

Every trial adds to our strength. The greatest fool of all is he who fools himself.

Drop your bad habits and they cannot over you.

Gratitude preserves old friendship and procures new.

Those who go for berries should not retreat from briars.

One ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in need of aid.

Genius beckons a man up, and if he attempts to climb will help him.

Prosperity is not just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends.

The world is a comedy to those who think; a tragedy to those who feel.

No man is fit to have power unless he wishes to wield it for the good of all.

The sooner you cut loose from one who receives you the better off you will be.

Hearts are flowers; they remain open to the softly-falling dew, but shut up in the violent downpour of rain.

Do not fret. It only adds to your burden. To work hard is very well; but to work hard and worry, too, is more than human nature can bear.

Nothing good bursts forth all at once. The lightning may dart out of a black cloud; but the day sends his bright heralds before him to prepare the world for his coming.

A California Potato Patch.

Fifty years ago Ignacio Inez lived in a little cabin on the bank of a creek in Santa Clara County, Cal. Ignacio kept a pig and raised just enough potatoes to support life. There was land enough lying around loose out of doors to raise ship loads of potatoes, but that would have required work, and Ignacio never suspected that Providence put him here to work. So he rolled cigars and watched his few plants grow. Potato patches like Ignacio's were called "mil-pitas" in the Greaser dialect, and the Spanish law permitted the Governor to issue grants to the holders of milpas in order to protect them from the cattle barons, who were in the habit of driving their herds across country and devastating any little farms that might be in the way. So Ignacio asked for a grant. The Alcalde looked at his milpa, and found it so small that, in derision, he described it in his report as a "mil-pitas," or little potato patch. In a facetious spirit he called the ditches "creeks," and described the lines as running from a certain tree to a point on a creek, from one creek to another, etc. Governor Michel Treveno approved and issued to Ignacio Inez a grant for the Rancho Milpitas, and Ignacio was protected from the raids of arrogant vaqueros and their following herds.

Under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, the United States covenanted to respect and protect the rights of all holders of land under Mexican grants, and a commission was appointed to examine and pass upon all claims presented. Among the grants approved was that of Rancho Milpitas to Ignacio Inez. The cession of California to the United States greatly enhanced the value of land, and Mexican grants became first-class property. The description of the Rancho Milpitas was examined. There were genuine creeks in Santa Clara and Alameda counties and in running the lines the little ditches were recognized. The grant said "from creek to creek." The factiousness of the Alcalde was not appreciated, and Ignacio Inez's milpitas of two or three acres grew to the Rancho Milpitas of 45,000 acres, and was so patented under the laws of the United States, the heirs of Ignacio, the cigar-rolling Greaser, became wealthy hidalgos, and their daughters were sought in marriage by Geringo adventurers of enterprising spirit.—New York Sun.

Rat and Mouse Traps.

"The increased sale of poisons has caused manufacturers of rat and mouse traps to wake up," said a salesman recently to a reporter for the New York Mail and Express. "These patent foods are so much easier to handle than the old traps that housekeepers prefer to use them. The old-fashioned mouse traps made of wire and wood, with a piece of cheese hung on a hook inside, have gone entirely out of date. The trouble with these traps is that the rats and mice soon get to know them and will keep away from them. A new trap for mice has been made and is very successful. It is built in the shape of a small house with doors and windows. These doors and windows all open when pushed against, but spring shut again at once and cannot be opened from the inside. As a bait a little grain is distributed about the inside of the house. The mice soon find this out and several can be caught in one night in this trap. For rats something stronger is required, and a very cunning trap. A very popular trap is made of two rows of steel teeth. When the trap is set these teeth are opened and hidden from view. A piece of meat is placed on a spring in the center of the teeth, which spring shut and kill the rat at once. All rat traps are of the spring system. One trap has a piece of steel wire that falls and holds the rat a prisoner. Rats scream very much when caught and some have been known to eat off their own legs to release themselves."

A Smuggler's Den.

