Ashtabula Telegraph.

JAMES REED & SON, Prop'rs.

ASHTABULA, : : OHIO.

SUCCESS.

Who wins the race? The boy who strives
For victory solely, and derives
No pleasure from the racer's art,
Nor keen delight to play his part,
But, struggling for his flag or button,
Must bolt his triumph like a glutton?

Who wins the race? The maid who craves
That all her friends should be her slaves?
A warm look here, cold shoulder there,
Now waiting bliss and now despair!
Amid the herd her charms have smitten
Gives one a finger, ten the mitten!

Who wins the race? The man who pours
His every nerve where he adores,
Outstrips his foes as any rate
And gets the maid by efforts great,
So sure on owning that he's blind
To hot or cold, to wet or wind?

The race—who wins it? It is he
Who loses, gains the loftier fee!
O boy, love racing, not the prize;
Love love, sweet girl, not lover's cries;
And, man, far sooner bear a hurt
Than stoop to wrangle for a flirt!

—*Charles DeKay, in June Scribner.*

HALLOWELL'S PRETTY SISTER.

HALLOWELL himself was my classmate at Harvard and is still my good friend; in fact, he and Jack Spenser and I have been cronies from the time of our fitting for college at Exeter until now.

When Spenser reached the eminence of being a Junior he felt himself to be a greater man than ever before or since—a state of mind which I am ready to say is not uncommon in members of that class. At that time he was by far the most grown-up looking of our set, and, from being chief base-ball player and foremost in the riots and frolics of the year before, he seemed to blossom out all at once into a famous ladies' man and something of a dandy. He grew wonderfully particular about his cravats and boots, not to mention the fit of his clothes and the color of his gloves; and that winter of our junior year he went to germans and to the assemblies and parties of every description. We missed Jack; for our old comrade, instead of showing his former interest in the subjects to which we gave our whole attention, showed no satisfaction even at being a Junior, seeming to ignore that conspicuous position entirely. He affected the company of society men in the class ahead, who, in consideration of his size and good manners, position and generosity and congenial tastes, treated him almost exactly as if he were a Senior. We teased him unmercifully, and were much interested in trying to keep track of his flirtations, and managed somehow or other to get the full particulars of his behavior and experiences on almost every occasion, to his annoyance—though he wisely concealed any feeling of this kind as much as possible. We liked him and we missed him, for he seemed to have no time nowadays for a stroll or a frolic in town, and he was almost never to be seen at any of the private spreads sometimes given of an evening. I must add that we almost missed the entertainments which he used to give the year before. His room was decorated with the trophies from the germans and photographs of his young lady friends, and there were always several notes of invitation ostentatiously displayed on the table and mantel. At last, when he had a pair of slippers given him by one girl and a gorgeous sofa-cushion came from another, (neither of which were made up), we almost lost hope of ever regaining his old interest and affection for us. Hallowell, Jack and I had been inseparable during our sophomore year, and Hallowell and I grew sad and angry by turns at being deserted, and finally gave up Jack despairingly and went on with our own fashion of living. Jack was as friendly as ever, and we saw him more or less, of course, though he had little time to spare for us.

Hallowell lived fifty or sixty miles from Boston, in a small country town where his family had a pleasant old place and lived in most charming fashion. His mother was dead, and his father, younger brother and sister had been abroad until within a month or two of the time of which I write, so Dick had spent his vacations with the family of an uncle who lived in New York. He had always spoken of our going to visit him, and it was odd to notice how much interest Jack Spenser manifested in carrying out the old plan, after Hallowell came home from the holiday vacation bringing with him a fascinating photograph of his sister Alice, of whom he seemed very fond, and had always spoken with such enthusiasm that we had frequently accused him of bragging. His room suddenly became much more interesting to Jack Spenser, who had a way of lounging about in an easy chair by the center-table, where the photograph stood in a blue velvet frame, looking at it admiringly; and once he went so far as to borrow it for a day or two. Finally when Hallowell asked us to go home with him to spend Washington's birthday, which came on Monday that year, his satisfaction was great; and Dick confided to me that he didn't believe Spenser cared any thing for going with us, it was only because he should meet Alice.

Just before the visit, a letter came to Dick to say that Mr. Hallowell and the younger brother Tom would be away, but it caused us no sorrow since Miss Hallowell's presence was the pleasure to which we looked forward most; and what could be better than spending a day or two at such a place as we imagined Hallowell's home to be? Fathers and younger brothers could be dispensed with easily.

I was a shy fellow then and half afraid of young ladies, but I also had admired the photograph, and Miss Hallowell and I had exchanged messages through her brother's letters, so it was not exactly like meeting an utter stranger. I must confess that I was a rival to Spenser in my elaborate preparations in the line of gloves and cravats, and I even went to the length of getting a new supply of unreasonably elegant pocket-handkerchiefs and a tight new pair of shoes; and I anxiously asked the advice of Spenser and several other class authorities concerning the relative becomingness of my hat or seal-skin cap. Altogether it was one of the most interesting and important occasions of my life. It seems at least twenty years ago!

