HOME.

More than building showy mansions,
More than dress or fine array,
More than domes and lofty steeples,
More than station, power and sway;
Make your home both neat and tasteful,
Bright and pleasant, always fair,
Where each heart shall rest contented,
Grateful for each beauty there.

Seek to make your home most lovely,
Let it be a smiling spot,
Where, in sweet contentment resting,
Care and sorrow are forgot.
Where the flowers and trees are waving,
Birds will sing their sweetest songs;
Where the purest thoughts will linger,
Confidence and love belong.

There each heart will rest contented,
Seldom wishing far to roam;
Or, if roaming, still will ever,
Cherish happy thoughts of home.
Such a home makes man the better,
Sure and lasting the control;
Home with pure and bright surroundings,
Leaves its impress on the soul.

A FLIRTING FOLLY.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to say that we shall be detained here some hours. There has been an accident on the line beyond, and we cannot get through until toward evening."

There was no help for it, and the grumbling passengers got out of the carriage with various expressions of annoyance.

"Oh, Mollie! what shall we do here this afternoon?"

My dear Nina, we'll have some good fun! We're in a strange place, with nobody to play propriety, and we'll make this a day long to be remembered,

I'm going to get up a flirtation with somebody, and you must do the same. We can have rare fun if you only will."

Nina does not fall in with this plan very heartily, but proposes to go to a hotel for dinner, and they start immediately.

Mollie is small, fair, bewitching; Nina tall, dark and rather stately looking—just opposite in appearance and disposition, yet the best of friends.

"There's a large park in this place, for I've heard Cousin Will speak of it," Nina remarks to Mollie, who is before the mirror preparing for the afternoon campaign. Suppose we walk out and find it."

"Just the thing," assented Mollie. We'll have fun here if anywhere."

They have no difficulty in finding the park, and a very pretty place it is. They find a rustic seat, and sit down "to wait the coming man," as Mollie expressed it.

"Oh, here comes two of the noblest of fellows!" she whispered, presently, "Now, Nina, you must do just as I do."

"Mollie, please be careful! remember—"

But they are near now, and audacious Mollie smiles and bows.

Both gentlemen lift their hats, pass on a few steps, and turn back.

"Mollie, don't be reckless!"

"Nina, don't be prudish!"

Foolish Nina hates to be called prudish; besides, she is catching the infection; and when the gentlemen pause on their return, she sustains her part remarkably well for an amateur. It is only for once, and no one will ever know of it, she reasons.

A little distance back of them, Nina notices a gentleman reclining on a rustic bench. His face attracts her—a strong, handsome face, with piercing black eyes, that might look tender if their owner so willed, Nina imagined. He must have seen the whole performance, and there was a half-smile of contempt on the firm set lips, which Nina observes.

Mollie, she finds a chance to whisper a side, "let's get away from these men; we have carried it far enough. Do you see that genleman over there who is watching us!"

"Pooh! he is only wishing he had the same opportunity;" and reckless Mollie goes on with the "fun."

Finally the two gallants propose to go for refreshments, at the restaurant near, and even Mollie hesitates.

"I think we must return to the hotel now," Nina, says quickly.

She has learned, from their conversation, that they are not the sort of company she would like to appear in, and she determines to take the matter in her own hands.

They insist on accompanying them to the hotel, and Nina, growing more disquieted every moment, has not the courage to peremptorily refuse them.

As they leave the park, Nina cannot forbear glancing at the handsome gentleman behind them, and she instinctively feels that he despises them all.

A year later, Nina Black is in the N——hotel with a party of friends, Mollie Gordon not being one of the number. Nina is at a window, observing the new arrivals. Suddenly she starts. Surely there is the face, which having once seen she has never forgotten! It is the gentleman who witnessed that foolish flirtation in the park at Newton. The same piercing eyes, the same firm-set mouth, but the contemptuous smile is gone. Will he recognize her, she wonders? She fervently hopes not, for she is heartily ashamed of her conduct on that occasion.

She dresses herself with unusual care that evening and smiles triumphantly as she takes a parting glance at the mirror; the reflection of the tall, willowy form, in pale pink draperies, is evidently satisfactory.