The revenue officers have discovered another ingeniously concealed smuggler's den both in Strathcarron, Ross-shire, Scotland. In their search the officers followed the gorge of a stream which flows in a series of cascades through a rocky chasm of great depth. Here, twenty feet from the bottom of the rocks, they found one of the most artfully constructed holes ever seen. At first it appeared to be a cave, but on entering it was seen that it had been scooped out of the rock and roofed with strong planks, over which boulders and shingles had been thrown to make a haphazard way from the rocks overhead. The water-chamber and from the both was also covered with boulders—in fact, there was nothing to indicate that such a place existed except that the rocks above were blacked with smoke. In the both were found a mash tub of 250 gallons capacity, a receiver of twenty gallons capacity, a thermometer, several minor utensils, and most important of all, the pot-dish (or black pot), as the natives call it. How the smugglers managed to get their goods in or out of such a dangerous place was a puzzle to the officers until, after some risky scrambling, the gorge was further explored, resulting in the discovery of a cleft in the rock down which a rope-ladder was suspended from a tree at the top. Others of the officers had in the meantime discovered another both, near which was concealed a mash tub of 850 gallons capacity. All these utensils were destroyed on the spot, except the still, which was borne away as a trophy.

PARADOXES.

SOME ODD AND ENTERTAINING CATCH QUESTIONS.

The Moving Coach Wheel — Zeno's Paradox — Achilles and the Tortoise — Paying a Shilling — Passing Trains, Etc.

There exist, floating about the world, a great number of catch questions and odd propositions. Here is one of them: Which, at any given moment, is moving forward faster, the top of a coach wheel or the bottom? To this apparently very simple question nine persons out of ten, asked at random, will give an incorrect reply, for at first sight it appears evident that both the top and bottom of the wheel must of necessity be moving forward at the same rate, namely, the speed at which the carriage is traveling. A little thought will show that this is far from being the case. A point on the bottom of the wheel is, in fact, by the direction of its motion round the axis, moving backwards, in an opposite direction to that in which the carriage is progressing, and is consequently stationary in space; while a point on the top of the wheel is moving forwards, with the double velocity of its own motion round the axis and the speed at which the carriage moves.

The foregoing mystery of motion brings to mind the famous paradox of Zeno, by which he sought to prove that all motion was impossible. Either a body must move in the place where it is or in the place where it is not. Now a body in the place where it is stationary and cannot be in motion, nor, obviously, can it be in motion in the place where it is not. Therefore it cannot move at all. It was of this paradox that he said: Solvitur ambulando—"It is solved by walking."—A more practical solution could hardly be required.

Well known also is the Greek paradox of Achilles and the tortoise. Achilles (the swift-footed) allows the tortoise a hundred yards start, and runs ten yards while the tortoise runs one. Now when Achilles has run a hundred yards the tortoise has run ten yards, and is therefore still that distance ahead. When Achilles has run ten yards, the tortoise has run one yard. When Achilles has run the one-tenth of a yard, and when Achilles has run the one-tenth of a yard, the tortoise has run one-hundredth. It is only necessary to continue the same process of reasoning to prove that Achilles can never overtake the tortoise.

You will find people in real life trying to solve the following: "A man who owes a shilling, proceeds to pay it at the rate of six-pence the first day, three-pence the next day, three-half-pence the next, three farthings the next and so on—paying each day half of the amount he paid the day before. Supposing him to be furnished with counters of small value, so as to be able readily to pay fractions of a penny, how long would it take him to pay the shilling?" The answer is that he would never pay it. It is true that he will pay eleven pence-farthings in four days. But the remaining three farthings he can never pay.

Excellent as are the preceding, the following is even a better paradox: "A train starts daily from San Francisco to New York and one daily from New York to San Francisco, the journey lasting seven days. How many trains will a traveler meet in journeying from San Francisco to New York?" It appears obvious at the first glance, that the traveler must meet seven trains, and this is the answer which will be given by nine people out of ten to whom the question is new. The important fact is overlooked that every day during the journey a fresh train is starting from the other end, while there are seven on the way to begin with. The traveler will, therefore, meet not seven trains, but fourteen.

The following proposition is both curious in itself and admits of some interesting variations in the application of the principle on which it depends. "If there are more people in the world than any person has hairs upon his head, then there must exist at least two persons who possess identically the same number of hairs, to a hair."

Readers who fail to perceive at first the necessity of this conclusion, should consider, as a simpler case, instead of the hairs on a man's head, the number of teeth in his jaw. Let him suppose thirty-seven persons to be assembled in one room; then, the full complement of teeth in a man's jaw being thirty-two, it is easily seen that—even supposing one member of the party to be so unfortunate as to have no teeth at all—there must be at least two persons present possessed of identically the same number of teeth. The application of this example to the proposition in question is quite evident. It is, in fact, merely a matter of larger numbers.—Philadelphia Times.

