

"hired help." Yes, it is a loss of caste, my dear, and social ostracism and a great gulf 'twixt you and your genteel young lady high school friends. Could you assist in a family as nurse or housekeeper or step into many a place now open for somebody which involves labor or the lower plane of respectability? No, you can't, young woman, for though the adage runs in this fee and happy land that all honest labor is honorable, exact truth doesn't run quite that way. You can't do "anything." Your high school education hasn't taught you to do "anything." You have spent many years in learning to do a few things, along with thousands and tens of thousands of young women all over the land, and the result is that there are a great many more of you able to draw and paint and play, and copy in a nice fair hand, than there are people who want to pay anything for drawing, painting, playing and copying. But what are we going to do about it? Where is the vigilant far-sighted watchman on the towers of our modern Zion who shall cry long and loud that our schools and colleges are yearly turning out tens of thousands of educated young men and women for whom the busy money-making, bread-winning world has little or nothing to do, or if they get "anything" to do will pay him little or nothing. A skilled oyster opener makes his \$5 per day. A good bricklayer wants \$4 per day. A good cook gets more than many college professors. But these are not genteel occupations. You want to be genteel, and you are right in aspiring to gentility and refinement, but, young woman, the world in this town don't place a high cash value on genteel occupations. Sad, sordid, sour world this, mademoiselle.—*New York Graphic*.

Beauty.

BY AUNT MARCIA.

Young man don't marry a girl because she is pretty. Will beauty satisfy you through the life-long journey, to the exclusion of those moral qualities, mind and heart? Will beauty alone cook your dinner, train your children and prove a true solace in the hours of weary toil and trial—the lot of every man on earth? The poet has said:

"Beauty's a doubtful good, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour."

Wet not yourself to that which time will surely snatch from you, leaving the faded eye, withered cheek and vacant mind. Study well the character and capabilities of the object of your choice. See to it that she possesses a mind capable of grasping the ordinary questions of the day; and that a portion of her time is spent in reading something besides novels and fashion notes. And above all, be assured that she is well disciplined in those virtues without which home is wretched. Sweetness of temper is not incompatible with firmness or moral courage, and a woman possessing these attributes will not belong to the rapid, 'wishy-washy' sort; but on the contrary the class who develop noble wives and mothers, faithful in friendship, and devout Christians, capable of exerting both at home and in society, the best influences for the right and for virtue.

If to these high and independent qualities is added beauty then your choice is indeed blessed of God. Take such a one to your heart, and while loving and cherishing fail not to prove yourself worthy to be the possessor of such a priceless gem.

General Jackson's Wife.

Many of our public men have been blessed with wives and mothers who were the ornaments of their sex, and by their quiet and ennobling influence contributed largely to the subsequent greatness of their children and husbands. Mr. Parton tells the following story of General Jackson's wife:

When General Jackson was a candidate for the presidency in 1828, not only did the party opposed to him abuse him for his public acts, which, if unconstitutional or violent, were a legitimate subject for reprobation, but they defamed the character of his wife. On one occasion a newspaper published in Nashville was placed upon the General's table. He glanced over it, and his eyes fell upon an article in which the character of Mrs. Jackson was violently assailed. So soon as he had read it, he sent for his trusty old servant, Dunwoodie

"Saddle my horse," said he to him, in a whisper, "and put my holsters on him."

Mrs. Jackson watched him, and, though she heard not a word, she saw mischief in his eyes. The General went out after a few minutes, when she took up the paper and understood every thing. She ran out to the south gate of the yard of the Hermitage, by which the General would have to pass. She had not been there more than a few seconds before the General rode up with the countenance of a madman. She placed herself before the horse, and cried out:

"O, General, don't go to Nashville! Let that poor editor live! Let that poor editor live!"

"Let me alone," he replied; how came you to know what I was going for?"

She answered, "I saw it in the paper after you went out; put up your horse and go back."

"He replied, furiously, "But I will go—get out of my way!"

Instead of this she grasped his bridle with both hands.

He cried to her, "I say let go my horse! The villain that reviles my wife shall not live!"

She grasped the reins but the tighter, and began to expostulate with him, saying that she was the one who ought to be angry, but that she forgave her persecutors from the bottom of her heart and prayed for them—that he should forgive, if he hoped to be forgiven. At last, by her reasoning, her entreaties and her tears, she so worked upon her husband that he seemed mollified to a certain extent. She wound up by saying:

"No, General, you shall not take the life of even my reviler—you dare not do it, for it is written, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord!'"

The iron-nerved hero gave way before the earnest pleading of his beloved wife, and replied:

"I yield to you; but had it not been for you, and the words of the Almighty, the wretch should not have lived an hour."

Talking to Heaven.

A mother, living not very far from the post-office in this city, tired with watching over a sick baby, came down stairs for a few seconds' rest. She heard the voice of her little four-year-old girl in the hall by herself, and, curious to know to whom she was talking, stopped a moment at the half-open door. She saw that the little thing had pulled a chair up in front of the telephone, and stood upon it, with the piece pressed against the side of her head. The earnestness of the child showed that she was in no playful mood, and this was the conversation the mother heard, while the tears stood thick in her eyes, the little one carrying on both sides, as if she were repeating the answers:

"Hello!"

"Well, who's there?"

"Is God there?"

"Yes."

"Is Jesus there?"

"Yes."

"Tell Jesus I want to speak to him."

"Well?"

"Is that you, Jesus?"

"Yes, what is it?"

"Our baby is sick, and we want you let it get well. Won't you, now?"

No answer, and statement and question again repeated, finally answered by a "yes."

The little one hung the ear-piece back on its hook, clambered down from the chair, and, with a radiant face, went for mother, who caught her in her arms. The baby, whose life had been despaired of, began to mend, and got well.—*Elmira Free Press*.

A Talent for Conversation.

A talent for conversation has an extraordinary value for common, every-day life. Let any one who has this gift enter in a social circle anywhere. How every one's face brightens at his entrance. How soon he sets all the little wheels in motion, encouraging the timid, calling out unostentatiously the resources of the reserved and shy, subsidizing the facile, and making everybody glad and happy.

To converse well is not to engross the conversation. It is not to do all the talking. It is not necessary to talk with