☞ Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

A VALENTINE.

A Valentine! Ah, can it be,
That some one has addressed to me
These lines so sweet and tender?
Name or initial is not set
Upon the page, and yet—and yet
I think I know the sender.

What though the writing be disguised,
And many a little trick devised
To aid the fond deception;
St. Valentine provides the key
That spoils the little mystery
The moment of reception.

How easy we detect the signs,
And read the words between the lines,
No other eyes discover!
And thus the secret never confessed
By word of mouth is plainly guessed
By sweetheart or by lover.

We may be right, we may be wrong;
For lack of confirmation strong
We give the rein to fancy,
And let her wonder at her will,
And her bright destiny fulfill
In fields of necromancy.

And Valentines would lose their charm
If they at once could doubt disarm
Ere yet the seal was broken;
And so the deeper the disguise,
The more delightful the surprise,
And sweeter is the token.

For I confess that from a host,
The one I've always prized the most—
Time has new beauty lent it—
Is this poor, faded Valentine,
Because I never could divine
Just who it was that sent it.

—Josephine Pollard.

A PEACE-OFFERING.

A Valentine Story with a Moral, for Young Readers.

Margery Wright was not a beauty. Even the most charitable person in the world could not admit that she had the smallest claim to such a title.

The boys in the Delving Seminary said that Margary had a "squat" figure and a "pug" nose. They also alluded to her mouth in a way that brought angry tears into her eyes. They said it opened like a pair of oyster-tongs. These young gentlemen had lived for twelve or fourteen years, and had not yet acquired good manners.

As I said before, Margery was not remarkable for her good looks. Her mouth was too large and her nose was ridiculously small; but she had a pair of honest, tender, brown eyes, and a heart great enough to forgive the worst tormentor in the school.

She had a very lonesome life in that gram-looking building. She felt out of place there among all those grave Professors and those mischievous boys. She was eleven years old, and she was the only girl in the world who had ever been taught to read and write and cipher in Delving Seminary.

When she was six years old, her father and mother died, leaving her a little heirless creature, without a friend in the world. Margery had not the least idea what was to become of her. She had cried because of her forlorn condition until her heart and eyes had ached. She cried so bitterly that her grief had appealed to the sympathies of old Dr. Delving, the Principal of the Seminary, and he had taken her home with him, promising that if she was a good girl he would educate her and give her a home.

Margery was very grateful to the doctor, and she had done all in her power to be useful to him. She did a great deal for the boys, too, though they *did* half worry the life out of her. She counted their clothes when they came from the laundry; she patiently mended their socks until they were past all renovation; she dusted their rooms, and did a thousand little kindnesses which no one noticed nor appreciated. And with all these duties she had her regular hours of study, and she improved them, too. She intended to be a teacher some day and keep a school of her own.

She had her play-time, also, for the good doctor had insisted that all work and no play was as bad for a girl as for a boy. But Margery had never in her life had any playthings. She had scarcely missed them until her eyes happened one day to fall upon a pair of silver-plated skates. She wanted them.

If she had been educated in a select seminary for young ladies, instead of this school for rough boys, her taste might have been more refined. Under those different circumstances she might have craved a doll, or a baby-house, but Maggery knew nothing of girl's amusements. When she dusted the boys' rooms she discovered their toys, and she often puzzled her little head trying to guess what they were for. She examined and admired them, and sometimes came to grief through her curiosity. This had happened when she had tried to trundle Master Hector Wood's bicycle along the floor, just as she would have propelled a baby carriage. On this occasion the bicycle had acted in the queerest manner. It had twisted itself almost double, and attempted to travel in two directions at once. Then it had acted like a balky horse, and finally it had fallen over on its side with a frightful crash, disturbing the morning recitations and almost crushing her little foot. Was there ever a girl as unlucky as she?

But the skates! These were after her own heart. She said nothing about them, but she wished and wished for them until she was as near being unhappy as such a cheerful little soul could be. Whenever she went to the village on an errand for the housekeeper, poor Margery flattened her absent little nose against the shop-window, behind which the tempting skates were exhibited. Once she had ventured inside the store and timidly asked the price of them, but the shop-keeper had not given her a satisfactory answer. He had glanced at her shabby little figure, and decided that she had not enough money to buy an ice-pick, to say nothing of purchasing a pair of silver-plated skates. So he had only said that he "reckoned that they wouldn't cost a hundred dollars," and Margery was still in doubt about them.

A hundred dollars! She gave a great sigh at the mention of so large a sum. To her childish vision it appeared like a great fortune. She wondered how the shop-keeper could speak of it in that glib unconcerned manner, just as she might have mentioned a dandelion, or something even less pretentious.

