

"Let us earnestly pray that the rash photographer does not exhibit your carle in his window."

"Why?"

"If he does, my dear young lady, Rarnabarn is irretrievably lost."

"I do not understand you." And she certainly did not look a little wonderingly into his grave face.

"There will be a universal breaking of the Second Commandment—"

"The Second Commandment?" she repeated.

"Yes," he returned, solemnly Rarnabarn to a man will fall down and worship—"

"Pooh," she cried, "how stupid you are! Besides, it isn't original, and you've managed it very clumsily."

"The characteristic ingratitude of woman," he replied, with a shrug of his broad shoulders and this brought them to the invalid's cottage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Dress Plainly on Sunday.

It is tasto.

It would lessen the burden of many who find it hard to maintain their places in society.

It would lessen the temptation to dress beyond the income.

If everyone dressed plainly but neatly for church services, persons in moderate circumstances and the poor would be more likely to attend.

Moderation in dress would improve the manners of the congregation by preventing the wandering of the eyes and thoughts.

It would lessen, on the part of the rich, the temptations of vanity.

It would lessen, on the part of the poor, the temptations of envy, uncharitableness, and discontent.

It would relieve our means of a serious pressure and have more opportunities of doing good.

### Fates of the Apostles.

Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain in the city of Ethiopia.

Mark was dragged through the streets in Alexandria, in Egypt, till he expired.

Luke was hanged to an olive tree in Greece.

John was put in a boiling cauldron at Rome, but escaped death. He died a natural death at Ephesus, Asia.

James the Great was beheaded at Jerusalem.

James the less was thrown from a pinnacle and beaten to death.

Philip was beheaded.

Bartholomew was stoned alive.

Andrew was crucified and pounded while dying.

Thomas was run through with a lance.

Simon was crucified.

Matthias was stoned.

Rarnabas was stoned to death.

### Recipes For Good Manners.

Perhaps you never thought that manners were something to be got, but that they just came of themselves, or grow up inside of you, and somehow got outside, and that you read not show you had them unless you wore your best clothes and felt just like it. That is all a mistake. They have to be got, and then they have to be worn all the time; else they grow so rusty that they will not fit, and slip off when most needed.

There are a great many rules or recipes for them. Here are some;

For a Boy.—Hair parted in the middle; very high collar; big ring; tight pants; "tooth-pick" boots; crutch cane.

For a Girl.—Frizzles in front and bob-tail hair behind; bracelets instead of cuffs; huge "bouquet de corsage"; small waist; jacket made by a man tailor; narrow skirt.

These, of course, are expensive recipes. Here is another that cost nothing:

For EITHER BOY OR GIRL.—Sunny face; gentle voice; quiet colors; helpful actions; straight figure.

Good manners always make others feel happy.

### The Finger-Nails.

While serving as a protection to the extremities of the fingers, well-preserved nails add much to the beauty of the hand.

On the contrary, nothing renders the hand more unsightly than thick, irregular and soiled nails. But another consideration, making a proper care of them of the highest importance, is the fact that every person who labors with the hands is liable to gather, under the free margin of his nails, foreign matter, which may be very poisonous to the tissues of the body. Many cases have occurred in which the slightest abrasions of the cuticle by means of the finger-nails have resulted in malignant, even fatal, inflammations.

If, from any cause, the nail becomes thick and inelastic, it soon becomes rough, and assumes the appearance of an excrescence rather than an ornament. In this condition it is much more difficult to keep clean. To avoid this, the hand should not be subjected to the action of strong alkalies, such as quicklime, etc.; neither should foreign substances be removed from the surface by scraping, as, from the peculiar manner of its growth, this will cause the nail to thicken.

To cleanse the surface and the margin adjoining the skin, a soft nail-brush, mild soap, and soft water should be applied once each day, while the foreign matter, accumulated under the free margin, should be removed as often as the hands are washed, by passing the rounded point of a small knife-blade once or twice beneath it.

