Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is arima facile evidence of INTENTIONAL PRAUD

VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD.

The King of Somewhere loved the Queen
Of Somewherelse most dearly.
And in his courtier Gobetween
Confided be sincerely. The Courtier was a pleasant man,
Of readlest invention.
And always had some clever plan
To hold the King's attention.

The Queen was coy and hard to please
As best beseemed her station:
The King upon his bended knees

She kept in supplication. No favoring answer would she give,
No smile of kind consenting;
And while the King was fain to live,

Yet life was all lament ng. At last he prayed his Courtier wise To aid in his proceeding: The Courtier's ready wits devise Plans worthy of his breeding.

He hastened to the haughty Queen, And praised his Royal Highness: wily was this Gobetween. He chuckled o'er his slyness

The Queen was coftened by his art, And when her suitor tendered His royal kingdom (and his heart), She graciously surrendered.

The King and Queen lived happily, In hand and heart were wedded; As for the Courtier-let me see-Oh, yes-he was beheaded. -Stanley Wood, in Century. ----

MRS. TOM HARDING.

One of the Season's Nautucket Idyla. The out-bound steamer from New Bedford, stopping at Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket, swept gayly out of the harbor. Two young women in simple traveling costume sat on the deck and looked down on the many-shaded green Ford. The latter was tall, dignified of the petite, dark-eved friend at her from him his name and habitation. side. It was she who spoke, with just a trifle of annovance in her voice:

"It's too absurd, Amy. You can never carry out such a plan; you will get into all kinds of scrapes and tell so is called an interesting old place, I bemany fibs."

Miss Morgan, coolly-"What are fibs mark had been made in vain. in a good cause, my dear? You will see it will be the sim lest thing in the a married stand point."

Miss Morgan, with fierceness-"Bel, if you ever allude to that again-" "I won't, dear," said her friend, soothingly, "but since you didn't marry I can't see why—"
"That's just it," answered Miss

Morgan, eagerly; "if I had married I should wish to appear single. Come, Bel, I'll chaperone you beautifully. Let me have my own way, won't you,

Miss Ford, with resignation-"When do you not have your own way, Amy? But you'll repent it, and I shan't have They were seated, and after a mo- dressed Mr. Harding one moment's peace.' "Repent it? Never! Now for a

name. Mrs-Mrs- What is my husband's name, Bel?" "I decline all acquaintance with myths."

Miss Morgan, after some thought-"I have it now Bel, dear, let me present you to Mrs. Harding, Mrs. Tom Harding, of Nashville. Nashville is a good far-off place, you know." Miss Ford tried to frown, but laughed

instead and bowed. "Now. Mrs. Harding," she said, "perhaps you will find time to look at this charming scenery," and they fell to talking of the beauty of the waves and the white-

They sat slightly apart from the crowd of fellow-passengers, and, absorbed in their talk, did not note a single listener, who stole guiltily away as the steamer neared the Vineyard. The listener was a young man, tall and comely, with laughing blue eyes and fine, clear-cut features. He wore a suit of well-fitting gray, and carried in his hand a traveling satchel neatly lettered "T. H." His face betokened a little perplexity and much amusement, as he sauntered to another part of the deck, and devoted himself to the pages of a Nantucket guide. He glanced now and then at the young women who had so unwittingly bestowed upon

him their confidence, and, as he did so, he smiled. They talked on in desultory fashion till the summer twilight fell, and the picturesque old town of Nantucket rose in sight. Miss Morgan sprang up from her chair, and, gathering her wrap around her in a careless though not ungraceful way, called her friend: "Come, Bel, I'm longing to begin my new life," and they threaded their way deftly through the crowd to the landing - place below. There they quickly got into a carriage and rolled away through the cobbled-paved streets, with the hoarse notes of the town-crier ringing in their ears. They looked about them eagerly, noting the quaint old houses, and the charming

"Oh, Bel," cried Amy, "I'm half sorry we came. "Why, dear?" asked her friend. "Because I shall never want to go

grass-grown streets.

They breakfasted gayly the next member thee?" on their fellow-boarders. They had a tion and amusement at Amy's retreat- the e was a record of some lady cele map of the island spread out before ing figure and answered distinctly: brated for her wonderful coiffure, who them, and occasionally invoked the aid "Harding, Tom Harding, from Tennes- was asked by an eminent hair-dresser of the Nantucket waitress in making their plans for the day.

"There's the old mill, the old house, Surf-side and 'Sconset," said the young woman, conscientiously checking off the spots of interest on her fingers as she spoke. "and Wauwinet, and-"

"Oh, don't, please," interrupted Amy, "don't tell any more. I am bewildered now. Bel, what do you say to a walk along shore this morning, and Mrs. Harding," said one of the ladies, have windmills and carriages embroidthe old mill this afternoon?"

