

Boys and Girls.

My Choice.

If Maude were a little lady,
Who did not work at all;
And if Kate were a little housemaid,
Who did the work for all.

And if my little lady
Were not the liveliest day;
And if the little housemaid
Were always glad and gay;

I'd rather be the housemaid,
And do the work for all,
Than be the little lady,
And never work at all.

—St. Nicholas.

A Daughter's Part at Home.

One of the sweetest things a girl can do is to receive friends graciously, particularly at home. In one's own house a cordial manner is peculiarly fitting. Do not stand off in the middle of the room and bow coldly and formally to the friend who has called. Wait over to meet her; give her your hand, and say pleasantly that you are very glad to see her again. Stiff, cold and formal ways of greeting acquaintances are not proper in the home. A daughter's part is to assist her mother on every social occasion. The girl pours the tea in her mother's drawing-room when friends drop in after tea. Quite often, when no maid is present, she helps the guests to the sandwiches, and the cakes which are served at a five o'clock tea, and herself hands the cups and saucers to the guest who would like to be relieved.

Apart from and more important even than her manner as a guest, her help in her mother's day is the manner of a daughter to her father and mother. The father returns to his home after a wearying day at business. He is tired in body and mind. Coming back, as his latch-key turns in the home door, he throws off his coat; he is joyful at the thought of the dear ones he will meet after hours of absence. His young daughter, who is sitting in her room, looks up at him with a smile, and she says: "Welcome home, dear. How are you?"

Men give up a great deal for their families—their time, their strength, the knowledge they have gained in life's experience—so they should be treated freely for their home's sake, and the home should pay its debt in much outspoken love.—Harper's Round Table.

Nan's Freckles.

(By Clara D. Pierson.)

"Oh, Nan, let me see it."
"I can't; it's perfectly horrid."
"Please, dear, you don't mind me."
"Well, look at it, then. Did you ever see anything worse? My freckles are bad enough on my face, but they are lots worse in the picture. I wonder what freckles were made for, anyway? What a fortune they would be for anyone who could patent a harmless way of removing them! Let's go into it, Madge. You patent it, and I'll canvass for it, and we'll call it 'The Morse Sisters' Freckle Eradicator!'"

"Yes, \$1 a bottle, six for \$5."
"Exactly. My picture on every bottle. Before and After Using. We'll copy this proof for the 'Before' side."
The words were light enough, but the tone had in it a suggestion of tears. Merry little Nan was morbidly sensitive about the small brown spots which marked the sides of her face. She was a healthy girl, but she was the joke of her own family. You know, freckles at 10 count for nothing, and at 15 most girls begin to realize that they are not so perfect as they look. But at 20! After a minute Madge spoke in her sweet, quiet way:

"Nannie, dear, I sometimes think you don't know how good looking you are. You don't think so, do you?"

"You! Oh, Madge, I never get tired of looking at you."

"Well, little girl, bring your hand-mirror, and pencil and paper, and let us take an account of the spots. They are fair, and take our features one by one, deciding which has the better."

Nan obeyed, and seated herself on a low stool by the side of her sister's chair. "All ready. Now for hair. That followed some good-natured squabbling over the records, which, however, were fairly made. When it came to complexion, Madge was a long time. Madge was fair and very pale. Nannie a healthy pink and white, but freckled. The latter had her own way on this point, and decided in favor of Madge. The next was the nose. Nan counted, and proved to be exactly even to Nannie's great astonishment. She sat very still for at least two minutes, and then exclaimed:

"Madge, we never put down expression, and that is the most important thing of all. Besides, it is the sweetest thing about you, so you have the lead, as I knew you would."

"I didn't expect that, because that is something we can make for ourselves. Don't you know what Dr. Holmes says? 'Our other features we inherit; our mouths we make for ourselves.' You express your own right. Nannie, when you are not thinking about Nannie Morse and her various small afflictions. You are beautiful when you do things for your lazy sister Madge."

The response to this was a shower of kisses and a request that she should do more "simply as a beautiful girl." And then Nannie flew off to school repeating her errands to Madge: "One and three quarters more until my graduating gown, one piece of blue baby ribbon, inquire after Mrs. Jones's sick boy, and stop at the photographer's."