Nevertheless, she looked at the coveted pair of skates every time she passed the window in which they were displayed, and one day she noticed a ticket fastened to them on which was printed the price. She read that eight dollars could buy the best pair of skates in the window.

Now Margery had some money in a bank. Not a great building with iron-barred windows, mysterious vaults and safes, and a crowd of silent, attentive and well-dressed clerks behind its desks. Margery's bank was a tin one, which she had bought for ten cents at a toy-shop. It had a door which never opened, and a chimney with a little slit in the center through which a penny might be dropped. The bank, which was no larger than a good-sized apple-dumpling, contained Margery's entire fortune.

She had been dropping her pennies into it for some time, and she determined at last to pry the roof off this "Institution" and count its contents. It was the only way to get at the money, for a penny entering that bank was in about the same position as the foolish fly in the spider's parlor. It "could ne'er come out again."

And so the roof had to come off.

But when the pennies were counted there were only seventy-four of them—seven hundred and twenty-six less than was required to buy the skates.

Poor Margery buried her face deep into her pillow that night, and cried herself asleep. She had been saving her pennies for a year, and this was the result. She had hoped against hope that the bank contained almost enough for her purpose. She had fancied herself gliding over the smooth ice, her cheeks as red as roses, her head half dizzy from the pleasurable motion, her feet making graceful circles, and her heart beating hard and fast from the excitement, the exercise and the fun. And after all her plans and fancies she had not one-tenth of the amount needed to carry them out.

She was inclined to rebel against her fate. There was not a scholar in the Delving Seminary who had not a pair of skates, and not one could skate as well as she. She, the very best skater in the whole building, had to go borrowing when she wanted to skate. It really did not seem to be fair.

She never recited with the boys, but she used to attend the reading exercises of the school. She had a habit of shrinking into the corner where her little desk stood, and never looking at her envied tormentors. On the morning after her bank had burst, she had taken her place as usual, and was surprised to find a number of envelopes on her desk, directed to herself. What did it all mean? Who could have been writing to her? The hot, angry color came into her face as she remembered that this was the fifth of February—St. Valentine's Day.

She had reason to remember it. On this day a year ago she had found the same number of envelopes. She had opened each envelope with a foolish hope that it contained something worth having; and every time she had been disappointed. All of her valentines were hideous caricatures of herself, in which her nose and mouth received particular attention. She had looked at them all, hoping to find one that was not ugly. If she could have found one of those bits of lace paper, decorated with roses, or cupids, or turtle-doves, she would have been happy. She had not found anything of the sort when she came to her sixth and last envelope. This was directed in Hector Wood's writing. She knew it by the flourishes on his capital letters. He, the best-tempered, best-mannered boy in the whole school, would certainly not send her one of those ugly pictures. She was sure of it. She tore open this last envelope with fingers which trembled a little with eagerness. And what did she find? Another ugly caricature and this verse:

"Oh, Margery Wright
Is such a fright,
I'm always sad
When she's in sight!"

She had burst into tears from disappointment and anger, and she had torn her valentines into a thousand pieces. When she saw Hector Wood her temper arose afresh.

"I'm glad your name is Hector," she said. "It is a horrid name, and you deserve it for hectoring a girl who never harmed you. I'll never count your collars any more!"

All this had happened a year ago. But Margery was never revengeful. All through the year she had counted the linen as carefully as ever, and when she might have spent her seventy-four cents for ugly valentines to send back to Hector and his companions, she had not done it.

Still it was too bad for them to send her this second lot of valentines. She gathered them up, determining to burn them in the kitchen range. She would not even open them.

As she was about to drop them into the fire her attention was attracted to the envelopes. These were very different from those she had received last year. The e were of various colors and designs. There were little vines trailing over them on which might be seen some remarkable birds with very wide tails, and with their beaks opened so far that Margery was sure they must be exquisite singers. She was too tender-hearted to roast even the picture of a bird, so she determined to keep the envelopes.

But when she tore open the first envelope out fell a valentine which made her open her eyes with astonishment. This was no hideous picture of herself, but a delicate little sachet bag of satin and lace—a valentine worth having. And the next was a card—and such a card!—all covered with fat cupids and arrows and hearts and flowers. Was ever anything so beautiful? What a lucky chance had prevented her from dropping them into the roaring fire! She trembled when she thought how narrow had been their escape. And the next valentine—and the next! There was no ugly ones among them.

She had discovered Hector Wood's writing upon one of the envelopes. There was no mistaking those flourishing capital letters. She saved it until the last, because she was afraid to open it lest all her happiness should vanish. She remembered what she had said to him about his name. She had been sorry for it for a long time, and had told him so. Was he angry with her yet, in spite of what she had said, and had he sent her a valentine worse even than his last one? Well, she must master up courage and find out.