Her friend assented, and they rose from the table and went out in the hall. ing: we were so sorry you were too with gold-headed canes nearly as tal "How delightfully free I feel," said tired to join us." Amy, as she stopped at the desk and began to turn over the pages of the register. "I told everybody not to write

to me, and I shall write to no one." She scanned page after page without comment till her eyes rested on the one where she had inscribed her friend's name and her own the night before.

"Bel," she gasped, "look here!" and she turned to her friend a face of horrified surprise.

There were the names she had registered there the previous evening: Mrs. Tom Harding, Nashville, Tenn. Miss Isabel Ford, New York.

But beneath them was another in a bold and manly hand: Tom Harding, Nashville, Tenn.
"How perfectly shocking! What

mill, and they found the miller alone. got for the nonce the troubles of matriHe was an old sailor, brown and mony and the inconvenient presence of mony and the inconvenient presence

ion, in his cars. He was a Portuguese, were met in the hall by the waitress he told them, was born in the Azores, who handed Miss Ford a card. and had spent many years of his life

upon the sea. brother here, and so I stay." "I hope you will go home some day."

"Oh, yes, I tink so, write you name in my book before you go?" and he some former visitor.

Mrs. Tom Harding. Miss Isabel Ford. He looked at the names curiously a inscription—"Harry Thorndyke, New moment and said: "You husband here York."

little while ago. You to meet him the page before, pointed out: Tom Herding, Nashville, Tenn. Amy crimsoned but said nothing.

mered Amy. "Come, Bel, we must his pains.

haste," said the miller placidly. their own, on whose emptiness they Amy, expostulated Miss Ford. morning, filled. The occupant was a A tall figure darkened the door.

that he had been at Surside in the name anywhere." waters below-Miss Morgan and Miss answered his remarks; Amy sat in hurriedly into the room. "I beg your and blonde, and three years the senior at the stranger, as if wishing to wrest "but could you lend me a shawl, if you "We were at the old mill this after- can get it mysel"."

"Indeed," he answered politely, "it you?" he stamm red. lieve," and poor Amy felt that her re-

"I'd give anything if I hadn't begun . "Yes," said Amy. world, and I do so want to see life from | mounted the stairs to their own room; and seemed about to speak. Miss Ford-"Then why didn't you she added, defiantly. "If I only knew is in the register is your hu band?"

Two or three days glided by in une- the young man turned to go Morgan, and Miss Ford loitered about slowly, "but I shouldn't have come if I the queer old streets and whiled away had known," and he went sadly away. It was in one of those that they heard cried Miss Ford. little room well filled.

a hospitable voice as they passed in the so? some chairs.'

ment's pause the lecture went on. "Barna les from a ship's bottom," Will you take me for a little walk?" prevent it from sailing.

sympathy and amusement

"This," said the widow, "is the headdress of a chief's daughter worn at "Yes, I couldn't help hearing you on boat-racing, of which the materials are the boat," he explained, hastily, "and found in the palm-tree, and a very when I found you had fixed on my beautiful head-dress it is. Will thee name, I was amused, and-" sailed vessels outlined against the dis- put it on, my dear?" addressing Amy. "Yes, I see-but last night he came complied, and the curious structure Harding, and he asked me if I was proved not unbecoming to her glowing married, and I said yes, and he asked it face and dark eyes.

> " Behold thy face. And think no disgrace," quoted the lecturer, offering a small hand glass as she spoke. When the exhibition was over, Amy and her friend lingered to ask a ques- ing down on her bowed head and quivtion or two, and were called upon to ering form. register their names.

kept an intelligence office," grumbled ry you for anything-Amy, as she again wrote her friend's name and her own baleful title.

-a formality carefully observed by all mind." visitors - the old lady detained her. she asked, looking kindly at the pretty day young face.

"I am visiting in New York with my young fellow with gray eyes?" an attempt to draw Bel into the conver- charming disregard of grammar. deaf ear to the appeal.

"Is thee a married woman?" next tread. inquired the old lady. Poor Amy looked up to find the eyes ing out toward the sea. of the young man fixed upon her with decided interest.

"Yes, I think so," she said, confusedly, and was fain to get away. child?"-but the young man came to Springfield (Mass.) Republican. "Good-bye, madane," he said, hold- The Dudes and Budines of a Past Age.

ing out his hand. "I have enjoyed the afternoon greatly." "I am glad thee has, friend, I like George II., but in society, not at home. thy fare. Come again and see me. Gentlemen's coats were wired to stick

morning, bestowing but slight attention He cast a look of mingled depreca- heads of our ancestors, it is related how

night, and Miss Ford in answer to Mr. just imagine her answer. Nine weeks Harding's question said briefly that she And this hair-dresser replied: "That is was tired.

