QUEER EPITAPHS.

The following is from an epitaph by the Earl of Rochester, on Charles II. of England:

"Here lies our sovereign lord, the king,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never said a foolish thing,
Or ever did a wise one."

On a gravestone in the church-yard at Kingston, Herefordshire, England:

"Here lies, who lived both amiable and
John's sister Ann, an expert, knowing
child;
In height of wit, at six her house of clay
Gave up the ghost on Saint Stephen's
day." [1725.

ON A BLACKSMITH.

Found in a country church-yard in England:

"His forge and hammer lies reclined,
His bellows-pipe hath lost its wind,
His fire's extinct, his breath's decayed,
And in the dust his vise is laid;
His sails are drove, his work is done,
In hopes to heaven his soul is gone."

J. S.

Selected Serial.

ONE GIRL'S WAY OUT.

CHAPTER X.—*Continued.*

UPLIFTED.

As the day wore on, the heat proved intense; "an epitome of the heated term," Mirabel declared it, and thought with a little longing of the Newport breezes or the cool height of Mount Washington. How strange it seemed for her, Mirabel Vane, to be doing plain sewing, to her own discomfort, on such a day; not for charity either—simply to gratify a whim.

Their needles stuck in the starchy fabric, the four long seams looked interminable; but they were finished when Mrs. Dame bustled in just before dinner.

"Finished? Well, you have been smart. Now, if you say so, we'll go right on and put it on the frames after dinner, up in the shed-chamber, and I'll show you how to tie; then I can finish easy. I don't mind the tying. A body can stir around some then, and that's a great rest. It's the sitting still to sew one of those long seams that I can't abide. Sister Jane will sit down and sew from getting up until bed-time; but I never could. It's worse than washing. I'm greatly obliged, and I don't want you to do any more."

But they did. The shed-chamber, with its low roof, was like a furnace, but there was some excitement in tying the bright-colored knots, and then in "rolling" frequently and watching the ever decreasing surface, and they wiped their faces vigorously, and kept on till the last knot was tied.

"But my thoughts are with the poor sewing girl," Mirabel said, when again in their own room. "I shall never hurry my dress-maker again, Paula, never. I see what that means." And lounging there, "cooling off" as well as they could, the sisters had a merry laugh over their two days of new experiences, but with a vivid consciousness that they were thankful they need not repeat them constantly.

Tea was always early, and after it Mirabel paced for a scroll. Teddy had brought the mail, and there was "nothing worth answering." Paula was tired, and rested lazily in the hammock.

"I am going down by the mill, Paula; you can see me there, and it looks cool and suggestively romantic," Mirabel said, starting up.

She was not sorry she had come, when she found a place on a mossy rock, back of the rough open mill-building. The water dripped, with a suggestion of coolness in the sound, through the large wooden wheel standing idly in its place. The dam was below, but the water-fall was not great or noisy at this season of the year, when mountain streams are at their lowest.

But no romance came to her. She was simply a tired girl, and resting.

"I wonder what I was made for, any way," she thought. "I see no especial need of me in the world. What happens, I wonder, with people that are never needed. Stand like statues, I presume, in niches; just fill up somewhere. I would like to do something more than merely to 'fill up.'"

How often girls long for that: more than to "just fill a place." If they only knew how.

Stretching back from her rocky seat, Mirabel had noticed the wild tangle of raspberry bushes that had overrun the old mill-race from which the wooded grade had been cut away, and had heard a young voice among them as they guarded the ripe fruit with which the bushes blushed. But she was the first to see a young girl, in a dark dress and rough sunbonnet, who had come out near her and was bending over a loaded bush, from which she was gathering with deft hand, and dropping into a tin pail.

Mirabel could not see the face, but she thought she could not be mistaken in the peculiar dress that she had noticed passing Mr. Dame's several times, and on its way to and from school. She would not have the girl turn and find her so near and staring. She must venture a little.

"Miss Task," she called.

The small figure lifted itself quickly and turned, pushing back her sunbonnet and showing the thin face of the young teacher.

