WHAT IS THE USE?

What is the use of this impetuous haste?
The end is certain. Let us take our time,
And hoard the vital forces that we waste
Before our day has reached its golden prime.

What is the use of rushing with spent breath
After old age, its furrows, its white hair?
Why need we hurry on to welcome Death,
Or go half way, with hands stretched out, to Care?

There is no use. Dear heart, if we but wait
All things will find us. Let us pause, I say.
We cannot go beyond the silent gate
That lies a short day's journey down the way.

So let us take our time in youth's fair bowers,
The summer season is so brief at best;
Let us look on the stars, and pluck the flowers,
And when our feet grow weary, let us rest.

Let us take time for love and its delight;
It is the one sweet thing that pays for all
The bitterness of life, for Sorrow's blight,
For Pain's despair and Death's funereal pall.

In that lost era when the world was new,
Love was men's first pursuit and life's excuse.
Now has that time come back to me and you—
Why should we seek for more? What is the use?
—[Ella Wheeler.

VALLEY OF MATRIMONY.

There is no more thankless task that can fall to the lot of a middle-aged spinster with quiet tastes than that of engineering a young woman of any considerable personal attractions across Europe. The trouble began on the ocean steamer in the shape of a Captain in the United States Navy. At Paris it was a big Frenchman, with a nature like that of a Newfoundland dog; at Marseilles it presented itself under the guise of a dreamy-eyed German; at Rome it was a silvery-tongued Italian; at Naples it concentrated itself in the most violent and virulent form in the person of a young American doctor.

Miss Sutherland was troubled with a cough, an entirely natural and appropriate thing to a young woman who exposed herself in all kinds of weather on shipboard simply to know how the sea looked in a storm. The idea that that cough needed a physician's care was entirely preposterous; but, all the same, we had not been in Naples ten days before Miss Sutherland's lungs were as much an object of solicitude to Dr. Manning as if she had been in the last stages of consumption. What a delightful thing a cough is—one, that is, which is quite sufficiently slight, does not keep the sufferer awake at night, or otherwise interfere with the comfortable progress of existence! There was just enough reality to Miss Sutherland's cough to prevent her undertaking the fatigue of a journey up Vesuvius, but not sufficient to interfere with any number of small excursions to San Martino, Capo di Monte, or anywhere else that might be accomplished within a reasonable number of hours. That cough contributed to Miss Sutherland just the one element of attraction she did not need. The rather firmly set lips took on quite a gentle, piteous expression when the irritated throat was trying to relieve itself by a fit of coughing, a slight fever gave the usually colorless cheeks and clear eyes a brilliancy, and the exhaustion that followed reduced the young lady from her usual attitude of sturdy independence to a most fascinating condition of womanly weakness.

It very soon came to be understood that Miss Sutherland's carelessness in regard to her health, her ignorance and mine also of Neapolitan *patois*, the viciousness of donkeys and the cupidity of guides, made a male escort almost a necessity in the neighborhood of Naples. Whether the necessity grew out of the ready provision to meet it, or the provision out of the necessity, it is not worth while to argue. Judging from the independence of other lady travelers, the former theory seems the more tenable. During the first of these excursions Miss Sutherland had something of a body-guard about her. Three or four hands at least were put out to help her over every rock and up every hight. Presently the number was reduced to one. Dr. Manning had, in fact, assumed the same jurisdiction over the rest of Miss Sutherland's movements that he did over the cough. That ailment had been his especial charge from the beginning, and he seemed to be rapidly assuming the responsibility of whatever else appertained to the young lady. Matters had been in this shape for about a month when it became apparent that something had begun to go wrong. By using the united intelligence and experience that have fallen to my lot, I arrived at the conclusion that as Miss Sutherland had regained her health she desired to discharge her physician. I was not prepared, however, for the manner in which she undertook to do it. The plan was revealed in the simple announcement that she intended to change her quarters to the island of Capri.

Unhappily my relations to Miss Sutherland are such that for me to hear is to obey. I looked at the bleak mass of rock from my window and shuddered, it being February, and the vaunted climate of Italy being in fact as an English May. The effect of the announcement upon me was, however, mild to that which it produced upon Dr. Manning. They were sitting very quietly when it came—she half buried in a big arm-chair, he playing with the tassels of her shawl.

"Agnes!"—it was a daring venture that with her first name—"you are not going over on that bleak rock? It will be absolutely dangerous for you. As your physician I will not allow it."

Now at this moment the doctor had an advantage. Had he pushed it, dainty Miss Sutherland, with her assumptions of dignity and firmly curved mouth, would have yielded that point and the rest. He blundered, for he added, very softly, "Don't go, dear."

I left the room. I always do at this stage. Miss Sutherland is a thorough American in regard to her lovers. An English or a French girl would have fled after me. The young lady in question thought it quite proper that I should retire. The matter in question was quite personal to herself, and required no interference from outside parties. The doctor went on blundering unquestionably; for an hour later, when she came into my room, we had the following conversation:

"Well?"

