

Business Cards.

E. R. WRIGHT, Attorney & Counselor, and Solicitor in Chancery, 41. E. ROSS, M. D., Surgeon & Physician. OZRO MEACHAM, Dealer in Ready Made Clothing. E. W. JUDD, Manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of American and Foreign Marble, Granite Work, Ac. DEV. E. SMITH, Agent for the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. M. H. EDDY, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. H. W. BREWSTER, Dealer in Gold and Silver Watches. M. TRIPP, Sheriff for Addison County. IRA W. CLARK, Attorney & Counselor at Law. THOMAS H. McLEOD, Attorney and Counselor at Law. STEWART & ELDRIDGE, Attorneys and Counselors at Law. DR. S. T. ROWLEY, Eclectic Physician. U. D. TWITCHELL, Wool Broker. CASH PAID FOR BUTTER. J. H. SIMMONS & CO., Dealers in Books, Stationery, Ac. PAINT SHOP. A. J. STYLES, Photographer. DOORS, SASH, & BLINDS. RUTLAND MARBLE WORKS. STATE NORMAL SCHOOL. ON AND AFTER SEPTEMBER 1. FLOUR, GRAIN, AND FEED STORE! NOVA SCOTIA PLASTER! VALENTINE V. CLAY.

Poetry.

From the Messenger. The Hour of Prayer. There is an hour so pure and sweet, From which of men is coming ever, As that which calls me to my rest, The hour of prayer? It is that hour when all is hushed, And every tongue is dumb, When on the wings of prayer upborne, The world I leave. Then pray, O soul, thyself to hush, Then pray, O soul, thyself to hush, Then pray, O soul, thyself to hush, Then pray, O soul, thyself to hush. No words can tell the sweet relief, There for my every woe I find, What strength for warfare, but for grief, What peace of mind. Hushed is each soul, and each soul's ear, No clouds obscure the evening day, And 'neath the pendant tear, In wipal way, Lord! till I reach my blissful shore, No privilege to dear shall be, As 'tho' my heart should be to pour, In prayer to Thee.

The Faded.

She faded, like the summer flower, When parking autumn burns, And no fresh dew, no cooling shower, Scarcely greets to greenness turns; She faded, and I faded too, Death's shadowy net creep o'er me, As dark clouds o'er the bright moon die, But do not pass before her.

Juliet's Courage.

The level sunset light was turning all the little pools along the shining beach into drops of gold. Far off, against the horizon, the great sea seemed to melt imperceptibly into liquid western fire; here and there a white sail gleamed up—man's mark written on the pages of the deep.

Benefits of Advertising.

The Farmers' Telegraph tells the following story: "A Cleveland gentleman informed us last week of his experience in advertising. Two years ago he was interested in the sale of a new material of great utility. He commenced by spending \$200 in two weeks for advertising—and that two hundred dollars brought him \$7,000 of business in about two weeks. He then sold out to other parties who were too careful to spend money for so few sales as purpose as advertising, and in a few months the business sunk to zero, and they began to whimper and make accusations against the original party. He plainly saw that he was not knowing how to do business, and then made them a proposition by which they were enabled to get their money back, or he was to receive nothing for his services. They accepted the proposition. He immediately resumed the work of advertising heavily—spent \$3,000 in that way and in less than seven months their business amounted to \$14,000. He was a thorough convert to the advantages of advertising and every kind of business, if you wish to make it pay. 'Printer's ink is the great motive power of business.' So say all who have tried it."

Western Paper Speaking of the sudden death of a man.

"It was a dreadful blow to the family which consisted of a wife, an adopted son, and a few boarders."

There was no room for Miss Chaloner.

"Mamma! mamma!" wailed the children in chorus, while Mrs. Elton, pale, trembling, and incapable of effort, sat on the floor.

My dear, don't I tell you that Clarence was completely infatuated?

