The Best Beauty.

I know a little fellow
Whose face is fair to see;
But still there's nothing pleasant
About that face to me;
For he's rude and cross and selfish
If he cannot have his way;
And he's always making trouble
I've heard his mother say.

I know a little fellow
Whose face is plain to see;
But that we never think of
So kind and brave is he.
He carries sunshine with him,
And everybody's glad
To hear the cheery whistle
Of the pleasant little lad.

You see it's not the features
That others judge as by,
But what we do, I tell you,
And that you can't deny.
The plainest face has beauty
If its owner's kind and true;
And that's the kind of beauty,
My girl and boy, for you.

—*Golden Days.*

THE HENSON PARTY.

A Temperance Story.

BY FRANCES P. CHAPLIN.

"Oh, my pot o' honey, and my hands!" cried Dilsie, her blue sun-bonnet falling over the plump shoulders and golden curls. "Whatever shall I do, Mamsie dear?"

"And Grandma Henson's patty-cap!" shrieked Bess in despairing tones, holding above her head a green silk bag, such as fifty years ago were used for the safe conveyance of stylish head-gear by elderly ladies of the period.

"And my bag of apples," said Rolfe; "rely-uply, how they go!"

The pony, an uneasy creature at best, as headstrong as he was homely, jostled the children all into a heap. It was a marvel that nobody fell out. Another swift wheel about, "Sir shaggy" made all breezes up," as Peg shouted out, and the party came to a sudden stand-still where two roads met.

"Oh for a guide-board!" sighed Dick, with tragic air.

"Hold on, dearies," were the reassuring words from lips that never failed to inspire confidence. "Quiet, my darlings, here's a spring; Scrag shall have a drink; that's what he wants. He sniffs the fragrant bordering of 'sweetweeds' already. Lead him carefully, my boy; meanwhile, we'll think; perhaps somebody may come along."

A ‡ in answer to them need, from what seemed forest depths, a cheery voice called out,—

"Where now, Mrs. Badger, with such a crowd of little folks? All the small hands full; jars, baskets, bags, and no end of fun and frolic in their eyes. To the Lodge up hill? Oh, I might have guessed as much. I'll be on hand myself, my dears, and as young as anybody," as several released fingers waved aloft their sudden appreciation of this timely greeting. "But pray, Mrs. Badger, do your best to have everybody keep away from the old people," added the doctor; "they should rest and sleep, if they can. A couple that'll never see their nieces again are not met with every day. A golden wedding is nothing to our High Hill party to-day; our town'll never see 'the like again."

"To be sure, doctor, we'll do our best; but what a heating day! And Scrag is not in amiable mood; luckily, children don't mind heat or jolts, and it's a mercy, for they'll have to walk up the hill. Young muscle has need of many pulls and some tiredness to get tough and strong; and the country is a rare delight just now. But which road did you say, doctor?"

"Right up the hill to a red school-house, then through a green lane on your left till you see 'Bubbling Spring.' Sit there awhile, and look about over the Champney Range. The clouds and 'lights' up there are wonderful; better than any bought pictures, and great lessons, too, for such as try to copy. Then strike into the forest-road on your right, and five minutes' drive will bring you right into the shadow and coolness of a grove of oaks and chestnuts; and there you'll find the sweetest and quaintest of houses, with a roof like a poke-bonnet. That's the 'Lodge;' but good-day, I must be off." And the doctor's nag, yielding unwilling assent, took a farewell snip of tempting leaves, and trotted up the East road.

The doctor's sister, busy since early morning, looked down the valley as the village bell pealed out the hour of noon, her face aglow with satisfaction. Matrons and maidens, young men and children, had been busy for hours beautifying every nook and corner, setting up benches, sweeping forest paths, arranging tables for the feast, and platform for speakers and musicians. And now, silence reigned; all had strayed off to the woods, lunch-baskets in hand, for an hour's rest.

Faithful vigil had the minister's wife kept; thus far there had been no intrusion of compliment or question upon the aged couple. Days before, the plan for the festival had been laid before them, of a speech from the minister, and music by the choir, and cheerful greetings from a host of friends.