There was nothing inside his envelope but this letter:

DEAR MARGERY: Last year six of us boys sent you valentines. We meant to tease you, and we hurt your feelings and made you cry. We are ashamed of it. It was very rough in six great bullies to torment one girl. We ask you now to try to forgive and forget what we did.

Some of us have seen you looking at the skates in Johnson's window. We know you are awfully fond of skating, and that you have no skates. If you will look in your desk to-day you will find a pair that we think will suit you. St. Valentine treated you mean last year, but we intend that he shall do better to-day.

(Signed) HECTOR WOOD, FRED HALL,
TOMMY ADAMS, GEO. ADAMS,
ROBERT BURNS, JACK ROBINSON.

Margery was in an ecstacy of delight. She rushed into the school-room at recess time, and pulled out her skates in the presence of the givers. She said she was happy—very, very happy; and I am sure that she spoke the truth.—*Frances B. Currie, in N. Y. Examiner.*

—Milk at six o'clock, night and morning—at least at as nearly equal intervals as possible.—*Western Rural.*

RELIGIOUS READING.

BEST FOR ME.

My heart was heavy with its pain,
I could not count my losses gain,
Nor understand my prayers might be
Better denied than granted me.

Faith's tender flowers were rudely chilled,
Nor could I kiss the hand that filled
With love red wine its little goblet up,
But dropped a bitter in the cup.

I could not hold it love that bade
So sore a cross be on me laid,
But only deemed that it must be
A punishment sent unto me.

So wearily my heart made moan,
And ate her bitter bread alone;
Too proud to yield, too weak to trust,
Too doubting to believe Him just.

* * * * * * *

With my rebellious will laid down,
My cross becomes my joy, my crown;
Where or another's chastening be,
I know my own is best for me.

—Margaret Moore, in N. Y. Examiner.

COMPENSATION.

How Christians Often Rob Themselves of Rewards in This Present Life.

It is part of the accepted Christian faith that "the balancings of life" at last are in our favor. However the weights may now seem thrown on the side of loss, that somehow, somewhere, there will be overbalancing gain. This is the point of the Apostle's argument in that noble passage in which, after throwing into one side of the scale the dark list of his sorrows and pains, with a joyful hand of faith he flings into the other the "weight of glory," exceeding and eternal, and declares the former is not worthy to be compared with the latter. He warns us against trusting in this regard to that which is seen and temporal, bidding us correct our present and visible measurements by those that are future and invisible. And, indeed, considering how near to us all is the future that finally strikes the balances of life, those who live by faith in its reality and its adjustments should find it no very difficult thing to rise above the depressions of the present by forecasting the rise of joy and reward in the future.

And yet we make a great mistake by postponing altogether to an invisible future the balancings of Christian experience. We rob ourselves often of present rewards, by resting in the hope of those that are coming. There are, indeed, those that can never be seized upon in time. They wait the revelation of eternity. But there are also compensations that come into our losses here with the inspiring suggestions of noble gains, made possible only by loss. This is the philosophy of Paul's word when in a rapture, not of anticipation but of present enjoyment, he exclaims, "All things work together for good to them that love God." We foolishly adjourn to eternity the rewards that are pressed upon us now. And we miss one of the designs of sorrow, when relegating its ends to some far-off to-morrow, we are blind to that which it is intended to do for us in the present. The word discipline that enters so largely into our conception of Christian life, refers not to the awards of Heaven, but to the uses of the earth. Doubtless there are joys in glory rendered possible only by sorrow here, and service in Heaven the apprenticeship for which comes on the path of earthly pain. But there are also joys and services here for which present trial is fitting the soul.

So let us banish from our thought that far-away look which is disposed to separate by the river of death between the discipline and the reward. That co-working by which "all things" conspire for the believer's good is a visible and fruitful energy of the present, as well as the future. The two angels of our joys and our sorrows move so close together that the wings of each may be said to overshadow the other. And that only is a true philosophy of life which recognizes the present helpfulness of those overshadowings. The nature most sensitive to pain will know the rapture of liveliest joy.

"Never the exquisite pain, then never the exquisite bliss!
For the heart that is dull to that can never be stirred to this."

This is according to the constitution of nature, and grace works on that line. When the Hebrew captives walked the fiery waves of the seven-fold heated furnace they were not comforted by the hope that the Lord, some future day, would balance their fears. He did it then by walking beside them. And those are getting the best out of affliction who do not heavily endure the present suffering in the prospect of a future glory, but who get the gleam of that future as a present crown for sorrow, and who so anticipate the Heaven that its brightness even now can dissipate their fears.

