### THE ROSARY OF MY YEARS.

The dials of earth may show The length, not the depth of years, Few or many they come—few or many they go. But our time is best measured by tears.

Ah! not by the silver gray That creeps through the sunny bair, And not by the scenes that we pass on our way-And not by the furrows the fingers of care

On the forehead and face have made ; Not so do we count our years ; Not by the sun of the earth-but the shade Of our souls-and the fall of our tears.

For the young are ofttimes old, Thou ;h their brow be bright and fair ; While their blood beats warm their heart lies

O'er them the springtime-but winter is there. And the old are ofttimes young.

When their hair is thin and white ; And they sing in age as in youth they sung. And they laugh, for their cross was light. But bead by bead I tell

The resary of my years ; From a cross to a crown they lead-'tis well ! And they are blessed with a blessing of tears. Better a day of strife Than a century of sleep ;

Give me, instead of a long stream of life. The tempest and tears of the deep. A thousand joys may foam On the billows of all the years ;

But never the foam brings the brave bark home: It reaches the haven through tears.

### The Poor Man's Temp!ation

Among the passengers aboard the ship Petrel, bound from New York to San Francisco, were Thomas Warren; his wife and their six-year-old daughter, Flora, Warren had been unfortunate.

By careful saving from his income as a clerk in a dry goods store he had built a little house one story and a half high and there for four years, with his wife and child he had liyed, happy and contented.

Then the firm employing him failed, He looked about him perse cringly for steady, honest work of some kind-not caring what - but could not obtain it.

One day a laborer who was obliged to be absent from his place of toil—a bank of earth which was being removed-permitted him to act as his substitute for ten hours. Warren plied the pick and shovel manfully and received one dollar when his task was done. His health not being good, such heavy work made him ill. He could not leave his bed for months. What little money he had was all spent by that time.

We sold his house and with some of the proceeds took passage for San Francisco, as stated, hoping to there better his for-

"San Francisco," said his wife Mary thoughtfully when they were within two days' sail of that port. "It is the place where papa went, years ago, to look for Tom Marston my poor brother, who ran away from h. ie. But as you know, Tom was never found. We never could learn what became of hlm."

At that moment a terrible through the craft.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" The captain and crew did all in their power to save the vessel, but in vain. Very soon the lurid flames, roaring and hissing enveloped nearly every part of the

Down went the boats and they were presently occupied by o.ew and passengers. Warren had brought up from the cabin a tin box, containing five hundred dollars,

which remained from the sale of his house. With his wife and shild he got into one f the boats.

"The petroleum!" yelled the first mate. "Pull away lively!—the ship's going to The boat in which Warren sat was ten

fathoms from the shlp, when with a roar like a bursting volcano, she flew to pieces, her fiery fragments shooting high in air. The frightened passengers made a rush, which capsized the boat. Warren's box of money sank to the bottom. He could swim and contrived to save his wife and child from drowning by holding them until one of the other boats came and picked

"My box!" groaned Warren. "Oh my!" cried his wife turning deadly pale and clasping her hands.

"It has gone to the bottom of the seal" he said wildly, his fingers twitching nervously in his agony. "If I could swim I'd dive and get it!"

said little Flora. "Never mind, papa, we can all it wis' gold when wo get to the gold town."

And taking a piece of cake from pooket, she commenced to eat it. Warren bowed his head. He looked

white and limp and gasped for breath. Then the true spirit showed itself on the part of his wife. There is no describing how she consoled

him. She did it with the strange subtle He was still grief stricken, but somehow the horror and dismay caused by his loss

were nearly gone.

Before night the passengers were picked up by a brig bound into the port of San Francisco. And thus Warren and his little

family arrived there. He had a few dollars in his pocket-book, and he hired lodgings in a small house, near

the outskirts of the town. He set about looking for employment at

To his surprise, it was as diffiult here to obtain work as in New York. Day after day he went about on his hope-

He could find nothing to do.
"Give me a piece of bread," said Flora.

one morning-'a piece of bread 'wis' salt on it."
"What! have we no sugar "said Warron.
"I thought we had a little."
"No, papa," said Flora, climbing on his knee. "Sugar's all gone and so I can't have bread 'wis' sugar, but there's plenty

of salt, and I like 'yat' on bread," she added, claping her hands. ed, claping her hands.

A few days later it was still worso.

The last morsel of bread had been eaten. Flora called stoutly for more, for the child was hungry.