"Yes."

"Again?"

"I believe so." This with a yarn, after which, to all appearance, her whole attention was given to getting the hair-pins out of her hair.

Capri is a beautiful island. The old Romans had good taste, and Tiberius built twelve villas on it wherein to amuse himself during leisure hours. At the same time middle-aged women will get the rheumatism in damp places. We had not taken more than a dozen donkey rides, ascended Mount Solario and made the trip to Anacapri, when certain twinges in my joints warned me of the probability of being laid up six weeks in a little pension perched on one of the steepest rocks in the Mediterranean. My experienced eyes also informed me that Miss Sutherland was not precisely herself. My diagnosis of the case was soon made out to my own satisfaction. She was trying to live up to the lines of her mouth, and at the same time giving away round the heart. The doctor's stupidity had undoubtedly cost him a rejection. But when a young lady flees to an almost desert island to avoid the proximity of an obnoxious suitor and then spends most of her time gazing across the sea in the direction where he is supposed to be, it may explain the matter perfectly to say that she is admiring Vesuvius; but if it does, the person who accepts the explanation has not much experience of young women.

Is there anything in this world much more excruciating than an attack of inflammatory rheumatism? This was precisely what Miss Sutherland's caprices in regard to her lovers had brought me to. For two weeks I lay upon my bed a hideous mass of red flannel, racked with pain, and hating Capri with the intensity of one of the captives of old Tiberius. During this time Miss Sutherland developed into one of the gentlest nurses that ever took care of the victim of her own imprudence. The process of torture was going on, six weeks being the alleged period for the inflammatory demon to hold sway, when one morning the familiar face of Dr. Manning appeared above my bed. For two minutes I positively lost sight of the pain in my joints to wonder if he had been sent for. Miss Sutherland took the very first opportunity to inform me that he had not. We were indebted for his presence to the fact that some residents of Capri had told him that both the English ladies at the pension were ill, the elder one very ill.

If anything will alleviate the pangs of acute rheumatism it is having two young people about one, both of whom are clearly in love with each other, while each is ready to die rather than make the first sign. The attitude of the doctor was magnificent. He had clearly come to Capri to save if possible the lives of two women imperiled by the abominable willfulness of one. His recovery from the effect of Miss Sutherland's fascinations appeared to be complete. He administered a cough mixture which nauseated the young lady, but took no further interest in her ailments. Me he nursed with an enthusiasm and devotion not to be described. I doubt if any rheumatic spinster in red flannel was ever so cared for before. For four weeks I was the object of the most assiduous attentions from two young people scarcely on speaking terms with each other. At the end of two weeks more I was able to walk about. Another fortnight and I was pronounced able to ride a donkey. By this time it might have been supposed that as Dr. Manning felt no interest whatever in Miss Sutherland, the attendance of a physician might have been dispensed with. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts had just married a man forty years younger than herself, to be sure, but the case was not parallel. Nobody on earth would have imagined for a moment that doctor was in love with me.

There is nothing to do at Capri but make excursions on donkeys. My return to health was to be celebrated by a donkey excursion, and the arrangements for it finally brought out from the doctor that after the day was over he would betake himself to Naples. Up to this time Miss Sutherland's imperturbability had been almost equal to that of her lover. This announcement brought a feverish color to her cheeks, and from the magnificent repose of her usual manner she took to exhibiting what in an elderly woman would have been described as "fidgets."

The objective point of our excursion was the villa of Tiberius that is in the best repair. There is a great choice of them, each one more like a mass of dilapidated brick cellars than the last. We started on a sunny morning, on two of the most obstinate and refractory donkeys that Capri produces. The doctor preferred to walk, which he did by my side. Each donkey was conducted by a peasant woman, with immense ear-rings and no shoes. Now to these creatures had been given the directions by an obliging landlady to take us through the most beautiful portion of the island to the villa. The donkey-woman of Capri is an indescribable mixture of man, woman and beast. They are as strong as men, as loquacious as women, as stupid and obstinate as their own donkeys. In this instance, however, they did as they were bid.

We had been riding an hour or more, Miss Sutherland in advance, and the doctor with his hand on my saddle, exhibiting all the devotion that a young man naturally feels toward a wrinkled spinster of fifty, when there was a halt on the part of the donkeys, and a chorus from the women: "Signora! signora! Val di Matromania; signora! Val di Matromania!"

Miss Sutherland had not caught the words, and indignant at the additional outburst of *patois*, inquired: "What is the matter with them? Is it anything extraordinary?"

I have a wholesome terror of Miss Sutherland's moods, but the doctor had apparently survived his, for he answered, very coolly, "We are apparently upon the verge of the Valley of Matrimony, and the donkey women are calling our attention to the fact."

There was a silence that, under the circumstances, was painful. Miss Sutherland tried to look dignified from the top of her donkey—an impossible thing even for her. The doctor succeeded without trying in looking savagely bitter from his position at the tail of mine.