While she is gone we will review the history of the two sisters.

The father had died when they were children, their mother always delicate, had been obliged to live up to nearly all of their little capital, economizing very rigidly, and hoping to see both of her daughters self-supporting by the time the money was gone. The worry and sorrow were too much for her, however, and she left her children orphans just a year before the time of this sketch. Madge had been her mother's nurse and comforter, and was left weak and for the time being nearly an invalid. She and Nannie were all in all to each other, and although each had a whimsical effect on the other, they were left with the house, a large, well-located place, and about \$200 in money. The home had been well rented, the two girls reserving a suite of rooms, and receiving their board in return for the rent. Madge had resolved that Nannie should complete her high school course, in the hope that she might become a teacher, and had economized rigidly to pay insurance and taxes, and carry her through the year. She was clever with her needle, and beside caring for their own clothing, and accomplishing work in the way of mending, had sev-

erel times filled orders for fine needle-work upon some of the church ladies. Nannie protested she was willing to do anything honorable for money, but she "wouldn't have much respect for any school board that would let her, and she'd really rather take in washing than teach. She thought she had more brains in her hand than her head."

Madge was quite absorbed in the making of the all-important graduating gown when Nannie entered the room at 4 o'clock with the rush of a small cyclone, embraced her half-a-dozen times, and declared that their fortunes were made, and that Madge should walk in silk attire and siller hae to spare. After she calmed down enough to be coherent she explained that Mr. Walcott, the old photographer, had been so amused by her hatred of freckles that he had taken her into the workshop of the gallery and let her watch retouchers working them out. She thought she was really rather interested and laughingly said:

"That trade won't pay when Madge and I get our 'Morse Sisters' Freckle Eradicator' on the market. Our scheme is all right, but I can't carry it out. Pity we can't think with our hands, for they are clever."

And, then, Madge, he looked so queer and did not seem to hear my next question at all, but just opened the door for me to go into the next room again, and I thought I must have said something dreadful, but I couldn't think what, and when we got out there what do you think he told me? That his best retoucher is to be married in October, and that he had seen some of the old retouchers who had been so amused by her hatred of freckles that he had taken her into the workshop of the gallery and let her watch retouchers working them out. She thought she was really rather interested and laughingly said:

MEN WHO HIDE THEMSELVES.

Stories of Some Who Have Suddenly Appeared After a Long Absence.

Some years ago a young woman appeared before a bench of magistrates and sought advice in a search she was making for her husband. They had been acquainted for years; the friendship ripened and they were married. After the ceremony they left London to spend their honeymoon and registered at a well-known hotel. Afterward they went out for a walk. In the Strand the husband asked his wife to wait until he obtained a supply of tobacco from a shop a short distance away, and then left her. She never saw or heard of him afterward. Every inquiry was made, but their search had no success.

A tradesman who was doing a large business in a town in the Midlands, and who had a happy and comfortable home, disappeared suddenly, and for many years his whereabouts was a mystery to all his friends. He was found not long ago in a workhouse, where he was dying of starvation, and was then upon his deathbed. On leaving home he dressed himself as a common tramp, and in that character obtained admission to the workhouse, where he remained for some time, and was content to break stones and do the plain food of the paupers, when he might have been living a life of ease with his family. He declined to give any reason for his strange conduct.

A city merchant once caused his friends much sorrow by disappearing in a strange fashion. He was last heard of at his bankers, where he deposited nearly £2,000 to his account. His subsequent whereabouts was enveloped in mystery, and years elapsed without news of him being forthcoming. Ten years later his wife was driving through a west end district when she suddenly recognized in the person of a crossing sweeper some resemblance to that of her husband. She immediately stopped her carriage and found that the sweeper was indeed her missing husband. He was inclined to resent her persuasions to return to his home, but she explained that she had amassed sufficient money to keep his family in comfort, and, tormented by the fear that he might be induced to speculate and lose the money, she had decided to disappear and leave them to their joyment. He had lived in common lodging-houses, and was content in his adopted business of a crossing-sweeper. Other matters he refused to say, and he had received many coppers and small pieces of silver from his family.

