

THE LADIES' JOURNAL.

his shallowness and meets, as I know she will, someone worthy of her, she will thank me for doing my duty now. We intend coming home for your wedding, at least my wife and I will be there. Kate will do as she chooses about attending.

Three days later :—

Mrs. Dunbar and myself will be in Mapleville next week. Kate is going to Europe for six months with the Conants. The Rivers' procession departed for California this morning.

Calendars.

BY AROLF.

The calendar has become a thing of beauty, and likely to be a joy forever, as every year increases its numbers. Thousands of varieties, in as many shapes and colors, greet us each succeeding new year. They are not only a thing of beauty to please, but they assist the memory, and in many instances they have become real educators. Those exquisite home calendars are works of art. Each page a study of beautiful flowers, from the tiny forget-me-not to the huge chrysanthemum, or perhaps 'tis a well known, though departed, but never to be forgotten face that looks out from one corner. Another has a famous battle scene for decoration, with an intelligent synopsis of the combat on the back; and still another contains historical buildings of all ages that delight the eye. Last, but not least, come the taking home scenes, beautiful landscapes, lovely children in all conceivable costumes, executing innumerable inconceivable pranks, charming girls, who never fail to attract, and find de siecle young ladies making monstrous attempts at accomplishing airy nothings. Add to these the representation of the faithful dog, and the ever interesting flock of sheep, in fact, the calendar decoration includes almost the entire category of the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms except the "dude" and possibly he may yet acquire weight sufficient to hold down a corner in a miniature calendar.

In Memory of Aggie Moffatt, (Woodland Violet.)

But now she's gone, her spirit's fled
And she is numbered with the dead;
No more we'll hear her cheerful voice,
No more she'll make our hearts rejoice.

Her years were few, they soon were gone,
Her Saviour called her early home;
He called her from this world below
To dwell beyond the reach of woe.

Long time she bore the afflicting rod,
Still smiling at the hand of God,
Resigned to bear His righteous will,
If he would kindly keep her still.

In all her sufferings Christ was near
Enabling her His will to bear;
And when the end of pain was come,
His angels came and bore her home.

He had a place prepared above
Where she might dwell in perfect love;
She waves the palm of victory now,
And wears a crown upon her brow.

At Boston Church her body lies,
Waiting the summons from the skies;
Waiting the final trumpet's sound,
To call her body from the ground.

Accomplished Girls.

Too many girls nowadays have a wrong notion of what it means to be "accomplished." They seem to have the idea that it means to distribute themselves over all the different attainments and graces of society, forgetting that an "accomplishment" is only what the word implies and means: an acquirement, an attainment, something which is perfected. The trouble is that we are too apt to speak of a girl having "accomplishments"; if we used the word more in the singular sense we would come closer to our true meaning.



Our Mother.

Hundreds of stars in the lovely sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of flowers in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of bees in the purple clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one mother, the wide world over.

MY DEAR LITTLE BIRDLINGS,—Up at old mother bird's home there are two little nests with four of the prettiest eggs in each you ever saw. Two little yellow feathered mammas are covering those pretty eggs so close and snug, and two fond papa birds are feeding their pretty yellow mates and taking such good care of them that very likely in a few days there will be tiny little canaries jumping out of the little blue shell houses, and then how happy all will be. My dear birdlings your old mother bird never was one to count chickens before they were hatched, but she feels pretty sure of the nestlings she is telling you of, so next month she will tell you of these little birdies.

Lovingly yours,

OLD MOTHER BIRD.

The Boy Who Loves His Mother.

When Curtiss, the photographer, got down to his studio a few mornings ago, he found a diminutive, tattered and very dirty little boy waiting for him, with a boot-black's kit slung on his shoulder. With an inimitable tough drawl the boy said: "Say, Mr. Coitiss, I came ter git me tintage taken. I want ter send it ter me mudder, wot lives way off. See?"

Mr. Curtiss said: "I don't take tintypes, my boy. Why don't you go to a tintage gallery?"

"Aw, Mr. Coitiss, youse de only pitchertaker I knows. See, Mr. Coitiss," he wheedled, "here's de stuff I've been savin ter git a pitcher ter send ter me mudder. Youse ken have it all." And he opened his grimy, sweaty little paw, in which reposed a silver dime and a cent.

