The Chestertown Transcript.

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THE NOTE OF HAND.

...s and Fritz were two Deutschers who
lived side by side,
...ote from the world, its deceit and its
pride;
...h their pretzels and beer the spare
moments were spent,
...the fruits of their labor were peace
and content.

...purchased a horse of a neighbor one
day,
lacking part of the gold—as they
say—
a call upon Fritz to solicit a loan
...lp him to pay for his beautiful roan.

...kindly consented the money to lend,
And gave the required amount to his
friend;
Remarking—his own simple language to
quote—
"Berhaps it vas better we makes us a
note."

The note was drawn up in their primitive
way—
"I, Hans, gets from Fritz feefty dollars
to-day"—
When the question arose, the note being
made,
"Vich von holds dot baper until it was
baid?"

"You geeps dot," says Fritz, "und den
you vill know
You owes me dot money." Says Hans:
Dot ish so,
Dot makes me remember I haf dot to bay,
Und I prings you der note und der money
some day."

A month had expired when Hans, as
agreed,
Paid back the amount, and from debt he
was freed.
Says Fritz: "Now dot settles us." Hans
replies "Yaw:
Now who dakes dot baper according to
law?"

"I geeps dot, now, anid't it?" says Fritz;
"den you see
I always remembers you baid dot to me."
Says Hans: "Dot ish so, it vas now shust
so blain
Dot I knows vot to do ven I porrows
again." —*Appleton's Journal.*

THE CAPTAIN'S SACRIFICE.

There are heroic souls who snatch their hard living from the perilous toils of our northern lakes. Rough and rude, perhaps, but not the less are they heroes.—George Manly was such a man. He had begun life as the son a lake skipper, working his way by manly independence and straightforward honesty, until at twenty-seven, he was master of his own schooner and had replaced his old mother above want. His father died a year before he was ranked among the owners of lake craft, blessed ... who had smoothed his way ... dark valley. Laboring for the ... parents, the young sailor had ... time to give to other matters or ... of his own pleasure. He had ... (what young man has not?) ... of his own, and a loving woman ... make it bright. But he had ... eyes to the thought until, at ... six, men called him a cynic be... avoided women. He was no ... en the cry of the needy was ... cynic when those in distress ... him for aid.

... hurrying home one night ... the darkened streets of the city, ... just entered port from Chicago ... go of grain. It was a dark ... ht, and the cold rain drove in ... and chilled him to the bone. He ... his water-proof coat about him ... ed at the storm. Suddenly he ... ry, and, turning, saw a woman ... ing to the pavement. It was ... man, in the dress of the poorer ... rying a bundle. He lifted her ... d her into a drug store, where ... revived, while he stood by wait... she could speak.

"... do you live?" he asked her

"... going to 150 Mount street,' she ... to Captain Archer's. Let me go, ... e. The captain is sick and ...

... cannot walk.'

... replied the stout old creature. ... me, and I was his nurse.'

... a cab and take her up, said ... take her wait.'

... retained her while he hurried ... cab, and when it came they ... ugh the night and storm to 150 ... et, and Manly ran up the steps, ... ng the old woman, who was ...

His ring at the bell was an... by a servant, but by a young ... held a lamp aloft to see who ... door. As she stood there, ... of yellow light falling about ... ung man thought he had nev... thing so beautiful, and, like ... aint, when he saw Enid at her ... ned home, he felt that this

... the one maid for him."

... hair was banded back in great ... her high forehead, and her ... with a happy light. A plain ... some dark material was con... waist by a girdle clasped by ... kle, and he caught a glimpse ... foot peeping out beneath.—... startled look on her face he ... explain.

"... not be frightened, miss,' he said. 'This old lady was taken ill in the street, and I happened to be near, so I brought her here, as she said she must come to 150 Mount street.'

'You are very kind,' replied the girl, in her sweet voice. 'My father was unwell, and sent for his old nurse, but he did not think she would come upon such a night as this. Are you better now, aunty?'

