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My Philosophy.

Through life's mutations
I onward move,
And all gradations
Of fortune prove;
To-day, in sunlight—
To-morrow, shade,
I meet all changes—
I am at ease.

I take the pleasure
So freely given,
In toil or leisure,
Thanking Heaven,
Whatever the sorrow,
Whatever the joy,
Nought I sorrow
That shall annoy.

I live for duty,
Yet always find
Flowers of beauty
For heart and mind.
Whither my pathway
Daily leads,
There's constant bounty
For daily needs.

Sometimes in sadness
I walk alone;
And then in gladness
—Forget to moan.
The dark hours flying,
Reveal the day;
The clouds but shadow
The burning ray.

Be mine the power
To cheer the sad;
The happy spirit
To make more glad.
Oh that my words
And deeds could prove
To fellow mortals
That God is love!

Still to be truthful,
Gentle, true,
All that is noble
I would pursue.
A grateful spirit
To be given,
And I shall achieve
A day's heaven!

—E. B. Russell, in *Home Journal*.

PEARL'S GOLD PIECE.

"Red wins!"
It was the croupier's hoarse cry, again
and again reiterated, only diversified by
that of "Red loses," which broke the
stillness in the superbly appointed room
at Hamburg, with the gaming table in
the center, round which was gathered
his eager votaries, behind whom were
the scarcely less interested group of
lookers-on.

"Come away, my dear," said a very
lovely woman among the spectators, in
a low whisper to her husband. "I am
sorry we came. This is no place for
Pearl," indicating, with a nod of the
head as she spoke, an exquisitely beau-
tiful girl, scarcely more than a child of
some twelve or thirteen summers, who
stood beside them.

"Come, Pearl!" the father said.
But the girl stood entranced, her eyes
fixed upon a man's face seated at the
farthest end of the table. It was a
strikingly handsome face, even when
wearing, as it now did, an expression of
calm, born of desperation. No trace of
color was in either cheek or lips.

His eyes shone with a strange and
hard glitter, and were fixed upon the
balls as they swung round, as though on
the color uppermost hung his hope, or
life or death.

And so it was! He had sat down pos-
sessed of a fortune; he rose a beggar!
Fate had turned him with his mocking
hopelessness, until he had played his
last stake, only to see it swept mer-
cilessly from him.

He half rose from the table. What
more was to be done, save to go out
somewhere in the still night air, and
send a bullet through his heart and
brain?

It was at this moment the girl, with
flushed cheeks and half-parted lips,
darted to his side.

"Take this," she pleaded, "for my
sake," and pressed a gold piece into his
cold hand.

He turned. To his excited imagina-
tion she seemed scarcely mortal, in her
pure child-like loveliness. His first im-
pulse was to return her offering—he was
not yet an aim-taker; but again rang
out the croupier's cry of command to
take the stakes.

The child stood breathless in her ex-
pectancy, her eyes burning with fever-
ish interest.

A sudden impulse overmastered him.
Without speaking a word he placed the
gold upon the table.

The next minute a small pile of gold
was at his elbow. He staked it all again.
Again he won. A bright spot of scarlet
replaced the pallor on his cheek, which
spread and deepened as Dame Fortune,
who had so persistently frowned upon
him, now reserved for him only her
smiles.

Morning was breaking when he arose
from the table, no longer a desperate
man, but with his fortune three-fold re-
turned to him.

After the first winning he had turned
to return the child her offering, but she
had vanished. Should he ever find her,
ever repay the debt? He knew not; but,

standing out under the clear blue sky,
with a great weight lifted from heart
and brain, Harry Clayton vowed that
it should be his life search, but that the
lesson taught him should never be for-
gotten, and the gaming tables should
know him never more.

Six years passed, and Harry Clayton
was winning name and fame in his own
land in his profession as an artist.

Standing one night in a crowded as-
sembly some one in passing touched him
lightly on the shoulder with her fan,
and glancing around, he met the smiling
face of his hostess.

"Come," she said, "I want to pre-
sent you to my belle. If you can pre-
vail upon her to give you a sitting, and
transfer her coloring to canvas, you will
render yourself immortal."

