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The Romance of the Carpet.

Basking in peace in the warm spring sun,
South Hill smiled upon Burlington.

The breath of May! and the day was fair,
And the bright motes danced in the balmy air.

And the sunlight gleamed where the restless breeze
Kissed the fragrant blooms on the apple-trees.

His beardless cheek with a smile was spanned,
As he stood with a carriage whip in his hand.

And he laughed as he doffed his bob-tailed coat,
And the echoing folds of the carpet smote.

And she smiled as she leaned on her busy mop,
And said she would tell him when to stop.

So he pounded away till the dinner bell
Gave him a little breathing spell.

But he sighed when the kitchen clock struck one,
And she said the carpet wasn't done.

But he lovingly put in his biggest licks,
And pounded like mad till the clock struck six.

And she said, in a dubious kind of way,
That she guessed he could finish it up next day.

Then all that day, and the next day, too,
The fuzz from the dirtless carpet flew.

And she'd give it a look at eventide,
And say, "Now beat on the other side."

And the new days came as the old days went,
And the landlord came for his regular rent.

And the neighbors laughed at the tireless broom,
And his face was shadowed with clouds of gloom.

Till at last, one cheerless winter day,
He kicked at the carpet, and slid away.

Over the fence and down the street,
Speeding away with footsteps fleet.

And never again the morning sun
Smiled at him beating his carpet drum.

And South Hill often said with a yawn,
"Where has the carpet martyr gone?"

Years twice twenty had come and passed,
And the carpet swayed in the Autumn blast.

For never, since the bright spring time,
Had it ever been taken down from the line.

Over the fence a gray-haired man
Cautiously clim, clome, clem, clim, clamb.

He found him a stick in the old wood pile,
And he gathered it up with a sad, grim smile.

A flush passed over his face forlorn
As he gazed at the carpet, tattered and torn;

And he hit it a most resounding thwack,
Till the startled air gave its echoes back.

And out of the window a white face leaned,
And a palsied hand the pale face screened.

He knew his face, she gasped, and sighed,
"A little more on the under side."

Right down on the ground his stick he threw,
And he shivered and said, "Well, I am blowed."

And he turned away, with a heart full sore,
And he never was seen not none no more.

—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

CHANGEABLE MAILS.—"The mails are changed, madam," responded the clerk at the general delivery window of a post office to a venerable female applicant for a letter.

"Yes, indeed!" said the old lady, placing both hands on the little desk, and looking directly into the clerk's eyes.—"You are right in saying that the males are changed. Why, when I was a girl, I didn't hear of the wickedness that we know. And it is owing to the males. Men, when a woman married, we expected to see her settle down and raise a family around her; and her husband went into some kind of business, and made a support for all of them. But now-a-days half the married women have to support their worthless husbands, when they really ought to be proud and happy men. How often do we see patient, duteous women, with every wifely instinct and motherly virtue beautifully developed, 'harruped' by the cruel monster who once upon a time had sworn to love and cherish her above all others. Yes, young man, you are right, the males have so changed! And as a friend, I would advise you to look out very sharp that you don't go in the same way and get changed. The males are a bad lot any way, bless their precious souls."

What class of men are always open to conviction? Those who have violated the law.

A MODERN LOVE STORY.

In one of the most romantic spots of Pennsylvania, on the outskirts of a village, and near the margin of a broad, winding road, stood a farm-house, with quaint gabled roof and lozenge windows; its style and aspect indicated that it had not recently been built, and rumor stated that it had been erected during the Revolution. Its time-worn appearance corresponded well with that of its present owners, an aged couple who had spent their lives within its venerable walls.

At the opening of this story, they were seated side by side on the vine-covered porch in front of their dwelling, and they presented a touching picture. The old woman was knitting, but her attention was divided between her work and the companion at her side: she looked at him occasionally, and her glance was always answered by a gentle smile.