'She calls me aunty, the darlin',' said the old lady, 'though I'm no more kin to her than you, blessin's on your handsome face! It's few young men would take the trouble for an old dame like me.'

'The gentleman must be very wet,' said the girl. 'Shall I not show you a room where you can have a fire? It will be a pleasure to me.'

'Thank you, miss,' said the young man, bashfully, turning his wet cap in his hands. 'But I've an old mother at home that will be anxious to see me, as I'm a sailor, and she knows I passed the Welland, and will expect me.'

'But you must leave your name, sir. My father is a sailor too, and will want to thank you.'

'No need of that, miss. I only did as any one with the heart of a man would have done. But he knows me well enough—Captain George Manly, of the schooner Flying Arrow.'

'Indeed!' she said, with a bright smile. 'I have heard him speak of you often, and, after what I have seen to-night, I can well believe all his praises of you.'

Poor George blushed to the very roots of his hair, and plunged into the cab, ordering the driver, in sailor fashion, to "heave ahead," and was driven rapidly home. Next day, while he was on the schooner, a boy came down with a note from Captain Archer, asking him to come up, and he was only to glad to avail himself of the invitation, though he would not acknowledge that he wished to get another glimps of Myra Archer's beautiful face. He went in the evening, and Captain Archer, somewhat recoved from his indisposition, received him with the bluff welcome which only sailors can give and made him feel at home at once.—Then Myra came in, radiant in beauty, and played melodies, mournful and gay, with a feeling and expression which the young sailor had never dreamed of. He sat in a perfect maze, watching her white fingers threading in and out among the keys of the piano-forte, and evoking sweet music from the depths of the old instrument. He would have sat there for hours watching her and listening to the music, but Captain Archer would not have it. He liked to talk.

'Stop clawing that piano, Myra,' he said, laughing. 'What do you mean? When my young friend Manly comes to see me, do you think I do not want to hear him talk? There, get a chair on this side of the fire. I'm glad you got in just as you did last night, George, for late in the fall as it is, the coast is dangerous. Did you hear of any wrecks?'

'Ay, indeed; the upper lake coast is lined with them. Thunder bay is full of them, and I saw a bark ashore off Nine-mile point, but her crew had left her—The Bermuda was in Port Dalhousie when I left, with a broken foremast. She will be down to-morrow, I reckon.'

'It is a terrible life you live,' said Myra, softly. She was sitting on a low stool, with her head upon her father's knee. 'I used to fall asleep nights, and when the wind rose, I would be awake in a moment, thinking of dear papa.'

'She's tender-hearted, is my little girl,' said the captain, laying a caressing hand upon her head—'mighty tender-hearted, to be sure. I'm going to tell you a story about a man that sails these lakes: not an old man, yet in experience he is as old as the grayest among us. He used to sail a little sloop out of this port, and went a matter of forty miles up the coast for any load he could get. It wasn't much of a boat, you understand. He had two men besides himself, and one of them was in the cabin sick with the ague.'

'Captain!' said George, faintly.

'Well, what is it? Don't cross my hawse in that manner, you young lubber. Let me tell the story.'

'I wish you wouldn't,' said Geore.

'Nonsense. You can see how short-handed this young 'un was, with only one man to manage a pretty heavy sheet, for some one had to steer; and there came up one of the biggest blows we had that year—a squall, I ought to have said.—When it struck her she had everything reefed snug, so it did no harm to the sloop, but it washed the sailor before the mast overboard. What do you think he did, this young captain? Did he leave that struggling man to his fate, and sail on before the wind? Not a bit of it. He threw her up into the wind, fastened the tiller, and ran down to bring the sick man up in his arms, and brought him on deck, propped him up against the helm, and got out a little dingy the sloop carried—not much bigger than a Panama hat—and went after that man. What do you think of that young tarry-jacket, eh? You can't bear to hear good deeds spoken of, can you?'

'He did it,' said Myra, with a glowing face. 'He must not deny it, for I won't believe him.'