"That takes in about all," Mrs. Dominie had said; "and there'll be no occasion for either of you to stir a finger in the matter. Every body would feel unhappy to have either of you worried or anxious."

"No, that's not about all, mother," Grandpa Henson said, in his quiet, forceful way, when they were alone. "I'm glad we've had this early hint of their friendly plans. Here's to be the chance we've wanted this many a day. We know how much it has been in our hearts, and the burden of our prayers, to say a word to all the town. We've talked it over often enough, still the opening did not come. I want this town to set out now on a temperance basis that nothing in after years can upset. That's been our prayer,—oh, how long! and now," rising and looking down over the valley, spreading his hands as if in benediction over the place, "yes, now He's heard us." And again he poured out his soul in earnest pleading for strength, for wisdom, and that the hearts of men and women might be turned with power towards this great work.

"It's our last opportunity, most likely, mother, and the best, the very best, that could come to us. A little temperance speech from me will come in well with the good-bys, and you shall have your share of pleasure with knots of ribbon that shall go with the promises of hearty trial in this work of love and reformation. But we'll keep our own counsel, mother. Yes, that'll be best; it won't touch anybody else's plans, and we'll bring our message out when the music and speeches are over."

That very afternoon Hiram Vail, the grandson at the Lodge, went over to Bloomville. The satchel in his hand suggested nothing special to outsiders; but what busy work it brought to him and the two aunts who entered with zest into the delightful mystery! What clipping and sewing, fashioning with careful touch the fluffy soft blue bows!

"It's a wonderful chance, children, just wonderful; and all of the Lord's love and goodness," said the dear old lady to her helpers. "How much father and I have talked it over, nobody knows. We've just longed for such a chance, and now, without a word of ours, except our prayers, the Lord has given it to us. There's a thank-thought in my heart every minute," and she bustled about with pins and ribbons, humming softly the sweet old-fashioned hymns of her youth. Near by, Grandpa Henson was intently busy looking up texts and verses, which Hiram would copy, and with fingers tremulous with happy excitement, add the united names, and date of day and year so doubly "crowned with mercies."

On foot and in carriages, people thronged the mountain road. The "hands" at both the mills were released in time to enjoy the festivities. Schools were closed at noon, and oh, the troops of children, clambering with joyful song through "brake and tangled wildwood!" By two o'clock, it seemed as if all Belville rested beneath the shade of Grandpa Henson's glorious trees. "A heating hot day," as more than one sturdy roller remarked to his neighbor, but no weariness seemed to come of it.

While "Home, Sweet Home" floated tenderly over hill and valley, Grandpa Henson, stalwart and ruddy still, with the good wife upon his arm, stepped out upon the piazza. Very sweet looked the dear old lady in soft gray cashmere, a dainty cap of delicate lace and pale lavender ribbons crowning the well-poised head, while a fleecy wrap lay about her shoulders. The charming hostess, just another ninetieth year, was a little woman, unpretentious and quiet, but as she surveyed the sea of faces, bowing her welcomes to them all, the fire and energy of her youth seemed to glow again; there were tears in the soft hazel eyes, and tender thoughts in that loving, motherly heart for all who had come to do them honor.

Three old ladies, comrades in years and experience, sat be-side her. Master Patch, veteran school-teacher and choir-leader, who for more than half a century "had swayed the rod, and waved on high the magic tuning-pipe," tall, wiry and benignant, his keenness of vision unabated, and Major Nicholas Belville, original proprietor of the grand, outlying sweep of hills, were at Grandpa Henson's left, both crowned with years and honors, and at this moment almost hilariously joyful.

Greetings, congratulations, music by the band, the "Welcome to you all," given with a will by fresh young voices, the feast, speeches by clergymen and friends, passing in rapid succession, brought all too soon the hour of separation. There was a momentary lull, when suddenly up goes the good man of the house, and taking the hand of the auld wife, stepped forward, intense feeling apparent in every gesture.