She meets Philip Cameron, and is introduced a few moments after entering the drawing-room. Nina almost looses her self-possession as the black eyes rest on her so keenly; but evidently he does not recognize her and in a few moments they are chatting in a very friendly manner.

"Shall we waltz?" he asks, as the music strikes up. And they are soon gliding through the lighted rooms.

They stroll out in the grounds after the waltz is over.

"Your face seems very familiar to me," he says musingly, looking down into her dark, expressive eyes, as they stand in the moonlight. "Can it be possible we have ever met before to-night?"

"She laughs lightly, perhaps a little guiltily, for she remembers it all so well.

"Once having observed a face, I never forget it," he goes on without waiting for a reply. For instance I met a gentleman in a restaurant a few weeks ago who impressed me as some one I had seen before, but I could not determine when or where. This morning I suddenly remembered that he was in a train with me two years ago and occupied a seat opposite."

"You woulk make a good detective," she says, feeling that it was only a question of time when he will remember that unfortunate afternoon. "Why should I care?" she thinks impatiently. "It is no more than hundreds of girls do every day, and think nothing of it."

But she does care, nevertheless. It is the skeleton at the feast of good things which follows. Picnics, drives, walks, with dancing in the evening to bewildering music. Nina enjoys it all so thoroughly with Philip Cameron at her side.

A sultry morning, and Nina is lounging in one of the little summer-houses that dot the lawn. Two gentlemen come up and take possession of a rustic bench out side; the ivy forms a complete screen, and Nina is not aware of their proximity until the sound of voices warns her of it.

They are evidently discussing some lady—for one of them is saying.

"I met her first on one of the boats going to the seashore. She bowed to us as a means of getting up a flirtation, and I of course responded. We were together all the afternoon, and I have called on her several times since. She—"

"There, Joe, I have heard enough." Nina starts at the sound of that well-known voice and rises to leave the summer house, but the next sentence transfixes her. "Any woman who will deliberately attract the attention of a stranger—'get up a flirtation,' as you express it—in so public a place as an excursion boat, is unworthy the name of woman."

"Now, Cameron, you always did have some straitlaced notions, and this is one of them. Why, my dear fellow, they all do it!"

"Not all," objects Philip; "I am well aware that a great many do; but I contend that no woman can engage in this sort of thing without lowering her womanhood and rendering herself less respected even by the man who responds to her advances. I tell you, Latimer, I have seen too much of this sort of thing. Why, every school-girl one meets will ogle and smile if one happens to look at her,"

"My prophetic soul tells me you will marry an incorrigible flirt," Joe says, not having any opposing argument to advance.

"Never! I despise them too heartily."

Nina, listening to every word, feels that she can bear it no longer, and succeeds in leaving without attracting their attention. White and shivering she reaches her own room. So this is Philip Camerson's opinion of a woman who does what she has done.

All that day she broods of his cutting words; and when evening comes, her mind is made up she will avoid him as much as possible; but, if worst comes, and he asks her to be his wife, she will refuse. The dream of bliss is over forever. Nina is rather hard on herself, and too generous to throw the blame where it really belongs on saucy Mollie.

The days go by, and Philip is puzzled and not a little troubled at the change in Nina Black. He is not conscious of any fault on his part, and he tries in vain to dispel the cloud that had risen between them.

They go out walking one evening to view the sunset from a high point near. Nina feels that she is treading on forbidden ground. She has conscientiously avoided being alone with him, but to-night the temptation is too strong. They witness a brilliant sunset, and Nina grows enthusiastic.

"This is a beautiful world!" Phillip says, as they watch together the western sky, all flushed into sudden glory.

"Yes." Nina replies, dreamily, "Perhaps it is to some, while others find only the fading gray tints. See, the red and gold are fading even now. The beauty in our lives, like the beauty in yonder sky, is but for an hour, and then comes—"

She stops abruptly, warned by the expression of his face. He lays his hand tenderly on hers as he says:

"And then comes the silver tint of quiet happiness, which is far better than the transient splendor of excitement."

