

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY.

Because in a day of my days to come
I shall have a grief to be,
Shall my heart grow faint, and my lips be dumb.

And whatever He sends from day to day,
I am sure that His name is Love;
And He never will let me lose my way
To my rest in His home above.

MY TRIP TO NEW YORK.

On one of the moist disagreeable
days of last March I walked two miles
to the postoffice; not that I expected
anything special, but then one must
go somewhere.

My Dear Martha Bates Perry—You know
as well as I do, that your birthday comes
on the 15th of March. I like to refer to it
in that way. It sounds classical. On that day
you are to receive your legacy from your
great-aunt Perry, if you ask for it, according
to instructions.

I read this letter sitting on the settee
behind the molasses chest in the
postoffice, put it in my pocket, tied
down my veil, drew on my woolen
mittens, and started home in the
teeth of the north wind in about as
dazed a condition as I had ever been
in my life.

"Patty—never mind the legacy—
very likely it isn't worth the price of a
new pair of shoes, but what of that;
it's the going to New York, and the
visit with Marian, and the prince on
the box—and—"

"Oh, I cried—hotly, 'he's a humbug,
anyway I have no faith in him,
and I shall tell Marian so when I write
her; she was always taking up with
humbug—and that's why she took up
with me.'"

"Tell her what you please, only
write her," said Nell, putting over the
potatoes for dinner.

"But the going is only the beginning,"
cried I, throwing myself into
the old chintz-covered rocking chair by
the south window. What an I to do
when I get there? It's all very well
for you, who have seen something
of folks and of places; you've had
two quarters' schooling in Brown
academy, and you know something
to begin with; while I have digged
and delved in this kitchen all my life,
you know I have!"

"It's been pinch here, and pinch there
with all of us, and the only accomplishment
I possess of my childhood's
furnishing is old Meb's warwhoop."

know that you have kept us, body and
soul? You have been mother' (she
stopped a moment with a little choke),
"you have been sister and councilor
and friend, bread and butter, and sunshine,
and life to us all, and I while you
have been all this, what have you done
for yourself? Talk about furnishing—
talk about accomplishment! Patty,
you're a walking encyclopedia and you
know it! No, I won't stop. You
have not lived on the top of the cars
to be sure, but you can repeat more
Shakespeare."

I put my hand over my mouth.
"What good will Shakespeare do me?
It is you who ought to go in my place,
and you shall," cried I, springing up.
"As if I could! Is my name Martha
Bates Perry? Was I the first born,
named from my great-aunt Bates,
legally appointed her successor, to go
to New York on my twenty-first birthday,
and receive in due form whatever
there might be—as you've very well
known all your life?" finished Nell,
springing up and spreading out her
hands.

And so, as the situation seemed to be
forced upon me, I couldn't do any better
than to prepare for it. I mended my
black alpaca dress and sent for a pint
of ammonia to cleanse my old broad-
cloth cloak. I gave Nell minute
instructions about household matters—
how long to boil the beans for Saturday
and how much salt to put in the
brown bread.

"Now, Dame Dueden, please don't!"
said Nell, tossing the fifth pair of
mended stockings into the basket. "I
will take good care, you may be sure,
and don't you forget all about us!"
"Oh, Nell, as if I ever could!"
"Then forget all about the baked
beans and brown bread part of us, and
buy yourself a nice dress and be the
queen you deserve to be."

I looked over at Nell. She had
colled her hair in heavy puffs on the
top of her head and the fringe around
her neck was as white as snow. She
had sat down where the gold from the
west window touched her hair to such
a bronze. No painter could ever hope
to catch it, though I could well believe
he might almost wish to die for it.

After dinner the day before I was
to leave home, I went up into the garret,
broom in hand, and dusted, in-ble and
out, an old horse-hair trunk which had
done duty through two generations of
my ancestors. To cleanse it from the
dust of two decades and drag it to the
light of day, down a tortuous, winding
pair of back stairs to my chamber was
the work of an hour. I had folded a
newspaper in the bottom and had
commenced the unenviable task of packing
when Nell opened the door of my
room. "In the name of all that's human,
what are you doing?"