As they sat in their room that even- ly in hot weather." Some ridiculous ing, they heard the twang of a guitar young men delighted in dressing themin the parlor below, and snateres of selves with enormous wigs, on the exsong sung in a fine baritone voice. "Oh, we had such a treat last night top hat. On their coats they would

meeting her on the stairs next morning, "your husband's singing is charm- and tremendous cravats, and walked "I haven't any husband," cried Amy,

fiercely. "That is," she added, lamely, "he isn't hera." "Oh," said the lady, with a certain inflection. "We all thought from your having the same name, and coming

from the same place, and eating at the same table, you know. It is odd, isn't it? Quite a coincidence! One of your husband's cousins, I suppose?" she added, insistently, "My husband has no cousins," said Amy, and the lady passed on to confide is a good practice to put pill-box conto another guest that she thought tents in the fire and to empty the bot

mildly as possible, odd." Amy said nothing to her friend of this encounter, but proposed a visit to —Lieutenant Schwatka, who has re Wauwinet and Coatue in search of cently been exploring Alaska, for at shells. As they glided along over the there, among the Aleutians, a group of when they climbed the stairs of the old blue waters in the yacht Lilian, she for- islands bathed by the warm Japan cur are called Leonids, because they seem

"young Mrs. Harding was, to speak as

"He asked particularly if one of you ladies wasn't small, with big dark eyes "Do you like America?" asked Bel. and I told him yes, and then he asked "Yes, yes, I like it here, it's a big if there wasn't a Miss Morgan here with | There was a Fox lived on the hill, country, but I like better go home to Miss Ford, and I said, no, there wasn't, the Azo'. My woman, she have her and he seemed real surprised when I said there wa'n't only you and Mrs. Harding as come together, and he said cr'ed Amy, impulsively, putting out he'd call this evening, and he hoped he'd find you as he was going away to-

morrow. Having thus delivered her message, proudly produced a register, the gift of the girl went away, and left them alone. Bel held the card out silently to Amy. "You write, Amy," said Bel, and the She took it mechanically from Miss old miller bent over her chair, as she Ford's band, looked at it helplessly a moment, and then dropped it on the floor with a little gesture of despair. It bore on its smooth, white surface the

They ate supper in a pensive silence, when you come?" and turning back to broken now and then by a remark from Mr. Harding and a brief reply from Miss Ford.

The young man glanced now and "It is no you husband?" he persisted. then at Miss Ford's companion, but "Yes no I don't know," stam- beheld nothing but downcast lashes for

"I shall be sick this evening, Bel," "I tink you catch him if you make said Amy, decidedly, as they paused a moment in the parlor, "and you may They were a little late at supper that | tell Harry Thorndyke what you like." evening, and found the chair opposite But he didn't come to see me,

had congratulated themselves in the The woman who deliberates is lost. tall young man with genial blue eyes "Then you are here, after all, Miss and clear-cut features. Formalities are Morgan," and Harry Thorndyke shook blown away in sea breezes, and when hands rapturously with poor Amy. "I he had passed the butter and the cold never was so down in my life as when meat, and i'el had responded with prof- the fgirl said you weren't here with fers of jelly, they began to converse Miss Ford. I looked at the register quite as a matter of course. He said myself, too, and couldn't find your

morning and out rowing in the harbor "Ob, Mrs. Harding," said an exlater in the day. It was Bel who pansive voice, and a young lady came silence, occasionally flashing dark eyes pardon," as she saw the young man, are not going out? No. don't come: I

noon," she said, with a little abrupt- The gladness died out of the young ness as they were rising from the table. man's face. "What -what did she call

"Mrs. Harding," said Amy, sharply. "Then you are married?" he said at

it," she admitted to her friend as they. Miss Ford started from her chair. "but I'll carry it out to the end now," And the Mr. Harding whose name

marry? I'm sure there was Harry who that dreadful Tom Harding was:" "Yes," cried the girl, frantically, and ventful comfort. Mrs. Harding, nee "1-1 congratulate you," he said

> pleasant hours in the bric-a-brac shops. | "Oh, Amy, what have you done?" of a museum kept by a sea-Captain's "I don't know," and she turned to- To make him linger and loath to stop. widow, and decided to visit it. The ward her friend a face of such utter afternoon was rainy and they found the wretchedness that she forebore further

"Come right in, young women." said "How could I do it when I love him door. "Young man, hand those women | As they left the dining-room the next morning, Amy turned suddenly and ad-

"I want to speak to you alone, please. said the lecturer, displaying some speci- The young man assented, and they mens as she spoke, 'of which they form | walked almost in silence to the top of themselves on the ship's bottom and the hill that overlooks the harbor. Once The grass scarce rustling where she stepped.

there, Amy turned and faced him. Amy stifled a laugh behind her fan, "Mr. Hard ng, I don't know what and looking around to avoid meeting you will think of me, but I am the most her friend's eyes, encountered those of wretched girl in the world. When I the young man who sat opposite them was coming here I made a little plan -at table. They exchanged a glance of "Will it make it any easier if I tell you that I know-"

"You know-?"