No answer. Nina does not feel equal to talking sentiment with Phillip Cameron to-night, but he goes on eagerly:

"Nina, you know I love you! Oh, my darling I will try to make your life perfectly happy! Nina, my love, answer me one word!"

She covers her face with her hands to shut out the vision of his pleading eyes. Oh, if she had then the courage to tell him all! But she still remembers his sweeping assertions of contempt, and her courage fails.

He seizes her hand almost roughly.

"Nina, I believe you love me. Will you not be my wife?"

He rises quickly, but a glance at her white, pained face restrains him. Again he pleads for one word of love; Nina becomes desperate. She rises and faces him.

"Philip Cameron, when we met here a few weeks ago, you told me my face seemed familiar, and that we must have met before. We had met before. It was a little more than a year ago, in the public park of Newton. Do you remember two foolish girls who flirted with two equally foolish young men?"

He has risen again, and she knows by the expression of his face that he remembers all.

"Nina—"

She stops him with a gesture.

"I have another confession to make. A week ago I was in the little summer-house near the drive, and overheard part of your conversation with Mr. Latimer. I learned then, what I already suspected that you despised any woman who would lower herself to do as I have done, and that is why I cannot be your wife."

For a moment they stand facing each other, without a word.

Philip Cameron is greatly surprised. He has studied Nina all these weeks, and he has exalted her above all women. He has thought her the exponent of of pure womanliness, and would have sworn that she was incapable of the boldness to which she confesses.

He is silent so long that she tries to leave him.

"Nina," he cries out, "I can forgive you anything; only tell me you are not in the habit of doing this thing. I remember thinking that the blonde young lady was the leader. Was it not so?"

But Nina does not utter a word in self-defence.

"Tell me, have you engaged in that kind of flirtation since?"

"Mr. Cameron, you have no right to question me thus."

"I have a right, for you are to be my wife!" And before Nina could remonstrate, Philip's arms were about her, and she has to acknowledge herself vanquished.

Clay's Farewell to the Senate.

Ben Perley Poore in Boston Budget.

Henry Clay's ferewell to the Senate, on the 31st of March, 1842, attracted a large crowd, and every available place was occupied, the ladies having not only filled their gallery, but invaded the floor. When Mr. Clay rose between 1 and 2 o'clock, to make his farewell speech in a chamber which he had entered nearly thirty-six years before, all eyes were upon him. Senators of all parties took their seats and gave the most respectful attention. Members of the house flocked in and occupied the priveleged seats round about the chamber. Then came the address, for it was more of an address than a speech, the report of which was only the body of a beautiful oration without the soul. The picture presented in such a congregation of people was not only fair enough and perfect enough in all proportions to charm the eye, but it was a scene which might have given, either in the sympathy created or in the pride excited, a feeling but little less than one inspired. The ladies, who were all hope and buoyancy a moment before, were now "like Niobe, all tears." Mr. Clay, in speaking of himself, of his friends, of the noble State of Kentucky, where he had been received as a son forty-five years before, was himself quite unmanned. Others were much more affected, and many of the oldest Senators were in tears many times while Mr. Clay was speaking. He retired from the storm and turmoil of public life to the bosom of his family, in the State which he loved, and which had honored him for nearly forty years. To leave the councils of the nation for one's own alter and home, was next to leaving this world itself, in the hope of enjoying another brighter and better, a consummation which almost every public man might covet. The wildest ambition of Mr. Clay's case must have been fully satiated. He had been at the head of a great and triumphant party. He had shared its confidence in prosperity and adversity. He had admiration such as has rarely been given to any man in any age. His friends were legion, and they clung to him to the last with all the tenacity of holy affection. He left the Senate with a reputation for statesmanship, for patriotism, and for eloquence which any man might covet. He left public life, too, at peace with all mankind, and with a conscience void of offense. In his retirement he carried with him the best wishes of all men. There he could have no foes, and those who had been foremost to denounce were among the first to speak his praises. The last act of Mr. Clay was to present the credentials of Mr. Crittenden, whom he spoke of in the most exalted terms, and into whose hands he expressed his willingness to yield the interests of his State and country. The Senate adjourned as soon as Mr. Crittenden had taken his seat though the hour was early. The crowd scattered, and the late Senator from Kentucky was surrounded by hosts of friends.