To relieve the situation I opened Baedeker:

"'The so called Val di Matromania, sometimes called Matrimony by the islanders, descends eastward to the sea at the base of the Tuoro Grande.'"

"Ah," said the doctor, "it certainly does descend eastward."

I went on:

"'The Grotto di Matromania, or Grotto of Mithras, a shrine of the Persian god of the sun, to which one hundred and thirty steps descend—'"

This time Miss Sutherland was ready with a remark:

"We must see the grotto by all means."

I shall always think that it was the peculiarly chilly and disagreeable tone of the doctor's voice that sent Miss Sutherland so precipitately to the brow of the hill. In half a moment she was off her donkey and explaining in her choicest Italian to a group of women and small boys that she would not have either their assistance or their company in descending the ragged steps. The peasants shooks their heads doubtfully and shrieked, half in warning half in fury, at being disappointed of their soldi. The doctor never moved a muscle, and in two minutes more the girl was out of sight. By way of relief to his mind and my own nerves, we began to discourse eloquently on Italian scenery. Finally the subject could not be avoided any longer.

"Doctor," said I, "find out if you can from these women how long it ought to take to descend to that grotto and come back again."

The labor of this investigation was dreadful. The doctor talked and the women screamed. Time enough was consumed to have lost a dozen lives, when he announced as the result of his struggles that Miss Sutherland should have returned long ago.

"Doctor!" I exclaimed, "that girl has broken her neck."

"Well?"

"Well!" I shrieked, "is it possible you don't care anything about it?"

"On the contrary I am rather pleased at such an appropriate denouement. She has broken my heart, nearly lost you your life, and what could possibly be more suitable than for her to finish by breaking her own neck?"

This was a pretty speech from a man in love!

"Will you go down and look for her?"

"Certainly, if you will go with me. We shall probably find her sitting on a rock, politely indifferent to our feelings, and meditating on her next new bonnet."

He positively declined to go unless I went with him. Further solicitude on Miss Sutherland's behalf it was not in Dr. Manning's programme to bestow. Hand in hand, and assisted by a sturdy peasant woman, we scrambled down that horrible precipice. The shrine of the Persian god, a cave with arches and walls of brick, was passed, but no sign of Miss Sutherland's presence.

Presently, looking over a small cliff, we saw the young woman, half sitting, half lying on a rock.

"Is anything the matter?" the doctor called out.

"No, nothing—not exactly." The words were exactly those Miss Sutherland would have liked to utter in her firmest tone. The tone she did utter them in was one that denoted an agony of suppressed pain.

The doctor heard it quite as well as I did, but he did not move.

"Will you come up, or shall I come down to you?"

By this time we could see the white drawn face. The doctor took two steps forward and stopped.

Miss Sutherland, Spartan that she was, had borne all she could bear. Both arms were stretched out, and the weakest kind of a voice answered:

"I cannot come. Come to me."

There was really "nothing—not exactly" the matter with Miss Sutherland but a broken ankle and a dislocated shoulder.

What a piece of work it was carrying her up that dreadful hill! And how ever did we manage to get her back to the *pension* without killing her? Tears stood in the doctor's eyes as he handed her first to one and than the other of the stout peasants that helped him with his burden. That was the only sign of weakness on either part.

The doctor manages his wife; there is no doubt about that. Just precisely what system of discipline was inaugurated among the lemon groves of Capri, when Miss Sutherland's ankle was fully mended and her shoulder settled in its right place, I don't pretend to understand. It is all very well for him, but as for me, when I undertake my next charge, I hope she will be a commonplace young person with red hair and cross-eyed.

A Bright Idea.—Instead of using liquid preparations of acid and ammonia for polishing silverware, which destroys, try Electro Silicon, a perfectly harmless powdered product, producing greatest brilliancy with greatest ease.

The Governor of Washington Territory has signed the woman suffrage bill.

SUNDAY EASY-CHAIR.

THY WORKS ARE LESSONS.

Lord, all Thy works are lessons. Each contains
Some emblem of man's all-containing soul.
Shall he make fruitless all Thy glorious pains,
Delving within Thy grace, an eyeless mole?
Make me the least of Thy Dodona grove;
Cause me some message of Thy truth to bring.
Speak but a word through me, nor let Thy love
Among my boughs disdain to perch and sing.
—[James Russell Lowell.

To do God's will—that's all,
That need concern us; nor to carp or ask
The meaning of it; but to ply our task
Whatever may befall;
Accepting good or ill as He shall send,
And wait until the end.
—[Margaret J. Preston.

All along the pathway of life are tombstones, by the side of which we have promised to strive for heaven.—[D. L. Moody.

To pray against temptations and yet to rush into occasions, is to thrust your fingers into the fire, and then pray they might not be burnt.—[Stecker.

Though there be much of mystery, it is not for us to question the propriety of God's ways, but rather say, "He doeth all things well."—[Young.

A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy, and temperance the best physic.—[Charron.

The greatest works have been done by the units, and I would rather choose the solitary hero in truth than go with the majority to do the evil.—[Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Jr.

