

ANGELA.

A Story For All Lovers and Intending Lovers to Read.

W. S. MILLER.

I am a poor, paralyzed fellow, who, for many years past has been confined to a bed or sofa. For the last six years I have occupied a small room, looking on to one of the narrow side canals of Venice, having no one about me but a dead old woman who makes my bed and attends to my food, and here I eke out a poor income of about £30 pounds a year by making water-color drawings of flowers and fruit (they are the cheapest models in Venice) and these I send to a friend in London, who sells them to a dealer for small sums. But, on the whole, I am happy and content.

It is necessary that I should describe the position of my room rather minutely. Its only window is about five feet above the water of the canal, and above it the house projects some six feet and overhangs the water, the projecting portion being supported by stout piles driven into the bed of the canal. This arrangement has the disadvantage (among others) of solimiting my upward view that I am unable to see more than about ten feet of the height of the house immediately opposite to me, although by reaching as far out of the window as my infirmity will permit I can see for a considerable distance up and down the canal, which does not exceed fifteen feet in width. But, although I can see but little of the material house opposite I can see its reflection upside down in the canal and I contrive to take a good deal of interest in such of its inhabitants as show themselves from time to time (always upside down) on its balconies and at its windows.

When first I occupied my room, about six years ago, my attention was directed to the reflection of a little girl of thirteen or so (as nearly as I could judge), who passed every day on a balcony just above the upward range of my limited field of view. She had a glass of flowers and a crucifix on a little table by her side, and as she sat there in fine weather from early morning until dark, working assiduously all the time, I concluded that she earned her living by needlework. She was certainly an industrious little girl, and as far as I could judge by her upside down reflection, neat in her dress and pretty. She had an old mother, an invalid, who on warm days would sit on the balcony with her, and it interested me to see the little maid wrap the old lady in shawls and bring pillows for her chair and a stool for her feet, and every now and again lay down her work and kiss and fondle the old lady for half a minute, and then take up her work again.

Time went by, and as the little maid grew up her reflection grew down, and at last she was quite a little woman of, I suppose, sixteen or seventeen. I can only work for a couple of hours or so in the brightest part of the day, so I find plenty of time on my hands in which to watch her movements, and sufficient imagination to weave a little romance about her, and to endow her with a beauty which, to a great extent, I had to take for granted. I saw—or fancied that I could see—that she began to take an interest in my reflection (which, of course, she could see as I could see hers); and one day, when it appeared to me that she was looking right at it—that is to say, when her reflection appeared to be looking right at me—I tried the desperate experiment of nodding to her, and to my intense delight her reflection nodded in reply. And so our two reflections became known to one another.

It did not take me very long to fall in love with her, but a long time passed before I could make up my mind to do more than nod to her every morning, when the old woman moved me from my bed to the sofa at the window, and again in the evening, when the little maid left the balcony for that day. One day, however, when I saw her reflection looking at mine I nodded to her and threw a flower into the canal. She nodded several times in return, and I saw her draw her mother's attention to the accident. Then every morning I threw a flower into the water for "good morning," and another in the evening for "good night," and I soon discovered that I had not thrown them altogether in vain for one day she threw a flower to join mine, and she laughed and clapped her hands as the two flowers joined forces and floated away together. And then every morning and every evening she threw her flower when I threw mine, and when the two flowers met she clapped her hands, and so did I; but when they were separated, as they sometimes were, owing to one of them having met an obstruction which did not catch the other, she threw up her hands in a pretty affectation of despair, which I tried to imitate in an English and unsuccessful fashion. And when they were rudely run down by a passing gondola (which happened not infrequently) she pretended to cry and I did the same. Then, in pretty pantomime, she would point downward to the sky, to tell me that it was destiny that caused the shipwreck of our flowers, and I, in pantomime not half so pretty, would try to convey to her that destiny would be kinder next time, and that perhaps to-morrow our flowers would be more fortunate and so the innocent courtship went on. One day she showed me her crucifix and kissed it, and thereupon I took a little silver crucifix which always stood by me and kissed that, and so she knew that we were one in religion. One day my little maid did not appear on her balcony, and for several days I saw nothing of her, and although I threw my flowers as usual, no flowers came to keep it company. However, after a time she reappeared dressed in black and crying often,

