

## My Heirship.

Little store of wealth have I;  
Not a rood of land I own;  
Not a mansion fair and high  
Built with towers of fretted stone.  
Stocks nor bonds nor title deeds,  
Flocks nor herds have I to show;  
When I ride, no Arab steeds  
Toss for me their manes of snow.

I have neither pearls nor gold,  
Massive plate nor jewels rare,  
Brodered silks of worth untold,  
Nor rich robes a queen might wear.  
In my gardens narrow round  
Haunt no costly tropic blooms,  
Ladening all the air around  
With a weight of rare perfumes.

Yet to an immense estate  
Am I heir, by Grace of God,  
Richer, grander than doth wait  
Any earthly monarch's nod.  
Heir of all the ages, I—  
Heir of all that they have wrought,  
All their store of emprise high,  
All their wealth of precious thought.

Every golden deed of theirs  
Sheds its lustre on my way;  
All their labor, all their prayers,  
Sanctify this present day!  
Heir of all that they have earned  
By their passion and their tears—  
Heir of all that they have learned  
Through the weary, toiling years!

Heir of all the faith sublime  
On whose wings they soared to Heaven,  
Heir of every hope that Time  
To earth's fainting sons, hath given!  
Aspirations pure and high—  
Strength to do and to endure,  
Heir of all the ages, I—  
Lo! I am no longer poor!

Julia C. Dorr.

## "Hard work Ain't Easy."

Take off your coat early in the fight, my son. Don't be afraid of hard work. It can't hurt you. Ten o'clock isn't too late to knock off, and 5 o'clock doesn't come so very early in the morning, to a young man. It doesn't come so early as 3, by two hours, and yet how often do you go to bed at 3? No! I'm glad to hear you say it, because while 3 o'clock is a very early hour at which to rise, it is paradoxically a very late one at which to go to bed. In order to be up with the lark in the morning, Telemachus, it isn't at all necessary to sit up with him all night. But if you are at work, the mid-night oil won't hurt you. It will do you good, because the hard workers are all long livers. You'll never work yourself to death, my boy. Now, there's your sister; she is more liable to work herself to death than any man you ever knew.

I believe the ceaseless, monotonous sound of old Euryclea's household duties and domestic cares, or young Nausica's worry over the family laundry would kill the oldest man in America in a week. It is true that woman's work goes on forever, but then, bless your soul, fair Hermisne, don't let that worry you. You don't go on forever to do it all. And you don't have all of it to do, even where you live.

Man's work goes on forever, too; and I'm glad of it. But I'm not going to stay here to do it all, and I shan't do any more of my own while I do stay, than I am obliged to. Don't fret because woman's work goes on forever. You will have shirts to make and socks to darn for Neoptolemus not more than fifty or sixty years anyhow. And as for you, Telemachus, it isn't hard work that destroys young men; it's the intervals that kill. It's the relaxation that hurts. Some time you may wake in the morning with the worst head upon you that ever made you sigh for death. And you were not sitting up to work until 2 a.m., either.

You will know there isn't a line of Virgil, or a unite of mathematics, or one stroke of honest hard work in that headache that is going to throw one more wasted day into your bright young life. If you had burned the mid-night oil over the work-bench, at the forge, or at the desk, or at the lathe, it never would have manufactured such a headache as that. It might, and it would, send you to bed tired as a shadow of death, but you would open your eyes next morning on an honest world of hope and sunshine and manly ambition, without a blush of shame in all its radiance. You'll never work yourself to death, my boy. The harder you work the less mischief and trouble you will get into.—*Burdette*

## An Excellent Reason.

With never a word she passed me by,  
With never a look or sign;  
She silently went her way, and I  
As silently went on mine.

No one could have dreamed who saw her face,  
As we so coldly met,  
That her heart was touched by the faintest trace  
Of memory or regret.

Nor did I think that one apart,  
Who watched my tranquil brow  
Would have guessed that the memory stirred my heart  
Of a faithless, broken vow.

And they needn't have guessed or wondered, you see,  
For this was the reason why—  
I didn't know her, and she didn't know me,  
And so—she passed me by.

—Walter Learned.

## Checks as Wedding Presents.

One of the old veterans of Wall Street was the other day giving some fatherly advice to one of his clerks, about to be married, and in closing his sermon he said:—

"Directly after the ceremony there will be a banquet, of course. When your wife turns her plate she will find a check for fifty thousand dollars under it."

"Do you really think so?"

"Oh, I know it. That's the prevailing style nowadays. The check will be passed round, and finally given to you to pocket."

"And next day I will draw the money on it."

"Oh, no, you won't."

"Why not?"

"Because there won't be any to draw. Don't make a dol of yourself by rushing to the bank."

"But I thought—"

"No matter what you thought. Save the check to frame and hang up. When I was married, thirty years ago, my wife found one under her plate. I've got it yet. I thought too much of her father to mortify his feelings, and I know he has always respected me for it. That's all my son. If you run short on your bridal tour, telegraph me."

## Hotel Coffee.

The *Wall Street News* is responsible for this story:—

"Coffee! coffee! Did you ask if I would have coffee?" asked a guest at a Cleveland hotel the other day.

"Yes, sir," whispered the waiter.

"Have you coffee mixed with chicory?"

"We have."

"And beans and peas?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is your coffee black as night and thick as mud?"

"It is, sir."

"Lukewarm and flat as dish-water?"

"That's it, sir."

"Warranted to give a man Bright's disease and enlarged liver inside of four weeks?"

"We positively guarantee it, sir."

"Then, for Heaven's sake, give me three or four cups of it for it's a whole year since I've had a chance to get hold of any genuine hotel coffee."