In a Scotch village a farmer disappeared, and two years later was accidentally discovered by his wife, living at a village on the coast only a few miles away. He explained that, since a lad, he had always had the desire to be a sailor, and, when marriage, when his family were grown up, he was suddenly struck with the inclination to accomplish his ambition. Leaving his coat and hat in the field where he returned with his wife, he proceeded to the village on the coast, was taken into the service of a fisherman, and, under a fictitious name, had for twenty years, lived a contented life. He was a thoughtful to the mental anguish of his wife and family.

Years ago a factory lass in Lancashire married to a young fellow, a native of the same place, and after a few months of wedded bliss, was deserted by him. Search was made, but the whereabouts of the missing man could not be ascertained. He was tracked down and brought up the little one that was born, in a respectable manner, and the daughter, on reaching her 19th year married. It was arranged that the honeymoon should be spent in London, and the newly married pair were accompanied on their trip by the bride's mother. Two days after their arrival in the metropolis the party was walking along the Strand, and the mother, dressed in the height of fashion, and apparently of considerable position. On seeing him the elderly lady of the party was startled. It was her long-lost husband. Anxious to try his fortune in London, he deserted his wife and journeyed south, where all he dealt with turned into gold, and he became a millionaire. He often wished to search for his deserted wife, but had not done so because he was timid of the expression of opinion upon his conduct. The reconciliation was soon made, and the wedding trip was extended to the continent. The father and mother of the bride traveling with her and her husband.—Tid-Bits.

No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether irreclaimably bad.—Carlyle.

When Birds are Frightened.

As the balloon neared Petersfield we entered a dense bank of clouds, and ran in them for some three miles, emerged over the chalk downs and skimming about 150 feet over a windmill. Passing over a large rabbit warren, it was amusing to witness a flock of the bunnies as they dived into their burrows, which from above presented the appearance of hundreds of circular black spots. Balloons have a very terrifying effect upon all birds.

As one passes over a farmyard there is always a regular stampede of the fowls under cover, while ducks dash into the ponds and dive frantically to avoid the supposed danger. The effect of the diving is most absurd, as seen from above, for often, owing to the transparency of the water, the violent efforts of the ducks to hide themselves are plainly visible. Wild birds, especially game, are also much perturbed at sight of the balloon, pheasants crowding loudly and running off, while partridges and quails have been flushed drop like stones into a neighboring hedge-row. Sheep also seem much alarmed, but cattle and horses appear to take no interest in the matter.—Macmillan's Magazine.

The Poets.

The "Out-of-Date" Couple.

We are "so out of date," they say, Ned and I;
We love in an old-fashioned way,
Long since gone by.
He says I am his helpmate true
In everything;
And I—well, I will own to you
He is my king.

We met in no romantic way
'Twixt "glow and gloom";
He wooed me on a winter day,
And in a room;
Yet, through life's hours of stress and
trouble, he was not
When yours befall,
Love kept our small home corner warm
And all was well.

Ned thinks no woman like his wife—
I proudly bear it;
Perhaps we view the dual life
Through roseate glass;
Even if the prospects be not bright,
We hold it true
The heaviest burdens may grow light
When shared by two.

Upon the gilded scroll of fame,
Emblazoned fair,
I cannot hope to read the name
I proudly bear;
But, happy in their even flow,
The years glide by;
We are behind the times, we know—
Ned and I.
—E. Matheson, in Chambers' Journal.

Family Is Breakin' Up.

Family is breakin' up—take it at its best;
Mollie's livin' in the north, Jenny in the west;
Dick is timberin' down east, John is gone to sea;
All that's left us o' the south is "mother" here an' me!

Family is breakin' up—further off each day!
Didn't think I'd ever live to see it go that way;
Don't know if I'm north or south, com-
pas p'int ain't plain.
With Mollie's livin' in the north, and
Dickey down in Maine!

Family is breakin' up. . . . Some-
times, in the night,
When I sit alone, feelin' lonesome by
the flickin' firelight,
With "mother's" hand held in my own,
A shadder's in the door,
An' we clasp each other closer, an' we
love each other more!

But the shadder comes betwixt us, an'
the beatin' o' my heart
Seems sayin': "Still one more to go—
two lives to drift apart!"
An' mother's tears—they fall like rain;
but when this life is past
We'll meet in that far country, at
home—thank God—at last!
—Frank L. Stanton.