and then I knew that the poor child's mother was dead, and as far as I knew she was alone in the world. The flowers came no more for many days nor did she show any sign of recognition, but kept her eyes on her work, except when she placed her handkerchief to them. And opposite to her was the old lady's chair, and I could see that from time to time she would lay down her work and gaze at it, and then a flood of tears would come to her relief. But at last one day she roused herself to nod to me, and then her flower came. Day after day my flower went forth to join it, and with varying fortunes the two flowers sailed away as of yore.

But the darkest day of all to me was when a good-looking young gondolier, standing right end uppermost in his gondola (for I could see him in the flesh) worked his craft alongside the house and stood talking to her as she sat on the balcony. They seemed to speak as old friends—indeed, as well as I could make out, he held her by the hand during the whole of their interview, which lasted quite half an hour. Eventually he pushed off, and left my heart heavy within me. But I soon took heart of grace, for as soon as he was out of sight the little maid threw two flowers growing on the same stem—an allegory of which I could make nothing, until it broke upon me that she meant to convey to me that he and she were brother and sister, and that I had no cause to be sad. And thereupon I nodded to her cheerily, and she nodded to me and laughed aloud, and I laughed in return, and all went on again as before.

Then came a dark and dreary time, for it had become necessary that I should undergo treatment that confined me absolutely to my bed for many days, and I worried and fretted to think that the little maid and I could see each other no longer, and worse still, that she would think that I had gone away without ever having hinted to her that I was going. And when I awoke at night wondering how I could let her know the truth, and fifty plans flitted through my brain, all appearing to be feasible enough at night, but absolutely wild and impracticable in the morning. One day—and it was a bright day indeed for me—the old woman who tended me told me that a gondolier had inquired whether the English signor had gone away or had died, and so I learned that the little maid had been anxious about me, and that she had sent her brother to inquire, and the brother had no doubt taken to her the reason of my protracted absence from the window.

From that day, and ever after, during my three weeks of bedkeeping, a flower was found every morning on the edge of my window, which was within easy reach of any one in a boat; and when at last a day came when I could be moved I took my accustomed place on the sofa at the window, and the little maid saw me and stood on her head, so to speak, and that was as eloquent as any right end up delight could possibly be. So the first time the gondolier passed by my window I beckoned to him, and he pushed up alongside and told me, with many bright smiles, that he was glad indeed to see me well again. Then I thanked him and his sister for their kind thoughts about me during my retreat, and I then learned from him that her name was Angela, and that she was the best and purest maiden in all Venice, and that anyone might think himself happy indeed who could call her sister, but that he was happier even than her brother, for he was to be married to her, and, indeed, they were to be married the next day.

Thereupon my heart seemed to swell to bursting, and the blood rushed through my veins so that I could hear it and nothing else for a while. I managed at last to stammer forth some words of awkward congratulation, and he let me sing merrily, after asking permission to bring his bride to see me on the morrow as they returned from church.

"For," said he, "my Angela has known you for very long—ever since she was a child, and she has often spoken to me of the poor Englishman who was a good Catholic, and who lay all day long for years and years on a sofa at a window, and she has said over and over again how dearly she wished that she could speak to him and comfort him; and one day, when you threw a flower into the canal, she asked me whether she might throw another, and I told her yes, for he would understand that it meant sympathy with one who was sorely afflicted."

And so I learned that it was pity, and not love, except, indeed, such love as is akin to pity, that prompted her to interest herself in my welfare, and there was an end of it all.