And it will be easy to realize this in proportion as we understand the true nature of Heavenly rewards. If we think of them in a gross way as consisting of harps and crowns in eternity, a walk on golden streets, and an empire among the tribes of Israel above, then let the thought of them be adjourned into eternity, and let there be nothing to cheer us here but the far-away hope. But if God is our reward, and his presence our Heaven, then we may have that reward and presence at the very moment that the shadow or the rod falls upon us. Instead of a hope, we may have the Lord. Instead of bearing the fire in the hope that eternity will fit us out of it, we may have the finer experience that the Lord, walking with us, keeps the very smell of fire from our garments. That we may have harps here—their song all the sweeter because set in the minor key—and our way among shadows and graves shall be a softer, holier path than any glittering road of gold. We will get the full value of our experience as we go on, when we understand that God is the "good" toward which our days are working; that out in events will be our gains, but that "infinite compensations forever are found in Him.—*Chicago Interior.*

HOW IT WAS DONE.

A Dead Church Warmed Into Life by a Little Healthy Exercise.

A little church in a certain inland town was like that of Laodicea. Nothing could be said against it but that it was dead. The pastor—a young, zealous man, on the first day that he faced his congregation, saw a body of well-to-do, elegantly-dressed, polite people, who rose and knelt at the proper times, and gave money properly when the bag went round.

Three years later the same faces met him, and he had not kindled in one of them a gleam of spiritual life. In the meantime he had preached the terrors of the Law and the mercy of the Gospel; he had wrestled with God for them; he had carried them, a dead weight, on his heart.

"They are frozen to death!" he cried to an old minister. "Why does not God warm them to life?"

"A little exercise might have that effect," said his friend. But the younger man did not understand what he meant.

About this time a poor woman died in the town. She sent for the pastor. "I have four children," she said. "I want them to be Christians. I will give them to your church."

"To my church!" exclaimed the young man.

"Yes. They are godly men and women. I have asked God that they may be fathers and mothers to my children."

The woman died on Sunday morning. The clergyman told his flock the story that day, and repeated the message without a word of comment. "The mother is lying dead in the tenement-house No. 10 Blank street. The children are with her," he said.

After church he went to No. 10. One member after another of his congregation came in. They were different faces from those he knew. Stern old men patted the poor babies tenderly on the head, the commonplace, and fashionable women took them on their knees with paying hearts, and a holy mother-love shining in their eyes.

The next day there was an informal church meeting. The children were placed with a worthy woman in a clean little house. Provisions and clothes began to come in, even the young girls of the parish made pretty little comforts for "our babies." The matrons of the church grew intimate over this mutual charge, and the men presently suggested that the house would accommodate other motherless little ones.

This was five years ago. There is now an orphanage belonging to this church, in which all the members take a keen interest. The fact that these children look up to them as examples of Christian life is a perpetual spur and warning to them.

The old minister visited his friend last summer. "Your people are the most live body of Christians I have seen for a long time," he said. "I think they have had other treatment besides prayer and preaching. Souls need exercise as well as bodies to keep them warm."

The young man smiled. He had learned how to understand many things in these five years.—*Youth's Companion.*

WHAT DO YOU READ?

How It Enters into and Influences Your Whole Life—The Importance of Choosing Only Good and Pure Books.

Books make life and books make death. Every book which is read as a good book ought to be read enters into the reader's heart-blood for weal or for woe. It may mingle with the flowing current as a life-destroying poison, as a deadly narcotic, or as the very river of the waters of life. You can choose at the beginning what books shall enter into the composition of your life-forces; but after you have once read a book, you can not always prevent it from continuing to influence your life. Read an evil book, and the stain may remain with you always, give your mind over for a day to the written words of some master of skepticism, and in after days, when your battle of life is fiercest and your need of faith is sorest, his words may rise up out of your own mind to torment you with doubts that otherwise you would never have known. Many a man would give all his gold to rid his mind of the false or impure thoughts which his early reading had made abiding guests in his brain. Why should you seek to gain such an experience. Why should you seek to know the evil—spending your money for that which is not bread, but which creates an unhealthy craving for deadly poisons? "Ye shall be as God, knowing the good and the evil," is the promise of the tempter, but the promise ends in making you as Satan. Have nothing to do with books whose chief power is the evil that is in them, or which have nothing to offer you but empty negations. If the student of special literature must know these, so much the harder for the student of special literature. Christ calls you to no completeness of culture which would involve a lowering of your moral or spiritual standard. Better for you to enter into life maimed in respect to the scope of your reading, then unmaimed to be cast into Gehenna. Let the sensational paragraph go; refuse to soil your mind with a book which is essentially evil, however skilled an artist of words the author may be. There are enough good, pure, strong books in the world to supply all the demands of your intellectual life. Read these, and when the current of a free and healthy mental life is flowing in your veins, you will not regret that you refused to drink of with those treacherous streams which allure but to destroy.—*S. S. Times.*

Obedience and Love.

