

The Three Little Chairs.

They sat alone by the bright wood fire,
The gray-haired dame and aged sire,
Dreaming of days gone by—
The dear old mother and the dear old father,
They both had thoughts they could not speak,
And each heart uttered a sigh.

For their sad and tearful eyes described
Three little chairs placed side by side
Against the sliding-room wall:
Old-fashioned chairs as there they stood—
Their seats of flag and their frames of wood,
With their backs so high and tall.

Then the sire shook his silvery head,
And with trembling voice he gently said:
"Mother, these empty chairs,
They bring us such sad thoughts to-night
We'll put them forever out of sight."
In the small dark room upstairs.

But quick she answered, "Father, not yet,
For I look at them and I forget my woe,
That the children are away;
They come back and our Mary, too,
With her apron on of checked blue,
And sit here every day.

"Johnny comes back from the hillside deep;
Willie wakes from his battle-field sleep
To say good-night to me;
Mary's a wife and mother now,
But a tired child whose playtime is o'er
And comes to rest at my knee.

"So let them stand there, though empty now,
And every time when alone we bow
At the Father's throne to pray,
We'll ask to meet the children above,
In our Saviour's home of rest and love,
Where no child goeth away."

SAFE NO. 27.

It was some time in the early eighties, I was appointed agent for Rawlin's Bank, at least for the branch of it located in the busy seaport town of Keppelwade, on the Yorkshire coast. I was graciously informed by my superiors, the Rawlin Brothers, principals of the bank, that my trustworthiness and punctuality had induced them to promote me to this post at an earlier age than bank clerks usually blossom out into inspectors or agents. I thanked them deservingly, but adhered to my own previous private opinion, which was, that I was indebted for it partly to the influence of my uncle, Sir Sibert Varcomb of Keppelwade, and partly to the adventure which I am now about to relate.

The agent under whom I had qualified for my present position was John Seaton, a rummy old Scotchman, slow as the tortoise, but of exceeding kindness and faithfulness of heart. To know him was to love him. He and I both lived in the Bank House, just above the business premises, which were large and commodious. It was a substantial and imposing mansion, built of red brick, with stone facings, and polished granite pillars. The whole of the ground floor was required for business purposes, besides a large portion of the cellarage. A side entrance as handsome as the other led up to the first floor, where the agent lived. On a higher story I had my bedroom and sitting-room; and I lived contentedly on the premises, finding plenty of healthy amusement and variety in fishing, shooting, even occasionally riding after the hounds, when my uncle, Sir Sibert, gave me a good mount, and various dinner and evening engagements in their season.

There was a beautiful little place belonging to my uncle called "The Cedars," within a mile of the town. It was tenanted by a retired Indian officer, Colonel Gower, his wife, and daughter, Miss Eleanor Gower, a very handsome girl, but cold and stately in manner. Shortly after they took possession of the Cedars, about a twelve-month before my story begins, Colonel Gower and his daughter drove into town, and stopped at the Bank, they both alighted and entered the Colonel's room, which was furnished with a brown leather bag. I went with them to the manager's room, as Mr. Seaton was out, and Colonel Gower opened his business to me without any hesitation.

"I have here," he said, laying his hand on the bag "many thousand pounds' worth of jewels. My daughter's godmother, Mrs. Haseldine, a very wealthy and eccentric woman, died recently and bequeathed all her jewels to Eleanor—more trinkets than a reasonably sane woman could wear in a lifetime. We have brought them to you for safe keeping." He set down the bag on the table with a heavy thud.

I explained to them quietly the precautions we took for the defence of such valuable property. "I will give Miss Gower a written code or cipher that will be known only to her and me—and of course, Mr. Seaton. She must give an order in her own handwriting to any messenger—even you, Colonel Gower, bearing the half of this cipher on its face before any of the jewels are delivered. The key of the safe in which they are kept."

"One moment, please," interrupted Miss Gower. "I will retain only one key—that of the leather jewel-case inside the iron box." "As you please," I assented. "If you let me see them now, I will catalogue them, and make a copy-inventory for you to retain."

I looked into the front office to tell the clerks that no one was to be admitted to the manager's room except Mr. Seaton, and he returned; then I locked the door and sat down to my task. The Colonel opened the bag and disclosed a strong-box with iron clasps, marked with a large "H" in brass-headed nails, on the top. Miss Gower handed him a key, and he opened this also. Inside was a strong leather jewel-case, and of that, too, Miss Gower gave him the key.

