

"I've been after trainin' it, mum, so't will tell no tales."

Her questioner looked at me knowingly, as much as to say, "There may be a 'secret' after all," and continued, "Tell us how you do it. I have a pleasant home, and every want supplied and yet to wear a smiling, or ever cheerful face, seems next to impossible."

"Ah, that is the difference 'twixt wealth and poverty, mum. You see you look sorry, and still have plenty; but a smilin' face is me 'stock in trade,' as you Yankees say."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed both of us.

"Well, if yow'll do me the honor to listen, I'll tell you. When Pat died, I was but a young thing, with six childer, and nary a cent in the world. Poor Pat! I loved him that well, I'm sure if he'd left me plinty of money, I'd never laughed agin; but what with the childer cryin' for food, and plinty of wurk for the askin', I had little time for weeping, but plenty for thinkin', and sez I to myself, 'niver'll do: nobody will hire a sniffin' woman. So instead of cryin' about me wurk, I'll sing, and keep me spirits up.' Well, I did, and I think it kept my heart from breakin'. But it was me 'stock in trade,' sure enough, for I've niver be lacking a day's wurk, or food for the childer — while me neighbor, who is a good worker, but one of the gloomy, whinin' sort, has but little.

"Now, honest, mum," said the speaker, rising, "would you hire me if I looked like a fun'r'il all the time?"

"You are right, my brave woman; I did not think of giving you so much work when I first employed you, but your smiling face in the house is really a tonic to me, hence I am glad of an excuse to send for you," answered my friend.

Oh, the tonic of a smiling face!

Note the lesson in this for you, young people. That brave woman commenced "training" that cheery face when a "young thing," and now it is second nature for her to wear a sunny face.

Follow her example, and my word for it, a smiling face will sooner or later be your "stock in trade."

Grand Rapids, Mich.

WORTH THE WHILE.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
While life flows by like a song,
But the man worth while is the man who will smile

When everything goes dead wrong.
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praises of earth

Is the smile that shines through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent
When nothing tempts you to stray,
When without or within no voice of sin
Is luring your soul away.
But it is only a negative virtue
Until it is tried by fire.
And the life that is worth the honor of earth
Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
Who had no strength for the strife,
The world's highway is cumbered to-day;
They make up the items of life.
But the virtue that conquers passion,
And the sorrow that hides in a smile,
It is these that are worth the homage of earth,
For we find them but once in awhile.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

POWER OF ELECTRIC SEARCH LIGHTS.

Probably not one person among a hundred has even an approximate conception of the illuminating power of one of the great modern electric search lights, and it is only vaguely understood that it must be something enormous. As a matter of fact, with the projecting reflectors in use, which serve as multiplying factors for the actual candle-power of the electric arc, the illuminating capacity of the beams issuing from one of the large modern search lights has been placed at the equivalent of something over 200,000,000 candles. Just what this means is not easily realized, though a popular measure of the lighting power is afforded by the statement that under favor-