#### THE HAPPIEST HEART

Who drives the horses of the sun Shall lord it but a day; Better the lowly deed were done, And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of farme, The dust will hide the crown; Ay, none shall nail so high his name Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat Was in some quiet breast That found the common daylight sweet And left to Heaven the rest. -John Vance Cheney.

#### ROSS'E STRATAGEM

Rose Dare was the petted darling of a large circle of friends, both male and female, for, strange to say, she was greatly admired by both sexes. She was not rich, but that did not prevent many lovers of all sorts and conditions coming to woo but to Rose they were all the same, and she gave them very little encouragement except a smile at odd times, for which they were evidently thankful. But it was not intended by her poor but fond parents to allow her to lose the freshness of youth without in some way settling her future. She was to marry morney, that had been decided long ago. She had rare beauty, and while she maintained that anything was possible.

"This is the last time I shall aid you in any way to obtain a suitable husband," said Mr. Dare one day, angrily. "All my efforts in the past have been useless, but you ought not. in fairness to your mother and myself to go on forever like this. I cannot afford to keep you in dress and fal-lals such as you like much longer, for year by year, as you know, the value of our property is decreasing, and what the end of it will be heaven only knows." But, dad, I do not want a hus-

band. I do not want to marry yet," answered Rose, her pretty lips pouting. "But you have said that for the last three years. Now, my dear child, do listen to reason." "But, dad, I do not love Harold Rod-

"Do you love any one else?"

"No." "Then, my child, love will come;

now do not let this excellent chance go by. You know how hard your mother has worked to entertain him, and what an expense his visit has been. Now run away, child, and no more nonsense." Mr. Dare waved his hand toward the door with the air of a pasha and a look on his face that forbade further conversation.

Rose wandered out into the sunshine her white dress and childish pink sash looking fresh as the morning itseft. She sighed a she went, nevertheless. The sun had no charm for her that day, and, strange to say, her dress gave her no delight, either, although it, was new, and a very pretty one, too, donned with much pleasure and pride an hour

"I wish I was like 'Alice in Wonderland." she thought, "so that I could change my appearance by growing too big or too small for my dresses, so that as bad for him either way, and it I should look a sight, for then perhaps he thought of her happiness he mus Mr. Rodney would not pro

would serve dad right.", A sudden thought seemed to enter ber head at that moment, and, with a merry twinkle in her eye and mischief lurking in the dimple in her cheeks, she hurriedly entered the house, fingers, he said in tender tones: again and ascended to her room, from which she came back half an hour later

"Let him propose now, if he can," she murmured. "As he spoke to dad dear to me, still my little rosebud." last night, I suppose he means to do it to-day.

She smiled a satisfied smile as she turned her head to view the hang of the back of her skirt. Presently from amid the trees she smell the perfume of a cigar, and made straight for the place whence she gue sed the aroma came.

She walked very strangely, too. Perhaps something hurt her foot, and her boots looked extremely large for such a small dainty body to wear. Good morning," she said with a drawl. "Doesn't the weather make one lazy?"

"Good morning." answered Harold Rodney, allowing his eyes to wander from her head to her heels with wildest astonishment and pain mingled "It is rather warm," he continued, as he threw his cigar into the hedge and proceeded to seat himself upon a fallen tree, looking the picture of a healthy, handsome English gentleman.

"You are out early, are you not?" she asked seating herself beside him. and thrusting into sight a boot with half the buttons undone.

An amused smile rested on his face but he did not let her see it, and indead, it was hard not to laugh, for Ross had on an old gray dress too small for her, a dirty ribbon tied around her neck, and another of a different color around her hair. Her hat was a green one which had seen some hard winter weather, and her boots were her mother's.

"What in the world does it mean? thought Harold, for he had seen her go out before in her fresh white gown, and had followed her, hoping to speak of his heart's desire. But he could not find her.