"Dear friends and loving children," he said, "let us thank you for your coming, for your good-wishes, an' your gifts. As this is a day through the love and kindness of friends and neighbors made peculiarly our own, our speaking-day, our pleading-day, bear with us for a little, while we tell you of a matter lying very near our hearts.

"It is our wish to offer to all of you an opportunity of enrolling your names as temperance workers. Here is a book for such a record of love and labor, for it means continuous, patient, untiring work for freedom. The good wife will present the seal and pledge of such grand promise, and the joy it will be to her, no words of mine can tell. This opportunity we have long prayed for. Our hearts have been sad that we could not go to you,—to your homes, your work-shops, your mills,—and on plan of ours could, so effectually as this, have brought us together. Thank God, you have, in His good pleasure, been sent to us! His love and watch-care determine our going out, our coming in, our word by the wayside, our sowing by all waters. Will you, dear friends and children, accept our message in His name? Will you try from this day forth to battle for the right, the right of being beneofeorth free men and free women, the right for clear brains and level heads, the right to cheerful, honest homes for the mothers of our town, the right of happy homes for your little ones, and that religion, pure and undefiled, and well directed intelligence shall rule in our community? Whose name shall head this list?"

Fancy, if you can, the upheaval of feeling, tears of joy and surprise, the sympathetic hand grasp, and no less the cheers that rang, echoing down the valley, as a little urchin, barefoot and with tangled hair, fairly ran, that his name might be the first! Some mothers' hearts throbbed; they knew full well the story of the lad. Forsaken of father and mother, and of all the town the most alone; though not, thank God, unfriended, and never would be while they lived! Shout upon shout rent the air, as Grandma Henson pinned on the first blue bow, and drawing the earnest little face toward her, gave him a mother's kiss and blessing.

After that the blue-bow company were greatly in the majority, and as the sun went down, the last of all "that blessed crowd" saw Grandpa Henson holding the hand of the pioneer worker, and heard her say,—

"Abide with us, my son, and we will do thee good."

And with that, the boy and his new guardians passed in, the door was closed, and Abram Trell entered upon a new experience of love and trust.

The date of our simple story runs back more than fifty years, and the place is now known as a great educational centre. The sweet, forceful words of the aged temperance-pleader fell into many honest hearts, and on, and on, the work has gone. It was, as Master Patch remarked in his last days, "a work of grace and business well tied together."

In the great hall of the Henson Public School building meet circles for reading and discussion. Concerts and lectures also attract appreciative crowds; and temperance-workers gather here discussing best methods, ready to offer aid and work to all needing sympathy and assistance.

To children's children has been bequeathed the work of constant vigilance in the temperance cause, and drams selling is no longer known in the place; such as resort to saloons must seek their low-lived pleasures elsewhere. Peace, quietness, good-fellowship and earnest work abound. Grandpa Henson's Hill party" has become a sort of watch-word, bearing a touch of reverential feeling, and inspiring all to undying endeavor.

Of all the temperance-workers belonging to the Belville band, none touch other hearts so effectively as a singularly quiet, earnest pleader, a man carrying in his face the thought of his soul; and how many, for a sudden turning from their cups are indebted to this man of earnest prayer for help in their weakness, for sustaining kindness, when others turned from them, eternity alone can reveal. Should you ask it, he can show you his "treasure above all other earthly store," a faded bow of blue, which Grandma Henson pinned to the ragged jacket of the "pioneer boy."

Apes Fishing for Crabs.

"They have on the coast of Java a peculiar long-tailed ape and a sand-crab that grows to extraordinary size and possesses great strength in its claws," said a gentleman who lived in Java years ago. "The apes are particularly fond of the crabs, which are very shy and wonderfully quick in their movements. They live in deep holes in the sand, but spend much of their time on the outside of their holes, where they run and hop about. They range in size from that of a silver dollar to that of our edible crabs. Their claws are not large, but have a grip that is vice-like. The apes make daily raids on the haunts of the crabs, and occasionally succeed, by creeping stealthily to within a few feet of a group of them, by springing upon them and capturing one before they have scampered to their holes. Usually, however, the crabs are so wary that while the ape is in the air during his spring toward them they have separated and disappeared into the ground. The ape, finding himself too slow to make a capture, then resorts to a bit of strategy to secure a dinner. His mode of final capture inflicts upon him a pang of physical suffering which is frequently more than he can bear, but his love for the crab as a morsel of food is so strong that he never hesitates to accept the personal discomfort which its capture involves, and usually bears it with a stoicism which might inspire admiration if it were not for its comical side.