They were a tender, affectionate old pair, and their love was sanctified by holy recollections and sweet associations. They had clung to one another through the storms and sunshine of nearly half a century, and their old age was blessed with that peace and contentment that comes from a good conscience and a well-spent life.

The scene that lay before them, as they sat at the entrance of their dwelling, was exceedingly lovely. In the distance stretched a row of hills known as the heights; they were clothed in rich luxuriant foliage, and added beauty to the landscape.

The old people sat silently enjoying the summer sunshine, and inhailing the perfumes from the garden. Neither spoke for some time, when finally the old man said:

"I wonder why she tarries so long this evening?"

As he spoke, his eyes wandered uneasily in the direction of the road, as though searching for some loved object.

"She has no doubt loitered by the way—perhaps to gather flowers for us," answered his companion. "There she comes now," she suddenly added, as the form of a young girl emerged like a fair wood-nymph from behind the thick foliage that shaded the highway.

She was a radiant creature, with motions as light and graceful as a fawn. Her bright young face lit up with smiles as she bounded merrily forward to greet the aged couple. In one hand she carried a tin pail, and in the other a bunch of flowers. When she reached the porch she put the pail on the ground, and dividing the nosegays in halves, laid them on the laps of the old people.

"Why, Nell, where have you been, and where did you get these flowers? They did not grow wild in the fields, and surely they were not cultivated in our neighbor's garden. They are rare plants, and must have been brought from some foreign land. Who gave them to you, child?"

And without waiting for a reply the old woman began, with eager curiosity, to examine the flowers.

"Little Nell, you were very long on your errand; where were you, dear?" asked the old man in a chiding voice, although he smiled, and smoothed back from her temples the yellow curls that danced in the breeze.

"Granppa," she replied, with a blush, "on my way from the dairy I passed Morland's mansion on the heights. It was not far out of my way, and I went there because I had heard the garden is laid out more beautifully than ever, and I wanted to see it. I stopped at the gate to talk to the gardener; he informed me that Widow Morland and a number of guests had arrived from Philadelphia, and intended to spend the summer on the heights; he said that Robert Morland had returned from his travels, and was there also. Just at this moment a gentleman came riding up on horse-back, and halted at the gate. His appearance was so sudden that I had not time to escape. He bowed politely, and asked me if I was admiring the flowers, I said that I was, and he told the gardener to arrange a choice nosegay, which he did. I thanked the gentleman as well as I could, and was about to continue my homeward walk, when, to my surprise, he asked me if my name was not Nellie Woodville. I of course assented, and he said that the last time he saw I was a little girl, seated on your knee, grandpa. Then he asked me if I remembered him, and I said yes, for I knew that it was young Mr. Moreland. He sent his compliments to you both, and promised to call and pay his respects to you."

The young girl had spoken in a hasty, excited voice, and she paused now to take breath. Finally she exclaimed: "Oh; he looks so noble and handsome, and he is not at all proud, although he is so rich?"

Then, as if conscious of having manifested too deep an interest in her wealthy neighbor, a deep blush dyed her cheek.

"My girl," responded the grandfather, gravely, "pride arising from riches is false; true pride springs from another source. Mr. Moreland was, no doubt, kind to give you the flowers, and to remember his poor neighbors. Should he come here to visit us, we will receive him with due courtesy."

And the old man raised his head proudly, as if conscious of his own dignity.

His helpmate regarded him for a moment with a fond smile:

"This young Robert Moreland was a winning child," said she, at length.—"His bright rougish face often comes back to my recollection. Do you remember, James, how, when a bonny lad, he used to come and tell you all his plans and hopes, and pursuade you to make toys for him? And do you recollect how fond we grew of him?"

"Yes, yes!" answered her husband, shaking his head doubtfully. "But then he was a guileless boy. Now he is a man and the owner of property. Perhaps he has grown as haughty and overbearing as his father was. I almost wish that he would not come here."

Then turning to his grandchild, he continued:

"Nellie, child, promise me never to cross the heights again on your way home from the dairy; I have a reason for not wishing it."

