BEFORE DEATH.

How much would I care for it, could I know
That when I am under the grass or snow,
The raveled garment of life's brief day
Folded, and quietly laid away;
The spirit let loose from mortal bars,
And somewhere away among the stars—
How much do you think it would matter then
What praise was lavished upon me, when,
Whatever might be its stint or store,
It neither could help or harm me more!

If, midst of my toil, they had but thought
To stretch a finger, I would have caught
Gladly such aid, to bear me through
Some bitter duty I had to do;
And when it was done, had I but heard
One breath of applause, one cheering word—
One cry of "Courage!" amid the strife
So weighted for me with death or life,
How would it have nerved my soul to strain
Through the whirl of the coming surge again!

What use for the rope, if it be not flung
Till the swimmer's grasp to the rock has clung?
What help in a comrade's bugle blast
When the peril of Alpine hights is past?
What need that the spurring pean roll
When the runner is safe beyond the goal?
What worth is eulogy's blandest breath
When whispered in ears that are hushed in death?

No! no! If you have but a word of cheer,
Speak it while I am alive to hear!

[Margaret J. Preston, in Colonial Ballads.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN SNARE.

Residing for a season at the home of a friend, it was the writer's good fortune to be considered worthy of the confidence of various members of the family group. The following story, told to me at that time, is a true one, which I am at liberty to give to the public.

I was but a stripling, about the age of 14, said the narrator, when I was sent to the far West to regain health and strength by change of climate. I was sent to the home of an uncle who had made a fortune in one of the mining regions of Colorado. As years passed on health returned, and though mining was not to my taste—my proclivities being for things above ground—I permitted the money-getting instinct to obtain possession of me, the result of which was that I found myself, during life's first quarter, the fortunate possessor of more capital than many have in their last.

My good uncle, as time passed on, desired me to cast in my lot with him, promised to make me his heir; but the East, where lived my mother and sister, had more of an attraction for me than his prospective millions (besides, I was tolerably sure of them any way). I had but little doubt that my mother, his only sister, who lived in a small cottage near the outskirts of Albany, would prevail upon him to forsake his lonely life, and that eventually he might make one of the home group, who would love him just as much without his nuggets as with them; and if was a fact that twenty years of mining life had not dried up the channels of natural affection with him, nor turned them aside from legitimate objects.

It was perhaps owing to his rich nature, as well as his frank companionship, that I had held aloof from the rougher forms of camp life and had retained my veneration for the Bible and for woman; that I had not felt like sitting in judgment upon the Supreme Being for His methods of government, nor as yet attempted to reason Him out of existence.

Speeding along towards home, I could not but feel a sense of exultation in my superb physical development and also my mental peace, for it is only when the soul is in harmony with its Creator that this *nirvana* can be attained. Doubt is a Medusa's head that interposes its serpent eyes constantly between us and happiness. How would my mother and Mary welcome the wanderer? Mary was but a little girl when I went away. Now she was a woman grown, she should have a taste of life's pleasures, and my mother, dear soul, has done her last stroke of hard work.

The journey proved a most uneventful one until within a few hundred miles from home. From a city in western New York (which shall be nameless) to my destination, Albany, the fates made up for their delay by weaving about me such a network of romance that its toils have held me ever since. I owe it all to a broken car-wheel. This annoying accident delayed us considerably, as our train had to rest on a side track for the passage of the lightning express; then we were removed from the disabled car and crowded together in the other three, until changes could be made.

This change brought me standing near a seat which a young lady occupied alone, but my natural timidity hindered me from soliciting a portion of it, until I observed that she gave a peculiarly feminine but graceful invitation for me to be seated, by gathering together the loose folds of her dress, without, however, so much as a glance in my direction. I accepted the invitation so modestly given and thanked her, but did not presume upon the courtesy by addressing her, though not a motion of head or hand or shoulder escaped me, for she was singularly attractive. I could pursue my study in the mirror ahead of us, for I dared not be obtrusive enough to turn and face her. Once or twice she glanced into the mirror also, but then, of course, my glance was toward the other passengers or out at the darkening landscape. I should be careful not to make her regret her courtesy.

As the shadows deepened, her silence became a little embarrassing. We had passed safely through what might have been a terrible accident. Might she not, at least, recognize that we had escaped from a common peril? But it was plainly not my place to speak first.