After a moment's hesitancy, Amy here, and somebody called me Mrs. you were my husband, and I said you were, and" here her voice broke into But the Stork as grave as a deacon sat, irrepressible sobs-"ne's gone away, and I shall never see him again.'

"Shall I go and bring him back?" asked the young man, helplessly, look-

"Oh, yes, do," she cried, "tell him 1 "One would think everybody here didn't marry you -that I wouldn't mar-"If you will tell me his name," said

the young man, a trifle grimly, "I will And she bade good bye to her Lostess try and make that fact clear to his "His name is Thorndyke, Harry

"Where does thee live, my dear?" Thorndyke, and he's going away to-"Thorndyke, a broad-shouldered

friend Miss Ford," answered Amy with "Yes, that's him." cried Amy, wit sation, but the young lady was intent "Can you wait here a little while?" on some ivory carvings, and turned a and before she could answer, he was off,

going down the hill with light, springy She stood where he had left her, look-

An hour later a hand was laid caressingly on hers, and she turned to meet Harry Thornayke's honest eyes. "So you are not Mrs. Tom Harding "Has thee a good husband, my after ali?" he said. - Mary Lyles, in

Patches were used from Charles I. to

What is thy name, so that I may re- out at the time ladies wore immense hoops. Concerning the powdered of the period, a writer on the hair, how Amy did not appear at supper that long her hair had been unopened, and as long as it is well to keep it, especialtreme top of which they placed a little

> as themselves. They always appeared in the park on very small ponies. The Macaroni ladies were quite as absurd Though ugly, the male dress of the last century was less objectionable than many of the styles gone before, and ladies' costume was never so pretty .-San Francisco Argonaut. -The remaining contents of pill-boxes and potion and lotion bottles are dangerous kinds of family supplies to keep

about the house. When the occasior

for which they are procured is over i

ered; they were the tightest of silk hose

tles into the nearest culvert.-N. Y. Times.

Our Young Readers.

THE FOX AND THE STORK. VERSIFIED PROM ESOP'S PARLEL A Lady Fox With reddish locks,

And there was a Stork lived by the mill; And one was idle and fut and gay, And knew how a cunning trick to play. While the other was long and lean alway.

Gay I aly Fox fived by her wit, But her friend, the Stork, Was forced to work.

And a tedious time he had of it:

For the little green trogs were quick to And the shoals of minnows swift to sweet Out of the shallows into the deep The Fox on a high-perched, stately shelf

Was, now and then, Wont to be down and sun herself. Only the wind her habit knew, And up to her slender muzcle blew The scent of the grass-flexis and the dew, And up to her cars, so keen to he

On ready wing brought everything Of news, and sounds from far and near-The tree-tood's chirr, the plowboy's strain. The bay of the bound and his hindering While the hillside echo bayed again.

And there was much for her eyes to see, From the bazy blue Of mountain to The nearer grace of rock and tree: And by puddle, or pool, or rivulet, One ione, gaunt figure always met Her gaze, knee-deep in sedge and wet.

The Stork. She mused, that from the peep Of dawn till noon, And from noon till moon, He was always standing there knee-deep. So, once she sent a small gray Bee With a message worded graciously: "Dear friend, pray dine to-day with me."

She made a soup. The breast of a wren, A robin's egg. A sparrow's eg, And the whole of the little fat red hen, She boiled together, with sprigs of rue, With thyme and anise and onion, too, And sait-just a pinch of sait would do

And, seasoned thus, in a skillful way she stirred it well Till the Stork could smell The steam from it half a mile away. So, when the gray lice buzzing near Droned her kind message in his car, His heart leapt gird and light to hear.

Out he stepped from the mud and ooze, With eager speed Through rush and reed, And away he stalked in h s scarlet shoes. That savory smeil his footsteps led; And there was the Fox's table spread; And the pot was beiling fast, she said. Two large flat plates were on the board,

And the stew completed.

They soon were scated, And from a gourd-table the mess was poured Then out of her wide and shallow pag-The Fox with little red tenzue began To lap, lap, lap, as foxes can.

But the Stork could only touch the tip Of his long bill in; The soup was thin, And try as he would, he could only sip. And while with a realsh his hostess ate Saucers full, platters full, plate on plate, He sat, half-starved, disconsolate.

What a dinner it was, food drop by drop! Of the tooth-ome stuff And he oitterly sighed: "It may be a fit, Fine way for a lady to show her wit, But I I, be even with her for it.