"Trying to coax my six linen collars,
and as many handkerchiefs to adapt
themselves to the dimensions of this
paper box," I replied, squeezing down
the cover.

Nell stood a moment as if undecided
what to do next, then she suddenly
collapsed in the doorway, and threw
her apron over her head, rocking
herself back and forth, and sending out
peal after peal of laughter.

"When you get ready or recover
yourself," I said, "perhaps you will
be willing to tell me what you are
laughing at."

"That trunk! horse-hair in New
York! Why, Patty, it was that identical
trunk that Mrs. Noah used before
she went into the ark, and it has survived
to this day!"

"Which I regard as a clear illustration
of the survival of the fittest," I
replied, laying in a dress.

"But you know I have a better one,
at least I have one that does not look
quite so much like a mummy case as
that, and to drag that trunk in here,
and lay it figuratively speaking at
your feet, shall be my first—"

I planted myself firmly against the
door. "No, Nell, that trunk is yours,
not mine, you picked berries for that
trunk in the broiling sun, while I—"

that—the only thing that had stood
between us and the poorhouse. Hadn't
I seen my mother's pale face grow
paler every year, till three years before
the first day of winter, she placed in
my arms the little baby for whose life
she gave her own? I accepted the
trust as an older sister's portion, and
henceforth life became to me more
than ever a duty. The only character
that gave any originality to my child-
hood was the Indian woman Meb, who
stroled into my native town without
giving any account of the way she
came, and who after a while disap-
peared mysteriously. But she taught
me the war-whoop of her tribe, and I
had never forgotten it. There had
been times when it had been my
safety-valve.

That night I held Tot longer than
usual lingering over the undressing.
Come what might, I had always given
the child her half-hour every night. It
was her time; I brushed her blonde
curls and sang softly to her. Before
I retired father came stumbling into
my room and placed twenty dollars in
my hand. I wanted to thank him, but
somehow I couldn't speak—words
"stuck in my throat" so, these last
days.

"I suppose you won't hev to pay from
the depot to Richard Remington's
house, though I should rather pay my
way in a respectable manner, than to
be beholden to such a feller as Mary Ann
Bromley describes. Mary Ann Bromley
was allers a high flier, in my opinion,
an' I do hope she won't get you
into trouble with her flighty ways."

He turned to go out, and I opened
the door for him. I think I never
appreciated the sterling integrity of my
father's character as I did at that
minute. One thing that he had said
revealed the true motives of his life.
He was an old man—old and broken
before his years, bowed down, with
their accumulated weight; his hands
were rough with toil, his manners
were not formed after Chesterfield; he
was not always sure of his English, but
thank God, my father was an honest
man. "To pay his way" had been the
rule of his life.

We arrived in New York on time, I
and Mrs. Noah's trunk, my best black
alpaca and my made-over broadcloth
cloak. All I have to say about the
circumstance is, briefly, if I was not
equal to the occasion, Marian Remington
was. I found her as utterly unlike
what I remembered of her as one
woman could possibly be unlike another,
and yet there was the same warm
heart behind it all! If ever mortal
made crooked paths straight
and rough places plain, she did. Every-
thing was delightful to me but the
"Prince," and toward him I did not
relent.

"I am surprised at you, Marian," I
said, "not to see the evil in that man.
If I know anything, I know he is not
to be trusted."

Marian only laughed. "Your judgment
is at fault, my dear. He has been
with us a year, and I have never
had occasion to doubt his honesty; and
for his dinners, you must confess they
are faultless." They certainly were.

