OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Beautiful Legend. Here is a legend illustrating the blessedness of performing our duty at whatever cost to our own inclination. A beautiful vision of our Saviour had appeared to a monk, and in silent bliss he was gazing upon it. The hour arrived in which it was his duty to feed the poor of the convent. He lingered not in his cell to enjoy the vision, but, begging pardon for going and giving his excuse that duty called him away, left to perform his humble When he returned he again saw the blessed vision, and heard these words: "Hadst thou staid, I should have left thee.'

Everyday Love.

A group of little girls were telling of the love each felt for her mother. and as the testimony went on the strength of the statements grew, each child feeling obliged to surpass her mates. Finally one said positively "I love my mother so much I would die for her." The impressiveness of this declaration subdued the circle. The climax had been reached. A wholesome turn was given to the situation by the quiet observation of a lady sitting near-"It seems very strange to me that a little girl loves her mother enough to die for her, doesn't love her enough to wash the dishes for her." We who are older and know better, require such homely reminders to bring us back from our theories to our conditions. The love that is to "the level of every day's most common needs" is the only genuine kind.

The Girl Everyone Likes.

The most lovable girls in the world are those of sunny disposition. A few people like the quiet, thoughtful girl others like the girl who is perpetually vivacious and bubbling over with spirits, but every one likes the girl with the cherry, sunny disposition. Girls of this character are never extravagantly boisterous or dismally They have a pleasant smile for every one. every one. They never seem troubled or worried. Their voice is low and musical, and their smile—be they pretty or not—is always sweet. The trouble that the sunny tempered girl has is the outcome of her popular-

Everybody wants to talk to her and be in her company. Every one is attracted to her without effort on her part, for her character shows itself so plainly in her actions that people are delighted at the cheerfulness and sympathy of her nature and are drawn to her at once. For every reason, then, the girl with the sunny dis position, who smiles away the troubles of life, is a favorite, and, what is more old people are just as charmed by her

A Five Cent Capitalist.

A writer in the Boston Advertiser tells the story of a five cent capitalist in the town of Plymouth.

This small capitalist was a widow. She lived in a mortgaged cottage with her daughter and a little grandson who were dependent upon her. One day there was not a cent of money in the family, when the boy came in with a nickel which had been paid him for some small service.

in popcorn, and with some molasses found in the bottom of her jug she made fifteen popcorn balls. The boy started out and sold these for fifteen With her little capital trebled in an hour, the widow bought more popcorn, and it was quickly peddled out at a good profit. The family went to work in earnest, and after a while they had a little stand, then a little shop, and at the end of fourteen years, they had paid off the mortgage and

This shows what can be done with a nickel, says the Boston writer.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Divine Example.

We are told that after Christ, then in His twelfth year, left the Temple with His parents "He went down with them and came to Nazareth and was subject to them." Here is a lesson, a divine example for youth to learn and follow. The Christ-child, God though He was, subjects Himself to the will and commands of two of His creatures. He obeys them, He serves them and shows Himself in all things a dutiful and respectful son. How many children are there not to be found in the world to-day, children of Christian parents, and calling themselves Christian boys and girls, too, who when they reach the age of twelve years—if, indeed, not before that—consider themselves entitled to emancipation

from parental control and guidance. If they cannot—as they should no assuredly-secure that emancipation they disobey their parents whenever they can safely do so; and the rever-ence and duty which they outwardly render to them are irksome and insin To all such children the Christ child dwelling in Nazareth and showing Himself lowingly and obedient and subject to Mary and Joseph, those sainted guardians of His youth, speaks

A Playful Breed of Horses.

Of horses the most companionable are doubtless Arabs. They have lived for generations in the tents of their

know of no breed that comes up to the Hafflinger of the Tyrolese valley, says a writer in the London News. They a writer in the London News. They are exported far and wide. An Aus trian baron, who buys them up and does what he can to impart "style" and fine manners to these queer look ing cobs, has sold two to the Prince of Wales. The travelling carriages Switzerland are largely horsed by Hafflingers. In that populous health resort, Meran, they do nearly all the draft work. "Cob" is perhaps a misdraft work. "Cob" is perhaps a mis-nomer. They are cobs in their low measurements from the ground, but big horses as regards girth, length of body and size of hoof. The heads are

huge and very plain.

