of
the peace, once had "Mark Twain"
before him for "painting the town
red." "Mark" was then a newspaper
reporter, and Barstow remitted the
fine of \$10 on the future humorist's
showing; that he possessed only a plug
of tobacco and a broken jack-knife.—
New York Tribune.

SONG.

My heart is the shore when the tide is green,
And the argent feet of a lovely dawn
Walk far and near o'er the rocks and sand,
With a loveless space 'twixt the sea and land,
For thou art gone!

My heart is the shore when the tide is green,
With yearning lips and songs, and some
Have waked a song in the shore's lush grass
Where the wild rose blooms and the curtains
pass,
For thou art gone!
—Eugene Field, in Chicago Record.

PITH AND POINT.

Deaf mutes would never answer in
a telephone office.—Hartford Journal.
There is a new pretty woman in
town for the women to hate.—Atlanta
son Globe.

A man's experience teaches him to
fear nothing on earth but his friends.
—Atheistson Globe.

Many of the men who are constant-
ly coming up are the weeds of the
garden of progress.—Pack.

Love needs no definition. Men and
women loved long before there were
dictionaries.—Detroit Free Press.

The first thing a girl does after a
young man calls leaves is to look at
herself in the glass.—Atheistson Globe.