

will need, and I shall be very glad if Mr. Osgood shows you a way."

"It is hard work Harry. Back-breaking work, for my back, at least," Mr. Osgood said. "My little onion bed is full of weeds, and if you can pull them all out you will earn your twenty-eight cents, very honestly. Are you willing to come a little while every day until it is done?"

"Indeed I am," Harry said, gratefully. "I'm glad I've got the chance."

So, for several days, Harry went down every afternoon weeding a row each time. It was hot, hard, tiresome work, but he persevered, and in time had finished the four long rows, one a day being all that Mr. Osgood thought it well for so small a boy to do. Seven cents a row, and four rows, fixed four times seven once for all in Harry's mind, and the afternoon when he walked home with twenty-eight bright pennies, jingling them all the way, was one of the proudest of his life.

"You have earned more than twenty-eight cents," said mamma, as she counted the shining pile. "Much more than you would understand if I told you now. Patience and perseverance and honor more than I was sure my little boy had. Now you want to pay Bob; and then I think you will be happier than you have been for a long time."

Harry ran off, and burst into Bob's quarters with a sort of war-whoop, which brought out the owner at once.

"Here's your money," said Harry, putting down the pennies with such energy that some rolled on the floor.

"Your ma gave it to you?" said Bob, "or your grandfather, may be?"

"No they didn't; I earned it," said Harry, and that was all Bob could ever make him tell. So the troubled end for that time; and if Harry was ever tempted to say "charge it" at any time; he remembered that half-hour in the wood, and the long rows of onions, and marched away from temptation as fast as possible.—*Christian Index.*

### Woman the Queen of Home.

There is probably not an unperverted man or woman living, who does not feel that the sweetest consolations and the best rewards of life are found in the loves and delights of home. There are very few who do not feel themselves indebted to the influences that clustered around their cradles for whatever good there may be in their characters and condition. Home based upon Christian marriage, is so evident an institution of God, that a man must become profane before he can deny it. Wherever it is pure and true to the Christian idea, there lives an institution conservative of all the noblest instincts of society.

Of this realm woman is the queen. It takes the cue and hue from her. If she is in the best sense womanly—if she is true and tender, loving and heroic, patient and self-devoted—she consciously and unconsciously organizes and puts in operation a set of influences that do more to mould the destiny of the nation than any man, uncrowned by power of eloquence, can possibly effect.

The men of the nation are what mothers make them, as a rule; and the voice that those men speak in the expression of power, is the voice of the woman who bore and bred them. There can be no substitute for milk. There is no other substitute for this. There is no other possible way in which the woman of the nation can organize their influence and power that will tell so beneficially upon Society and State.—*Scribner.*

### Are Rich Men Happy?

On one of the last days of his earthly existence Mr. Hopkins, the late Baltimore millionaire called his devoted gardener to him and said: "I am beginning to hate this place because it does not bring in money. I hate everything that does not bring in money. Did you ever feed hogs? Have you not observed that the strong animals bear away the ears of corn, and that the weaker ones pursue them squealingly, in hopes that all or some of the treasures will be lost or dropped?" The gardener replied that the sketch was a true one. "Well, then," said Mr. Hopkins, "I am that strong hog. I have that big ear of corn, and every piggish rascal in Baltimore is intent upon stealing it or wresting it from me Sir," he said, turning brusquely to the gardener. "do you

think a very rich man is happy?" The gardener answered: "The extreme of poverty is a sad thing. The extreme of wealth, no doubt, bears with it many tribulations." Mr. Hopkins rejoined: "You are right, my friend; next to the hell of being utterly bereft of money is the purgatory of possessing a vast amount of it. I have a mission, and under its shadow I have accumulated wealth, but not happiness."

### Dr. Schliemann's Courtship.

Dr. Schliemann's description of his courtship of his wife is an interesting one. "It is now twelve years," he says, "since I met her in the house of her parents in Athens. It was Saturday. In the course of the conversation I made an astonishing discovery. The young 18-year-old girl, as the talk turned upon the *Iliad*, recited to me a long piece from that work with literal accuracy. We were soon absorbed in the subject, and on the same day I was able to tell her, 'Next Thursday will be our wedding day.' And Thursday was our wedding day, for important business called me at once to Paris. We made our wedding tour thither. Then came the time for learning. I recited Homer to her, and she repeated it after me. During our married life we have not had a single falling out—not even over Agamemnon and his sister. The only dispute we ever had was when we had different ideas about the rendering of a passage in Homer."

### A Beautiful Incident.

In the Cathedral at Limerick there hangs a chime of bells, which were cast in Italy by an enthusiast in his trade, who fixed his home near the monastery where they first hung, that he might daily enjoy their sweet and solemn music. In some political revolution the bells were taken away to some distant land, and the maker himself became a refugee and exile. His wanderings brought him, after many years, to Ireland. On a calm and beautiful evening, as the vessel which bore him floated on the placid bosom of the Shannon, suddenly the evening chimes, pealed from the Cathedral towers.

His practical ear caught the sweet sound, and he knew that his lost treasures were found. His early home, his old friends, his beloved native land, all the best associates of his life, were in those sounds. He laid himself back in the boat, crossed his arms upon his breast, and listened to the music. The boat reached the wharf, but still he lay there silent and motionless. They spoke to him, but he did not answer. They went to him, but his spirit had fled. The tide of memories that came vibrating through his heart at that well-known chime had snapped its strings!

### The Biter Bit.

An excellent illustration of the "biter bit" came to our knowledge the other day. An attorney to whom a somewhat impecunious client had given a check for one hundred pounds in part payment of his bill of costs presented the cheque several times, but always with the same result, the bank clerk marking "N. S."—not sufficient—in the corner. Almost without hope, the attorney presented it yet once more, observing to the clerk as he did so, "The same old tale, I suppose!" The clerk looked over the client's account, and, having added up the total to his credit, remarked quite unconsciously, "Ninety-eight pounds—only two pounds short." Suddenly a happy thought struck the sharp attorney; he would pay in two pounds of his own money to the credit of his client, and immediately present his cheque, for the payment of which there would then be sufficient funds. Unfortunately he had not the money in his pocket. He rushed back to his office, and in less than half an hour reappeared at the bank, and, to make his assurance doubly sure, paid in five pounds to the credit of his client's account, and then triumphantly presented his cheque of one hundred pounds for payment. What was his dismay when the clerk returned it as before, marked "N. S." "Why, you told me he had ninety-eight pounds to his credit," cried he; "and since that I have paid in five pounds more!" "True," replied the clerk; "but since you left Mr. —" mentioning the client's name—"has been here and drawn out all that was standing to his credit."