"I don't suppose he would be willing to own that she has a fault in the world; I did talk to him seriously, at one time, about these contemptible little airs and graces of hers."

How do you mean?

"She won't go out on a horseback, because she is so afraid of being thrown; she won't ride, least she should be run away with; she is terrified out of her senses at the apparition of a mouse; and I wish you could have heard her scream the other day, when a spider dropped on her bonnet. I've no patience with such miserably balanced character."

My dear, don't I tell you that Clarence was completely infatuated?

"I don't suppose he would be willing to own that she has a fault in the world; I did talk to him seriously, at one time, about these contemptible little airs and graces of hers."

How do you mean?

"She won't go out on a horseback, because she is so afraid of being thrown; she won't ride, least she should be run away with; she is terrified out of her senses at the apparition of a mouse; and I wish you could have heard her scream the other day, when a spider dropped on her bonnet. I've no patience with such miserably balanced character."

My dear, don't I tell you that Clarence was completely infatuated?

"I don't suppose he would be willing to own that she has a fault in the world; I did talk to him seriously, at one time, about these contemptible little airs and graces of hers."

How do you mean?

"She won't go out on a horseback, because she is so afraid of being thrown; she won't ride, least she should be run away with; she is terrified out of her senses at the apparition of a mouse; and I wish you could have heard her scream the other day, when a spider dropped on her bonnet. I've no patience with such miserably balanced character."

My dear, don't I tell you that Clarence was completely infatuated?

"I don't suppose he would be willing to own that she has a fault in the world; I did talk to him seriously, at one time, about these contemptible little airs and graces of hers."

The New Black Silk.

"I want you to give me some money for a new dress, James, I must have a new black silk. Mrs. Smith has an elegant one that she wore last Sunday."

"Not at all," said Juliet pleasantly. "I'm very fond of children, you know. And I really think, Mrs. Elton, you would find it a very pleasant walk to Bylden's Point."

"Thank you," said the matron, coldly. "It would be altogether too far."

"I'll think of it," said Mrs. Elton; "only if Miss Chaloner should chance to encounter a spider or a field mouse by the road, I won't answer for the consequences."

"Juliet laughed, but she colored nevertheless; her constitutional nervousness was rather a sensitive point in her character."

"Does Clarence believe I'm a coward? or does he believe me guilty of affectation?" she thought, with tears hanging on her eyelashes like liquid diamonds.

"The Lord have mercy on her soul!" solemnly uttered the old man, taking off his cap.

"Where am I?" she murmured. "You here, Clarence? Have we crossed the River of Death, and is this heaven?"

"My dear, don't I tell you that Clarence was completely infatuated?" said Mrs. Elton, with a look of triumph.

"I suppose so," said Harry. "Oh, mamma, won't it be jolly?"

"How bright the golden afternoon slipped away upon the velvet smooth sands of Bylden's Point. Even Mrs. Elton forgot to be spectral, but revealed in the beauty of the far rocks and sapphire firmament, and owned to herself that really Juliet Chaloner was very charming."

"So, Miss Chaloner?" cried Bessie, contentedly dancing about on tiptoes, "the water is creeping all over my shells."

"Don't you see, the tide is coming up," said Harry eagerly. "Stand up on that high point, and take your shells away quick, unless you wish to lose them."

"But, Miss Chaloner," said Helena, wistfully, "the water is ever so high over that narrow neck of land, where we crossed by the old light house; how shall we get back again?"

"How do you mean?" questioned Mrs. Dorsey, rather amused.

"She won't go out on a horseback, because she is so afraid of being thrown; she won't ride, least she should be run away with; she is terrified out of her senses at the apparition of a mouse; and I wish you could have heard her scream the other day, when a spider dropped on her bonnet. I've no patience with such miserably balanced character."

"My dear, don't I tell you that Clarence was completely infatuated?" said Mrs. Elton, with a look of triumph.