The world is simply the threshold of our vast life; the first stepping-stone from nonentity into the boundless expanse of possibility. It is the infant school of the soul. [T. Starr King.

Religion stands upon two pillars, viz: What Christ did for us in His flesh, and what He performs in us by His spirit. Most errors arise from an attempt to separate these two.—[John Newton.

It is a rare friendship that will tell a man his own faults. A man will take almost anything else in hand sooner than he will offend a friend by saying to him, "You are liable, here, to downfall and disgrace," and before a man knows his failings himself everybody else knows them.—[Beecher.

Evolution is simply the doctrine of Divine method in the creation of this world. The old doctrine was that the creation was at once. Evolution says that the Divine method was gradual and slow. "God said let there be light, and there was light"—magnificent poetry, but poor science. Evolution says that myriads of ages intervened before this earth was ripe.—[H. W. Beecher.

Thus saith the maiden Lachesis, the daughter of Necessity: Ye short-lived souls, a new generation of men shall begin the cycle of its moral existence. Your destiny shall not be allotted to you, but you shall choose it for yourselves. Let him who draws the first lot be the first to choose a life which shall be his irrevocably. Virtue owns no master; he who honors her shall have more of her, and he who slights her, less. The responsibility lies with the chooser. Heaven is guiltless.—[Plato.

Not only is your individuality known of God, but so minutely does He know you that He has counted the very hairs of your head, as though they were precious. Every hair is precious. Ah, that figure! I bear in my wallet a little wreath of hair. It was my mother's. It came to me, and I carry it with me, and money could not buy it. Every hair of my mother whispers something to me of comfort and consolation. Often and often, precious beyond silver and gold is a little lock of hair. And God says that the very hairs of your head are numbered. He is tender to that extent. He has an infinite sphere of those delicate attentions and sensibilities which we have cramped and veined with selfishness and imperfection.—[Plymouth Pulpit.

Once the soul, traveling with its spiritual guide, which is Faith, came to a bright, happy land where it was eternal spring, and flowers fairer and purer and far more fragrant than the flowers of earth clothed the land in never-fading beauty. And the land was peopled with the loveliest of the Angel race. They floated among the fair forests, and plucked the sweetest and most beautiful of the flowers; then afar off they wandered through the infinite realms of space, and laid them on the souls of those who were to be taken early to heaven, that they might be more beautiful and angel-like in life. "And this," said Faith, "is the eternal mission of these guardian angels of childhood; and these are they who died too early to sin."—[Selected.

I would not give one moment of heaven for all the joy and riches of the world—even if it lasted for thousands and thousands of years. Good works do not make a Christian, but one must be a Christian to do good works. The tree bringeth forth the fruit, not the fruit the tree. The best name by which we can think of God is Father. It is a loving, deep, sweet, heart-touching name; for the name of father is, in its nature, full of inborn sweetness and comfort. It is not for me to determine whether the danger to the Gospel be greater or less by my life or death. The truth of God is a rock of fear, placed for the falling and rising of many in Israel. The Lord takes up none but the forsaken, makes none healthy but the sick, gives sight to none but the blind, makes none alive but the dead, sanctifies none but sinners, and to all these He is precious.—[Sayings of Martin Luther.

His nature, his character, his promises are still the same. Try and prove if he be not still a God of truth and grace and love. Try if the residue of the Spirit is not with him, and beseech him to pour it forth. Try if his Gospel will not still convince, convert, and save. Try him by humbling yourselves in his sight, and see if he will not lift you up. Try him by more frequent and fervent prayer, and see if he will not cause you to receive till your joy shall be full. Try him by a fresh and full surrender of your heart to him, and see if he will not fill you with love and life and power. Try him by a more diligent use of all the means of grace, and see if he will not cause your soul to delight itself in fatness. And try him by an enlarged liberality, and see if he will not pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it. And in all these respects try him now.—[King's Highway.

Rev. Mr. Savage, of Berkeley, recently said in a discourse upon the growth of Christianity: There are those who flippantly speak of the religion of Jesus as one of the bygone notions of the world, as a relic of a superstitious past, which the world is rapidly outgrowing or has already well nigh outgrown. Such a statement certainly reflects little credit on those who make it, as to their knowledge of facts * * * Let me give a few statistics drawn from the official records of the various Christian denominations in our country: In the year 1800 there were approximating 3,000 Protestant Christian churches in the country. In 1880 there were 97,000, an increase of thirty-two fold. Of communicants in these churches in 1800, there were about 385 000. In 1880, more than 10,000,000, an increase of twenty-seven and a half fold. The population of the United States in 1800 was five and one-third millions; in 1880, over 50,000 000, or an increase of about nine and a half fold. That is, while the population in 1880 was nine and a half times as large as in 1800, the membership of Protestant churches in the country was twenty-seven and a half times as large. Does that look as though the power of Jesus Christ is waning, and the name which God had declared should be above every other name had ceased to be honored? Whatever may be said of the Christian churches or the Christian character of individual men, the undeniable fact remains that in the year 1880 there were living in this country more than 10,000,000 of adult, thinking men and women who, of their own free choice, had professed their faith in the power of Jesus, the Nazarene, and had taken the most solemn vows upon themselves to devote their lives to His service.