Russian Bankers Count Chinese Way.

I have been in four or five of the largest banks in Russia and many of the most extensive commercial and railroad houses, and nowhere where I seen figuring with the use of even a pocket calculator. The Russian banker keeps the machine beside him, pushing out the numerals as the purchases are made, and the instant you call for your bill he repeats the total. The Russians were taught most of their business knowledge by the Chinese and Turks, and these counting machines are yet indispensable in all Oriental places of business.—Kansas City Journal.

Chicago's "Diamond Joes."

There are two "Diamond Joes" in Chicago, one of whom gets his name from his habit of carrying diamonds around in his pockets as a boy would marbles. The other is Joe Reynolds, who owns the State's largest diamond mine in the Upper Mississippi. The diamonds are marked with a red diamond containing the word "Joe" in black. He is very wealthy and very charitable, though he has the reputation of being remarkably shrewd at driving a bargain.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMINE READERS.

For Bridesmaids to Carry. A show filled with flowers is the very newest thing for bridesmaids to carry, and charmingly pretty it is. The first wedding at which this idea was carried out was that of Miss Stewart and Mr. Carberry Rice Vaughan-Tryse, which took place about a month ago. The next wedding at which the bridesmaids carried shoes was that of Sir Robert and Lady Emily Peel's eldest daughter and Mr. Barton. The shoes in the case were of pink satin filled with a mixture of pink and maize colored roses, and hung from the arm by pink ribbons. Shoes were carried by the youthful members of the bevy of bridesmaids of Miss Whittaker's wedding. The shoes were of pink satin filled with flowers of hues to match that color.—London Court Journal.

When Hoops Were Fashionable.

Robert Chambers shows how Edinburgh society suffered, within his memory, under the tyranny of hoops. In the morning a lady put on a pocket hoop, resembling a small pair of panners. For occasions, not quite full dress, there was to be worn a bell hoop—a petticoat hoop in shape, but made of cane or rope. For full state there was provided a hoop so monstrous that "people saw half of it enter the room before the wearer." This, the matter of fact chronicler goes on to say, was found "inconvenient." So inconvenient was it that in the narrow passages and entries of Edinburgh Old Town "ladies tilted them up and carried them under their arms; in case of this happening, there was a show of petticoat below." So long as these facts remain, or John Leech's drawings are remembered, surely the shapeless horrors of crinoline should be impossible of renewal.—Woman's World.

Tailor-Made Dresses.

Cloth tailor-made dresses have reached a point of perfection this season they never attained before. For some time past it has been a constant effort to combine warmth and grace with lightness and that perfection of fit which is the crowning feature of a fine tailor-made dress. This object has been attained in recent costumes, and it must be a joy to wear them. The dress is made upon twilled silk, the drapery raised here and there but not bunched, the edge finished with many rows of embroidery stitching, narrow braid, a braided pattern or a broad band of feather fur. The line of trimming, often diagonal, comes to a point at the waist and outlines a point of velvet or braided vest, and also of color at the throat. The small "habit" cut is maintained at the back, only instead of perfectly plain lapels, as in the habit, a little fullness is often introduced. The interior finish of gold, hair striped silk or satin lining adds much to the effect of the exquisite workmanship.—Aurora.

Silver-Lined Potatoes.

Miss Clara Jacobs, a vivacious and pretty brunette, lives with her parents in a brown stone front house in East Forty-sixth street. The young lady, whose father is a stationer, is well educated, having studied in Europe and in this country.

De-pite her accomplishments Miss Jacobs is not averse to performing culinary work at times, and she frequently assists the servants in her father's house. On Friday last the little brunette was engaged in the prosaic domestic task of boiling some potatoes which still were of the Irish apples and found that they had been cooked to the proper consistency save one. This particular "spud" remained as hard as adamant, and although she allowed it to boil for fifteen minutes longer than the others it showed no signs of yielding.

Then Miss Jacobs resurrected that shameless potato from the pot and began to operate upon it with a knife. At last she succeeded in splitting the vegetable open, and in the center she found a silver dollar with the date of 1836. The heart of the "spud" was colored a blackish brown, but the outside presented a normal appearance. The silver dollar was black as ink.

