

Home Circle.

Weaving.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the slender, delicate threads
Of a curious life asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends
And sit and grieve and wonder.

Two Pictures.

A tall, fine-looking young man and a handsomely dressed woman sat just in front of a plainly dressed, sweet-faced lady of perhaps seventy years. Once in a while—pretty often—the man turned and made some remark to the elderly woman, whom he called mother, and whose eyes showed that she was proud and fond of her son. The younger woman, his wife, seemed somewhat less cordial; but she, too, once in a while, turned and dropped a word or two into the conversation.

By and by the porter announced that dinner was ready in the dining car, and the young man said:

"Well, mother, Emma and I will go now and get a dinner. You know she needs something warm. You have brought your luncheon, and I'll send you a cup of tea."

After the couple had gone, "mother" sat looking out of the window in deep thought, apparently and perhaps not altogether happy. Finally she reached under the seat, and brought out a little worn, black basket, and began fingering the ribbon with which it was tied.

Just then the train stopped at a station, the door was flung open, and a cheery-faced man stepped inside. He looked eagerly up and down the car, and his glance fell upon the old lady, "Mother!" he cried.

"John, my John!" answered the lady, and the two were elated in a loving embrace.

"Where are Frank and Emma?" he demanded after a few moments.

"They have gone into the dining-car. Emma isn't strong, you know, and has to have a hot dinner."

This last remark she repeated in answer to a curious look in John's eyes.

"And you didn't want any dinner, I suppose?" His eyes fell upon the basket. He mustn't hurt his mother's feelings, and he checked himself.

"Aren't you glad to see me?" he said. "Aren't you surprised? I found I could meet you here instead of waiting until you reached Chicago. And say, mother, isn't that the same basket that Frank and I used to carry to school. Yes, I thought so."

By this time there was a smile on the mother's ace.

"Well," said John, "I'm pretty hungry. Suppose we keep this for supper, and you come with me and get a hot dinner. No; no excuses."

As they left they met the other couple.

"Hello, John! Where did you come from?"

"How do you do, Emma? Mother and I are just going to dinner."

At Chicago the people who had seen all this saw a handsome young man, with a little black basket on his arm, tenderly assisting a sweet-faced old lady through the crowd to a carriage. As for the

other couple, nobody had any eyes for them.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Missing Smile.

Some one has said that the best portion of a good man's life consists of his little, nameless, unremembered acts of love and kindness. But sometimes the deeds which seem trivial to the doer, and pass from his mind altogether, sink deep into some grateful heart where memory holds them fast. A pathetic instance of such loving remembrance is given below.

There was no crape upon the door, although the angel of death had entered the home the night before. A bow of white ribbon, and a cluster of pale, fragrant lilies took the place of that symbol of gloom and sorrow. There could be no real mourning in the hearts of those who had loved the patient sufferer, and had known how she longed for her release.

All day friends came and went with grave faces and bowed heads. Late in the afternoon a ragged boy climbed the steps hesitatingly. His eyes were red as with much weeping and his voice hardly rose above a whisper as he asked, "Say, can't I see her? I won't stay but just a minute."

"How did you come to know her?" some one asked, strangely drawn toward the little waif by the bond of a common love and a common sorrow.

The answer was slow in coming, but a little patient questioning drew it out at last. "You see, she used to lie there by the window, an' I'd see her when I went by. If 'twas cold or rainy she'd look at me, sorry-like, an' after a while she got to smilin' when she saw me, an' wavin' her hand. On real bad days she used to have 'em call me in so I could warm up by the fire, an' once she knit me a pair of mittens, good thick ones, too. But 'tain't them things I care so much about," concluded the boy chokingly. "I kin stan' the cold all right, but seems though I shouldn't never get used to missin' that smile."

They took him into the room where she was lying with the radiance of heavenly peace on her still face. He looked at her lovingly and longingly, then turned away. His little body was shaken by sobs as he went out into a world that would henceforth be colder and more desolate because it lacked the sunshine of a smile.

Companion Courts.

CALIFORNIA.

Festivities at Lemoore.

Companion Court Alfaretta, No. 210, most royally entertained and banqueted the members of Court Lemoore, No. 694, and a number of invited guests, at Berry's Hall, on Thursday evening, June 15th, on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of the founding of the Independent Order of Foresters.

The hall was most beautifully decorated for the occasion. The long row of tables burdened down with their load of choice viands, tastefully arranged amid floral and other decorations, presented a most inviting and "taking" appearance.

By 9 o'clock there were over 150 people present in the hall, about that hour Mrs. D. P. Campbell,