For the two flowers that I thought were on one stem were two flowers tied together (but I could not tell that), and they were meant to indicate that she and the gondolier were affianced lovers, and my expressed pleasure at this symbol delighted her, for she took it to mean that I rejoiced in her happiness. And the next day the gondolier came with a train of other gondoliers, all decked in their holiday garb, and in his gondola sat Angela, happy and blushing at her happiness. Then he and she entered the house in which I dwelt and came into my room (and it was strange indeed, after so many years of inversion, to see her with her head above her feet and then she wished me happiness and speedy restoration to good health (which could never be); and I, in broken words and with tears in my eyes, gave her the little crucifix that had stood by my bed—or my table for so many years. And Angela took it reverently and crossed herself and kissed it, and so departed with her delighted husband.

As I heard the song of the gondoliers as they went their way—the song dying away in the distance as the shadows of the sundown closed around me—I felt that they were singing the requiem of the only love that had ever entered my heart.

Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes, wife of the poet, died in Boston in the sixty-ninth year of her age.

A Musician's Experience with Choirs.

Is art a "service"? Does the exercise of it in divine worship partake of the spirit of the inspired counsel, "Whosoever will be chief among you let him be your servant"? This thrusting forward of a personality of display does not look like it. Once our alto asked me, as I was entering the pulpit, whether I had any objections to changing the closing hymn, for she was expecting some friends that evening, and they could not come till late, and she wanted to sing a solo. And once, at a week-day funeral, our tenor crowded me even to my embarrassment with a request that he might be permitted to precede the arrival of the train of mourners with a vocal piece in the gallery, for he had just heard that two members of the Music Committee of another congregation would be present, and he wished them to hear him, as he desired to secure the place of conductor there.

"Art's a service mark!" But does it take the place of the rest of the service also?

This entire discussion turns at once upon the answer to the question whether the choir, the organ, the tune book, and the blower are for the sake of helping God's people worship Him, or whether the public assemblies of Christians are for the sake of an artistic regalement of listeners, the personal exhibition of musicians, or the advertisement of professional soloists who are competing for a salary.

In our travels some of us have seen the old organ in a remote village of Germany on the case of which are carved, in the ruggedness of Teutonic characters, three mottoes: If they could be rendered from their terse poetry into English they would do valiant service in our time for all the singers and players together. Across the top of the key-board is this: "Thou prayest here not for thyself, thou prayest for the congregation; so the playing should elevate the heart, should be simple, earnest and pure." Across above the right hand row of stops is this: "The organ tone must ever be adapted to the subject of the song; it is for thee, therefore, to read the hymn entirely through so as to catch the true spirit." Across above the left hand stops is this: "In order that thy playing shall not bring the singing into confusion, it becoming that thou listen sometimes, and as thou hearest thou wilt be likelier to play as God's people sing."—Rev. Dr. Charles S. Robinson in the Century.

Hygiene of the Aged.

Dr. L. H. Watson, in Popular Science Monthly.

To those who have arrived at an advanced age without any form of indigestion I would suggest a cup of coffee and a piece of dry toast before rising in the morning. The reason why this should be served while one is yet in bed is that very old people, even when perfectly well, are often subject to a slight faintness and nervous tremor before rising, and the exertion necessary to dress often leaves them too faint to eat. It takes but a few moments to prepare it, and, as old people like to rise early, it is usually an hour or two before the family are prepared for the morning meal. A light luncheon at noon, and dinner not later than 5 or 6 o'clock. If the dinner is taken at noon, and supper at 6 o'clock, it will be found to suit the habits of the aged better in one way, as old people love to retire early. In most countries, among civilized nations, the practice of crowding three meals into the twelve hours or more of daylight has grown to be such a habit that it seems a heresy to suggest eating when hungry, day or night; nevertheless, I would suggest to the healthy and not too aged person to forget the "bug-bear" of "not eating before retiring," which compels many a person—otherwise disposed to pass ten or twelve hours with the stomach in a collapsed condition, while during the other twelve it is constantly distended with food. I would say to the aged, eat sparingly and eat frequently. Let your food be light and easily digestible, but eat when hungry, whether it be 12 o'clock at noon or 12 o'clock at night. Aged people are light sleepers, and often wake up during the night with an intense craving for food, and a good plan is to have a cup of bouillon and a cracker on a stand near the bed. The broth can be readily heated by an alcohol lamp in five minutes. This simple habit will often procure hours of uninterrupted slumber, which would otherwise be passed in restless longing for daylight and breakfast.

