

stand that the pain of doing so is a thousand times greater to him than any annoyance or disappointment can possibly be to you? You may think that I am hard on you, Alice, but I am no more so than you deserve, for it is just such behaviour as yours that has driven more than one good man to wrong-doing. Not that I think that Jack could ever be forced to such a pass; he is far too high-principled for that; but it would not be your fault if he is not; and you still have the power of making him thoroughly unhappy, and of disappointing him cruelly. It is not flattering to a man to discover that the woman to whom he has paid the highest honor that a man can pay will only prove an agreeable companion while the sun shines, and that as soon as clouds appear he must look elsewhere for sympathy. But there, I shall not scold you any more, for I think that you understand how wrong you have been, and are as anxious as I could wish you to ask Jack's pardon, and will try in the future to be a true wife instead of acting like a fretful, spoiled child. And as for being thankful—well, I know of few girls who have as little real trouble as you. Take Kate Ray, for instance, with a husband in prison for forging! Ah! Alice, may you never live to learn that poverty is the least of sorrows!

As her mother spoke, at first mortification and wounded pride forced the bitter tears again from Alice's eyes, but as she listened she was forced to confess that every word was true, and when her mother had finished she got up and going to her side kneeled down and lifted her tear-stained face to her. 'Kiss Alice, mommy, and she won't be naughty any more'; she begged with trembling lips. And at this old, childish, plea, her mother's face softened, and she stooped and kissed her, saying, as she drew the hot head to her bosom, 'You always were a child who saw the justice of its punishment; and I believe that you will be a good child, and that neither Jack nor I shall have cause to complain again. Not that Jack would, though, he leaves all the scoldings to your mother. And now,' she continued, looking about the room, 'you have worn yourself out crying, so I am going to forget that you have been naughty and pet you a bit. See: you shall lie down here on the couch and go to sleep, and I will do all your work for you and start the dinner.'

Then as she led her to the couch, in response to the upheld arms and the 'Kiss Alice, mommy,' she stooped and gathered her child to her heart and held her close for a moment while she whispered, as she kissed her, 'Ask God to help you, Alice; then you will not fail.' And after that she went away and left her to herself; and when, two hours later, Alice woke from the sleep into which she had fallen with that prayer upon her lips she found that her mother was gone, and understood that she had left her to meet her husband alone.

For a moment Alice lay still, looking about the pleasant bedroom, and out into the cheerful sitting-room and kitchen beyond, all of which her mother had left in beautiful order, and a great sigh of relief and thankfulness rose to her lips. She had had a frightful dream; and had thought that, as she lay there, word had been brought her that her Jack was in prison, the note that was placed in her hand from him told her that for her sake, that she might not be denied the good and pretty things she craved, he had taken money which did not belong to him, but had been discovered before he could make good his escape.

Oh, the joy and relief to find it all a dream!

Getting up Alice looked at the clock, then

laid her table, and going into the kitchen finished the preparations which her mother had begun; and when everything was in dainty order she went off to her room and made herself sweet and clean, even cut a sprig of red geranium from one of her plants and tucked it into her belt, after which she took her sewing and sat down to wait her husband's coming.

It was not with the lightest heart that Jack Burton turned his steps homeward that day. He loved his pretty little wife with all the strength of his great, manly heart, and to see the bright face clouded as he had left it that morning cut him cruelly; and it must be confessed, though Jack strove hard to hide the truth from himself, the disappointment at finding her unreasonable and childishly unjust was bitter beyond words to express. What could he do when she assumed the attitude of being injured at his saying that they must be more careful? How would he find her now: would she be cold and quiet, or would she act the part of an offended child?

With a sigh he opened the door, and entered the house quietly. The sitting-room door stood open, and he could see his wife sitting beside the window, her work lying in her lap, her head resting on her hand, Was she crying? He sighed again, and walked toward the open door. But Alice had heard him, had risen to her feet and was coming quickly to meet him. How sweet and dear she looked! why, she had a flower in her belt—just as he loved to see it! and what was this new expression in the brown eyes raised to his? He held out his hands towards her and would have drawn her into his arms; but she laid her hands upon his wrists and pushed him gently from her.

