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76

But, on the other side, contempt Is all the cold world feels For him who loses in the game And then lies down and squeals.

A Pair of Plotters.

"For the best of all the miracles the summertime can work us,

much-frequented circus." A circus! Comin' to town!" Old Marth Stebbins, pressing out her wungest grandchild's Sunday gown. paused with iron suspended. "For the land's sake, Billie! The tell! Are vou sure?"

Billie was thrilled by the interest which his news had awakened. Therefore, he looked as imperturbable as possible. He hoisted himself up on the table, and sat there picking sandburs off his sleeves, and swinging his bare legs.

"Gimme a cooky, an' I'll tell you all about it."

There was no compromising with Bill.e. He was a young man of his word. Of this his grandmother was aware. She looked at him hard a moment. Then she sat the iron down, and went into the pantry. She came back with two cookies.

"There!" she said: "now go on!" "After I'd been to mill I went up town. There was two men puttin' pictures on the blank wall near the livery stable. They'd got 'em up aiready by the lumber yard. Another feller was goin' into the shops, and gettin' signs put in the windows. And, I say, grandma, you just want to see them pictures. They're—they're jimminy-

Grandma ironed on, but less energetically than before the return of Billie. "Go on an' tell me about them pictures," she urged. "I used to like awful well to go to circusses when L was young Seems like I went to every one that come to our town. One ain't been near this place since I come here to live with your ma. That was when Emily Louis was born -fifteen years ago."

Billie went on to tell her of the glories of the posters. He gallantly gave ladies the preference in his description. He first told her about the bare-armed female, standing in the Roman chariot, driving the plung ng steeds; about the little girl, standing on a white Shetland pony, about the skirt, who made flying leaps through paper hoops; about the muscular sisters who swung from trapezes I hen the men came in for their share of admiring remarks. He was half-way from the ring master to the clown and grandma was listening with breathless delight, when a step was heard in the hall. Grandma guiltly picked up her cold iron and pattered across the kitchen to the stove for a hot one. Billie subsided into slence. puckering his lips in a soundless whistle.

"Mother, you got that ironin' most done?"

The voice suited the face, a hard, intolerant face, with dull eyes and converging lines around the mouth. 'Mostly, Belinda!" cried back the old lady, with nervous cheerfulness. "Ain't mor'n haif a dozen more pieces.

Billie here's back from mill." She moistened the tips of her fingers with her tongue and spatted away on the iron to test its tempera-

"I can't see that," tartly. "Billy, your father git off with that stock? That's good. Now, I don't want you settin' around like this when there's his chores to be done well's your own. You hear?"

"Yes'm." There was a brief silence when she had gone. Martha Stebbins seemed to see through a mist the garments she was ironing. Suddenly the kitchen seemed smaller and hotter than it had five minutes ago. All at once, too, the lovely ladies, and dashing men, and wonderful an mals of the circus seemed more distant, inapproachable, and grievously remote. "Are-you thinkin' you'll be let go,

Billie?" "Dunno." He lifted his foot and looked pensively at the stonebruise on the toe. "Will if I can. I'll see if I can't get a job carryin' water for the elephants. Lots of boys get in that way."

'The elephant!" She looked across the room. Something wistful in her tone, struck Billie. He was not a particularly bright boy, but he was affectionate in a dumb and clumbsy way. He had never known the joy of selfexpression, but he and grandma had had some secrets of their own. These secrets, involving as they frequently did her connivance and her silence, were necessary to his humanity and protection. Now, he wished-he hardly knew what he wished.

"Say, grandma, I kinder think you'd like to go to the circus yourself!"

"Me!" she shrilled. O, dear, no! Whatever put such an idea in your head? Me-I'm that old! And besides -gracious, if I ain't gone and scorched that shirt! I hope your ma won't notice it, but I got that flustered-to think of such a thing!"

Billie looked puzzled, "Well, somehow," he persisted, stubbornly, "I do think so, grandma. And," he added boldly, "I don't see why you shouldn't either, if you got a mind to-there!"