We had many beautiful and valuable family jewels; but anything like these now revealed I had never seen. Rubies of rich intoxicating lustre; flawless pearls, opals, emeralds; but the diamonds were the especial glory of the collection, filling the dull room with fairy sparkles of light, like the ripples on a sunlit bay. Starry clusters of diamonds for the breast, pendants, brooches, clasps, lockets, earrings, without number! And besides all these in their rich settings, a little chamois bag under the lowest tray, lying beside a set of magnificent and very ugly cameos, held a number of unset and smaller diamonds. I worked rapidly, saying each article when catalogued on a volar-lined tray. When the long list was finished I read it over, the Colonel replacing each piece in case as I named it; then, before taking a copy, I put my list carefully into a secret drawer of the desk and locked it.

"Now we will put this iron box away first, for it is not safe to leave the gems even a moment unattended in this way, please." I left the agent's room by a door that gave on the corridor, and they followed me to the strong-room, a separate building, burglar and fire proof, lit by electric light. This strong-room had been designed by a celebrated engineer; none but skilled artisans, with time and appliance, and noise, could break through from without or from below. The lock of iron door was a special patent, operated by only one key, and that key never left Mr. Seaton's possession, or when he was absent mine. I explained all this to Miss Gower as we entered the vault, where light burned day and night, and strong safes held priceless deposits.

"This will do—Safe No. 27," I said, stopping before one. I opened it with the key on my bunch that bore the corresponding number, and placed the iron box inside, taking out the key of the box.

"Now," I explained, "I shall connect an alarm with this safe that will ring both in my room and Mr. Seaton's if it is tampered with, so your treasures are quite secure, Miss Gower."

After that day the jewels lay undisturbed for months, except that Miss Gower occasionally brought a friend to admire them, when John Seaton or I brought the iron-clamped box to the manager's room, and remained beside the gems until they were restored to their stronghold.

The winter wore uneventfully away, the spring passed, and then a slight stir came to Keppelwade, for the two or three hotels began to fill with summer visitors, who were luring out the beauty of our seclude island and its sunny bay. Among others came a young Anglo-German, who brought letters of introduction to Colonel Gower from various old friends abroad and at home. He told us he needed rest and quiet, and Keppelwade had been recommended to him for its salubrious air and seclusion.

He was a handsome man, of brilliant parts, with a wonderful fascination of manner. Colonel Gower did not invite him to stay at the Cedars; he took rooms at the Windsor Hotel, and made himself free of the whole town, captivating all and sundry by his good looks and his kindly affable manners.

A polished, widely-travelled man of the world was John Hessel, and he could converse with equal ease and brilliance on literature, science up to date, ethics, or metaphysics. In a week or two he was as much at home in Keppelwade as if he had been born amongst us, and his face became as familiar at the Bank as that of old John Seaton himself.

Mr. Hessel was a profound believer in mesmerism, and told us some strange tales of "subjects" he had seen abroad, in Paris and at the German seats of learning, where at the time "metal baths" and mesmerism were the prevalent craze. He told us of a laugh one evening at Sir Gilbert's, that when all other means of living failed him, he could become a Professor of Phrenology and a mesmerist. Gilbert proposed a "mesmeric entertainment," but Mr. Hessel rather haughtily refused.

I dreaded the influence he might establish over Eleanor Gower; but when I saw no special preference of either side, I was content to wait, patiently and quietly as before, until time or circumstance favoured my own suit. I thought my case was not hopeless. I was her pre-emptive to Sir Gilbert Varcomb, and had a good allowance, besides my salary; and I had no expensive tastes; so I thought it was not unreasonable to hope that I might win Eleanor Gower for my wife some day. Meanwhile, the months passed; other visitors came and went—John Hessel remained.

One evening I was dining with him at the Windsor, and our conversation had turned, as it often did, upon mesmerism. He seemed to like to talk of his own powers, and he reiterated his often expressed belief that I was one who would fall a ready victim to his will-power.

"I know he was mistaken, for many professors to whom I had freely offered myself as a 'subject' had given me up as impracticable and quite unmanageable; but when Hessel still persisted in his opinion, I agreed carelessly to a trial of his skill. I could do no less when he—my host—was so evidently in earnest, and seemed even a little nettled at my unbelief.