"When the ape finds that he is foiled in his effort to capture a crab by springing at a group, he backs himself up to a hole into which one has disappeared. Sitting down he thrusts his long tail into the hole. The crab, to punish such unwonted intrusion, seizes the end of the tail the moment it approaches near enough. Any one who may have been so fortunate as to hide himself in the bushes, unobserved by the ape making the raid, will have a hard time to restrain his laughter when the critical moment of contact between the crab's claw and the ape's tail is reached. There is a look of comical suspense on the ape's face as he thrusts his tail into the hole. When the crab closes on the tail the look of suspense departs. The ape gives an involuntary start and then settles back on his haunches, while he closes his teeth together with a determined air, and eventually, springing forward, out comes the tail from the hole, with the crab dangling to it. Instantly the ape swishes his tail forward and brings the crab to the ground with a force that stuns it and causes it to drop its grip. With a stone the ape smashes the shell of the crab, and is soon picking out the meat and proceeding with his meal."

Stepping Stones to Success.

Learn your business thoroughly.

Keep at one thing—in no wise change.

Observe system and order in all you do and undertake.

Never fail to keep your appointments, or to be punctual to the minute.

Be self-reliant; do not take too much advice, but rather depend on yourself.

Never be idle, but keep your hands or minds usefully employed except when sleeping.

Use charity with all; be generous in thought and deed; help others along life's thorny pathway.

Accustom yourself to think and act vigorously, and be prompt and decided for the right against the wrong.

Make no haste to be rich, remembering that small and steady gains give competency, with tranquillity of mind.

Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to day, and never trouble others to do what you can perform yourself.

Earn money before you spend it; never buy what you do not want; adopt the "pay as you go" principle, and never deviate from it.

Buy, subscribe to, and read all that is necessary to fully inform yourself on the doings, discoveries, and reforms of the age in which you live.

Finally, in all you do and say, think and act out; so live that your daily growth of soul and body may be ever upward in the direction of perfection.

Make few promises. Always speak the truth and nothing but the truth; and in your business relations be guided by strict integrity and unflinching honesty.

Develop a wealth of character by personal courage. Possess the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent you should do so; to acknowledge your ignorance rather than seek credit under false pretenses.—*Presbyterian.*

A Modern Casabianca.

It is not saying too much to say that England never furnished a military captain more generally and warmly beloved by his soldiers than was Gen. Henry Havelock. Those who were readers at the time (1857) will remember his death in Lucknow, India, during the terrible times of the Sepoy mutiny, and will also remember how the nation mourned. The Queen had conferred upon him the title of baronet, but he was dead before the honor reached him; and her majesty was pleased to bestow the title upon his eldest son, who figures in the following anecdote.

During the year 1851, Havelock, then a colonel, was at home on a visit; and, on a certain occasion, an American officer of distinction, who narrates the incident, was invited by the colonel to dinner. In the course of conversation, Mrs. Havelock turned to her husband, and said,—

"By the way, my dear, where is Harry?" referring to her son, whom she had not seen since morning.

"Upon my soul," cried the colonel, starting to his feet, "he's standing on London Bridge, and in this cold, too. I told him to be there at twelve o'clock to-day, and wait till I came; and, in the pressure of business at the War office, I quite forgot the appointment."

"Father and son were to have met at twelve o'clock at noon, and it was now seven o'clock in the evening. Yet the father seemed to have no doubt that Harry was at his post, literally waiting. He arose, and ordered that a cab should be called; and, as he opened himself to his visitor, the latter ventured to ask if he felt sure he should find the boy on the bridge.

"Yes, sir," answered the colonel, promptly. "You may depend so far upon the discipline of a soldier's family!"

