Help yourself, but met by grasping All that's good, for selfish gain-Gather what the prestne moments Bring in reach of hand and brain; So that, with a purrose noble, You may hold for other's good. That which helps a poorer brother

Who may stand where you have stood. Help yourself, but not to henors That another fairly won; . Neither join the victors only When the hard-fought battle's done; For the bravest do not carry Standards from the field of fight, But into the trying conflict.

Bearing this: "For God and Right."

Help yourself, but not by casting Down some noble, struggling soul, Who has not your strength or prestige, Battling for a longed-for goal. God, and god-like men, will honor Ev ry aid to virtue given;

Help yourself by helping others, Earning the "Well done" from heaven. -C. Harry Anders in Baltimore Amer-

## Three Women and a Bonnet.

"I shall have an Easter bonnet this year that will make Em Gassoway turn pale," said Miranda, decidedly. "And so shall I," said Miss Cammil-

la, less decidedly. Her sister whirled about. "Nonsense," she said acornfully. "I am the the family is the one to wear the new net well."

Her speech was a trifle ambiguous but her meaning was clear; Miss Miranda seldom mentioned her numerous years-when she did she meant to take advantage of every one of them.

"It's no use," said Cammilla, to herself. "If she intends to have a new bonnet she will-and we must diet for it. I sha'n't tell Luke about it yet," she added.

And she knew of what she spoke, for genteel poverty was the family fate and Miss Miranda was a housewife who made one egg do duty for three and who had difficulty in finding either the butcher or his assistant at leisure to wait upon her when she happened to do her own marketing. She was a morsel of a woman with a will of steel and mild blue eyes which made people who did not know her fancy that she was easily imposed on-until ways decorously curled, her own sister knew not how, but sundry twisted bits of paper, found in sweeping, caused her to draw her own conclusions.

It was the second Sunday in Lent before the ostensible head of the fam- bonnet was of the vaguest. fly knew what was before him. He was seated at the breakfast table, and, teresting than a mere bonnet," glancing at the dish before him, he marked Miss Miranda, scornfully. said, in a coaxing tone:

"Don't you think, 'Randy, that bapetite after you have eaten them for eleven consecutive mornings?"

"Luke Harrison," cried his elder sisily I have all the ingredients at hand." chattered. Luke hesitated, looked into her eye

time to liver and bacon.

"Worse. An Easter bonnet," she returned, dolefully. Then, turning on Cammilla, I'm not talking too much to the swarms of "the German hive," den gleam came into the dim eyes. her ally, she added "It's because of Em Gassoway's bragging, too. And I'm not feverish, and another time, why Em Gassoway comes here so often is for you to know!" which was while I show it. There, Em! Did you especially unfair since Luke, timid ever see one like it? Look out, Cambachelor, took to the hayloft at sound milla, you'll drop that lamp!" of the buxon widow's voice. Miss Cammilla's heat was excusable, however; she dearly loved the pleasures of alike, girls?" the table her favorite reading being the richest recipes in the cook book and her culinary path was now a rough clear to her scrutinizing gaze, were two

"How lucky a grocer's wife is," she soliloquized, not being, perhaps, conversant with a certain proverb concerning the feet of shoemakers' wives. "To think of being able to try all the receipes in the cook book!" She stopped, crimson, for Job Carter, widower, owned a flourishing grocery.

"Goodness, Cammilla," cried her sister, entering suddenly, "what makes your face so red? Truly, you eat too much. I must look closely to your diet, after this. I think I shall have pink roses in my bonnet-lace, too, maybe," she added, with irrelevance which was only apparent. Glancing out of the window as she spoke, she saw Job Carter on his way to church. She saw Spartan, but she was human. Job called ostensibly on Luke once or twice lately. She went hastily out, without looking to see how much of

yesterday's roast remained for dinner. Next day she pored over a fashion book. "Not that I care for them as Em does," she said, "Tisn't right to spend a lot of money for clothes-unless it is money earned by self denial. What are you muttering about, Cammilla?"