Behold us at the station in Boston on Saturday, carrying the neatest of traveling bags, with primly rolled umbrellas! I saw with satisfaction that my collar was exactly the same shape as Spenser's, and Dick confided that he didn't know which of us looked the most of a swell. To tell the truth, we were perfectly satisfied with ourselves. It seemed odd that Dick should appear so unconcerned and act in such a matter-of-fact way; but then one must remember that it was his own sister, after all, whom we were to see, and we rather pitied him for losing so much. We felt that he missed a great deal; other peoples' sisters are always so much nicer than one's own!

It was early evening when we reached our stopping-place, and we were to have a drive of two or three miles. A man was waiting with a handsome double sleigh and pair of horses, and Dick took the reins with an air of delight. I felt a little shaky as we neared the house and as if I had left behind something important, and at last I settled down into a horrible dread that I had left all my new collars in a drawer at college. I could see that Jack Spenser's thoughts were with Miss Hallowell, but being more accustomed to society it evidently caused him no feeling of embarrassment, and he was probably sure of making a good impression. The house looked imposing, as we drove up the avenue, and there was a bright light shining out across the snow from the parlor windows where the shutters had not been drawn, and the big dog bounced down the steps to meet us as some one opened the hall door. Dick ushered us in politely, and after leaving our coats we went into a handsome library to warm ourselves at a bright wood-fire. Dick beamed with happiness, and told the men to tell Miss Alice that we had come, asking where she was.

John said we were to make ourselves comfortable, and added, "She has a very bad cold, Miss Alice has."

"Goodness! that's too bad!" said Dick, and I understood his sorry look, for he had told me she was delicate and often had these horrible colds, which made him uneasy, as there was consumption in the family. "I'll just run up-stairs," said he, and John walked away smiling, after telling us that supper would be ready in a short time, and that the gentlemen would find their rooms ready whenever they chose to go up-stairs. It was gratifying to be called a gentleman, for I had several older brothers and had never dared make any pretensions of being any thing but a boy. Jack took no notice of the compliment, probably being used to it. Looking at him as he stood on the rug before the fire, I had a sudden and great longing to be tall and entirely self-possessed, and was conscious that there was some advantage in being a society man. I looked at my hands which had been much battered by base-balls the summer before, and had suffered recently from crooks and strains in the gymnasium. Dick soon joined us, apparently in a very happy mood. His sister had not expected us so soon and we must therefore wait longer. He looked so glad to be at home again and had such a twinkle in his eyes!

"What a swell you are, Hallowell!" said Jack, admiringly. "This is a stunning house. Why didn't you ever put on airs? Jackson's house won't hold a candle to this, and he is always bragging, and forever lugging in something about the billiard room."

"We have a first-rate table upstairs," said Dick meekly; "we'll have a game after supper. Glad you like the look of things. I hope you'll have a decent sort of time, I'm sure, but I wish father were at home. It's pleasanter here in summer of course; and then the place has gone back every way, having been shut up so long. We'll have no end of fun if you'll come down in summer some time."

Just now we heard a footstep on the stairs, and our hearts beat quicker in anticipation of the lovely vision. Dick jumped up and rushed out into the hall, and we heard a loud kiss and they both laughed and talked a minute, and then Hallowell and the young lady came in. She was pretty and no doubt about it. Tall and slender, with dark eyes and light curly hair and a fresh complexion, and the pleasantest manner which put us at our ease at once. She evidently had a terrible cold and could speak only in a hoarse whisper, and her brother asked about it, and remonstrated with her in a fatherly manner for being out that afternoon in such a bitter cold wind. Supper was ready then, and we were as jolly and hungry a party as ever sat down together. Miss Hallowell did not talk much, but she was full of fun; and we told one story after another, and made ourselves agreeable, while she confessed she never had been hungrier in her life, and she hoped our appetites would keep hers company—to which task they were not unequal.

She devoted herself especially to Spenser—it was no shock to me, for I had supposed she would all the time—and she looked at him a great deal when he was not looking at her. Of course Spenser knew it, and his worst enemy could not have denied that he was a handsome fellow. At last we could eat no more, in spite of much urging and a fourth supply of fried oysters brought in smoking hot.

We went up to the billiard room and tried manfully to go through a game, but the balls were disorderly and we didn't succeed in getting interested; it was evident that Spenser's thoughts were elsewhere, and at last we went down stairs again. Miss Hallowell had gone upstairs with us at first, but had discovered that it was not warm enough and left us. It was such a jolly house to be in; one could not help having a good time. The very atmosphere was suggestive of comfort and late breakfasts and doing as one pleased. There seemed to be no restraint, and every thing was so comfortable and in such capital good taste! The servants whom we saw treated us with respect enough to satisfy even a Harvard Junior, and they seemed as full of fun and good nature as ourselves.