Her mother and father were still hun-

They were weak from the want of for Warren went his rounds as usual, At length he found himself on skirts of the city.

He hoped he might be lucky enough to klll some bird or rabbit with a stone. But bird and rabbit kept shy of him; he failed to obtain either.

By this time he was faint, and his brain reeled. He felt strangely bewildered. All at once he heard a piteous voice. came from a rude but a few feet distant. There he discovered a dylng man-a wan, emaciated creature in patched gar-

"Give me a little water!" he gasped. Warren gave him water from a jug near

"Have you no friend, no relative, that I can go to and bring here?" Inquired War-

"I do not think I have a relative living,"

itto the man.

Warren looked at him awhile; then his gaze wandered to the keg of coins! The whirling sensation was still in his head. His mind seemed to have become

weak, He continued to stare at the silver heap.

The man had owned he was a miser—
probably he had no relative. In that case

there was no heir to the money. How much good that amount would do little Flora and his wife! They were hun-

gry—almost starving. His gaze was caught by a slip of paper mong the silver pieces. He took it out and read it:

"This keg of money to be taken to Roger Barmont, merchant, No. treet, San Francisco in case of my death."
Roger Barmont! Warren had seen the name over the wholesale store of this wealthy merchant.

A few days before he had unsuccessfully applied there for employment. There were probably about one hundred dollars in

this would be a mere trifle-to Warren it would be food and shelter-perhaps life it Why should this trifle go to the golden hoards of the merchant when Warren

needed it so much more? The poor man glared at the coins he looked at them long and wistfully. Then at last, he flung his arms into th

air, as if to hurl the temptation from him.

To take that money would be to steal. "My God! No!" he cried. "I cannot do ! I feel ashamed of myself for even

He picked up the keg and took it straight to Roger Barmont. The merchant read it through his gold

spectacles. Warren had explained. obliged to you. I will have the body de-

cently buried." Warren looked around him, wistfully. Stalwart men were moving hither and thither handling bales, boxes and casks. A legion of clerks were making their peas fly

over the pages of the ledgers. There was one cask, half full of sugar, utside, partly open. A drizzling rain was alling, wetting this sugar.

"Would you not like to have that cask noved into the store?" he inquired faintly. Mr. Barmont looked up. "Oh! I believe I have not rewarded

He took a quarter from his pocket and put it on the counter. "No, thank you," said Warren; "but I

you for bringing me these silver pieces," he

will take it for moving the cask, if you "Very well," said Barmont more gently. 'Move it as soon as soon as you can.

Warren tugged at the heavy cask. It was too much for his strength, in his present weakened condition.

But he got it in the store. Then he staggered against it nearly fainting.
"A glass of wine, here," called Mr. Bar

One of the clerks brought it. It revived the sufferer, although he still look bewil-

"What makes you so weak? Have you been ill?" inquired the merchant. The other's gaze, as if by a sort of fas cination, against which he vainly strug-

gled, was fixed, with a greedy look, upon box of damaged biscuit, which one of the men was about to throw into a refuse cask! Mr. Barmont drew Warren to one side. "What is your name, and where do you

live?" he inquired. "Thomas Warren. I live at No. street."

"Have you a family?"

"A wife and child. Would that Mary Marston had never married a poor wretch ike mel' "Mary Marston! Was that your wife's

ame?" crica Barmont starting. "Yes, sir."
"And had a brother. What was his name William Marston. He went away years

ago, and has not been heard of since. "Your wife was in Boylston, Massachuetts-was she not?" "Yes, sir." "Very good; and so you did not know

that the miser who just died was Tom Marston, her brother?" "Good heaven! No!" "It is the fact—he was. Here is half dollar for moving the cask. I will call upon you to night."

Warren went home with some provisions ought with the half dollar.

To his astonished wife he told his story Not long after, the old merchant, Mr

Barmont came. He made a few inquiries of Mrs. Warren which fully satisfied him of her identitythat she was really Mary Marston. He unlocked a small satchel he had brought with him and exhibited the contents-fifty thousand dollars in crisp bank

"What does this?' cried the bewildered Warren and his wife, simultaneously.

"It means," said Mr. Barmont, "that your brother, Thomas Marston, who was a miser, looked upon me as his only friend.
Every peuny which he herded, except just

enough to supply his few wants, he placed in my keeping, for he was afraid of being robbed. I kept all his money locked up in my safe for him.