This plan presented itself to me. I would step into a smoking-car for a short time. Other cars had now been attached; there was an abundance of room, and I had really no excuse for crowding her. I might find her traveling-bag or her shawl in the place I had left when I came back, and I could take a hint. If she desired to free herself from intrusion, here would be her opportunity. Apparently a night's ride was before us without the convenience of sleepers, for the car was one which usually went through in the daytime. It cost me a good deal of self-denial to make this strategic move, but it might break the silence, at all events, if the seat should be vacant on my return. With chagrin I found that my plan had worked against me. An elderly man with flowing white hair had my place.

I found a place directly behind them. She had been on the lookout for me, for she then said, turning to me with much sweetness:

"If I had not thought you had left the car, I should have *tried* to keep your seat for you."

Could he sit still after that?

I had serious thoughts of electing the old man or asking him to change places, and I mentally decried him for a deaf mute, that he did not at once see that we were acquaintances, and allow me the place at her side. But he was marble.

I however followed up my advantage by offering her a paper, and then feasting my eyes upon her profile for the next 50 miles.

The aged man asked her if he might look at the paper, after she had folded it up, as she was about to hand it back over the seat. She questioned me with her eyes before she gave it, and I answered by a nod. It seemed a tacit recognition of my proprietorship in the sheet, and her desire to consult me. I liked her ways.

He began to make talk. Her answers were monosyllabic.

"What do you think of this for a nice fur?" he asked, stroking a fur cape which I had not seen before.

She did not venture an opinion upon the fur. Yet his years and gray hair entitled him to civility.

"There, draw your fingers through it. Wouldn't that make a nice muff, now?"

"I presume so," she said, with a suppressed yawn. She had not touched the cap.

"I brought that from Alaska with me. No such fur to be had in this region." He went on then and gave her a treatise upon Alaska, revealing the fact (or fiction) that he had been a missionary there, after which she seemed to fear him less, but still kept her own lips mostly sealed. It was a one-sided conversation.

After a while she turned away, very much wearied, and glanced out of the window into the crisp starlight.

"I am very tired," she said, at length, "and would like to lie down. There is so much room now, sir, would you mind letting me have the seat?"

He doubled up a traveling shawl, and threw it over his shoulder.

"I am an old man," he said blandly, "you need not hesitate to lean upon my shoulder. See, this is a good pillow. You would be taken for my daughter."

Before the surprise in her eyes had passed away or the crimson subsided in her cheek, I had said to him gruffly enough, "This lady is my friend; you will find another seat, if you please."

"I am so much obliged to you," she said, turning back to me, with a convulsive quiver of the lip.

"Now, if you will allow me," I said, rolling my ulster into as soft a ball as possible, and laying it at the end of her feet, "just spread your handkerchief over this rough material and you have a very good improvised pillow."

"You are very kind, but I fear you will need the ulster."

"Not in the least. Now you need fear nothing, for that old"—I was about to characterize him roughly—"has gone into another car, and I shall remain in the seat right back of you."

"Do you go all the way to New York?" she asked.

"Albany *was* my destination."

"I must change cars there." I knew the poor girl was unconsciously yielding herself to my protection. I wondered if she had observed the change of tense, for I had resolved to go all the way to New York rather than suffer her to be exposed to insults. I was fully convinced that her whilom companion was a wolf in sheep's clothing. His white hair was a white wig.

She was too much agitated to sleep, though she closed her eyes, as she leaned down on the coat, rough and shaggy as it was. Being tall, I could, without leaning forward, see the delicate contour of her cheek and her wavy brown hair as it fell over the blue-veined temples. She was the picture of health, but had that delicate Northern skin that shows the pulse-beat in the temple veins. She was very quiet for a time, and I thought she slept, but soon I discovered that tears found their way beneath the closed lids. She rapidly brushed them away, and changed her position, to my sorrow, for after that I could not see her face. Feigning weariness, I leaned my head down upon the back of her seat, thus obtaining my former advantage, and was at last gratified by noting that she slept, and that she looked pretty in her sleep. Heretofore I had not thought her beautiful, but sweet and wholesome-looking. I had not thought of her as a young maiden. The homage I had given her was on account of her womanhood. She might belong to Smith or Jones; she might be Mrs. Pleiffer or Plumbago; but as I drank in her peace and repose, and child-like and spiritual beauty (I will admit the fact), I fell in love with her there and then, and said to myself that the world held but one such individual, and that I would be willing to go on to New York, or from there to the ends of the earth, if she would permit me. Sleep? I did not close my eyes. We were steaming along at much too quick a rate. We were drawing too near the terminus. She started up affrighted that sleep had overtaken her, but seeing that I stood guard, she closed her eyes again with a genuine expression of content. She seemed to know that close beside her was one who had constituted himself a "vigilance committee" for her protection.