Hafflingers have been compared with hippopotam! and giant "seahorses, and with very good reason. Spirit-ually they are described as "the dach-shunden of the stables." It may be that people have refused to take seri ously the oddly shaped horses and the oddly shaped dogs, and that both have thus come to look upon themselves as a good joke. Comicality sits in the Hafflinger's little eye. He laughs in his sleeve, just like a daxie. waddle in their gait, owing to their absurdly short legs

Hafflingers ought to make the fortune of any circus master. They (like daxies again) delight in playing tricks, and will learn rough games such as schoolboys love, and will play them, too, strictly according to rule I have watched two Hafflingers, with their owner and his man, playing a sort of hide and seek, hurrying and scurrying about a cobble paved yard in pursuit of the men, loyally abiding the marks that meant home," and never punishing a player that had not blundered. They understood that they might kick or bite the man, who (being hidden, sought and found) failed to run fast enough to a "safe home." One who was not quick enough I saw taken up by the waistcoat, shaken gently and dropped, kneeling, none the worse. The horse who were playing were over twelve years old. They relinquished the game most reluctantly when their breathless owner called "Time!" and enforced his meaning by flourishes of formidable four-in hand whip. Then these mature but "noble boys at play" rushed for each other, squealing like pigs in articulo mortis, showing enormous rows of teeth, twisted around in sudden gyrations to lash out at each other, one some times catching the other's hogged

coat in a bite, but never doing real m'schief. One of the two I speak of taught a little game to a rider, and insisted on playing it, to while away the tedium of a three hours' ascent at a foot's The game on the horse's part consisted in catching the rider's toe between his teeth. It was the rider's part to prevent this. All the way up hill the rider had the best of it. returning by the almost perpendicular track, the Hafflinger gained an easy victory. He did not squeeze the boot, but shook it as you might a friend's hand—heartily, not roughly—and for the remainder of the road he rested on his laurels, playing no more that day.

mane or getting a pinch of his smooth

Hafflingers show their affection by lavishly kissing with tongue, like They are extremely self-willed -again a trait in common with the dachshund. Their paces are necessarily slow, but their staying power is enormous and their sure-tootedness a proverb with Tyrolese mountain guides three years as an apprentice, and play, side by side with the exotics culand drivers.

Thoughtlessness

Thoughtlessness is at a discount in this practical work a day world. An employer once asked a clerk why he failed to take advantage of an oppor-

tunity to make a good sale.
"I didn't think, sir!" was the reply. "That is no excuse," very justly rejoined the merchant: you are paid to think!" Perhaps half the failures to achieve success in life come of thoughtlessness. Brains were created not for ornament, but for use. The man who thinks wins the race.

HOW TO RULE OUT WORRY.

Worry kills. It wears upon the brain as dropping water wears away stone. The habit must be killed by eternal vigilance, resolution and good sense. Worry like bad air or an obnoxious person, must be driven out, and the best way to drive either out is by the introduction of the good. You can fill your mind with comforting, calming thoughts, leaving no room for

the harassing ones. Don't let events depress you. Maintain your equilibrium, and let mind rule matter and good sense judge events. The emotional nature is always watching for a chance to exploit itself. Keep it in reserve, ready for every touch of human feeling, responsive to goodness, honor cheerfulness and all healthy feeling, but do not al low it to tinge your understanding or in any way effect your same view of

business or the affairs of life. Check expression when bitter or somber feeling has the best of you. To say how sad or perplexed you feel when your heart sinks for the moment to day, and exhorts them to imitate deepens your inward troubles, and at Him in His behavior boward His Blessed Mother and His foster father. Pour would not spread discovered to the same time spreads it to outside people. You would not spread discovered to the same time spreads it to outside people. people. You would not spread disease; do not spread mental disease. Your desponding words, bursting impulsively from a full heart in the preseace of a friend, add to the burdens of another human being—one, perhaps already weighed dawn by cares and

your part of it — that is, yourself. Don't hate and don't worry.

