

## DON'T PROMISE TOO MUCH.

It is always your duty, you know,  
To do just the best that you can;  
Though your station be ever so low,  
You can rise to the height of a man.  
Be Manly in morals and speech,  
Give tone to whatever you touch;  
And learn just how far you can reach,  
For fear you may promise too much.

Don't promise, though often you feel  
Your heart is with sympathy warm  
Your purpose you'd better conceal  
Till sure that you've strength to perform.  
Perchance some poor friend, whose weak arm  
Has leaned on this treacherous crutch,  
Has come to some desperate harm,  
Because you have promised too much.

'Tis kindness that prompts you to say  
The words that are sweet to the ear,  
But cruel it is to delay  
The help that you promised was near.  
The deeds that are trifles to you,  
By some are not reckoned as such;  
So do what you've promised to do,  
And be sure you don't promise too much.

THE  
Knight of the Gauntlet.

[CONCLUDED.]

Yes all of that—three this summer; and that poor ring, I shall never get over being sorry for it; but we were carrying on so; and those great silly gloves were so hot and uncomfortable, I pulled them off and left them on the seat, and we all thought that the ring must have been in one of them, it was so large for me you know; and when I missed it, fifteen minutes after, while we were dancing, we hunted everywhere: but one of my gloves was gone, knocked overboard between the rails, we thought, and the poor ring must have gone, too, for we could find neither. It spoils my fun that whole trip.

Where do you suppose I was while all this chat was going on?

Good heavens! Hope Werner herself, and I ingloriously pulling off my boots to go to bed, instead of being in search of her, like a true and valiant knight. The boots went on in a hurry again. Though I knew we were all going to Harpswell together, still I must steal a glimpse of my fairy; so I strode forth from my state-room, with eyes straight ahead, and went out on deck, without daring to look round. After smoking a cigar, I ventured to saunter back to my state-room, but they had vanished; only a poor lady with a pair of terriers occupied the saloon. Well, fate was capricious; but at Harpswell she could not escape me, so I slumbered the sleep of the just, and dreamed of dear Hope Werner.

Next morning I wondered what she would be like—"snow and rose-leaves," or a "nut-brown maid." I touched the ring, to make sure I was dreaming—but no! And an exultant thrill shivered through my heart, and I reasoned that so strange a thing could have no chance about it—that it must be a Providential design that brought us together so strangely. My destiny was sealed; it was a happy link in the chain of events. My air-castle was to be real. My secret sense had led me right, and I felt in my bones that I should not be able to help loving Hope Werner. I yearned to hasten time.

We reached Harpswell. I saw a radiant little soul, all dimples, with a perfect golden veil of hair about her, sitting between two elderly ladies at the tea-table, like the sweetest little rose between two thorns. Hope Werner, I knew, without trying to guess, for she was the only one who could have owned that name. But which could the aunt be? She chatted with both.

The next morning, everybody went for a chowder-party—Hope and I with the rest, I had not been introduced to her by this time, but I might just as well state that my strong conviction in destiny had wilted dreadfully the instant I gazed on the lovely little Hope, and the knees of my secret sense smote before the equally strong conviction at the supper-table, the eve before, that I had been a desperate ass, and was likely to be a bigger one yet.

I resolved she should have her ring again; but what earthly claim had I on her, even if I did have her ring? That sweet, thoroughbred beauty! Very humble in my frame of mind, I waited till somebody or other of the jolly party should introduce us. Finally Mr. Kennedy, a Boston friend, bethought himself.

You don't know any of the ladies, do you Hunt? Come and I'll introduce you to Miss Hope Werner, and she'll introduce you to all of the young folks.

Like a trembling victim going to the scaffold, I followed him. I raised my dazzled eyes; he was introducing me to her! I gazed at her in stammering, speechless awkwardness for a second! Could it be that thin old lady was Hope Werner? She was very pleasant-looking, to be sure, but my mother, I was equally certain, was two or three years younger. I contrived to gather my wits, however, enough to address her. I suppose she thought me bashful and pitied me, for she was very pleasant and chatty.

After sitting by me some time, I concluded to tell her about the glove, and the ring, and I did. Great was her astonishment and delight. She recognized the ring in an instant. She was for calling her niece at first. It seems the ring was her own, and she had loaned it to her niece; but she declared it had come back in so strange a manner to her, that the girl should have it for her own now, and she stepped forward and called "Alice." (It wasn't hope, after all.) Her niece was in the cabin, below, with some other young ladies, and laughed back:

In a minute, auntie—I'm coming. I have a favor to ask, dear madame, I hastily whispered. Will you trust me to give her the ring in my own way, as long as I have kept it so carefully for her three whole years, and have been talking with you about it? Mr. Kennedy is my partner; we are just admitted to the bar together; knowing him, you will, I feel sure, do me the honor to repose confidence in me.