He passed a pleasant evening, and after that found it very convenient to drop into the captain's house during the winter evening to play a game of chess with him. And when the captain was not at home—and it was astonishing how often that happened—he would stay to sing duets with Myra. George had a magnificent voice, and they sang well together. The winter wore away, and George fitted out the Fling Arrow for her upward trip, when Captain Archer came down to the boat.

'You don't go out to-night, George?' he said.

'I think so. The wind turns at midnight, and I think I must take advantage of it.'

'Then you will have plenty of time.—Where have you been the last two weeks? Myra had something to tell you. I must do it myself. My little girl is going to be married to-night.'

George turned quickly away, and looked steadily across the harbor for a moment before he could trust himself to speak.

'Isn't it rather sudden?'

'Well, yes. I'll tell you about it.—You see, he lives in Toronto, Gale Merrick does, and it was there my little girl met him. They have been engaged over a year. I wonder she never told you, for she always said if she could trust any one on earth it would be George Manly.'

'I'm glad she likes me,' said George, in a cold, dry tone. 'I wish her every joy that can come to woman. She'll be a true wife to him, and she'll deserve all the love that any man can give her.'

'Why, you've got to come yourself, George. Do you think Myra would be married and you not there? Why, there isn't a man on earth she honors more than you, and I believe if she hadn't met Gale and been promised to him before she saw you, she would have given her heart to you.'

'No,' said George, sadly. 'No such luck. I—I don't think I can come, captain. Say I wish them happy, but I can not get away. I would if I could.'

'I don't believe she will take no for an answer, then,' said the captain. She'll send the carriage down for you, sure.'

And so she did. But George had disappeared, and none of the sailors seemed to know where he had gone. The carriage came twice, but each time he was away. Where was he? Crouched down in a secluded corner of the lumber-yard near at hand, fighting the battle with his true, honest heart. 'I could have loved her dearly,' he said. 'Life seemed ended. And she asked me to come and see her married, the innocent child! She never knew I loved her, never know how my heart was crying out to her night and day. Oh, Myra! Myra!'

He was so near the schooner that he heard the carriage come and go twice, and was glad it had not found him. Then his mood changed, and he felt that he must see her before she changed her maiden name, or die. He went to the schooner threw off the blouse which he wore his clothing, and went up. A servant met him in the hall.

'He's come! He's come,' she cried.—'Oh, Mr. George, this will so please Miss Myra! She was almost crying because you would not come to see her married, and the carriage has just gone for you again.'

'I suppose I could not see her before—before she is married!' faltered George.

'I'll ask,' said the girl. 'I know she'll come. Go into the parlor and I'll send her down.'

Soon there was a rustle of muslin, and Myra floated into the room, so full of beauty and light that poor George stood like one transfixed, gazing at her. Radiant! That was a tame word to describe such beauty as hers in her bridal dress. She gave him both hands in the hearty manner which had always characterized her treatment of him, and he took them in a clasp which made her start.

'You dear, good George!' she said. 'So you thought better of it and came, after all, I would never have forgiven you, if you had staid away—never, never!'

'I am glad I came,' he said, softly. 'It is better so—better, far better. I wish I knew the man you are to marry. He must be a good man to be worthy of you.'

'How highly you think of me, George!' she said. 'I do not deserve it at your hands, but I would rather have you think well of me than any man—except Gale—in the wide world. There, you must let me go, for the bridesmaids are calling me, and I am not quite ready. How do I look?'

He gave her such a look that she needed no other answer, and fled with glowing cheeks up the stairs. An hour after George Manly stood in the shadow of the window curtain, and saw her standing with her lover, and heard the solemn words fall from the lips of the divine; "And whom God hath join together let no man put asunder."

* * * * * * *

Two years passed, and the captain of the Flying Arrow was captain of a propeller which brought passengers and merchandise from the upper lakes. Those who knew him best were aware that he was pressed down by some great sorrow, but no one had known his grief except his mother. He had told her his story, and she fell upon his neck and wept for him, "as one whom his mother had comforted.' But she was now at rest.