Presently Miss Hallowell called to us to come into the parlor.

"You're not going to leave me to myself all the evening," said she persuasively, "even if I am stupid? Mr. Spenser plays, I have heard, and I know you both sing; can't you give me some music?"

And thereupon Spenser, who was musical and who had a piano in his room at college, was delighted to play for some time, and then we sang some of the new tunes which Miss Alice hadn't heard and some of the old ones which she liked, and then she played for us—first some gay music, and afterward a plaintive tone which made me feel forsaken, and poor Spenser was quite overcome. I shouldn't like to say for certain that he kept his eyes wide open without winking until the tears came; but I happened to be watching him and it looked uncommonly like it. It's too bad to tell you that, for he is one of the best fellows in the world; but he was young and he wished to make a good impression, and he sat with his hand over his eyes looking at Miss Hallowell between his fingers. Such a heavenly look as he gave her when she stopped playing!—and he said so gently that it was just the kind of music that he liked. I had heard Dick say a great deal about her playing, and I must confess that, although I know nothing about it, it didn't strike me as being at all extraordinary. But she looked like a beauty, with the firelight making her eyes seem darker and her hair more golden, and I begged her to play something else. "I wish you could sing," said Dick, with great politeness considering that she was his sister, and then they laughed as if there were some joke, and she answered that she was sorry she couldn't, but he could see how hoarse she was. She left the piano and sat in a low chair in the shadow of a screen, as she complained that the firelight hurt her eyes. Jack moved a chair near hers and they entered upon a long conversation, and finally Dick and I adjourned to the library for a smoke, and talked over our own affairs in sensible fashion. I could see Miss Hallowell as she sat opposite the door; she looked pale and tired, and I began to feel sorry about the cold. She was certainly a very pretty girl, and I remember she had on a very dark blue silk dress with a white ruffle round her throat and a bright yellow gold chain just under it. There was something so pleasant and frank about her!—but sometimes she put on the little ways most girls have in talking to gentlemen—so conscious of themselves, and looking at you with that devoted little smile.

"Jack's in for it, sure enough," said Dick to me in an exultant whisper. "I hoped there'd be a flirtation. Did you ever see any thing done better in all your life?" and he shook with laughter—and then began to talk about something else.

I had no wish to change the subject and said, "I should think he would enjoy her, after having that stuck-up Miss Daneweight for a lady-love." (We somehow had never approved of any of poor Jack's flames.)

"Alice is a good-looking girl," said Dick in a matter-of-fact way. "You aren't hit yourself, are you Phil?"—and then he went on talking about running-jumps and standing-jumps, the giant-swing and other gymnasium affairs, and I wondered why his eyes twinkled so and why he seemed so full of the old Harry. He seemed so glad to be at home, and that made me feel blue, for I couldn't help thinking of my home, which only a year or two before had been broken up and which I missed terribly.

We sat before the fire some time, and at last I began to grow sleepy; for I had got up early that morning to do some studying—a most uncommon piece of behavior on my part—and between that and the journey, the drive and the supper, my eyes kept shutting up. I discovered my miserable state of mind to Dick, who said he was sleepy too and volunteered to keep me company. We listened a minute in the hall, and found that Jack was repeating poetry. He looked up at me in rather a shame-faced fashion when I said good-night to Miss Hallowell, and seemed more ill at ease than I ever had seen him. Dick said in a casual way that he should be down again presently, and we departed.

"Sentimental goose!" said he, when we were half way upstairs. "He'll be made fun of if he goes far on that tack. I said I was coming down again just to start him off. I'm afraid you've had a stupid evening, Phil; but Alice will be all right to-morrow and we'll have no end of fun."

I put in a remark not altogether complimentary to Spenser, for to tell the truth I was a little jealous and had a sense of being left out of sight. When we were in my room, Dick banged the door and rolled over and over on a wide sofa, laughing until he was almost in hysterics. I never had seen the fellow behave so in all the time I had known him. I laughed at first from sympathy, and finally I pounded him on the back and shook him and made him sit up, and then I gave my whole mind to finding out what the matter was.

"Oh, I can't tell you, old boy!" said he, gasping, "but it's such a go! I'm afraid I never can keep it until to-morrow. If we both knew it we should spoil it; but it is such fun, and you shall know to-morrow afternoon—" and my friend sat up and wiped his eyes, and told me if every thing wasn't all right in the room to sing out, and that I should be called for breakfast, and I mustn't tell Spenser that there was any joke coming off. I made another attempt to learn the secret, but Dick scurried away down-stairs in self-defense.

In half an hour or so, when I was just going off to sleep, Spenser opened the door of his room, which was next mine, and was evidently much elated.

"Hallo! you are not asleep?" said he. "Isn't it a larky place? I wish we were going to stay a month"—and he whistled a little, and moved about the room briskly, pulling his dressing-traps out of his traveling-bag.