Upon opening a grave in a cemetery at Albany last week the corpse, which had been buried for 29 years, was found in a perfect state of preservation, even to the hair and eyes.

THE MOSS ROSE.

Paraphrase from the German.

Beneath a rose, as morning broke,
An angel from his sleep awoke.

Pleased with the flower above his head,
So fair and beautiful, he said:

"Thy fragrance and thy cooing shade,
Have doubly sweet my slumbers made.

Fairest of flowers on earth that grow,
Ask what you will, and I'll bestow."

"Grant, then," she cried, "I'll ask no more,
Some charm no flower has known before!"

The angel first seemed at a loss,
Then clothed the bush in simple moss.

And, lo! the moss rose stood confessed,
A lovlier far than all the rest.

—John Stillwell.

DEACON M'NAB'S PRODIGAL.

The deacon watched anxiously for his son's reply to his letter. He felt sure that Alexander would reply. He judged from his own standpoint, and from his knowledge of the disputatious young man. He forgot to take into account the influence of marriage, and of living in a community where men have to be careful in matters of contradiction. He was ignorant of many circumstances in his son's life which made this letter of less importance to him than it was to the lonely, anxious sender of it. He was sorry at its tone, and he said to his wife: "I have been a little premature. Scotchmen have long memories for an offense as well as for a kindness. I will wait a year and write again."

But a year passed and he did not write; two and three years, and then he began to think he could hardly write again unless his father requested it. He might be suspected, if he did, of mercenary motives. He had better let things alone. So year after year passed away and the silence was unbroken.

In the meantime a great change had taken place in the deacon: but it had been so gradual that his oldest friends rather thought their estimate of him had been wrong than that his character had been altered. "He is hard when you first know him, but he mellows as your friendship grows," said McLaurin, who had been a familiar friend for forty years. But it was something more than the mellowing of time. As drops of water will wear away granite, so the preaching of Dominie Frazer had told upon the deacon's spiritual nature. There had indeed been times when he had seriously disapproved him, when he had even feared he was listening to something very like Arminianism, but through it all very few Sabbaths when the words of Jesus had not found his soul, even in its most secret places.

In the ninth year of his son's absence he began to remember him very tenderly and to find excuses for him. "He was very young, and he had my ain high temper and quick tongue. I ken weel I hae a gunpowdery temper, and the laddie was like a flash o' fire; in the vera nature o' things mischief would come. I wish I kent where he is at a'. Perhaps I ought. I mean, perhaps it would be kind like to look after him. I wouldna like to meet his mother in another warld if I had failed in mercy to the lad. Whatever way can I make it up wi' him."

It was in a mood of this kind he went to church one morning. His thoughts wandered a great deal until they fitted into the words which the dominie was reading—the words in which the wise woman of Tekoah urged David to bring back his banished son Absalom. He pointed out the imperfection of David's forgiveness, in that, though he bought him back, he suffered him not to see his face. Then he turned to the father of the newer dispensation, limned in Christlike colors, running to meet his prodigal when afar off, taking him to his breast with kisses of forgiveness, called together his friends to rejoice with him over the son that was lost and found.

When the deacon left the church it was with one fixed purpose—to go and find his son.

"And you'll do right, deacon," said the dominie. "You are hale and vigerous, and needna fear the travel. You hae plenty o' siller to go to the lad; maybe he hasna a bawbee to come to you. He may hae fallen very low—hae you thought of that?"

"Ay, have I. If I can find him, however, low he has fallen, I'll lift him up and gie him a son's portion in a' things."

"If that is the spirit you are in go your ways, deacon, and the Lord go with you. Where to first?"

"He wrote me a letter frae a town on the Gulf o' Mexico in Texas; but I hae written twice to that place and got no answer back, for I did him leave it on pain o' my displeasure, and he'll hae gane, but whichever way is mair than I can tell."

In a month the deacon was in New Orleans, and from there he went to Corpus Christi; but since Alexander McNab had lived there it had been visited by an epidemic of yellow fever, and the population had been a constantly shifting one. No one remembered him.