My birthday sun rose without a
cloud; March was evidently making up
his mind to settle down to steady,
quiet work. With the old yellow
paper, containing the instructions of
my great-aunt Bates—who, by the
way, I had never seen—Marian and I
made our way without any trouble
to the place designated. "A more anti-
quated spot could not be found in New
York," said Marian, as she lifted the
heavy brass knocker. "I wonder it
has not fallen or pushed aside, ages
ago."

Judge of my surprise when, all
preliminaries having been arranged, I
was made the recipient of a square
tin box! whatever it might contain it
had no weight to speak of, there was
no jingling, no rattling, no moving
from one side to another. It was as
empty as air, and light as a feather.
There was no key to unlock it, no
word accompanying it. On our way
home Marian ordered the "exille" to
stop at Mr. Remington's office, and
there in the midst of a profound stillness,
save for the squeaking of the
rusty hinges as they yielded to Mr.
Remington's "open s'um," guiltless
of wrappings or adornment of any
kind, we solemnly drew forth a brown
stocking bag—we turned it inside and
out, held it up to the light of day,
opened it this way and that—there
was nothing else—not even as much
as a ball of yarn or a skein of thrums.

Then we went home, Marian and I.
We did not laugh much, we certainly
did not cry; the whole thing seemed
so like the freak of imbecility it was
pitiable, but I was glad that I nor
any of my family had ever built any
air castles over my legacy, that we had
never stopped in our busy whirl to
give it a thought. When got to my
room I opened my horse-hair trunk,
and deposited it, tin box and all,
safe in the bottom.

It was a thud in my room that
awoke me. I cannot describe it by
any other word. It was not a foot-
step—it was not the turning of a key,
or the grating of a file in the lock,
or the opening of a door. It was not
outside or in the wall, but right in my
room. So perfectly did I possess my-
self, when I awoke, that I was able
instantly to locate myself and my
belongings. As I lay perfectly
still, I heard a clock striking
the hour of "two"—the dead hour of
the night. Presently, there was a
little stir, as of the moving of cautious
feet on the carpet, toward my bed. I
was able then to locate the stand. My
trunk stood in the corner of the room,
near the door leading to the hall. I
had looked this door when I retired,
but the intruder must have picked his
way there, for the room had no other
access. Whoever he was, he was mak-
ing his way straight for me. What
could I do? I thought of my poor old
father and Nell, and the boy—of Tot
asleep in her warm bed, of what I had

meant to do for the night. I thought
of my old home, and of the cozy corner
where I used to sit and read in the
afternoons, of my books and my be-
longings. This had occupied but a
second, but in it I had lived years. A
little far from the bed! He was there,
then.

Marian's room was separated from
mine by a double wall. If I screamed
she might not hear me. Was there
nothing, then, nothing? I lifted a
silent prayer for help and the answer
came like a flash.

It was the accomplishment I re-
ceived from old Meb that saved me.
I concentrated all my strength in
one wild whoop. It was enough to
wake all the sleeping Indians west of
the Mississippi. Something clicked
against the bedpost and somebody
rushed out of my room, hitting his
feet against my trunk at the door,
with more noise and less ceremony
than he had observed in entering.

"You have had a terrible night-
mare," said Marian, shivering all over.
"I thought every red-skin that ever
lived was flourishing a tomahawk over
my defenseless head—I hope I've got
my scalp left."

"Marian, how did you get into my
room?"

"Found the door wide open—lucky
that your door was not locked, though
Rick would have burst the door to
have reached you."

"Is there anything under my bed?"

"Dreaming yet, are you, dear?" She
smiled as she stooped. The night-
lamp in her hand flashed over some-
thing on the carpet. It was a burglar's
file.

Scipio Africanus must have received
an urgent call to his own country, for
he was never seen thereafter in this.
I suppose he thought that tin box
contained valuables; failing to find it
under my pillow, he would have searched
my trunk.

"Who would have believed it of
him," said Marian, the next day at
dinner.

April Fool's day came on Saturday,
last year. If a mine of silver had
opened at my feet in New York, I be-
lieve I should have hastened home to
spend the day with the children. We
used to make it a kind of high day. I
had come on with my tin box and
stocking-bag—just the same, however,
and after a morning of merry-making
I sat down with Nell to mend stock-
ings.