The Singing in God's Acre.

Out yonder in the moonlight, wherein
God's Acre lies,
Go angels waiting to and fro, singing
their lullabies.
Their radiant wings are folded, and
their eyes are bended low,
As they sing among the beds whereon
the flowers delight to grow—
"Sleep, oh, sleep!"

The shepherd loveth His sheep,
And watcheth them all the day;
Fast speedeth the night away;
Soon cometh the glorious day;
Sleep, weary ones, while ye may—
"Sleep, oh, sleep!"

The flowers within God's Acre see that
fair and wondrous sight,
And hear the angels singing to the
sleepers through the night;
And, lo! throughout the hours of day
the gentle flowers glow;
The music of the angels in that tender
slumber—
"Sleep, oh, sleep!"

The shepherd loveth His sheep,
He that watcheth His flock the best;
Hath he not them to his loving breast;
breast;
So sleep ye now, and take your rest—
"Sleep, oh, sleep!"

From angel and from flower the years
are passed;
And with its heavenly music speed the
days and nights along;
So through all time, whose flight the
Shepherd's vigils glorify,
God's Acre slumbereth in the grace of
that sweet lullaby—
"Sleep, oh, sleep!"

—Eugene Field.

A Thanksgiving to God.

Lord, thou hast given me a cell,
Wherein to dwell;
A little house whose humble roof
Is weather proof;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry—
Where, then, my chamber for to ward,
Hast sent a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and
keep

Low is my pillow, as is my fate—
Both sweet and lowly;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by poor
Who hither come, and freely get
Good words, or meat.
Like as my parlor, my hall
And kitchen's small,
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin

Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchill, unfeared,
Some brittle sticks of thorne or briar
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.

Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by Thee—
The words, the pulse, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Weep of Thy kindness Thou hast sent
To be more sweet.
Makes these and my beloved beet
To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering
heart

With ruthless mirth,
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink
Spiced to the brim,
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty dropping hand
That soils my land,
And giv'st me for my bushel sown
Twice ten for one;
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day;
Besides my healthful ewes to bear
The twins each year—
The while the conduits of my Rhine
Run cream for wine.
All these and better Thou dost send
Me to this end—
That I should render, for my part,
A thankful heart.
Which, fired with incense, I resign
As wholly thine;
But the acceptance, that must be,
My Christ, by Thee.
—Robert Herrick.

The Horseless Carriage.

Horseless wagons are soon to be adopted in the West on a large scale. A company is being formed, with \$500,000 capital, to open a line of such vehicles between Ashcroft and Barkerville, B. C., a distance of some 200 miles. Ashcroft is on the line of railway, and Barkerville is in the heart of the gold region. There is a fine wagon road the whole length of the route, and at present a big business is being done by horse stage lines. But in the Cariboo country everything that horse eats has to be imported at a heavy expense, and the roads run through such a mountainous region the horses do not last long. The company thinks it can handle the business of both passengers and freight, including the ore output of the mines, with an adaptation of one of the oil motor wagons that has been designed for use on the main routes, and at a much cheaper rate than by the present horse stages. The Provincial Legislature has been asked to pass a bill granting the company the privilege of operating horseless wagons on all the main routes in the Cariboo region. By Government direction the carriages are to be constructed with extra wide tires in order to avoid the roughness of the roads, and not injurious to the roads. While oil motors are to be used for the present, the company believes it will soon be able to adopt storage electric battery motors.

Two Great Armies.

The knowledge that France would fly at Germany's throat as soon as it seemed safe to do so has been a permanent factor in the international bargaining and controversies that have marked that country's history. It is not that some untoward accident might precipitate the always threatened conflict, even against the desires and best judgment of the combatants, has never ceased to haunt the imaginations of men. If this prolonged anxiety has strained the nerves of onlookers, what must have been the tension upon the peoples directly concerned! Statistics afford some light conception of the material burdens which they have been forced to bear. When the war ended, for instance, the Germans had 570,000 troops of all arms on French territory. They had the peace footing of the former French army, without counting gendarmes or any reserves, actually exceeded by 80,000 that total muster of the Germans at the time of their triumph. The present standing army of the German Empire, being formed on the theory of a defensive force, is a trifle smaller. It has only 585,000 men under arms. These figures are not meant to convey realities to the mind. The fact may be made a little clearer by saying that the French and German peoples together have now some 800,000 more professional fighting men in the service than they had at the outbreak of the war. It is necessary to maintain before the war of 1870. Yet this, too, fails to give an adequate idea of the tremendous sacrifices which both nations have had to make. A hundred years ago, year throughout this weary quarter of a century.—Saturday Review.