"I'll go up to the seat of government," he said to himself; where there is law-making there'll be lawyers. Maybe I'll find the lad among them."

So he bought a horse and buggy and went leisurely through the country. It was in the first week in June, and he was lost in amazement and delight. There was a pomp and glory in the sunshine and flowers which he never dreamed of; and as he rode through miles of blowing grasses and saw the countless herds of cattle, and felt all the lonely beauty and peace sank into his soul, he said, rapturously, "Here one kens that the earth is the Lord's." The highly oxygenized atmosphere gave him a feeling of exhilaration; he found himself singing lines of his favorite hymns or snatches of such authorized songs as "Auld Lang Syne," or "Scots who hae wi' Wallace bled." But the strange happiness in his heart he put entirely down to the credit of his conscience. "It's a gran' thing" he thought, "to be on an errand of mercy. I dinna wonder now there are sae many philanthropists."

However, on the fourth day he left the open prairies and got into the pine woods. The heat increased, unknown insects troubled him, he saw huge snakes gliding away into the underbrush, there were strange sounds all around, and a sense of awful solemnity came over him. He was alone with God in the thick woods and he feared Him as he had never done before. All day long the prayer of contrition and adoration was on his lips. Toward the gloaming he was delighted to reach the prairie again and to meet two travelers.

"Good night, stranger."

"Gude night to baith o'you. Ken you whar I can get a bite and a sup and a night's lodging?"

"Yes, sir—straight ahead. You'll come to the judge's in half an hour. They are right smart folks, and you'd best light there for to-night, I reckon."

"Thank you, gentlemen. Gude night."

He rode on very anxiously. The sun was sinking fast, and an inexpressible solitude was around him. One lonely, silent bird flying hastily to its covert gave a still eerier feeling to the hour and scene. Suddenly he heard the joyful laughter of children at play. He quickened his pace, rounded a clump of trees, and then saw a white house spread itself beneath them. Some children, blacks and white, came running to the little gate to meet him.

"Well, bairns, is the Judge at home?"

"No but ma is," said a little lad about [illegible] years old. "Go to the house, sir; [illegible] will take your buggy."

He let them take it very gladly, and went to the house. A pretty woman met him on the piazza. She needed no explanations. Here was a stranger wanting food and shelter, and she gave them with a charming courtesy that once put the Deacon at ease.

"I am sorry my husband is away," she said with pardonable wifely pride, "but he is a member of the Legislature, and it is now in session."

Then the children came back, and the deacon took to them wonderfully. Children were a new form of humanity to him; he knew nothing about them. But there was an independence and good fellowship about the lad, as he told him all about his animals and his adventures, that quite delighted the man.

After a little they went to bed in the [illegible] room, and he heard them saying their prayers to their mother. "God bless grandpa." How the words smote him. He grew so nervous and restless that when the baby lisped the same petition he could no longer sit still. He walked to the window, where there was a table and a lamp and some newspapers. There he noticed a large bible, and he drew it toward him. Almost unconsciously he turned to the family register. "Alexander McNab, born Glasgow, March 29, 18—," was the first name he saw. He made no outcry; he never moved. His eyes were riveted upon the words and upon those that followed: "Mary Baylor, born Galveston, Janet McNab, David McNab, [illegible] McNab, Peter McNab." On the opposite page the "death of Janet McNab, aged ten months." He had objected to her bearing her grandmother's name, and she was in heaven with it.

He opened the door softly and went out on the piazza. God had led him to his son's house, and he had eaten at his son's table and had not known it. His emotions were incommunicable, even to the Heavenly Father. He sat as still in his joy as he had often done in his grief and opened not his mouth, because he was so sure that God had done it.

After a little Alexander's wife came and sat down beside him, and he encouraged her in praise of her husband and his prospects. She at least, believed in him sublimely. He was the best and greatest man in Texas—she had no doubt about it. Peter could have smiled, but he had not been so full of thought. Finally he asked her if her husband was born in Texas.

"Oh, no!" she answered, frankly, "he was born in Glasgow, a town in Scotland. I suppose you know the city, for you talk like a Scotchman."

"I hae many friends and business connections there, ma'am."