And the time came soon; one day he sent By a messenger of flattering flourish and compliment: "Come down to the fen from your lefty And brighten my marsh with your sun-red

And feast with me, dear Lady Fox." Swift-footed adown the hill she crept, A russet shadow Along the meadow, She found at the Stork s the table out:

A chowder bubbled: a speckled trout

Hopped in the frying-pan about.

and what were the dishes, do you suppose? Why, ewers and jugs, And bottles and murs, Each one with a narrow neck and nose. And the Lady Fox she looked askance, With a half-dismayed, uneasy glance,

And a gathering cloud on her countenance. For how could a lady est-dear me!-From pitchers so tall. With necks so small, and the chowder so deep within, you see? She could pick a bone, or rob a nest; She would steal the bait from a trap with

But here she was baffled, she confessed. She snifed in this jar, peered in that; She smiled, she simpered, She even whimpered And ate, by thrusting his long bill Way down to the pottage and pudding, un-

He had eaten all-had had his fill. Slow-footed the poor Fox homeward crept, A russet shadow Along the meadow. The weeds scarce rust ing where she stepped. And hungry she went to bed that night, Muttering: "The Stock was not polite, But he served me right-he served me

-Mrs. Hara Doty Bates, in Wide Awake.

METEORITES. Meteorites are composed chiefly of iron and stone, and fall from the skies. come like a thick cloud passing swiftly | calling out: overhead, and usually explode with a loud report. They are seen very frequently at night all over the country, tone, which made the people feel more and shine like a falling-star. One of tired and languid than ever. He went the largest ever seen in the United from the smoking-car to the ear of the Statet appeared about twenty-lour train, and sold just two fans. years ago, in the still summer evening. coming from the west. It was almost followed immediately after him, with a as bright as the moon. It passed swift- big armful of new bamboo fans. The ly over the heads of thousands of ob- difference in the two lads was striking. servers. People in their country houses The darky had a cheery, business-like in Westchester County, men, women way with him which appealed directly and children, ran out or doors to see the to the comfort and to the pockets of the unusual visitor in the sky. Many were perspiring passengers. In a peculiar. very much frightened. But the meteor boyish voice, as mellow as a flute, be passed on, harming no one, and seemed | called out: at last to burst and disappear over Long

Island Sound. plosions of these meteors in the sky. you can!" tion scorched as if with fire.

But the most brilliant display of done." meteors ever witne-sed was on November 12-12, 1833, at night. Suddenly the whole heavens shone as if in flames, terrors for so cool a character as the and countless bails of fire flashed for editor of the Quitmen (Ga.) Pres , who hours along the sky. It was a rain of refreshingly remarks in his valued jourfire. In all parts of our country, from | nal: "The family of the editor of this Maine to Georgia, the people were paper is beginning to return to the awakened, and watched with wonder hammock plantation in squads of two the falling stars. Many fancied the or three at a time. Our meighbors can earth was burning, and that they them- resume at once the pleasant and chariselves would soon perish in the fiery table custom of sending in things." furnace. The colored people in the Southern States, who were very iono- - The oldest member of the Zoo ogithirty-three years they come in great numbers. It would appear as if the earth at those periods passed through a oars between Chicago and New York. cloud of them. None of them in 1833 When the beasts arrive they are fell upon the ground or did any harm. slaughtered in their feverish and ema-The meteors that come in November | ciated condition. - N. Y. Sun.

ad a Scotch syndi- The stones that fall from the sky heart and then poisoned the melor ble" and convent when the meteor expludes are black, patch in order to get rid of the brittle, and covered with a shining or the family.

dark glaze. Some of them are more than a hundred pounds in weight. They fall in all parts of the earth. The Chinese have recorded great numbers of them in their histories. Among the

Greeks and Romans these black stones that fell from the skies were worshipped as if they were gods. One of them was called "the Mother of the Gods." It was brought to Rome from the East, where it was said to have fallen from the skies in a cloud of fire. The ancient philosophers thought these

black stones fell from the sun. It is remarkable that these falling stones have never done any harm. They have usually fallen in the country or in the sea, or even far away upon some desert island. One may almost always see one or more meteors shooting over the sky on clear nights, and leaving behind a trail of light .- harper's loung People.

How Minnie Ran Away.

On a bright winter morning Minnie took the train for Providence, all by herself Not a word had she said at home about it; and what she did it for nobody knows. But there she was, all

wrapped up in her pretty gray coat and white mittens. She had a blue bow under her chin, and looked very pretty as she climbed into the cars. People tooked at her with some surprise as she passed along the aisie. But

she moved very quietly, only humming a little song to berself, and did not seem at all afraid. So they thought maybe she was used to going alone. She curled berself up on one of the soft crimson cushions and looked out of the window. The cars went rumbling on with Minnie, in high feather, en ov-

ing her stolen ride. Fretty soon the conductor came by, but in some way he missed Minnie, and did not ask for her ticket. What she would have done, if he had, she didn't know. She had neither ticket nor money. When the cars stopped a lady came in and took the seat by Minnie. She was a pretty lady, and wore a dress of soft brown cashmere. M nnie touched

the lady's dress with one little white mitten. The lady smiled, talked to her awhile, and gave her a jumble out of her bag. Minnie liked the jumble very much. The lady asked Minnie where she was going, but she couldn't tell.