"Can't you rest a few minutes with me?" Mirabel asked, heartily. She had been so used all her life to girl companionship that this young face looked good to her. Mercy glanced down at her soiled dress, but accepted the invitation, drawing off her ragged gloves as she came. As she took off the deep bonnet and used it for a fan, Mirabel thought, with a woman's trained instinct in such matters, how a few touches by tasteful hands might make even the plain face attractive. The complexion easily showed the flush of embarrassment, but was evidently not protected from the sun at all times. The abundant fair hair was not of the kind to "hold curl," but Mirabel's hands "ached" to arrange more becomingly its disorder. The forehead was high and full, and the large gray eyes were, as Paula said, "asking for something."

"I can rest as well as not," she said, finding her seat on the rock. "The children wanted to come, and came too. I might as well pick berries as anything. Nothing matters.

"Did you make out with the sleeve-pattern," Mirabel asked.

"Yes, that is right. Did the bread come up?"

"Yes," and then both laughed out. That was the best kind of an introduction.

"I am learning things these days," Mirabel went on, after a few more light words.

"You!" with a quick glance from the other. "But I wish I was."

"Are you sure you are not?" ventured Mirabel. She had wondered after she had called, what they should talk about. Now it seemed to be "talking itself," as Neddy said.

"Yes, very sure. What is one to learn up here?"

"I am learning mine here."

"You have had everything already," was the quick return, but spoken quietly. "You are not at the beginning."

"Sometimes I feel that I am," Mirabel said, "only what I know already is in the way of a good beginning. But you are teaching, Miss Task?"

"Yes."

"You must know something about books, then?"

"Of course I can learn what the book says, when it is open before me; and it does not require any very great education for the children that come to me. I have never had anything but a district school to go to."

"That is all some of our great men ever had, I have read."

"Yes, but it is diifferent with men. Boys have some time they can call their own, and can get away by themselves. Girls never can. Mother needs me, and the children want to go too, and there's most always a baby to tend. There is a little one at home now, a dear little one too."

"Are there many of you?"

"Six in all; there has been more. And mother isn't strong. If she had been, I would have gone away before this. I could have found some place to work for my board, and got into a good school. I was going once, four years ago. I had the place, over in Wilton, and then Zenas came down with whooping-cough, and the others had it, the baby died then, and I couldn't leave mother. But she felt so badly about it, I didn't let her know what 'twas to me.

Mirabel was becoming interested in the simple story.

"Have you given it up?" she asked.

"Given it up! Not at all. I'll know more some time, and be fit to be a teacher, if I am forty years old first.

"You like teaching, then?"

"I like it well enough here, only the children ask me so many questions that are not in the books and I can't answer. Teddy Dame wanted to know yesterday what water was made of, and how they knew the sun was just so far away, and I couldn't tell him. I know something about it, but it isn't very plain to me when I never saw a telescope or studied much in astronomy. I'd like to know things for themselves—one must feel so rich. Teddy asked, one day, what made some things green and some red and yellow. I suppose real good teachers know such things; don't they?"

It was an embarrassing question. "Some teach one branch and some another," was the answer.

"But, Miss Vane, the very best teacher you ever knew—or had, I mean—didn't she have to know a great deal of all things? Scholars ask all kinds of questions. I want to see what hope there would be for me. Please describe your very best lady teacher?"

The large gray eyes were turned on her with their most intense gaze. Mirabel thought quickly. This girl aspiring to be the "best"? Her thoughts ran over the graceful or dignified or stylish lady "professors" at Madame Blank's elegant establishment, where her own honors had been won. Impossible to imagine this pale, plain girl in such a position. She would show one of them off in glowing lights, and the girl would see for herself how impossible it was. She really had no idea of what was expected of a teacher "out in the world."

But which one should she describe? Not so easy to choose after all. Those who excelled in one respect were quite likely to be glaringly deficient in others. It would not do to be able to go only half way in the answer; this girl might ask troublesome questions, like the "children." The "very best" she repeated in her thought, and the word came to her. Had not they always said of one that she was "the very best teacher that ever lived," though there were others more brilliant, even more wise? She answered, slowly:

"I think that my astronomy teacher, Miss Margaret Earle, would fulfil all the requirements of your question best of anyone that I ever knew."