"All right," said Curtiss, "come in, and I'll take your picture. You needn't pay me with money. What can you do?"

"Say, Mr. Coitiss, I kin do anythin. I'm a wise kid. Dey ain't no flies on me."

He was lifted into a chair, and his feet didn't come within a foot of the floor. He was trembling with excitement and his teeth glistened in a line of white against his dirty face. After the shutter clicked and he was told it was "all over" he laughed and said: "Huh, dat ain't nuttin. I cud do dat meself, Mr. Coitiss."

He was put to work cleaning the globes on the chandeliers to pay for his pictures, and during the afternoon disappeared. About 6 o'clock he came back and said: "I had ter go after me 3 o'clocks. Here's a poipy I saved fer you, Mr. Coitiss." And he drew a rumpled dirty paper from under his coat.

When the pictures were finished and handed to him, he said: "Hully gee! Ain't dat outer sight? Won't de old lady be proud uv her Cholly boy when she gits dis? Say, Mr. Coitiss, me mudder's a good old lady, and she's got six more kids ter wash for, so I t'ought I'd skip."

One of the pictures was mailed to "de good old mudder" and the boy had one for himself. He looked at it admiringly for a moment and then said: "Say! Won't dis kill de kids at de

junction dead when I show it to 'em? Aw, say! Photographed by Coitiss. Where's me chrysanthemum, Cholly?" and he strutted out.

A Shining Example.

Charity from a bootblack to a blind beggar: "Have your shoes shined?" sang out a small boy near the Union station, among the throng of rural passengers just from the train.

A young man who heard the cry stayed his steps, hesitating, for he had not much more money in his pocket than blacking on his shoes. But to hesitate was to fall into the shoeblacks hands, and the brushes were soon wrestling with splashes of rural clay.

When the shine was complete the young man handed the boy a dime, and felt that he had marked his way into the great city with an act of charity; for at heart he did not care how his boots looked. But, as he was pulling himself together for a new start, he saw the boy who had cleaned his shoes approach the blind beggar who sits behind the railroad fence, and drop a dime in his cup.

"What did you do that for?" asked the young man.

"Yer see," said the boy, "that wus me tenth dime terday—an' me teacher, at Sabbath-school, she told me I oughter give a tenth of all I makes ter the Lord. An' I guess that ol' blind man wants a dime more than the Lord, so I give it to him—see?"

Blue, Green and Yellow.

"Oh, it is beautiful; it makes up for so many deficiencies down below!" cries one heart, looking up at the broad expanse of the sky.

"The sky? Why, it's only blue, my dear, only blue!" replies the other. "What more can you make of it than that?"

"It is such a pleasure to step upon the grass! It is so springy, yet so soft and yielding to the feet. And the color rests my eyes so! The sweep of grass there along the river always makes me see clearer."

"Why, my dear woman," answers the matter-of-fact Mrs. Gradgrind, "it is nothing but grass, and green at that."

"Do you know," says the first speaker, turning about suddenly—"did you ever consider exactly what a smile meant?"

"A smile?" enquired the matter-of-fact one, somewhat taken aback. "A smile means affection, or amusement, or encouragement. If it is sincere, it means a thousand things, and may beautify or glorify a plain face."

"My love," coolly responds the enthusiast, "you are greatly mistaken. A smile is nothing more than a contraction, greater or less, of certain muscles of the face. I can't say I am intimate enough with physiology to tell you exactly the Latin names of the muscles, but I know that's just what it is—when you leave the sentiment out. And that seems to be the method you insist upon adopting."

Then the unsentimental Mrs. Gradgrind laughed greatly. "It's a case of—

'A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more!'

Is that what you think?"

"More than that. If I find the primrose heavenly, you have no moral right to disturb my illusion by reminding me that it is only yellow I think that as well."

Codfish Balls.

Pick two cupfuls of codfish into pieces, cover with cold water, let stand half an hour. Drain, pour boiling water over and let stand on the fire ten minutes. Pour off the water, press the codfish dry, mix with two cupfuls of boiled, mashed potatoes, a tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of cream and a salt-spoonful of pepper. Form into balls, dip first in beaten egg, then in grated, stale bread crumbs and fry in boiling fat.