"Oh! bid me good-by kindly," moaned the girl, "for I am going away."

"What's that for?" asked Siddy, harshly.

"I was ill after I went back to my place last night, and they sent for a doctor, and—and—I haven't felt well ever since I slipped off the ladder when we were cleaning the paint."

"Go on," said Siddy, beginning to divine the reason of those fits of irritability that had often surprised her.

"The doctor says I have strained the muscles of my side, and must have a long rest, and so I am no use here and must make room for some one else."

"And you've no friends in London. I've heard you say so. Where'll you go?"

"The doctor has given me a letter for a hospital. Oh, Siddy! says a kind word to lighten my troubles, for they seem more than I can bear!"

The strong arms of Siddy were thrown round her, and there was silence, till, ashamed of her own emotion, the elder woman began making up the fire and putting on the kettle.

"I can not stay," cried Liz. "I shall lose the train, and they will not keep me at the hotel another night."

"We'll not ask them. You'll bide here. You'll have Ned's room, and I'm going to nurse you well again."

So Liz, her heart heavy, her limbs aching, submitted to be put to bed, and there wept herself into resignation. When Ned wrote—oh! surely he would write, and tell them where he was—she could let him know how penitent she was; and though unequal to hard work, she was clever with her needle, and could find plenty who would be willing to employ her.

Joel was away longer than usual, and at the end of the week he came home sulky. To lose good chances as he had done all through being short-handed had exasperated him, and he growled at his wife, abused the missing Ned, and looked so black at the guest that she was fain to keep out of his way.

Siddy had much to cope with while his ill humor lasted, but she bore with it as the richly deserved punishment of her hasty advice.

In other respects the world went smoothly. The doctor called on Liz and predicted her speedy recovery.

But nothing would lift the load that lay on Siddy's heart, and as she went home down the cliff side with her empty basket she felt weak and spiritless, for the sight of Lizzie's pale face and the sound of the heavy sighs the girl breathed as she sat in the old arm chair with her sewing, were continual reproaches to her hostess.

Mechanically the sorrowing woman looked toward the pretty land-locked bay lying below the rocky ledge on which she was resting. The smack of old Aaron Jones, who had sailed away far beyond where the other fishermen cast their nets, had just come to an anchor, and, borne shoreward by the flowing tide, came the smack's boat with the first installment of finny treasures.

One of the rowers, catching sight of Siddy, greeted her with a lusty cheer. She recognized him in a moment. It was Ned! The report of his having enlisted was a false one, invented by a half-tipsy idler. He had sailed in the Wonder, because in treaty with the owner for a share in his ventures and the opportunity of talking over and clenching the bargain was too good to be missed.

How Siddy laughed and cried in her joy no one ever knew. She kept out of sight till the lovers met and were reconciled, and her first words to Ned were a reproach for not wiping his boots clean.

"If you two'll be said by me," she told the young couple, "you'll get married as soon as you can. And that's the last bit of advice I ever mean to give."

But whether Siddy will keep this resolve remains to be seen.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

A novel plan for raising money has been adopted in a Presbyterian Sunday school in Genesee county, New York. Each member of the school is required on the Sunday next following his or her birthday to place in the contribution box 1 cent for every year of age rolled up.

Huntington, Pa., had a genuine English May day, with a dance on the green arou ne May pole.

THE TIME FOR FRIENDSHIP.

Mr. Beecher Says It is When a man Has Made a Mistake and Cites Grant and Conkling.

Among the visitors at Plymouth Church Sunday morning were Chang, the Chinese giant, and Sig. Remenyi, the violinist. The latter, Mr. Beecher announced, would give a farewell performance at the close of the service "to which," said he, "those who wish to tarry, are affectionately invited to stay, and those who do not, are affectionately bidden to go."

The text of the sermon was "But if any man be overtaken in a fault ye that are spiritual restore such an one in a spirit of meekness. Consider thyself lest thou also be tempted."

"The law of Christ," said Mr. Beecher, "is the law of universal love, and that law requires every man to be interested in every man. It requires us to be in sympathy with men not only when they are doing right but when they are doing wrong. Faults run from a very high pitch to a very low one and I suppose all are included in this exhortation of the apostle. No man ever lived, except one, and no man ever will live but will stumble and fall sometimes; and there is not a man who lives that does not commit faults every day of his life. Everybody, therefore, is dependant upon the good-will and charity of his neighbor, and the command is to return that good-will towards every man that you wish them to restore to you; and it is a part of the grander law, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God and thy neighbor as thyself;' and as to who is your neighbor, the man that has fallen into trouble, whether you know him or not. No preaching. When a man has committed a fault, that is no time to preach to him; he wants balm and quiet.