"It is strange about this bag," said
Nell, tugging away at a stitch with
the point of her scissors.

"What is strange about it?"

"Don't you notice how it puckers in
this corner? It seems as if it was not
cut evenly, or else—"

I was honeycombing the heel of
Tom's new sock and didn't notice
Nell's sudden silence till she pulled at
my sleeve.

"Patty!"

She held a little paper in her hand.
"I found it sewed in this seam."

She had spread it out and was trying
to read it. "To any one who has wit
and perseverance enough to find this
paper, I give and bequeath—'Why,
Patty! what does it mean?'"

"It means, my dear Nell," said I,
glancing over the paper and noting the
signature, "it means that you have
been left a fortune and you are going
to be the queen you deserve to be, and
that I am the true April fool after
all!"—Springfield Republican.

Shaving a Pig.

Chief Justice Chase in his boyhood
gave little promise of his future
career. He was near-sighted, had a bad
impediment in his speech, and was stoop-
shouldered, shambling and slouchy
in his appearance and gait. Owing to
the death of his father and the poverty
of his mother he was adopted by
his uncle, Bishop Chase, of Ohio. The
Cleveland Leader tells the following
amusing story of his early life:

"One day the bishop went away
on one of his trips into the diocese, and
told Salmon to quit school early
enough in the afternoon to kill and
dress a pig. The young man had never
done anything of the kind, but he
knew that he must first
catch the pig. He did this after great
trouble, and finally killed it. But now
the question arose how he should get
the hair off. He had heard that the
farmers usually scalded hogs, and so
he heated a lot of water and souse
the pig in. But he held the pig in too
long, and the water was too hot, so
that the hair was simply set, and
would not come out at all. The future
jurist dug away with his fingers until
they were raw, but to no effect. He
finally bethought himself of the
bishop's razor, and getting it, shaved
the pig from nose to tail. Every one
congratulated him upon the good job
he had done, but when the bishop next
tried to shave himself he came as near
as bishops ever do to using profane
language."

A Poor Cure for Insomnia.

A California man troubled with in-
somnia was told that he would be
cured by going to bed, closing his eyes
and picturing in the mind a flock of
sheep jumping a fence once at a time.
The experiment nearly made him in-
sane. "I jumped about 2,000 over the
fence," he says, "and there were
about 1,000,000 left. Sleep! I'd
given \$1,000 not to see those sheep
jump that fence. I could have gone
to sleep right away but for the 2,000-
000 stupid, white-faced sheep standing
waiting like a lot of fools for me to
jump 'em over the fence. Jump 'em,
did I say? I had to boost 'em, hoist
every one of those 6,000,000 sheep
over that pasture fence, and when I
turned and looked back there were
13,000,000 sheep, stupid, blank-faced,
white, woolly imps waiting there, each
saying, 'Me, too, my turn next.'"—
Boston Globe.

Berlin makes about 1,000 accordion
very day, the year round.

FASHION NOTES.

White toilets are mere masses of
embroidery.

Small buttons are used, but speckled
in colors to match fabrics.

Postilion backs are the most fre-
quent finish for pointed corsets.

Navy blue remains the favorite color
for yachting and mountain suits.

The empire puff worn at the bottom
of the skirt has been revived in Paris.

Late importation of Paris dresses
have larger tournures and hip draperies.

Buckles, large and small, are the
popular millinery ornaments this sea-
son.

Box plaitings and flat puffs appear
around the bottom of many pointed
bodices.

Sleeves of dresses and of mantles
and wraps are made high on the
shoulders.

Long lace mitts are finished with
soft, full feathered out ruchings, match-
ing the shades in the dress or its trimmings.

Embroidered nun's veiling is the
craze for young ladies who want a
dress that is "just too lovely for any-
thing."