"Very well, grandfather," she replied, in a dissappointed tone, at the same time wondering what the reason might be.

But, without venturing to ask, she took up her pail and entered the house, followed by the fond eyes of the old couple.—She was the darling of their old age, and the only descendant of a large family—Her father, a brave young soldier, had been killed in the Mexican war, and his widowed wife had died shortly afterwards, leaving her orphan child to the love and protection of its grandparents. Little Nell was the light of their home, and they could scarcely bear to have her out of their sight.

In spite of all her efforts to the contrary, Nellie could not forget the gentleman on the heights, who had given her the nosegay. As she prepared the evening meal, his form rose constantly before her mind, and his admiring gaze seemed following her everywhere. She wondered, over and over again, how it was possible for him to notice her. He had even remembered her name! As she went about the old-fashioned kitchen, setting the table for supper, she glanced out of the window whenever opportunity allowed, as though she expected to see the gallant form of Robert Moreland riding past on horse-back; but she saw nothing, save the tall trees that shaded the road; beyond which streatched the horizon, illuminated by the setting sun.

Supper was soon ready, and after the little family had partaken of the meal the old Bible wrs taken down from the shelf, and Nellie read aloud from is pages:—Then the evening prayers were said, and they retired for the night. Through all the religious exercises, and in her dreams she could not banish from her mind the image of her neighbor on the heights.

The next evening, when returning from her errand to the dairy, which was a good mile and a half from her heme, she was fain to take the road that led to the heights; but calling to memory her promise to her grandfather, she took the lower road and trudged on with her little pail, wishing with all her heart that she could get a glimpse of the delightful gardens surrounding Mr. Moreland's abode. She had not gone far before she was startled by the barking of a dog; and in a few moments a great shaggy animal come bounding out from behind some shrubbery and stood on the road before her. His fierce eyes and threatening growls filled her with terror; she did not attempt to run or to scream, however, but stood still and looked the animal intently in the eye; he crouched down and remained immovable.

"A brave girl, by Jove!" exclaimed a voice from the adjoining woods, and presently Mr. Moreland approached. "Go home, Sport!" he cried, in a loud, commanding tone, at the same time pointing in that direction.

The dog obeyed, and crawling along the ground, with his tail between his legs, he was soon out of sight.

"You were courageous to attempt to cow that huge fellow," remarked the young man, at the same time regarding Nell with a look of undisguised admiration.

It was some time before she found voice to reply, but at length she answered, falteringly, "Grandfather, you know, was once quite a hunter, and he has often told me that to look an animal steadily in the eyes is the best mode of mastering him."

"You must have great presence of mind to heed your grandfather's words at such a critical moment. Does the old gentlemen remember me?" he asked after a pause.

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "and grandmother does too."

A long silence ensued, and Nellie felt awkward and bashful. Her little sunbonnet did not conceal her blushes. The gentleman perceived her embarrassment, and endeavored, by degrees, to win her confidence. He began to talk in a pleasant, familiar way about topics of common interest, and in a little while Nell was wondering what made her feel so much at ease in the presence of this stranger, for he was such to her, albeit she had heard him mentioned frequently, and he had petted her when she was a baby. To be sure she blushed every time he addressed her directly, and she sometimes stammered when she answered; and yet she did not feel as diffident as was her wont. Finally her reserve melted entirely away, and she chatted quite gaily and frankly with him.

He insisted on carrying her pail and accompanying her a short distance. She did not refuse, for his society was far from disagreeable, and yet she asked herself repeatedly, "What would grandpa say, if he should see me?" Whenever chance permitted, she glanced shyly at the gentleman, and she thought him the handsomest person she had ever beheld. He was tall, dark, elegant, self-possessed and had a wonderfully winning smile.—She had never seen any one who resembled him before, and could not help contrasting him with the farmers' sons of her acquaintance. How awkward and clownish they were, compared with him.

At last they came to an abrupt angle in the road and, taking her hand kindly in his, the gentleman said, "Farewell for the present, Miss Nellie. I am sorry to leave you so soon, for this has been one of the most pleasant walks that I have had for many a day;" and with a smile he left her.