"Is she then so beautiful?" he ques-
tioned.

"Judge for yourself," she lightly re-
joined, leading him to a little group
doing homage to the fair girl in its cen-
ter.

"Miss Rayburn—Mr. Clayton," were
the formal words of the introduction, as
Harold bowed in acknowledgment be-
fore the woman whom his artistic eye
confessed the most beautiful he had
ever met.

Before the evening was ended he might
have added, the woman he had ever
loved, since she had awakened in him
an interest as new as it was strange.

Through the next week the face
haunted him. They met again and the
charm grew and deepened. He could
not define it, he scarcely acknowledged
to himself; only away from Miss Ray-
burn he was restless and uneasy, until
he again found himself within the scope
of her fascination.

Yet her nature remained an enigma to
him. Although so young in years, so
beautiful in form and feature, she
seemed cold even to haughtiness, re-
sistant almost to scorn.

It was as though some exquisite mar-
ble statue had risen in his pathway,
which might some day warm into life.

She welcomed him whenever they
met in a manner which, while it gave
him no cause for complaint, yet chilled
the hope springing within his breast.

One day, on going to her home, the
servant met him at the door with the
announcement that she was very ill.
This knowledge brought other knowl-
edge—the fact he could no longer con-
ceal from himself that he loved her, and
that on his hope of winning her hung
his life's happiness.

He went back to his studio, wretched
and despairing, and seated himself at
his easel. He had not meant to paint
his face—his brain seemed unconscious
of his finger-tips; yet, when the morn-
ing broke, it was his features smiling
upon him from the canvas, and he re-
membered the hostess had uttered on
the night he first had met her—that
this should be her ender himself immor-
tal.

He grew pale and wan in the days of
anxious suspense, when those who
watched over her couch knew not
which would conquer, the angel of life
or death. But there came an hour, never
to be forgotten, when he was admitted
into her presence.

She was very white, very fragile, but
more beautiful than in the coloring of
perfect health. A new expression, too,
was in the violet eyes raised to welcome
him.

"I am very glad to meet you again,"
she said, gently. "I hear you have
been anxious about me. You were very
kind."

Then the words he had not meant to
speak burst from his lips:
"Anxious!" he said. "Can a man,
Miss Rayburn, perishing with hunger,
hear of the fainting without a shudder?
I am presumptuous, you will say. It is
true. What is my life with its many
sealed pages in which your eyes could
never look, that I should dare offer it to
you. And yet, purified by your love, I
would try to make it worthy. Tell me
—answer me! If I serve as Jacob
served Rachel, is there hope that I may
win you? My darling! my darling! I
love you! I cannot live my life without
you! Will you not share it?"

Lower and lower dropped the lids,
until the long, dark lashes swept the
marble cheek, while the sweet mouth
trembled; but the momentary weakness
passed as she spoke:

"Forget all that you have said, Mr.
Clayton. It can never be."

"You do not love me?" he questioned
sadly.

Again that swift expression of pain
flitted across her lovely face.

"I shall never marry," she answered.
"But, and in her voice crept an almost
pleading tone, "I need my friend very
much, Mr. Clayton, do not desert me!"

"I cannot," he replied. "To desert
you would be to desert the hope of one
day forcing you to unsway your cruel
words—the hope which will go with
me to my grave."

What was the barrier between them?
This was the question ever ringing in
Harold Clayton's ear. As she looked
when she pronounced his doom, so he
fancied she might have looked when the
statue warmed into life.

Since then she had been colder, more
distant than before; but he had caught
the momentary expression and trans-
ferred it to the picture, on which his
every leisure moment was spent.

He was thus engrossed one morning,
ever striving to add new beauty to his
almost perfect work, when a low knock
at the door aroused him.

"Come in!" he called, and then bent
anxious to his task, without so much as
raising his head, until a low laughing
voice sounded beside him.

"We were caught in the shower, Mr.
Clayton, and I persuaded Margaret to
seek shelter with me here. I did not
dream she would find herself stalled."