"We are tolerant of faults whose consequences don't effect us, and we are severe when they do. My line, says one man, 'is speculation, any man that breaks up my line and puts me in peril of bankruptcy I will be severe with Lim.' Tell that man that Mapleson has had trouble with his directors, and he says, 'What do I care? They may eat each other up for all I care, but any man that meddles with money matters of the street I'm thar.' (Laughter.) But that is not carrying out the spirit of Christianity. It is mean, and there is nothing more infidel than meanness: even the devil, I think, looks on meanness with scorn. If there be one thing that is mean it is obsequeousness towards those who are wealthy and powerful. The next morning you learn that they have come down. 'Gone down, has he?' you say, 'Are you sure? Well, now, I tell you I knew how it would be months ago. I told my partner when that thing first came out that I knew that firm would never get along.' Ah, these miserable parasites, these miserable worms: and yet if you go fishing for such in the street you won't have any trouble in filling your basket.

"I think Gen. Grant the most magnanimous man we have ever had. When Conkling expurgated himself from the United States senate the step taken was very much against Gen. Grant's judgment, as was well known; and yet he attempted in every way to befriend Mr. Conkling, and carried this to such an extent that everybody thought he was on Conkling's side; and when he was asked why he did this his reply was characteristic of him, and is worthy to be written in letters of gold. He said, 'When is the time to show a man's friendship, except it be when he has made a mistake?' (Applause.) It is not a time to leave a man when he has blundered and made a mistake; stand by a man in adversity, if you don't stand by him at any other time nor anywhere else. A friendship that is good for anything is that which takes a friend and all his faults. The man that won't take my faults shan't take me. What is Christianity? Not church membership, not a creed, not a historical belief in the Lord Jesus Christ; it is the spirit of Christ, the spirit of forgiving love. A man may be a minister or a theologian or an eminent churchman, but if a man has not the spirit of Christ he is none of his."

At the conclusion of the sermon Mr. Beecher invited Remenyi to the pulpit, but the artist declined, and took his position on the pulpit stairs. He played a beautiful piece of sacred music, which was enthusiastically applauded. Mr. Beecher arose in evident anger and said:

"I am surprised at any such demonstration, I could not be more surprised if one of my prayers to the Almighty should be applauded."

Remenyi closed by playing the national hymn of Hungary, his native land, and no further attempts were made at applause.—*New York World*

Suggestions to Independent Voters.

In an article on "The Use and Abuse of Parties," in the June *Century*, the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden in conclusion says of parties: What, then, is the duty of intelligent and patriotic men respecting them? To this question various answers are given.

"1. Keep out of political life. It is hopelessly corrupt. You can do nothing to purify it. Let it alone.

"This is the argument of despair, lightly urged by many frivolous and faithless souls, but not to be entertained by any patriot.

"2. Vote always, but belong to no party. Join the unorganized mob of Independents; take your place on what Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., calls 'the center of the tilting-board,' and put your votes in every election where they will do the most good—voting always for the best men, or, at any rate, against the worst rascals.

"This is a comfortable way of doing political duty; the practical difficulty is in determining which rascal is the worse. Both are sometimes so bad that it is hard to choose.

"3. Maintain a loose relation to one party or the other, but take no part in the primary meetings, and bolt when they offer you bad candidates or bad measures. The theory is that in this temf-attached condition you will influence somewhat the nominations; that the party managers will be thinking of you when they make up the ticket.

"This, too, is apt to leave the voter simply a choice of too evils. The gentlemen left by you in charge of the primary meetings are not sure to think of you, and if they do, they console themselves with the reflection that the other fellows will probably nominate a worse man than theirs.

"4. Join one party or the other. Go into the caucuses, if you can get in. Take your pluck and your independnence along with you. Tell the gentlemen in charge that you are interested in the success of the party, and that you want to help keep it in a shape in which it will deserve to succeed. Give them distinctly to understand that while you ask nothing for yourself, you intend to take a hand in shaping the party policy and in making the nominations; and that you will be guided in all this by a supreme regard for national interests rather than personal interests. If, in spite of your protests, they make bad nominations, bolt the nominations, and return to the charge the next time, taking with you as many as you can of your well-intentioned neighbors. If you preserve your temper, and use reason, and keep standing up for men and things that are honest and of good report, peradventure they will listen to you at length, and you may succeed in lifting up the standards and in purifying party management.