It is thought that some good farmer in Long Island or New Jersey while sowing or plowing his potato field dropped the coin in a furrow. It fell in close proximity to a "seed" or "eye," and the new plant unfolded the dollar as effectually as the connected apple tree operated on Roger Williams.

Miss Jacobs is gratified at her quaint "find," and she says it should be a moral to other young ladies to pay more attention to domestic duties.—New York Herald.

A Greek Wedding and Christening.

A Greek wedding, says Olive Harper, in the Inter-Ocean, is a most tedious affair, lasting a whole day, though the religious services last but an hour, and usually take place at the bride's house. According to the wealth of the family, the service and number of priests is imposing and the most peculiar in the far interior. The young bride has her eyes sealed and is led in by her maids of honor and she takes the bridegroom's hand and they kneel upon a cushion in front of the priest. There are two wreaths provided of tawdry artificial flowers tied by long ribbons. These are placed upon the two bowed heads and changed back and forth three times. A long service is read, incense burned, and a service chanted and rings exchanged and blessed, and finally they are pronounced married, and the priest takes a glass of wine and a piece of cake and his pay and goes his way. The guests then feast and dance all day, and the poor bride, still blinded, is seated astride a full barrel of light wine and there she must sit all day long, until it is all drunk, without eating or drinking. When the wine is all gone the bridesmaids take her down and unsal her eyes, give her food and exhaustion. This same ceremony is in vogue among the Bulgarians also.

A christening is not so long, but is very hard on the baby. The priests bring the font with them to the house, and fill it with cold water. They undress the baby and anoint it with oil, and bless it from head to foot in spots, and then cut off some of its hair in the form of a cross, and after that immerse it three times in icy water, covering it all over. They march three times around the font and sing a chant that is solemnly uttered and sung. All the guests hold lighted candles during the ceremony and after it is over they receive a small silver coin as a souvenir of the occasion. The priests only stay long enough to get their money.

Marriages in Italy.

"Marriages in Italy," said a traveler who had just returned from a tour up the Mediterranean, to a reporter for the New York Mail and Express, "are unlike ours in every particular. The ceremony there

the house for assistance, leaving Gretchen, with fast falling strength, hanging in extreme peril. "Courage! brave girl; I will save you. Hold firmly to the bushes, and do not look down," said a clear, rich voice, with Italian accent.

In a moment the owner of the voice had the boat from the boat house, and with swift strokes was soon near the spot where Gretchen hung.

"Now jump into the lake; do not fear. It is your only way of escape." Gretchen obeyed the voice that commanded her, and sank into the dark water. The next moment she came to the surface, and was lifted into the boat by her brave rescuer. She was unconscious, and Launce was excusable if he kissed the face of the woman he loved.

The Count, having by this time returned with Dutch Jans, took in the situation at once, and, feeling that he would be out of place in the presence of the man who had saved Gretchen from death to which he cowardly had left her, he hastened to the house, took his portmanteau, and, without a word to anyone, left the place.

When Gretchen recovered consciousness and looked upon her preserver, she said:

"You are Count Cellini, the great musician whom I met at Weisbaden?" "Jam," he replied, "but I have another title by which you may better remember me; Launce; and I have come back for your forgiveness for the offence I gave you six years ago."

"Oh, Launce! you had my forgiveness the night you went away."

"Now I want something more, Gretchen—I want your love."

"I think I gave you that with the forgiveness, Launce,"—New York Clipper.

Interesting Facts About the Ocean.

At the last meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Dr. John Murray of the Challenger Expedition made a communication on "The Height and Volume of the Dry Land and the Depth and Volume of the Ocean." According to his own investigations, Engineering says, the mean height of the globe was 2,320 feet above the sea level, and the mean depth of the ocean was 12,480 feet, or 2,800 fathoms. If the ocean were regarded as being divided into two parts by the 1,000-fathom line, it would be found that the mean depth of the area having less depths than 1,000 fathoms was 2,928 feet, or 338 fathoms, or nearly the same depth beneath the sea as the height of the dry land above it. On the other hand, the mean depth of the area beyond the 1,000 fathoms is 14,640 feet, or 2,440 fathoms. The former area—called by Dr. Murray the "transitional area"—occupies 24,000,000 square miles; and the latter area, which is the abyssal area, and is situated fully three miles below the average heights of the continents, occupies 113,000,000 square miles, or more than half of the surface of the earth. In the transitional area of the ocean there are many and varied conditions in respect to light, heat, currents, changes of level, the character and variety of the deposits, and in the animals and plants which inhabit the various parts of the region.