'No, Jack, not yet,' she said; 'you must listen first to what I have to say. I want to ask you to forgive me,' she went on, speaking hurriedly, for the way in which I treated you this morning; I want to tell you how ashamed I am of myself, and that, though I ask you to forgive me, I have not forgiven myself. I want to tell you, no, you shall not spare me—laying her hand over his lips when he would have spoken and begged her to cease—I want to tell you that though I have not been the wife I should have been—that you be served—I am going from this minute to try to be good.'

Well, Jack Barton was strong and the hands which held him back were small and weak, and so no wonder that, when the brown eyes suddenly brimmed up at that pathetic little promise, he managed to hold them both in one of his while with the other he drew her to him.

And so, when Thanksgiving Day dawned, though their table did not absolutely 'groan,' Alice had done wonders, and her bright face opposite him was far more to her husband than a multitude of dishes. And I do not think that in all the broad land the day was more truly celebrated, or that more fervent thanks arose from any heart than those which found their way to Alice Barton's lips as she bowed her head that day in church.—'American Messenger.'

Weighty Words.

I have never, in the whole course of my life, spoken of any wine as 'nourishing,' and I regard such a term as inapplicable and misleading. Its daily dietetic use, is, for most people, more or less injurious. It is my opinion, confirmed by long observation and a wide experience, that nineteen out of twenty, at least, would have better health and longer and happier lives, without the dietetic use of alcoholic stimulant than with

it. Though not a pledged abstainer, I have done the most laborious work of my life—have indeed only been enabled to do it—by totally abstaining from any form of fermented liquor.—'Sir Henry Thompson.'

In a Glass Case.

Two or three young men who were visiting in Washington City recently, went into the National Museum. Passing a cabinet, they glanced at the label on it, on which were the words, 'The body of a man weighing one hundred and fifty-four pounds.'

'Where is the man?' one of the young men asked.

No one answered him. In the cabinet were an odd assemblage of heterogeneous articles. Among them were two large jars of water; also jars containing different kinds of fats; other jars in which there were phosphate of lime, carbonate of lime, a few ounces each of sugar, potassium, sodium, gelatine, and other chemicals.

Another section held a row of clear glass jars filled with gases—hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen; a square lump of coal, and more bottles separately labelled phosphorus, calcium, magnesium, potassium. In a little jar was a fraction of an ounce of iron, and near by was a lump of ill-smelling brimstone.

The materials in these cabinets are given in exact proportions as combined in an ordinary man.

'It is very curious and interesting, so far as it goes,' said one of the young men. 'But where are the retorts and the tubes and the fire and the chemist?'

The young men stood silent, staring at what seemed to them a gruesome assortment of carbon and sugar and gas and iron with a certain awe and disgust.

'And that is what I'm made of?' one of them said. 'That is all that goes to make me?'

'That is all,' said a bystander, smiling, and walked on.

But the young men did not smile. The cabinets had set each one of them, for the first time probably, the awful problem of his own being.

'If that is all that is needed,' said one, 'so much gas, so much lime, so much iron, we should all be exactly alike. There is something more which they cannot put into cabinets.'

'Yes,' said another, under his breath, 'that added by the unseen Power, who puts into these senseless elements that which makes man a living soul.'

They stood a moment, and then passed on in silence. To each of them his own soul and his God, had suddenly become real, before these cabinets, filled with all the essentials for the making of a man—but one.—'Youth's Companion.'

Two Englishmen travelling in Sweden recently, lost their luggage, and as they did not speak Swedish, they were at their wits' end to explain the matter. Two young men finally came to their rescue, and politely asked in English if they could be of any assistance. On explaining their situation, the young men promised to telegraph for the lost goods, and made an appointment to meet at the same place the following day. The appointment was duly kept, the luggage duly delivered, the Englishmen, full of gratitude, pouring out their honest thanks to their unknown friends. 'Do you know whom you are thanking?' said one of them with a smile. 'No, sir, we wish we did.' 'Well, then, perhaps, you will like to know. I am Prince Oscar of Sweden, and this is my brother Eugene.'—'Christian Herald.'