"The conductor knows, I suppose," thought the lady. "Perhaps she belongs to him." Rumble, rumble, went the cars, and Minnie grew drowsy. Soon she was fast asleep. The train reached Mausheld. In came a gentleman in a great hurry, looking about him, right and ieft. The first thing Minnie knew he picked her up and carried her into the bly breathed in the spostolic require-

station. The gentleman looked kind, and patted her head; but he did not tell her what he was going to do. Minnie had half a mind to cry, but concluded she wouldn't.

When the down-train came along he gave ber to another gentleman; and this one carried her into the cars. He took care of her all the way back to Boston. Do you think Minnie thanked him? Not a bit. Do you wonder how he knew where

missed from home, and word was sent to Mansfield by telegraph. Her home was in the Providence station. Do you think she was a very naughty little girl, and was sent to bed? She was not a little girl at all: only a

she lived? Just this way: She was

Mrs. Mary Johnson, in Nursery.

gray pussy. But this is a true story .-

The Wrong Way and the Right Way. There is such a suggestive lesson, says the Christian Union, in the following incident, which we clip from the columns of one of our exchanges, that we feel it a duty to print it for the benefit of our

boy readers: "An express train filled with listless, sleepy-looking passengers stood in the Pennsylvania Railroad station yesterday afternoon, on the moment of departure for Philadelphia. The locomotive had backed up to the cars, and poured a volume of thick smoke into the hot, stifling atmosphere of the station. The travelers lolled in their seats, looking as though they dreaded the discomforts of the long, dusty ride, but yet were impatient to be whirling along through the open country, away from the smoke, the smell, and the noise. A slow-moving, surly-looking boy of fourteen or When they appear in the daytime, they thereabouts passed through the train,

"'fa-a-ns, five cents." "He spoke in a dreary, disconsolate

"A colored boy, about the same age,

"'Keep yo'selves c-o-o-o-l, now, ladies and gemmen! C-oney Island Many interesting stories are told of breezes! A big fan only five cents! the strange appearance and violent ex- Zephyrs from de billows! Buy 'em while

Yet no one seems ever to have been The effect was like a draught of cool harmed by them. At night, April 5, air. Everybody at once wanted a fau. you, live peaceably with all men." 1800, a bright object of great size-"as The darky was as much in demand as large," it was said, "as a house" - the newsboy on an early train from the moved over our country, and seemed to suburbs. People left the'r seats to avoid rush forward with terrible swi tness. It getting left. In two cars the boy sold gave a light as brilliant as that of the sixty seven fans. He could have sold sun. It disappeared in the northwest, as many more if he had them. He A violent crash was heard that seemed jumped off the piatform as the train to shake the earth, and the meteor moved from the station with his pocket buried itself in the ground. Where it full of change and his heart full of joy. fell, trees were broken down and Golly!" he shouted, dat was quick busiburned, the earth torn up, the vegeta- ness. The other boy stared in stupid astonishment, and wondered how it was

-The "heated term" can have no

rant, came out from their cabins, and cal collection at the Regent's Park, in often fell into wild convulsions of ter- London, died recently, being a black ror. They prayed, they shouted; they parrot from Madagascar, which was cried out, "The Day of Judgment has presented to the society in 1:30, just come." The beautiful sight continued two years after the gardens were until morning. It has never appeared opened. The bird had therefore lived about the 12th of November, and every old it was when it arrived is not known.

-One animal in ten dies in the cattle

-A Georgia man killed his sweet-

Religious Reading.

SHADY NOOKS AND CORNERS The shalf mooks and corners,

to much and so mot. Where spring the crystal streamlet, Where growns the flucky pool. I leave the path to seek them. No desper house to 1 5 new Than just the searly places where patient mos so grow,

The shade midde and enemen. By forest brook and bord, They hide in deep er co- as The waster realizer term; And the ones the resentered afferen hy was self to and the And him of some are trunking

Where hamble forces nicor

The she is made and engage, Ata t run selent an anti-An elecant from the turnell I heavy whiteless I'm Where some of God s dear children A local market and low. There s'are the strong and stendfall, The igh s of promose g ow.

Wherein we are it with ten! An i conques paid and weatness Sustained by staff and rod: Perhaps in allegith a journey You hi except the in alow When hidsen grows grow The sharty masks and corners.

The shaly needs and corners

Servened from the claring day; -. To those was watch and pray: And became comes when leaving The trouten rest we go To r si amed the shadows Where it it waters flow,

-Margaret F, margaine, in S. S. Timera

PURE AND PEACEABLY.