The deposits are in most respects similar to those which make up a very large part of the sedimentary formation of the dry land. In the abyssal area there is a uniform set of conditions, the temperature being near the freezing point, with an annual range not exceeding 7 degrees Fahr., and there being no sunlight or plant life. There is a great abundance of animal life; but the forms from various parts of the area are very similar, and unlike those of shallower waters; and the deposits, which accumulate slowly, are unlike any of the sedimentary deposits of the dry land. From Dr. Murray's investigations, it also appears that if the dry land of the globe were reduced to the sea level by being removed to and piled up in the shallower waters of the ocean, then its extent would be about 80,000,000 square miles, and the rest of the surface of the earth would be covered by an ocean extending to 113,000,000 square miles. Again, should the whole of the solid land be reduced to one level under the ocean, then the surface of the earth would be covered by an ocean with a uniform depth of about two miles.—St. James's Gazette.

A Gigantic Turnip.

From time to time the most wonderful plants known on the earth are shoved aside by wonders still more wonderful. It is not so very long ago since thousands flocked to see the great Queen of the Amazon, the Victoria water lily. Many a greater vegetable marvel has appeared since then—now it is a giant aroid, which those interested in these vegetable curios are waiting and watching for in the Royal Kew collection. It is not far removed botanically from our common Indian turnip, and when its flowers expand, as hoped for this year, the odor of the skunk cabbage is expected to be increased a hundred fold. While our Arum or Indian turnip has a tuber of about six inches in circumference, this will reach five feet. The leaf-stalk of ours is from twelve to eighteen inches—this is about ten feet, and the stalk itself is three feet round. The circumference of the leaf-blade is forty-five feet. Only think of a leaf-blade to a plant that dies to the ground every year, extending fifteen feet across! The Victoria lily leaf, six or eight feet across, was deemed something prodigious. The flower will be somewhat like our well-known calla lily, but with a long and curiously twisted spadix, from whence it receives its generic name.—Independent.

The Rise of the Tomato.

The tomato, sixty years since, was called "The Love Apple," raised mainly in pots as a curiosity, and generally considered uneatable. The fruit was of the shape and size of the cherry variety to-day, and came to be taken to prevent children from devouring anything so poisonous. When adventurous West Indians proposed its use as a vegetable, they were classed among those semi-barbarians, who eat frog's legs and similar abominations. Now, like the oyster, they are eaten "fried, stewed or in the shell." They enter into soups and sauces, and appear upon the table in a number of combinations. Enthusiastic cultivators continually produce new varieties, and the old, wrinkled, imperfect and watery kinds have been replaced by round, smooth, firm and succulent ones. It is a matter of earnest effort to get the tomato early, for nearest effort to get as long as possible, and to fruit them well.—Independent.

A Mathematical Prodigy.

Reuben Fields, of Owingsville, Ky., is twenty-eight years old, perfectly illiterate and a mathematical prodigy. Since eight years of age he has been able to solve in a flash such problems as: The moon is a certain number of miles from the earth; a grain of corn is so long, how many grains will it take to connect the points. He can also instantly, and without consulting a time-piece, tell to a fraction of a second the time of day or night.—Independent.

LAUNCE.

The swaying vines touch her soft cheek where a tear-drop rests. She knew not whence it came, nor why. She kept thinking of Launce, who had dared to say he loved her—who had dared to kiss her hand, and say she would some day forgive him. Could she ever do so? Poor, lonely Launce; with no friends, no companionship. Ah!—was he not already forgiven?

The strains had died away, and Gretchen was losing herself in a wild, improbable fancy, in which she was wooed by one whom she loved, who was noble and high-born, but who had eyes like Launce's, in whose passionate depths was reflected her own soul.

She was roused from this waking-dream by seeing the figure of a man cautiously approaching from the direction of the boat-house. Could it be Launce? and what could he want at this hour? She forgot all her sympathy for him, and her old pride returning, she felt angry as she realized that he was coming directly under her window. She feared to ask why he was there lest somebody should hear her. She drew back in the shadow of the room.