"I suppose so," said Harry. "Oh, mamma, won't it be jolly?"

"How bright the golden afternoon slipped away upon the velvet smooth sands of Bylden's Point. Even Mrs. Elton forgot to be spectral, but revealed in the beauty of the far rocks and sapphire firmament, and owned to herself that really Juliet Chaloner was very charming."

"So, Miss Chaloner?" cried Bessie, contentedly dancing about on tiptoes, "the water is creeping all over my shells."

"Don't you see, the tide is coming up," said Harry eagerly. "Stand up on that high point, and take your shells away quick, unless you wish to lose them."

"But, Miss Chaloner," said Helena, wistfully, "the water is ever so high over that narrow neck of land, where we crossed by the old light house; how shall we get back again?"

Still more she needed all she earned.

"I want you to give me some money for a new dress, James, I must have a new black silk. Mrs. Smith has an elegant one that she wore last Sunday."

"Not at all," said Juliet pleasantly. "I'm very fond of children, you know. And I really think, Mrs. Elton, you would find it a very pleasant walk to Bylden's Point."

"Thank you," said the matron, coldly. "It would be altogether too far."

"I'll think of it," said Mrs. Elton; "only if Miss Chaloner should chance to encounter a spider or a field mouse by the road, I won't answer for the consequences."

"Juliet laughed, but she colored nevertheless; her constitutional nervousness was rather a sensitive point in her character."

"Does Clarence believe I'm a coward? or does he believe me guilty of affectation?" she thought, with tears hanging on her eyelashes like liquid diamonds.

"The Lord have mercy on her soul!" solemnly uttered the old man, taking off his cap.

"Where am I?" she murmured. "You here, Clarence? Have we crossed the River of Death, and is this heaven?"

"My dear, don't I tell you that Clarence was completely infatuated?" said Mrs. Elton, with a look of triumph.

"I suppose so," said Harry. "Oh, mamma, won't it be jolly?"

"How bright the golden afternoon slipped away upon the velvet smooth sands of Bylden's Point. Even Mrs. Elton forgot to be spectral, but revealed in the beauty of the far rocks and sapphire firmament, and owned to herself that really Juliet Chaloner was very charming."

"So, Miss Chaloner?" cried Bessie, contentedly dancing about on tiptoes, "the water is creeping all over my shells."

"Don't you see, the tide is coming up," said Harry eagerly. "Stand up on that high point, and take your shells away quick, unless you wish to lose them."

"But, Miss Chaloner," said Helena, wistfully, "the water is ever so high over that narrow neck of land, where we crossed by the old light house; how shall we get back again?"

"How do you mean?" questioned Mrs. Dorsey, rather amused.

"She won't go out on a horseback, because she is so afraid of being thrown; she won't ride, least she should be run away with; she is terrified out of her senses at the apparition of a mouse; and I wish you could have heard her scream the other day, when a spider dropped on her bonnet. I've no patience with such miserably balanced character."

"My dear, don't I tell you that Clarence was completely infatuated?" said Mrs. Elton, with a look of triumph.

"I suppose so," said Harry. "Oh, mamma, won't it be jolly?"

"How bright the golden afternoon slipped away upon the velvet smooth sands of Bylden's Point. Even Mrs. Elton forgot to be spectral, but revealed in the beauty of the far rocks and sapphire firmament, and owned to herself that really Juliet Chaloner was very charming."

"So, Miss Chaloner?" cried Bessie, contentedly dancing about on tiptoes, "the water is creeping all over my shells."

"Don't you see, the tide is coming up," said Harry eagerly. "Stand up on that high point, and take your shells away quick, unless you wish to lose them."

"But, Miss Chaloner," said Helena, wistfully, "the water is ever so high over that narrow neck of land, where we crossed by the old light house; how shall we get back again?"

Planted Strawberry Plants in August.