The Good That Results From Much Rubbing at the Bath.

From a Writer in Dress.

Tepid water is preferable for every season of the year. Milk baths have been in favor from time immemorial with ladies and nothing is better than a daily hot bath of milk. Mme. Tallien was among the historical women who bathed in milk, to which she added crushed strawberries to give it an agreeable perfume. I have also heard of an old lady of eighty who retained a girlish complexion like cream and roses by always washing in the juice of crushed strawberries and nothing else. But we can, fortunately, keep our skins healthy and fair without resorting to these extreme measures. For the full-length bath, a bag of bran will soften the water and make the skin deliciously smooth and fair; but let me here remark that no bath is perfect in its results without the long and brisk friction of hands or a coarse towel afterward. Friction not only stimulates circulation, but it makes the flesh firm and polished, like Parian marble. It is sometimes astonishing to see the change made in an ugly skin by friction, and any lady who wishes to possess a healthy, beautiful body, firm to the touch and fair to the eye, with the elasticity of youth well prolonged into age, must give willingly of her strength to the daily task of rubbing the body thoroughly

ROLLY BRICK'S FRIENDS.

Margaret Eyttinge in Good Cheer for March.

There sat the little dog yet, and that was the fourth time Phenie had passed that way since morning—twice going to and twice coming from school. Lunch time she had brought a small bit of bread and a mouthful of meat from home (her folks were poor and could not spare more), and coaxing him, with outstretched hand and kind words, to come down the long flight of steps to where she stood on the sidewalk, she had fed them to him, but he had swallowed them in great haste, and, with a grateful look in his brown eyes, had hurried back again. It was a dreary place—the building to which these steps belonged, so dreary that it seemed strange that even a dog would choose to linger there. A great, grey building, dark and funereal in every stone of its Egyptian architecture; with massive doors and iron-barricaded windows, it cast a gloom all about it, and one looking up at its strong walls could not but think with a heart ache of the many poor wretches who had been and still were imprisoned within them. Phenie lived about a block away in a little, old, tumble-down wooden house, in a dirty, crowded street. Her father was a longshoreman, and worked hard, early and late, to earn enough to support his family in the humblest way, and her mother, a cheerful, kind-hearted woman, had as much as she could do to look after her five children, all girls, of whom Phenie, 11 years old was the eldest.

Well, Phenie's to and from school led past the Tombs, that dreadful place where criminals are kept in cells so that they may do no harm to their fellow-creatures; and one morning—it was a morning in early September—as she passed it she saw, as I have already told you, a little dog sitting at the top of the long broad steps. He was not a pretty dog, not at all a pretty dog. In fact he was rather an ugly dog. He was covered with shaggy, yellowish-brown hair, half of one of his ears had been torn off, very likely in a street fight, and he had the most comical S-shaped tail that ever curled over a dog's back. Phenie glanced at him kindly as she went by, for she was very fond of animals, but did not give him another thought until when, on her way to lunch, she spied him still sitting in the same place. Then, thinking he might be hungry, she won his dog-heart by bringing him, on her way back something to eat. School out, he was there yet. And there he remained for four days, receiving gratefully each noon what the child could spare from her own not too plentiful meal. And Saturday coming, her morning work over, she could not rest until she had run to the foot of the steps and looked up to see if he was still there. Yes, there he was, waving his flag at sight of her.

"I wonder who he belongs to,—I wonder why he don't go away?" she said to herself as she had said many times before. "I wish I could find out." And seeing a policeman who she had long known by sight stopping to pat the dog as he came down the steps she took courage and asked him when he had reached her side, "Do you know that little dog?" "I made his acquaintance a few days ago," answered the policeman.