Nellie continued her homeward course with a merry heart and a light step; she did not understand why she felt so much happier than usual. When she reached home she found her grandparents occupying their customary seats on the porch, and she greated them in her usual manner. When they questioned her, she gave them the bits of news concerning Mr. Moreland, and for the first time in her life she concealed something from her dear old guardians. She did not know why, but her tongue refused to pronounce his name.

The evening passed in the ordinary quiet way, and that night Nellie was walking in dreamland with the handsome stranger untill day dawned

Nearly every evening, on Nellie's return from the dairy, she met Mr. Moreland, whether by accident or design she never paused to consider. Sometimes he was on horseback, and would simply pass her with a bow; but oftener he was on foot, and not seldom he persisted in carrying her milk-pail as far as the angle in the road.

She became so accustomed to meeting him at last, that she always looked for his coming; and, if by any accident, he failed to appear, she was sorely disappointed. She did not at first heed the curious stare of passers-by; but at last she began to fear lest their being seen together so often would give rise to gossip which might reach her grandfather's ear, and this thought filled her with apprehension; besides, her conscience troubled her, for she realized that she was deceiving her kind grandparents in not telling them the truth.

After many anxieties and temptations, she determined to try to avoid Mr. Moreland by going home through the woods instead of walking on the highway. One evening, to her dismay, she met him in the woods.

"Were you trying to escape me, Miss Nellie?" he inquired, laughing at her confusion.

"Yes, sir," was the honest reply; "because I knew that grandfather would object to my walking so often with you."

"You are right, Nellie; he would object, and it was wrong for me to encourage you to anything that would meet with his displeasure. But somehow I feel very lonely up in the old mansion yonder, although the house is full of company.—Your society has been a solace to me. I am going away to stay for a couple of weeks, and I sought you out in the woods to take leave of you. Good-bye, Nelle;" and before she could prevent it, he snatched a kiss and was gone.

That evening, when she went heme to the old folks, they noticed that she looked sad; but they did not suspect the reason, and they felt deeply concerned, for she was naturally as gay as a bird. She complained of not being well, and went early to bed. Her pillow was soon wet with tears, for little Nell's heart was inexpressibly heavy. The following day her cheerfulness returned, and all anxtety on her account was quickly banished.

One morning two weeks later, as she was watering the flowers in the garden that fronted her grandfather's house, she was startled by hearing her name called by a familiar voice. She glanced up and a gentleman standing at the gate, watching her.

"How do you do, Mr. Moreland? Will you come in?" said Miss Nellie, in a calm voice as though her heart was not beating wildly.

"Thank you," and he pushed the gate open and entered. "Is your grandfather at home?"

"No, sir; he is taking his morning walk, but will be back directly. Will you be kind enough to step into the house and wait?"

"I would rather remain here with you, if you will allow me." Then looking at her reproachfully, he continued, in a soft voice, "You do not appear glad to see me; have you not missed me at all?"

A deep scarlet flush mantled her brow, and her lips trempled in spite of herself as she answered, "Did you expect me to miss you?"

"Yes; but I see that you did not;" and he laughed lightly."

Poor Nellie had not thought of anything else since he left

"Will you give me one of those flowers?".

"Certainly; but you have so many lovely ones in your own garden, that I do not see how you can admire these."

"'Variety is the spice of life,' you know;" and he stuck the flower carelessly in his button-hole, as carelessly as he trifled with the heart of its giver.

The girl fastened her large, penetrating eyes on his face, and their expression was grave and serious. She read in his countenance something that pained her. Her scrutiny annoyed him; and, making some trivial remark, he turned his head the other way, and saw Mr. Woodville, Nellie's grandfather, coming up the road between them. He soon reached his side, and welcomed the visitor politely.

Mr. Moreland was apparently glad to meet the old gentleman, of whom he had in boyhood been very fond; but Mr. Woodville's stiff, formal manner rather repelled than otherwise.