"I-I was only saying that I think it's hard to save and save without-I do want an Easter bonnet, too, Miran-

"Sit right down, Cammilia, while I mix you a dose of Grandma Todd's tea. Your face is as red as an apple; and you are quite feverish."

"I don't want any tea, and I do want an Easter bonnet!" wailed Cammilla, feeling that she, asking bread, had received a stone; but she spoke to deaf ears.

Easter drew near and Miss Miranda's hoard, left in one of Job Carter's hoxes grew apace. The butcher's boy and the grocer's assistant almost forgot the way to the house, but neither Luke nor Cammilla dared complain. They knew that a bottle of Grandma Todd's tea stood ready in the cupboard.

Miss Miranda gloated over her prosective purchase, warming towards Em Gassoway, who had reminded her that her old bonnet was a head covering, not a decoration. One agonizing thought, however, poisoned her mind. Which of the two milliners should she patronize?

"If I go to Em's milliner she'll likely see it before and not be surprised v'll maybe cay it's old fashioned."

and came home in good time, and not even a more substantial teather usual prevented the free free entering Cammilla's soul.

Fate, however, is prone to trip us by the heels, and so it tripped Miss Mirands on the Thursday before Easter, tirely of sinc. The public buildings as she was coming downstairs in the and residents did not cost more than dusk, after a peep at her new bonnet, \$20,000. hidden in the "spare room" closet. And the instrument of fate was her stater's "Dutch blue" apron, dropped by her in a guilty flight after an unauof art.

The result was a sprained ankle. Cammilla, though conscious that by incurring a bill they cut the ground from under their feet, sent hastly for the doctor.

"Remember, doctor, that I must go to church Easter," groaned the patient.

"Yes, yes," replied the doctor, soothingly. But he told Cammilla, down powwows about it?" stairs that a sofa and arnica must be her sister's portion for weeks. "But on no account allow her to fret," he added. A remark which caused poor Cammilla's opinion of masculine wisdom to go down several points.

Easter arrived, finding Miss Miran-"da reluctantly resigned. "I can go to church in a Sunday or two," she said. head of this family and the head of and during the sermon mark Em's bon-

> Miss Cammilla protested weakly that she had "nothing fit to wear." Her sister replied, firmly: "You need fresh air, or else a dose of Grandma Todd's tea." Of course Cammilla yielded.

"Be sure to tell me just how it's even able to see Em go by!" At these is very, very mossy." words a guilty thought flashed into Cammilla's mind. Half an hour later balmed" beef is the subject of a cruhis door.

"I knows it's me that makes him so red if he looks this way," she mused. "If I only had a pretty bonnet to wear to ask him if sugar's gone up or something like that."

These cogitations must have made her late, for she merely called goodbye, without entering her sister's room they tried it. The wiry hair was all and evidently failed to hear a request that she bring the new bonnet in to keep Miss Miranda company. On her return, it seemed to the invalid that she delayed long in taking off her wraps, while her description of Em's

> "I suppose Job Carter was more in-And Cammilla replied almost boldly: "He walked home with me, any-

con and liver sort of pall on the ap- how, and he's coming to take me to Wednesday prayer meeting." While Cammilla was preparing lavish tea for Luke, Em Gassoway ter, "you have no appetite, and, now came in. "Don't mind me," she said;

that I notice it, you look sallow, too, "I know the way upstairs; I'll run up Go right upstairs to bed and pile on and tell Miranda what people wore at "That was a gay bonnet Cammilla and-helped himself for the second wore to church to-day," she remarked,

after her own bonnet had been duly "What is it this time, Cammilla?" admired by the complacent Miss Mi. The English royal marriage act is Maggie Austin old, when but Hitle, more he whispered, after Miss Miranda had randa. "I can't say, though, that pink one of the time-honored absurdities than a score of summers had passed gone to dress for church. "Is it home roses become her. Mercy, Cammilla, which survive in spite of common over her innocent head-waiting. missions or a plush album for the par- you startled me, coming in like a ghost -you look like one, too!" "What's that about pink roses? No

Go right and get my new bonnet. No won't do as well! Now, hold the light

"Never until to-day." Em replied demurely. "Why did you have them

With a gasp, Miss Miranda held her treasure closer to the light. There, ized bonnet pins!-Elisa Armstrong.