I sat in an easy-chair, and fixed my eyes on his face. He made gentle passes before me with his hands—strange rhythmic movements that, but for fear of annoying him, would have made me laugh outright. Suddenly, with an inward laugh, I resolved to feign the mesmeric sleep; I thought of nothing beyond the passing fun of the moment, and I would turn the tables on him when he began to boast of his power, or gift as he called it. Again, I say, I thought of nothing beyond this. I allowed my eyes, under his steadfast gaze, to become narrower and milder, then the lids drooped slowly, and I fell back limply in the chair and breathed gently and regularly. There was perfect stillness for a few moments, and then I heard a muttered "That's well!" uttered with an intensity that filled me with curiosity. About five minutes passed, and then he said gently: "Varcomb, can you hear me?"

"Yes," I replied, in a dull mechanical way.

"Where are Miss Gower's jewels kept?" he asked in a low eager tone.

It was a wonder I did not leap to my feet in my great astonishment, and a good thing that I did not. I found voice enough to say in the same dull voice: "Safe No. 27."

"Can you obtain access to it—to them?" "No."

"Why not?" "John Seaton holds the keys."

"How is the vault protected?" "Night watchman, big dog, iron door, electric alarm."

A very unorthodox exclamation broke from him; and there was a lengthy pause, during which I dare not move a single eyelid. How shall I obtain access to Safe No. 27? he asked at last.

You must have a written order from Miss Gower, headed by a code or cipher, known only to her and Mr. Seaton."

Again a baffled ejaculation, and he rose and walked about the room, muttering angrily.

I sat motionless, ruminating deeply on my idiotic answers. Some ready-witted men could have coined misleading answers to Hessel's questions without hesitation; I was not one of those who cannot be taken by surprise. I had been taken by surprise. How I longed to be alone, to think this well over. A few minutes more, and I felt that he was making rapid passes before my face again.

"Wake up," he said sharply; and I started up quickly, rubbing my eyes, and looking, I dare say, dazed and stupid enough. He was looking at me earnestly.

"You don't make a very good subject, Varcomb," he said lightly. "Confess, now, that you have been half awake all the time, laughing at the ridiculous questions I asked."

Hessel asked jestingly if I would not go out to cast a harpoon with the fishermen, and I replied with a laugh: "Yes, if he would insure me against the fate of Jonah!" I passed a sleepless night, thinking over the whole situation. It was impossible to avoid the conclusion that some danger menaced Miss Gower's jewels, yet it was as present so intangible, that I could not make up my mind to take any one into my confidence. I was not afraid of an attack upon the vault; it was too strongly guarded. I could only think of one plan by which I could insure the safety of the jewels, and to follow out that plan might place myself in an awkward predicament. I resolved upon it, however, and waited my opportunity.

The first time old John Seaton went away for a few hours, leaving the keys with me, as usual, I went to the vault, straight to Safe No. 27. I took out the iron clamping-key, opened it, and removed the leather jewel-case, of which Miss Gower alone held the key. I put a small letter-weight or two in the box, and filled it up with copies of old deeds, receipts, and such worthless documents. I replaced the box in safe 27, and locked it carefully. The leather case I took up to the second floor, to my own room, deposited it in a strong little box of my own, and then in the bottom of my wardrobe, which was always locked securely.

The event proved that I was right; but I positively tremble still to think how easily I might have been arraigned as a thief, had the jewels been found in my wardrobe.

About a week after I had transferred the leather case to my own keeping, John Hessel came into the Bank, fresh and smiling as usual. After his pleasant and courteous greetings, he presented to old John Seaton an order written in Miss Gower's firm handwriting, bearing on its face the half of the secret code, and requesting that the iron box containing Miss Gower's jewels be given to bearer—they would be returned next day.

I saw Mr. Seaton referring to his private ledger to verify the code, smiling the while at an amusing episode Hessel was relating in his gayest manner. I could scarcely contain my uneasiness. What if Hessel had the key of the leather case, and should wish to open it there? What if all were being done in good faith, and he should really convey the box safely to Miss Gower?