In a wakeful but half-dreamy state I still kept my vigil, thinking such thoughts as these: She trusts me, and glad am I that my life has nothing to hide from any pure woman's eye. I would protect her through any danger. As all God's children are provided against sudden attack, each by his own special weapons of defense, so He wills that His human creatures, helpless like this one, shall have bulwarks of safety in human friends; and the spirit of Danger is disarmed by the more powerful spirit of Love, or an interest akin to love, as in my case, awakened suddenly for her protection. In other countries such a young lady would have a chaperon. In ours she is just as safe without one. She is protected in most cases by her own purity. I now observed what before had not fallen under my notice, the flash of a diamond pin at her neck. Perhaps the old man desired to possess himself of this ornament when he offered her so convenient a resting-place. I glanced about the car, but saw him nowhere. He must have gone at the last station. Stepping to the door a moment to rouse myself by a sniff of the bracing air, and see if any part of the surrounding country had the familiar look of the olden days, and feeling, moreover, quite secure about my charge, in the belief that the old man had taken his departure, I was not a little surprised to hear, on opening the door to return, a frightened shriek, which brought almost the whole carload of sleepy people simultaneously to their feet.

The young lady had sprung to her feet, and was standing on the seat where I had left her sleeping.

I swept through the crowd, striking right and left at whatever came in my way, and there, crouching down in the seat, I saw the veritable white head.

"I am looking for that fur cap; it is here——" but before he could finish the sentence I had one hand on his coat-collar, the other in his hair, and brought him up by such a sudden jerk that he was well-nigh throttled. But as he held on for dear life to his head, I could not expose the fraud there and then to my satisfaction.

The conductor now appeared, much to my relief for I had observed that this apparent old missionary tried to get his hand down to his side pocket, which no doubt held pistols, one or more, ready for use. Observing this action, I slid both my hands swiftly down his arms, and held them there as in a vice, while the conductor addressed him. But while apparently quiet in my hands, he would have thrown me by a sudden backward thrust both wish foot and hand, which showed him to be more conversant with the ethics of the race-course and the ring than with the mission work which he professed. I held him in this persuasive way while the conductor made a pretense of listening to his story. Then he was induced to pass into another car, for the purpose of further disclosures to this amiable worthy, who was an adept in dealing with "cranks" of all kinds; and we were left alone. I at once took my place beside her. She still trembled.

At last she asked timidly, "Do you think he is insane?"

"No, he is a villain. How did he come to take your seat?"

"Indeed, I cannot tell; he asked no permission, but I did not like to say he could not have it, because he looked so feeble. I think he had lost that fur cap of his, and he seemed to think I had it concealed."

"More likely he coveted that diamond brooch."

"Oh, I forgot!" she exclaimed, suddenly putting her hand to her neck; "I meant to have changed it for another, but came away this afternoon without remembering. Shall I take it off now, and conceal it?"

I could have smiled at her artlessness, but refrained.

"By no means; you are safe now."

"But you only go to Albany, and we are almost there. I am in terror lest I should meet him again."

"I have business that will call me to New York to-morrow. I might as well go on to-night and save time."

"Oh, I thank you!"

Her thanks were so fervent that I did not regret my deception.

"We will be in Albany now in fifteen minutes; if you prefer the seat to yourself I can find another, but I shall be on hand when we arrive."

"Please stay."

She said no more then until the station was reached, and taking my cue from her, I remained silent also.

She should see that her trust in me would not be made the excuse for a foolish garrulity. I drew my overcoat on gently. It had a caressing warmth about it. That delicate cheek had rested upon it. She glanced up at my tall length with such a sweet look of confidence, that I could not control a smile. There was an old-acquaintance sort of feeling gaining place between us.

Arriving at Albany, she quite naturally took my hand as I helped her out of the car, and I quite as naturally placed that gloved hand on my arm, as we passed through the half darkness and the jostling crowd.

We had an hour to wait, and I could have thanked old Father Time, who had hidden his wings. We could not be unsociable here, however we might have been under the restraint of the car.