The visitor accepted the invitation to enter the house, and his reception by the old lady was warm and hearty. She prevails upon him to partake of some refreshments, and she patted him on the head and called him "bonnie laddie," as she had done years before. He thought her the most charming old lady he had ever known, and remained chatting with her a long time. After his departure, grandma was loud in her praises of Robert Moreland, and even grandpa had to admit that Robert was a very fine young man.

Mr. Moreland found the farm-house an attractive place, and he often wended his way thither. The old couple always welcomed him cordially, and grew to like him better each time they saw him. He never failed to remember them in a delicate manner. Many rare plants found their way to grandma's garden, and grandpa was supplied with fruit trees, tobacco, and various other nicknacks.—Whenever he rode past at sunset, and saw the old folks sitting on the porch, he always called to mind the touching words of "John Anderson, my Jo John."

The long summer drew to a close at last, and the time came for Robert Moreland to leave his country residence, and the home of his childhood, to enter on his business career in New York. He dreaded to break the sweet spell that pleasant circumstances had woven about him, and he felt that the most delightful period of his life was drawing to a close.

It was with a sad heart that he went to the old farm-house to bid farewell to its occupants. They seemed equally sorry to part with him, for his genial society had been a sourse of enjoyment to them. He took leave of Nellie with a gentle pressure of the hand, for he dared not trust himself to speak.

When he had gone, she took her milk-pail from the pantry, and, tying on her bonnet, she started on her errand to the dairy. It was a bleak November day, and the wind was sharp and chill. The leaves that had lately worn such gorgeous hues lay sere and withered on the ground. The sky was overcast with sombre clouds, and nature seemed in her gloomiest mood. When Nellie reached the angle in the road where she had so often parted from Mr. Morland, she could continue no further; so, sitting down on a stone by the roadside, she wept as tho' her heart would break.

All at once a hand was laid upon her shoulder; the touch sent a wild thrill through her frame, and looking up, her eyes met those of Mr. Morland, and they were also filled with tears.

"Nellie, I am the worst man that ever lived! I did not trifle with your affections intentionally; I did not fully realize that I was doing so. Little Nell, forgive and forget me; believe that I am unworthy of your pure love for acting as I have done, and wipe me from your memory."

She dried her eyes, and, standing up, straightened her form proudly, and regarded him with a glance akin to contempt.

"You told me once," she said, "that variety is the spice of life; so, heedless of the beautiful flowers in your own garden, you coveted those of mine; in the same manner, for the sake of change and variety, you have turned from the fine ladies of your acquaintance, to lavish your attentions on a simple country girl. Beware how you follow the heartless dictates of caprice, else you may one day be compelled to support the burden of a troubled conscience, and suffer the severe torture of self-reproach.

As she pronounced these words, the expression on her countenance was almost severe. Her companion had never before discovered that her innocent, childish face could express such powerful emotions. She had hitherto seemed girlish to him, but now he realized that she was a woman.

"Mr. Morland, farewell."

Taking up her pail, she was about to proceed on her journey, when he seized her hand, and detained her.

"Oh, Nell, little Nell, your words are severe, and they have wounded me deeply; but don't leave me thus. This may be our last meeting, and think how wretched I should be to know that you despise me! Oh, darling! you do me injustice in accusing me of trifling with you, for you are the only woman I have ever loved. But a stern promise binds me to another; I see that you scorn me the more for this confession, for you think I am false to two women; but I am not, for neither my betrothed nor myself profess to love each other. It is a marriage of convenience that was arranged when we were children. Perhaps you wonder why I never told you before? A hundred times it has been on the point of my tongue, but I withheld the fact, for I was so happy with you, and I felt that as soon as you knew the truth you would turn from me. Nellie, when you know that I love you with my whole heart, you will surely be lenient in your judgment. If I have made you unhappy, I have brought down lasting misery upon myself!"