It was Mrs. Somers who spoke—the
lady who first presented him to Miss
Rayburn—whose introduction he had,
unknown to her, carried out.

"Margaret," she added, turning to
her friend, "you have been sitting for
your portrait and did not let me know.
Why have you kept it such a secret?"

"He had now sprung to his feet in time
to see the rosy tide spread over Margaret
Rayburn's face."

"It was a liberty I took without Miss
Rayburn's knowledge, Mrs. Somers,"
he explained. "I assure you I have
never been so fortunate as to secure a
sitting."

"Well, you shall have one now, and
you must thank me for it," she rejoined,
while Margaret turned away to ex-
amine the sketches lying around in pro-
fuse confusion.

"Here are sketches taken while I was
studying abroad, Miss Rayburn," said
Harold. "Will you amuse yourself by
looking at them?"

"I will return in a few moments," in-
terrupted Mrs. Somers. "Wait for
me, my dear."

A word of exhortation rose to Mar-
garet's lips, but too late. The door
had closed behind the speaker.

Silence fell between the two thus left
behind, when a low cry arrested Har-
old's attention. He sprang to Miss Ray-
burn's side.

Her eyes were fixed on a little sketch
she held in her hand. It represented a
gambler, at one end of which sat a
man, haggard, desperate, despairing,
and by him a child, holding out to him
a single gold piece, with a smile in her
eyes, and seemingly a prayer on her
lips.

"You would know the history of that
picture," he said. "Let me tell you:
Years ago I was in Hamburg. The
gaming tables attracted me, and every
night found me beside them, losing or
winning according to the fortunes of the
hour. One evening the demon ill-luck
pursued me. I lost and lost, till I found
myself alone in the room. In the
vain hope of retrieving it I went on,
until I knew I was beggared. Mad-
dened, desperate, I determined to put an
end to my miserable life, when some one
touched my shoulder; a child angel
stood before me, and slipped into my
hand a piece of gold. For my sake,
Margaret, I determined to put an
end to my miserable life, when some one
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John, King of Abyssinia.

King John of Abyssinia, although
only in his thirty-eighth year, has already
proved himself a man of no ordinary
calibre, both as a soldier and as a sove-
reign. He has thrice defeated and all
but destroyed the invading forces of
Egypt, while at the same time making
head against the disaffection of two
powerful vassals, who have since made
submission and accepted commands in
his army. Among his immediate atten-
dants is the Ras Warena, the conquered
chief of the Amhara province, who
seems quite content with his position at
the court of his conqueror. A traveler,
who spent some time with the king in
his camp at Ambachura, describes him
as short in stature, with small hands
and feet, but perfectly proportioned and
possessing great strength and endurance.
His finely cut profile, delicate mouth
and chin, and almost feminine smallness
of ear, are striking enough in a barbaric
African chief. "He is grand to see on
his beautiful charger," continues the
narrator, "carrying his spear and shield,
bareheaded and barefooted, with only
the great toe of each foot in the stirrup,
which is merely a silver ring. He is a
splendid shot, and very fond of firearms.
His demeanor is extremely simple, be-
ing entirely devoid of the boastfulness
and vanity that distinguish most savage
princes; and he is naturally of a studious
disposition, well read in the laws of
Ethiopia, and of remarkable temperance
and piety of life." King John's cease-
less activity and wonderful capacity for
business recall the popular descriptions
of Frederick the Great, to whose per-
sonal habits his own are in some points
closely akin. He rises every morning at
three and reads the Psalms of David
by candle-light for two hours. Then
comes church, after which he holds his
court of justice for several hours, often
before fasting food. The rest of the day
is divided between State affairs and the
native sport of gollas, a sort of javelin-
throwing, like the Moorish darts. The
evening hours are spent in study; and
by nine he is in bed, as befits such an
early riser. The king's ordinary dress
is the simple native kumrie or white
blanket, with a crimson stripe along the
sides. He wears the symbolical crown of
the Abyssinian king. The king pro-
fesses great friendship for England, and
has placed a translation of the queen's
letter to him in every church of his
kingdom. One of this model ruler's
London agents was the late well known
publisher, Mr. Henry S. King, in whose
store on Cornhill the autograph of
"John, King of Ethiopia," is still to be
seen.