If a man has strawberry plants in his own garden or conveniently at hand, so that he can select a rainy day for the operation, the fall planting will answer very well. But to send a distance for plants and have to take the chance of having them arrive in good order, and at a time suitable for planting, it becomes a rather uncertain operation. Spring appears to be the proper time for removing such delicate plants, unless one can choose favorable weather for transplanting. We have set out strawberry plants in August, and the next season they produced a moderate crop; but such instances are exceptional, and not common.

"I hope you will pay her well. She looked poor and faded, tired out."

"I paid her all she asked."

"All she asked? What a shameful preparation to hide a shameful meanness. Yet a woman calling herself a Christian and sobbing, and after having been guilty of the same meanness, and thought of it would be hidden, as if it could be. As if it did not stain the soul, pinch the features and hamper the gait. As if the generous Giver of all things would not stamp it everywhere with shame."

"Mrs. Mills' new black silk went to church on Sunday, rustling bravely along the aisle and into every pew, drawing much attention and observation, much to her gratification. In prayer Mrs. Mills bowed her head with an air of solemnity, and the new silk rustled low, but in singing time Mrs. Mills stood up and the silk rustled loud and shone lustrous for the edification of all the vicinity. The clergyman read the words of the apostle:—'I will that women shall adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shame-faceness and sobriety; not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array.' Mrs. Mills never thought that his command was addressed to her. Did anyone else? I wonder who? Why is not this part of the scripture obsolete? Have we not a new Christianity which admits of pride and vanity, self-seeking, unkindness and oppression, or are there very many calling themselves Christians who have never learned of Christ, and are anything but Christians save in name?"

"The husband counted it out—eighty dollars. 'Will that be enough?' he asked in a sarcastic tone, as he handed it to his wife."

"I think so."

"You couldn't possibly spare one dollar to buy some stockings for a poor child, not even if it-foot were freezing? It wouldn't be right. Would it? You must have a new dress, and an eighty dollar one, too. And you couldn't give a dollar to send to the perishing heathen. It wouldn't be your duty."

"How you do talk, James."

"Well, I must, and I suppose it is my poor privilege. If not my duty. But good morning now! It's time to go down town to work."

"Mrs. Mills arrayed herself in showy and expensive garments, and went to the desired dress."

"It was bought and sent home, and the parcel containing it eagerly opened. 'What a glow on Mrs. Mills' face! What a sparkle in her eyes!'

"Isn't it beautiful?" she exclaimed, with such admiration as the angels might have felt in admiration of a new virtue in a stranger child. Had she any idea of the value of virtue! Had she any love for the souls of her fellow-men—this lover of dress?"

"Mrs. Mills had her new silk. And now it must be made. She employed a poor, delicate young dressmaker to make it in her house. It was Friday morning when the poor girl went—a dark and stormy morning, and the way was long. The poor thing had had some trouble about getting her breakfast; and it made her late; she was all of twenty minutes behind time. Mrs. Mills' face was very cloudy, spite of the light that shone up to it from her new and lustrous dress."

"You are very late," was her salutation to the dressmaker: "did the storm delay you?"

"The young girl colored. She did not care to tell the real cause of her delay, and answered:—'Perhaps that hindered me a little. But I can stay after six to make up time.'"

"Do you suppose we can get this dress done to-day?" questioned Mrs. Mills, by way of driving.

"It will depend somewhat on my getting a good deal of work done. I must be done, said Mrs. Mills, 'for I must have it to wear on Sunday.'"

"After a while Mrs. Mills went to her dining room for lunch, a dainty lunch that the cook provided for her daily. She ordered none for her dressmaker; she could wait till dinner-time. Mrs. Mills said to the servant, 'She has no doubt been used to waiting.' Mrs. Mills seemed to have no idea that the command, 'Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you,' was spoken to her. How many are there who do?"

"Does any one say that the lunch was a little thing, not worth mentioning? It might have been and it might not. No one knows what is little to another. Dr. Johnson says:—'Nothing is little to him who feels it with great sensibility.'"