This is the advice given by a hale and beneficent old man to those who asked him for the secret of length of days. He might have added, don't get angry. - Ada C. Sweet, in the August Woman's Home Companion.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

It is encouraging to bear in mind that it is not so much what a young man accomplishes actually as what he accomplishes in view of his abilities and the conditions of his life, which is the test of his real service and success. Therefore, he who had been less richly endowed may have done more and bet ter for God and man than he who has been more amply furnished for activity, and who seems to have had the more fruitful career. It is a grave mistake to look down upon others, for in the light of the Divine knowledge they may indeed have the better right to look down upon us.

The Best Ambition

In devotion to duty, says Gladstone, you have the great secret of life; for important and precious as is the culti vation of your intelligence, the bring ing of all your powers of thought and action up to the highestlevel that your several gifts permit, there is one thing in which you are all alike : there is one thing in which the pearl of great price, the treasure in life and the security in death, is laid open to all alike, be your attainments more or less limited, be your talents more or less conspicuous. If you have devotion to duty for the guide of your daily course, nothing can ultimately go

Marriage Conductve to Long Life.

Marriage, according to Dr. Schwartz, of Berlin, is the most important factor in longevity. Of every 200 persons who reach the age of forty years 125 are married and 75 unmar ried. At sixty years the proportions are 48 to 22; at seventy years, 27 to 11, and at ninety years, 9 to 3 Fifty centenarians had all been married The doctor ascerts that the rate of mor tality for husbands and wives between the ages of thirty and forty-five is 18 per cent., while that for unmarried persons is 28 per cent.

Every Man is Good for Something. In each human life is planted some natural aptness. If it is intense, men call it genius ; if it appears in a lesser degree, it is known as talent, which, with energetic cultivation, often outstrips indolent genius. Our inborn gifts should be very dear to us-so dear that we must not fold them away for safety, thus proving ourselves unworthy of them, but bring them out; let them see the light of day, and give them every advantage for perfect development. Work for them with a will, and if your efforts are true and persistent, your gift, whatever it may be, wilt repay you a thousand times. It will illuminate your ideas, your influence and your life with its brilli ance, and make itself part of your own personality.

The Son of a Baker.

A very interesting ceremony re-cently took place in the University of Constantine Horna was the son of a baker, born in 1869 at Saaz in Bohemia. He was brought up to his father's trade, at which he worked for afterwards as a common workman Meanwhile his passion for knowledge led him to study languages and literature; he managed to get help from a boy companion who was attending the classes of the Gymnasium. So well did he succeed that, quite self-taught, he eventually passed the entrance ex-amination into the Gymnasium, and after four years the Abiturientenexa men or leaving examination. During these years he was literally "a baker by night and a student by day." In the end he was enabled to attend the University first at Prague and then at Vienna, and finally, last week, was among the twenty successful candidates who publicly received their de-gree of doctor of philosophy at the latter University. Dr. Horna's specialty is classical philology. On the day of his "promotion" his humble and aged parents had the joy of assisting at their son's well-earned triumph.

Cigars Injure the Nerves.

There is another class who have cardiac derangement, who eat and drink and sleep as sensible men should, but who have acquired habits equally severe upon the heart. It is the constant smoking of cigars. Said one of this class the other day: "I smoke several cigars every day, but they do not disturb my nerves the least little bit that I know, and I shall continue to smoke, you nerve-alarmists to the contrary notwithstanding." While making that little speech he lit a fresh cigar, put his feet on this desk and took them off twice, ran his fingers through his hair three times, had his hands in five different positions and pulled at his collar four times to relieve his neck of an imaginary pressure. All that ailed him was his nerves were in a quiver and himself in a state of intense restlessness. nerve specialist is on record as saying that the excessive use of cigars has wrecked the nerves of more men and brought on more heart troubles than all the liquor that has ever been con-sumed as a beverage. This specialist says, further, that one cigar will leave masters, and have assimilated human ways of thought. Barbs and half-bred arxieties. To so speak is to allow very close in this respect. They make noble friends, but on a lower level. As playmates for the lighter hour, I

the cigar in the mouth that wrecks nerves

Naturally an inveterate cigarsmoker would feel his heart quiver and jump at the slightest disturbance of his nervous system, because his nerves are not only excited all the time, but too weak to resist the influence of anything that came abruptly or unexpectedly.