A Failure.

A certain professor in one of the leading schools of this city was not long since desirous of incorporating ond provision has been the especial some negro dialect in a story he was in their manner of speech, he be thought him that it would be a good deal to study the language in its purity undefiled. With this end in view he betook himself to the vicinity of the Union depot, near which representatives of the ebon race are always to be found.

One effort was enough. Meeting a coal-black negro driving a wagon rather well loaded, and accosting him as 'Uncle John," the following brief dialogue ensued:

"Pretty heavy load, Uncle. Can you get up the hill with it?" "I do not know, sir, but I presume

Such an example of English coming from such an unexperienced source almost paralyzed the professor, who retraced his steps to his apartments.-Nashville American.

The Quantity That Tells.

The Doylestown (Pa.) Intelligencer. in speaking of the value of advertising mediums says: "Quantity is an element of extreme value in securing publicity, but without quality it is secondary consideration to the advertiser." The Intelligencer has the right idea. It is the quantity that results from quality which does the business.—Philadelphia Record.

For the Humorist.

Telegraph Editor-Here's a story of a Missouri woman who is suing for damages on the ground that her husband's afflections have been alienated by her mother. Managing Editor-Turn it over to our humorist.-New York Press.

Only an Admirer. Fuddy-Caddy was talking about golf last night. Does he play much, I

Duddy-Oh, dear, no; he is only an ardent admirer of the game.-Boston Transcript.

The military academy at West Point Easter. If I go to the other one, was founded by Congress, March 16,

ing man water and hand in the water that it will an above the

There are 2,000 calls in a square fool

of honeycomb. Byte, a town in Africe, is built on-

A scientist has calculated that the exelida of the average man open and shut no fewer than 4,000,000 times in thorized glimpse at the same object the course of a single year of his ex-Latence.

The messages between Milan and sprain of such gravity that Luke and Switzerland, by way of Simplon pass, pass over a telegraph line with stone poles of gray granite about ten inches square and twenty-five feet high.

"Is it not time for a 'congress of fathers?" asked the Montgomery Advertiser. "Or are they supposed to know their business without holding

A Viennese meteorologist has proved by experiments that rainbows are conditioned by the size of the raincrows, and that, while we ordinarily see only two rainbows side by side, shere are as many as twenty.

Hawks have been seen to follow in the wake of a moving railway train, to "By that time Em's bonnet will be an swoop down on small hirds that were old story. You go to day, Cammilla, suddenly disturbed and frightened by the noise, and therefore for the moment were off their guard.

A missouri paper says that "the pictures in the Kansas City papers show that decollete gowns in Kansas City only go down three knobs on the backbone, while a woman cannot get into trimmed," she called after her, "for New York society unless her dress here I am at the back of the house, not reaches the sixth knob. Kansas City "Embalmed" milk as well as "em-

she peeped through the shutters of the sade. The health officer of Kansas "spare room" and saw Job Carter at City has found that an extensive adulteration of milk is being carried on by the addition of artificial butterfat and Well. I'd got along all hunky, It it a chemical preservative to skim milk. the whole being then sold as pure milk. to-day I know I could muster courage The preservative on analysis was found to be formaldehyde colored with a little Course she had ter say, "Why, Williel aniline dye. If a sufficient quantity of Don't you ever comb yer head?" the stuff be used the milk will keep fresh for weeks, and the fluid will be actually embalmed as in a body treated with the same preparation.