A Wild Ride.

A Leadville (Col.) correspondent of
the Philadelphia Record thus describes
descending the Rocky mountains in a
coach: "It is now six o'clock and to-
tally dark. Lamps were placed on the
leading coach, and we start again in
finding life to complete our journey.
Imagine our feelings in such a scene.
Descending the mountains in a dark-
ness only relieved by the starlight, the
coach rolling and jumping at every
step, ladies and children begging to be
taken out and allowed to walk, with a
light snow commencing to fall, and
every prospect of being caught in a
storm. I find myself placed, with two
others, on the outside back seat of the
second coach, and it was not many
minutes before we all three found our-
selves rolling over in the snow, with the
hind wheel of the coach hanging over a
gully. The two leaders on our coach
were skittish animals, and overpower-
ing our driver, bolted. Fortunately,
just ahead of us was a sliding, made to
allow vehicles to pass each other with-
out danger. Our driver had sufficient
presence of mind and also control over
the leaders to guide them to a place of
safety, but just before reaching it a
bounding jump of the coach threw all
three of the rear outside passengers off,
only one of the number, an old traveler,
jumping clear and alighting on his feet.
It was well for me I fell in a soft place.
Some passengers in the first coach
rushed to the heads of the horses and
stopped them at a moment when the
hind wheel of the coach was hanging
over a gulch, and when the team was
nearly a narrow and dangerous path-
way. The ladies and children were
screaming and begging piteously to be
let out of the coach, but the driver was
inexorable. We had taken our chances
and he was determined to push on. We
mounted again and proceeded cau-
tiously, still on the ice, every step
seemingly to us being full of danger, on
account of the almost total darkness and
the difficulty of seeing the track from
drifting snow. Again our leaders bolt,
but this time our driver quickly re-
covers his command over the beasts,
and requesting some of the passengers
to go to their heads he unharnessed
them, and hitching them behind the
coach drove down to the level country
with four horses only.

Over 1,500 persons are employed in
chair making in the town of Gardner,
Mass., yielding over \$2,000,000 worth
of stock annually. They required sixty-
five new houses last year.

Very taking—Colds. Very glad—The drug-
gists. The very best remedy—Dr. Bull's
Cough Syrup.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The quickest courtship and marriage
on record is reported from Batavia,
Ohio. Miss Lucy Roberts, of that place,
and Mr. Lighter, of Finlay, Ohio, being
the contracting parties. Mr. Lighter,
who is a young blacksmith, visited Ba-
tavia on business, saw Miss Roberts,
became enamored at first sight, sought
her acquaintance, proposed, was ac-
cepted and married her instantly. The
whole proceedings did not occupy more
than three hours. Miss Roberts is a
brunette, very fascinating and has some
reputation as a musician.

The latest swindle on the farmers is
the "census-taking." A gentlemanly
fellow drives up with blanks for statis-
tics of the farm—bushels of wheat, num-
ber of cattle raised, acres under cultiva-
tion, etc. Between the tables and the
foot of the page, where the farmer signs
his name attesting the statement, is a
blank space, whose existence is ac-
counted for as affording room for mis-
cellaneous information. In a month
more the farmer receives notice from a
neighboring bank that his note for \$150
is due. He knows nothing of the note,
but investigation shows that the "cen-
sus-taker" has filled in the blank with
a promise to pay, which, being now in
the hands of an innocent holder, must
be paid by the unlucky dupe.

Minnesota weather is famous for its
intensity in the winter season. A clerical
friend of the New York Observer
writes from Caledonia: "I drove twelve
miles over the sparkling snow, and
through the crisp air, with the ther-
mometer ranging from twenty-four de-
grees to thirty-five degrees below zero.
It was certainly cold, but if I had not
left my foot-stove at home, I could have
stood worse weather. One of these still
cold days, with the air almost free from
moisture, is far more enjoyable than a
damp cold day in New York city, with
the mercury much higher. Of course, I
was well wrapped in a light overcoat,
a shawl tied in the Scotch way, and over
all a Buffalo great-coat extending from
my nose to my heels. My beard was so
full of ice when I reached home that I
could hardly have bitten into an apple."

