[illegible] 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.

HAZEL EYES.

Two little hazel eyes
Five years ago
First saw this strange land
Where the roses grow.

Laughing, liquid, bright eyes,
Fairer than day;
Vying with the silver stars,
Radiant as May.

Dimpled are her clasped hands,
Falls her flowing hair,
Kneeling by her bedside,
At her evening prayer.

Every morning early,
Standing on the stair,
Fresh as freshest May-blossom
Stands my cherub there.

Patter, patter, sounds the feet
On the kitchen floor—
Little chubby, "[illegible]"
Standing at the door.

Fair as the river's gleam
In the breezy noon,
Soft as footsteps of the wind
On the [illegible]

Like the gold unfolding
On the leafy throne,
When from [illegible] touch
Comes the soul of song.

Gladdest of the glad [illegible]
Sunbeams [illegible]
Beams of [illegible]
Just five years old!

—[illegible]

WAS IT WASTED?

Was Paul Lyndon's Life Quite a Failure?

[Original.]

The old brown house stood on the slope of the hill a long way back from the road and in the middle of an orchard which was just then in full bloom. No lover of the beautiful could have passed it by without an exclamation of delight, whether spring made the long hall [illegible] cloud, summer [illegible] billows or autumn clothed it with a wealth of brown leaves and fruit. At times it was [illegible] place. It was not a stylish house, not even new. A landscape gardener would have smiled [illegible] would have [illegible] a painter [illegible] would not pass it by. Its great charm lay in its being old-fashioned, and, perhaps, an old-fashioned person, or one with old-fashioned tastes was required to appreciate it. The house was a low brick structure, with long verandas, and the walk which led up to it from the road was fringed with deep grass and shaded with thick lilac bushes. The apple trees grew untrimmed, in rank profusion, and here and there dead limbs were visible amid green leaves. Roses in beds grew and blossomed and wild vines bound them together. Woodbine and ivy covered the long front porch and old-fashioned, single roses, such as [illegible] clambered up the windows. Violets, white and yellow lilies, geraniums, pinks and nasturtiums grew at will about the dooryard. There was no attempt at flower culture. The seeds were planted and left to grow as they would, and the grass flourished tall and rank about the [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

It was [illegible] Paul Lyndon [illegible] [illegible] listen to the song of the birds and enjoy the fragrance of the apple blossoms, as he had done in his boyhood days. His life, like many another's that is never written, had been a failure.

In spite of our tears, it is always well when tired men and women go home to rest. It is cowardly to cry for death when there is work to do; but I have never been able to grieve when weary men and women, one after another, drop silently from my side and go to the rest beyond. Years before Lyndon had left the home and gone out into the world, eager to run his race and win his prize. He was going to write wonderful books, or paint wonderful pictures, and after awhile come back, rich and famous. That was fifteen years before, but neither books nor paintings had made him either rich or famous. Still, the old homestead was his, and the bank account his father left was sufficient to count him a wealthy man. But of his own effort nothing had come to him.

One spring day, after Paul came home, the old rattle-trap of a stage, which daily passed down the road at the foot of the hill, drew up at the orchard gate, and two people alighted and came up the narrow footpath to the porch.

"Why Mr. Lyndon," Paul heard a woman exclaim, and looking up recognized old Mrs. Tredennis, whom he had not met for —— well, nearly those fifteen years.

He knew what was coming then, or rather, who had followed her up the hill path—her neice, whom he had not met for nearly the same length of time; whom he had left, a girl of sixteen, loving him with all the romance of early girlhood, and whom he had devoutly hoped never to see again. She was another of his failures. They had gone, not only through a mild flirtation, in those balmy days, but had actually been engaged. That was at the beginning of his dream of life. Just why they had drifted apart he could hardly say—in truth, there were so many reasons! But really, I believe Paul soon began to realize that his life would be mostly a dream and so quieted his conscience by telling it that the little girl was better without him. But his manner of parting with her was any thing but pleasant to look back to. The memory of a woman with a longer back account, who was somewhere in the background, never let him dwell upon that incident in his life with complacence. He had told Helen that fate parted them, and all that nonsense which men can so easily talk when they wish to break a vow. And Helen had let him go. She had let him go, not knowing that he had broken her heart, and her pleadings, [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

"Isn't it pleasant, being home again, Mr. Lyndon? This place seems such a restful one. After one is weary of wandering about the world as you must be, it is just the place for you."

Somehow Paul's usual fluency deserted him and he could only reply in a commonplace manner that it was pleasant and Helen went on.

"I have never heard you, Mr. Lyndon, how your plans have succeeded. You remember the plans you laid fifteen years ago? You have been traveling so much, now here now there, that I have never been able to hear much about you."

"There was nothing to hear. I have failed. It is not pleasant to acknowledge that, is it? But it's true, and I have come back to the old home to die."

"O you must not do that! [illegible] [illegible]

"The truth is Helen," Paul [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

"Yes, but I have no [illegible]

* * * * * * *

Paul did not die, but he did not. On the contrary, [illegible] predicted [illegible] [illegible] Mrs. Tredennis and Helen Winters also, and the lady with the bank account who figured in his earlier life. The latter was glad to meet Paul again and planned a second flirtation. True she was married, but that fact did not stand in her way. And Paul, she knew, in days gone by, had had no scruples about such summer amusements. Before a fortnight had passed, however, she found that the man she had selected to pay court to herself, was singularly insensible to her witcheries, and Paul—Paul found that he was loving Helen Winters. He had no intention of telling her so. That was all ended. He knew that to attempt now to win the heart which he had once wounded and cast aside, would be hopeless, and—another failure. Decidedly his was not a pleasant memory to possess. Failure is not a nice word, especially when it marks long series of weaknesses, culminating with the failure to win the woman one loves, through one's own previous weakness.