This being done while the nail is wet, one movement will generally be sufficient to remove the substance completely; but care should be taken to detach no more of the nail, as this may, if repeated, cause the detached margin to recede until it is necessary to allow a wide growth to protect the end of the finger.

The paring should also be done while the nail is soft from washing, with an instrument which will make a perfectly smooth edge, and sufficiently often to limit the breadth of the free margin to about one-twelfth of an inch. This breadth is best, especially in the case of persons who have to do rough work with the hands, for two reasons: it prevents the breaking of the nail and also the accumulation of much foreign substance. The corners should not be very closely cut, or the troublesome condition known as ingrown nail may be produced.

To prevent the breaking of the cuticle near the root of the nail (commonly called "hang-nail"), the skin should be pressed—not scraped—loose from the nail at least once a week.

### Don't Mind Your Enemies.

Have you enemies? Go straight on and mind them not. If they block up your path, walk around them, and do your duty regardless of their spite. A man or woman who has no enemies is seldom good for anything; he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks—is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character, who was surrounded by enemies, used to remark, "They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves." Let this be your feeling while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk; there will be a reaction if you perform your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

Some people are born to make life pretty, and others to grumble that it is not pretty enough, but pray make a point of liking me in spite of my deficiencies.

Let death do what it can, there is just one thing it cannot destroy, and that is life. Never in itself, only in the unfaith of man, does life recognize any way of death.

### BRIEF NOTE OF PEOPLE OF NOTE.

It is said that Mr. Bartholdi will visit New York next winter.

Jemall Pacha, Ex-Khedive, has subscribed \$500 to the Gordon Memorial Fund.

Miss Bayard, the bright daughter of Secretary of State Bayard, is one of the best horsewomen in Washington.

Oliver Wendell Holmes talked the other night about poetry before the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston.

The latest additions to the membership of the Authors' Club are Mr. George Houghton, Mr. J. R. W. Hitchcock, and Mr. E. P. Roe.

It turns out that the most severe critic of Mr. Gladstone was the late Chinese Gordon, who denounced the Prime Minister angrily in a private diary.

The Duke of Westminster is exhorting himself at present in behalf of the male children of convicts. He wants to have them properly maintained and educated.

Although it is not etiquette for Miss Cleveland, while she is hostess of the White House, to return calls, she has waived etiquette once or twice already.

A Japanese tea party was given last week at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Many of those present wore Japanese costumes, and each guest received a Japanese cup and saucer.

Martin Farquhar Tupper, the author of one of the most popular books of the time, has been obliged to make a public appeal for help. He is poor, and in distress, and has no way to gain money.

Last week Mr. Arthur enjoyed himself night after night at Washington dinner parties. Mr. Arthur has now a chance to amuse himself, whereas Mr. Cleveland's strength and patience are sorely tried.

Thoreau is said to have amused himself on one occasion by putting cloth bandages on the claws of Mrs. Hawthorne's hens, that lady having complained to him that the animals were invading the family flower patch.

Thomas Dunn English, who was almost killed recently by a tumor, which was extracted from his throat with difficulty, is now in fair health. Mr. English was born in 1839, and published a book of poems thirty years ago.

It is said that when Mr. Cleveland is considering a candidate's fitness for office he invariably asks "How much does he weigh?" And the rule seems to be that the successful applicant must not only be a good man, but must weigh 250 pounds.

Professor George L. Raymond, of Princeton College, has just finished a long poem of singular interest. The subject is the death of an old poet who leaves behind him a number of manuscript poems written at different epochs of his life, and descriptive of his feelings and beliefs at those epochs—boyhood, youth, manhood, and so on, so that the work is a unity in diverse metres.

A new portrait of Queen Victoria represents her with brilliant blue eyes and a clever, thoughtful expression, standing on the highest of three steps, over which the rich folds of a black velvet dress trail to the ground. The folded hands hold a long fan and a large pocket handkerchief. A long veil of costly lace falls from the head, and the blue ribbon of the Garter crosses the breast.