The propeller was passing out of the last lock in the Welland, and George was forward watching her carefully; when passengers came on board. He had not time to attend to them; but when the boat was fairly out of Dalhousie, and the mate could take care of her, he went into the dining-saloon, for the dinner bell was ringing. They had few first-cabin passengers that day, though the steerage was full to overflowing. Most of these had already taken their seats, and George had begun to carve the meat, when the door leading to the ladies' cabin opened and a gentleman came in followed by a lady. The carving-knife dropped from George Manly's hand; for Myra stood before him with the flush of happiness upon her cheek, and her eyes dancing with fun as they sought out George's face. They came forward and he rose quickly and greeted them as if they had been his brother and sister. Myra was unaffectedly glad to see him, and asked him questions of her old home, her father, and friends, and George answered her as well as he could. He could not see that she had changed in any respect—a little more matronly in figure, perhaps, but nothing more. Her eyes had the same old light in them which he remembered so well, and her voice was as sweet as ever. When dinner was over Myra rose with an important air and beckoned George to come.

'I have something to show you, sir. You are to come with me at once, and tell me what you think.'

George followed her mechanically into the ladies' cabin. A nurse sat upon a sofa near the upper end of the cabin, holding in her arms a baby—Myra's child. The young mother was down upon her knees beside it, pressing her lips to the sweet mouth of the child, which crowed and stretch out its little hands to her.

'Why don't you speak to him, George?' she said, pouting. 'You don't hardly even look at him, you wicked creature, and you don't know what his name is.'

'How could I know?' said George. 'I hope he has a good name.'

'He has the name of a good and a brave one,' she answered.

'Your father's?'

'George Gale Merrick. Now what do you think of it? I *would* have it, George because I want, when my little child is old enough to understand what I mean, to point him out a model, and I want no better one than I have found.'

The little fellow was stretching out his hands to George, who could not resist the child's pleasing gesture, and took the little fellow in his arms. His voice broke as he tried to speak.

'You don't know how I feel it,' he said, 'that you should name your little child after me. I am not likely to have one by my own fireside, and it will be something to remember with pleasure in my lonely voyages that somewhere on the earth there lives a child who bears my name.'

'George,' said Myra, inexpressibly touched by the melancholy cadence of his voice, 'why do you live a lovely life?—There are dozens of girls I know who would be proud to be your wife.'

'It can never be,' he said, gently. And the solemn waves seemed to take up and sound the melancholy words. Myra had never dreamed of the true solution of George Manly's sorrow. In their intercourse she had looked at him as one immeasurably above her, to whom her childish chatter was simply amusing. But that he should love her! she whould have laughed at the idea. Yet she saw him standing there, gazing upon the sweet face of the child, and indefinable suggestions crossed her mind as to the cause of his gloom. Through the day he came to the cabin often; and once when Myra missed the child the nurse told her that 'the captain" had taken it on deck. She went out to look for him, and found him seated in the shadow of the cabin, the arms of the boy about his neck, and its little face pressed against his bearded cheek.

'I knew you had stolen him,' said Myra. But the boy clung to his new protector, and crowed defiance to his mother. She drew a deck chair near the rail, looking out across the tranquil water.—They were just steaming past Charlotte, and the long line of green coast lay bright before their eyes. George, looking at the northern sky, gave a sudden start, and a new trouble came into his face. He did not like the appearance of the sky. He had seen it look like that before terrific squalls, and he went away to prepare for danger. The sun set in a blazing sky, but it was the wrong kind of red—a lurid fiery glare. The sailors shook their heads and looked significantly at each other. Myra, surprised by these strange glances, asked:

'What is the matter, George?'

'A capful of wind yonder, perhaps—nothing to speak of. You go into your cabin and never mind it. If there is any real danger, I will be the first one to call you, never fear. Take her into the cabin, Gale, and don't mind the chatter of my men. If the lubbers had never sailed the lake, I wouldn't blame them so much. But—I don't like this. Go into the cabin.'