"Will you please, if you've got time, tell me why he stays here?" "His master's inside," said the policeman who was a jolly, good-natured fellow, and looked as though he'd rather be beaten himself than beat anybody else with the heavy club he carried.

"His master," repeated Phenie. "Yes, his master, Rolly Brick, a boy a little bigger than you. He stole a banana off a fruit-woman's stand and when he chased him, the poor young scamp, as if he'd stole a diamond. And that dog up there run with him, both of 'em going as hard as they could pet. And when he was caught that dog tried to fight for him. But it wasn't any use, the fruit-woman was determined to send him up, said wasn't the first thing, by a jingo, he'd stole from her. And so they took him in, and that dog's set here ever since. 'Speet they'll kick him into the street soon's Rolly's sent away."

"Oh! will he be sent away?" said Phenie. "When?"

"In an hour or two I reckon."

"But suppose the banana woman don't come to make complaint against him?"

"Don't half think she will," said the policeman. "She's over her mad by this time. But he'll go all the same, 'cause he's a vagrant."

"A vagrant?"

"Yes, a vagrant ain't got any friends or any home."

Back went Phenie to the little old, tumble-down wooden house to have a long earnest talk with her mother, and to make herself as neat as possible, and before an hour had passed she made one of a throng that filled the court room where a number of law breakers were to be sentenced that morning. But she was not a moment too soon. The case had been called earlier than the policeman had thought it would be, and in the prisoner's dock stood a boy with a bright, dirty face, and in clothes so battered and torn that he looked like an animated rag-bag.

"No friends," the judge was just saying, as Phenie, with a great lump in her throat, and her heart beating as though it would fly out of her breast, walked bravely up the court-room and stood before him.

"Please, Mr. Judge, he has friends, two friends," she said.

The judge looked over his spectacles at her. "Where are they?" he asked. "One is settin' out on the front stoop," she answered. "He's a little dog, an' he's been a-sittin' there ever since his master was took up. He was there all through that awful rain yesterday an' that dreadful thunder storm day before. An', Mr. Judge, she went on, getting braver and braver as she spoke, "Rolly Brick can't be such a very bad boy if such a good little dog loves him so much. An' the other friend's me."

"How long have you known Rolly Brick?" asked the judge.

"Never saw him before now," said the child, "but the dog an' me is friends. An' oh! Mr. Judge, if you'll let Rolly

off, I'm sure, and so my mother, that my father'll find him something to do. We're all girls at our house, so we can't none of us go to the docks, with father, but he's a boy, and he could."

"What do you say, Rolly?" said the judge. "Will you promise to be a good boy if I let you go with this kind friend of yours?"

Rolly looked shyly at Phenie and then blurted out: "I never hooked nethin' but things to eat an' I won't hook them any more if I kin get 'em by workin' 'em 'um. Nobody never wanted me to work reg'lar 'cause I hadn't no decent togs."

"Call in the other friend," said his honor. And Phenie, catching the old cap the boy tossed to her, ran out of the room with it, and in a moment more the dog bounded in, flew to his master in a transport of joy, and covered his face and hands with dog kisses.

"Good-by," said the judge, and placing something in Phenie's hand he added, "Here's a few dollars some kind gentlemen have given you. You must buy Rolly some clothes with them. And now, Rolly, mind you turn over a new leaf."

"Yes, sir," said Rolly, and away he went, followed by many good wishes, with his two friends.

But truth compels me to state that as the trio passed an eating saloon near by, Rolly being sorely tempted by the nice things displayed in the window, said, "Say, gal, let's goin here, you an' me an' Ole Sojer (that was the name of the dog), an' git a bully dinner, to help me turn over that new leaf."

But Phenie firmly refused. "That wouldn't be right," she said. "That'd be turnin, the wrong way. My mother'll give you some dinner, an' this money is goin' to get you a new suit." And Rolly submitting in silence, they soon reached the little, old tumble-down wooden house in the dirty, crowded street.