God gives us always strength enough and
sease enough for anything he wants us to do.
—Ruskin.

Doubting the Colonel.

The extreme cheapness of military titles a few years after the war is well illustrated by a story that was told at a recent camp-fire. The narrator said that in the year 1870 he was traveling through a certain populous country district and stopped to converse with a farmer who had a considerable number of men at work in his hay fields. "Most of these men are old soldiers," said the farmer. "Indeed! Are any of them officers?" "Two of 'em. One of 'em there was a private, and the other fellow beyond was a corporal, but the man beyond him was a major, but that man away over in the corner was a colonel!" "Indeed! Are they good men?" "Well," said the farmer, "that private's a first-class man, and the corporal's pretty good, too." "But how about the major and the colonel?" "The major's so-so," said the farmer. "But the colonel?" "Well," said the farmer, "I ain't a-going to say a word against him, but I've made up my mind to one thing—I ain't a-going to hire any brigadier-generals!" —Youth's Companion.

Queen Mary's Jewels.

Andrew Lang, writing for Good Words, says: When Elizabeth had had her heart's desire, and Mary's head had fallen upon the block, a catalogue of her goods was made at Fotheringhay on Feb. 20, 1586-87. We find a "little tablet of gold, enameled, containing the arms of the Queen of Scots." Sir George Clerk, of Penicuik, possesses a similar gold case, enameled with very small miniatures of Mary and her son, James VI. "A little bird of gold, enameled, green," is probably the parrot which she met in an early inventory. There is an enameled box (sometimes called a "cupid") from happier days, her first husband's gift, with rubies, diamonds, and a great pearl. Her husband's miniature, in an enameled case, was still with her, and a gold and pearl martins, also in the old inventories. A jewel in the form of a tortoise may be the rubied torque, the gift of David Rizzio. Several of the Queen's jewels bequeathed to Bastian Pagez, who was married on the night of Barnley's slaying. There are altogether about 80 pieces of jewelry and objects of jeweler's art, but of diamonds only two or three, and of pearls small. Such were the jetsam of so many wrecks—wrecks of happiness, power, and even of good name and fame, sorrows wherein all was lost save courage and faith.

New Underground Railway in London.

The new underground railway in London is to be six and a half miles long, and will run from Shepherd's Bush to Liverpool street. Contractors have agreed to build it for \$16,220,000, this to include the purchase of land. It is estimated that with a train every two minutes it will cost \$700,000 a year to work it, and that at a fare of 4 cents per passenger, and 7,000,000 passengers a year for each mile, there will be a profit of 4 per cent on the venture stock, and 5 per cent on the share capital, with a possible margin of 1 per cent over. The method of construction differs delightfully from that proposed for the underground railway in New York. Instead of tearing up the most important thoroughfare of a great city and checking transportation not only on it, but also on the streets crossing it, instead of undermining tall buildings and unsettling real estate values, the London company sensibly proposes to buy private property at intervals of a quarter to half a mile along the route, and on the lots to sink shafts and from them construct the tunnel. The shafts will later on be used as the sites of railway stations. A speed of fifteen and a half miles an hour, including stops, is to be maintained. Electricity is to be the motive power.

A Smile-A Laugh.

A horse will pull with all his might,
but never with his mane—Texas Siftings.

A man who stutters may be said to break his word even when he tells the truth.

Those who know Mr. Wilson, of this place, will regret to hear that he was brutally assaulted last week, but he was not killed.—Exchange.

The report of an Irish benevolent society says: "Notwithstanding the large amount paid for medical attendance, very few deaths occurred during the year."