"Why, Billie!" she cried, weakly, but there was a yielding tremor in her voice. She put down the iron. glancing furtively at the door as she

"O we couldn't get a gent from her!" involuntarily he lowered his voice, as was his habit when a fishing trip was projected, and the question of secretly securing provender therefor confidently discussed. "She's savin' too hard to get her rag carpet wove. Tell you what though. I can work enough to pay for myself sure. You've got that 15 cents Mis' Murray gave you for making her checkrow sunbunnit. I can sell Tom Cass my pigeon

house. He'll let me have a dime for it. The only trouble is the gettin' there. It's a good four-mile to town. Ma wouldn't hear to us takin' the horse out after sundown, and you never could-"

"I could-O, I could, Billie!" she broke in excitedly. Her wrinkled old Is the canvas-tented, sawdust-scented, face was radiant-her knotty old hands were trembling. "Twouldn't be enny harder than bein' on my feet from 5 in the mornin' till after supper like I am. I could walk every step of it, but-" the enthusiasm began to fade out of her face. She drew a long sigh-a sigh of bitter renunciation, "Belinda-"

"Gramma!" He leaned forward. whispering as he did when he was asking her to leave the back buttery window open when he was to be out after hours. "Ma don't need-to know

-a single-thing about it!" "O-Billie!" The possibility of such surreptitious pleasure dazed her. "Do you think we-could-could manage

He unlimbered himself from the table. "I'll manage it!" he avowed confidently.

The week that followed was one of the most intense, the most absorbing antic pation Martha Stebbins had known in many a year. She went about the drudgery of her daily tasks on winged feet. She laughed at the jokes of the hired man. She brushed and cleaned Billie's best clothes until they did not look within a year of their age. She put a new band on his hat. She fixed over her own ancient black bonnet during the temporary absence of her daughter. She smiled to herself when she was alone. Once, indeed, they even heard her singing. "That don't sound like a hymn tune mother," remarked Mrs. Malone suspiciously.

"It's 'The Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," said the old lady softly. O, the myriad fluttering moments up to that night! The temerity of undertaking a flight so unwonted the danger of discovery, of recapturethese but enhanced the ecstacy of it

They made their escape while the youngest scion of the bouse of Malone was being put to bed upstairs. high road was Billie whiting for her sometimes, you know. that they had lots of time, that the scats were already secured, that she would be tired out before she got there. But neither speech nor movement was to be regarded in the exhilaration of that delicious experience. How sweet the green things smelled with the dew on them! Wasn't that a scent of sweet briar? What a noise the crickets were making! And if that wasn't a new moon -over their right shoulder, too!

Ah, never would the memory of that night fade-that "witching, wonderful night'" The entrance into the lively town, the sight of the domed canvas tent, the hurrying crowds of pleasure seekers, the lighted shops, the smell of the sawdust, the glimpse of tiered faces, the torches, the music -best of all, O, incomparably best of all—the circus itself! Never did so stately a ringmaster stride into the arena. Never did so witty a clown break his bones on collapsable barrels. and set the benches in a roar! No such agile acrobat ever balanced ladders or dangled from the trapeze. No such lovely ladies ever poised and pirouetted on bareback horses. No such stately Amazon ever lashed her steeds to victory. And all the rest merged for Billie into one exquisite glow that was almost pain-pain and rapture—when he beheld:

The loveliest little damsel Fit for a fairy queen Upon a milk white pony,

His eyes had ever seen! It was over. They had enjoyed it all. They had seen the animals—every one. They had eaten popcorn, and drank lemonade, and munched peanuts. And now they were plodding back to the farm along the road that stretched ahead like a ribbon of amber velvet. Neither spoke. Their hearts were too full-hers with memories, his with imaginings. They were as Daudet represents Parisians after the Salon: "Satiated, but not weary, still thrilled by that air charged with artistic electricity." They made no mention of the morrow. Not even reproach could wrest this experience from them.

"Are you tired, grandma? Rest on me-lean hard." "O. I ain't tired, Billie! I couldn't be tired to-night. I've had a beauti-

ful time!' ing world was sweet. The hour was the full-blown rose of-

The place of out-lived bliss!

-Chicago Tribune.