With a great struggle against jealousy and sleepiness I said, "She is a stunner, isn't she, Spenser?" and he looked grateful for this sympathy and gave me his opinion of Miss Hallowell's charms in a most touchingly confidential manner.

"And the fact is," said he, "she is lonely here, and I don't wonder at it. There are no young ladies near, and she says she has grown up with her brothers. Of course she is awfully fond of Dick, but you know he is a little rough sometimes, and he seems only a boy to her"—and Jack looked at himself in the long dressing-glass as if there was Miss Hallowell's *beau ideal* of what a young gentleman ought to be. "She says she always has wished to see me, ever since Dick used to write about me at Exeter. She knows how to say a nice thing to a fellow, and she means every thing she says; you can tell she is not trying to stuff you. That's Daneweight's fashion."

"Then her sun has set, has it?" I asked, waking up a little.

"Don't be rough," said Jack placidly. "Did you see what stunning rings she wears?"

Next morning we had breakfast late, and had to hurry to get through in time to get to church. Spenser supposed Miss Hallowell was going, and I didn't care to stay at home alone; but when the sleigh came round and we walked out of the library dressed in our highest style, Dick said that Miss Hallowell would not be of the party. Jack evidently wished to stay at home to keep her company, but didn't dare to say so, as Dick seemed to have no such idea, and so we started off ruefully enough; but we had a long drive, and the gait of Mr. Hallowell's black horses proved a great consolation to me if not to Spenser, and we heard a capital sermon. After we came home we had an early dinner, and Miss Hallowell came down looking pale, so that we could tell that the headache had been genuine. Dick took me all over the house and showed me his guns and all his own special treasures, and then we went out to the stables. In the meantime Jack was with Miss Hallowell in the parlor. She had lost her color, and her cold seemed even worse, and I must confess she was not so pretty as she had been the evening before. It was a great disappointment to us that she was ill. Still she was so cordial and bright and kind that one could not help liking her. By and by Dick and I came in, and finding that Spenser was reading aloud we considerately went into the library. It had begun to snow and the wind was blowing tremendously, and there was no prospect of the walk we had been planning; so we took some books and tried to read, and then we began to smoke, Dick having brought out a generous supply of his father's cigars. We talked a little, but it was rather a dull afternoon. We could hear Spenser reading in the parlor; they were sitting in a bay-window out at the farther end. I couldn't help feeling that I was left out in the cold, and then it occurred to me that this was a good chance to find out Dick's secret. I had alluded to it frequently during the day, and he had hushed me and put me off every time. He said, "Wait until evening;" and I thought it was some plan for a trick or frolic, as he had showed marvelous ingenuity in such affairs at college. I was sure of something entertaining, and hoped in my inmost heart that he meant to tease Spenser.

"Come, tell me," said I, persuasively, and he laid down his book with a gleam of fun in his eyes and a doubtful look about the mouth.

"It's a shame it snows. I'm afraid it'll spoil the best of it, but I've a great mind to tell you. It is agony to keep it to myself. How the rascal has managed to keep it up so long I don't see. I haven't dared to look him in the face to-day. Hallo! what's that!"—and I followed him as he sprang to the window and saw a sleigh just coming up to the door. A young lady jumped out and ran up the steps covered with snow, while the man drove away toward the stable. Dick seemed convulsed, and I thought with joy that the *tete-a-tete* would be broken up.

The young lady had come into the hall, but Dick did not go out to receive her, and caught me by the arm and held me fast with a very funny expression.

The young lady called, "Boys! where are you?"—but nobody answered; and then we heard her go into the parlor, and Dick went to join her, dragging me with him.

The new-comer was unmistakably Miss Alice Hallowell herself, and she stood just inside the door, the picture of amazement, looking at the two people who sat at the further end of the room—Jack Spenser with his volume of poems open in his hand, and "Miss Hallowell" (or whoever she might be) in a big easy chair with a footstool and a cushion to lean against, playing with a pink rose-bud in the most sentimentally invalid fashion. I forgot to tell you that Spenser had carried "her" a bouquet of roses from Boston.

"Tom, you wretch!" said Miss Hallowell stamping her foot. "*Tom!* how dare you?"

Tom, with a sweet, tired little smile, put his hand into the pocket of his dark blue silk dress, and took out one of his sister's lace pocket handkerchiefs, which he held to his eyes, and then rose slowly and walked down the long parlor with short steps and a most effective sweep of his long skirts, caricaturing the young lady whom he had so skillfully represented until then. He paused at the door and said, "Good by, boys," in his natural voice, which sounded strangely grum and unladylike.

It was so absurd that even Jack Spenser laughed till he cried, and said he never had seen any thing so capitally done in his life.