After a short absence, Mr. Seaton returned, bearing the iron box, which he wrapped up in brown paper, passing a strap round it for easy carrying. He detached the key from his own ring and handed it also to Hessel.

"See you at Sir Gilbert's to-night, Varcomb," called out Hessel gaily as he was passing out with his prize. I only nodded in response; in truth, I was almost incapable of speech without betraying my deep anxiety. The torture compressed into the next two hours was indescribable; kind and Mr. Seaton told me to go up-stairs and rest—he was sure my head was aching badly. I only shook my head, and worked on desperately, for I must be on the spot when Colonel Gower and his daughter would come in to denounce the thief who had stolen the Haseldine jewels! I did not even go up to my room, but merely old my housekeeper bring me some biscuits and cheese and a glass of milk. When three hours had passed without any alarm being given, I went to the other extreme of feeling, and could have capered like a madman in my joy and relief, for I was pretty sure that my vague surmises had proved correct. When we put up our shutters for the day, the strain on my nerves had really brought on a violent headache, and, after partaking of some tea and a strip of toast, I was glad to lie down in my room and sleep, which I did soundly for two hours. I awoke refreshed and thankful, dressed for dinner, and set out for Sir Gilbert's with a light heart. I would allow the affair to develop naturally when I knew the jewels were safe.

The kind old manager smiled and nodded to me as I was passing out, and told me to enjoy myself.

Colonel Gower and his daughter had arrived before me. I found both in my aunt's drawing-room when I entered.

"Have you seen Mr. Hessel, Bert?" asked Lady Varcomb. "We are waiting for him."

"Not since morning," I replied. "He comes to the Bank at eleven o'clock on business."

I made my way to Miss Gower, as I generally contrived to do within five minutes of entering any room where she was present.

"Did you show Mr. Hessel my jewels to-day?" she asked, after our greetings were over. "I wish particularly to see those large ugly cameos, in their old-fashioned gold setting."

"Mr. Seaton gave him the iron box, after reading your order, and he carried it off with all its contents," I replied quickly.

She slightly raised her eyebrows, more in amused surprise than alarm. "He had not my authority for such a proceeding," she said quietly; "nor had Mr. Seaton."

"In what terms did you couch your order, Miss Gower? Mr. Seaton is rigidly exact."

"Not quite in this case," she pointedly persisted. "I asked Mr. Seaton to show Mr. Hessel all my jewels; and I enclosed the key of the leather case, to be returned to me immediately. You showed them to my aunt, Mrs. Gower of Hardwicke, a few months ago, when I could not go with her at the time, and you brought me back the key yourself, Mr. Varcomb."

"Very true; but I heard nothing of a key this morning; and Mr. Seaton is so precise and correct that I am certain he has not exceeded his instructions, as he understood them. I assure you, Miss Gower, that—"

I was interrupted by a movement of the company towards the door; and after a complimentary nod from Lady Varcomb, in response to my inquiring glance, I offered my arm to Miss Gower, and we joined the procession, of which Mr. John Hessel did not form a part.

"How does this matter strike you, Mr. Varcomb?" asked Miss Gower in a low tone, when we were surrounded by a subdued hum of voices at table.

"Well—I can scarcely offer an opinion as yet," I answered; "but I think it should be looked into, straight in the face, at once, Miss Gower."

We did not again allude to the subject; but when we were all once more in the drawing-room, I saw that she contrived to have a few moments' speech with her father, and I saw him glance towards me with a look of uneasy perplexity. He approached me a little later, and whispered under cover of a noisy duet on the pianoforte: "Try to leave when we do, Varcomb; I must speak with you."

Truly, the repose and self-control that "stamp the caste of Vere de Vere" are beautiful and admirable in themselves! This father and daughter knew that the fate of a large fortune hung trembling in the balance, yet they smiled, conversed, enjoyed, with high-bred ease and unmoved composure. They left early, and I accompanied them. We drove straight to the Bank, and told John Seaton, who in great surprise and consternation, sent me down to the cold empty offices for Miss Gower's

order, which I found filed with others in the manager's room. He read it aloud, and then handed it without comment to Miss Gower, who looked astonished.

"It is my own handwriting," she said; "and yet I never wrote that I never mentioned either 'to-night' or 'to-morrow' in my note."