This Rose was not the dainty maid be had seen there. 'Yes," he answered; "I was restless

and unsettled, so I came here to look for you. "For me!" Rose exclaimed, looking rather frightened, clutching at the brim of her hat with hands covered with white cotton gloves which had,

by the look of them, been used for fruit packing. "Yes," he answered; "I want you to inik me into a better frame of mind

"I can't talk; I never do. At least, ! am generally considered rather ally at

convergation of any sort." "Indeed! Since when, Miss Rose?"

he inquired. "O, always," she answered, moving her arm so that a hole in the slowe eanld be seen. "I think I must differ with you for

ever since I have been here your conversation has been charming." "Ah! I expect that was after dinmer," she said.

"After dinner!" he exclaimed, in-

surprised tone.

He gased at her a moment, trying to grasp her meaning. Her whole behavior was strange, but even this did mot dispel the vision of the other Rose —the Rose he loved and hoped to make his wife. So, glancing away from her so as not to be disturbed by her appearance, he said, slowly:

"I spoke to your father last night upon a subject that has given me a good deal of food for reflection lately." 'Yes; he told—no, I mean—did you? she stuttered.

He turned suddenly toward her and tried to see her face, which she turned away.

"This explains it," he thought. "It is evidently my ladylove's intention to shock me—to keep me from declaring my love. It is a good hint, but faint heart never won fair lady, and if she does not love any one else I will win her." So he drew a little nearer and said in low and tender tones: "Rose, do you guess the subject on which I spoke?"

"No, have'n't the least idea," she answered.

"May I tell you?" bending forward." "O, no! no!" she cried, springing to her feet hurriedly. "Why not dear?" he said. "Rose

darling, I must tell you." He arose and stood before her and certainly the mischief in his eyes equaled hers as he continued, "For you look very sweet to-day."

"I-look sweet?" she cried, in a darzled sort of way. "Yes, Rosie-always sweet to me

Won't you marry me, dear, and make my happiness perfect?" "No, no, I cannot. What Must 88V?"

"Say 'Yes, Harold, I will marry you "But I do not love you." "Do you love any one else?"

"No, of course not." "Then why not give yourself to me dear, for I love you dearly?" "I cannot," she commenced: then

suddenly remembering the conversation with her father, she continued, "I suppose I must say 'Yes,'" with a

"But that, Rosie, will not do. want your love." "Why do you worry me? You know

I don't love you." "My dear what has your father said. Did he tell you I had spoken to him about you and that I wished to make you my wife?" "Yea."

"And what else, dear?" "He said I ought to marry you, be-

cause you are rich, and he-Rose got no farther, but hiding her face with her hands, began to cry piti-

"Did he want you to marry me even if you did not love me?' "Yes." Her lips were trembling and the efforts she made to control the

sighs were almost more than the mar sould bear. How he longed to take her in his arms and comfort her! He looked quite seed and won as he

stood there battling with himself, and thinking, "Shall I marry her and chance gaining her love or go away and try and forget her?" The hungry, sorrowful pain would be

leave her.

The victory soon came; the better part of his love rose uppermost. Just then he thought only of what would be the best for her, so, taking her hand in his and gently stroking her dainty

"And this is why you dressed so strangely. If you only knew how much looking a different Rose altogether. I loved you would know that what ever you wore you would still be as Rose hung her head. How awfully

silly she must be to be found out so easily. "There, dear," he said, presently "Forget all this and be your own lively

hearted, pretty self again. I shall not offend any more." "But dad?" Rose exclaimed.

"He need never know. I will go away to-morrow morning on most important business; you understand, dear"

"O, thank you, thank you!" she said and she pressed his hand for a moment to her breast in sheer thankful-

He went, as he promised, next day. Only two of three days passed before Rose found that she missed her gray eyed, tender lover, missed his care and attention, and the place seemed very lonely. Before a month passed she wished him back again, but the knowledge that she loved him did not fully develop until she heard one day that he was married. Then it came sudden-

ly to her with overwhelming force. She was sitting one day on the same tree where he had told his love, trying to recall every look and word he had uttered to her there and unbidden the tears gathered in her eyes and presently overflowed and fell one by one or her clasped hands.