He was very good tempered about it, and said he had had no suspicion, though there had been some things which had surprised him which he had supposed were owing to "Miss Hallowell's" being so much with "her" brothers. We had stood for a minute on the piazza before breakfast, and "she" had made a snowball and thrown it at a bird in a most boyish fashion. He had thought "her" hands rather large, and had come to the conclusion that the photograph was somewhat flattering, though he liked "her" very much. We all liked him all the better for owning up so bravely. I do not know whether he bribed Tom to secrecy regarding the conversations which had taken place; at any rate that young person had the grace to be silent.

He came down-stairs presently, wearing his own clothes—a slender, fair-haired boy of fifteen, with a wonderful likeness to his sister. He was at home on a vacation from his boarding-school, where the chief pleasure had been getting up plays, and he had distinguished himself in the young ladies' characters. He had always been a capital mimic since he was a little fellow, and it was surprising, after we had seen a little more of the real Miss Hallowell, to see how cleverly he had imitated her ways. The cold was a reality, and had been a great help to him—for one could not have any suspicions about his having lost his voice and being obliged to talk in a whisper, when he coughed so much.

I must confess that we found the true Miss Alice infinitely more entertaining than the false. The rest of our visit was so merry and we were so charmingly entertained, that we went back to college the most sorrowful persons imaginable, and were homesick at intervals for a month. The storm which began on Sunday was so violent that we were obliged to stay over until Tuesday, and of course we felt great satisfaction and only wished that it had lasted longer. It seemed that a friend whom Miss Hallowell had not seen for a long time was to spend Sunday with another friend who lived ten miles away, and they had persuaded her to stay with them until Sunday evening. When the storm came on she had started sooner, fearing she might be absent another night, and I dare say not feeling quite easy at the thought of leaving her brothers and their guests to their fate. Tom had not gone with his father on account of his cold, and when his sister's absence had been decided upon he had laid his plan.

Jack had not much to say about his society affairs for some time, and finally confessed to me that he was sure that a fellow needed to go into society, but he had rather overdone the thing. He and Hallowell and I were fast friends through our college course and are fast friends still. Jack and I made other visits at the Hallowell's, and perhaps it is no harm to tell you that he and Miss Hallowell are engaged and will be married in the fall. You see all this happened several years ago, and Jack will be through the law school this year.

Hallowell suggested the other day that they ought to ask Tom to be chief bridesmaid. That young man is in college himself now, and it is needless to say that he is one of the brightest lights of a class which is highly distinguished for its array of talent for music and the drama.—*Sarah O. Jewett, in Good Company.*

RICE CAKE.—Eight beaten eggs, a pound of white sugar, half a pound of butter, a pound of rice ground very fine, a little salt, three tablespoonsful of milk and any flavoring liked. Cream the butter and sugar, add the eggs, then the milk and salt, stirring in the rice last. Bake in small pans.

THE estate of the late Charles P. Williams, of Stonington, Conn., is appraised at $2,250,000, probably as large a sum as has ever been presented for probate in that State.

Extraction of Tree Roots by Dynamite.

IN England, dynamite for extracting the roots of trees is largely used. One who has had experience says:

"The tools or implements needed are of a simple description, viz.: an earth auger, which is similar to an old-fashioned wood-auger, two inches diameter at the bit end, about four feet long, and fitted with a slightly hollowed shield or cap, which the operator fits against his chest when boring. This is used for boring holes between the fangs. In addition to this there must be a crowbar, grafting and stock ax. These are all the implements that are required. The operation is as follows: Suppose a large root is to be removed out of the ground, a hole is made with the earth auger, as described above, between two of the strongest fangs; this is put in at an angle, so that the bottom of the hole is as near under the center of the root as is possible. The hole is then charged with a few cartridges of dynamite, according to the size and strength of the root. A primer cartridge containing cap and fuse is then inserted on the top of the charge, and the whole rammed down with loose earth by a wooden rammer. The end of the fuse is then lighted; this explodes the cap, and that in its turn the dynamite, and the whole mass is usually blown out, breaking up the root into convenient pieces for loading up or burning. The fuse is cut off at sufficient length to allow the workmen to get out of danger, the distance being usually from fifty to a hundred yards, according to the strength of the charge. After the charge has exploded seldom any thing remains but a large hole, much resembling the bed of a boiler. I took particular notice that no damage whatever was done to the surrounding trees. We have had nearly four hundred roots out by this process; and with two of our common laboring men, and one man sent by the agent of the Dynamite Company, we have been able to remove from twenty-five to thirty per day of roots, averaging from 1 ft. 6 in. to 4 ft. 6 in. diameter. I find, from careful calculations made, that we have been able to remove the roots in a far more expeditious manner than hitherto, and at from 50 to 60 per cent. less cost. No one need be afraid of using dynamite on the score of its being dangerous; for, with ordinary care, it is, in my opinion, as safe to use as gunpowder."

Choosing a Profession.