The sum of law is love, but this love is not freedom from duty. On the contrary, it is an incentive to it. "If ye love me, keep my commandments." It places us also under additional obligation: the field of duty widens. The believer is constrained not only to obey the commandments, but to take up every burden, to discharge every duty, and to obey every word of the Master. Love lightens the burden, but it does not release him from bearing it. Christ has chosen His people that they should go and bring forth fruit. This they delight in the work does not make it any less a duty. Neither does their hesitation nor coldness of heart ever absolve them from it. Obedience is often the stepping-stone to love, and so to better obedience, while love without obedience is uncertain and transient. "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

—Heaven must be in me before I can be in Heaven.—*Stanford.*

—Much learning shows how little mortals know; much wealth how little worldlings enjoy.—*E. Young.*

—In our day the majority of unbelievers are pessimists, holding that things are very badly arranged and wholly at variance with wisdom and goodness.—*The Christian.*

—Life, like war, is a series of mistakes; and he is not the best Christian nor the best General who makes the fewest false steps. Poor mediocrity may secure that, but he is the best who wins the most splendid victories by the retrieval of mistakes.—*F. W. Robertson.*

—God is the great Teacher. He is always giving lessons. His methods of teaching are altogether His own. Life is His school of instruction. Nature furnishes His illustrative apparatus and His object lessons. Providence supplies His manifold and wisely adapted means of government and discipline.—*Rev. Dr. Ray Palmer, in S. S. Times.*

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

THE TWO JEWELS.

"Come, children come!" cried Mamma dear,
"Two jewels I sight and yet that clear
And blue as summer sky
I've been home, search each every chair,
Behind the door, and everywhere,
To find them all must try.

Then Ned and Sam and little Phil
Looked here and there, with right good will,
While Mamma sat by a window;
Then, beating on her hands May,
Where on the floor in one ray of sun
She kissed her slumbering child.

And baby's eyes flew open wide,
"The lost is found!" the children cried.
"Where see my jewels blue?"
So prettily towards the floor
Of velvety whiteness dolly's face!
May they be ever true!

—C. Louise Brose, in N. Y. Independent.

EXCELLENCE.

A Father's Letter of Advice for Young Men—Strive to Excel in Something, and That in Your Own Line of Business—A Rare Article.

One of the roundest, biggest, most aristocratic words in the language is the word excellent. It is a royal king of words. To say that a thing is excellent, is to say more than very good, it is not only very good, but it excels.

Now every man, woman or child worth the name, desires to excel in something—and this desire is the very salt of ambitions. It preserves and adds piquancy to all other manly attributes. Still, salt must be used with very much discretion. Do you know that we all have a certain sympathy for any one, no matter who he is, who strives to excel in, no matter what?

This base-ball man, the barber-ist and he roller skater, as experts always awake in me a certain admiration. There is something, say they, in which I can excel, there is room for me, place and opportunity, and they take advantage of it. I wish these young men could have a higher, a more laudable ambition—some one they may have at present, however, they seek to excel in what others. I had rather see my boy excel in legs, if he could not in brains. Better be first in base-ball, than second in your line of work.

The world is overrun by men of mediocrity, fair teachers, fair clerks, fair book-keepers, can be had by the ten thousand, while expert men who excel in these callings are rare, and can scarcely be had at any price.

I was sympathizing with a young man who had lost his position by change of business in his house. "I have had four positions offered me at larger salary," he replied. Just think of it, four large houses desiring the services of one young man scarcely of age. I doubt not you know of such young men.

How rare it is to see a young man do his work better than he is paid for, to keep his books not only correctly, but neatly and legibly, to do up his bundles nicely, or keep his goods in nice shape, or, in a word, to do anything better than is expected of him.

A young man is cautioned by the some folks to save and lay up his earnings nine times, when he is once advised to keep ahead in his standing, or technical reputation. To hear young men talk you would think that salary was the one and only object for which they worked. Business knowledge, or professional standing or technical accomplishments they care nothing about but 'what wages be I getting'

Now did it ever occur to you that what appears to be the primary consideration with a clerk, is secondary with his employer? Salaries are graded according to work. If twenty from a hundred young men jump up and say "Not with us, they won't." I reply, Of course not, you are hired only to take the places for which good men can not be found, but when the right man comes he will fix his own salary, and you will be bounced.