But that little, old, tumble-down, wooden house proved to be a good home for the vagrant boy—a home where he found love and kindness, and where he was taught that the poorest life may be brightened and blessed by industry and honesty. And before long he was earning \$2 or \$3 a week, and helping his adopted mother—for he was a wonderfully handy young chap—with the hardest of her work beside.

"Sister Phenie," he said, "must keep on at school, so's she kin teach me nights an' be a reg'lar teacher when she grows up."

As for Ole Sojer, you may be sure he became the pet of the whole family, and the butcher around the corner took such a fancy to him that he saved him every day the very nicest and meatiest bones that ever butcher gave a dog.

New York Girls Aping English Manners.

From a Letter in the San Francisco Argonaut.

I was very much amused by the antics of a would-be English girl and unquestionably British bull terrier on Fifth Avenue recently. She came out of the front door of her house with a good deal of a swing—tall, slim, well-formed and composed. Her costume was of black and white material—I have a dim sort of a suspicion that it was either silk or satin—and she wore small, square-toed boots, a jaunty hat, gloves of a rose color and a rather refined "horsey" look in general. She carried a riding whip in one hand and clutched a silver chain in the other. To the other end of the chain was reluctantly attached a black-muzzled and suspicious bull-pup, with a bad eye. His fore-legs were bowed, his head and ears stuck aloft, his chest was broad and he had almost no nose at all. His under jaw was held forward and his mouth had the peculiarly insolent look of a pup of thorough-bred blood. The girl had an indescribable starchy appearance, was extremely straight and her manner was haughty. She descended the steps with an admirable effectation of carelessness, considering that at least a score of men were staring at her, and turned up Fifth Avenue. At all events the manoeuvre was not a success. The dog suddenly shot around in another direction and wound the tall girl up in his chain. She struck him sharply with her whip and he growled; then she hit him again and the brute started to jump at her, when a man, who was passing, shouted at him sharply. The girl went at him pluckily again, whipped him into perfunctory obedience, said, "I am greatly obliged" to the man who had attempted to rescue her and started up the avenue. Even during the excitement her accent was irreproachably English and she was altogether as full-blown and complete a specimen of an Anglo-maniac as I have ever seen. The girls here have a peculiarly English walk, or one that passes for English now, and this particular beauty practiced it to perfection.

Cholera.

Cholera has made periodical twelve-year visits to our country. The last epidemic was in 1873. Thus we have something to fear for next year if not for this. The Philadelphia Medical News says of its appearance in 1873: "Cholera visited the United States before it appeared in Paris. Then there were many sources of infection—it was first brought to New Orleans by a Bremen barque, and developed in the case of a man employed in unloading her cargo (a native of Pensacola who went to New Orleans for employment). But the larger number of cases were imported directly through New York City on non-infected vessels, but the disease was not developed until the personal effects of the victims had been unpacked at their destination. This was shown in the three distinct outbreaks at widely remote parts of the United States, where the effects of emigrants from Holland, Sweden and Russia were unpacked—at Carlhage, O. Crow River, Minn., and Yankton, Dak., where, within thirty-six hours thereafter, the first cases of the disease appeared."

White's right to be sent in congress is affirmed, forty-seven Democrats voting with the Republicans.

As a Foreigner Sees Us.

"You Americans," said George Q. Taylor, a foreigner, to a group of New Yorkers, "are the most contradictory set of mortals on the globe. You slave all day and spend all night. You submit to all sorts of impotence and extortion, yet you are terrible fighters when aroused. Little things do not seem to fret you as they do foreigners. You are cheerful and courageous in the face of hopeless disaster, yet never seem unduly elated if you make a million or two. Now, why should such a people choose to wear the darkest and most gloomy looking clothing?"

A bystander ventured the remark that he didn't see anything particularly sombre about the average American attire.