His voice was so full of sorrow and agony that she could not doubt his sincerity. She sat down on the stone again, and buried her face in her hands.

"Bless you, dearest!"

Smoothing the waving locks back from her brow, he imprinted a kiss there; then with one last, wistful look, he hurried away, and soon disappeared in the dim November twilight.

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Three years passed away, and Robert Morland's experience in the world was full of bitterness and disappointment. He had become a widower and nearly a bankrupt within that short period. Life had lost its former charm, and the world was not as bright as it had been. He had grown weary of the giddy whirl of the metropolis, and longed for the scenes of his boyhood, and a glimpse of the old farm-house. His soul thirsted for a word of welcome from her whom he still loved better than all others. The soft blue eyes, the tender smile, the cheering voice of little Nell had haunted him since they parted. He often saw her in imagination as he had seen her long ago on that bleak November day, sitting on a stone at the roadside, weeping, and he smiled when he remembered that he was now free to love and comfort her, and to share with her the life that without her was a burden.

On his journey towards her home, he was troubled by painful doubts.

"Perhaps she has forgotten me," he thought, "and is wedded to a farmer's son, or, maybe, some traveler has discovered this rare flower in the wilderness, and has transplanted her to another soil.

But as he approached nearer to his destination, these doubts gave place to hopes and longing. Bright pictures arose in his mind of a future home, graced by the presence of little Nell.

At last, after traveling for several days, he arrived at the heights; but without entering his own home, he hastened to the farm-house. He took the lower road, and when he came to its angle, and saw the stone where Nellie had sat when last he saw her, he could with difficulty control his feelings. He sat down and waited, as though he expected to see her coming down the lane as of old, her sweet face shaded by her sun-bonnet, and carrying a tin pail in her hand; but he waited in vain, and with a heavy heart he arose, and continued on his way until he came to the farm-house.

But what a change was here! The garden, that was once filled with flowers, carefully cultivated and tastefully arranged, was now overgrown with weeds and shrubs, and the fence encircling it was sadly neglected. The house itself presented a forlorn aspect. The paint was all worn off, and the window panes were broken. One glance was sufficient to assure Robert Morland that the place was empty. Where, then, were its former occupants? Where were the venerable old couple who had so often sat side by side, with smiling faces, on the vine-covered porch? Their abode was deserted and forsaken; they must have been called to another home. But where was little Nell? Had she, too, gone with them?

Three graves in the churchyard revealed to him the resting-places of his former friends. Poor Robert Morland! Had he broken little Nell's heart?

ROOM FOR ONE.

Term was over, the Defiance coach was full of undergraduates returning to their respective colleges; the day was cold, wet and miserable, when a well-appointed drag drove up to the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly.

"Have you room for one inside to Oxford?" asked as pretty a girl as you would wish to see on a summer's day.

"What a beauty!" exclaimed one.

"Quite lovely!" said another.

"Perfect!" lisped a third.

"Quite full, Miss," replied the coachman, "inside and out."

"Surely you could make room for one," persevered the fair applicant.

"Quite impossible, Miss, without the gentlemen's consent."

"Lots of room," cried the insiders. "We are not very large; we can manage to take one more."

"If the young gentlemen consent," said the driver, who was one of the best tempered fellows on earth, and as honest as Aristides, "I have no objection."

"We agree," said the inside quartette.

"All right," responded the driver. The fare was paid and the guard proceeded to open the door and let down the steps.

"Now, Miss, if you please, we are behind our time.

"Come along, grandfather," cried the the damsel, addressing a most respectable-looking, portly, elderly gentleman, "the money is paid, get in, and be sure you thank the young gentlemen," at the same time suiting the action to the word, and with a wicked smile assisting her respected grandfather into the coach.

"Here's some mistake; you'll squeeze us to death," cried the astonished party. But at this moment "All right," "Sit fast," was heard, and away rattled the Defiance at its best pace, drowning the voices of the crestfallen Oxonians.

☞ Nearly 100,000 Germans are settled in some forty counties in Texas, particularly Comal and Guadaloupe, and they are highly successful as agriculturists.