Said a wholesale man to me: "We had rather have one man than two, and give him all the salary, but we can't find them." Said President —— of the —— Railroad, to me: "I tell my Superintendents to get young men for brakemen that we can push along up." I find, however, on that, as on other roads, where you see one young man to push up, you see nine scrawny, big-mouthed, impudent loafers at the brakes. His Superintendents are evidently unable to find the right kind of men.

I advise, then, every young man who is unappreciated, and is paid only half he earns, to throw up his place at once, his services are wanted all up and down the street, but be sure what you do.

An insurance man once told me his company made him work on a salary, for when he worked on commission he earned too much: it scared them. A few weeks after he was peddling lightning-rods on commission; he found a company with nerve enough to stand the racket of his sales. Of course in certain houses young men are overworked and underpaid in many instances. A young man of this sort asked for an increase of salary. When it was refused him his mean employer saw with delight that instead of getting dumpy over it he went to work with new zeal and energy. Again a refusal, and again more zeal and work, and again and again, which only fixed the merchant in the belief that the smaller the salary the more work. At the end of three years he went to his employer and said he was going to leave. "No!" said his employer, "I was going to raise your salary the next month." The young man went, and took with him the best clerks, that for those years he had been drilling, and set up for himself next door, and in two years bought his employer's stock at forced sale. An exceptional case? Of course it was exceptional. Such young men are rare, but you see how it was done. He was working for a larger salary than his present salary. He worked to excel.

A young man on a small salary has more incentive to work than he of large pay. A well-paid man can afford to be indolent; not so a man who can barely make ends meet.

You say it is hard to excel nowadays, with so much competition. Hard! You are right, my boy, and hard is a light word. There is no road so rough, hard and discouraging as the road to excellence, and one requires nerve to tread it. And be assured that you will not be crowded or jostled.

But it is often said excellence in a clerk is unappreciated. Possibly, then, here come in self-pride and self-respect. The self-satisfaction of excellence is well worth while. A young man found himself behind a dry-goods counter, and being a man of pride and self-respect, he chafed at being called a mere counter-jumper. So he cut his hair of short, and bought a magnifying glass for seventy-five cents, and went to work to magnify his calling. In two years' time he passed from a $40 clerkship to a $3,000 expert and the New York buyer for the house. Pride and self-respect have a market value. This is another exceptional case. Young men oftener take pocket looking-glasses than magnifying glasses into a dry-goods store. To test this, go up and down the store and ask, not only clerks but employers, questions involving the textures of goods sold, and see how little excellence there is in business.

How many bank clerks know or read anything of the science of banking or the currency questions? "Not in their line," nor likely to be with many.

And so it goes. Young men plod on five, ten, twenty years along the dusty road of mediocrity to reach what could have been attained in three years across the rough road of excellence.

Excel in what? I hear. Why, in anything, but, far better, strive to excel in something, and that in one's own line of business.

"Well, what can you do, young man, better than any one else?" asked a merchant of a young man seeking a place.

"I can sell goods, sir."

"No, no," said the merchant, sadly, shaking his head; "that is too good to be true."

"Well, if I do just what I say, what salary will you give me?" he asked.

"A quarter interest in the business," replied the merchant, laughing.

The young man looked up and encountered the bitter of a score of book-keepers.

"Where is there a nail on which I can hang my hat, sir?" he asked.

In six years he did have an interest in the house. He could and did sell goods, and taught others.

So, my boy, shake yourself, rub your ears and chalk the word excellence in your hat, and I was going to say your parents wouldn't know you when you came home. Whether they do or not, they will be glad to make the acquaintance of what in these days is rare, a young man who excels. *Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

A VALENTINE FOR GRANDMA.

"Lovely" and "Much Too Sweet for Anything" Was What Little Grace Called It.

Grace had just come in from a walk. She looked puzzled. "Mamma, what is a valentine?" she asked.

"What do you know about valentines?" asked mamma in reply.

"Katy bought one this morning," said Grace. "It was a pretty picture, and she said it was a valentine, and then I said 'What is a valentine?' an' she said little girls didn't know anything about valentines, an' I just thought I would ask you. I'll ask my mamma.

"Well, darling, we send valentines to people we love dearly. Sometimes we send a picture and sometimes pretty verses.

"Do very little girls ever send valentines, mamma?"

"Sometimes."

"And can I send one, mamma?"

"Yes; to whom would you like to send one?"

"Well, there are ever and ever so many I love dearly—you and papa and Bobbie and grandma and Aunt Caroline."

"But you must choose one," interrupted mamma.

Grace wrinkled up her forehead and thought. Among so many it was, indeed, difficult to choose. Soon her face brightened. "I'll send one to grandma," she said. "She's way off an' I think she'll be priced to get one from me this snowy time. Don't you? And I think I'll write it, too. She'll like it better."