"You don't? Have you ever been up in the Western Union tower? Well, you ought to go up there. I made the ascent the other day, difficult as it is. The view is entrancing. But when I looked down into Broadway it made me shiver. The hurrying crowds on the sidewalks looked like two unending funeral processions moving in opposite directions. Black, black everywhere. All the red haired girls must have been up town, for there wasn't a white horse to be seen. The only relief to the eye was an occasional Broadway surface car. It was the most gloomy spectacle I ever looked down upon, yet I knew that beneath the dark exterior there were warm hearts, active brains and hands equally ready to fight or work."

"Well, what would you have us do? Dress in bright colors during the winter?" was asked.

"Not at all. Use common sense that is all. Europeans generally do not see the necessity for dark colors in winter. So long as the clothing is heavy and warm it doesn't matter about the color. You can wear black over there if you like without exciting remarks. But here, if a man wears a heavy plaid suit in winter he is contemptuously regarded by a native, even though his critic may be shivering in his thin, black clothes. Take a New England town, New Haven for instance, if you want to see this provincial spirit in an exaggerated form. A faultlessly dressed New Yorker is an object of universal admiration. People run out of stores to look at him. A shabbily dressed man, even though his clothes fit him better than those of the average New Haven dude, is at once and on all sides regarded as a sneak thief who ought to be in the lockup. But an Englishman or other foreigner in a plaid suit is an object of horror. To see the open mouths, and uplifted hands one would think Earnum's rhinoceros was loose in the street. I always put on a black suit when I go to New Haven, for I can not do business there in any other sort of clothing."—New York Evening Sun.

A Life-Necessity.

How many people there are who go through life with their "hinges creaking" who every time they move somehow seem to make other people uneasy. How few there are like the conductor which the Christian Union tells us below, "always carrying an oil-can." None of us like "oil-can" sort of a man, but the longer we live the more we enjoy the character of the man who makes things go along smoothly and without squeaking.

A fourth avenue car was rumbling up the avenue; the day was cold, and the door opened and shut to admit and discharge passengers with an agonizing groan that rasped the nerves of every one who heard it. At Thirty-fourth street a new conductor jumped on the car, and the man who examines the register opened the door, which gave a peculiar agonizing shriek. The new conductor put his hand in his pocket, took out a small oil-can and oiled the track on which the door slides and the rollers on which it hung, saying to the former conductor, who still stood on the platform, "I always carry an oil-can; there are so many things that need greasing." Was that the reason that, though a man evidently past middle life, his cheeks were ruddy and his face free from lines?

The man who had brought the car from City Hall shrieking and groaning on its way was thin, worn, and crushed, apparently by circumstances. Is there a philosophy of oil-cans? We rumbled on to the tunnel, feeling we were under the care of a man trained to meet emergencies; time was short, but the nervous anxiety that had made the journey from City Hall interminable had disappeared, and we leaned back, saying inwardly, "Well, we might as well take the next train." Unconscious teacher, how often has your comfortable manner and hearty voice recalled us to the necessity of using an oil-can to modify the friction of life!

Recently three or four earnest women met at luncheon. The conversation drifted on to the question, "Shall love have a hundred eyes, or be blind?" Which is the best! Which is most comfortable! The conclusion was that there must be a judicious blending of sight and blindness; affection enough to forgive and forget. At the close an earnest woman, whose every gesture is an indication of wisdom and mental balance, said: "I sometimes think that one must go through life carrying an oil-can, if she desire peace." Here was another face beaming with health and good cheer, whose philosophy of life was an oil-can—deep, trustful affection, bearing and forbearing.

Not as Bad as Expected.

Thomas Starr King used to tell that one of his kinsmen was much opposed to his entering the lecture field, and were inclined to belittle his abilities. So one night Dr. King invited him to hear one of his brilliant discourses, and at the close asked him what he thought of it. "Waal," was the cheering reply, "You warn't half as tejus as I thought you'd be."—Boston Transcript.