"You see that I acted only on what I believed to be your instructions, Miss Gower," said John Seaton. "I cannot yet believe that an actual robbery has been committed. Varcomb, will you not go up to the Windsor—it is not quite eleven—and ask for Mr. Hessel?"

"And I'll go to the Cedars," cried Colonel Gower. "We may have left the box at our house since we left there. I, too, feel unwilling to believe that John Hessel has really taken the jewels—appropriated them—stolen them, in fact."

I sped away to the Windsor Hotel, hoping Miss Gower would remain with her father, and within a few minutes of return her father came in triumphantly brandishing a letter. "This came for you, Eleanor, by the evening post. I have no doubt Mr. Hessel explains all satisfactorily." Eleanor took the letter with some eagerness, and read aloud:

DEAR MISS GOWER—I have at last attained the object to which I have devoted months of patient waiting—the Haseldine jewels. They are mine by right, not yours; for I am John Haseldine. I am sorry to deprive you of them, but they are certainly mine.

JOHN HASELDINE.

The others turned bewildered looks on each other; but I, with the knowledge of that leather jewel-case safe in my wardrobe up-stairs, pictured the cool scoundrel's collapse on opening and searching the iron box, and laughed aloud. John Seaton looked at me reproachfully; visions of Scotland Yard detectives on the trail, commotion among the Rawlin magnates in the City, possible reprisals and severities, were evidently passing before his mind.

Colonel Gower was intensely angry, and no wonder, at the cool manner in which we had all been hoodwinked.

Miss Gower looked coldly and proudly as she read the letter, and presently conveyed across the line, ostensibly for shipment to relatives in San Francisco. A curious citizen, who had had his suspicions aroused, secretly followed the corpse after its arrival in National City, and saw it conveyed to a lone habitation in the mountains at Otay Mesa. Peeping through the window, he saw the sad mourners engaged in a rather unusual proceeding. They had opened the coffin, and from the interior of the corpse they were taking small tin boxes of opium.

Admirers of the fair sex, who are always ready to give full credit to woman for her influence and achievements, say that Columbus received a "tip" from his wife regarding the existence of a new world. She was a beauty of Lisbon, the daughter of a distinguished Italian navigator named Perestrello. One day, so the story runs, while Don Felipe was examining some of her father's papers, she discovered one containing a chart of a new path to the Indies. She showed it to her beloved Christopher, and as the Genoese sailor was as wise as he was venturesome, he knew the value of the chart and soon after decided to utilize it. The hint embraced in this chart, thanks to his wife, led to the discovery which will be ever memorable in the land of Columbia.

Spring Games in Early Times.

Since the most ancient days mankind has been accustomed to hail the appearance of spring with intense satisfaction and delight, because of its being the natural commencement of the year. The ancient Romans on April 28 and five following days celebrated certain festivities called ludi florales, or the floral games. These were held annually in honor of Flora, the goddess of flowers and vegetation. Prayers were offered to this divinity asking her to smile upon the flowers, trees, grass and other products of the earth during the year.

The Greeks also indulged in festive games, accompanied with many ceremonies appropriate to the season.

In later days the Germans commemorated the return of spring with great ceremony and display of an allegorical character, to which they gave the name of Der Sommergewinn, or the acquisition of summer. At Eisenach, in Saxony, the inhabitants at one time celebrated it in the following manner: They divided themselves into two parties, one of which carried a straw figure, representing Winter, without the limits of the town, thus symbolically banishing the frosty old fellow from their district. The other party assembled on the outskirts of the village and at a given signal marched in, bearing aloft a figure of Spring, bedecked with cypress and hawthorn. Meeting the others they joined forces and formed a triumphal procession. The peasants paraded about the fields, singing and dancing and otherwise expressing their joy at the return of the spring.

As time progressed the straw figures were discarded, and the two seasons were represented by appropriately dressed human beings. These individuals engaged in a mock combat, in which, as a matter of course, Spring came off the victor and was triumphantly led into the town, amid the rejoicings of the assembled crowds. Winter's representative, on the other hand, was unceremoniously stripped of his emblematical garb and ignominiously dismissed. The name given to this festival was the "Dead Sunday," in allusion to the resemblance which the still repose of winter allegorically bears to the sleep of death.

Gradually the custom died away, and now no vestige remains of what was once a gala day among the fun-loving inhabitants of Eisenach.

Artificial Heat.