Take another series of statistical facts: In the year 1800 there was one communicant church member for every 14 5 of the population. In 1850 there was one church member for every 6.6 of the people. In 1870 there was one for every 5 8, and in 1880 there was one for every 5. Notice the ratio of progress—for it is unmistakably progress. Not simply are there twenty-seven times as many members of Christian churches to-day as there were in 1800, but there are three times as many, or nearly so, in proportion to the number of inhabitants. In other words, church membership has increased three times as fast as the population. In 1800 there was one in every fifteen, in 1880 one in every five. Think for a moment what that means. Marshal the entire population of the United States, and have them pass before you, and one in every five is a member of some Protestant Christian Church; and that is by no means the sum total of those who reverence the name of Jesus. It does not include the thousands and even millions of those who are just over the border lines of church membership, multitudes of whom are Christians at heart. It does not include the millions who are enrolled in the Sunday-schools, a vast majority of whom are old enough to think intelligently on subjects like these, and whose regular presence there attest the hold the gospel story has upon them. It does not include four and one-half millions of the Catholic population of our country, vast multitudes of whom are true, sincere followers of the Lord Jesus.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

A pair of well-kept and well-cared-for hands, white and shapely, is a decided mark of beauty and a very desirable possession. Any mother may give her child tapering fingers if she choose to take the trouble, and those who have suffered from want of a like care, if none others, will gladly take the trouble. A daily pinching, slight of course, while the flesh is soft and yielding, will in time give them the desired shape. A child may be taught to do it herself. Some mothers go so far in their desire to give their daughters beautiful hands as to compel the little ones to wear steel thimbles during their sleep. This is rather heroic treatment, against which the child naturally rebels, but the wise mother pays no heed to the little ebullitions of temper, well knowing that in after days her daughter will rise up and thank her. Mme. Patterson-Bonaparte was the happy possessor of a pair of most beautiful hands, and it is said that the exquisite taper of her fingers was acquired by this same disagreeable practice of wearing thimbles. The first great requisite toward beauty is absolute cleanliness. This can never be attained without the plentiful use of pure, soft water and good soap. Nothing keeps the hands in so good condition as rain water or distilled water; but as these are often unattainable, the next best must be made use of. A bottle of ammonia and a box of powdered borax are indispensable toilet articles. A few drops of one or a tiny bit of the other in the hardest water will make it soft and pleasant to the touch. Neither very hot nor very cold water should be used; tepid water softens and cleanses better than either. Extremes and sudden changes in temperature should be avoided also. Fine white sand—which may be dried and used again and again—poured into the basin and used with the water, will be found very efficacious in smoothing rough places and in removing certain stains which have not become too deeply settled into the pores.

For whitening the hands there are various preparations which may be used without harm. Glycerine, vaseline, cold cream or mutton tallow, well rubbed in, with a pair of old gloves worn over night, will do much to soften and whiten. The white of an egg, with a grain of alum dissolved in it, spread on the hands and wrapped in old linen over night, will, so the chroniclers of Queen Anne's time say, make even soft and flabby flesh firm and clear-looking. Oatmeal and corn-meal, both dry and moist, may be used with good effect. The roughest and ugliest pair of hands may be made smooth and soft, if not white, in one month, if the owner will but see to it that they are well washed in warm water every night, and rubbed with whichever of the simple preparations mentioned best agrees with the skin—one or two applications will discover that—and then incase them in a pair of loose gloves, from which the ends of the finger have been cut.

Now that we have the hands shapely, soft and white, let us turn our attention to the nails. The modus operandi of the professional manicure is as follows: The finger tips are put to soak in delicately colored finger bowls half full of tepid water, slightly scented with perfume. After twenty minutes of patient waiting the operator takes one hand, and, with an ivory blade, or dull pointed steel one, loosens and pushes back the cuticle from the half moon, which in most cases is nearly or quite covered. This is often attended with considerable pain, or at least discomfort; in stubborn cases some manicures use acid, but this is not desirable, as it makes the fingers very sensitive for days. When the flesh is well loosened all the superfluous part is cut away with a tiny pair of curved scissors made expressly for the purpose. The nails are then trimmed to the proper shape. Pointed French ones are considered the latest, but people of the best taste find that an oval-shaped nail, a little longer and about the shape of the finger, gives a better taper to the fingers than the pointed ones. However, that is a matter of individual taste; but no matter what the shape, they must be left to grow quite long. After filing, a chamois polisher and powder are used until they shine beautifully; then comes a thorough washing and brushing in tepid water, and again are they polished with the attendant's bare hand, the oil from the human hand giving a higher degree of polish on finger-nails as well as on wood. This process consumes about an hour, and is rather enjoyable. Many people pay a stated sum quarterly and go to the manicure twice a week, but this is not at all necessary; after they are once well attended to a few minutes' care and attention daily will keep the nails in good order. Every time the hands are washed the flesh should be carefully pushed back with the towel; this will keep it loose and in good shape, and two minutes' rubbing will give them a good polish.—[Dio Lewis Monthly.