The wind began to rise in fitful gusts, and the steamer was rushing through the water at her best speed, the foam piling itself in white masses about her cut-water. Below, her great heart throbbed and beat, while the firemen, smoke-begrimed and perspiring, plied wood in the furnace, and the engineer obeyed the order which came through the speaking tube to put on speed. Night came on and the waves seemed to go down for a moment, and it was almost a calm, and then without a moment's warning, the squall struck them on the beam. Many a sailing craft went down in that fierce gust, and even the steamer felt it. As she heeled to leeward, and everything upon the windward side went thundering across the deck, a wail of despair was heard among the passengers. But, in obedience to the captain's order, the steamer's course was changed so that its bow pointed "into the wind's eye," while the fierce squall roared about her and a watery deluge swept across her deck. George Manly, drenched by the icy flood, but bold and confident, kept his station behind the wheel-house, holding in one hand the speaking tube and in the other a trumpet, for in the roar of the elements no human voice could have any power. A confused shout arose as a crowd of drenched passengers came rushing forward.

"Silence there, fore and aft!" cried the young sailor. "Watkins, take those people aft. What do they mean by this conduct when we are busy?"

The mate drove his confused flock before him to the after-cabin, locked them in, and pocketed the key, in spite of their remonstrances. He knew that they were safe if in that dark night they did not meet some other craft upward bound. The captain kept his lights up, the pyramid of colored lamps which tells of the coming of a steamer, and anxiously watched for those other lights which he must avoid. Sea after sea deluged them, and swept the decks clean of everything not secure; but the sturdy sailors laughed at them. George called the first mate to his place, gave him the trumpet, and went into his cabin for a night-glass, when he was aware that some one was sitting on a stool in the forward cabin looking out of the window, and trying in vain to pierce the thick darkness beyond.

"Who is this?" he said.

"It is I, George," said the musical voice he had so loved to hear. "I could not stay in the cabin among that crowd of frightened people. Let me stay here."

"If you like it better," he answered. "Where is the child and Gale?"

"They are in the cabin. Gale is not afraid, and is trying to calm those poor frightened souls. He is a brave man, George."

"I know it," said George, slowly. "I—"

Crash! Everthing seemed to reel as if a lightning stroke had touched the steamer and shivered her at once. A wild, piercing cry, heard above the roar and rush of the tempest, a terrible, agonizing scream from half a hundred throats, told what had happened. Some unfortunate craft at the mercy of the waves, without lights, or unable to raise them, had met the steamer in full career. There can be no conception of the terrible force of such a meeting. The crashing timbers, the shrieks of brave men, rose above the turmoil of nature. Then the steamer reeled on, staggering like a drunken man, and the unfortunate craft was blotted out. George had caught Myra, and held her close until the first tumult had subsided, and he felt the steamer gliding on unobstructed, when he released her, and rushed out into the gloom and took command of the steamer again. For two hours they rushed on, and the storm subsided, when the mate came to him, and whispered, in a horrified voice—

"We have sprung a leak!"

For a single instant the two men looked at each other in horrified surprise, and then George sprang for his trumpet. "To the pumps!" he cried. "Work with a will, men."

They worked as only men can who are fighting for their lives. But, fast as they labored, the water poured in faster than the pumps could draw it out. It gained, inch by inch, and George hurried about, preparing the boats for the salvation of the passengers. The storm had subsided as quickly as it rose, but though they now rocked idly upon the waves, they felt that they were doomed.

"Get out the boats!" cried the sailors. "Pumps can't save us. The steamer must go down."

They made a rush for the boat on the starboard quarter, but George Manly stood before it, a revolver in his hand, and warned them sternly back: "I am captain of this boat yet, and my passengers shall be saved first, my crew next, myself last of all. But the man who lays a finger upon any of these boats, except I order it, is a dead man."