"I think she would write it," said mamma. "Then you can tell me what to write."

So mamma got out her pen and paper, and Grace wrinkled up her forehead again and thought. "Tell her I love her dearly, ever, ever so dearly—and I wish I could kiss her and—and she's the prettiest grandma—Oh, dear, I can't spell myself, mamma. You do it."

Scratch, scratch, went mamma's pen for about twenty minutes. Then she read:

"I love you, no tongue can tell,
I love you so well,
Love, my grandmamma dear,
A thousand if you were just here.

"Take me, grandma mine,
Sweet Valentine!"

"Lovely!" cried Grace. "It's pretty too sweet for anything," she added sadly.

Mamma looked up surprised. "Where did you learn that?" she asked.

"Oh, Katy said it," replied Grace. "That's what she said about her valentine. She's going to send it to her cousin Mike."

"Well, then," said mamma, "I'll copy this and you shall print your name to it, and we'll go out and you shall drop it into the box yourself."

And mamma went out with her and lifted her up, and Grace dropped the precious valentine into the green box.

The next day, which was the 14th of February, grandma got it. She opened and read it:

"Dear little darling," she said, "do just listen, father, and she read it aloud to grandpa, and then she went out into the kitchen and told it to Betsy Jane. And then she put it under the corner of a brass candlestick on the mantel, and every soul who came in had to listen to Grandma's Valentine.—*A. Humphrey, in Little Men and Women.*

Deer Hunting in Yucatan.

Deer are in the neighborhood of Abuta. Indians hunting them several men place themselves so as to form an extended circle within shooting distance of each other. A few go within the circle and as many discordant sounds as they can summon to their lips, meant to frighten all living things within the circle. Startled, the game takes flight. Then the men who have the game happens to pass shoot, some wounding dangerously, some killing companion, particularly on those occasions, the circle closes in, killing all the game to one spot. On account of the danger incurred in the hunt, it has been prohibited, but the Indians have every health to give up the customs of their ancestors, and in some cases interferes with them. Deer and even more deer are killed then the hunters cook for the most would not be sold. The cooking is a novel manner: A hole is dug in the ground, large stones placed in the bottom, a fire is built. When very hot some are taken out. Plantain leaves are spread over the stain, and the animal, harpooned of its skin, is laid upon plantain leaves are then the hot stones that are taken out, and over all. After three hours the deer is cooked, and is very tender. The deer-skin when tanned sells for three or four dollars. It is used for boots being exported to the United States.—*Alice D. le Plongeon, in Harper's Magazine.*

EXCITEMENT IN ROCHESTER.

Widespread Commotion Caused by that Remarkable Statement of a Physician.

The story published in these columns recently, from the Rochester, N. Y., *Democrat*, created a deal of comment here as it has elsewhere. Apparently it caused even more commotion in Rochester, as the following from the same paper shows:

Dr. J. B. Henion, who is well-known not only in Rochester but in nearly every part of America, sent an extended article to this paper, a few days ago which was duly published, detailing his remarkable experience and rescue from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to enumerate the personal inquiries which have been made at our office as to the validity of the article, but they have been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed an editorial necessity.

With this end in view a representative of this paper called on Dr. Henion at his residence on Andrews street, when the following interview occurred: "That article of yours, Doctor, has created quite a whirlwind. Are the statements about the terrible condition you were in, and the way you were rescued such as you can sustain?"

"Every one of them, and many additional ones. I was brought so low by neglecting the first and most simple symptoms. I did not think I was sick. It is true I had frequent headaches, felt tired most of the time, could eat nothing one day and was ravenous the next, felt dull pains and my stomach was out of order, but I did not think it meant anything serious. The medical profession have been treating symptoms instead of diseases for years, and it is high time it ceased. The symptoms I have just mentioned or any unusual action or irritation of the water channels indicate the approach of kidney disease more than a cough announces the coming of consumption. We do not treat the cough, but try to help the lungs. We should not waste our time trying to relieve the headache, pains about the body or other symptoms, but go directly to the kidneys, the source of the most of these ailments."

"This, then, is what you meant when you said that more than one-half the deaths which occur arise from Bright's disease, is it Doctor?"

"Precisely. Thousands of diseases are torturing people to-day, which in reality are Bright's disease, in some of its many forms. It is a double-headed monster, and the slightest symptoms should strike terror to every one who has them. I can look back and recall instances of deaths which were declared at the time were caused by paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, pneumonia, malarial fever and other common complaints which I know were caused by Bright's disease."

"And did all these cases have simple symptoms at first?"