"At last it was made, the long long hours; the lateness of the morning all made up; and Mrs. Mills said that the poor, tired girl was expecting soon to go. Couldn't she get a little more out of her? 'Is the trimming all based on?' she asked. 'You haven't lasted in the sleeves, have you? I can't base on trimming, and I won't know whether the sleeves are in right or wrong, unless you put them in. You said when you came that you could stay awhile to-night, didn't you?'"

"Yes," was the low answer. The girl could stay, but she knew that she was wanted at home, that every minute now would her old mother count as two while she waited for her. But she said nothing, only worked as fast as heraching shoulders and side would let her."

How to Save Corn Fodder.

Much of the value of corn fodder is destroyed by careless handling, even in the districts where they store it for feed. This is especially true of the corn that is cut up by ground, and put in shocks to cure. The curing process goes on safely while it remains in the shock, but the husking begins while the stalks are yet green at the bottom, and the fodder is immediately stacked or carried to the barn and stored in bulk. It soon heats and molds. If, after husking, the stalks are bound up immediately in bundles of convenient size for handling, and put into large shocks of thirty or forty bundles each, they will cure without molding, and make excellent fodder. Or the bundle may be taken directly to the barn, or to an open shed and stored in the same way. The air has free circulation through the interstices of the bundles, and the weathering carried off. Well cured corn fodder is nearly equal in value to hay, and the extra labor of making into bundles will pay. —Farmers' Magazine.

"I hope you will pay her well. She looked poor and faded, tired out."

"I paid her all she asked."

"All she asked? What a shameful preparation to hide a shameful meanness. Yet a woman calling herself a Christian and sobbing, and after having been guilty of the same meanness, and thought of it would be hidden, as if it could be. As if it did not stain the soul, pinch the features and hamper the gait. As if the generous Giver of all things would not stamp it everywhere with shame."

"Mrs. Mills' new black silk went to church on Sunday, rustling bravely along the aisle and into every pew, drawing much attention and observation, much to her gratification. In prayer Mrs. Mills bowed her head with an air of solemnity, and the new silk rustled low, but in singing time Mrs. Mills stood up and the silk rustled loud and shone lustrous for the edification of all the vicinity. The clergyman read the words of the apostle:—'I will that women shall adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shame-faceness and sobriety; not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array.' Mrs. Mills never thought that his command was addressed to her. Did anyone else? I wonder who? Why is not this part of the scripture obsolete? Have we not a new Christianity which admits of pride and vanity, self-seeking, unkindness and oppression, or are there very many calling themselves Christians who have never learned of Christ, and are anything but Christians save in name?"

"The husband counted it out—eighty dollars. 'Will that be enough?' he asked in a sarcastic tone, as he handed it to his wife."

"I think so."

"You couldn't possibly spare one dollar to buy some stockings for a poor child, not even if it-foot were freezing? It wouldn't be right. Would it? You must have a new dress, and an eighty dollar one, too. And you couldn't give a dollar to send to the perishing heathen. It wouldn't be your duty."

"How you do talk, James."

"Well, I must, and I suppose it is my poor privilege. If not my duty. But good morning now! It's time to go down town to work."

"Mrs. Mills arrayed herself in showy and expensive garments, and went to the desired dress."

"It was bought and sent home, and the parcel containing it eagerly opened. 'What a glow on Mrs. Mills' face! What a sparkle in her eyes!'

"Isn't it beautiful?" she exclaimed, with such admiration as the angels might have felt in admiration of a new virtue in a stranger child. Had she any idea of the value of virtue! Had she any love for the souls of her fellow-men—this lover of dress?"

"Mrs. Mills had her new silk. And now it must be made. She employed a poor, delicate young dressmaker to make it in her house. It was Friday morning when the poor girl went—a dark and stormy morning, and the way was long. The poor thing had had some trouble about getting her breakfast; and it made her late; she was all of twenty minutes behind time. Mrs. Mills' face was very cloudy, spite of the light that shone up to it from her new and lustrous dress."