They quailed before the determined captain, and when he called to certain ones to help lower away the boat, they quietly obeyed him. One by one the frightened passengers descended, until there was only room left for the four rowers and the mate who was to command the boat. "Away with you," said George. "You have a compass, Watkins?"

"Ay, ay, sir. God bless you, captain!"

The boat pushed off, and the remaining one was lowered. It was larger than the one which had just left the steamer, but not large enough to hold all. George, with his own hands, placed Myra in the boat, and put the child in her arms. No one remained upon the steamer except Myra's husband and Manly. The sailors began to grumble.

"Come along, cap. She is getting heavy. But both of you can't come in this boat; she won't stand it."

"I know it," said George, calmly. "I am not going with you. Gale Merrick, get into that boat. The steamer will not be afloat in fifteen minutes."

"I will not go," said Gale.

"You must," replied George, almost fiercely. "And before you go I want you to take this letter. When you know that I am dead, give it to your wife. If I live, return it to me."

He thrust the sealed letter into the hand of the husband, and seizing him suddenly, forced him into the boat and cast off the painter. The boat and steamer parted in the darkness, and George Manly remained upon the ill-fated craft, happy in the consciousness that he had heard her voice praying them to return and save him. He was glad they did not attempt it. The boat was loaded heavily already, and his weight would be too much. Climbing to the quarter-deck, he sat calmly down and awaited his fate. The last they saw of him, under the glare of the steamer's lamps, was his hand stretched out in a mute gesture of farewell. Living, no man ever saw his face again, and it was two days after when they found his body on the sands. When he was buried, Myra's husband brought the package which this brave man forced into his hand upon that fearful night, and opened it. He had written hastily in pencil,

"Myra—Farewell until the coming of a brighter morning. GEORGE."

Inclosed was a will bequeating all his property to Myra. He had made this will long ago, and carried it with him, directed to her. He had written in pencil beneath it: "Teach the little child to think kindly of the man whose name he bears." Myra never forgot that prayer, and in the after days her son revered the memory of no man more than that of the young hero who died in the darkness that other lives might be saved.

OLD LETTERS.

Never burn kindly written letters; it is so pleasant to read them over when the ink is brown, the paper yellow with age, and the hands that traced the friendly words are folded over the heart's that prompted them under the green sod. Above all, never burn love letters. To read them in after years is like a resurrection to one's youth. The elderly spinster finds in the impassioned offer she foolishly rejected twenty years ago, a fountain of rejuvenescence. Glancing over it, she realizes that she was once a belle and a beauty, and beholds her former self in a mirror much more congenial to her taste than the one that confronts her in her dressing room. The "widow indeed" derives a sweet and solemn consolation from the letters of the beloved one who has journeyed before her to the far off land from whence there comes no message, and where she hopes some day to join him. No photographs can so vividly recall to the memory of the mother the tenderness and devotion of the children who have left at the call of heaven, as the epistolary outpourings of that love. The letter of a true son or daughter to a true mother is something better than the image of the features; it is a reflex of the writer's soul. Keep all loving letters. Burn only the harsh ones, and in burning them forgive and forget.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Do you ever think, short though it may be, how much there is in it? Oh, it is beautiful! And like a diamond in the crown of a queen, it unites a thousand gems in one.

It teaches all of us, every one of us—to look upon God as our parent—"Our Father."

It tells us that we must reverence our Heavenly Father—"Hallowed be thy name."

It breathes the saint's reward—"Thy kingdom come."

And a submissive and obedient spirit—"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

And a dependent, trusting spirit—"Give us this day our daily bread."

And a forgiving spirit—"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us."

And a cautious spirit—"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from all evil."

And last of all an adoring spirit—"For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever—Amen."