Children of the Stall in New South Wales the State takes upon itself the charge of destitute children, with a view to removing them from the evil influences to which they would otherwise inevitably be exposed. This has been effected by the establishment of a "State Children's Relief Board," which, since it commenced operations in 1881, with twenty-four boys and thirty-five girls. has

The same of the sa

THE JOY OF LIVING.

O give me the joy of living, And some giorious work to do; A spirit of thanksgiving, With loyal heart and true: Some pathway to make brighter. Where tired feet now stray; Some burden to make lighter While 'tis day.

O give me the joy of living, in the world where God lives, too And the blessed power of giving, Where men have so much to do: Let me strive where men are striving And help them up the steep;-May the trees I plant be thriving While I sleep.

On the fields of the Master gleaning May my heart and hands be strong; Let me know life's deepest meaning, Let me sing life's sweetest song;-With some faithful hearts to love me Let me nobly do my best; And, at last, with heaven above me,

Let me rest. -(The Rev. Julian S. Cutter.

Yes, sir; I have carried the Barnright, sir. In and out of Redhill twice almost erased by the water, a day, winter and summer, in all wea-! livery round of more than five miles, I world. have to tramp over twenty miles, sunshine or rain, every day but Sunday.

But in these times I am only too glad of the work, and thankful to our at my age.

Yes I see a great deal of other people's joys and sorrows, too, as I go news. But I have seen a pale face might get a letter for them, when I sight of a blackbordered envelope.

But, to my way of thinking, the sadwhich never comes.

know just what it is going to be, and John Keen! just how much of a burden we have to! He held out his hand in a friendly bear; but, sir, it is the suspense-the way. not knowing—that kills.

Down through the dusk between the that pretty white cottage will the lilee the whereabouts of the lady king, rows of straggling gooseberry bushes trees in front? Well, I was witness to Wilson—who lived here before I want that caught at her gown, out into the a romance which was enacted there a to Ireland?" path around the wheat field exirting couple of years ago-just as romantic the corn, grandma skurried like a lit- as any novel that I ever heard of. But, you really alive?" tle gray rabbit. And there, on the then, "truth is stranger than fiction". He looked at me as though he high road was Billie whiting for her sometimes, you know. thought me an escaped lunatic. So

ing with the importance of the adthere—a refined, gented oid lady— just as I have told it to you, sir. Him
venture How he did strive to restrain venture. How he did strive to restrain, and her daughter, Miss Bessie. She her impetuosity. How he did explain taught in Barnborough Church School was finished. -a hard, dreary life that must be. I had met the young lady frequently softly to himself. coming to and from the school-house, and had thought what a cheerful "Mr. Jarvis," he said, 'let me tell you and had thought what a cheerful. pretty little thing she was.

A delicate-looking girl, with a fair eyes-they seemed to look right gate, on her way to the school, she was almost certain to see me, and she would wait until I came, and bid me good morning so sweetly, and ask carelessly if there were any letters for them. But they seldom received

One evening I saw Miss Bessie walkhe occupied some position in connection with the General Post Office Police Inquiry Department. I knew that spove very highly of him, and that he

Station-to the cottage, for I had, in the Wilsons.

One day I heard that John Keen had vice to go out to Ireland to fully invesoccurred in the post-offices in the IIIster district. I was glad of it, for I felt sure he would get to the bottom at ferreting out things.

I did not see Miss Bessie for a whole week after that; but one morning. there she was, standing at the gate, awaiting my approach, her face pale and anxious.

"Any letters?" she cried, eagerly as soon as she had said good morning. I knew that there was, for I had noticed a large square envelope addressed to her in a bold, handsome hand, with the postmark Londonderry. I was not long in delivering it, and oh!

the look she gave! After that I used to bring her a let ter with that same postmerk every week; and she always looked so contented and happy that when, at last, one morning, I drew near the Wilsons' The night was magical. The sleep- gate, and saw the slim, neatly-dressed figure awaiting me, I hesitated to ap think?—I was the first to kiss the In Paris soup is taken from the end proach, for I knew that I had no let-

ter for her. A shade of wistful sadness fell over her face as I said, as cheerily as I could-

"No letter to-day, Miss Bessie"; and will come to-morrow." She smiled sweetly.

