

**THE RIVER OF LIFE.**  
The more we live, more brief appear  
Our life's succeeding stages;  
A day to childhood seems a year,  
And years like passing ages.

The gladness current of our youth,  
Ere passion's yet disorders,  
Steals lingering like a river smooth  
Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan,  
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,  
Ye stars, that measure life to man,  
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and  
And life itself is rapid,  
Why, as we near the Falls of Death,  
Feel we its tide more rapid?

'Tis but a strange—yet who would change  
Time's course to slower speeding,  
When one by one our friends have gone  
And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading  
Indefinable sweetness;  
And those of youth, a seeming length,  
Proportioned to their sweetness.

—Thomas Campbell.

**Naisy's Blue Beads.**

BY MRS. MOSES P. HANDY.  
(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
"Mother," said Daisy Mason, impatiently, "why on earth don't Jo Davis ask Emily to marry him and be done with it? He has been coming here to see her every Sunday night since I can remember, and nothing comes of it."  
"Oh, well," replied Mrs. Mason, soothingly, "there's no hurry. They are young, and have plenty of time. I am sure I'm not anxious to have Emily married. I don't know what we should do without her."  
"Nor I," admitted Daisy. "But I am tired having people ask me when he and Emily are going to be married. It would be a relief to my feelings to be able to tell them that they were engaged."  
"I don't see what people have to do with it. It is none of their business who comes courting Emily."  
"No, it isn't, and that is just what makes me mad. They talk as if Jo was just flirting."  
"Now, Daisy, you know that is ridiculous. Everybody in town knows that Jo fairly worships the ground Emily treads on. Why, he never looks at any other girl."  
"Then, why don't he speak out? Mother, do you think they can be engaged?"  
Mrs. Mason shook her head. "No, indeed, Emily would have told me, certain, sure."  
"Yes, I suppose she would. But he ought to ask her. I wonder Emily stands it. I wouldn't, I know. Father ought to ask him his intentions. I've a great mind to do it myself."  
"The idea. As if father would do such a thing. Why, it would scare Jo to death, and Emily would die of mortification."  
"And then we should have two funerals instead of a wedding. I don't care, somebody ought to do something. It makes Emily ridiculous, and I'm going to tell her so."  
"No, Daisy, don't do any such thing," said her mother. "All people aren't alike, and you would only hurt your sister's feelings. You know Jo is dead in love with her, and he will tell her so when he gets ready."  
"Well, I wish he'd hurry up. I don't think much of a man who wants to marry a girl and hasn't spunk enough to say so. I think I see any man treat me like that." And Miss Daisy gave a toss to her pretty head which boded ill to the man who should try it.  
In a small country town where everybody knows every one else, most men and all women take a lively interest in the affairs of their neighbors. In Hayville Jo Davis' courtship of Emily Mason was one of the stock subjects of gossip. The two had been keeping company for five years, more or less, and Hayville was agreed that they ought either to double or quit. There was no apparent reason why they should not be married. Jo had a good farm left him by his father, and his old mother would be all the better of a daughter-in-law like Emily. Jo's parents had married late in life, and Jo was an only child. It was fragments of this gossip which, reaching Daisy Mason's ears, had wrought her up on the subject. Daisy was Emily's youngest sister, the prettiest girl in all Hayville, with a dozen or so of beaux, whom she led a dance.  
There is many a true word spoken in jest. Daisy felt that decidedly something ought to be done. She had already tried to help matters by effacing herself upon various occasions, entertaining her own visitors on the porch when Jo came, so that the presence of others might not prevent him from proposing to Emily. To her disgust these small maneuvers had been fruitless; now she felt that more vigorous measures were necessary.  
There was a third sister in the Mason family, a little girl twelve years

younger than the brother who came next to Daisy. Rosy Mason was a general pet, not only in her own family, but with most of the neighbors. Naturally a clever child, constant association with her elders had made her wise beyond her years, and her bright sayings were told and quoted all over town. Jo Davis was especially fond of her, and paid her almost as much attention as he did to Emily. It was to this little sister that Daisy turned for help in the present emergency.  
"Rosie," she asked, "can you keep a secret?"  
"Course I can," answered Rosie, indignantly. "Don't you know mother says I never tell anything I oughtn't to?"  
"Yes, but this is different. I want you to ask Jo Davis if he and Emily are going to be married."  
The little sister was shocked. "Oh, Daisy, I couldn't. Mother would be angry, and Emily wouldn't like it a bit."  
"Listen, Rosie. They won't mind a all if you do it the right way and don't let anybody know I put you up to it. I'll give you my blue beads if you will."  
"Your blue beads? Oh, Daisy, really?" exclaimed Rosie, but still she looked doubtful.  
"Yes, my blue beads, for your reward."