Very wide ribbons broadened with
single huge roses are among the im-
portations. The question is what can
be done with them.

Tea-colored ginghams, checked in a
darker shade and bordered with the
same in a Greek pattern, are among the
novelties in washing fabrics.

Gathered black lace cloaks shirred
and trimmed with Barcelona lace and
wide satin bows are among the most
distinguished summer wraps.

Draperies across the hips remain
very large; back draperies do not de-
scend very low on the dress skirt,
especially when there are bouffants all
around the skirt.

All the shades of gray are fashion-
ably worn, and some very pretty gray
chambres have been made up and
trimmed with white Saxony lace and
clustering loops of gray and pink satin
ribbon.

The newest satens are combinations
of apricot, red raspberry, strawberry,
or gray tints, plain tints with shaded
roses, palm leaves or bulbous blossoms
on tinted ground, matching the
plain material.

New pelisses are made of mixtures
of silk and wool in Indian or Persian
patterns, and in oriental blending of
colors. They are lined with apricot,
strawberry or olive twilled silk, and
finished with bows of wide satin ribbon.

The Petersham felt hat for young
ladies and misses is as masculine as
any worn by youths in their teens. It
is of London felt, with sloping crown
and slightly rolled brim, and its severe
trimming is a ribbed velvet band and
steel buckle. Two kid bands, with
buckles and straps, also trim these
English walking-hats, and the binding
of the brim must be of the same kind.

Little girls' dresses of Turkey red or
blue percale are made with low, square
necks and short sleeves, to wear over
white guimpes. Blue bows are on the
red dresses and red bows are on the
blue ones. There are twelve tucks
down the front and back of the long
waists, and embroidered ruffles cover
the skirt. Their white pique dresses
are trimmed with open guipure em-
broidery, and shirrup-pink bows are
worn with these.

Mongolian Gamblers in New York.

One Lung Hih, a Celestial gentle-
man of leisure, says that all the houses
in Mott street inhabited by Chinese
are gambling dens except two. The
proportion of Mongolian gaming re-
sorts in Pell street is even greater.
There are two hundred professional
Chinese gamblers in the city. They
make their living off the simple and
industrious laundrymen around town.
Two thousand dollars has been
lost at their tables in one night by a
single player. Most of the yellow
men returning to China from New
York are gamblers who have been
lucky. A number of Chinese faro
dealers have gone back to the flowery
land with \$4,000 apiece, the result of a
single year's successful banking in their
special line. Mongolian laundrymen
are so infatuated with games of haz-
ard that they have often lost in Mott
street the savings of months and then
gambed away their clothes, shoes and
flat-irons. As large a sum as \$250 is
sometimes put up on one game, and
won or lost in a moment. The largest
bank in Mott street has a capital of
\$10,000. The smaller ones have
\$500 and \$400 each. An average
bank has about \$4,000. They play
mostly "skin games." A Chinaman
who last year left the earnings of
several years at a gambling house in
Mott street is said to have committed
suicide, though the fact was never
made public.

When the yellow gamblers lose
heavily they get excited and knock
each other down or draw their knives
and join in a general fight. The cases
of assault and battery among Chinese
which come up at the Tombs police
court almost invariably are gambling
rows. The combatants either fight in
the gaming den or rush from it into
the street and join battle there. By a
tacit agreement neither defendant or
complainant permits the character of
the resort they were in to be known
to the court. When the game does
not run right the gamblers adjourn to
the sidewalk and hari-kari each other
there.—New York Journal.

Kind words produce their own
image in men's souls, and a beautiful
image it is. They soothe and comfort
the hearer. They shame him out of
his unkind feelings. We have not yet
began to use them in such abundance
as they ought to be used.

MY OWN SHALL COME.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea,
I have no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my hands, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pines?
I stand amid the eternal ways
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years,
My heart shall reap where it has sown
And garner up the fruit of tears.