He had no intention of telling her, and yet he nearly did so one night late in summer just before he was obliged to go away.

"I am not offering to you my love," he said; "do not be afraid of that. I will not even say 'I love you,' but this much you will not be angry to hear"—

"I am not angry."

"I could not go away without telling you this. I know you to be a noble woman. I do not attempt to gloss over my past follies and sins; but weak and wicked as I have been, you will not be angry at my saying that meeting you has made me bitterly repent. That is all. I do not presume to ask you for any thing, not even forgiveness."

"Do you wish me for a friend? If so my friendship is yours."

"God bless you! It is much for you to give."

Then he took her hand for an instant and then turned to enter the house.

"Not yet," she pleaded, "give me a moment more. Perhaps in this world we will never walk this way again."

[illegible] they walked slowly down the long veranda. [illegible]

"But you must remember I always think kindly of you."

After he was gone she wondered if [illegible]

[illegible]

"Oh! Miss Winters, I cannot begin [illegible]

[illegible]

Five years! Helen was down at a little harbor along the coast of Maine [illegible] A small yacht [illegible] caught by the winds and waves, driven on shore and broken upon the rocks. All the little village was gathered on the beach, and by and by, on the top of one of the waves, was floated in the body of a man. It was Paul.

He was borne to the nearest house, and in tearing off his wet clothing the fishermen dropped two letters from his coat pocket. Helen, who had followed the body into the house, picked them up and saw they were hers. One was unopened.

Probably that would have wiped out all his sins in the [illegible] long before forgiven him, even [illegible]

[illegible]

Five years! With Paul they passed quickly [illegible] Fifteen years should be enough to teach a man something and he meant to profit by the lesson he had received. Write books he might, paint he might, but he had failed in both attempts and wisely determined upon another course. Entering business, he began a useful, if a quiet life. He would never be great, never realize the dreams of his early life, but, he would be a man! So he said to himself.

And yet he did become famous, or nearly so. When he left Helen that summer evening he went away, as I have already stated, determined to be a man. In those days the newspaper business in New York was in the transition period, the period which was to bring the profession up to one of respectability. Heretofore, to be a reporter, was considered almost a disgrace. At such a time it was easy for a man like Lyndon to secure a place, backed as he was by social standing and the faint lingering aroma of a fortune once his. He became special writer upon one of our "blanket" dailies.

One day, a particularly vigorous article of his was noticed by the managing editor, and Paul's prospects brightened. He was given a line of work which suited him about as nearly as any thing could, with his Bohemian way of thinking and working. A short time after this he wrote a series of strong editorials against the man in power, of the opposite political party. The word politics began to inspire [illegible] A political speech was demanded of him for the coming campaign. Of course he refused, pleading that while he could write a little he never could talk, and, anyhow, politics was not his forte. [illegible]

So being cornered, he answered, and, luckily, feeling himself on the right side, was able to make a speech. [illegible]

[illegible]

TRAINED NURSES.

[illegible]

[illegible]

In the United States there are now twenty training schools for nurses—two in Philadelphia and Brooklyn each, three in New York, as many in Boston, and one in each of ten other cities. The movement is increasing, and in many instances those who have graduated with evidence of superior efficiency have assumed the direction of similar institutions connected with Western hospitals.—*The Household.*

EARLY DAYS OF GAS

Experiments Made Forty Years Ago at the City of Washington.

A venerable-looking [illegible] with an intelligent face, hair [illegible] white, and a bundle of [illegible] under his arm, has been [illegible] of the Senate. [illegible] Mr. James Crutchett, who first introduced gas in Washington [illegible]

[illegible]

MRS. GEORGE BANCROFT.

Amiable Qualities of the Great Historian's Late Wife.

[illegible] Mr. Bancroft, a white-bearded, hale old gentleman, with a fine eye, that denoted sagacity and quick perception, was, when she spoke of him, "the minister," or "my husband." He was as ceremonious and as free from starch as his wife. Their mental habits and mode of speech were cultivated before telegraphese was invented and the reaction toward blunt Anglo-Saxon phraseology had taken place. Mrs. Bancroft's conversation savored of "elegant extracts." It was picturesquely and prettily old-fashioned. [illegible]

ENCHANTED BY MUSIC.

A Huge Spider Which Enjoyed the Sweet Notes of an Accordion.

[illegible]

A DISAPPOINTED HORSE.

[illegible]

Removal of Warts.

[illegible] forms.—*Therapeutic Gazette.*

—The first fire insurance company in America was the "Philadelphia Contributionship," organized in 1752. This grew out of a system of private underwriting through brokers, which began at least as early as 1721. It was not until 1792 that the first marine insurance company, as such, was organized—the Insurance Company of North America, also of Philadelphia, which has just published a history of the beginnings of underwriting in America.—*Philadelphia Press.*

[illegible] FOR FARMERS.

[illegible]

EFFECT OF FERTILIZERS.

Important Facts Concerning the Application of Special Manures.

[illegible]

In this view of the stimulating effect of manure, how important it is that it be applied early in the life of the plant. Then it will enable it to form roots and leaves and provide much for itself on a poor soil, where growth without it, meager at first, could never afterward be made natural or with profit.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*