DR. HOLLAND and others, who have been discussing the question of how a young man should choose a profession, can profit by the experience of a young man who promised his dying father that he would adopt a profession and that it should be one that his conscience told him he was fitted to fill. The old man died and the son began to consider what profession he should select. At first he though of the medical, but reflection convinced him that he never could go through the ordeal of fitting for it, as he hadn't the nerve to rob a graveyard. Then he thought of the law, but as he became satisfied that he couldn't be friends on the street with the man who, in the court-room, called him a sniveling blackguard and whom he had hinted was an ex-train-wrecker, and moreover as he wasn't good at poker, he gave up that idea. He thought of the stage, but the conclusion that he shouldn't like to be fired at several times a week by the men with whose wives he had flirted, made him feel that he was unfitted for that profession. The church suggested itself. He might be a clergyman. But when he asked himself: "Do you like to play croquet?" conscience compelled him to admit that he detested the game. He was, therefore, unfitted for the church. But at last a happy thought struck him. He did not object to profanity; he was willing to yell at the top of his voice, he enjoyed a scuffle now and then, and he liked to wear diamonds and draw a big salary. The way was open to him to keep his promise to his father by becoming a professional man, and at the same time to do nothing that his conscience told him he was unfitted for. He pitches a curve ball.—*Boston Post.*

Seasonable Hints for Young Ladies.

Now, girls, that you are going to the seaside for the summer, see that you return in the fall without your house-bleached complexions. Never mind a little tan if you can get a permanent blush of pure healthy blood-red on your cheeks with it. You are too much a house plant, and a hot-house plant at that, in the city, and that white face, if not a sallow one, proves it. Your limbs, young ladies—your, in fact, legs—are in far too many cases good for nothing save to help you get in and out of carriages. You can't walk any respectable distance. You laugh at the little, crippled feet of the Chinese women, yet, in point of fact, you are not much better off than they. You are too often crippled in the lungs with tight corsets, in the feet with tight shoes, and all about the waist and shoulders with those beautifully fitting tight dresses, made to wear but not to work in. Some of you are obliged to carry your arms in a position to suit the dress, for the arms must give way to the requirements of the dress and not the dress to the arms. You look well outside, but if a capable, honest doctor should make a truthful report of the condition of your motive, vital and other powers within you, it would be an awful story. Too many of you are really cripples, for a girl may be a cripple without being lame, halt or blind, although to an anatomical eye your gait now, fettered as you are from foot to neck, is very much that of a cripple. And if you go to the seaside only to dress for breakfast, lunch and dinner, only to walk from the hotel door to the beach, and always to be hauled about in a carriage when a mile or two of ground is to be traveled over, you will return cripples. Selah! and see to it and don't you forget it.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Mrs. Goodington's Anniversary Reflections.

"WHENEVER Caravansary Week comes round," remarked Mrs. Goodington, looking over the specs that had become opaque from the tears that filled her eyes, "when Caravansary Week comes round, I can't keep my mind off of poor Daniel. How the dear man used to enjoy it! He was a Utilitarian, you know; but he used to say that every sex had something admirable about it; something that was worth irritating by the others. So he used to go everywhere, listening to one predomination in the forenoon and a third in the evening. And how the good man would talk of degeneration by faith, the vicar's condonement, and all those doctors' things! There's few men like Daniel!" In her abstraction the dear old soul looked hopefully on Tommy, thinking that perhaps he might "peramulate his father," as she expressed it, without noticing that he was cutting out some of the most intricate figures in her school-days' sampler.—*Boston Transcript.*

Religious.

THE UNCHOSEN IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

I stood within the market-place;
The Lord drew nigh,
Chose laborers for His vineyard, but
He passed me by.
I longed that to my hand He would
Some task assign—
Yes, yearned with feverish hope to toil
'Mid tree and vine.

Again, at noon, He came. My lips
Gave joyful cry;
He looked on me one moment—then
Passed silent by.
I would have followed, but my feet
In irons were bound;
And the parched tongue could give for grief
No further sound.

Lone, and with sufferings oppressed,
I longed to die;
Gazed wistful at the chosen toil—
Why might not I?
Oh, privilege to labor, strive,
Be worn and spent!
Oh, blessed to be footsore,
If on message sent!

At eve, amid His laborers,
The Lord drew nigh;
Fain had I kissed His garment's hem
As passed He by.
A pause—His voice I heard give firm,
Yet sweet command:
"Bear him upon the shoulder—yes,
Unloose each hand!"

I lay upon a river's breast—
The Lord was nigh;
His hand my head upbore;
I feared no ill.
But listened to the voice that said,
"Thou'rt not alone;
Thy meekness and thy tender love
To me are known.

"Angels within the market-place
Were ever nigh;
They to thy soul gave patience, as
I passed thee by.
Light were the toilers' pangs to those
Within thy breast.
Bear on, dark waves—bear on
To perfect rest!"

—*Margaret A. Brooks, in Californian Magazine.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

SECOND QUARTER.

June 23—Review of the Lessons.
June 27—Lesson selected by the School.

THIRD QUARTER.