"Farwell, Carissima, until we meet again!" came in low, sad tones to her ear.

"Launce! Launce!" her heart cried, but her lips made no sound. When she looked again she saw only a dark object moving along the white road; then it faded out in the weird moonlight.

Aunt Wilmine was very angry the next morning at Launce's failure to bring the usual basket of fish for breakfast, and forthwith installed Dutch Jans in his place; but she was more angry at Gretchen's refusal that day of the Count's offer of protection.

She had cherished the fond hope of seeing her niece a countess. Her grand scheme had been successful; the prize was within her grasp. Thus rudely to have the enchanting dream dispelled was more than her ambitious heart could bear with fortitude. She stormed and threatened, to no purpose. Gretchen was firm in her decision.

"Marry the Count yourself, Aunt Wilmine," she said. "I am sure you are quite young enough for him. As for myself, I do not wish to be married. I shall remain as I am, and, in the event, Gretchen, until you can act with reason and give a favorable answer to the Count," declared her irate aunt, with tears of vexation filling her eyes.

This decision of Aunt Wilmine's seemed to allay the anger and mortification of the Count, who went away with the understanding that he should be notified of any change in Gretchen's sentiments towards him.

The prospect of returning to the convent which had been a sweet, peaceful home to Gretchen for so many years, was not very appalling as a punishment. She looked forward to the event with much greater calmness than to the thought of becoming the bride of Count Von Bruner.

The decree of banishment being unalterable, Gretchen went back to St. Ursula's, there to remain a prisoner until her acquiescence in her aunt's plans should set her free.

When, a week later, she wrote that she had entered on a course of music that would require five years to complete, Aunt Wilmine acknowledged herself checkmated.

The summer guests at Weisbaden were in a state of delightful expectation over the announcement that the wonderful young violinist, Count Cellini, would give a concert at that place.

There had been a number of new arrivals at the spacious Hotel de l'Europe, and the younger ladies were on the qui vive to discover who was the famous musician who, rumor said, belonged to the noble families of Italy, and had inherited immense wealth from a deceased relative.

The guests were assembled for supper at the grand table d'hote. A portly matron at the farther end is no less a personage than Aunt Wilmine, and beside her when last Gretchen, somewhat older than when we saw her, but with a matured loveliness that far exceeds her girlish beauty. They have spent a year in travel since Gretchen was released from the convent. Count Von Bruner, seated on Aunt Wilmine's right, with a surviving hope still in his heart, has joined them at Weisbaden.

A young man seated almost opposite to Gretchen, and who was unmistakably Italian, was the target for many bright and furtive glances. His gaze was repeatedly fixed upon Gretchen, who seemed entirely oblivious of his presence. As he rose to leave the table their eyes met again; for he was in reality the great violinist. When he played the music seemed to recall those sad strains she had heard the night Launce went away. Before her mental vision arose the moonlit road, and on it one lone form that faded like a phantom.

The next day Gretchen and Aunt Wilmine returned to their suburban home, from which they had been absent some time. Count Von Bruner accompanied them to again urge his suit.

"Gretchen has no lovers, and cares for no one else," Aunt Wilmine argued with herself, "and, now that she is older and wiser, must see the propriety of choosing a husband. Where should she find one save in the Count, who has been so faithful and long waiting?"

They arrived at home in the afternoon, being fatigued, Gretchen kept her room until the next day. Then, eager for a sight of her old haunts and a chamber up the mountain side, she left the house unknown to her aunt.

IN EMBRYO.

The egg in the shallow brown nest— How lifeless, how pale to the eye! How long it is pressed to the mother's warm breast, And kept from the shafts of the sky! Yet listen, my sweet, O listen, my sweet, And think on the changes that fall, For a heart is beginning to tremble and beat Close under the delicate wall!

A bird is astir in the nest— The creature of sunshine and day; How little and weak, with its wide yellow beak, Its body all naked and gray! Yet listen, my dear, Oh listen, my dear, And think on the changes that fall, For the carols of summer are joyful to hear, And Hope is the ruler of all!

As magic is wrought in the nest, The light is pursued by the morn, And surely at last from the walls of the past The life of the future is born. Then listen, my sweet, Oh listen, my sweet, And think on the changes that fall, For the heart of the morrow will quicken and beat.

