Great feelings hath she of her own Which lesser souls may neve God giveth them to her alone

Yet in herself she dwelleth not

Which most leave undone or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things Round us her heart entwines and clings, To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is: God made her so. And deeds of week-day hol Fell from her noiseless as the snow; Nor hath she ever chanced to know That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto Her life doth rightly harmonize; Feeling or thought that was not true Ne'er made less beautiful the blue

She is a woman—one in whom

The spring time of her childish years

Hath never lost its fresh perfume,

Though knowing well that life hath roo

For many blights and many tears. I love her with a love as still

As a broad river's peaceful might, Which, by high tower and lowly mill, Goes wandering at its own free will, And yet doth ever flow aright.

country. You really are an orphan—have no father or mother?"
"Yes, sir. I never had none of either," sighed Mag, in tones that convinced the youth of her sincerity.

In a few moments Ned had written a little note upon a pad of paper that lay at hand, folded it, and given it to the child.

\*\*A little thief!" he cried. "Why, so you care—a little thief that has stolen my

Mag nodded wisely.

"If you cannot get to the meeting tonight, go to-morrow," said Ned. "There's
a ten-cent piece for you, so you'll be
sure of your supper. And, Mag, if Mr.
Smith sends you to a nice place, be
good. Don't steal or lie, or do anything
wicked, and say your little prayers every
night, and grow up a good girl."

"Yes, sir, I'll try," said Mag. Then
all of a sudden she began to sob violently.

"Nobody never talked so good to me
before!" she said. "I'll remember
always—"

before: Sie assa-always."

Ne d heard the feet of his employer on the stairs, and led Mag to the door, put her gently forth, and draped the shawl over the shoulders of the dummy, which was presently rolled in and put away for the night with the other objects which had been set forth to attract cus-

As it happened, Ned did not see good Mr. Smith again. The prayer-meetings soon came to a close, and he never knew whether Mag carried the note to the minister or not. It was possible that she was a little hypocrite who grinned at the good advice he had given her, and went thieving again next day. However, he was glad, for Fanny's sake, that he had been as kind to her as possible. At all events, he never saw her ble. At all events, he never saw her again, and it was not long before he left the store and sought his fortune in Cali-

little note upon a pad of paper that lay at hand, folded it, and given it to the child.

"You know the place where the people meet to pray every night?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Mag. "I listens at the doors sometimes. I likes the singin."

"Go in to-night, if you can," said Ned, "and ask to speak to Mr. Smith. Give him that note. The woman who beats you must not see it, remember."

Mag nodded wisely.

"If you cannot get to the meeting night, go to-more."

Character Sketch from the Back woods of Eastern Kentucky.

A young Methodist minister, lately equipped for business in his line, took a trip on horse-back through Eastern Kentucky in search of a place from which he could distribute spiritual food to the best advantage, when he encountered an old fellow in a field near the road digging potatoes.

octatoes. "Good morning, old gentleman," spok "Good morning, old gentleman," spoke the young minister with a pious smile. ("It's not sich a very good mornin'," was the reply, "but I guess it'll do ter say how dy."
"Where do you live, old gentleman?"
"Don't yer see me?"

"Yes."
"Well, I'm livin' at present where y e me standin'."
"How far is it to the nearest church

house?"
"Donno—never measured it from
whar you're standin'?"
"Are there a good many church members in this neighborhood now?"

"Donno."
"Donno."
"Why don't you?"
"Why don't you?"
"Cause thar is a big-to-do at Gaines
ville to-day, an the people, may mostly
be thar. I ain't been over the neigh
borhood this mornin' in search uv church

The property of the start beauty compared to the property of t

got put in prison last week for hooking a shovel."

"Why don't you take warning then?"
Ned said.
"I didn't see none," sobbed the child "I only saw the shawl. If none of us don't bring nothin' home, she hits us. I'm all black on my back, bein 'hit. I knowed she'd like a shawl, and when she likes what you bring home you get sausage."

"Poor little soull." sighed Ned. "A moment more," cried Mar. "Man," said the child.
"And is 'she' your mother?" asked the boy, "No," sobbed the little creature. "Them's that's got mothers has good times. She keeps us out of charity. Her name is Old Sally. She is mostly drank and can't work, and we hooks and begs what we can."

How like pretty Fanny's blue eves were those turned up toward Ned! How unlike the fate and condition of this child!

"Well, Mag, I've got a little sistenome," said Ned. "She's about your age, and I can't help feeling sorry for you. I ought to tell Mr. Matthews, and make a charge against you; but I haven't the heart. Look here; wouldn't you like to live a nice life out in the country, and not have to steal and beg?"
"Wouldn't I—just." cried the child.
"Yeny well," said Ned. "She's about your gift from wrong. One day dear Mrs. Rawdon came here. She had not an interest be lifted thing. I remember I was so proud for your note to remember you by, and the charted Every pear he sends poor orphans to the for your note to remember you by, and there is no suffering.

### THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

ause for Anxiety-A Leading Ques tion-He Regretted It-Both Need. ed. &c., &c.

Visitor-What a great head of hair Visitor—What a great Johnny has! Johnny's Father (with some uneasi-neass)—Yes, and we can't get him to take any care of it. It worries me a good deal. I am afraid the boy is going to be either an Anarchist or a poet.—[Chicago

Quester—Hello, old boy! You look rather the worse for wear. What have you been doing with yourself? Jester—Been off on a little piscatorial toot, that's all. Quester—Yes, but what did you fall in

Jester—What did I fall in with? Why, I fell in with all my clothes on.—[Boston

Benedict—Hello, Singleton; I haven't met you for ten years—since I married my wife, m fact. By the way, that was rather mean of me, cutting you out when you were engaged to her.

Singleton—Oh, that's all right. I don't regret it, old man!

Benedict—But I do!—[Boston News.

Fair Querist - Husband, dear, are

Fair Querist—Husband, dear, are there two "I's" in business? Wideawake Husband—Certainly ther are, my love. A man who goes into busi-ness with one eye is going to be badly left.—[Pittsburg Bulletin.

MET HIM AT THE DOOR.

Fred—Did you find the old gentleman out when you called to see his daughter Harry—No, it was myself I found out POLITE.

Starboarder — A very polite sneak thief came into our house the other

night. Flatman—Polite? Starboarder—Yes. He lifted all the hats he found in the hallway.

TREATING AND RETREATING.

"Your cheeks should mantle with the blushes of shame when you think of your retreat, General."
"Madame," said the Aide, "the General's nose is the feature that shows the effects of the re-treat."—[Truth. SURE TO FIT.

"Oh, show me an engagement ring, Unto the clerk he cried, d ad unto her a pledge I'll bring, Who is to be my bride."

What size," the clerk inquired, "will

do?"
"I do not know," wailed he,
"Just what the measurement of Su-San Jenkins' hand may be."

"Bo not despair, but take this band
I find upon the shelf;
I'm sure 'twill fit fair Susan's hand;
I used it once myself."

[Washington Star. IT HAS THAT EFFECT. "Why do you suppose Miss Popular

is so giddy?"
"She goes around so much."—[Truth When I see Wealth and Cupid

Run a bitter race,
I'll bet on Cupid 10 to 1—
For second place.

"I love her, but I cannot marry her ot because her father was my father's eward—but she is wealthy and I am

not."
"But my dearfellow, by marrying her you only get back what her father stole from yours."
"That's so. Guess I'll try it after all."—[The Epoch.

JUST THE REVERSE. "Ah!" said a friend to a bank cashier

whom he met hurrying to catch a train "going off for a rest?"
"No; to avoid arrest." BOTH DEAD.

Visitor-Tommy, what are you going to be when you grow up?

Tommy (aged 10)—A soldier.

Visitor—But you will be in danger of

setting killed.
Tommy—Who'll kill me?
Visitor—Why the enemy.
Tommy—Then I'll be the enemy.

A POINT IN HIS FAVOR.

Ethel—I don't think I will ever car nything for him. Clarissa—You don't? Ethel—No; he has never paid me compliment.

Clarissa—He is all the more entitled to your respect. That shows that he is truthful and conscientious.

IN A HURRY.

(anxiously)-What did your

ather say?
She (sweetly)—Nothing, except that
the would look you up and see if you had
nough to support a wife.
He—Um—my dear, hadn't we better
blope to-night?—[New York Weekly.

AN ORIGINAL SYSTEM. "Fledgling is making himself quite popular as an amateur phrenologist."

"Indeed! I thought phrenology rather a difficult thing to master."
"Not under Fledgling's system."
"What is his system?"
"Why, you see, he studies the characters of his acquaintances first and then tells them what kind of heads they have."
—[New York Press.

FOR THE SAKE OF QUIET "My daughter admired both law and music, so I had her study law." "What impelled you to that choice?" "I think practicing law is quieter than practicing piano-playing."—[Truth.

HARDER TO KEEP THAN A SECRET.

"I keep an umbrella at the office and one at the house always," said Pompers, "and am never taken at disadvantage by "You are luckier than I am then," said Sophty, "I never can keep one any-where,"

A REASONABLE SUGGESTION "I wonder where that storm is that old Capt. Hedges has been prophesying for o long?"
"It's probably been postponed on account of the weather."

BOARDING-HOUSE PLEASANTRIES

"Bread is the staff of life," observed Mrs. Hashem. Mrs. Hashem.

"Yes," remarked the new boarder, as he wrestled with a home-made slice, "and I think this might be used effectively for a club."—[American Grocer.