"I am indeed, if she'll have me."  
"Now, listen. You know Jo wants to marry Emily, everybody knows it, and we are all willing that he should, but he is so bashful that he don't dare ask her. Now, if you help him out he will be fonder of you than ever."  
"I think she would say yes if he asked her, don't you, Daisy?"  
"Of course I do; but she can't if he don't, and she would be pleased, too, so you see nobody would mind, don't you?"  
"Are you sure, Daisy?"  
"Yes, dear, quite sure. And then think what fun it would be to have a wedding in the family. I would be bridesmaid and you and Jo's little cousin Nellie would be flower girls. You would have a beautiful new white dress, and a big hat all flowers and chiffon; oh, it would be grand. You know I wouldn't ask you to do anything wrong. Then you shall have the beads, as soon as you ask him, and I mother and Emily are angry I will take all the blame. But they won't be. Everybody will be glad."  
During the next day or two Rosie's wise little head did a great deal of thinking. The more she pondered the more it seemed to her that Daisy was right. Jo must love Emily or he would not come to see her so often. He never went to see any other girl. People certainly expected them to get married. Had not old Mrs. Brown, who was always trying to find out everything, endeavored to pump her, Rosy, again and again, and called her a sly little puss, because she told her nothing. Then she did so want the beads. Not even Carrie Wells, that all the girls at school made so much fuss over were as pretty as they. So she questioned Daisy once more, and Daisy reiterated her assurances, saying:  
"The next time Jo and Emily are by themselves, and Jo calls you his little sweetheart, all you have to do is to tell him that you had rather be his little sister, and ask him if he isn't going to marry Emily; he will be your brother if he does, you know. How can he mind that?" And Rosie agreed that he couldn't.  
Fortune favored her. The next Sunday was a bright September day, and Joe and Emily had the parlor to themselves. Daisy had discreetly gone for a walk, and the rest of the family were sitting out on the porch. Rosie went to the door of the parlor and peeped in. They sat, Emily and Jo, one on one side of the table, one on the other as they had so often, talking quietly as usual.  
"Come here, Rosie," called Jo.  
Rosie went in and took her stand beside his knee. He drew her to him and stroked her curls. "You're my little sweetheart, aren't you?" he asked.  
Rosie shook her curly head. "I'd rather be your little sister. I'd like that. You are going to marry Emily aren't you?"  
Emily turned crimson, but Jo laughed, delighted. "I am, indeed, if she'll have me."  
"Oh, she will, won't you Emily?" and the little matchmaker fled.  
Having taken the plunge, with Rosie's aid, Jo's bashfulness vanished and when Mr. and Mrs. Mason came in a little later they found Emily and her accepted lover waiting to receive their consent and blessing.  
Rosie wore the blue beads to school on Monday. There was but one drawback to her happiness; everyone made so much of her, and her honest little soul shrank from accepting the credit which belonged rightly to another.  
"Please let me tell them the truth about it," she begged of Daisy, but Daisy said "No."  
Life is made up not of one great sacrifice but of many little kindnesses.

**RESTORED TO LIFE.**  
Experiment in Massaging a Heart That Had Ceased Pulsating.  
Dr. Maag of Nasted, Denmark, recently made an experiment in revivifying a man apparently dead, which has convinced him that it is possible, in favorable circumstances to restore the dead to life by massaging the heart, says the St. Louis Star. The doctor was attending a charity patient, a laborer, who apparently died under an operation from the effects of chloroform. Artificial respiration and other methods of the usual "revive" treatments were tried, but all to no avail. The other attending surgeons gave up the case, and said when they did so that the man had been dead fifteen minutes. Dr. Maag, however, declared that he would save the man. He cut open the dead man's side and began to manipulate the heart. He timed the squeezing of the organ by the beating of his own pulse so as to get a natural rhythmic action, and soon began to feel the heart respond to the treatment. The other doctors began working at the artificial respiration again, and in thirty-five minutes the dead man was breathing again and his heart was beating. His side was sewn up and he put to bed, where he ceased to breathe, and all attempts at artificial respiration were powerless to start the lungs working once more. The heart, however, kept on beating for eight hours, when it stopped, and the man was finally "allowed" to be dead, even by Dr. Maag. In all this reviving process the patient did not regain consciousness, but the doctor believes that he nevertheless began to live again after the heart had been started working by massage. Some people will say that the action of the heart was simply a case of muscular reflex, responding to irritation and not real life. Dr. Maag, however, believes, that the reason the man died a second time was that his treatment was largely impromptu, and that the proper conditions and instruments for a thorough and scientific test were not at hand.