Mr. J. L. Rogers, son of Mr. Thorold Rogers, M. P., has had a probably unparalleled career in mathematical study at Oxford. Before he was eighteen years old he was elected first of three Balliol mathematical scholars; he won on his first attempt the Junior University Mathematical Scholarship; he gained the "Mathematical First" in due order; and now has gained the Senior Mathematical Scholarship, on his first trial for it.

Mr. Gladstone: "When I first read in detail the *Life of Washington* I was profoundly impressed with the moral elevation and greatness of his character, and I found myself at a loss to name among the statesmen of any age or country many, or possibly any, who could be his rival. If among all the pedicels supplied by history for public character, of extraordinary nobility and purity I saw one higher than all the rest, and if I were required at a moment's notice to name the fittest occupant for it, I think my choice at any time during the forty-five years would have lighted, and it would now light upon Washington."

### The South Wind.

One night, after she had crept to her bed of rage, bruised and sore from Old Nan's daily beating, she heard the South Wind softly blowing past the window, and she whispered:

"Oh! South Wind, have pity on me! I am beaten and worked and starved! Be kind to a poor orphan girl!"

"But I cannot soften Old Nan's heart," answered the breeze, "nor can I bring you food."

"You can take a message for me."

"To whom?"

"My mother in Heaven."

"What is the message?"

"Tell her that my days are full of misery, and my nights are long with sorrow. I want to be with her in Heaven."

"Sleep, child, and I will bear your message!" whispered the wind; and she forgot her wretchedness and, sleeping, dreamed of green valleys and such beautiful flowers that she cried out in tones of joy and awoke Old Nan.

"How dare you!" growled the hag; and she beat the child again and again for her dream.

The next night the South Wind whispered at the window, and the child rose up and asked:

"Did you find my mother?"

"'Tis a long way to Heaven!" answered the wind. "Have patience and sleep again."

The child slept, and in her dreams she sat beneath green trees and listened to such sweet music that Old Nan was again awakened by her words.

"Wretch! Ingrate!" cried the old hag in her fury; and she beat the child as if she meant to kill her.

On the third night the South Wind was late in coming. The child was alone in the gloomy room, and the fever was on her until she tossed and moaned, and fancied strange things.

"It won't come—it won't come!" she kept calling; but by and by she heard the rustle of the South Wind afar off, and she had her face to the window as it came up.

"Did you find my mother?"

"Aye! and she bide you come!"

"Now?"

"Wait a little while and sleep again."

And the child slept and dreamed of a path winding through a dark valley. She traversed it in fear and trembling, and more than once she would have faltered had not the South Wind whispered:

"Be of brave heart—Heaven is beyond!"

By and by the darkness was dispelled, and at her feet she saw the waters of a great river. On the other shore were gates of pearl and gold, and as they opened to the strains of sweetest music an angel issued forth and cried out to the cowering child:

"Be not afraid! I am thy mother!"

And as the South Wind spread its wings and bore the child across the silver waters her joy was so intense that she called out:

"Death! Mother! Heaven!"

"Didn't I tell you!" screamed the old hag, who had just returned; and she knelt beside the bed of rage to beat the child.

"Too late!" said the South Wind, with its face at the window.

Aye! it was too late.

### The I'm-to-be-Photographed Look.

It is the hardest thing in the world to get some folks into any kind of a natural position, or expression of countenance. They will put a kind of I'm-to-be-photographed look on their faces when they come into the gallery and it generally stays there. Then the way some women dress! They have an idea that the more colors they get on, the better they look, and the result is that when they see their photograph and the curious effect produced by the colors, they'll blame the photographer, though we tell them beforehand. Nearly all persons look better in a picture than in reality, except those having clear complexions. Some ladies, for instance, would be considered beautiful in side view of their features, while a front view is decidedly disappointing. Of course in photographing them, we take the side view. Some look better with a hat on and some in full outdoor costume. But there is one thing you may not know, and that is very few ladies look well photographed in white, yet the only pictures many have taken are in their graduation or wedding dresses.