And burst into being for all —Dora Reed Goodale, in Young People.

LAUNCE.

The last ray from the setting sun fell on a broken shaft across lake Lucerne, touching with a rich hue the handsome face of Launce, the boat-house keeper, as he sat on the edge of the long platform, with his fishing-line dropped in the water.

The sad look in his smouldering dark eyes did not bespeak much enjoyment of his occupation. As he jerked his line from the water, landing a shining beauty beside him, a shadow fell along the platform, and a girl's light step came after it.

"What success, Launce? Have you enough yet? You must bring them in at once, for the supper must not be delayed," said a sweet but imperative voice.

"Would the consequence be so terrible if the Count Von Bruner should not get his supper as soon as he should want it?" asked the dark-faced Launce, with smiling sarcasm, as he arose and took up the basket of fish.

"I cannot say," only Aunt Wilmine is anxious that everything should be ready when the carriage arrives," she replied impatiently. "Give me the basket; I will take them myself."

"Well, here they are, my lady; and it is hopeful I am that the Count will not get a fishbone in his throat," said Launce, with a half cynical laugh, as he held the basket toward her. When she reached to take it he caught her small hand in his, and pressed a kiss upon it.

The girl's face grew crimson with anger. She snatched her hand away, uttering with vehemence: "How dare you, presumptuous fellow!"

"Your words are true, Gretchen. It is presumptuous for me to love you; yet I cannot help doing so. I will not again offend you." He put the basket down at her feet and looked regretfully at the beautiful face, transformed with anger and wounded pride.

"If I tell Aunt Wilmine of this she will send you away immediately. She is calling me now, and has no doubt witnessed your bold act. How can I ever forgive you?" she said with increasing anger.

"You will forgive me sometime, Gretchen. Tell your aunt I am going away to save her the trouble of sending me. Dutch Jans can take my place. He can fill it better than I."

He watched her with his dark sad eyes, as she went silently away, her step less light than when she had come a moment before; then he went into his little room, which was a part of the boat-house, and prepared his simple meal, as was his custom.

An hour later, seated at his small window, he watched Gretchen and the wealthy Count Von Bruner strolling through parterres of flowers. With a feeling akin to jealousy, he saw the Count pluck the rarest rose to place in her golden hair, as if he were already master of "hand and lady," which he fondly hoped to be, if the fair lady would accept the suit he came to plead with her ambitious aunt.

Launce sat looking at the great mansion long after Gretchen and the Count had gone in. The lights from the arched windows shone through the lace curtains, and Gretchen's pure, rich voice floated across the distance in that passionate song: "Thou art so near and yet so far."

Gretchen's song ceased. Suddenly, Launce aroused himself. He went into a small inner-room, and took from a peg on the wall an old leather bag, then—having lighted a candle—sat down to examine its contents. There was but little to look at, an old, worn wallet, that had been his father's, and a large wallet filled with old letters written in Italian. Launce looked eagerly among them until he came to one not quite so yellow as the others. Five years had passed since he placed this letter in the old wallet. The remembrance of it had faded year by year, until it seemed like a vague dream.

Something within his heart to-night had recalled more vividly the memory of the time when his father lay dying, and had given him this letter, telling him when he should be all alone in the world to do as the letter directed him.

Launce was too young at that time to do more than earn a scant livelihood, but he was now seventeen, and he reproached himself that the command of his dying father—that might be the means of restoring him to family and title, which his father had lost through willfulness—had so long been disregarded.

He studied the letter closely for a long time; then he replaced the papers and put his few articles of apparel and what money he had into the old bag. Having extinguished the light, he took the violin and sat down once more at the little window.

Months had elapsed since its strings had responded to the touch of his fingers. With the quickness of an expert he tuned the chords to harmony, then lost himself in a sad, woe-impression, as he had often heard his father do in his sad hours when he was together.

The lights were out in the drawing-room of the great house, and Gretchen had gone to her own apartments. The gibbous moon hung high above the mountain top, and shone like quivering silver on the lake. Wild, sweet zephyrs, that seemed to come from some strange sphere, swept through the vines that hung at her window.

And now, while she stands there, What is not in that swaying and dying on the night wind? Ah, those tears! Now filled with love, again with passionate despair, they float and quiver in the moonlight, then, watted through the easement, envelop Gretchen in a sublime cadence.