In the ballet of the Vienna court opera six "ladies" have started out to so parify their profession, and have formed a league-women always start these things by "forming a league"—known as the "Tugendbund." the "Association of Virtue." The name is borrowed from that instituted by Frederick Wilhelm III, in which each doncer got a cross of brilliants from the moral monarch, and which, owing of course, to the cost and possibly the weight of the crosses, was not ble sed with a long tiful, for all that, Beautiful, although life. Be that as it may, every member of the new band pledges herself "to lustreless, the cheek lost its carna tion, ; live only by her wage as a dancer and the lips their crimson; beautiful, deformer adjective applies equally to the man and his attentions.

sense and enlightered public opinion. By it the matrimonial choice of the Erglish princes is practically restricted brow, dyeing lips and cheeks. A sudand the proverbially handsome English women are forbidden. This legal prohibition was enacted in 1772, at the persistent command of George III, he "being thereunto incited." first, by the marriage in 1776 of his brother, the them over slowly. He always did when Duke of Gloster, to the Countess Wal- Maggie asked for letters, although he degrave (Maria Walpole), and, second, knew well enough-sympathetic old by the taking to wife by a younger brother, the Duke of Cumberland, in for her, and that "no" must be the ans-1771, of the widow of Col Christopher wer, let him defer it as long as he tiny perforations made by unauthor. Horton. The first provision of the act could. forbids to the descendants of George II. matrimony without the consent of the crown under the great seal, necessary exception being made to cover the marriages of princesses abroad. The secmark of raillery. It enables marriage preparing. Not being very well versed by one above the age of twenty-five against the will of the crown, under certain conditions.

## A FEW SAYINGS.

To keep your secret is wisdom; but to expect others to keep it is folly .-Holmes.

Truth is too simple for us; we do not like those who unmask our illusions.—Emerson.

O banish the tears of Children! Continual rains upon the blossoms are hurtful.—Richter.

The utmost that severity can do is to make men hypocrites; it can never

make them converts. If you have good health you have ninetenths of all that Nature has ever

given to any man. Truth is the most powerful thing in the world, since fiction can only please us by its resemblance to it.

## SIGNS OF LUCK.

Long joints denote generosity. To sit cross-legged is said to bring duck.

An emerald ring is said so ensure purity of thought. To find a stone with a hole through It is also considered good luck.

Black cats are said to bring luck to the house they stray into. - If the right checks burns some one is

speaking well of you. To pick up a horseshoe is said to be tucky, more especially if the front is

toward you. The tingling of the right ear is lucky, while the right eye itching is a lucky ashamed to own it, Charlie, but this is omen.

If the left hand itches it is said to mean money and the right hand that you will shake hands with a stranger. In spite of all the melancholy experlances of the past, men are plantning now what they will raise in their wege table gardens during the condition will

licity man, that's chart local it. The aw pastein in 134 usick When Ma'd told my that I comidn't, as a-andle me ser bad

Thout no supper, 'cept some water and some neesly dried-up bread.
They had strawb-ries an custant,—one That's all right.—I had some cookies, for I went an helped myself arom the jar, while they was easin forept down he bank stairs, yer Lacen on the shell.

uin't kickin' none at-cookies, copi they crumb the bed up so.

Well, I didn't mean ter, honest, but, yer see, it was awful her An' the other boys was coin', reckon I forgot. There was Sam an' "Fatty" Baker, an Eph Nickerson an' Jim,

-All the feliers like Jim Muzzins. but their ma's are down on him Cos his folks are poor an' shif less, but, I tell yer, Jim's true blue. An' he smokes a pipe, by jolly, real terbacker in it, £00. An' he's going ter learn me sometime

-Well, them fellers stumped an dared Till, yer see, I had to do it, else they'd said that I was somred.

My! but we had bully swimmin', and the water was jest prime, An' I dived the most of any, fotched bottom every time; An' Eph found a big mud-turkle, Dig's a bucket, pretty nigh,

An' a blackbird's nest with young ones almost old enough to fly. Then we laid 'round, thout no clother on, an Jest got a rousing burn. An' Jim Muggins absored terbacker an' we fellers smoked sweet form, Till some chap would up an' holler; "Stump the crowd; who's goin! in?" An' in less'n half a minute, we'd be in the crick agin,

hadn't been my hair Got so wet, an' S.a. s.no seen it, -You lest wait, hee'n me'll git square,-Ma leaked an' s'picioned somethin', an' I reckon I turned red.