Castor Oil for Shoe Leather.—There is one simple article which will render any decently made boot thoroughly impervious. It is nothing more or less than cold-drawn castor oil, "pure and simple." It is best applied before a moderate fire. The boots to be dressed should be clean and dry, and special care should be given to the welt and the tongues and their stitching to the upper leathers. I generally begin by pouring the oil from the bottle all around the welt, so that the angle between the sole and upper leather is quite filled with oil, and then proceed all over the boot, including the edges of the soles, rubbing in with the hand. When one is done, have a turn at the other, and so alternately till you have got in about a tablespoonful and a half to each boot. The tongues, being thinner leather, should be quite saturated. Subsequent dressings will not require so much oil. I have never found anything to touch this as a water-proof dressing; the gelatinous oil seems to effectually stop every pore in the leather. There is another advantage for those who are natty in such matters; the boots will soon take a good (common blacking) polish—so much so that a man may if he likes water-proof his ordinary walking boots for bad weather without spoiling their appearance. With a common walking boot of ordinary thickness, apply the oil all over the sole. Shooting, I wear boots so treated, over thick woolen socks, from eight to twelve hours a day, or more, without feeling the slightest inconvenience in any way—but they have the chilly feeling inseparable from all boots that are oiled in any way.—[London Field.

Harvest Homes.—Undoubtedly the origin of the old custom of harvest homes is to be found in the usages of the Romans, who, at the season of ingathering the crops, worshiped Ceres with most important rites and ceremonies. Until within the past quarter of a century Ceres might be found reproduced upon the harvest fields of all England, whether as in Northumberland and the eastern counties under the guise of a "Harvest Queen," or as in Devonshire as a twisted figure of choice stalks called a "knack," or in Norfolk as a "ben," or in the North as a "kern baby." The harvest homes or "horkey suppers" exactly reproduce, in their temporary conditions of perfect equality between master and servants, the harvest feasts held in the ancient days among the pleasant plains of Campania and under the shadow of the Alps.—[All the Year Round.

If you suffer from looseness of the bowels, Angostura Bitters will surely cure you. Beware of counterfeits, and ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

Brown's Bronchial Troches for Coughs and Colds: "The only article of the kind which has done me good service. I want nothing better."—Rev. R. H. Craig, Otisville, N. Y. Sold only in boxes.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Little Justine.

There's a touch of frost in the crisp, fresh air,
And the trees and hedges are growing bare,
And autumn says "It is my turn now,"
And she strips the leaves from the patient bough.

All in the bright morning comes little Justine
With the prettiest bossy that ever was seen,
But though he's so sleek and handsome a calf,
He has too much will of his own by half.

And he does not like to be led away
From his mother's side in the early day;
Where the little maid's feet so lightly go,
He veers about and he trots so slow.

He'd say, if only the power had he,
"Justine, why couldn't you let me be?
I'd rather go back at once, if you please,
To yonder barn by the poplar trees."

"O milk is good and clover is tough,
And I haven't begun to have breakfast enough:
And I know the pasture you lead me to
Is cold and wet with the frosty dew."

"'Tis a lovely place I shall tether you in,
There are many there of your kith and kin:
You'll not be lonesome, there's plenty to eat,
You must learn to nibble the grass so sweet."

But little Justine, with a merry laugh,
Cries: "Hurry, my beautiful bossy calf!
You will have nothing to do all day
But to sleep and to eat and to frisk and to play."

The wind blows her pretty blue cloak away
From her scarlet skirt and her apron gray,
And ruffles the mass of her yellow hair,
And kisses her cheeks that are rosy and fair.

And she looks so charming and blithe and gay
As she trips so carelessly down the way!
But the bossy hangs back, and "O dear," thinks he,
"Justine, how I wish you would let me be!"
—[Celia Thaxter, in Wide Awake.

Animals That Slide Down Hill.

Jack and his friend Larry were making their way through the woods one winter afternoon to look at a rabbit trap that Jack had set a few days before. As they reached the edge of a little pond they saw something that made them stare at each other with open-eyed astonishment.

At a little distance from them, on a bank slippery as glass, were three small animals which they had never seen before, sliding down-hill on their stomachs, with their short legs stretched straight out behind. They seemed to be taking turns, like little boys on a sliding-pond. They would crawl up the hill, and then go sliding down to the ice and into a hole caused by the escape of the air. This they repeated continually, and seemed to enjoy themselves immensely.

Jack was the first to speak. "Isn't that most extraordinary?" he said, laughing; "and if I am not crazy, those two little fellows at the top of the slide are certainly quarreling about whose turn comes next, just as Joe Dempsey and Pete Crane were doing the other day."

At that moment Larry reached out and broke a twig to get a better view of them. It made a loud snapping noise, and away went the three creatures down the slide into the water, and that was the last to be seen of them.