In the course of an hour, Havelock returned with poor Harry, who had been found faithful at his post, and who, though somewhat chilled by his long watch, had passed the afternoon in good humor, feeling, as he expressed it, that, since he had father's order, he knew it was all right.—*Selected.*

What Energy Has Done.

Twenty-five years ago a few young men in London resolved to meet every evening to exchange ideas. The number gradually increased till it was necessary to hire a room. Growing ambitious, they hired lecturers, and many people were brought together. Many of them now trace back their success to this effort at gaining knowledge.

Indefatigable industry coupled with the desire for knowledge produced great results. Walter Scott, when he was in a lawyer's office, spent his evenings in study. John Benson, the author of agricultural works, said: "I studied my books in bed on winter evenings, because too poor to afford a fire." He used every opportunity to read; the books he picked up for a few moments at the book-stalls helped him, he says. Napoleon had indomitable perseverance and energy. Dr. Livingstone at the age of ten years, working in a factory, bought with his first wages a Latin grammer, and studied it until twelve at night. He studied Virgil and Horace the same way, and finally entered college, and was graduated.

Many will ask how they can advance themselves in knowledge. The first thing is determination; the next, perseverance. Walter Scott gave this advice to young men: "Do instantly whatever is to be done, and take hours of recreation after business; never before it." Business men often say "Time is money." But it is more than that to the young man. If used rightly, it is self-improvement, culture, strength and growth of character. The habit of idleness is a hard one to get rid of. Time spent in reading anything and everything is weakening to the mind. Books chosen and read with care cultivate the mind and character. The books you read should raise your thoughts and aspirations strengthen your energy and help you in your work.

Thackeray says: "Try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and in life frequent that which is the most wholesome society; learn to admire rightly. Note what great men have admired; they admire great things; narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly."

—If you live in the city don't cry over spilt milk. Examine it closely and you may find it is not milk at all.

—*Bertha*—"Grandma, is oor teef good?" *Grandma*—"No, darling; I've got none now, unfortunately."—*Bertha*—"Then I'll give oo my nuts to mind till I come back."

—"I can't afford more than one flower on my hat," she said to the milliner. "Well, where will you have it?" "As I sit next to the wall in church, you can put it on the side next to the congregation," was the soft reply.

—"Are you in favour of enlarging the curriculum,?" asked a rural school director of a farmer in his district. "No," replied the old gentleman, "the building is big enough; what we want is to teach more things to the scholars."

—Lit le Stewart had spent his first day at school. "What did you learn?" was his Auntie's question. "Didn't learn anything." "Well, what did you do?" "Didn't do anything. There was a woman wanting to know how to spell 'cat' and I told her."

—Said an exasperated father at the dinner table: "You children turn up your noses at everything on the table. When I was a boy I was glad to get enough dry bread to eat." "I say, pa, you are having a much better time of it now you are living with us, ain't you?" remarked little Tommy.

—A white man from away down South in the Okeechobee Lake region came up to Gainesville, Fla., last week, on business at the United States Land Office. While there he saw the first ice he had ever seen. He manifested great interest in the frigid substance, and put a half-pound lump in his pants pocket to take home to his family. He soon took it out of his pocket, however, and as he did so he said: "I am afeered it will spile my terbacker."

—Some young rascals were annoying an old gentleman by snowballing his horse. He rushed out and caught a youngster who was standing on one side and looking on, and thinking him to be one of the offenders, began to administer a flogging. But to his surprise the harder he whipped the harder the boy laughed, until he stopped and sought an explanation. "Well," said the boy, "I'm laughing because you are awfully sold. *I ain't the boy!*"

—'Twas a delightful October afternoon, all the balmy air and haze of the Indian summer attachments turned on full head. Farmer Robinson's city guest was bubbling over with enthusiasm: "See!" said she, holding up a wreath of autumn leaves "Are they not beautiful? I gathered them all this afternoon." "Very well done, miss," said the old farmer, "but Josh rather beats you on the autumn leaf business." "Oh, indeed, then he too, is æsthetic?" "Perhaps a leetle more practical. He scraped up five loads of leaves to-day and stowed 'm away for the hoss' beddin'."

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