With him he always had a keg full of counterfeit half dollars so that in case robbers should steal from him, they would obtain only those worthless coins. He has been away for many years, and must have but just returned. Before he went, he informed me that, in case of his death he would send methe keg of counterfeits, as he would rather they should not be found about his premises. He was afraid it would make people think he had been a counterfeiter. After his death I was to advertise for his sister. He did not know "I do not think I have a remove aving, gasped the man. "I was dying here alone before you came. Will you do me a favor? Lift up those bricks in the fireplace and I was also arranged, that, if I did not hear on heav of his death within twenwhether she was living or not, but if I found Warren removing the bricks, which were from him, or hear of his death within twenloose, discovered a paint keg, and brought ty years after his departure, I was to keep his money for my own use, and not trou-It was filled to the brim with silver half | ble myself to make any inquiries about his sister. I expostulated with him on this "I have been a miser," grouned the suf- point, but he had always been eccentric, Thave been a miser, groaned the surferer, "but you can see for yourself I have not saved much. Will you take this keg —to—"

Before he could finish he gave a shudder and his eyes became glazed.

He was dead!

Warren looked at him awhile, then his the country of the had glyays been eccentric, and he would now have his own way. Had I not heard of his death to-day, by to-morrow the twenty years would have expired, and I should have kept my agreement by retaining the money. I hope you will believe me when I say that I am really glad of the chance which has been afforded me of giving it to the rightful heir."

When he was gone Warren said to his wife:
"How fortunate I did not yield to the emptation to retain that keg of coins, Had I done so I would probably soon have been arresteed for passing counterfeit money, besides which you would never have heard of your fortune or have received a penny of

"True," said Mary. "And oh! husband!" she added, embracing him. "I would sooner have starved than have known that you kept those coins! I am sure you would never have thought of doing it had your mind not been weakened by care and aunger combined."
"I believe my brain was nearly turned

at the time," he answered. A week after Warren went into business with some of his wife's money.

He is now one of the most thriving whole sale merchants in San Francisco.

### Iridescent Glass,

It is not generally known, that the beau-

tiful vases and other forms of iridescent

glass, which have recently begun to adorn

the windows of our chinaware dealers, mark the revival of one of the lost arts of old Roman days. Most of the old glass brought to light from the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, from Roman tombs, and more recently from the treasures of the Health of New York city, asserts that the Cypriote cities or temples, possesses this curious property of iridescence, by means of which it reflects light with all the colors thinking of such a thing! Had my brain been right, I would not have thought of the rambow. There has been some distil! My mind is strangely weakened." when made, or whether it acquired this quality subsequently by some natural agency. The more reasonable conclusion. and the one adapted by Mr. Peligot, the "It's all right," he said quickly after celebrated French chemist, is that the glass originally plain, became iridescent from long exposure to the action of the air and moisture at a high temperature, these conditions being admirably fulfilled in the old Roman tombs, where most of the glass is found. All glass has a tendency to become iridescent under certain conditions: but in some kinds this tendency is more strongly marked than in others. In glass for optical instruments a tendency to become iridescent is a serious fault and different kinds of glass are combined to form a perfect colorless lens. Modern chemists and glassmakers have long been trying to discover the art of making glass iridescent by some more speedy means than that of burying it in a damp soil for the benefit of a thankless posterity. With all the progress made in kindred branches of the art, nothing of note was done in this direction until two French chemists quite recently succeeded in artificially producing this ridescence. The process they make use of is said to consist essentially in submitting the glass, under a considerable pressure, and at an elevated temperature, to the action of water containing fifteen per cent, of hydrochloric acid. Only certain kinds of glass are suitable for this operation. The action of this acid is thought to be analogous to that of the elements upon the older glass in dissolving the alkaline silicates and leaving the surface of the glass finely ridged or corrugated, and thus capable of refracting the lights with prismatic or rainbow colors, like those of mother-ot-pearl. The modern glass stands any amount of rubbing or cleaning without losing its curious property ; but, it the exposed surface be cut or ground off, the iridescent effect is instantly lost, showing that its cause is merely superficial and not structural, as is the case with motherof-pearl. The Bohemian glass, so far, seems to be the favorite for embellishing with the new iridescence. Bohemian glass will resist a much greater heat than any other kind, and is made in graceful shapes, and is clear and transparent. At present the leading Bohemian factory is producing a good deal of this iridescent glassware, principally for the European market, as the Americian public is hardly yet acquainted with this novel and beautiful glassware. One of the greatest charms of this new glass is its infinite variety and freshness. two pieces are alike in color, and no piece remains the same when placed in a new position or regarded from a different point of view. All show a greater or smaller range of the spectrum, curve or bent, according to the shape of the glass; but while some pieces flash with red and yellow, others are tender, with a silvery blue or rich gold gray, and still others exhibit all

## Don't.

colors of the rainbow.