The apostle, in describing true religion, says it is "first pure, then peacea-In this is seen its excellence, that it is pacifying as well as purifying; for while it purifies it pacines. The peace which purity affords makes its possessor pacific in bearing and infuence. It prompts to peaceful lives and peaceful endeavors. Under its inspiration there will be a prevailing disposition to live at p a c with all around, and a constant aim to promote peace in all the relations and associations of life. The apostolic exhartation will be cheerfully accepted "Let's therefore follow after the things that make for peace." Concerning such as comply with this in unction, the "Trines of Peace" says "filessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God. Among those who might claim this blessing was the excelsociety of peace-makers whose proferences and prevent contentions. It was his landable ambition to be able to say that he did not know of any person in the world who had done him an ill office but he had done him a good one

The spirit of the Gospel isunmistaka-

ment: 'Follow peace with all men. Indeed, the Christian profession is itself a declaration: "I am for mace." Any contradictory avowal is too plainly indicative of an imperfect experience of the first element and fundamental principle of the religion which bears conspicuously upon its banner the inscription: "First Pure." He who is "arst pure" will be peaceable. There is a close connection between these characteristics, even as of cause and effect. The order is suggestive of the effect of the piety the motto of which is "First pure." that effect is peaceableness. This effect does not, however, imply that there are limitations of peaceableness such as would exist if we were only required to be on terms of peace with those who, in our estimation, are "first pure" in character and conduct, or doctrinal views. Some may not come up to our ideas of purity in these respects. but we are not consequently attolved from all obligations to live penceably with them, as though they must be "first pure" in our eyes before we are required to be peaceable toward them. We ourselves are to be "first purd" in our own hearts and lives, and beliefs and practices, and then peaceable to all others, whether they are, according to our views, pure or not. This is the case, at least, so far as the application of the words: "First pure, then peaceany standard contained in these words, and peaceable ourselves, our peaceable-

ness growing out of our purity. Great mischief may come from a mistaken use of the words: "First pure persecutors saying to those different to come, be the source of your sweetest from them, you be "first pure" second-1995 ing to our standard of purity, and then This truth has an application to our we will be peaceable toward you; but personal experience. It is a great misotherwise we will contend with you, take to imagine that having once enbarass you, distress you, torture you, kill you. Such injuriousness has no little more required. If we are true to sanction what ver from the words now bur high calling, the days of mere surunder consideration, which only require

A peaceable disposition is a distinguishing mark of Christian character, and the want of it is a serious defect in the character of any one "tnat nameth the name of Christ, even the matchless site. But whether engaged in service name of Him whose earthly advent was appounced by the angelic song, the keynote of which was. 'On earth peace, good will toward men." Upon all who claim to be His followers it is enjoined, in the words of an inspired apostle; "If it be possible, as much as lieth in

To comply with this precept, the inmust be cultivated. There must be the which he stands understand under least possible resemblance to John Lil- Eye that sees all things-The Standar burne, of whom Cromwell said that he was so quarrelsome that if he could find nobody else to cuarrel with, John would quarrel with Lilburne and Lilburne with John. Such a want of peaceableness may not be common, but there are too many who tail to live peaceably either with others or with tnemseives. Thereby both their happiness and their usefulness are greatly stridged, if not wholly sacrificed. Watenman.

A Visit to Mars' Hill.

around it near at hand. Raphael's never old; it is the Lord's Book we famous cartoon representing Paul need no others; the longer it is tried speaking on Mars' Hill, is misleading, the more atisfactorily it is proved the in that it shows time buildings and Word of the Lord, which abideth forworks of art erowning it whereas the ever .- Dr. Wall, hill is simply nature-ponderous rocks -A boy the attends one of our Sablifted up for a pulpit. It is reached by bath-schools went out in the country stone steps cut in the native rock. The the last summer to spend his vacationtop is spacious and nearly level, where a visit he had always looked forward to many may stand or sit. On the east of with pleasure. He went out to help the it, only a few rods away, is the Temple men harvest. One of the men was an again. But meteors are always seen in the gardens fifty-four years. How of Jupiter and the Prison of Socrates: inveterate wearer. The boy, having on the south and much lower the bema stood it as long as he could, said to the of Demosthenes, from which the great man: "Well I guess I will go home to-orators of Athens addressed the multi-morrow." The swearer, who had tudes. This also is native rock, some- taken a greet liking to him, said: "I what uneven at the top, but very broad, thought you were going to stay all sum-accommodating thousands. Formerly mer." "I was" said the boy, "but I the orator stood facing the sea, which can't stay where anybody swears so: is seen only a few tailes away, with his one of us mast go, so I will leave." The back to the people, but in succeeding man felt therebuke, and said: "If you times he turned his back to the sea and will stay I won't awear," and he kept speke to the people directly; as, in the lais word - 8. & Finiter.