I dispatched a messenger for a tray of edibles, inwardly thanking those masters of the public who recognize at all hours our human needs. In a few moments we were conversing over cups of coffee and biscuit, and she was passing her judgment upon the merits of a delicate cake called "angel's food." She told me its name, for how could I, fresh from the backwoods, know about these things? But she laughed in a hearty, musical way when I told her that I was glad to find that the waiter had so much discernment as to recognize her proper food.

"I think our missionary has disappeared," she said. "He does not seem to be among this waiting company."

Just as she spoke we heard the clatter of a sharp heel on the stone floor. Both of us looked involuntarily in the direction of the sound, when behold! old white-head, with a police officer at his elbow.

"Ah, the rogue has been captured! That is good," said I. But no; he walked up to us and stopped before us with the words, "This is the person."

"Madam," said the officer, "I must ask you to come with me."

I sprang up and grasped the officer in the clutch of a desperate man. Whitehead stood just beyond my reach.

"What does this mean? You shall not arrest an innocent lady."

"You are an accomplice," he said. "I am afraid I shall have to detain you both."

At once it flashed over me that our "missionary" had made capital out of his gray hairs.

I sprang upon him like a tiger and ripped off the gray wig, casting it down and stepping on it; next came the false beard, without mercy, and he vainly struggled in my grasp, a transformed man. The transformation at once disclosed to the police officer a face that he thought he had seen before. A signal was given and several other members of police were summoned and surrounded him.

As he was marched away, fighting to free himself, the first officer returned to us, making some attempt at an apology.

"We are sometimes liable to mistakes, but we do the best we can. You have done us a great service, but the law will detain you both as witnesses. I am sorry, but I have no choice but to bid you remain a few hours at least. We will try to make you as comfortable as possible. The Delavan is close at hand. You will find comfortable quarters there until you are called upon. I have strong suspicions that this affair has turned out very differently from what that old fellow expected. He thought to divert suspicion from himself, no doubt, by a counter-march against you, and you were too quick for him. Where did he board the car?" I told the name of the city.

"Right. Suspicion points still more strongly. He is, I am almost sure, one of a gang of robbers who entered a house in that vicinity, gagged and tied the inmates, and left them to die; but the people were fortunately rescued. The villains until now had escaped."

"What was the complaint against us?"

"That you or the lady had taken a valuable fur cap. He insisted that it was concealed in your traveling-bag; that he could bring forward proof."

My young lady, with a quick, involuntary motion opened her hand-bag, and lo! there was the identical cap. She threw both bag and cap on the floor in disgust, and shrank from them as if they had been polluted. "I shall never touch the bag again," she said.

"You have been made the victim of some deep-laid design," said the officer; "but he has been caught in his own snare. You shall be called upon just as soon as possible. I regret the circumstances exceedingly," he continued, as I furnished him with my name and the young lady also gave him hers. "In the interest of justice," he said at parting.

"I would wait a week to see the rogue committed," said I, turning to her questioningly.

"We cannot do otherwise now," she replied; "but I must telegraph home. They looked for me before dark, and here it is midnight."

I took her carefully-worded telegram and despatched it. I only feared that it would bring some father or uncle to her rescue, when I desired to continue my position of protector.

Her name, then, was Laura Somerville, and her home was New York city. She had sent the telegram to her father. She evidently was not married, or she would have sent to her husband. So far, so good.

We concluded to walk over to the Delavan, but felt in no hurry about it. It was so near morning we would not rouse the porters any earlier than was necessary. Stepping to the door I noticed that a light snow was falling. The stars were paling before the late dawn of a December morning. Returning, I proposed an early sleigh-ride. Almost to my surprise she consented.

"Indeed," she said, "I cannot have any hesitation when you have been so kind."

I had an idea, and it was this: the sleigh-ride should be in the direction of my mother's residence. On the way I would tell Miss Somerville of my long absence. If she proved willing, we would go there, and thus she would not only come to know my people, but she might be made more comfortable during her detention. I soon had the sleigh and robes in readiness, having left my address where the chief might find it, if we were needed.

Rapidly the sleigh flew over the ground. We met the milkmen with their laden cans and the market sleighs in their early journeys.

We felt unusually merry for travelers who had been up all night, and who had been exposed to dangers seen and unseen. I told her then about my wanderings, as I had intended, and made my appeal.

"By all means," she said, with glad emphasis. "I would not be willing to keep you a moment longer from them."

Both mother and Mary were on the lookout for me, for the second train was overdue, and they had been feeling anxious. Both came down the steps in their hurry to greet me.