Don't believe every senseless rumor you may hear respecting reputable citizons; don't retail a calumny against any man un-less you have good foundation for believing it true; don't bite off your own nose to spite your face; don't let passion knock down judgment and choke its life out; don't go back on principle to gratify personal feeling; don't betray the confidence of your friends don't give your friend the "dirty shake," as the boys say, because he don't look through your spectacles; don't harbor animosity against a neighbor because his opin-ons conflict with yours,

THE bounding clam is beginning to

What Should be the Legal Standard of Ker-

esene? These are two widely prevalent errors in regard to the use of kerosene. One is that rosene explosions are always the result of carelessness; the other, that the use of kerosene is necessarily attended with more danger than accompanies the use of animal or vegetable oils; in other words that it is impossible to make an illuminating oil from petroleum which will not be more or less ricky under ordinary household conditions. But these errors are due to popular ignorance, with regard to the nature and properties of the mixture of petroleum products properly denominated kerosene, and the conditions under which low grades or adulterated kerosenes explode. Crude petroleum, from the complexity of its com position, has been aptly compared to a book; the products given off at successive temperatures being the leaves, each showing more or less pronounced characteristics. Its more volatile parts are given off at a temperature as low as the freezing point of water. At summer heat appears rhigoline which boils at 65 deg. Fah.; at temperatures below 170 deg., gasolino is given off; and between that and 800 deg., the product is called naphtha. The naphtha distilled at a temperature above 280 deg. is distinguished as benzine. All these products are without olly properties; are volatile at common temperatures; take fire readily; and when their vapors are mixed with from seven to nine times their volume of air they burn with an explosion, even when not confined. Hetween 300 deg. and 400 deg. kerosene is distilled a mixture of products ranging in character between benzine and the heavy parafine oils, too thick for use in lamps. According to Pro-fesssor Chandler, 100 parts of crude petroleum yield by disullation, 1 1-2 parts of gasoline, 10 of refined naphtha, 4 of benzine, 55 of kerosere, 17 1-2 of paraffine, (lubricating) oil, 2 of paraffine, and 10 of coke, gas, and loss. Benzine is worth about half as much as kerosene; naphtha and paraffine oil about one-third as much. The temptation of refiners of petroleum is to mix their oils with the lighter and cheaper naphtha, then bring up the product to the appearance of kerosene by an admixture of parafilne oil, also lower in price than pure kerosene. It is the naphtha, with its low flashing point that causes all the mischief. The legal standard for kerosene in New York and many other States is 100 deg. Are test; the United States Standard is 110 deg. In Michigan all oils are forbidden which flash at 140 deg. or below. Obviously if the law is enforced in the last named state, kerosene accidents are quite impossible there. An effort is being made in Boston to have the standard raised from 100 deg. to 110 deg.; some insist that it should be made as high as 185 deg. Pro-fessor Chandler, President of the Board of standard of 135 deg. should be adopted everywhere; in which case there would be an end of kerosene explosions, provided, of course, that law be rigidly enforced. Should the standard be so raised the actual

cost of the oil, he says would not he increased more than a cent or two a gallon. A Typical Western Outlaw. the Cherokee desperado, who was hunted down and killed near Muskogee, in the Indian territory, recently stood at the head of the list of western outlaws. He was of white skin, though his blood was tainted and he claimed Cherokee citizenship. He was six feet tall, straight as an arrow and of stout frame. Twentyeight years of crime (for his life was full of it from the cradle) had stamped flercely upon his Indian features the marks of the dare-devil who expected to die with his boots on and with the whistle of bullets in his car. His first crime was that of wholesale cattle stealing. So imperfect are the laws of the Indian territory that Barker and his men rode with free boots and boldly for many years. Triplet, a half-breed Cherokee; Scogden, the Mexican, and Mason, the Texan, were his lieutenants. Men were waylaid, murdered and robbed by them time and again. It is said that every citizen of the Cherokee country carried a special bullet in his pocket for Barker. The culminating atrocity of the band came about on the morning of the 2d of August last, when they galloped into the village of Cancyville, Kansas, and in broad daylight sacked the place, driving the residents, men, women and children, like a flock of sheep, out into the woods. Two men who resisted were shot through the heart. Not long ago ten Cherokee and two white men caught the outlaws in ambuscade. Scogden and Mason escaped, the 12 rifles cracking for Barker's benefit. Barker fell and offered resistance with the only limb that was uninjured, the left leg. His right leg and both arms were broken and all three limbs were amputated shortly before his death. Triplet crawled off through a corn field, but limping into the house of his mother at Vinita on the following day laid at her feet and died.