"Oh, yes, it will come to-morrow,"

to myself, "I hope it will." But I have seen so much parting and never meeting any more on this earth. or meeting like strangers, which is worse, you see, that somehow I feared did invention!" declared the fond for of a truth air members during all was over between them. There young page. "How so?" select the fond tong dellare plus here during the

bardly knew her: and I would just shake my head and hurry by, and so she realized that there was no hope:

One day, as I was passing the cottage I saw a messenger boy from the telegraph-office standing at the gate. Then Miss Bessle ran quickly down the walk, and just as I came up she seized the brown envelope and toro it

onen. · Such a look on her white face! Such a heart-broken cry! Then she tottered a step forward and fell to the ground like one dead. I could not bein seeing the telegram: it was like all such messages-brief and to the point They know how to stab the poor heart through. This was the message-"John Keen was drowned three days

ago in Lough Foyle." That was what it said; and my beart bled for the poor girl lying there, white and still. I rang the bell and her mother came out. Miss Bessie was restored to consciousness, and pale as a ghost, walked into the house. leaning upon his mother's arm: but you could see that all the light had

gone out of her life. Mrs. Wilson wrote at once to the man who had sent the telegram, requesting particulars, and soon received a reply stating that Mr. Keen had been missing for some time, was last seen in a boat on the Lough, and finally a body had been washed up near Coleraine, so mutilated as not to admit of identification; but in a pocket a borough mail for thirty years, seldom card had been found, bearing a name missing a day. Hard work? You are which looked like "J. Keen," but was

When I saw Miss Bessie again she Half an hour's walk to Barnbor. was dressed in deep mourning, and ough Station from the town, and a de- looked as if she was not long for this

One day I found in my bag a large, business looking letter addressed to Mrs. Wilson; and soon they told me the good news which it contained. A young postmaster for keeping me on relative had died leaving them four or five hundred pounds; and I think that, I was as glad as they were, for they seemed like old friends to me.

Not long after, Mrs. Wilson decided from house to house I have seen to give up the cottage and take Miss many a bright eye grow brighter, and Bessie to Brighton for a time, hoping red lips smile sweetly, at the sight of to restore her health, which was fallfamiliar handwriting; and I am alling rapidly An impulse prompted me ways glad to be the bearer of good to ask for their seaside address. We grow slowly paler, and hips quiver piti-should wish to get it forwarded at fully, and sometimes a flood of tears, once, so they gave me the address of which could not be repressed, at the the lodging where they expected to remain for some weeks.

One day, over a month after, as I dest of all is when one watches, and was passing the cottage-! was still and apprehensive instants which led waits, and looks eagerly for the letter, unoccupied-I saw a gentleman standing at the gate, and as I drew nearest It seems to me a great deal easier my heart gave a great bound, and them to bear a sorrow or affliction when we stood still, for, dead or alive, it was

> "How are you, Mr. Jarvis?" he said You see that house over yonder Perhaps you can enlighten me as to

But-but-" I stammered out;

Billie, kindly, encouraging, swell- A widow lady, Mrs. Wilcon, lived then I began and told him everything,

"Poor Bessie!" I heard him whisner

I was sent away on a delicate mission. in the interests of the postal service. complexion, and such brown, earnest and it was necessary that my movements should be guarded and my inthrough you and read your thoughts, vestigations secretly conducted. And and make a man feet like trying to then I wrote to Bessle, explaining the live better. Every morning, when she situation, and telling her that she wealth is real comfort. came down the gravel walk to the must not be surprised or troubled it as I had promised to communicate my

movements to no one,
Two months afterwards I returned: from the expedition-successful, tooand I learned that the wagon with the mali-bags from the country town from which I had last written had been ating with a gentleman, I knew him a bed and all valuables, and the latters. tacked, the driver killed, the mail rob-

scattered to the four winds of heaven. "When I reported myself to the Balfast Office, the authorities there were the authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand trightened man out of the such orities at St. Martin's-le-Grand thinking me a ghost. For, as I had was a great favorite; and the future they knew little of my movements; and looked bright enough for young Keen.

