

MY WALK TO CHURCH.

Breathing the summer-scented air Along the bewery mountain way, Each Lord's day morning I repair To serve my church a mile away.

DAISY.

"Yes, I am going away," said Cyril Danton, switching the heads off the white meadow-daisies as he walked along, and glancing askance at the graceful, girlish figure and sweet, downcast face that kept pace so modestly and silently beside him.

"For I have no recollection of anything like a serious engagement," he wrote, "although, of course, if Daisy claims that such was the case, I shall, if necessary, sacrifice myself to a sense of honor. But I believe my cousin is too just to require this, and too sensible to believe that a man and woman could marry happily upon the mere remnant of a boy-and-girl flirtation. It is not that any other love has filled my heart. I have never really loved. My art is my love, and my life's one aim and hope is—ambition."

hold me bound," he said—"and I love you!" But she smiled happily. "She is too proud to hold you against your will," she said. "Will you come?" "Anywhere—with you to lead!" he answered passionately.

THE BELLS.

How a Chinese Mason Saved Her Father's Life, but Lost Her Own.



HAT bells are of the greatest antiquity is a well-known fact. In the East, the bell-maker felt a pressure of his daughter's hand, her kiss upon his cheek, and turning had barely time to catch a glance of her over-lid eyes, as she sprang from the balcony and vanished among the golden bubbles of the bell to be.



THE BELLS OF GRACE CHURCH.

Now, this wise man had made many bells for the cruel emperor, who loathed him with wealth and honors, but nevertheless the tyrant was not satisfied, and notwithstanding that his reign had thus far been rendered remarkable by the creation of more and larger bells of perfect tone, by this cunning alchemist, than that of any of his ancestors, he laid his command again upon the bell-maker that he should make him a bell bigger than any that had yet been made by the hand of man, and more perfect in tone than any to be found in the length of the mighty empire.

When the bubbling mass was read; for the casting, and the orator was to be given to open the gates, the bell-maker felt a pressure of his daughter's hand, her kiss upon his cheek, and turning had barely time to catch a glance of her over-lid eyes, as she sprang from the balcony and vanished among the golden bubbles of the bell to be.

The Almighty Dollar.

"Speaking of lost opportunities," incidentally remarked a man who had had some experience himself to a Chicago News representative, "always reminds me of that Kentucky chap who visited a city. His friend showed him all the big men of the place, saying: 'There is Mr. So-and-So, who made a million by taking advantage of this or that opportunity, and this man's house was built by a gentleman who never let the main chance go.'"