"What a pretty name! Different from Mercy Task. Was she tall?"

"Medium height."

"Handsome?"

"No, and yes. Better than handsome when she was roused in the class-room or in company; there was so much soul in her face."

"It must be worth so much to be beautiful," with a half sigh. "I should think it would make any one happy," with a side glance at the girl beside her, that pleased Mirabel as well as some more open flatteries. "Of course she dressed nicely?"

"In good taste. I don't think it troubled her any further. I never thought about that when with her."

"Could she answer all your questions?" With a smile this was asked.

"We used to ask enough, but she had read and studied a great deal."

"She said, anything that would improve her own mind or give her help for others."

"Not stories, then, I suppose."

"Not unless they were a help; do you?"

"I read anything I can get."

"She advised us not to. It was a loss of time and of strength."

"But what is one to do?"

"I know what she would say to you."

"What?"

"Ask if there were not things enough around you for you to study and learn from?"

Mercy looked about with a puzzled frown.

"What is that bird?" Mirabel asked, as one, hidden in some leafy covert near, just then broke forth with a good-night song.

"I don't know," was the answer. "I don't know much about birds," and then, turning, she met Mirabel's eye, and the two smiled together. "I see," said Mercy, "she studied everywhere. But one wants so many things explained, and I am twenty-one now, time to be through school. Was she always pleasant, Miss Vane?"

"Yes, always; and I think she loved every pupil that she had."

"I understand that," Mercy interrupted. "If they were girls, pretty, nice girls, she couldn't help it."

"They were not all 'nice,' I assure you. Some were very trying. I am afraid I was at times; but, if there was anything good in one, she always brought it out."

"How?"

"I think, because she was so in earnest herself. She always made us feel that we *must* do the very best we could. Even the idlest girls in class would work for her. And she was always patient with us. We called her 'Mother Confessor', she heard our complaints, sympathised with us, and yet sent us away stronger. I have seen her dark eyes fill with tears, while she pleaded with us, many a time. She was the 'best' teacher, Miss Task."

"And I wish I could be one like her," exclaimed Mercy. "Miss Vane, I would rather be such a teacher of girls, having their love and confidence, than anything else in the world. I have read of such, but I never knew of one before." The girl was leaning forward, animated and excited. Mirabel noted the firm lips and the determined expression.

"She will make her way," she thought; "but I wonder if she will be just such a one."

"I never can be contented here," the girl went on, "and I don't know why I should try. I think everybody ought to make the most out of themselves they can; don't you? I'll go on as I have, getting all I can, and pretty soon the children will be larger, and I'll find my open door then. Do you know, Miss Vane, whether this lady was always well enough off to do nothing but study?"

"No, I have heard her say that she worked hard for her education; made her own way. I wish I knew where she went; I would tell her about you."

"I wonder how she began. Do you know?"

Yes, Mirabel did, but could she say it to this stranger? And yet she had asked that very morning to be made a help to some one. Did not that mean more than "comfortables?"

"I will tell you what she used to say to us," she said, at last. "'I try never to begin any thing except at the foot of the cross.' I suppose that is where she began to fit for a teacher."

There was a quick, sudden look from the girl beside her, and then the face was resolutely turned away, and Mirabel could only see the side line, with the firm lips tightly closed.

Had she offended her? She had not intended saying any such a thing, but the words had hardly waited for her decision.

What should she do now?

Not say more, of course. She was not a minister or a missionary; not even a a teacher. If she had been, it would be the proper thing to go on and seek to make an impression.

But, being merely a girl, and a cultured one at that, to whom every thing had been given, even to the love of Christ itself, it was not at all necessary, no, nor her place, to attempt preaching." Being in the "thought of God," why should she try to bring this other girl, who seemed hungry clear through, into it too. It was not expected of "their set." The "love of Christ" was for sacred moments, for quiet communings. To be dwelt upon in the subdued lights of stained glass, or thrilled to fervor by some impassioned burst of music. Not to be dragged out in the open air, and talked over with a girl in calico dress, and sunbonnet in hand for a fan.