And I was glad when I found that an English gentleman, having been he often went down at nights from found off the coast, horribly mutilated that the body of a stranger, supposed to be an English gentleman, having been he often went down at nights from found off the coast, horribly mutilated on the way to London and Brighton and quite unrecognizable, they had come to the conclusion that the unforsomehow grown strangely interested tunate individual was the missing inspecting official from St. Martin's-le-

Grand. been selected by the heads of the sertigate some irregularities which had my name was found in one of his pockets. But I did not know before (I suppose they were afraid to tell me) that they had gone the length of tele- ner ought to give up the idea that of the matter. He seemed so clever graphing my death to Miss Wilson. whose address they must have found

in my deak at the Londonderry office. "But, thank heaven! it was all a mistake and here I am, safe and sound. Prosperous, too; for the Postmaster-General has recompensed me hand don four. somely for my successful services; and with an increased salary I am free to marry as soon as the little woman is

Wht a pleasure it was, to be sure. to telegraph at once to Miss Bessie, simply saying-"Good news! Come to Barnborough immediately."

And what a scene was that meeting! The wedding took place in good style, not long afterwards, for John would not hear of being separated from Bessie again; and, what do you

bride!

was recently sold at auction in Pienna, has a hundred sauces and no religion. about 30 persons being present. There were 1,155 volumes and the highest white walstcoats. I could not helping adding, "maybe it price (770 crowns) obtained was for a mineralogical year book extending tion sing in Paris churches they re-from 1830 to 1892. Works of fiction were mostly uncut, whereas the scienshe cried; and as I hurried on I said, tific books had evidently been read carefully and some of them had man days, London on week-days. ginal notes.

"This new luminous plant is a splendid so. She went over to the table, and stood next the audacious young fellow. "Your ma would never hear to such a thing. Besides, we ain't got the money'!"

There was over between them. There young pape. "How so?" seked lime young pape. "How so?" seked lime was no letter the next day, or the next, and so on for days and days, believed with no fewer than 9,053 chilled the money'!"

There was over between them. There young pape. "How so?" seked lime was no letter the next day, or the next, and so on for days and days, believe with it, and you set to lime the paregorie without lighting the paregorie with lighting th

WORTH KNOWNG

If taner is specialled through wooding clothing when hald away they will air or become noth sates. When moth-millers are seen in a closet is in wall to burn a little camphor promptly. If done in the spring, it will menerally rid the closet of the pears.

Mattresses that have become flattersed will fill out to the original shape if placed in the sun and pure air for a few hours each day when housedleaning is in progress.

A solution of sods and water, applied with a whisk broom kept for the purpose, will remove the brown streaks in bathroom bowle made by addiments in 1,000,000. the dripping water.

When a ground-glass stopper sticks fast in a bottle the safest plan for loosening it is to wrap a long string of cloth around the neck, over which pour a stream of hot water, beginning with it blood warm.

The only two great European capitals that never have been occupied by a foreign foe are London and St. Petersburg.

A defected sirew hat may be cleaning by brushing with a strong solution of borax and placing in sunlight to dry. A bottle of linseed oil and lime water, mixed in equal parts, is the best months. application for burns, and prevents

ECATS. At every word a reputation disse-Every dog must have its day.-Ram-

dolph. Beware the fury of a patient man; -Dryden.

Rither less expense or more income: carn more or save more. A three-fold cord is not quickly

broken.-Ecclesizates. Assent is power, belief the soul or lact.—Wordsworth.

Friends are not so saily made as kept,-Marquis of Halifax. An ounce of mirth is worth a ponuc

of sorrow.-R. Bexter. A noble cause doth ease much grievous cass. Bir P. Sidney,

The world always listens to the man with a will in him. No man lovath his fetters, be there made of gold.-John Heywood,

Count not your chickens before they are hatched.—Old Proverb. to their inclination .- Bacom.

Hope never spreads her solden witten but on unfathomable sage.—Businos. One hair of a woman oan draw more than a hundred pair of oxen-J.