NOT DISCONCERTED.

Secretary—The people have tumbled our \$100 for \$40 benefit society, and ron't take any more shares.

President—We'll soon fix that. Promse them \$200 for \$40.—[Good News.

A DEFINITE DATE.

"So you're five years old, Nellie!
Well, when will you be six?"

"On my next birthday, sir!"

LOTS OF OFFERS. Ethel-I have had more than fifty ffers so far this season.

Maud—For the land's sake! Who

from! Ethel—From George. CUT OUT.

Mr. De Cutter—Why this sudden coo t ness, Cla——I mean Miss Beauty? A few days ago you allowed me to infer that I had at last won your favor and

perhaps—
Newport Belle—That will do, Mr. De
Cutter. A new yacht has arrived in the
harbor, and it is ten feet longer than
yours.—[Good News. A NOBLE FELLOW.

"What sort of a fellow is Jorkins" "Most considerate man in the world.
Why he even laughs at the circus clown's lokes for fear of hurting his feelings by keeping quiet.—[Epoch.

VERY PROBABLE.

Ethel-I think Mr. Dauber admires n Clarissa—I should't wonder, dear. He old me the other day that he had a great dimiration for art.

SHE KNEW BETTER

Jimpson—People have been telling you, no doubt, I'm entirely too "fast." Cora (yawning)—Yes; but I would never believe them.—[New York Herald.

BOUND TO RISE.

The phrenologist ran his hands rapidly over the boy's head, reflected a moment, and tried it again, but more slowly.

"Well, professor," said the boy's father, "what calling do you find him best fitted for?"

"Judging from his cranial development," replied the phrenologist, breaking it as gently as he could, "I think he would make a good parachute jumper."

—[Chicago Tribune.

"WHO WOULDN'T?"

An American Girl's Adventure in

An American Girl's Adventure in Mexico.

Baron Strauss said the American women were so popular in Mexico that they interfered with the wheels of justice in that republic.

"The American women," he said to a reporter, "go about Mexico as they would in this country, while the Mexican women are caged up like birds. The only way to make love to them is to stand off some hundred yards and stare.

"The pretty senorita sits in her open window, and you can only look at her. There is one chance in a hundred of getting an opportunity to speak to one while she is in church, but that is the only chance.

while she is in church, but that is the only chance.

"Last summer a New York merchant and his beautiful daughter stopped for a few days in the little town where I was sojourning. The young lady was one of the handsomest that I have ever seen—light hair, eyes like bits of heaven's blue, classic form and all that was lovely.

"Well, you con imagine what a stir she created among the young Mexicans, who are held so far away from the native women. The son of a wealthy planter used to stand for hours opposite the window of this American girl. One day the father went to the City of Mexico, leaving the daughter unattended for a few hours. The young lady walked to the hotel from the station and was followed by the Mexican admirer. As she was nearly home the young fellow rushed up to her and implanting a kiss upon her forchead ran away for dear life. When the father came home there was a little excitement. He had the young fellow arrested and the next day he was brought before the judge, who gravely asked what the charge was.

"'Assaulting a woman,' spoke up the New Yorker.

"'He ran up to my daughter on the street and kissed her.

"'He ran up to my daughter on the street and kissed her.

"'He kissed this lovely lady?' asked the judge, as he carefully scrutinized the fair American.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, who wouldn't!' remarked the judge as he left the court room. And would you believe it, that was all the satisfaction the New Yorker could get is Mexico."—[Detroit Sun. "Last summer a New York merchant

A Cold Greenhouse.

A Gorman horticultural journal says that one of the latest inventions in medicine is the use of cold greenhouses in tropical countries as a means of combating yellow fever. This disease, it states, are can be conquered if one removes to those elevated regions in which oaks will grow. This fact recently inspired a celebrated Cuban physician with the idea of reducing the temperature of sick rooms by artificial means, and wonderful cures resulted. Now it is proposed that, in districts liable to the epidemic, each town shall erect a great glass house in which plants of cold and temperature regions may be grown, the temperature being artificially cooled instead of heated, as in our greenhouses, and that they shall be devoted to the treatment of patients suffering from the fever.—[Garden and Forest.]

### Electric Lights in Europe.

The electric light is still an expensive luxury in England, yet several small continental towns enjoy the light at a very small cost. Where waterfalls are close small cost. Where waterfalls are close than the person of the continuous continuo Sophty. If never can keep one anywhere."

A TERRIFYING SUBJECT.

Blinks—I saw a man turn pale and tremble to-day at the mention of the American Navy.

Klinks—El! Was he a foreigner?

Blinks—No; he belongs to the marines and he can't swim.—[Good News. snook rr.

Dector—Did you shake the medicine before taking?

Dector—Did you shake the medicine before taking?

Dector—Crainly. It was too late to give it the shake after taking.

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