Cardiac derangements are created by imprudent habits, all physicians say, and when such derangements exist anything that suddenly causes fear, auxiety, hatred, surprise or alarm is just as good as a rapid moving and wabbling elevator or a car collision to start the heart on a gallop.

The man who wants to keep himself wall in hand, the medical profession says, should abstain from whatever is calculated to weaken the nervous system, now or hereafter. He should let fasting and exercise give the appetite; he should keep himself calm while eat-ing; he should quit the table feeling that he could eat a little more and always consult the digestive organs when selecting from the menu. Buddha said: "A clean mind and a clean body needs no soma juice.

Oaly the human animal and such quadrupeds as have acquired his habits are ever troubled with nervous diseases, heart derangement or liquor, opium or tobacco jimjams. So say doctors of medicine and doctors of physiology.

The Saving Immortelles. That a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind is illustrated anew in a pretty story from the French of Emile

Richbourg Wednesday morning, September 30. 1870, the Prussians having assured themselves that the greater part of the inhabitants had fled from Parmain, entered the village, determined, by making an example of it, to strike terror the hearts of the neighboring tempted to take up arms in defense of their homes and country.

Piling sheafs of wheat against sev eral of the principal houses the soldiers set them on fire, and pressed on until they came to the beautiful home of

Monsieur Dambry.
The place was deserted, but doors were speedily burst open, and although beautifully furnished throughout and adorned with costly works of art, it was condemned to be burned.

While the soldiers were busy carry ing off whatsoever they fancied to keep for themselves, the captain of the regiment, cigar in mouth, walked up and down the gardens, which on all sides gave evidence of the owner's love of flowers, surveying with much satisfaction the late bright blossoms in the flower beds.

Presently, with a thrill of admiration, he stooped before a splendid group of dahlias, among which were varieties of every rare color and tint. A little farther were many splendid chrysanthemums, but he looked in vain for his favorite "helichrysum," more generally known as "immortelles"

Now, this Prussian captain was no mere amateur concerning flowers. the contrary, he was a distinguished botanist and horticulturist from Han over, where he himself owned magnificent estates. Moreover, at the Paris Exhibition of 1867 he had exhibited many specimens from his own gardens. and at that time there were to be seen in that part of the Champ de Mars reserved for the horticultural distivated in France, all the beauties of the Hanoverian flora, conspicuous among the latter being a unique dis play of "helichrysum," or "immor

These carried off the gold medal. With a sigh of regret the captain turned from the garden beauties and entered the conservatories.

At first nothing was to be seen but marvelous collection of "cacti," but soon, as he moved on he muttered ar ejaculation of intense astonishment, for there, right before him, was a collection of "helichrysum" of every rare color and hue, even still more beautiful than those of his own famous ex hibit in 1867.

In that French conservatory so far from Hanover he saw again the much prized flowers which he had fondly imagined were to be found only in his own greenhouses. But his astonishment even redoubled when, on a rustic table nearby, he found a complete German catalogue of his own estates And on the first page of which, writ-ten in his own handwriting, he read " Presented to M .-- French horti-

culturist. A souvenir of the Paris Exhition of 1867."

Then he suddenly recalled the incident of presenting his own catalogue to a French exhibitor of chrysanthemums and to whom he had taken a great lik-

Most singular and happy discovery Hastening from the conservatories he sternly commanded his thieving men not to touch another article, and to the

mystified officers he said : 'I know the owner of this castle, and his chief gardener is a friend and fellow-exhibitor of my own. I positively prohibit any further damage to

this property."

Many articles which had already been carried off he ordered returned to their places. And during the burn-ing of surrounding houses he made his own Hanoverian soldiers guard the property of M. Dembry. Further, during the following three

weeks he saw that his own men cared

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". Protected from pillage." And the Prussians who came after

when the family returned great indeed was their surprise to find the estate had been spared the general destruction. But it was not until later, during the evil days of the Commune, when the Hanoverian regiment once more occupied Parmain,

that they learned the truth. Then the Prussian captain paid M. Dembry, a call, complimented him on the richness of his conservatories, spoke of the German catalogue left on the rustic table, and told how the beautiful "immortelles" had saved his castle from pillage and the torch.

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