Certainly, Mr. Hunt. Your family are well known to me. It needs no Mr. Kennedy to answer for it; and, I think, your kindness in watching for the owner of the ring entitles you to that little privilege. At least, I give you the ring. You and Allie must talk it over together. Come here, dear Allie; this is Mr. Geoffrey Hunt, a very particular friend of Mr. Kennedy's. My niece, Miss Allie Fisher, Mr. Hunt. Now I look at you, Mr. Hunt, I can see your father's looks in your face.

Well, my fairy I found to be as sweet as she was lovely. We had a desperate flirtation on the boat that day; indeed, everybody had such a gay time! but just as we started home, after our chowder, there came up a squall. We were very near upsetting, and finally did not try to cross the open bay, to Harpswell, but went under the sheltered side of the Cistern Islands. When the squall was over, and the sun shone again, the girls proposed we should land and eat a lunch before we started for home, then sail by moonlight back, when the water would be quiet. In landing, Allie Fisher stumbled on the plank, and before we could catch her was under water. It was not very deep, but still it nearly killed her with fright and strangling in the salt water. Of course I got her first, and brought her out on the beach, not half a yard from where I picked her glove up, but I had no thought for that till long afterward. Everybody crowded round her as she lay in a dead faint in my arms, her beautiful golden hair all dripping. Her aunt and the other elderly ladies hurried her aboard, and we did not stay for luncheon.

Allie was sick a week. When the dear little soul was well enough to stroll on the beach at Harpswell in the moonlight with me again, we were good enough friends to allow my putting the diamond ring gently on her little hand, telling her the strange story, and I concluded with:

Allie, your aunt said you were such a careless little rogue that she would give me the ring instead of you; but I won't take the ring unless you give it to me, and if you do, you must give me your darling little hand and self too.

A moment and the little hands were mine, and Allie was laughing and crying on my shoulder! at any rate, she was crying. She said she was laughing, though, when I asked her.

Her name isn't Hope Werner after all, but it will always seem like it to me. She will always be Hope to me. And I consider that my air-castle is not only real, but made of solid gold, and the sunlight of my fairy-like visitant's face, and of our mutual happiness, shines through all its rooms the whole day long. I believe in Destiny too.

A Western editor, whose subscribers complained very loudly that he did not give them news enough for their money, told them that, if they did not find enough in the paper, they had better read the Bible, which, he had no doubt, would be news to most of them.

An Indiana paper notices the death of an old subscriber, and touchingly adds: "We are sorry to hear of the death of any of our subscribers who are prompt about paying up."

Bob, which is the quickest way for me to get to the Eastern depot? Accommodating news-boy—Run.

## Blue Eyes Behind the Veil.

Mr. Edge was late at breakfast. That was not an unusual occurrence, and he was disposed to be cross; which was likewise nothing new. So he retired behind the newspaper, and devoured his eggs and toast without vouchsafing any reply to the remarks of the fresh-looking little lady opposite, to wit: Mrs. Edge. But she was gathering together her forces for the final onslaught, and when at length Mr. Edge had got down to the last paragraph, and laid aside the paper it came.

Dear, didn't you say you were going to have a hundred dollars for my new dresses, to-day?

What dresses? (rather shortly was this spoken.) Oh, pshaw! What is the use of being so extravagant? I have no money to lay out in useless follies. The old ones are good enough for any sensible woman to wear.

Mrs. Edge, good, meek little soul that she was, relapsed into obedient silence. She only sighed a soft inward sigh, and presently began a new attack.

Henry, will you go with me to my aunt's, to-night?

Can't you go alone?

Alone, how it would look! Mrs. E's temper—for she had one, though it did not often parade itself—was aroused. You are so neglectful of those little attentions you used to pay me once; you never walk with me, nor pick up my handkerchief, nor notice my dress as you once did.

Well, a fellow can't be forever waiting on women, can he? growled Mr. Edge.

You could be polite enough to Mrs. Waters, last night, when you never thought to ask whether I wanted anything, though you knew perfectly well that I had a headache—I don't believe you care as much for me as you used to. And Mrs. Edge looked extremely pretty with the tears in her blue eyes and a quiver on the round rosy lips.

Pshaw, said the husband peevishly. Now don't be silly, Maria.

And in the stage, yesterday, you never asked me if I was warm enough, or put my shawl around me while Mr. Brown was so affectionate to his wife. It was mortifying enough, Henry; indeed it was.

I didn't know women were such fools, said Mr. Edge, as he drew on his overcoat, to escape the tempest which was fast approaching. Am I the sort of man to make a ninny of myself doing the polite to any sort of a female creature? Did you ever know me to be conscious whether a woman had on a shawl or a swallow-tailed coat?

Maria eclipsed the blue eyes behind a little pocket-handkerchief, and Henry, the savage, banged the door loud enough to give Betty in the kitchen a nervous start.

Raining again! I do believe we are going to have a second edition of the deluge, said Mr. Edge to himself, that evening, as he encountered six feet of iniquity into the southwest corner of the car at city hall. Go ahead, conductor, can't you see we are full, and it is dark already?