"O, I wish-I wish he were here," she murmured sorrowfully. "Who?" inquired a voice she knew

so well. 'Some one who is not worth thought."

"Rose, it was not I?" "You—a married man?" with horror 'You have been misinformed." he eaid. "I am not married nor am I likely to be unless-" He paused, putting

forth his hand yearningly. "Not married?" she cried. "TIn "Unless you love me and will marry me, dear. I was going away to-morrow-far, far away-to try and forget

and came down to-day to get a last glimpse of you to carry away with me; something for my heart to feet me; some-thing for my livert to feed on but now-

"Now!" she echoed. "Will you, dear?" "Yes:"-The Princess.

Fournal, our exports of horses to England is rapidly increasing, and it looks like a steady and growing market. During the nine months ending with September 80, 1897, we exported 30,304 horses to England. Of this number, 22,252 were purchased in the United States and 8,052 in Canada. Last year for the same nine months we exported from the United States only 15,413

Domand for Horses

According to the London Live Stor-

The increase this year over 1896 is 6, The average price realized in England this year was a trifle over on heredred and twenty-four dollars.

Paper is now being made in Holland from policies atoms and leaves.

New Zealand farmers now send frozen cream to London, where is it churaed for butter.

Mexican dollars are current all over China, and when they cannot be had block silver, uncoined, is used.

For the first time in a decade every board of the Presbyterian church begins the fucal year without deta-In some perts of Russia the only

food for the people consists at present of acorns, leaves and the soft bank of trees. Grashoppers have become a great

plague in Spain, invading even the cities. In Asturia 5.000 soldiers were ordered to assist in destroying them. A Newfoundland dog, guarding a them do now. warehouse in Buffalo, had to be clubbed into submission by the firemen hefore they could enter the building to

extinguish the fire.

It is said that there is a small lake near a valcano of Southern California which contains a liquid as black as ink not at all resembling water. This liquid dyes cotton cloth permanently

In Switzerland a milkmaid gets better wages if gifted with a good voice, because it has been discovered that a cow will yield one-fifth more milk if soothed during milking by melody.

A druggist in a Maine town has a unique fountain. It is a trunk of a large tree, through which his root beer flows. In the bark of the trunk the name "Root Beer" is cut, and on the top is situated a large fern plant.

The largest dairy in the world is located fourteen miles from Newark, N. J. the minimum number of cows kept being 1,000. The proprietor runs a ranch in Iowa for the special purpose of supplying his dairy with cows.

The cake at English waddings is always a star feature. Usually at a fashionable affair it is fully six feet high, and is a marvelous architectural structure of icing adorned with flowers and figures.

#### FACTS.

Dull scissors make a wife's mouth

erooked. Open cars and pneumonia ride hand in hand.

All roads lead to tulips in the Public He that is surety for another is nev-

er surety for himself. Nothing is ever well done in a hurry except fleeing from quarrels and

catching fleas. Man is much like an egg-keep him in hot water and he is bound to become hardened.

Avoid debt as you would the pestilence. If unavoidable meet it bravely, and conquer it. It is estimated that there are 62. 050,000 horses in the world, 195,150,000

cattle, and 434,500,000 sheep. Credit has killed more people than it has helped. Like temper, it is an excellent thing to have, but be care-

ful and not lose it. The sunshine of cheerfulness illuminates the dark places of life, lighting the diamonds of joy so that they shine

with resplendent glory. All the remedies and all the rules in the world are worthless unless mixed with common sense.

The man who loves his work is the man who succeeds. The rule will hold patriotic American as the double- has to put it bluntly made away and an any occupation. The man who eagle. despises his business thinks about it as little as possible and consequently never plans.

Fortune smiles upon those who roll up their sleeves and put their shoulders to the wheel; upon men whoi are not afraid of dreary, irksome drudgery; , them. men of nerve and grit who do not turn aside for dirt and detail.

Vanity, avarice, greed, envy, and malice can destroy every human grace. embitter a whole life, make shipwreck of one's faith, besides causing strife,

enmity, and untold suffering. Judge White, of Pittsburg, a few days ago refused to allow a girl to testify against her mother's character, saying that it would be a violation of the commandment to "honor thy father and thy mother." is certainly amusing.