"You are very late," was her salutation to the dressmaker: "did the storm delay you?"

"The young girl colored. She did not care to tell the real cause of her delay, and answered:—'Perhaps that hindered me a little. But I can stay after six to make up time.'"

"Do you suppose we can get this dress done to-day?" questioned Mrs. Mills, by way of driving.

"It will depend somewhat on my getting a good deal of work done. I must be done, said Mrs. Mills, 'for I must have it to wear on Sunday.'"

"After a while Mrs. Mills went to her dining room for lunch, a dainty lunch that the cook provided for her daily. She ordered none for her dressmaker; she could wait till dinner-time. Mrs. Mills said to the servant, 'She has no doubt been used to waiting.' Mrs. Mills seemed to have no idea that the command, 'Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you,' was spoken to her. How many are there who do?"

"Does any one say that the lunch was a little thing, not worth mentioning? It might have been and it might not. No one knows what is little to another. Dr. Johnson says:—'Nothing is little to him who feels it with great sensibility.'"

"At last it was made, the long long hours; the lateness of the morning all made up; and Mrs. Mills said that the poor, tired girl was expecting soon to go. Couldn't she get a little more out of her? 'Is the trimming all based on?' she asked. 'You haven't lasted in the sleeves, have you? I can't base on trimming, and I won't know whether the sleeves are in right or wrong, unless you put them in. You said when you came that you could stay awhile to-night, didn't you?'"

"Yes," was the low answer. The girl could stay, but she knew that she was wanted at home, that every minute now would her old mother count as two while she waited for her. But she said nothing, only worked as fast as heraching shoulders and side would let her."

The Victims of the French Revolution.

A recent number of the Paris Monde newspaper give the following curious statistics:—The French Revolution, which certain writers have set themselves the task of justifying, was not, as they say, the work of the people, who suffered as much or even more than the wealthy from the odious excesses for which they are not made to render them responsible. In the following statistics are eloquent on that point:—Nobles executed, 1278; women of the same class, 750; together, 2028. Nuns, 360; priests, 2135; together, 2495. Females of the laboring classes, 1467; commoners of all conditions, 13,523; together, 15,000. Women of the people killed in Le Vendee, 15,000; children 22,000; together, 37,000. At Nantes the number of Carrier's victims was 32,000, of whom the nobles and clergy formed only a small proportion—namely, 300; drowned 460. In recapitulation we find—commoners or working classes, 83,000; priests and nobles, 6673."

"I hope you will pay her well. She looked poor and faded, tired out."

"I paid her all she asked."

"All she asked? What a shameful preparation to hide a shameful meanness. Yet a woman calling herself a Christian and sobbing, and after having been guilty of the same meanness, and thought of it would be hidden, as if it could be. As if it did not stain the soul, pinch the features and hamper the gait. As if the generous Giver of all things would not stamp it everywhere with shame."

"Mrs. Mills' new black silk went to church on Sunday, rustling bravely along the aisle and into every pew, drawing much attention and observation, much to her gratification. In prayer Mrs. Mills bowed her head with an air of solemnity, and the new silk rustled low, but in singing time Mrs. Mills stood up and the silk rustled loud and shone lustrous for the edification of all the vicinity. The clergyman read the words of the apostle:—'I will that women shall adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shame-faceness and sobriety; not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array.' Mrs. Mills never thought that his command was addressed to her. Did anyone else? I wonder who? Why is not this part of the scripture obsolete? Have we not a new Christianity which admits of pride and vanity, self-seeking, unkindness and oppression, or are there very many calling themselves Christians who have never learned of Christ, and are anything but Christians save in name?"

"The husband counted it out—eighty dollars. 'Will that be enough?' he asked in a sarcastic tone, as he handed it to his wife."