floman Forum, the speakers in early history addressed the Capital with their faces from the people, but later on they turned around and spoke to the ropular heart. On the west is the Temple of Thesens and the modern citwof Athens; on the north the Acropolla, the wonderful art center of the ancient world, its massive gates facing Mars' Hill, and upon its summit the golden statue of Minerva, and the Parthenon with its incomparable grace and leau-

Mars' Hill is not nearly as high as the Aeropolis, and a wide road-space separates them; yet Mars' Hill seems high, and the view from it is commanding and impressive. More ages of culture and art and thought gather about this spot than any other in history. It is where the ancient world reached its highest point. It would require a thousand wedding days to take in the full splendor of the scene. Dr. Constanting told us that Joseph Cook came to Atlens to spend nine days, and re-

majord nine weeks. Solemon saw the end of all perfection, but no man has seen the end of fine art in Athena. Paul preached here on Mars. Hill in presence of Areopagite, philosopher and poet, and a cursous crowd who "had nothing to do but to hear and tell some new thing." It was the supreme point of refined, subtle, intellectual culture, where all the graces of art met, yet here the great Apostla won two converts for his Lord, and an invitation to preach again. Dionysius' heart vielded to the story of the cross, and Damaris, an honorable woman, heartily received that faith which was to conquer the world; and others, unnamed, date their new life from that hour. This was a good beginning for that masterly discourse recorded in the seventeenth chapter of Acts, which has been preaching the foundation prinples of the Gospel to the unbelieving

lown eighteen centuries. When philosophy had lost its way in Athens among its thirty thousand gods, Faul lifted up the Unknown God, the God unknown to them, and declared his power and wisdom and providence and resurrection glory, as the morning sun-

rises on the darkness of the night. Paul's spirit was stirred within him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry. The sight of men lost in spiritual dearth and death and withholding from God the glory which is His due, lent Dr. Cotton Mather, who formed a of missionary endeavor. While men fessed business it was to harmoni e dif- were estranged from the bounteous and glorious Lord, Paul most warn them of their danger, and teach them that it was in Him whom they rejected that they lived and moved and had their being. - Constantinopic Cor. in Chicago Arthurec.

Plow in Hope.

Toil is rendered sweet and endurable by the promise of reward. The farmer plowing in hope of a harvest is encouraged by the same incentives that sustain those who labor in all the varied industries and service of life. Hopes may be born of dreams, but they become substantial realities through the ministry of toiling hearts and hands. The seed that can not take root in the unbroken sod finds lodgment in the upturned furrow and bears "some sixty,

some an hundred fold. We can not escape toil in connection with Christian service. Duty calls us to engage in tasks that are often irksome and trying, but the radiance of hope is the privilege of every faithful heart, for, "in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. ' Parents and teachers have reason, especially, to plow in hope. The child life is every way immature, and needs in its culture and training an abounding spirit of patience. The good children, who are easily controlled, and quickly drop into the grooves of right habits, are in the minority. With most, there is waywardness of disposition and conflict of inclination, that re uires "line upon

tine, and precept upon precept. The child that gives little promise, and whose early years put a constant strain upon the hearts of parents and able" is concerned. In conformity to teachers, often becomes the brightest jewel in their crewn of service. It is we are not to look for purity in others not an uncommon thing for the duil as a condition of our being peaceable boy to grow into the bright, strong man with them, but we are to be both pure of his day and generation, and the hovdenish girl sometimes develops into the noble and thoughtful matron. Do not be discouraged by present waywardness. Plow in hope; for it may be that then peaceable," and the most cruel those in your home or class who now persecutions might be repeated, the cause you the most anxiety, will, in days

tered upon the Christian life, there is face scratching of the soil is past. Subthose appropriating them to be them-those appropriating them to be them-those appropriating them to be them-them to be them-Note of evil tempers and tendencies of our nature. And it will not help matters to give a lift to the plow-handles in trying to escape from easily beauting for ourselves or others, we may plouin lope. The more severe the task, the sweeter the reward. God never disappoints the faithful servant. - Rev.

E. S. Sanford, in S. S. Times. Choice Selections.

Character is not the thing a man puts to when he goes to mingle with te avoided, and gennine good nature his follows: it is that essential thing in

> s your God a great God or a tle Got at mockingly asked an infine of at \$6 Christian woman. There was a paul, and then solemnly upraising her hand she replied: "My God is ac great that Heaven and earth can not contain His, and He is so small that He can dwell in this poor heart." ... Good men have tried the Bible; ir

youth and in old age; in sickness and in health in business and at home; in life and a death. Lawyers have tried it: statemen have tried it; society has tried it is its charities, its education Mary Hill is a large natural rock and its lines; but it is not worn out; it with neither buildings upon it nor is not affected; it is ever young and