## WOMAN'S WAYS.

A woman exacts love from a man as duty and confers it as a favor.-Achinson Globe.

A woman's way to buy a present is to bring home two or three to examine. -Washington Democrat.

A woman listens to the advice of her husband, but she invariably does as it. she pleases just the same.—Aurora

The average woman never quits growing. As soon as she quits growing his turn at the oars. up she begins to grow sideways.—New

York Press. A woman's idea of studying a man's character is to hint around to try to find out if he has ever been in love.-Galveston News.

When a woman has a husband that mobody else on earth can get along with, she says he is 'a diamond in the with.'-New York Press.

### FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

When roasting meat that is not very fat it should have buttered maner placed over it to prevent it from being scoroled; remove the paper a few minutes before the joint is done, so as to brown the outside.

To cook a large joint it will require a bright, sound and even fire; a thin joint, a sharp brisk one. When steam is seen to arise from the meat it is sufficiently dene, and should be removed from the fire.

Hot or cold water cans or jugs when a man-hater can't be induced to change they are not in use should be turned her name. upside down, so that they can drain! Don't be too sure it's a compliment and dry thoroughly; if left damp they it told you sing like a bird. The street will rust inside, and be spolled, as ros ents a kole in the metal.

It is always unlucky to play cards With a woman who has windled WAYL It is unfortunate for any man to rise in the world-st the sad of a cope.

To lose a pocket-book containing bills of a large denomination is lucky, To meet a funeral procession is a sign that there has been a death in the neighborhood.

If candles were made in the shape of a cross, some people would burn them at the four ends.

If you have a horse-shoe above the door and it doesn't fall on your head. you are lucky.

It is not superstifious to believe that Banjam's ass actually talked; lots of When a woman stops crying over

trouble and begins to think, it is a sign that she is getting old. When a man visits your orchard

and meets the watch dog, it is a sign

that his errand will be fruitless. When you can't wash your face without freezing the water, it's a sign you have a cold in your head.

All signs fall in dry weather-ercept lager beer signs. The dryer the weather the better they flourish.

To call on a friend and find a bent pin on your chair is a sign that there is a small boy in the family. When a man can go into a pawnshop without a quickening of the pulse, or

a heightening of color, it's a sure sign that he has been there before. When a dog howls under a man's window at night and there is a gun handy, it is a sure sign of an early,

death-to the dog. The most superstitious, as well as the greatest thinkers of the present century, admit that hens lay eggs be-

cause they can't stand them on end. There are two places in a newspaper where a man is superstitious about having his name appear: this obituary

column and the police court record. Beware of the man who smiles when he is angry. He is likely to be dangerous. And beware of the man who looks glum when he is glad; he is probably a humorist.

#### POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Cold coffee is said boarders hot.

More sailors are wrecked on land than at sea.

A signal failure has wrecked many a train of thought. A bird in the hand is vulgar. Use the knife and fork.

The smaller a man's mind is the leashe seems to know it.

confined to hard ships. For a merciless critic commend us to the unsuccessful author.

has no fear of being jitted. When luck furnishes the music the dancers are always numerous.

that it hasn't any monument to roost The eagle is but half as dear to the

The trouble with lots of patience is

Culture doesn't always make a gentleman. Some very large beats are Jenkins was so perpetually advocating said the youth, ingentionally cultured. Men sometimes worship women be-

The man who doesn't talk has less repining to do than the garraions individual.

cause they are unable to understand

himself has the hardest tind of a task to perform. The knowledge a man doesn't possess always crops out when a child

The man who lives only to amuse

questions him. The frankness with which a 17-yearold girl refers to herself as an old mald

The henpecked husband never develops into a free-thinker until his wife goes away on a visit.

