

face, showed that she felt his presence an intrusion. As the stranger bore her indignant glances without moving, she said, bluntly:

"Sir, you will find free seats in the rear, and I beg you to find a seat there or in some other pew."

"I beg your pardon for intruding," said the Duke coldly, as he arose and left the pew.

At the close of the service a friend said to the woman: "My dear Mme. —, you were honored to-day; but why did the Duke leave you so abruptly?"

Mme. —, construing the remark as a sarcasm on the impudence of the stranger, replied:

"The presumptuous fellow! Then you saw him in my pew? I had to tell him there were seats for strangers in."

"Why, surely," interrupted the friend, with almost horror in her tone, "you knew that the man was the Duke of Wellington!"

The woman's mortification over her rudeness to the man she would have honored, caused her a fit of sickness.

A Pithy Sermon.

Many a sermon has been spun out to an hour's length that did not contain a tithe of the sound moral instruction and counsel to be found in the following brief and pithy sermon from the pen of that witty and racy writer, the late Rev. Dr. John Todd:

"You are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your strength of body and soul; take for your motto, self-reliance, honesty, and industry; for your stars, faith, perseverance and pluck; and inscribe on your banner, 'Be just, and fear not.' Don't take too much advice; stay at the helm and steer your ship. Strike out. Think well of yourself. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Assume your position. Don't practice extensive humility. You can't get above your level. Water don't run up hill. Put potatoes in a cart over a rough road and the small ones will go to the bottom. Energy, invincible determination, with right motion, are the levers that move the world. The great art of commanding is to take a fair share in the world. Civility costs nothing and buys everything. Don't drink; don't smoke; don't swear; don't gamble; don't lie; don't deceive nor steal; don't tattle. Be polite; be generous; be self-reliant. Read good books. Love your fellow-men as well as you love God. Love your country and obey its laws. Love honor. Always do what your conscience tells is your duty, and leave the consequence to God."—"Good Cheer."

Yankee Speculation.

Some astute observer has remarked that if two Yankees were cast away on a desert island, they would each make a fortune by swapping jack-knives. This money-making propensity of the Yankee was illustrated some years ago in South Africa.

An enterprising son of New England had found his way to the Cape of Good Hope. Looking around for a chance to speculate, the idea struck him that it would pay to exhibit a party of Kafirs in London.

In a short time he had collected a half-dozen Kafirs from a farm within fifty miles of Cape Town. He had them instructed in the native

dances and took them to London, where they appeared clothed in skins and lustrous in paint.

A Kafir war was then going on, a fact of which the speculating Yankee made good use of his show-bills. These Kafirs became the rage, and thousands of Londoners and visitors to that city thronged the exhibition hall.

It happened that about that time a Dutch farmer from the Cape, named De Beer, was in London. Seeing a show-bill advertisement of the appearance of wild Kafirs, taken captive in war, he went to the hall. The performance went on as usual, until suddenly two of the Kafirs rushed from the stage, and clasping the farmer round the neck, shouted out in Dutch—"Why, here is old Papa De Beer!"

The other Kafirs jumped off the stage and threw their arms about the Dutchman. He struggled with many Dutch expletives to release himself from their greasy embraces.

The audience, thinking the war instincts of the savages had led them to attempt to murder a spectator, were thrown into great excitement. It was with difficulty that the Dutchman could make himself heard. He finally calmed the excitement by explaining that these wild Kafirs were his own farm-hands, whom the Yankee speculator had enticed away some six months before.

Art of Using Perfume.

There are few ladies who resist the pleasure of using perfumes, and if they are not used in too great quantities, they are not objectionable. It is a good plan to use only one kind of perfume such as violet, heliotrope, rose geranium, etc. Instead of saturating the handkerchief, use them in the shape of sachet powders. Put them on cotton in small bags of muslin, silk, or satin, and strew them in every part of the bureau and wardrobe, so that a delicate, fresh, almost nameless perfume pervades every article of dress from the hat to the boots. Sachets filled with powderedorris root will give a sweet, wholesome odor that never becomes so strong as to be disagreeable. The use of too strong extracts of perfumery is not considered in good taste.

Sweet-Minded Women.

So great is the influence of a sweet-minded woman on those around, that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in seasons of sorrow and sickness for help and comfort; one soothing touch of her kindly hand works wonder in the feverish child; a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowing sister does much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home, worn out with the pressure of business and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he enters the cosy sitting room, and sees the blaze of the bright fire, and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences which act as the balm of Gilead to his wounded spirits that are wearied with combating with the stern realities of life. The rough school-boy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile; the little one, full of grief with its own large trouble, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast. And so one might go on with instance after instance of the influence that a sweet-minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power when compared with hers.

Little Ones' Column.

One at a Time.

One step at a time, and that well placed,
We reach the grandest height;
One stroke at a time, earth's hidden stores
Will slowly come to light;
One seed at a time, and the forest grows;
One drop at a time, and the river flows
Into the boundless sea.

One word at a time, and the greatest book
Is written and is read;
One stone at a time, and a palace rears
Aloft its stately head;
One blow at a time, and the tree's cleft through
And a city will stand where the forest grew
A few short years before.

One foe at a time, and he subdued,
And the conflict will be won;
One grain at a time, and the sand of life
Will slowly all be run;
One minute, another, the hours fly;
One day at a time, and our lives speed by
Into eternity!

One grain of knowledge, and that well stored,
Another and more on them;
And as time rolls on your mind will shine
With many a garnered gem
Of thought and wisdom. And time will tell.
"One thing at a time, and that done well,"
Is wisdom's proven rule.

—Golden Days.

A Summer Visitor.

Have you heard the lively jade—
(She's a gossip, I'm afraid),
Who has lately come to town for the season?
Making such a clack and clatter,
Such a chatter, chatter, chatter,
Without a grain of dignity or reason.

And she never seems to care
To let others have a share
In the gabble, for she keeps up such a din
That no person can be heard
Who may try to say a word,
When once she takes a notion to begin.

And this saucy little elf
Always contradicts herself,
So she can't be called reliable, 'tis clear,
And she has such funny ways
Of repeating all she says
That her talk is quite monotonous to hear.

Her name is what, you ask?
It would be an easy task
To learn it, for she's always, always telling,
How it sounds on summer eves
And she sits amongst the leaves,
And thinks she's all the singing birds excelling.

It is all she has to say,
As she talks and talks away,
In the branches where cunningly she's hid;
But of it she must be proud,
For she always calls aloud:
"Katie Didn't! Katie Didn't! Katie Didn't!"

Fashionable Piano Playing.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says:—It was a young woman with as many white flounces around her as the planet Saturn has rings, that did it. She gave the music stool a whirl or two and fluffed down to it like a twirl of soap suds in a hand basin. Then she pushed up her cuffs as though she was going to fight for the champion's belt. Then she worked her wrists and hands, to limber 'em, I suppose, and spread out her fingers till they looked as though they would pretty much cover the keyboard, from the growling end down to the little squeaky one. Then these two hands of hers made a jump at the keys as if they were a couple of tigers coming down on a flock of black and white sheep, and the piano gave a great howl as if its tail had been trod on. Dead stop—so still you could hear your hair growing. Then another howl, as if the piano had two tails, and you had trod on both 'em at once, and then a great chatter and scramble and string of jumps, up and down, back and forward, one hand over the other, like a stampede of rats and mice more than anything I can call music.