Their Future.—Of course, my prospects are not the brightest. We will have a great deal to contend against. She—Dearest, we will have each other.—Vogue.

Teacher—Emma, what do you know of the orchid family?
Emma—If you please, madam, mamma has forbidden us to indulge in any family gossip.—Fliegende Blätter.

Miss Newcombe—Seems rather a good year this for fruit, Giles. Are all your trees as full of apples as this one?
Giles—Oh, naw, miss, only the apple trees.—Judy.

"Who was it?" asked the pretty school-marm, "who said, 'Give me liberty or give me death?'"
"Patrick Henry, ma'am," replied a small pupil.

"And which did he get?"
"Both, ma'am."

"I don't see," said Mr. Maguire, as he sat in the stern of the vessel, "how the captain can find his way across the ocean. If he were going the other way, now, all he'd have to do would be to follow that white streak behind there; but in front there's nothing to point the way."—Exchange.

A gentleman having engaged a workman to make some repairs in his cellar, ordered the ale to be removed before he commenced his work. "Oh, I am not afraid of a barrel of ale, sir," said the man. "I presume not," said the gentleman, "but I think a barrel of ale would run at your approach."

The curious effect that may be produced by a very small transposition of words and ideas is illustrated by this slightly "mixed" instruction, recently given by an officer at drill to a company of men:
"When I give the command 'Halt!' you will bring the foot which is on the ground to the side of the one which is in the air, and remain motionless."

Two young clergymen were disputing so loudly on the subject of religion that they awoke a big dog that had been sleeping on the hearth before the fire, whereupon he began to bark furiously. An old preacher, who had been quietly sipping his tea while the disputants were talking grave dog a kick, exclaiming: "Hold your tongue, you silly brute! You know no more about it than they do!"

A reporter for the Cincinnati Tribune lately overheard a dialogue between two suburban gentlemen.
"How did your daughter pass her examination for a position as teacher?" asked the first man.
"Pass!" was the answer. "She didn't pass at all. Maybe you won't believe it, but they asked that poor girl about that which happened before she was born."

An exchange reports that the teacher of a city school received the following ample apology from the mother of an absentee:
"Dear mam—please excuse Willy. He didn't have but one pair o' pants an' I kep him home to wash them and Mrs. O'boole's goat coms and et them off the line and that awt to be excuseus an' excuseus an' excuseus. Yours with respect, Mrs. B."

The simplicity of children is sometimes hard to fathom. In the following case, for instance, reported by an exchange, was the boy's innocent real or affected?

He had brought home his monthly school report, which made a poor showing.

"This is very unsatisfactory," said his father, as he looked it over; "I am not at all pleased with it."

"I knew you wouldn't be," answered the little boy; "I told the teacher so, but she said she couldn't change it."

The death of Rev. John Lewis, late vicar of Bonville, Glamorganshire, Scotland, recalls the eccentric character of a former sexton of the church. The sexton regarded himself as equal with the minister. After ringing the bell of the parish church that worshiped at the Dissenting chapel, and returned to the church to look after the vicar's vestments, on his sermon, he went up into the pulpit, blew out the lights, and said: "Now, then, Jack, you have said enough; come along," and the vicar always most meekly collapsed and retired.

He Found His Finger.

At the battle of Chickamauga, in September, 1863, John Sammons, a soldier in the Confederate army, was loading his rifle behind a big oak tree when a bullet hit his gun stock, and carried away two joints of the forefinger of his right hand. The dismembered part dropped to the ground, and Sammons made it his way to the rear, stanching the wound as best he could. Then, when the war closed, he returned home and went to work, "charging up his maimed hand," as the Atlanta Constitution says, in telling the story, "to the losses of the Confederacy."

Thirty-two years passed, and he paid a visit to the famous field, which the Government has turned into a grand national park. The tree behind which he had fought was large and conspicuous, and he had little difficulty in finding it. Almost instinctively he put himself into the position he had occupied during the battle, and suddenly it occurred to him to look for his finger.

He stopped, turned over the leaves, and sure enough, there were the bones. They had lain there undisturbed ever since the fight. With a strange feeling he picked them up, satisfied himself of their identity, wrapped them in his handkerchief, and carried them home, where he shows them as a war relic.