☞ Over $200,000,000 are annually spent in this country, it is said, for cigars and cigarettes.

THE FILTHY WEED AGAIN.

In the fourth annual report of the Michigan State Board of Health, Dr. Scott relates something new in the influence of tobacco on the human system, as follows:

"There has been under my notice for several years, but more particularly during the last two years, a kind of rheumatic condition of the walls of the chest. The patient complains of a dull, heavy pain in the chest walls. The disease in a large majority of cases is confined to the left side. The pain is circumscribed and limited to a space of not more than two inches in diameter, just below and a little to the left of the left nipple. At times the pain is very severe, and always constant day and night, when the patient is awake. I have investigated the disease to some extent, and find it to be more common among tobacco users, especially those who use the weed to excess. Patients suffering from this complaint invariably come to their physician with the belief that they have heart trouble. I have not found signs of organic lesion in any of the cases that I have examined, but there does exist in some of them what might be called 'irritable heart.' I am convinced that the greater number of these cases are the result of intemperance either in the use of tobacco or other stimulants, for the reason that, when the patient abstains from the use of them for a short time, his pain ceases and his condition improves. In one case, where the patient abstained from the use of tobacco for thirteen months, the pain entirely ceased; but at the end of this period the gentleman re-commenced the use of tobacco, and after three weeks' use the old pain returned with all its severity. I am certain that quite a number in this vicinity are receiving treatment for heart disease, when, if they would reform in tobacco using, they would speedily recover.

☞ One day, years ago, when Ahmed Vefik was chief of the Turkish bureau for executing sentences passed by law, a man went to the Porte to see if he could not succeed in obtaining some mitigation of his punishment.

"I am very poor," said he to Ahmed Vefik, "and not at all able to pay this sum."

"Is that so?" replied the wily administrator. "Then take a chibouk and some coffee, and we will see."

Down sat the suitor in silence, the while that Admed Vefik was discovering that he had ridden to the Porte on a horse which would fetch a very good price in the bazaar.

"Sell the Effendi's an'mal," whispered he, furtively, to an attendant, "and bring hither the money."

The order was quickly obeyed. Taking the gold, Vefik counted out the sum which represented the fine and costs, and then, doubling up the remainder in a neat piece of paper, he turned towards his visitor and said—

"Well, you say that you cannot pay, and that you are poor, and I therefore will think over what you have told me. Meanwhile, allow me to present you with this small sum, and to wish you good day."

Away went the man, delighted at the consideration of his Excellency—not to retain that feeling of pleasure, however, when he presently found what had happened. Nor was his temper at all improved when, appealing to Admed Vefik, he received the following reply—

"You said you were poor, yet you ride a horse. I, too, am poor; yet I have no steed. I did the best I could to reconcile your means and your wants. It is finished; go away and be wiser."

THUS IS LIFE.—If we die to-day, the sun will shine as brightly and the birds will sing as sweetly to-morrow. Business will not be suspended a moment, and the great mass will not bestow a thought upon our memories. "Is he dead?" will be the solemn inquiry of a few, as they pass to their work. But no one will miss us except our immediate connections, and in a short time they will forget and laugh as when we sat beside them. Thus shall we all, now active in life, pass away. Our children crowd close behind us, and they will soon be gone. In a few years, not a living being can say, "I remember him." We lived in another age, and did business with those who slumber in the tomb. Thus is life! How rapidly it passes.

SLEEPLESS PEOPLE.—Sleepless people—and there are so many in America—should court the sun. The very worst soporific is laudanum, and the very best, sunshine. Therefore, it is very plain that poor sleepers should pass as many hours as possible in sunshine, and as few as possible in the shade. Many women are martys, and yet they do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their houses and their heart, they wear veils, they carry parasols, they do all possible to keep off the subtlest and most potent influence, which is intended to give them strength and beauty and cheerfulness.

☞ Occupation is the necessary 1 enjoyment.

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