TIME.—In all the actions which a man performs, some part of his life passes. We die while doing that for which alone our sliding life was granted. Nay, though we do nothing, time keeps his constant pace, and flies as fast in idleness as in employment. Whether we play, or labor, or sleep, or dance, or study, the sun posts on, and the sand runs. An hour of vice is as long as an hour of virtue. But the difference between good and bad actions is infinite. Good actions, though they diminish our time here as well as bad actions, yet they lay up for us a happiness in eternity; and will recompense what they take away by a plentiful return at last. When we trade with virtue, we do but buy pleasure at the expense of time. So it is not so much a consuming of time as an exchange. A man sows his corn, he is content to wait a while, that he may at the harvest, receive with advantage.—*Owen Feltham.*

☞ Lessons of wisdom have never such power as when they are wrought in the heart through the groundwork of a story which engages the passions; is it that we are like iron and must first be heated before we can be wrought upon? or is the heart so in love with deceit that where a true report will not reach it we must cheat it with a fable in order to come at the truth?—*Sterne.*

By annihilating the desires you annihilate the mind. Every man without passions has within him no principle of action, nor motive to act.

From the New York Observer.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

The shades of eve are stealing on,
The sun has sunk to rest,
But the bright, gorgeous sunset clouds
Still linger in the west.
The waves are washing on the shore
With murmur soft and low,
And o'er the water wanders still
The dying twilight's glow.

On all around calm stillness reigns,
Hushed is the summer air,
Save where the distant vesper bell
Tolls the sweet hour of prayer;
Anon the bell's last tone has ceased,
The light has left the sky,
And forth into the chilly night
The stars peep from on high.

Held spellbound by the holy hour,
Earth's cares lie soothed to rest,
And high resolves and noble aims
Arise within the breast,
And earnest thoughts which fill our hearts
With love, O Lord, for Thee,
Then bid us 'mid this troubled life
Thy servants true to be.

So when death's shades come stealing on,
And life's brief course is run,
May our good deeds, like gorgeous clouds
Which gild the setting sun,
Still linger, till their place is filled
By others here below,
As in the sky the constant stars
Succeed the twilight's glow.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

There will ever be a place for virtue.

Better bend the back than bruise the forehead.

Time's chariot wheels make their road in fairest faces.

Never kill a fly with a club when a feather will do as well.

God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest.

In French they call picnics "Pique-Niques."

A tie vote—when both parties vote yes, and the preacher ties the knot.

One of the new spots on the sun is 7,000 miles wide.

No thoroughly occupied man was yet ever miserable.

House-hunters in Philadelphia have their pick from 8,000 vacant houses.

He who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love. —*Basil.*

Never relate your misfortunes to another, and never grieve over what you cannot prevent.

Never meet a woman on the day she is not content with herself. She will not forgive you in a lifetime.

Let your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is always a friend in need.

Every to-morrow has two handles. We can take hold of it by the handle of faith. —*James Frieman Clarke.*

A Buffalo (New York) man has been held in $500 bail for opening his wife's letters.

A healthy town is Belgrade, Maine. Out of 300 voters 15 are over 80 years of age.

Baltimore is shipping tin cans to the Bermudas, there to be used in preserving pineapples.

An exchange remarks that parasols are like loaves of bread—the smaller they are the more they cost.

With love the heart becomes a fair and fertile garden, glowing with sunshine and warm hues, exhaling sweet odors.

The Turks believe that those killed in battle will go right to Paradise, and some of them will soon be sadly taken in.

Three things that never agree—two cats over one mouse, two wives in one house, or two lovers after one maiden.

The York girls say that the ... is too much collar and too little your... man to the present style of gent's neckwear.

An English company with large capital is now organizing for the purpose of shipping beef and mutton direct from Norfolk, Va.

No good that the humblest of us has wrought ever dies. There is one long unerring memory in the universe out of which nothing fades.

Be thou the rainbow to the storm of life! the evening beam that smiles the clouds away, and lights to-morrow with prophetic ray.

Human brutes, like other beasts, find banes and poisons in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetites to their destruction.

Truthfulness is a corner-stone in character; and if it is not firmly laid in youth, there will always be a weak spot in the foundation.

☞ The best gift to give your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make be proud of you; to yourself, respect; to men, charity.

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