## Table Etiquetto.

Never eat very fast. Never fill the mouth very full. Never open your mouth when chewing. Never make a noise with your mouth of hroat.

Never attempt to talk with the mouth Never leave the table with food in mouth.

Never soil the table cloth if it is possible to avoid it. It is easy to find reasons why others should be patient.

Never carry away truit or confectional from the table. Never explain at the table why certain foods do not agree with you. Never encourage a dog or a cat to play with you at the table.

Never introduce disgusting or unpleasant

topics for conversation Never pick your teeth or put your hand Never cut bread; always break it, spread ing with butter each piece as you eat it.

Never come to the table in your shirtsleeves, with dirty hands or dissheveled

Never express a choice for any particular part of a dish, unless requested to do so. Never hesitate to take the last piece of bread or the last cake; there are probably

Never call loudly for the waiter, nor attract attention to yourself by boisterous Never hold bones in your fingers while you sat from them. Cut the meat with a Conjugal Chess.

If you are a married man and don't know chess never learn it. The reason I give you this advice is because up to three evenings ago such a thing as a chess board was never known in Mr. Grattan's kouse. He and his aged partner have managed to pass the long evenings very pleasantly, and he supposed they were happy enough together until a friend paid them a flying visit, and asserted that the game of chess served to quicken the perceptive faculties, enlarge the mind, and ender the brain more active. After giving the subject due thought Mr. Grattan walked down town and purchased a chess board, and when evening came he surprised his good wife by saying:
"Well, Martha, we'll have a game or two. I expect to beat you all to flinders, but you won't care.' "Of course not; and if I beat you, why

on won't care," she replied. They sat down and he claimed the first move. She at once objected, but when he began to grow red in the face she yielded and he led off. At the fourth move she took a man, chuckling as she raked him. "I don't see anything to grin at," he sneered, as he moved.

"Here, you can't move that way!" alled out. "I can't, ch? Perhaps I never playe chess before you were born.

She saw a chance to fork two men, and gave in the point, but as she moved he "Hold on! I've concluded not to move

She gave in again, but when he took nan she had overlooked her nose grew red and she cried out: "I didn't mean to move there!"

"Can't help that, Martha." In about two minutes he shoved a pawu three squares, and went into the royal row shouting:

"Queen him! Queen him! I've got other queen," "One would think by your childish actions that you never played a game before," e growled out.

"I know enough to beat you!"
"You do, ch? Some folks are awful "And some folks ain't," she snapped, as

she captured another man. "What in thunder are you moving that ay for?"

"A rook can move any way." "No it can't !" "Yes it can !" "Don't talk back to me, Martha Grattan!

was playing chess when you were in your "I don't care! I can capture a whichever way you move!"

He looked down on the board, saw that

uch was the case, and roared out: "You moved twice to my once !" "I haven't!" 'I'll take my ca'h you have! Ican't play

ngainst any such blacklegpractices!"
"Who's a blackleg? You are nst only cheating, but tried to lie out of it!" Board and men fell between them. ould get on his hat quicker than she could find her bonnet, and that was the reason