She hesitated a few moments and then said, "Did you ever know or hear tell of Mr. John McNab? He is a lawyer."

"I may say I ken him vera weel. I dinna think much o' him either, ma'am. He's a cauld man.

"He is my husband's father, so you must not say so here. His son thinks very highly of him, and perhaps you may be mistaken. Old business men, even kind men, are often thought to be hard." Then she turned the conversation, and the deacon was glad of it.

He did not sleep much, and the next morning was on the road to Austin at daybreak. He reached there in the afternoon, and went to Smith's Hotel. A few words of inquiry satisfied him.

The Judge was staying there—he would come in from the Capitol about 5 o'clock. If a gentleman had any private business there was no use going there. The Judge was Chairman of the committee, and not apt to be on the floor in the daytime.

But Peter could not sit still. He refreshed himself, and then turned his face to the white building standing so loftily at the end of the beautiful avenue. He soon entered the halls and gazed upon such a body of lawgivers as he had never dreamed of seeing, and was wonderfully impressed both by the men and the methods. But he did not find his son, and after an hour's stay he determined to go back to the hotel and wait there for him.

As he entered it the landlord said:

"The judge is in his room, stranger; second door on your right hand."

He walked straight to it and opened it. Alexander, who was asleep upon a sofa, turned his head, gazed one moment, and then leaped to his feet.

"Father! My dear, dear father!"

"Ay, ay, my lad, I'm here. A bonnie journey thou hast brought me, an auld man like me, too. O, Alexander!"

And then the old parable which had seen the father to seek his son was renewed in all its sweetness and tenderness, and that night the deacon went up to the Capitol leaning on his son's arm, and he was proud and happy beyond expression.

"You made a vera fair speech, Alexander," he said as they returned home. It would have been better if there had been fewer steps between your premise and your peroration, but you'll do in time and wi' mair practice. I dinna much wonder your wife sets such store by you."

"My wife! Have you seen Mary?"

"Ay, I stayed at your house last night. She's no as bonnie as some women, but she is loving and ladylike, and what's mair, she has a prudent body, and can baith speak and hold her tongue. So she's no an ordinar' woman at a'. And the bairns are just the most interesting bairns I ever saw. Baith o' the lads are a bit like me, and I would na wonder if I'll get a' the comfort out o' little Davie I should have had out o' his father."

Then Alexander smiled and pressed his father's arm closer to his side, for little Davie had taught him some lessons he would have learned in no other way.

In three months the deacon was back again on the Glasgow pavements, as brisk and active an I as full of life and business as he had been ten years before. He went into his affairs with an exactness and promptitude that rather astonished the men in whose charge they had been left.

"You are very strict about a bawbee, Deacon," said one of them.

"Just sae, Mr. Intyre; but my son, Judge McNab, is coming home to take the business, and he's no man to put up wi' a baubee wrang, I can tell you that."

He had always been very reticent about his son's long absence. There were none of his friends that felt at liberty to ask any question or to make any remarks to him about his return except Bailie Scott, who was, perhaps, a little nettled at Peter's air of satisfaction.

"Sea you hea found your prodigal at last, Deacon," he ventured to say one afternoon as they met in front of the court house.

"Nae vera hard matter that, Bailie Scott. When a man is a Judge o' a District Court and a member o' the Legislature and has married an ex-Governor's daughter, he's no ill to find. Gude day to you Bailie," and he walked on with the air of one who felt that he had settled a question thoroughly.

To Dominie Frazer, however, he opened his heart with all the humility of a truly great man.

"God has been better to baith o' us than we deserve Dominie. But we hae seen our faults, as said sae, and the future is to be for the men o' them. There is nae either thing for flesh and blood to do."

"You are building him a fine house, I hear."

"Ay; when I have coaxed the lad awa' to his ain hame it's but a just thing to build his mother. He'll get here by the time it is ready for him. Then I'll hae my son and a bonnie bit daughter-in-law and the four braw bairns I never hoped for sae much love and joy as never. I have na the words to express my thankfulness; but Dominie, I'll write you a liberal check out for the kirk debt; for you ken when a man talks in gold sovereigns," he says."—Illustrated Weekly.