**WHITTLING FOR FUN.**  
Said to Be a Healthful Relaxation for a Tired Mind.  
People who flock southward during the winter as a relief from the cares at home take on some new and strange occupations. At present the passion is for whittling, says the Washington Post. In fact, it is the amusement of the hour of the banker, the merchant and the tired-out millionaire. But it is not the same aimless chipping away of a stick that delights the schoolboy; very pretty things are made by these grave designers, paper cutters being one of the most general. After a number of men congregated at some resort have been attacked by the craze, it is amusing to see them starting out to find the wood. They go forth clad in knickerbockers and armed with great jack-knives, as serious as though in search of the buck of the season. More prized than any other are the woods of the laurel and rhododendron. Both are exquisitely white and receive as high and fine a polish, as satin. Straight pieces of considerable length are chosen to be cut and it is desirable that they should terminate in a fork. The forked part is left undisturbed in its natural state for the handle, while the other end is whittled down into the blade of the cutter. Various are the ways of achieving this apparently simple end and every man finds contentment in the conviction that his own knife and tools are the best. The final polishing is universally done with sandpaper and a broken bit of glass. Knitting needles are also popular among the things that are being whittled. They are finished at the top with a round ball, which has carved upon it the initials of the one who is to be their possessor. The greatest achievement in whittling, however, is an endless chain that was recently done by quite an old gentleman who had gone to the south to rest. With in each link rested a little revolving ball. It was truly a chef d'oeuvre. Scientifically it is claimed that there is something about the mechanical calm of whittling which is most restful to an overtaxed mind.

**Maine's Modern Ships.**  
Maine shipbuilders are developing the schooner rig to such an extent that they are putting together a vessel of that type with no less than seven masts. Big six-masted ships, rigged in schooner fashion, have proved to be remarkably economical and successful in carrying huge cargoes of coal and other heavy stuff, and now a step onward to seven masts is on foot, says the New York Tribune. The new giant of its class will have a keel length of 335 feet, a breadth of 54, a depth of hold of 32, and a tonnage of about 4,000. This is a rarely interesting movement in the construction of sailing vessels. How much further is to go? Will the seven-masted, if satisfactory, be followed by an eight-masted, and possibly a ten-masted schooner, in a score of years or less? It may even be that the middle of the century will welcome a sailing leviathan with a dozen masts of the schooner rig. Yankee inventiveness and energy take long looks ahead.

**School Receives \$10,000 Legacy.**  
Westbrook seminary, a Universalist school at Portland, Me., has received a legacy of \$10,000 from the estate of Miss Eunice A. Niles of North Jay. The legacy is divided into two funds of \$5,000 each; the income of one is to be used by the trustees as they think best, and the income of the other to be used in aiding worthy and needy students. The latter fund is to be known as the Eunice A. Niles fund.

**IMPORTANCE OF EXERCISE.**  
Inactivity a Potent Cause of Atrophy and Degeneration.  
Regular exercise is essential to the preservation of health; inactivity is a potent cause of atrophy and degeneration. The vigor and equality of the circulation, the functions of the skin and the aeration of the blood are all promoted by muscular activity, which thus keeps up a proper balance and relation between the important organs of the body. In youth the vigor of the system is often so great that, if one organ be sluggish, another part will make amends for the deficiency by acting vicariously, and without any consequent damage to itself. In old age the task cannot thus be shifted from one organ to another. The work allotted to each sufficiently taxes strength, and vicarious action cannot be performed without mischief. Hence the importance of maintaining as far as possible the equable action of all the bodily organs, so that the share of the vital processes assigned to each shall be properly accomplished. For this reason exercise is an important part of the conduct of life in old age; but discretion is absolutely necessary. An old man should discover by experience how much exercise he can take without exhausting his powers, and should be careful not to exceed the limit. Old persons are apt to forget that their staying-powers are much less than they once were, and that, while a walk of two or three miles may prove easy and pleasurable, the addition of the return journey of similar length will seriously overtax the strength.

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