The planets know their own and draw,
The tide turns to the sea;
I stand serene midst nature's law
And know my own shall come to me.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The dew falls on the leaf;
Nor time, nor space, nor depth, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A relic hunter—A fellow endeavoring
to capture a widow.

Thieves are always willing to "take
a hand" in any business.

A sound education can only be ob-
tained from a music master.

Spring fashions prevail all the year
round at the circus.—New York
Journal.

A man lately married, was asked if
the club about his bride, "Is it
pretty?" "No," replied he, "she is
not, but she will be when her father
dies."

Literary query: A new book is en-
titled "Short Sayings of Great Men.
When are we to have the 'Great Say-
ings of Short Men?'—New York
News.

Nothing so strongly tests a man's
veracity as to be summoned to the
door to be confronted by the question
"Are you the head of the house?"—
Yonkers Statesman.

Careful housekeeper at breakfast
"Bridge-t, Beidget, there's a fly in the
room." "Yes, indeed, ma'am, I know
there is. It got in this morn'g, when
me back was turned."

Painted sashes are said to be fash-
ionable, but on the cross-roads the
weather-beaten pine-sash, with an old
hat supplying the place of glass, may
still be seen.—Boston Bulletin.

It was "Darling George" when a
bridal couple left Omaha; it was
"Dear George" at Chicago; at Detroit
it was "George," and when they
reached Niagara Falls it was "Sa-
you!"

A calculation shows that a Dundee
spinner must spin sixty miles of yarn
to earn \$2. Almost any country store
can produce men that will spin a
longer yarn for nothing.—Pittsburg
Telegraph.

Lightning struck a contribution
plate in a Western church just as the
deacon was passing it around. "This
is the first time anything has struck
this plate for three months," said the
deacon, thoughtfully.

"Everything is as regular as clock
work about my house," said Brown
who was showing the splendors of his
new residence to some of his friends
"Yes," said Fogg, "it is tick, tick
all the time, I suppose."—Boston
Transcript.

A five-year-old who went to school
for the first time came home at noon
and said to his mother: "Mamma, I
don't think that teacher know
much." "Why not, dear?" "Why
she kept asking questions all the time
She asked where the Mississippi river
was."

A girl, seven or eight years old
slipped down on Woodward avenue
the other day. As she was picking
herself up a pedestrian said: "Don't
cry, sissy." "Who's going to?" she
sharply demanded, as she rose up
"I guess when a girl has got her
mother's shawl on she ain't going to
let anybody know she's hurt!"—De-
troit Free Press.

Two little girls met on the street
the other day, and one said to the other
"I've put all my dolls into deep
mourning, and it's so becoming to
them! Come over and see them."
"What did you do that for?" "Oh,
we had a calamity. Our dog got killed
and there didn't anybody care but me
and them; we've just cried our eyes
out." Then the other little girl said
in slow, deliberate tones: "May Whi-
son, ain't you lucky, though? There's
always something happening you."—
Detroit Post.

WHY SHE'S SO CHARMING.

Poets may sing of hours fair,
With oh, such wealth of golden hair;
Such eyes, such lips I seek—I don't care,
They can't compare with Jessie!

Painters may blend their colors bright,
With rainbow tints and soft moonlight,
But never in their widest flight
Could they come near my Jessie.

Sculptors may chisel from the stone
Ideals that need but breath alone
To live and move, and yet not one
Could ever equal Jessie.

You ask me why this maiden rare
So charming is beyond compare?
Well, her papa's a millionaire—
An only child my Jessie!

WHAT THEY DO NOT SAY.

He: Your father must be worth at
least a million, and you would enable
me to go through life in a style I could
never hope for without you. I do not
love you, it is true, but—one cannot
expect everything. So let us marry.
If your father fails I can crawl out of
it somehow.

She: Very well! You will never
amount to anything, but you are good
enough as far as you go. I have trifled
with so many men that most of them
hate me, and I may not get a better
offer. If I do I can break the engage-
ment.—New York Life.