#### why he got out of the house first. Caught in a Swamp.

About a fortnight ago a widow named Avery, about forty-five years old, left her home, near Salem, Wayne county, Penn., to visit a brother, living near the Lackawaxen river, in Pike county, Penn. She was making the trip on foot. While passing through a dense piece of woods in the western part of Lackawaxen township, it being after dark, she lost her way and wandered into Tinkwig swamp, a short way to the right of the public highway, where she became fastened in the mire. When she found that she could not extricate herself, she called lustily for help, but as no one lived within some distance her cries were not heard. Her struggling to free herself caused her to sink deeper and deeper in the mire in which she was caught. In this position she remained for eight days, with no food except bark from the bushes which grew within her reach. The water she drank she dipped from the bog with her hands. Mrs. Avery's brother, whom she was on her way to see, was not aware of his sister's intended visit, and no search was made for the missing woman. A man named Basden, residing in Lackawaxen township, happened to pass through Tinkwig swamp a few days ago. He was returning rom Rowland's, a few miles distant, to his nome in the western part of Lackawaxen township, and carried his gun in the hope of killing some game. As he was passing along the edge of the swamp he heard a peculiar moaning noise. He at first thought it was the moaning of cattle that might be grazing in the woods. He paid no further attention, and passed on. Soon the same noise was heard again, this time more distinctly. He followed in the direction of the noise, and was soon in the very heart of the swamp. He stopped again to listen further, when, looking to his right he saw an object moving, which he found to be Mrs. Avery, struggling between life and death. He attempted to extricate her, but failed, and was obliged to walk some distance for help. After giving notice to the nearest neighbors he returned, accompanied by a number of men with a wagon. They finally succeeded in extricating the woman and she was driven to a neighboring house, and medical assistance summoned. Although Mrs. Avery is yet very weak from the terrible ordeal thought which she passed, she will recover. When questioned concerning her feelings while imprisoned in the mire, sne replied that they were beyond description. She had, on the seventh day, given up all hope of being rescued alive, but on the morning of the eighth day she had a presentiment that help would reach her. Mrs. Avery's mind is somewhat impaired by the terrible struggle between life and

# Terrible Experience of a Woman

About two weeks ago a widow named Avery, about 45 years old, left her home near Salem, Wayne county, Pa., to visit a brother, living near the Lackawaxen river, in Pike county, Pa. She was making the trip on foot. While passing through a dense piece of woods in the western part of Lackawaxen township, it being after dark, she

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#### torrible struggle between life and death. A Peck of Trouble.

One of the letter carriers who has a disbustling along Woodward avenue at his best gait, when he met a portly, motherly woman, who hailed him and asked:

"Be you acquainted all around town? "Yes'm," was his hurried reply.
"You know where the City Hall market is, then?"

"Yes'm." "Well, I'm in a peck of trouble. This morning I sent down by my old man after tomatoes, onions, red pepper and cauliflower, to make chow-chow. He sent us everything but the onions, and 1 can't go ahead until 1 get 'em. New you look sort o' honest, and if you would only take fifteen cents and run down for the onions, 1'c think it a great favor indeed."

"Why, ma'am, I couldn't think of it. "Couldn't do just that much to oblige a woman who has always been kind to

"I'm a letter carrier you see, and "
"I'll hold the sack while you are gone,
Come, now, that's a good boy. Remember o get the same white onions, and if there's any change left over you can keep it."

He tried to convince her how utterly impos sible it was, but as he hurried on she called

#### man! I don't believe you'd even bring in my ice if I should promise you a fried

How Chinese Ladies Dress Lady Alcock has given a reception at her London home to the Ladies of the Chinese embassy. Only one gentlemon was present. This was the Chinese ambassador himself, who appeared very magnificent in an over dress of deep yellow brocade. His wife and sister wore skirts of a red material, with over-dresses and long hanging sleeves of purplish black brocade. Splendidly embroidered between the shoulders. sleeves of one was bordered with a broad band of magnolia satin, exquisitely em- of the Deity. broidered with white stocks and silver leaves; the other had a band of pale mauve satin embroidered with silver and gold. The hair of both was drawn tightly back and stiffened with pomatum into a curious whon dropped by chance, springs up as protuberance at the back, edged with beads a flower. and tinsed ornaments. Ornamental pins and red, violet and yellow flowers were worn also. A little child, the son of the ambassador's sister, wore an over-dress of look from the eyes, a mere pressure of the richest Sevies blue brocade, intermingled with some lighter stuff, the headdress was on a foundation like a skull cap of stone-colored felt, and was composed of Shakspeare hes said of them, merely beads and spangles.

## Dress Plam on Sundays.

It would lessen the burden of many who find it hard to mantain their places in so

It would lessen the temptations which often lead men to barter honor and honesty If there were less style in dress at church people in moderate circumstances would be

more likely to attend. Universal moderation in dress at church rould improve the worship by the removal of many wandering thoughts.

It would enable all classes of people to attend church better in weather. It would lessen on the part of the rich

the temptation to vanity.