A lady who lives on Austin avenue sent her colored servant Matilly to the grocery store to get a loaf of bread for breakfast, which was ready. Matilly got back pretty soon with the bread, and as the lady of the house took it, she remarked:

"This is nice, fresh bread. It is warm yet from the oven."

"Dat ain't what makes it hot," interrupted Matilly.

"What does make it warm?"

"I put de bread under my arm, and run de whole way from de bakery. Dat's what warmed it up."

"The bread got cool before the lady did, when she heard this explanation."

Whoever lends a greedy ear to a slanderous report is either himself of a radically bad disposition or a mere child in sense.

Looking for flowers without thorns is one of the best ways in the world for fooling your time away.

Where boasting ends, there dignity begins.

No principal is more noble, as there is none more holy, than that of true obedience.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

It is illegal for boys under sixteen years of age to loiter on the streets of Sellersburg, Ind., after seven o'clock p.m.

In a shaving contest in Truckee, Nevada, the successful barber cleanly scraped his patron in forty-five seconds, without drawing blood.

One of fashion's devotees suggests that the Government ought to print an assortment of postage stamps with a black border, for the use of people in mourning.

A trade journal states that grease spots can be readily removed from carpets by the application of a mixture consisting of equal portions of chloroform and ether.

During the present year many of the patriotic women of Poland wear mourning to commemorate the centenary of the loss of Poland's independence as a nation.

A watchmaker in Nuremberg, Bavaria, has invented a device which displays on the face of a clock, one hour before it is about to run down, the warning word, "Wind."

Dramatists in France get twelve per cent. of the gross receipts of each play, and are allowed tickets to the value of one hundred francs for every performance of such plays as they have written.

There is a demand in England for a coin of the value of £1. Sir Henry Bessemer suggests that it be made of aluminium, which is a very light metal—less than one-seventh the weight of gold. It is so light that counterfeiters could not find any preparation with which to make spurious aluminium coins.

The Japanese are fond of bathing. In the city of Tokio there are over eight hundred public bath-houses, in which a person can take a bath, hot or cold, for a sum equal to one cent. Most of the Japanese prefer warm baths, and very likely this is the reason why their complexions are usually clear, smooth, and spotless.

Mrs. J. Wilson, of Warsaw, Ind., was thought to be dead, and just as her body was tenderly placed in the coffin, she raised her hands and clutched the fingers of the undertaker's assistant. Restoratives were applied, and she soon became conscious, and is likely to thoroughly recover.

For three days she had been in a trance. Intense excitement prevailed near National City, California, when the discovery was made that a dead body had been used for smuggling purposes. A corpse was brought from Mexico, and reverently conveyed across the line, ostensibly for shipment to relatives in San Francisco.

A curious citizen, who had had his suspicions aroused, secretly followed the corpse after its arrival in National City, and saw it conveyed to a lone habitation in the mountains at Otay Mesa. Peeping through the window, he saw the sad mourners engaged in a rather unusual proceeding. They had opened the coffin, and from the interior of the corpse they were taking small tin boxes of opium.

Admirers of the fair sex, who are always ready to give full credit to woman for her influence and achievements, say that Columbus received a "tip" from his wife regarding the existence of a new world. She was a beauty of Lisbon, the daughter of a distinguished Italian navigator named Perestrello. One day, so the story runs, while Don Felipe was examining some of her father's papers, she discovered one containing a chart of a new path to the Indies. She showed it to her beloved Christopher, and as the Genoese sailor was as wise as he was venturesome, he knew the value of the chart and soon after decided to utilize it. The hint embraced in this chart, thanks to his wife, led to the discovery which will be ever memorable in the land of Columbia.

Friday.

These will I love, my joy, my crown;
These will I love, my Lord, my God!
These will I love, beneath thy down,
Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod!
What though my flesh and heart decay?
These shall I love in endless day.

