

"No, you idiot!" I answered; "you have evidently failed to grasp the fact that true genius seldom meets with recognition. The housemaid of this famous establishment has got that five guineas as certainly as—we've got the paper.

"But are you sure?" he persisted.
 "Well, my dear fellow," I said, "there's nothing sure in this world but death and taxes, but that's the name of the maid, and she writes; so, unless there's two of them—"

"Here, that'll do," he snapped out. I had succeeded in convincing him at last. In the course of the evening I received the evening mail from Minnie's hands.

"So you've been successful?" I said, looking straight at her. She seemed surprised that I knew.

"Yes, I have been successful," she answered, simply.

Then we talked a while. She told me that her parents had died, leaving her and a younger sister in very poor circumstances. Having no one to take an interest in her, she had simply "drifted" into service, as she put it, and had never been able to get out of it. Her younger sister was a pupil teacher whom she (Minnie) meant, by dint of great economy and self-sacrifice, to put through the Trinity College. The simple pathos of her life story was inexpressibly touching on me, and I rejoiced with her at the success that had come. That was the first of my pleasant talks I had with Minnie F. Selby.

I read all her literary efforts, and acted as censor for her. She had written a little story, which was simply a gem in its way, and I advised her to have it typed in our office ere submitting it to an Editor.

Minnie left the boarding-house some weeks ago, and is living now with my mother in her pretty country house. They are great friends, mother and she, and mother types her manuscript as she writes it.

I run down there most week-ends. At present we are busy discussing wall papers, and the respective merits, from a utilitarian point of view of leather v. velvet, for we are thinking of shortly "taking up house" in Edinburgh together. And a happy home it will be!

Johnston and Minnie are now great friends, and he has long since forgiven her the winning of his prize.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

"I wouldn't cry like that if I were you," said a lady to little Alice.

"Well, said Alice, between her sobs, "you can cry any way you like, but this is my way."

"Why, Nellie, there goes Mary Smith, with two sisters, I thought you said she had had only one."

"Well, she told me she had two half-sisters, so I thought that was the same as a whole one."

Ten-year-old Fred was going to a party for the first time.

"Here's a half-dollar, Fred," said his father; "if it rains be sure you take a cab home."

But Fred reached home drenched through.

"Why didn't you take a cab?" said his father.

"I did, father," said Fred, "and I sat on the box all the way home. It was glorious."

"Now Alec, don't be selfish," said his mother, "baby is only going to play with your marbles for a little while."

"No, mother, he's going to keep them always, if he can."

"Oh, no, dear."

"I'm sure he is, mother, 'cos he's trying to swallow them."—Boston Globe.

A clever Irish woman has patented an invention called "the happy thought." It is a portable cage canopy, which, when adjusted on a cradle, will prevent the liveliest youngster from tumbling out.

THE CLEVER BEAVER.

Beavers do not always build houses for themselves, being content often with a burrow in the bank of the stream. As is the case with the houses the entrance to a burrow is under water, though sometimes there is an opening from the surface through which brush and sticks are carried for their food supply.

These burrows are sometimes very commodious and offer comfortable quarters for a large colony. They seem to be generally dug from the banks of a stream which is too swift to make the building of dams easy and which has a deep channel. A lone beaver who has been driven out by his fellows for some cause or other is very likely to make such a home in the bank.

When a colony of beavers is harassed by its enemies or when internal dissensions arise a part or the whole of the colony will establish a new home some distance away. They lose no time in choosing a weak portion of the river, where the banks are well wooded, and fall at once to work.

Where the river is rapid one of the slow reaches between the rapids is chosen for a dam. The wood is cut above the dam-site, sometimes at quite a distance, and transported to the water, where it can be easily moved down stream.

The sticks are placed more or less parallel to each other, so as to make a compact structure, and the continuous pile thus resulting extends directly across the stream.

Mud is continually used to fill the interstices as the dam grows in height. At some distance up stream the house is now built, also of sticks and mud, in as secluded a place as possible.

AUTUMN GLORY.

As one who watches from an aisle

Cathedral windows rare,
 I stand before the forest trees
 And trace the splendors there.