It would lessen on the part of the the temptations to be envious and mali-It would save valuable time on the Lord's

#### It would relieve our means of a pressure and thus enable us to do more for good en terprises.

About Lightning.

It is never too soon to go into the house when a storm is rising. When the clouds are fully charged with electricity they are most dangerous, and this fluid obeys a subtle attraction which acts at great dis- sacrifices. tances and in all directions. A woman told us of a bolt that came down her mothor's chimney from a rising cloud when the sun was shining overhead. N. P. Willis writes of a young girl killed while passing under a telegraph wire on the brow of a hill, while she was hurrying home before a storm. People should not be fool-hardy about sitting on porches or by open windows, whether the storm is hard or not. Mild showers often carry a single charge it is not setting as standing still in this world. Change is the eternal law of nature.

How many, adorned with all the rar-

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

He who wants little has always

Would you be strong conquer your-There is no good in preaching to the

hungry, A man used to vicissitude is not eas-

ly dejected. Charity gives itself rion, but covet-ous hoards itself poor.

One smile for the living is worth a lozen tears for the dead. As the body is purified by water, so s the soul purified by truth.

Human life is everywhere a state in which must is to be endured. Far happier are they who always now what they will do.

The best thing in the world is to be able to live above the world. Everybody knows good counsel exept him that hath need of it.

He who can take advice is sometimes uperior to him who can give it Divine vengeance comes with feet of end, but strikes with the hand of iron.

Life is a comedy te him who thinks, and a tragedy to him who feels. Surely half the world must be blind. they can see nothing unless it glitters.

A man, when he rises in the morning. litte knows what he may do before night. All things are admired, either because they are new or because they are

not great. -Human life is everywhere a state n which much is to be endured and ittle to be enjoyed.

A little less money and a little more good character would improve hosts of people vastly. Our best intentions, even when they have been most prudently formed, fall often in their issue.

-Tre miles to heaven are tew and trict in the northern part of Detroit, was short and the giorious end will come Many a man has been dined out of

his religion, and his politics, and his manhood, almost. Go your way and don't trouble about your neighbors. A man never peeps through a keyhole without finding something to vex him.

It is vastly better to have little with

contentment than riches with worry. The ass that carries you is worth more than the horse that throws you. Ruin is the only core for ruin with ome people; there is nothing but the recoil that comes of disgrace that will save a man of vanity and egotism.

There is an emanation from the heart in genuine hospitality which cannot be described, but is immediately felt, and puts the stranger at once at his ease. There is no action of man in this life

which is not the begin sing of so long a chain of consequences, as that no hu-man providence is high enough to give us a prospect to the end. He who learns and makes no use of his learning is a beast of burden with a load of books. Comprehendeth the

ass whether he carries on his back a brary or a bundle of fac The Chinese, whom it might be well to disparage less and imitate more, seem lmost the only people among whom learning and merit have the ascendency

and wealth is not the standard of estimation. You meet in this world with false mirth as often as with false gravity; the grinning hypocrite is not a more incom.non character than the groaning ne, and from a full mind as from an

It were better to have no opinion of

empty head.

God at all than such an opinion as is unworthy of Him; for the one is unbelief and the other is contumely; and certainly superstition is the reproach Witty sayings are as easily lost. the pearls slipping off a broken string, but a word of kindness is seldom spok-en in vain. It is a seed which, even

The great moments of life are but moments like the others. Your doom s spoken in a word or two. A single

All men and women are verily, as

though they carnot speak.

players, when we see them upon the stage of the world—that is, when they are seen anywhere except in the freedom and unaffected intimacy of private When people come to see us, we fool-ishly prattle, lest we be inhospitable. But things said for conversation are

halk eggs. Don't say things. What

you are stands over you the while, and thunders so that I can't hear what you ay to the contrary, Examine your lives, weigh your motives, watch over your conduct, and you will not take long to learn or discover enough to make you entertain charitable opinions of others. Be harsh in your judgment of self; be tender in

your judgment of others. Marriage means renunciation as wel as acceptance; it means giving as well as receiving; it means serving as well as being serven; it means patience as well as hope; it means submission as well as being submitted unto. It means, is short, that the wedding day

is the beginning, not the end. Lovers abstain from caresses, and haters from insults, whilst they sit in one parlor with common friends. Would we codify the laws that should reign in households, and whose daily transgression annoys and mortifles us, and degrades our household life, we must learn to adore every day with

Accustom yourself to think vigorously. Mental capital, like pecuntary, to