Very few of our real thoughts find expression. If they are written out in full "on the other side," they will read very strangely to us at some time. Mirabel did not say these things, even to herself. They were the natural outcomes of her own education.

It was well she had asked that morning to be made a "help" to some one.

The prayers of our best moments are often the saving of those hours that are fraught with trials and temptations.

She could not be satisfied. There came a longing impulse into her heart, and out of it she said: "Perhaps you have learned this already, Miss Task. She was the one that led me to find it."

There was no word but a quick shake of the averted head. Mirabel put out her own hand and gently laid it on the thin restless fingers of the other. How much a hand-clasp will do in the world. This touch broke Mercy down. The tight lips trembled, and the free hand was lifted to hide the sudden tears, while the small frame shook with sobs. Mirabel waited for the storm to pass by.

But in all her life she would never forget those moments after her "witnessing." While the twilight deepened, the birds twittered in sleepy notes, and the plash of the small stream over the dam grew more distinct as other sounds subsided. The children had gone home with full pails long before. They seemed left alone in that mountain ravine, only that One was beside them, and waited.

"I think He would help you," Mirabel said, at last, when the sobs were stayed.

"How would He?"

"I can not say, I am sure. He says, 'Come unto me,' and 'I will give you rest.' Would not that be a good thing to begin with?"

"I have never known any yet," quickly; "I think I would enjoy it. But how does He give it?"

"I don't suppose our wants are all alike."

"No, I don't think they are; ours, for instance."

"I have never been very much of a Christian," Mirabel said, humbly, "but I know I have been happier in that at times than in any thing else. But some older friend will tell you better than I can, Miss Task."

"I do not want them to, and I believe you quicker. Do you think, Miss Vane, that God would help me to what I want if I should ask Him?"

"Yes, or help you to bear it."

"I don't want to bear it; and I have asked Him often."

The questions were becoming too deep for Mirabel's knowledge; she turned aside.

"I wish you would just love Him," she said, simply. "I know He is a good friend. I never have had any great trials but my mother's death, and perhaps I cannot understand yours; but Jesus can, and loves you."

"You don't know how wicked I am, and always have been, Miss Vane." The hard, bitter tone was gone; the voice sounded weary and hopeless, and the face was a sad one. "I have wanted to come to Him for years, but I wouldn't let myself. I said if He denied me every thing I would stand it. But it has been very hard. I never thought before that perhaps Christ did not care for me a little."

"And will you let Him?" joyfully.

"I will try," softly. "I am sure, if you need any help, I must a great deal more."

There was not much to say after that. But Mirabel went up the steep path with a strange new joy beside her. She had been chosen to help a soul, and any other pleasure that had come into her sunny life could not equal this.

Strange that she had been blind so long.

(*To be continued.*)

Resolved to Rise.

Fifteen years ago, two poor boys from the old town of Plymouth in New England, went down to a lonely part of the coast to gather a certain seaweed from the rocks, which when bleached and dried is sold as Irish moss for culinary purposes. The boys lived in a little hut on the beach; they were out before dawn to gather or prepare the moss, which had to be wet with salt water many times, and spread out in the sun until it was thoroughly whitened. They had one hour each day free from work. One of them spent it lying on the sand asleep. The other had brought out his books and studied for that hour, trying to keep up with his school-mates. The first boy is now a middle-aged man. He still gathers moss on the coast near Plymouth.

The second emigrated to Kansas, became the leading man in a new settlement, and is now a wealthy, influential citizen.

"No matter what was my work," he said lately, "I always contrived to give one hour a day to my education. That is the cause of my success in life."

A similar story is told of the President of one of the largest manufacturing firms in Pennsylvania. When he was a boy of sixteen he was a blacksmith's assistant at a forge in the interior of the State. There were three other men employed in the forge.

"I will not always be a blacksmith, I will be a machinist," said the lad. "I mean to study arithmetic at night as a beginning."

Two of the men joined him, the other went to the tavern. After a year they found work in iron mills, at the lowest grade of employment, and made their way up, invariably giving a part of every evening to study. Each of these three men now holds a high position in a great manufacturing establishment.