"I think so."

"You couldn't possibly spare one dollar to buy some stockings for a poor child, not even if it-foot were freezing? It wouldn't be right. Would it? You must have a new dress, and an eighty dollar one, too. And you couldn't give a dollar to send to the perishing heathen. It wouldn't be your duty."

"How you do talk, James."

"Well, I must, and I suppose it is my poor privilege. If not my duty. But good morning now! It's time to go down town to work."

"Mrs. Mills arrayed herself in showy and expensive garments, and went to the desired dress."

"It was bought and sent home, and the parcel containing it eagerly opened. 'What a glow on Mrs. Mills' face! What a sparkle in her eyes!'

"Isn't it beautiful?" she exclaimed, with such admiration as the angels might have felt in admiration of a new virtue in a stranger child. Had she any idea of the value of virtue! Had she any love for the souls of her fellow-men—this lover of dress?"

"Mrs. Mills had her new silk. And now it must be made. She employed a poor, delicate young dressmaker to make it in her house. It was Friday morning when the poor girl went—a dark and stormy morning, and the way was long. The poor thing had had some trouble about getting her breakfast; and it made her late; she was all of twenty minutes behind time. Mrs. Mills' face was very cloudy, spite of the light that shone up to it from her new and lustrous dress."

"You are very late," was her salutation to the dressmaker: "did the storm delay you?"

"The young girl colored. She did not care to tell the real cause of her delay, and answered:—'Perhaps that hindered me a little. But I can stay after six to make up time.'"

"Do you suppose we can get this dress done to-day?" questioned Mrs. Mills, by way of driving.

"It will depend somewhat on my getting a good deal of work done. I must be done, said Mrs. Mills, 'for I must have it to wear on Sunday.'"

"After a while Mrs. Mills went to her dining room for lunch, a dainty lunch that the cook provided for her daily. She ordered none for her dressmaker; she could wait till dinner-time. Mrs. Mills said to the servant, 'She has no doubt been used to waiting.' Mrs. Mills seemed to have no idea that the command, 'Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you,' was spoken to her. How many are there who do?"

"Does any one say that the lunch was a little thing, not worth mentioning? It might have been and it might not. No one knows what is little to another. Dr. Johnson says:—'Nothing is little to him who feels it with great sensibility.'"

"At last it was made, the long long hours; the lateness of the morning all made up; and Mrs. Mills said that the poor, tired girl was expecting soon to go. Couldn't she get a little more out of her? 'Is the trimming all based on?' she asked. 'You haven't lasted in the sleeves, have you? I can't base on trimming, and I won't know whether the sleeves are in right or wrong, unless you put them in. You said when you came that you could stay awhile to-night, didn't you?'"

"Yes," was the low answer. The girl could stay, but she knew that she was wanted at home, that every minute now would her old mother count as two while she waited for her. But she said nothing, only worked as fast as heraching shoulders and side would let her."

A STREET IN RIO.—Rio is an old Moorish street full of balconies which project over the roadway, so that lovers living on opposite sides of the street could almost hand their amorous misives across to each other, or if very long-winded steal a favorite space. The houses are generally of two stories, though some have a third, and others stand their long, sloping concave roofs almost to the ground. Scarcely any two are alike, though a similar character prevails all. All are roofed with the red tiles which seem to be exclusively employed for that purpose in Brazil, and the roofs usually project for some distance beyond the walls as an additional protection from the sun and rain. The material employed in these structures is generally granite, but the walls are covered with a kind of coarse plaster or stucco, and in many cases painted in variegated colors. The prevalence of bright tints imparts a cheerful aspect to the street, which otherwise, from its narrowness and the deep shade in which it is involved during the greater part of the day, would wear a gloomy and dismal appearance. In the evening these narrow causeways are lighted by lamps suspended from brackets which are fixed against the walls of the houses, and it is then that they take on their most