At a safe distance we do not hesitate in saying that prize fighters are no better than they should be. A bachelor says that wise married

men are often as anxious to get out of matrimony as single fools are to get in The great trouble with the average man is that he wants to handle the

The Bible informs us that there will be no giving in marriage in heaven: This may have reference to wadding presents.-Chicago News.

rudder all the time instead of taking

# DONT'S

Don't look upon the wine list that can't be read. Don't think a fancy umbrella handle

turns the rain. Don't werry yourself and others with what can't be remedied.

Don't think a standing army isn't made to lay down occasionally. Don't attempt to stack the cards on a man who is hard to deal with,

Don't attempt to play Hamlet unless: you have at least a ghoat of a show. Don't think because brevity is the woul of wit that curiness embodies it. Don't think the woman who poses as

Citar passis have that shalls And to have a series and a seri

Take care, and see and feel Sarth has all for much o won. YBQ NOT SHOULD O, MANT Be careful that ye make one strife

Wi meddling tongue and brain For ye will find enough to do.
If we bet look at hame. If ye came speak o good. Oh. dinna speak at all.

For there is grief and woe enough On this terrestrial ball If ye should feel like picking flaws. Ye better go, I ween, And read the book that tells ye all

About the mote and beam. Dinna lend a ready car To gossip or to strife, Or, perhaps, 'twill make for ye

Nee funny thing of life. Ch. dinna add to others wor. Nor mock it with your mirth. But give ye kindly sympathy To suffering ones of earth.

## A STROKE OF LUCK

Mr. Marchmont sat alone in his city office, realising the fact that he was a continued man, and, worse still that he had involved others in his own financial in the althaution to intermediate office, realising the fact that he was a cial diseasers without sither their knowledge or their consent. It was the old, old tale, Ill-fortune in business rash speculative investments to meet extravagant expenditure, then misappropriation of trust funds to repair his gambling ventures, with the wild ignal owners who sold them purhope that previous mistortunes could be retrieved. Now all was gone, the fortune of his orphan clients as well as his own, and in another month or so when Hagold Williams would be twenty-four, and the "trust" would, by the terms of his old friend's will, have to be rendered up, discovery of the real

condition of affairs must ensue. "If you will consent to become their trueles. Marchmont," the dying man bad said. "I shall appoint no one to so with you. I can trust you fully, and shall leave everything in your hands until Harold is twenty-four. I know you'll do your best for him and Bille and keep the money where it is-in safe, nonspeculative invest-

Mr. Marchmont, then a prosperous merchant, had readily undertaken the charge laid upon him, and fulfilled; if honestly enough until within a year or no before the time our story com-mences; but there had been a time of great financial depression, and Mr Marchmont's firm had suffered like the rest of the world; and them in a fatal hour he had been tempted to mamble on the stock exchange. He had wen had lost, lost again, grown reskless, and now that thirty thousand pounds which should be handed over to Har-old and his sister in another six weeks Some men's nautical experience is was as non-existent as was Mr. March the other partner, had begun to advo-The man who is in love with himself of things, and winding up? the firm's him own in the sand. of things, and winding was, of pourse, igaffairs, but Jenkins was, of pourse, igporant of his partners ambasslement property to it. Williams

It is one thing for a business man ter, remarked the law whose affairs have become involved town the last paper, through unexpected misfortunes to the exclasional Harry through unexpected misfortunes to No exclaimed Harold, "call a meeting of creditors," and lay Mr. Marchmont, had poked the facts plainly before them, and an area, of his lawyer's major other to have to confess that a trustee him. .. It was no small addition to the torturing anxiety of the situation that a "voluntary winding up" of the firm oward Mr. Markimonical and a candid statement of their affairs, also hand. I am utteriors Of course the crash and the discovery confess that for some sime of were bound to come shortly. Even at wronged you, my father a oldest ready Mr. Merchmont familed that and the kind and faithful a some suspicions wars stising in young my own and my wisters little

had often been a desperate struggle to mentally remordated. Was be pay the interest on the vanished capic lask your pardon for the wind tal, and the delays, which had occasion you in may the name. I feel it ally ensued had perhaps aroused some to you. Sit to make this some suspicion of the truth in Harold Wil. Schamed as I am to have to be liams's mind. On one pretence or an You will forgive me, will you other, Marchmont had hitherto control. There was a pause Mr. Mar other, Marchmont had hitherto controv. There was a page a Marchmont and hitherto controv. There was a page Marchmont and to put off the evil day of reckoning flid not take the offered hand but had been obliged to fix a date (or still with a stringe fixed loss.) it at last. In another six weeks the bis lace.