The robes of flame apostles wear;
 The glory round the head;
 The light so strange to those on earth,
 Which shines about our dead;

The staff of gold, the palm of green,
 The crook with blood-like stains—
 All these I see as when the sun
 Lights up cathedral panes.

And yet, with fairer face is One
 Who 'mid apostles stands,
 With crimson on His flowing robes,
 And crimson on His hands.

Ah! dearest Lord, where'er I go,
 Upon the land or sea,
 All beauty hints of loveliness
 That finds its crown in Thee.
 —Good Housekeeping.

A HANDSOME APOLOGY.

Ned and his grandmother are the best of friends, but sometimes the little boy's tongue is too quick to please the old lady. Then Ned apologizes after a fashion of his own, which his grandmother approves.

"I got tired lugging that wheelbarrow for grandmother while she was changing her plants," Ned said to his mother, recounting the day's events at bedtime, "and I said, 'I wish there wasn't another speck of this hateful dirt in all the world!' But then, afterward, I 'pologized."

"I am glad of that," said his mother. "Did you tell her you were sorry?"

"No, that is not the kind grandmother likes best," said Ned. "I got another wheelbarrowful, and just said, 'Don't you want some more of this nice dirt, grandmother?' And then we were all right again."—Youth's Companion.

Several London big retail drapery establishments keep daily metrological observations, so as to gauge the effect weather has upon shopping.

THREE MYSTERIES.

To every door there comes three mysteries. One is Life, a strange, bright, beautiful form, with gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh, with jewels from every clime and the balm of an eternal country about him. It is a strange, profound face, sweet and fair with a blending of the serenity of heaven and the convulsions of earth. In one hand he holds blessings untold, in the other there are disappointments, pains and griefs. He knocks at our door and from either hand he makes a selection of his treasures, leaves them upon our threshold and while we are reveling in his being and beautiful gifts the second mystery sets his foot on the doorstep. His countenance is dark and we all shrink from his presence. His features are forbidding his touch is cold. We would forbid his entrance if we could, but we cannot. He too has some unseen treasures in his hand, but only one member of the home is permitted to see what they are. He takes from the family circle his choice of the home, wraps it in his dark mantle, slips out the door and is gone, and the mystery of Death follows close on the footsteps of Life. Then comes mystery the third—Eternal Life. It is of beautiful form, like the angels who came to the saints of old, and there is the odor of the gardens of God about him. His face is one that no man can look upon without seeing something of God. Every room in the old home he fills with the treasures which he has brought with him. The little cot, from which the second mystery took the child, he fills with sunshine and makes the parents hearts sing like a brook in the meadow. He tells them that the three mysteries are relatives. They are joint laborers, working the same field, cultivating the same flowers, looking to the same autumnal ingathering and joy. The first mystery supplies the seed and trains it. The second bears the bud, or the full-blown rose to the gardens of God, where the third sees to its transplanting and everlasting nurturing. They work into each other's hands, and where the first knocks, we may expect the second and ever hope for the third.

IMPORTANT IFS.

If you want to be interesting, don't talk much about yourself.

If we had more good hearers, we would have more good sermons.

If you are in the wrong place, your right place is empty.

If you want to be strong in trial, don't forget to pray when you are prosperous.

If there is some man you hate, begin to pray for him, and you will be ashamed of yourself, and try to help him.

If you can't be rich, you can become better off by being contented.

If the earth were covered with flowers all the year round, the bees would get lazy.—Unidentified.

PAID GOSSIPS.

In China elderly ladies are regularly employed as gossips, and they are well paid. It is usual for them to go around to the best houses, beating a drum to announce their arrival, and to offer their services to the lady of the house as entertainers. If their offer be accepted they sit down and tell the latest news, the choicest scandal and anything which they think may interest their hearers. Should their stock-in-trade prove very delectable they very likely go away with a handsome present in addition to their regular fee, which is at the rate of about one shilling an hour. Some of these professional gossips have a large number of clients whom they visit at regular intervals.

The half of success is sympathy. The least part of convincing men is showing them the evidence; the greatest part is getting them into the proper frame of mind to want the evidence.