In one minute, sir, said the conductor, as he helped a little woman, with a basket, on board. Now, sir, move up a little, if you please.

Mr. Edge was exceedingly comfortable and did not want to move, but the light of the lamp falling on the pearly forehead and shining, golden hair of the comer, he altered his mind and moved up.

What lovely eyes, quoth he, mentally, as he bestowed a single acknowledging smile. Real violet, the very color I most admire! Bless me! what business have old men like me to be thinking about eyes. There she has drawn a confounded veil over her face, and the light is as dim as a tallow dip; but those were pretty eyes.

The fair possessor of those blue eyes shivered slightly and drew her mantilla close around her shoulders.

Are you cold, Miss? Pray honor me by wearing my shawl. I do not need it myself.

She did not refuse—she murmured some faint apology for troubling him, but it was not a refusal.

No trouble—not a bit, said he with alacrity, arranging it on her tapering shoulders, then as the young lady handed her fare to the conductor, he said to himself, what a slender little hand! if there is anything I admire in a woman it is a pretty hand. Wonder what kind of a mouth she has got? it must be a delightful one if it corresponds with the hair and eyes—plague take the veil.

But plague, whoever that mystical power may be, did not take possession of the veil,

so Mr. Edge's curiosity about the blue-eyed damsel remained unsatisfied.

Have you room enough, Miss? I fear you are crowded. Pray sit a little closer to me.

Thank you, sir, was the soft reply coming from behind the veil, as Mr. Edge reflected—like an angel from a dark cloud. And his heart gave a large thump as the pretty shoulder touched his own shaggy overcoat in a hesitating sort of a way.

Decidedly, this is getting quite romantic, thought he, and then with an audible whisper, what would Maria say?

The rest of that long, dreary ride was delicious with the shoulder against his own. How gallantly he jumped up to pull the strap for her—by some streak it happened to be at the very street where he intended to stop. And under the circumstances we hardly blame, when the cars stopped so suddenly that she caught at his arm for the squeeze he gave the plump rosy hand—any man of sense would have done the same—it was such an inviting little lily.

Allow me to carry your basket, Miss, as our path lies in the same direction, said Mr. Edge, courteously relieving her of her burden as he spoke; and—and—may be you'd find less difficulty if you take my arm.

Well, wasn't it delightful? Mr. Edge forgot the damp street and pitchy darkness—he thought he was walking on roses. Only as he approached his door he began to feel a little nervous, and wished the little incognito would not hold on so tight. Suppose Maria should be at the window on the lookout, as she often was, how would she interpret matters? He couldn't make her believe that he only wanted to be polite to the fair traveler. Besides, his sweeping declarations in the morning—she would be sure to recall them. As he stopped at the right number, and bade her adieu, he was astonished to see her likewise run up the steps to enter. Gracious Apollo! he burst into a cold perspiration at the idea of the young lady's error.

I think you must have made a mistake, Miss, he stammered; this can't be your house.

But it was too late—she was already in the brilliantly lighted hall, and turning around threw off her dripping habiliments, and made a low curtsy.

Why, it's my wife! gasped Mr. Edge. And happy to see that you have not forgotten all your gallantry towards us ladies, pursued the mercurial little puss, her blue eyes (they were pretty) all in a dance with suppressed roguery.

Edge looked from ceiling to floor in vain search of a loop-hole to retreat, but the search was unavailing.

Well, he said in the most sheepish of tones, it's the first time I was ever polite to a lady in the cars, and hang me if it shan't be the last.

You see, my dear, said the ecstatic little lady, I didn't expect to be delayed so long, and had not any idea I should meet with such attention in the cars, and that from my husband too! Goodness gracious, how Aunt Priscilla will enjoy the joke.

If you tell that old harpy I will never hear the last of it, said Edge in desperation. Very probably, was the provoking reply of his wife.

Now, look here, darling, said Mr. Edge coaxingly, you won't say anything will you? A fellow don't want to be laughed at by all the world. I say, Maria, you shall have the prettiest dresses in New York if you will only keep quiet—you shall, upon my honor.

The terms were satisfactory, and Maria capitulated—who wouldn't? And that is the way she got those splendid dresses that filled the hearts of all her female friends with envy. And perhaps it was what made Mr. Edge such a courteous husband ever since.

SPANISH PROVERBS.—"He is a rich man who has God for his friend." "He is the best scholar who has learned to live well." "A handful of mother wit is worth a bushel of learning." "You had better leave your enemy something when you die, than to live to beg of your friends." "Enjoy what little you have, while the fool is looking for more." "Saying and doing do not dine together." "May you have good luck, my son, and a wit will serve your turn." "Gifts break through stone walls." "Go not to your doctor for every ail, nor to your pitcher for every thirst." "There is no better looking-glass than an old true friend." "A wall between two preserves friendship." "A creditor always has a better memory than the debtor."

He that is too proud to ask is too good to receive.

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