"This last method appears to me by far the wisest one."

Reform the Bank Presidents.

The proposition to start a society for the reformation of bank presidents is made by the Newark *Evening News*, and it is a move in the right direction.

The whole tendency of modern philanthropy has been to expend itself on the unimportant and insignificant, especially in its reformatory measures.

If some portion of the organized force employed to keep flower-girls from selling violets on Sunday morning were directed to the plucking of an occasional heavy financier as a brand from the burning, we might be said to be getting our philanthropy to work at the roots of a national evil, instead of expending it in picking off here and there an occasional bud of impropriety.

A great deal might be done if the stream of current honesty and intelligence could be directed into the neglected domain of Wall street. Our bank presidents need to be wrestled with affectionately and patiently. They have got to be taught the very valuable lesson that it is measureably as wrong to steal a million as it is to steal a loaf of bread or a set of spoons. Our speculators need the moral lesson brought home to them that, when properly viewed, it is as infamous to rob depositors and to ruin investors as it is to break into one's neighbor's house and take his pocket-book.

They do not possess a clear idea of these things. And how can they when all the reformatory influences and agencies of society are so constantly directed to the awakening and saving of mere flower-girls and murderers? Certainly, bank presidents, great financiers and eminent stock-gamblers are worth saving, and there is something shameful in the way our reformers have overlooked them.—*New York World.*

Grant & Boggs.

The downfall of Grant & Ward, of New York, recalls to some old citizens of vigorous memories the collapse of Grant & Boggs, of St. Louis. That latter business catastrophe came after the failure in farming. Grant, after throwing up his commission in the army, while serving in Oregon, came on to St. Louis, and there was an understanding between his father and his wife's father that he was to be set up as a farmer. Dent agreed to furnish the farm and old Mr. Grant was to stock it. Later on ex-Capt. Grant found himself settled in a log house on the Gravois road. The stock, consisting of a lot of potatoes, came along later in the season. They were unloaded, left on the levee, and froze. This was the start in life Grant got as a farmer. Left to his own development of agricultural tastes, he took to hauling in wood and selling it. It was when the farming experiment had proven a failure and Grant had been refused the appointment of surveyor, for which he made application to the county court, that he moved to the city and went into the real estate and brokerage business. The firm was Grant & Boggs. The junior partner was a relative of Gov. Boggs and also connected with the Dent family. They opened an office on Pine, just above second, and some property was put into their hands. Capt. Frank McGarrahan and other old real estate men remember the firm from attempts at transactions with them and from the utter lack of ideas on business matters which Grant showed. Phil Ferguson, who was then publishing a paper, tells of going to see Grant about the purchase of a job office which had been put in the firm's hands to sell. He found the senior partner not at the office, but after a search, and when he did so it was with no satisfaction. Although they had the property and it was for sale, Grant was unable to present the terms or the condition of the stuff so that the printer could form any conclusion as to what he was trying to buy or what he was expected to pay for it. In short, the senior partner was without business sense. In a few weeks the real-estate and brokerage firm of Grant & Boggs was classed with the past, and the senior went to Galena to join his father in the tantery.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Beet Growing in England.

Farmers in England are taking to beet growing. In Norfolk they have undertaken to grow this season at least 900 acres of sugar beet from selected seed, and on the faith of this an association has been formed, which, long before the beet is ready, will have $100,000 worth of plant on the ground ready to make sugar as fast as the roots come in. The farmer will get $5 a ton for the white beet delivered at the works, and as he can grow from fifteen to twenty tons to the acre, he will, after allowing for heavy manuring and all costs of land, labor, seed and transport, be able to reckon, even in an indifferent season, upon a return of at least $15 an acre.—*Boston Journal.*

Twenty-five years ago the ice consumed in Texas was carried from Boston in sailing vessels, and the people of the interior of the state seldom saw any of it. Now there are ice factories at Denison, Fort Worth, Waco, Austin, San Antonio, Houston, Dallas, and in fact in nearly all the large towns, and the cooling luxury is cheap and common.