"Why didn't we shoot them?" asked Jack.

"I never thought of it," said Larry.

"Nor I," said Jack, and they both laughed to think how stupid they had been.

"I wonder what they are? We must hurry home, for it is getting late, and tell grandpa. I have no doubt but that he will be able to tell us all about it."

On reaching home they found the old couple sitting down to tea, not knowing when the boys would be home. They told grandpa all about it.

"Now, what do you call these little animals!" asked Larry.

"Why," said grandpa, clearing his throat, "they are otters. They must have been young ones that you saw. The old ones grow sometimes to be five or six feet long from the nose to the tip of the tail; but they are very sly and are very difficult to catch. They are very expert swimmers, and are always found where there is plenty of trout and salmon, which they feed upon.

"Old trappers say that they are the wisest of animals, being more sagacious than the fox. I have trapped them, and, disguise your trap as you will, the chances are that they will find it out, and get the bait without springing it. They will sometimes even drag it a considerable distance, chain and all. The young ones are very playful, but the old ones are always on guard to protect them, and give the alarm when danger is near.

"Their skins are very valuable, owing to the beauty and fineness of the fur, and the growing scarcity of the animals. Large sums are paid for the skins, which vary in quality, some being much finer than others. Many an otter skin have I sold, and for a good price, for in my young days they were very plenty in this neighborhood. Get that book upon the shelf there back of the clock; it is very worn, but it will tell you all about the otter family, and to-morrow I will take out my old rusty traps and see if I can't catch one for you."—[W. M. Cary in Harper's Young People.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

Who, in Bagdad, does not know the great Djaffar, the sun of the universe? Once upon a time, many years ago, while Djaffar was still a youth, he was walking in the neighborhood of Bagdad.

Suddenly a hoarse cry fell upon his ear—some one was calling for help.

Djaffar was known among his acquaintances by his lofty mind and wise reflection; he had also a compassionate heart, and could rely upon his strength.

He hastened in the direction of the cry, and discovered a feeble old man, who was being forced toward the city walls by two robbers, who intended plundering him.

Djaffar drew his saber and attacked the miscreants; one he slew and the other fled.

The old man fell at his deliverer's feet, kissed the hem of his garment, and exclaimed: "Brave youth, your generosity shall not remain unrewarded. Apparently, I am only a miserable beggar; but that is a delusion. I am no ordinary man. At daybreak to-morrow come to the market-place. I will await you by the fountain, and you shall be assured of the truth of my words."

Djaffar hesitated. "This man certainly appears to be nothing but a beggar; however, who can tell? Why should I not make the experiment?" and he answered and said, "It is well, my father; I will come."

The old man gazed at him and went away.

At daybreak the next morning Djaffar repaired to the market-place. The old man was already awaiting him, leaning against the marble basin of the fountain.

He took Djaffar's hand in silence and led him into a little garden which was surrounded by a high wall.

In the center of the garden a tree of unknown species sprung from the green turf.

It had the appearance of a cypress, but its leaves were of an azure tint.

Three fruits, three apples, hung from the straight and slender twigs; one apple, of medium size, was rather long and milk white; another was large, round, and bright red; the third was small, shriveled and yellowish.

The tree rustled softly, although no breeze stirred. It sounded soft and sad, as if it were made of glass; it appeared to be conscious of Djaffar's presence.

"Youth!" said the old man, "pluck one of these fruits and take heed; if you pluck and eat the white apple you will be wiser than all mankind; if you pluck the red apple and eat it you will become rich as the Jew Rothschild; but if you pluck and eat the yellow apple then you will be agreeable to the old women. Make up your mind without delay; in an hour the fruit will decay and the tree will sink deep into the earth."

Djaffar bowed his head and considered. "What shall I decide upon?" asked he of himself, half aloud. "Were I too wise, life perhaps might disgust me; were I richer than all other men, they would envy me; sooner, therefore, I will pluck and eat the third, withered apple."

He did so, and the old man laughed with his toothless mouth, and said: "Oh, wisest of all youths! You have chosen aright! Wherefore do you need the white apple? You are already wiser than Solomon. Neither do you want the red apple; you will be rich without it, and no one will envy you your wealth."

"Then tell me, venerable father," said Djaffar, trembling with joy, "where the most honored mother of our Chalise—the beloved of the gods—lives."

The sage bowed to the very earth, and pointed out the way to the youth. * * *

Who in Bagdad does not know the sun of the universe, the great and illustrious Djaffar?—[Turgeneff.

A milliner wants to know if, when a vessel is "trimmed," she is not "bound" to sail?—[Yonkers Statesman.

BOYS LEARNING TRADES.