Cos Lee says, "You've been in swimmin'," an' it wan't no use ter lie, With my hair all tumbled endways an' jest anythin' but dry. I had ter lose my supper-but I

shan't be starved-by geel Not while them back stairs is handy an' I've got the pantry key. -Joe Lincoln.

## POOR MAGGIE AUSTIN,

"Any letter for me to-day?" What a white face it was; yet weauthe bright eyes had grown dim and ing sunny-brown hair. Care and sorrow, we say; yet we might have said it was waiting that made pretty, a weet

'Any letter for me to-day?" A dash of crimison flushed the white weeping made them dim. What a trembling there was of the slight form! What a wavering, as if between hope and despair, of the rich voice! The old postmaster took down a bundle of letters marked "A," and looked

man that he was-that there was mone

Hadn't she come regularly every day. rain or shine, for the last six months. with that same question upon her lips, that question to which a negative reply was always given-"Any letter for me to-day?"

Poor Maggle Austin! Everyone said two years before, when gay, dashing Hugh Austin led her to the altar, that the young scapegrace only courted the girl's property, and when he had obtained that, would not hesitate to cast the sweet, trusting wife aside to suit his convenience.

Hugh Austin was poor-Maggie was an orphan and comparatively rich. Hugh embarked in unsuccessful speculation and lost all. Maggle said, "Never mind, Hugh, we can work." And she smiled just as sweetly as when she said, a year previous, "I am yours,

Hugh." But poverty was stinging, and the cry of "Gold, gold," came from the far-off mines of California. Hugh Austin went. Every one said he meant to desert his young wife and the baby; that he had left them unprovided for and what would they do? Every one said that, handsome and winning and pleasing as Hugh was, he was a rascal, after all-"every one" said so, and "every one" believed it, except Maggie, who, with a noble woman's trust, scorned alike the imputation and its surpros-

ed fabricators. Maggie turned away from the post office. What of it? She had turned away hundreds of times with that same look of despair upon her white face. The passers-by jostled her she was weak and faint. Poor Maggie! weak and faint-yet what of it? Who cared? Summers.

Hugh yawned, and wiped the pen, and then replied, "Yes."
"To that dear little wife of yours, eh, Hugh?"

"Yes, again, you inquisitive Charlie." "Well, I'll earn the cognomen, of then. Pray, how many letters have you, writ- without pain or loss of blood. ten the charming little lady since you've been here?" A crimson flush crept up over his

handsome face, as Hugh replied, "I'm the first." "First!" said Charlle : Summers; bringing his hand down emphatically,

unpardonable wreten : "I wouldn't let any body say that he you," returned Hugh Austin. "But I'll tell you how it was when I we lived

'First! Why, you're a wretch a most

And Se At a simple stroke sector to the sect WENGE COO'R A TOO'SAY IN E single errore make our Austral list One hand lost it all was pure on write to Margie the very sout by Thin I was prairily a practite wallbaggared | Could -- rrit in Magrie thes Daved write to her after had been in California air months and so send her a penny! So I walted, and kept-walling until just now But when she sets this letter she'll be twenty pounds richer, poor little puss! and then she will forgive me for my long allence! I know she can't help it."