July 4—The Creation ..... Gen. 1:1-3; 2:4-9
July 11—The Fall and the Promise ..... Gen. 3: 1-15
July 18—Cain and Abel ..... Gen. 4: 3-15
July 25—The Covenant with Noah ..... Gen. 9: 8-19
Aug. 1—The Call of Abram, Gen. 11:31, 32; 12 1-10
Aug. 8—Abram and Lot ..... Gen. 13: 1-18
Aug. 15—Abram and Melchizedek ..... Gen. 14: 13-24
Aug. 22—The Covenant with Abram ..... Gen. 15: 1-18
Aug. 29—Abraham's Intercession ..... Gen. 18: 16-33
Sept. 5—Lot's Escape from Sodom ..... Gen. 19: 15-28
Sept. 12—Trial of Abraham's Faith ..... Gen. 22: 1-14
Sept. 19—Review of the Lessons.
Sept. 26—Lesson selected by the School.

Patience.

PATIENCE is better than wisdom: an ounce of patience is worth a pound of brains. All men praise patience, but few enough can practice it; it is a medicine which is good for all diseases, and therefore every old woman recommends it; but it is not every garden that grows the herbs to make it with. When one's flesh and bones are full of aches and pains, it is as natural for us to murmur as for a horse to shake his head when the flies tease him, or a wheel to rattle when a spoke is loose; but nature should not be the rule with Christians, or what is their religion worth? If a soldier fights no better than a plow-boy, off with his red coat. We expect more fruit from an apple-tree than from a thorn, and we have a right to do so. The disciples of a patient Savior should be patient themselves. Grin and bear it is the old-fashioned advice, but sing and bear it is a great deal better. After all, we get very few cuts of the whip, considering what bad cattle we are; and when we do smart a little, it is soon over. Pain past is pleasure, and experience comes by it. We ought not to be afraid of going down into Egypt, when we know we shall come out of it with jewels of silver and gold.

When troubles come, it is of no use to fly in the face of God by hard thoughts of Providence, that is kicking against the pricks and hurting your feet. The trees bow in the wind, and so must we. Every time the sheep bleats it loses a mouthful, and every time we complain we miss a blessing. Grumbling is a bad trade and yields no profit, but patience has a golden hand. Our evils will soon be over. After rain comes clear shining; black crows have wings; every winter turns to spring; every night breaks into morning.

Blow the wind never so fast,
It will lower at last.

If the door shall be shut, God will open another; if the pease do not yield well, the beans may; if one hen leaves her eggs, another will bring all her brood; there's a bright side to all things, and a good God everywhere. Somewhere or other in the worst flood of trouble there always is a dry spot for contentment to get its foot on, and if there were not, it would learn to swim.

Friends, let us take to patience and water-gruel, as the old folks used to tell us, rather than catch the miserables, and give others the disease by wickedly finding fault with God. The best remedy for affliction is submitting to Providence. What can't be cured must be endured. If we cannot get bacon, let us bless God that there are still some cabbages in the garden. Must is a hard nut to crack, but it has a sweet kernel. "All things work together for good to them that love God." Whatever falls from the skies is, sooner or later, good for the land; whatever comes to us from God is worth having, even though it be a rod. We cannot by nature like trouble any more than a mouse can fall in love with a cat, and yet Paul by grace came to glory in tribulations also. Losses and crosses are heavy to bear, but when our hearts are right with God, it is wonderful how easy the yoke becomes. We must needs go to glory by the way of Weeping Cross; and as we were never promised that we should ride to Heaven in a feather-bed, we must not be disappointed when we see the road to be rough, as our fathers found it before us. All's well that ends well; and, therefore, let us plow the heaviest soil with our eye on the sheaves of harvest, and learn to sing at our labor while others murmur.—*John Ploughman.*

The Call to the Nobler Life.

IT was a better thing to be the leader of the people, to become the hammer which should shiver the chains of slavery, to pioneer a herd of serfs into nationality, than to be a Midian shepherd tending Jethro's flocks. It was to this nobler duty God called Moses. Moses tried to dodge the duty through various excuses, but there was for him the plain call into higher service.

We are not shepherds in a Midian desert, but I am sure we are all living lives less noble than we ought. As there was higher service and opportunity for Moses, so is there for us. I do not mean higher in the sense of more conspicuous, but higher in the meaning of becoming larger, rounder, more beautiful, more beneficent, more Christ-like.