"Is this your *wife*, Marshall? Why did you not tell us?" My mother was helping her out, and kissed her with fond welcome before I had time to explain.

A bright blush suffused her cheek and brow. Probably, man as I was, the blush was reflected in my own face, for this was a reception such as I had not thought of; but I soon introduced her, and as I had no prudish maiden to deal with, it was soon laughed over as a good joke. A dainty breakfast was served, and we explained fully then that we were prisoners of the law; and during the meal it transpired that Miss Somerville was the daughter of a New York lawyer. She could do no less than obey Uncle Sam's command with becoming meekness and fortitude.

The result of all was that I did go with Miss Somerville the rest of the journey, and I saw her father on a little matter of business of some moment to us two. He was kindly disposed toward me and referred me to the young lady herself.

Old whitehead was proven to be the man the law was in search of and he was sentenced to State Prison for a long term of years. What his object was in such treatment of such a young lady we could never guess, unless, as the officer hinted, to divert suspicion, but Laura and I can forgive him the part he played that night, since not only was he caught in his own snare, but it was out of this cloud of danger that there flashed my life's guiding star. Within the year Laura Somerville became my wife.

Thus ended my friend's true story, and I give it to the public as he gave it to me.

Jennie Oliver Smith in Brooklyn Magazine.

Bodily health and vigor may be maintained as easily in the heat of summer, as in the winter months, if the blood is purified and vitalized with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Every person who has used this remedy has been greatly benefited. Take it this month.

SUNDAY EASY CHAIR.

"BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US."

The time for toil is past, and night has come—
The last and saddest of the harvest-eves;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened not so much with grain
As with heaviness of heart and brain;—
Master, behold my sheaves!

Few, light, and worthless—yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And staid and toiled till it was dark and late—
Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat;
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves;
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently, and repeat,
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value nor utility;
Therefore shall fragrancy and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew;
For well I know Thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do;
And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

—*E. A. C. Akers.*

There has been for quite a time past a strong contest within the ranks of the Congregational churches at the East concerning the "new theology," for which the professors at Andover, Mass., claim discovery and leading advocacy. It has been variously denominated as "Andover Theology," "the New Theology," "Newest Orthodoxy," "Probation after Death" and "Second Probation Theology," etc. Probably no subject upon which no one absolutely knows anything, and dare not claim that they do, was ever favored and opposed with more satisfied assurances and tenacity than has this been upon both sides. The following by Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of the *Christian Union*, gives with conciseness the different views held upon the point involved and will be of interest:

There are in the Puritan Church three schools of theology: The Old Orthodoxy, the New Orthodoxy, and the Newest Orthodoxy. The Old Orthodoxy holds that God has chosen from eternity an elect number, including certain elect infants, to be saved, and has provided for their salvation; that He has chosen another reprobate number, perhaps including certain reprobate infants, to be eternally lost; that the damnation of the reprobate and the salvation of the elect are equally for His glory; and that the heathen who have never heard of the Gospel are among those chosen for damnation. For it holds that no man can be saved without a knowledge of Christ; that the light of nature or of conscience is wholly insufficient for salvation. We judge from Dr. Patton's recent article in the *Forum* that this doctrine is still held to a greater or less extent in the Old School branch of the Presbyterian Church. But we understand the *Congregationalist* to declare that it is not held among the Congregational churches, and we certainly do not know of any Congregational organ or representative who avows to-day belief in it. It was held and publicly preached fifty, and perhaps twenty-five, years ago. It is held, at least it is preached, no longer. We might almost call it a pefunct Orthodoxy.

The New Orthodoxy holds that Christ died for all men; that the provision of salvation is adequate for all men; that no man will be saved except by means of that provision which has been made for salvation through Jesus Christ; that a knowledge of that salvation is not, however, essential; and that whoever in this life sincerely repents of his sins and seeks forgiveness and a better life, even from an unknown God, will receive eternal life through Christ that will be hereafter revealed to him.

The Newest Orthodoxy agrees with the Old Orthodoxy and with the New Orthodoxy that the human race is a lost race, and that it can be saved only through the provision made for salvation by Jesus Christ, and it agrees with the New Orthodoxy that this provision is adequate for the salvation of all men; but it holds, more or less positively, that a knowledge of this provision is essential, and therefore that a knowledge will be communicated in another life to those who have never received that knowledge in this.