Saturday—Have you not all sometimes watched the sea-gulls as, uttering their plaintive wail, as with the slow waft of their white wings, they hover above the surge? Or, have you seen the gannet hurling itself down like a thunderbolt from its perpendicular height to strike some fish which its keen eye sees glittering deep under the waves? Or, if, pent up in these stifling cities with their smoke poisoned air, we cannot see these, we need not go very far to learn a lesson from the pigeons, with a luster as of amethyst bathed in emerald on their shining necks, as they seek the food which man's kindness gives them; or, at any rate, the numberless city sparrows, humbled and most despoiled of God's creature, very street Arabs among the birds, of which yet not one falleth to the ground without our Father's will. Did Jesus, then, point to the birds of the air as though they set you an example of greedy dependence or of lazy sloth? Nay, not so. "That which he giveth them they gather; he openeth his hand, and they," "unconscious about the morrow, guided by unreflecting instinct, toiling for what God gives," "are filled with good."

—[John Howe.

Notice to Office Bares.

Walk right in, and if you don't see what you want, reach for it.

Take all the latest exchanges before the editor has had a chance at them. They are made to look at. Trim your nails with his scissors and write your letters on his desk, not forgetting to leave the pen in the mullage bottle.

Don't shut the door if you should happen to leave. The editor needs all the eight draughts he can get.

Ask him ten times a day why he has not published your sketch. Yours is the only sketch he has received in six months, and it should have appeared long ago.

In short, walk right in and take charge of things. You are an Englishman, and should never have spent your life in loafing around. Get in the editorial chair, kick the editor out and show the people how to run a newspaper.

Needless Alarm.

Dangerous things look safe, and safe things look dangerous. The trouble is all in the beholder's eye, as the common expression is. An Englishman was on a voyage to Spain.

Ships were flying by, of varying shape, rig and color. One, the Englishman noticed, was bearing slowly down towards him, with her cargo piled on deck half-way up the masts! What could she be? How could she hope laden in this way, to live out the faintest suspicion of a gale?

The English traveller was considerably exercised about her. Something surely ought to be done to make such a reckless loading illegal and impossible. "Eyes," he scanned the vessel with his glass. The breeze was light, but she rode buoyantly. At last a sailor cleared up the mystery.

"Why, sir," he said, bluntly, "she's only a coaster loaded with cork."

Quote it Correctly.

"A mistake that is very generally made," said Gen. Rosecrans at Willard's last evening, "is in the popular phrase 'Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high.' Now, this is entirely wrong. It should read, 'Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high.' This saying originated away up in the northern states, where in rainy, foggy or stormy weather, it is a well-known fact that the geese fly low—skimming along over the very house tops. In fine and pleasant weather you will remember that they fly in long strings so high in the heavens that their peculiar cry, 'Honk, honk,' can scarcely be heard on the earth below, hence the old saying that everything is lovely when 'the goose' 'honks high,' and not 'hangs high,' which is the most nonsensical perversion of the original old New England saying."

In Epitaph.

Not long ago I lightly swore
To give a bachelor forever;
I'd know a dozen girls or more,
Some sweet and dainty, some plain and clever.

But all their wiles and winking charms
I'd met with such serene resistance
That even when with open arms
They stood, I kept a proper distance.

I joined a club, and settled down
To blissful dreams and poetic stard,
I smoked until I'd colored brown,
I smoked until I'd colored brown.

To be near her, to hear her speak,
And drink the music of her laughter;
To see the smiles slip o'er her cheek,
And watch the dimples chasing after—
But hold! you know as well as I
What auguries such prizes carry:
I bade the bachelor good-by,
And in the autumn I shall marry.

Golden Thoughts For Every Day.

Monday.

The happy morn is come;
Triumph o'er the grave,
The Savior leaves the tomb,
Omnipotence is shown,
Captivity is captived,
For Jesus liveth that was dead.

Who now accuses them,
For whom their Surety died?
Who now shall those condemn,
When God will justify?
Captivity is captived,
For Jesus liveth that was dead.

Christ hath the ransom paid,
The glorious work is done,
On Him our help be thrown,
By Him our victory won;
Captivity is captived,
For Jesus liveth that was dead.

Tuesday—The English people are satisfied that to the great consolations of religion are necessary as its instructions. They, too, are among the unhappy. They feel personal pain and domestic sorrow. In these they have no privilege, and are subject to pay their full contributions levied on mortality. They want this sovereign balm under their gnawing cares and anxieties, which, being less conversant about the limited wants of animal life, range without limit and are diversified by infinite combinations in the wild and unbounded regions of imagination.—[Burke.

Wednesday.

Yet, every day has its dawn,
Its sunrise and its setting;
Live while we live, give God thanks—
He will not let us grieve.