"Every one of them, and all might have been cured as I was by the timely use of the same remedy. I am getting my eyes thoroughly opened in this matter and think I am helping others to see the facts and their possible danger also."

Mr. Warner was visited at his establishment on North St. Paul street. At first he was inclined to be reticent, but learning that the information desired was about Bright's disease, his manner changed instantly and he spoke very earnestly.

"Is it true that Bright's disease had increased wonderfully, and we find by reliable statistics, that from '70 to '80, its growth was over 200 per cent. Look at the prominent men it has carried off. Everett, Sumner, Chase, Wilson, Carpenter, Bishop Haven, Foiger, Colfax and others. Nearly every week the papers record the death of some prominent man from this scourge. Recently, however, the increase has been checked, and I attribute this to the general use of my remedy."

"Do you think many people are afflicted with it to-day who do not realize it, Mr. Warner?"

"A prominent professor in a New Orleans medical college was lecturing before his class on the subject of Bright's disease. He had various fluids under microscopic analysis and was showing the students what the indications of this terrible malady were. 'And now, gentlemen,' he said, 'as we have seen the unhealthy indications I will show you how it appears in a state of perfect health,' and he submitted his own fluid to the usual test. As he watched the results his countenance suddenly changed—his color and command left him, and in a trembling voice he said: 'Gentlemen, I have made a painful discovery. I have Bright's disease of the kidneys.' And in less than a year he was dead. The slightest indications of any kidney difficulty should be enough to strike terror to any one."

"You know of Dr. Henion's case?"

"Yes, I have both read and heard of it."

"It is very wonderful, is it not?"

"No more so than a great many others that have come to my notice as having been cured by the same means."

"You believe then that Bright's disease can be cured?"

"I know it can. I know it from my own and the experience of thousands of prominent persons who were given up to die by both their physicians and friends."

"You speak of your own experience, what was it?"

"A fearful one. I had felt languid and unfitted for business for years. But I did not know what ailed me. When, however, I found it was kidney difficulty I thought there was little hope and so did the doctors. I have since learned that one of the physicians of this city pointed me out to a gentleman on the street one day saying: 'There goes a man who will be dead within a year.' I believe his words would have proved true if I had not providentially used the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Cure."

Dr. S. A. Lattimore, although busily engaged upon some matters connected with the State Board of Health, of which he is one of the analysts, courteously answered the questions that were propounded him:

"Did you make a chemical analysis of the case of Mr. B. H. Warner some three years ago, Doctor?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did this analysis show you?"

"The presence of albumen and tube casts in great abundance."

"And what did the symptoms indicate?"

"A serious disease of the kidneys."

"Did you think Mr. Warner could recover?"

"No, sir. I did not think it possible."

"Do you know anything about the remedy which cured him?"

"Yes. I have chemically analyzed it and find it pure and harmless."

We publish the foregoing statements in view of the commotion which the publicity of Dr. Henion's article has caused and to meet the protestations which have been made. The doctor was cured *four years ago* and *is well* and attending to his professional duties to-day. The standing of Dr. Henion, Mr. Warner and Dr. Lattimore in the community is beyond question, and the statements they make cannot for a moment be doubted. Dr. Henion's experience shows that Bright's disease of the kidneys is one of the most deceptive and dangerous of all diseases, that it is exceedingly common, and that it can be cured.

A NEW YORK paper heads an article "Oscar Wilde on Dress." Yes, we think, too, that Oscar is a little wild on dress.—*Oil City Derrick.*

$1.00 for 50 Cents.

Any reader of this paper who will send 50 one-cent stamps to the AMERICAN RURAL HOME, Rochester, N. Y., before March 1st, 1886, will receive that handsome paper, postage free, until January 1st, 1886. The RURAL is a large eight-page, forty column WEEKLY paper, now in its fifteenth year, and the cheapest farm journal in the world. The price is one dollar a year in advance, but the above offer in postage stamps will be accepted if sent in before March 1st, 1886. Send for sample copy, and see what a bargain is offered. This advertisement will not appear again, so do not neglect present opportunity.

A HEADLESS ghost is frightening the people of Ephrata. How would it do to put a head on it?—*Oil City Derrick.*

"YES; I shall break the engagement," she said, folding her arms and looking confident; "it is really too much trouble to converse with him; he's as deaf as a post and talks like he had a mouthful of cambric. Besides, the way he hawks and spits is disgusting." "Don't break the engagement for that; tell him to take Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It will cure him completely." "Well, I'll tell him. I do hate to break it off, for in all other respects he's quite too charming." Of course it cured his catarrh.

Walking poetry is like putting up stoves. Everybody knows how until they try.—*Waterloo Observer.*