Dr. Frances A. Walker, the efficient and enthusiastic head of the Boston Institute of Technology, is reported to be doing excellent work in the way of inducing many of the boys of that city to become mechanics. The tendency of boys generally in this country, especially during the last twenty-five years, has been in favor of adopting one or the other of what is called the learned professions, and the result already reached is, that with the exception of the clergy the learned professions are all overcrowded, and the law and medicine, which, in the country's earlier days, were broad, straight roads to honor and wealth, are no longer so; indeed, it is only in exceptional cases that they are not the narrowest, crookedest, roughest and longest roads of all to fame or riches. They are filled to overflowing with young men of fair ability, struggling desperately for the bare necessaries of life. But the places which technically educated mechanics should fill are generally empty, for mechanics is not considered a profession, and our boys have preferred failure in a profession to success in the workshop. If Dr. Walker or any other teacher can convince them that mechanics is a certain road to prosperity, and can induce our boys to take to it, he is one of the greatest of public benefactors. Mechanics is just such a road in this country, which is teeming with all sorts of material to be manufactured. It is the highest technical education that is required for the proper development of this great mass of natural wealth, and the mechanics who have that sort of education will for many years find the way to success an easy one. Such a mechanic need not work with his hands, but with his brains; plan schemes, invent and improve machinery, manufactories, railroads, mines, furnaces and forges, and all that results through labor from them. The learned master-mechanic must long be in America the most needed because the most useful of its citizens. That is inevitable when there is so much mechanical work to be planned and done.—[Philadelphia Inquirer.

WHEN A MAN GROWS OLD.

When a man grows old, most pleasures indeed, properly so called, are dead to him; and if, in spite of nature's warning, he will still pursue them, his experience is the reverse of that of Don Juan, who, instead of a spirit found "her frolic grace Fitz Fulke;" he finds them the mere ghosts of his dead follies. There is nothing, for example, more pitiable than any pretensions to gallantry in an old man; let him adopt the role of "heavy father," "benevolent uncle," or whatever best suits his character, but at all events discard that of "lover" once for all. The only possible ground for his retaining it would be that his doing so affords amusement to his fellow-creatures—at the expense, however, of all who wear gray hairs. There is another pleasure just as inappropriate, but to which old age is much more inclined—that of money-getting. It has been said of it, as of whist, that it is the only pleasure that lasts. It may be so—for unfortunately I have never been in a position to test it—but certainly, to the looker-on, nothing can be more contemptible than this piling-up heaps of money upon the verge of the grave. If, as the wit suggested, one could "begin the next world with it," then, indeed, such solicitude would be explicable enough. How little would people then "leave behind them!" How small would be the probate duties! How rare the bequests to missionary enterprise! But since it must all be left, and that so soon, how amazing is the satisfaction derived from its increase! There is an idea among the baser sort of wealthy persons that the more money they can hoard the more "respected" they are; but as a matter of fact they are the more detested for it. "How much have we lived worth?" not "How much shall we die worth?" is the question. The agreement of his fellow creatures about Harpax is quite unanimous on that point. A few folks may be disappointed by the posthumous disposition of his property, but everybody is glad when he dies. Even the hope expressed of his going to heaven is a selfish one. "If Harpax gets there," men say, "then it will be all right for everybody; it must be a club from which no amount of black balls can exclude." On the other hand, under the most favorable circumstances, we feel it would be very unpleasant to meet Harpax again.—[The Cornhill Magazine.

Avenging a Brother.—An Ingouch (a pagan tribe dwelling in the eastern part of the province), being detected by some Russian soldiers at Vladikavkas in the act of driving off a cow, was so severely beaten that, though he contrived with great difficulty to reach his village in the mountains, he shortly afterward died. His remaining brother, taking his rifle, ammunition, and some millet in a bag, set out alone to avenge his death. Arriving by by-paths in the vicinity of Vladikavkas, he took up a position before daylight among the rocks on the hillside, and watched till he saw a Russian soldier at a convenient distance from the lines. After stalking and "dropping" his man, which, being a good shot, he rarely failed in doing, he cut off the ears of the Russian and made for the mountain, where he offered them upon the tomb of his brother, and again returned to prowl around the outposts. In this manner he, in the course of a few months, managed to "pot" three officers and fifteen privates, a tolerable "bag" for one man, armed only with a flint rifle and inferior (home-made) powder.—[Notes on the Caucasus by Wanderer.

Freezing Out Impurities.—Even among the more educated classes there prevails an impression that even if water is contaminated it is purified by freezing. Many experiments have, however, shown the fallacy of this view. In some of these made recently by C. P. Pengra, an American chemist, various organic matters (urea, albumen, etc.) were mixed with water, and the specimens were gradually frozen. A certain amount of purification did take place—the ice containing 30 and even 40 per cent. less organic matter than the unfrozen liquid. But a large amount of the added pollution remained, and the investigator, though expressing surprise that the purification had been as great as it was, says that the experiments afford abundant proof that we ought not to tolerate the indiscriminate collection of ice.—[R. T. Thorne, in Popular Science.

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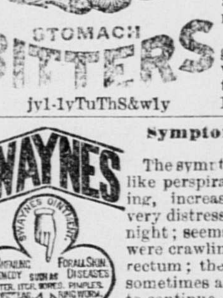

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