"She ought not to forgive you. Hugh," said his companion. "No. I know it." replied Hugh: "but dear obild, she loves me so devotedly; and —well, I believe I worship the very ground she waks on, Charlie, But then—but then—

Mrs. Maggie Austin." A California postmark, superscription in Hugh Austin's well-known hand. Was it possi-ble? The little old postmaster read the seldress over and over there was ne mistake, the letter had come! Wost't, she be gist—won't her ever shine? Oh, it will be worth a hundred pounds to give this to her, said the

old postmaster to his wife. Poor child! - The old lady said Boor saild' and then took up the stitch she had drop

"I'm getting so blind," she muttered. But I shouldn't wonder if that teer made you so, dear, sympathetic old I don't see why she don't come

afternoon wore away, and the eventue. came on. You take the letter over. Hannah poor thing maybe als or the Daby's Ill." "I would, John, but for my rhound tism," said the old lady; "but I'll mind the office a bit-you run over-it's only

a step. John." "Mercy on me, what a woman you are, Hannah!" said the old man; "bigs I'll go over when I close the office. "Go at once, please, John, theald the old lady, coaxingly; "for I'm worrled about the poor thing. How strange who looked yesterday afternoon, when she said, 'Are you sure there is noth-

"You, I saw it, Hannah," said the old - "And you know I asked after the baby," continued his wife, "and she said, not very well. I thank you, but it will be better to morrow.

ing here for me?

"And what of that, Hannah!" he ask-"Oh, nothing," she replied, "only the words and the way struck met and she plenty of covers while I mix you a good church to-day. What's the matter; to receive from no gentleman any atbot dose of Grandma Todd's tea. Luckgot a chill?" For Cammilla's teeth
tentions save such as are fair and hontime—had drawn across the white hart her though I've seen her do that est." It is needles, to add that the brow, shaded by such a wealth of war. dozens of times for night I know, "Poor thing!" said the old postmar

The winds were whispering softly among the lilace in front of Massie Austin's window. The stare were up in the sky, and the moon looked down with pale, and face upon the little lame postmester as he stood at Margie Austin's door

Rap, rap rapf, Dut there came no EDSWOT. "It can't be she's asleep," thought the

old man.
Ab. but Margie was select! Heaven forgive her! for those who sleep thus never wake again. Life had been too weary! Oh, Maggie, with - your dead baby clasped upon your breast? Oh, Maggie, if you had hoped but one day more I "Any letter for me to-day?"

It was Hugh Austin who saked the strange handwriting hat my own letter, and two locks of bright hair-What can it mean?" T Hugh Austin's face was very pale as he read, in the handwriting of the post-

"Take back your letter it same too late; they both are dead. Heaven forgive you! your negligence killed them. Here is a luck of your wife's and baby's hair. They are buried in one states agrave. Heaven forgive you! Oh II can a said days your letter had come one day scone. Or if Maggie had but hoped and walted Cr. as a said one one day more!

Magnetland In Burgery. Nothing seems too wonderful for modern surgery. The X-ray has cleared up mysteries that appeared to be beyond man's skill to solve, and now the magnet comes to its aid. The Literary Digest" gives us an account of a successful case of magnetic sugery, as follows:

"A young laundress thrust a broken needle into her right hand while washing. The needle disappeared in the flesh, and the surgeon who was consulted several days after the accident. refused to perform an operation, fearing lest he should be obliged to make a large number of incisions amid the ligaments. The girl lost the use of her right hand, and the least movement. caused her exquisite pain. Determined to extract the needle with the aid of a magnet, they chose a very feeble electro-magnet. But a difficulty grose: the needle having entered point first it would have to be drawn out backward, the broken part in advance. The "Writing home, ch?" said Charles first trial lasted two hours, without result. Before the third trial the girl said she felt a pricking in the paim of the hand near the place the needle ought to appear. At the ninth sitting, finally, in twenty hours after the first trial, the needle appeared, fixed it-"Inquisitive, am I?" said Charles, sell to the pole of the electro-magnet. and came out whole, broken end first,

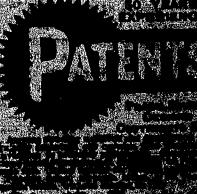
> The King of Servis has just present ed to the British Museum a beautifully executed fac-simile of an ancient and illuminated manuscript of the Gospels said to be the work of one Gregorius a noted Servian scribe who lived in the twelfen century, and whose decorative borders se among the finest examples of ealy illuminations extent

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