Such examples are common of the result of inflexible perseverance in the effort to achieve a higher education and position. They are inspiriting to boys, who, like these moss gatherers of blacksmiths, have firm wills and sound health. But there are many lads to whom physical weakness, or a dull intellect, or a nervous, unhopeful temperament, renders such a course almost impossible. They work as they enjoy or suffer—in spasms of recurrent energy.
—*Anon.*

A Prominent Merchant in Trouble.

Old money bags mopes in his office all day,
As snappish and cross as a bear;
The clerks know enough to keep out of his way,
Lest the merchant should grumble and swear.
Even Tabby, the cat, is in fear of a cuff,
Or a kick if she ventures too near;
They all know the Master is apt to be rough,
And his freaks unexpected and queer.
What makes the old fellow so surly and grim,
And behave so confoundedly mean?
There's certainly something the matter with him—
Is it stomach, or liver, or spleen?
We've guessed it—his liver is sluggish and bad,
His blood is disordered and foul.
It's enough to make any one hopelessly mad,
And greet his best friend with a growl.
The world-wide remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, will correct a disordered liver and purify the blood tone your system and build up your flesh and strength.

A Rich Man on Riches.

The following story, says *The Wayside*, is told of Jacob Ridgway, a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, who died many years ago, leaving a fortune of six million dollars.

"Mr. Ridgway," said a young man with whom the millionaire was conversing, "you are more to be envied than any gentleman I know."

"Why so?" responded Mr. Ridgway. "I am not aware of any cause for which I should be particularly envied."

"What sir!" exclaimed the young man in astonishment. "Why, are you not a millionaire? Think of the thousands your income brings you every month!"

"Well what of that?" replied Mr. Ridgway. "All I get out of it is my victuals and clothes, and I cannot eat more than one man's allowance, or wear more than one suit at a time. Pray can't you do as much?"

"Ah, but," said the youth, "think of the hundreds of fine houses you own, and the rental they bring you!"

"What better am I off for that?" replied the rich man. "I can only live in one house at a time; as for the money I receive for rents, why I can't eat it or wear it; I can only use it to buy other houses for other people to live in; they are beneficiaries, not I."

"But you can buy splendid furniture, and costly pictures and fine carriages and horses—in fact, what you desire."

"And after I have bought them," respended Mr. Ridgway, "what then? I can on'y look at the furniture and pictures, and the poorest man who is not blind can do the same. I can ride no easier in a fine carriage than you in an omnibus for five cents, with the trouble and attention to drivers, footmen and hostlers; and as to 'anything I desire,' I can tell you young man, that the less you desire in this world the happier we shall be. All my wealth cannot buy back my youth, cannot purchase exemption from sickness and pain, cannot procure me power to keep afar off the hour of death; and then, what will all avail when, in a few short years at most, I lie down in the grave and leave it all forever? Young man, you have no cause to envy me."

The fountain of content must spring up in the mind, and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his disposition will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he proposes to remove.—*Index.*

—Mistress, who has caught the odor of a strong pipe: "Have you company in the kitchen, Bridget?"—Bridget: "No, ma'am."—Mistress peeps in and sees two men, and exclaims: "Why, Bridget, how can you tell me such a story?" "Story, is it? Shure when your cousin was comin' the other day, didn't yer tell me not to get up anythin' extra for dinner, as you didn't consider her company? And faith, it's only me cousins inside, ma'am." Story indade!"

The spooks and goblins that delight
To fill with terror all the night;
That stalk abroad in hideous dreams
With which dyspepsia's fancy teems,
Will never trouble with their ills
The man who trusts in Pierce's Pills.

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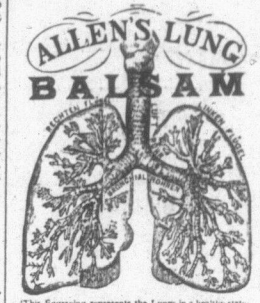

[This Engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.]

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Recommended

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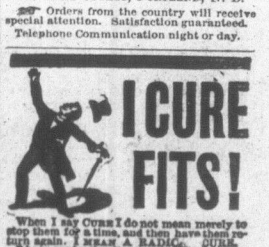

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