This we believe to be a correct and colorless definition of three schools in the churches of the Puritans—the Old Orthodoxy, the New Orthodoxy and the Newest Orthodoxy. The present discussion in the Congregational churches is between the New Orthodoxy and the Newest Orthodoxy. Neither the "Congregationalist," nor the "Advance," nor any other representative Congregational faith avows a belief in the Old Orthodoxy—that is, a limited salvation for an elect few. What, then, is the difference between the New Orthodoxy and the Newest Orthodoxy? It is this:

The New Orthodoxy believes that every man will be saved who would have believed in Christ if he had known Christ; the Newest Orthodoxy believes that every man will be saved who believes in Christ when he knows Christ. The New Orthodoxy holds that some heathen will be saved by Christ, will know and accept him when they are saved; the Newest Orthodoxy holds that some heathen will know and accept Christ, and will be saved when they know and accept him. And this is all the difference between the New Orthodoxy and the Newest Orthodoxy. Both believe that the heathen are lost and must be saved, if at all, by Christ; both believe that Christ will save some of them; both believe that Christ will be revealed to them hereafter though he has not been revealed here; both believe that the heathen so saved will sing the new song, "Worthy is the Lamb that was Slain." But one school believes that the heathen will be saved first and know Christ afterward, and the other school believes that the heathen will know Christ first and be saved afterward.

TWO SHORT STORIES.

A Knot Problem and a Sewing Contest for a Wife.

In Ireland, many years ago, so the story runs, there lived a tailor famous for his wisdom. He was a fine workman, and had met with such success that not only was he famous for his wise sayings, but for his fine workmanship. He always helped the men of his own trade who appealed to him, and had great influence among them. At last the wise and kindly man fell ill, and was told that he could not get well. He requested that all the tailors in that part of the country be sent for, that he might tell them a secret that would go far toward giving them the success that had attended his life. His wife sent word to the men, and at the specified time they reached the town, in a great state of excitement. At last they were all crowded into the sick man's room. There was a deathly stillness. Some trembled that the secret might never be told, but would die with this man. Many of them shed tears of sorrow, for when this wise man died they would lose a friend that would never be replaced. With different feelings all waited anxiously about the bed. At last the sick man opened his eyes, gazed slowly about, recognized each one. He opened his mouth; all leaned forward breathlessly, that they might catch every word. Slowly, distinctly the words came: "Always put a knot in the end of your thread before you begin to sew. It saves time." And the wise tailor was dead when the sentence was completed.

Here is a story from the *True Flag* which, like the preceding, must teach its own moral:

There was once a tailor who had a beautiful daughter. All the young men from far and near came to visit her because of her beauty. Two rivals sought her one day, and said:

"It is on your account that we have come hither."

"What do you want of me?" she replied, smiling.

"We love you," returned the two young men; "and each of us wish to marry you."

The maiden, being well brought up, called her father, who listened to the two lovers, and then said:

"It is late; go home now, and come again to-morrow, and you shall then know which of you may have my daughter."

At daybreak the next morning the two young men returned.

"Here we are," they cried to the tailor; "remember what you promised yesterday."

"Wait a little," he replied. "I am going to town to buy a piece of cloth. When I return home with it you shall learn what I expect from you."

When the tailor returned from town he called his daughter, and on her appearance he said to the young men: "My children, there are two of you, and I have but one daughter. To whom shall I give her? Whom must I refuse? Behold this piece of cloth; I will cut from it two suits of clothes exactly alike; each one of you must sew one of them, and he who finishes his task first shall have my daughter."

Each one of the rivals took his task and prepared to set about it. The father called his daughter and said to her: "Here is the thread; make it ready for the two workers."

The maiden obeyed her father, and, taking the bundle of thread, seated herself near the young men. But she was as clever as she was beautiful. Though her father did not know which of the young men she loved best, nor the young men themselves, she knew well enough. The tailor went away; the maiden prepared the thread; the young men took their needles and began to sew. To the one she loved, the beauty gave short needlefuls, but to the one she did not love she gave long needlefuls. They sewed and sewed in eager haste. At 11 o'clock the work was not half done, but at 3 o'clock the young man who had short needlefuls had completed his task, while the other had yet much to do.

When the tailor returned, the conqueror brought to him the completed suit, while his rival still sat sewing.

"My children," said the father, "I did not wish to favor one more than another; that was why I divided the cloth into two equal parts and told you, 'He who finished his task first shall have my daughter.' Did you understand me?"