truth must be revealed. Mr. March "I was scannique about fille my mont must stand before the world as a tile sister," went on the young a convioted thief, a betrayer of the trust We are all alone in the wor of a dead friend, and Harold and his cnow, but if I druelly misju sister must learn that, owing to his em. sir. I am at least ready to actuate the bezzlement, they were reduced from myself unterly in the wrong and to comparative affluence to absolute beg- orgiveness. Were my dear magary. Small wonder that, as the here, added the young man, with wretched man set alone in his private smotton. I am sure he would sully room, his face looked gray and lined. or that he glanced often at a certair hildren and thank you as since well a locked drawer, in which some weeks

previously he had placed a tiny phial, fulfilment of the trust he rep "There is always that means of ca-cape. I can never face the lad and his sister, and tell them that I have rule lie feet, an awful grayness ores ed them," thought Marchmont, who, it me his face do him Justice, was even more concerned to think of the calamity which tying he been in a straight he had brought upon his young friends voice than of the probable consequences to himself of his rash acts. If I'd only drunk the contents of that bottle three years ago, before all this took place; thought the merchant bitterly. Heavily the days dragged on Jenkins where years he leaded back in the more here.

growing daily more paistest that they own counse. should 'put up the shuttern." The most our fault, but simply our misfortune, Marchmont that we are in the medical vertice, with them such strates," the junior partner would often say "It was those unexpected a critical state of health. often say. "It was those unexpected falleres abroad that dragged us down but we've quite clear thank Heaven from any imputation of peckless trading," and need have no objection to face our creditors fairly and let them go, over our broak for themselves. As business men they will be reasonable in the matter, and we're only carrying on now at loss, and getting week every day."

True, the accounts of the firm were clear and clean enough. It was in his grivate capacity that Mr. Maranson; and gentled and embedded has a control of the firm were thank the his continue.

The the accounts of the firm were clear and clean enough. It was in his grivate capacity that Mr. Maranson; the his continue.

Mr. Vivias control of the firm were the accounts of the firm were the accounts.

Mr. Vivias control of the firm were the firm of the firm were the firm of the firm were the firm

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And such in last proved to man of philipse sprosselly and and in the affair. There were delays and many di

sions and mach correspondenced the matter ended—thanks to Mr. cina's good management—in the which entirely recouped My mont for his private losses abled Mr. Jenkins to rect. tron as he propostly assessed intention of desire—with a recurrent competence,

"I have made my money an fictilious series of scoomstrike the real facts, but at least the was there to be banded over and ciplents are unusuly extinged to residually outputs. In their pwn without industries a close secution as to how the property of the property of the property of the coming as Marchanont Blooms. an infinite sense of relies, but quiet lawyer examined the society slience, the miseralise fraction is aware that the strawed soliton is oursisty guaged the real possible affairs, and could denotrolly gualour derious whereby fifting been manipulated to opposite the

turned over the accounted at your at to himself. Minetily an Leaves These tarest funds have And now we have only

(at hearthy the Mine)

Indeed, as Mr. Vivian, the

trusiae. "No, I've something a But the other man looked peaker in some surprise. "I have to see your tors!" Williams a mind, for the youth had be wroted and amount suspedients come rather pressing regarding the fix summarance sect worth resulting ture of a date on which to go into all section in the trust accounts and have the in section with the trust accounts and have the in section with the presentation of the company was not quite sailed. Also all those "involuments" had keeping. I see how how, been nonexistent for some time. It low wrong I was here

> preciate your kindness to his o do for your noble and conscit

you." Mr. Marchmont Movely Inches

Con-United Its Invisible

"Tules of the S