For several years efforts have been
making to find an acceptable substitute
for mules in hauling coal barges on the
Pennsylvania canals. A new attempt
will be made this spring. A steam
canal boat is now in course of construc-
tion, to be put on the Lehigh and Dela-
ware canal between Mauch Chunk and
New York. The craft is to be entirely
of iron, except the cross beams and
deck. It will be eighty-eight feet in
length, ten feet seven inches in breadth,
and will be propelled by a ten-horse-
power steam engine with a screw wheel.
It is said that, by a new invention to be
applied to the screw, there will be but
little agitation to the waters, and the
washing out of the banks will conse-
quently be avoided. The boat will have
a carrying capacity of 105 tons of coal
when drawing five feet of water. If it
works satisfactorily a number of them
will be constructed.

The reports of ravages of diptheria in
Russia offer a fresh and most lamenta-
ble instance of the extent to which the
greatest human calamities may be aggra-
vated by ignorance and superstition. It
is often found absolutely impossible to
persuade the Russian peasants to ac-
cept medical aid of any kind, even when
in extremity. To all such offers they
reply with their wonted fatalism, "If
we are to die, no medicine can save us;
if we are to live, we don't need it." The
prolonged fates of the Greek church, the
practice of baptizing infants in ice-cold
water, which it would be thought im-
pious to warm, and of clothing them in-
sufficiently until the age of seven, in
compliance with some absurd supersti-
tion, yearly cause countless deaths.
Nothing is more astounding to a for-
eigner than this utter recklessness of
life among the Slavonian races, which
evidenced itself during the great cholera
epidemic of 1871, in details whose gro-
tesque horror surpassed anything in De-
foe's history of the London plague. One
poor wretch actually pointed with pride
to a coffin which he had "bought cheap"
as soon as the pestilence began, and kept
standing in a corner of his room ever
since, in readiness for immediate use.
"You know," he added, with a ghastly
chuckle, "if my wife and I should die
about the same time, we can both go
into this coffin, and that will save the
expense of another!"

An "elegantly dressed, gentleman"
walked through the crowded streets of
London the other day, followed by a
little black pig, answering to the name
of Johnny, and he kept as close to his
master's heels as would an affectionate
dog. A recent traveler in Italy says he
saw a grown pig used there to hunt
birds, and he would scent, stand and
flush them as well as the best-trained
pointer or setter.

There were 8,614 deaths in Chicago
during the year 1879.

Then and Now.

I picked a rose from a wayside hedge.
One summer long ago;
"This flower," I cried, in my swelling pride
In the love of her who walked away side,
"In its odor sweet and burning glow,
Our future shall be the pledge;
Its future shall be the pledge;
And all the young hearts of the town
For my happy lot, my rose, full blown,
They envied me.

In my hand I hold a withered flower;
Faded like my youth in its burning glow,
Its petals are black in the sooty young track,
It has been the emblem of life, already
Since that summer of long ago,
When I crowned the maid in boyhood's hour
With its bloom in boyish glow,
And yet for the love of that early day,
For the memories fond that round it play,
It is dear to me.

—Boston Transcript.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The Alta Italia railway (Italy), re-
cently advertised for 1,000 employees,
and 28,000 applied for places.

It's the same with men as with eggs.
You can't tell whether they are good or
bad till they're broken.—*Leader*.

Spain has ninety-two, dukes, 886
marquises, 633 counts, ninety-two vis-
counts, and ninety-eight barons.

Up at Manitoba the thermometers
have to have basements; they can't get
low enough on a dead level.—*Chicago
Inter-Ocean*.

The value of farms in the United
States is eleven billions. In four years
therefore, the farm products equal the
value of the farms.

A Miss Nannie Williams has become
the wife of Mr. Goat, of Stephenville,
Texas. She is now Mrs. Nannie Goat.
—*Rockstar Herald*.