Howell. As a jewel of gold in a swine's onout, so is a fair woman which is

Enthusiasm is the genius of stroerity, and truth accomplishes no victorice without it.—Bulwar Lytton.

Posterity, that high court of appeal which is never tired of suloglaing its

if colored goods, or if on white cloth rub with lemon fulce and walt.

BRILLIAN IS.

Only about one per cent of the Some people would rather hunt work

than find it. It doesn't keep one dry to know that behind the darkest cloud the sun is shining, sometimes stays a good while.

Truth, it willy, is the wittlett of all things.

Our hereditary traits are those which we pack out to blame on our Ancestors. Let us live for such other, but not so emergetically as to become meddle.

. It depends upon what we do whether er we are really industrious wheat we are busy. · Imagination is that family by which we describe beautiful summises

without losing sleep, As soon as the Summer days get longer some women begin to worry

about files and mosquitoes. If a man does not know a bargala when he sees it, at least he knows the bill for it when he seem it. The man who gets sleepy after din-

PARIS AND LONDON

lie is an ornament to woclety:

Paris takes two meals a day, Lon-

Paris at meals is sociable, London isolated. Paris drinks coffee and wine Lon-

don tes and beer. Paris dips her bread in her coffee, London ests her slice and drinks her

Paris eats boiled mest and fried potatoes, London rousted mest and boiled potatoes. In Paris the fork is held in the right

hand, in London in the left. of the spoon, in London from the side. London, says Voltaire, has a hun-The library of Dom Pedro of Brazil dred religions and one sauce. Paris Paris wears white trousers, London

In London churches the congress. main silenta

Paris opens Ats museums on Sun; And finally, in case some of readers should date the selves thor

you know what hards la a saying out old ball The Johnson in the Orion fory number 5.750; and held will to the state of the state of

population of Europe at a increase of 19,000 co or an annual introduction All British mall contracts at mitted to public sompatistic, sact tract being awarded to the low spoundle hidder of any national

A mounted body of 160 (country police), with a many places, will constitute one leafur the Mexican government exhibition the Buffalo fair.

A horse will live 26 days wither solid food, merely drinking water, a bear will so for six mostles, while viper can exist for 10 months wither food. A serpent in confinement hi been known to refuse food for est

The Mexican cenaus recently to whose results are just comparations a population of 12.481.8787 two-thirds of whom compot m write. Over 30 per cent of the p sixty-three languages are among the people.

The entire count of Aleston islands, from Dinon entirely ir in Aleutian Islands, in motorishipping land everywhere piece abregity from the see to summits remains bed to \$,000 feet high. The more

slopes are very sleep. It is said that 28,000 cable a gers have exceed the Atlantic Murope this year, - Assuming that everage expenditure of this differ travelers on the other side is \$50000 it is probably more—that means in ly \$20,000,000 paid to the incomplet

After months of delay the gring cape of the Ecological peak, York, has been completed. Its to \$4,000. It is a solowed gothe em Count not your chickens before they steel pipe and wire netting. If not butched of Proverb, Men's thoughts are much tocording is the largest thing of the king. cometroetel.

WHAT A WOMAN THIN

Carrota are bighty recon the complexion of A WOMEN'S PER

Joseph's east of miles is in it with the equipments per

Character to shown by the way own justice and discernment.—Lord ple est when they do not interest place at looking at their to remove peach stains, sonk the "My wretched their the list of the discolored fabric for forty-sight hours mentary way in which a Chinant ludes to his wife. Better to be interest at der

ing married than never is in laugh because you are married. It is a fine thing so be a work Whether we are to go to was he china or not the Beropaid before a seem to be watting for the seems.

They may that me ought tweely fourteen pints of air wastening Beingmy is what you think's he wood for the other tell

A man always trades of the state of the place. Brotont is the off will wheels of labor work multi-There are been much betier if Print

would very to beat 2-months-old baby IS

He is a wise gandley to shorter than year ing his adversary study to set if there is no proof the The politician without

date must be consequent.

In the consequence of the

WAVES BEWEY

THE ALON SEE SEE That 'blesed are That pine meading

ily jar, A.

thinks.