"Father," replied the two young men, "we understood you and accepted the test; what must be, must."

The tailor had reasoned thus: "He who finished first will be the most skillful workman, and consequently better able to support a wife," but he never imagined that his daughter would give long needlefuls to a man she did not wish to marry. Cleverness carried the day, and the maiden really chose her own husband.

A Clever Dog.

A lady living on the North Side is the owner of a very sagacious Newfoundland dog called Don. The other day Don, who quite frequently goes to the grocery or market for his mistress, was sent after a basket of eggs. As he was returning home, carrying his basket with a proud, dignified air, he met a dog against whom he evidently had an old grudge. He set his burden down carefully on the walk; then, giving a bark of challenge, started after his enemy on a dead run. A friend of his mistress, who witnessed this proceeding, picked up the basket and carried it to its proper destination. Meanwhile Don, having vanquished hi foe, returned to the spot where he had left his eggs. On discovering that they had disappeared, he ran around frantically, trying to find them. Finding his effort vain, he sat down and lifted up his voice in a howl of anguish, as visions of his mistress's whip, or at least the loss of his dinner, crossed his mind. Suddenly he started for home at a brisk trot. Sneaking out into the back yard, he picked up an old, discarded basket that lay in one corner of the yard and carried it in and deposited it at the feet of his mistress. He has been taught that when he goes to the grocery for any article they do not happen to have, to return and give a succession of sharp barks. This he proceeded to do, as if to say: "They were out of eggs to-day."—*Chicago Journal.*

A Test for Malaria.

A loving father who, at a summer resort last season, had left behind him four beautiful children, dead of diphtheria, said to me: "That hotel proprietor was as much a murderer as if he had shot my little ones." Yes, dear sir, but you, the guardian, ought to have been armed and equipped against such foes. An hour's intelligent examination of water supply and drainage at a proposed country home would in a large majority of cases prevent the risk of such catastrophe, and might be made before a landlord could object. Take in the dressing-bag an ounce vial of saturated solution of permanganate of potash, which any druggist will prepare for a few cents, and put half a dozen drops into a tumbler of the drinking water supplied. If it turns brown in an hour, it is, broadly speaking, unfit to drink; if not, it is not especially harmful. If a country hotel's sewage system is confined to cesspools within a hundred feet of the house, and near the water supply, take next train to a point farther on. These matters should force themselves on one's personal attention, quite as much as the undertaker's bills that occasionally follow their neglect. *American Magazine.*

Cultivating Coffee.

There is needed a rich soil, plenty of water and perfect shade; for the coffee plant cannot stand direct sun-rays any more than cold. Just before the rainy season, seeds are planted in peculiar diagonal lines, so as to give about ninety trees to the acre, and given over to a farmer's care for five years. He at once plants banana trees beside them, which answer a double purpose of shading the tender growth, and of producing quick returns. Meanwhile, the slower growing bucare, which is permanent, is planted, and by the time the coffee is large enough to bear, is ready to shield it for life. The owner now takes possession of his estate and it begins to yield, continuing for thirty years or more, with an average annual product of ten pounds to a tree. About the middle of March it is in full bloom, bearing a pretty, white, daisy-shaped flower, with half a dozen lanceolate leaves and a delicate vanilla perfume. The fruit or berry, containing two coffee beans lying face to face like chestnuts in a burr, ripens early in autumn, when it is picked, husked, washed, sorted according to size and quality, and sent off to market in sacks of from 125 to 130 pounds.—*Dr. W. F. Hutchinson, in The American Magazine.*

Home-Made Music Stand.—A writer to the Brooklyn *Eagle* suggests the following: "A rack for music or pictures can be made very ornamental in the following manner: Get an ordinary saw-buck, make it perfectly smooth, and then ebonize or gild it. Put on the ebonizing material, which comes in liquid form, with a brush, and then rub smooth with a piece of coarse flannel. Two coats treated in this manner will give it a beautiful finish. A piece of pasteboard is folded together and cut to fit in the top, and this is covered on one side with satin and on the other with plush; the edge of each end is turned in and overhanded together, and plush cord sewed on the edge. Tack it in place. Broad satin ribbons tied in a bow on each side where the pieces of wood cross and small casters are fastened on the legs, so it can be moved about the room easily."