We ought to know more than we do. Once, on the New England coast, I asked an old fisherman how many fins a cod has. He could not tell me. He had never thought to notice. His last been catching cod all his life, but the only thing he knew about them was that they were cod—how to bait his hooks for them, the best time and places to catch them, that they were cod and were worth so many cents a pound, was positively all he knew. Yet in that humble craft of his there was a wonderful book of God opened before his eyes, if he would but read it. Fish are more than something to catch and feed on. They are thoughts of God, and it is worth our while to get even a glimmer of a Divine thought. Agassiz spent a large portion of his life in studying the thoughts of God inlaid into a fish-scale. And that fish-scale has been a narrow door into a wide and many-chambered knowledge. I fear that more of us are to be charged with the stupid ignobleness of this fisherman. Every man's occupation ought to be for him a door into large knowledge. Each man's work is for him the best chance and avenue toward the most useful knowledge. Hugh Muller, journeyman mason though he was, found the stones he hewed written all over with the Divine thoughts, and so skilled did he become in reading them that when he read the world listened. The great truth of God dips down into every man's occupation, how humble soever. The clerk who handles goods ought to find a library in them. He ought never to allow himself to look at them with dull eyes, as simply so many things to sell. Why, the method of their manufacture, the place and way of the growth of the rough material, the laws of political economy presiding over their production—those goods are suggestive of all these. And thus, before every man's eyes, God spreads some open books of knowledge and of culture. But too many of us are like the fisherman—handling our goods, exchanging our moneys, making our bargains, building our houses, with dull eyes, careful not that while we work we learn, but careful only that we *catch the fish*, make money, live well, and dream on through life with eyes shut to the wonder and the truth of God.

We ought to be more loving and self-sacrificing than we are. During the late financial crisis in New York I was reading of a most touching incident. She was a washer-woman, living in one of the northern cross streets; weeks in and weeks out straining for sixteen hours a day over the wash-tub. She supported by this hard work a decrepid husband and one child. She lived in a little six-roomed house, four of the rooms of which she rented, and so, with rent and washing, she managed to get along and have a few dollars laid away. Then the financial crisis struck—the rainy day came, terrible with disastrous clouds. Every man of the four who rented her rooms was thrown out of work. Good, honest fellows, with their families around them, facing the problem of a livelihood. Every day they went out with shovel and with basket, wandering the long streets in quest of work, but coming back hopeless. Hopeless? Desperate—but for one ray of light gleaming into their darkness. "I forgive them the rent," says Ann, the washer-woman, "and it's going on five months now. Sure an' they've had but one meal a day for the winter long, and that a little oatmeal. If they made a few pennies shoveling snow now and then, would it be I that would take it and the children starving?" Through those five dark months Ann scrubbed and soaped and wrung; toiled over the hot irons, carried home the heavy clothes-basket, paying the rent for those four families, consecrating to them her little hard-earned capital, keeping those husbands and fathers back from God knows what extremity of reckless despair and crime. How Heaven's brightness gilds and glorifies that humble life. More of such a spirit do we all need surely, amid this toiling, suffering world; more of this sweet distraction from the self and loving attention to those around us. Thus will our lives get into chime with the great heart of Christ and become nobler.

We ought to be stronger than we are. Our wills ought not to be so much like reeds shaken even with the breath of zephyr. We should be steadier in duty. We should be firmer against temptation. We should be most resolute against bad habits. We should be more thoroughly fixed in good habits. We should be more panoplied with a soldierly boldness in our contest for the good against the bad.

Surely as really as he called Moses does God call us unto nobler life. Let us put away our excuses as Moses did at last. Let us heed the call. Let us with him, in the strength of God go forth into the lifted life. God will not fail us. He did not fail Moses. Midian shepherds merely let us be no longer.

"I count this thing to be grandly true
That a noble deed is a step toward God;
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a clearer air and a broader view."

—*Wayland Hoyt, D. D., in Chicago Standard.*

Wrinkles.

"HANDSOME is that handsome does," the old adage says, and it is true, in part, but there are excellent Christian people whose good works testify to their faithfulness, and they are not nearly as handsome as they might be. Their complexion, hair, eyes, features, etc., are all well enough; the trouble is with the expression; it is gloomy, or sour, or fretful, or worried. Is it not a Christian duty for us to take heed how we let our light shine in our faces? Must we go through the world frowning or with mouths drawn down at the corners, and a general look of despondency, as if neither this life or the next one held any sweet promise for us?

The habit of snarling up our faces at every little anxiety or annoyance or the veriest pebble laid on the track of our wills is a common one, and if we would not have horizontal lines and perpendicular lines put in an early appearance on our brows, we must stop it.

There are faces, though, among us that do not come under this condemnation. Some blessed souls are born with broad, calm, sunny natures; their nerves are not awry, they go through life evenly, beautifully, smoothly. Other souls have early got the peace of God within their hearts, and their lives are one harmonious song. How do we feel toward these few sunny faces? We welcome them as we do the first violets in spring time. We seek them out, and are cheered and helped, we hardly know why.

Would it not be a wise expenditure to multiply our mirrors so that whichever way we turn we should meet our own frowning, gloomy, fretful faces? We all know how instinctive a thing it is for us to "clear up" and look our best in our own eyes when we catch a glimpse of ourselves in a mirror; by that means we might break up the habit.

"Don't look so cross," we sometimes hear one say to another, when if the truth were known she does not feel cross in the least; she is in deep thought, or is perplexed; so the miserable habit belies us.—*Mrs. Livingston, in Interior.*