Buttermilk as a Drink.—A great physician once said that if everyone knew the value of buttermilk as a drink, it would more freely be partaken of by persons who drink so excessively of other beverages, and further compared the effects on the system to the cleaning out of an old stove that had been clogged up with ashes that have sifted through, filling every crevice and crack, by saving that the human system is like the stove, and collects and gathers refuse matter that can in no way be exterminated from the system so effectually as by drinking buttermilk. It is also a remedy for indigestion, soothes and quiets the nerves and is very somnolent to those who are troubled with sleeplessness. Its medicinal properties cannot be overrated, and it should be freely used by all who can get it.

"Hope on, hope ever." How many delicate ladies there are who, while they attend to their daily duties, do so with aching heads, a sense of fullness, pain in the back and depressed spirits, who are "only keeping about," as the phrase is. Some day they "go into a decline," and leave their children motherless. To such we would say: "Cheer up." Timely use of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" corrects all female irregularities, weaknesses, and kindred affections easily, pleasantly and quickly.

[For the Record-Union.]

TO MY SISTER.

You ask me, sister, why I'm sad,
While others are so gay—
Why I should weep while others smile,
But ask me not, I pray;
For deep within my aching heart
There rings a parting knell
O'er buried hopes that beamed resplendently
Ere sorrow's blight upon them fell.

Bright, happy thoughts are not for me,
Past joys can ne'er return;
The way through life is marked with care,
While sunlight never comes
To chase life's shadows from my path,
Or sorrow from my brow;
Oh! ask me not why I am sad—
I cannot tell thee now.

And in the coming years I see,
As time speeds on its flight,
No heritage of joy for me,
No blessings of delight.
Deep, dark and dense life shadows rest
Upon my thoughtful brow;
Then ask me not why I am sad—
I cannot tell thee now.

Mrs. Nellie Bloom.

West Oakland, July 20, 1887.

Women Who Write for the Papers.

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, of *St. Nicholas*, is graceful and well dressed. She talks with great vivacity.

Miss Mary L. Booth, editor of *Harper's Bazar*, is rather large. Her complexion is dark, and she is a deliberate talker.

Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, editor of *The Magazine of American History*, is petite, slender and dark. She is a chatty and vivacious talker.

Miss Jennette L. Gilder, the editor of *The Critic*, is tall, dark and masculine in her dress and gait. She has a brusque way of talking.

Mrs. Frank Leslie, owner of her late husband's publications, is slight, graceful and dark. She dresses richly and talks with directness and vigor.

Mrs. S. S. Conant, who is the temporary editor of *Harper's Bazar* during Miss Booth's absence, is rather stout, and dark in complexion. She is a pleasant talker.

Miss Ellen M. Hutchinson, literary editor of the *Tribune*, is small in stature, graceful and has a light complexion. Her conversation is rather cynical than otherwise.

Mrs. David G. Croly, "Jennie June," at present editor of *Godey's Lady's Book*, of Philadelphia, is slight and dark. She is a vivacious talker and has an engaging and expansive smile.

Mrs. Mary A. Bowman, musical critic of the *Sun*, is of medium hight, and a tasteful dresser. Her complexion is neither light nor dark. She is a charming talker and a delightful singer.

Miss Lizzie M. Champney, contributor of stories to juvenile periodicals, is tall and slender. She has a light complexion, and is a graceful and pleasing talker. Her husband illustrates her stories.

Miss Middie Morgan, live-stock reporter for the *Times*, is very tall and slender. Her complexion is neither light nor dark. She dresses with great plainness, and is a delightful talker. She speaks French and Italian with a charming Irish accent.

Mrs. Gertrude Garrison, editor of the American Press Association, is of medium hight, and has a slender, graceful figure. She is inclined to be a blonde in complexion. Her eyes are dark gray. She is decidedly pretty, dresses well, and is probably the best "all around" woman newspaper writer in the profession.

Mrs. Fannie B. Merrill, editor of the *Graphic* supplement, is of medium hight, and inclined to be stout. Her complexion is rosy, her eyes gray and her hair brown. She dresses with remarkable taste, and talks with great spirit. She is very muscular, but uses her strength with great consideration toward her contributors.—*New York Mail and Express.*

The importance of keeping the liver and kidneys in good condition cannot be overestimated. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a great remedy for regulating and invigorating these organs.

Whether from swampy land or stagnant pool, or from the deadly gases of city sewers, malarial poisons are the same. Ayer's Ague Cure, taken according to directions, is a warranted specific for malarial disorders.

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