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 gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion 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 breath,
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we near the Falls of Death,
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be 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 strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth, a seeming length,
Proportioned to their sweetness.

—Thomas Campbell.

Daisy's Blue Beads.

BY MRS. MOSES P. HANDY.

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"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

"Oh, Daisy, really?"

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 younger 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 ought not to?"

"Yes, but this is different. I want you to ask Jo Davis if he and Emily are to be married."

The sister was shocked. "Oh, I couldn't. Mother would be angry. Emily wouldn't like it a bit."

"Rosy. They won't mind at all. I 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 own.

"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 if 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 called her a sly [illegible] because she told her nothing, she did so want the beads Carrie Wells', that all the school made so much fuss over [illegible] 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 [illegible] from accepting the credit [illegible] rightly to another. [illegible] tell them the truth [illegible] begged of Daisy, but [illegible] "No."

Life is made up not of one great sacrifice but of many little kindnesses.

Prince Rupert in Disgrace.

A disaster second only to Naseby, and still more unforeseen, soon followed. Fairfax and Cromwell laid siege to Bristol, and after a fierce and daring storm (Sept. 14), Rupert, who had promised the king that he could hold out for four good months, suddenly capitulated, and rode away to Oxford under the humiliating protection of a parliamentary convoy. The fall of this famous stronghold of the west was the severest of all the king's mortifications, as the failure of Rupert's wonted courage was the strangest of military surprises. That Rupert was too clear-sighted [illegible] discouraged by [illegible] the king's [illegible] military d[illegible] long siege wa[illegible] who had no reas[illegible] his fame, to justify [illegible] The king would listen [illegible] but wrote Rupert a[illegible] ing so mean an [illegible] greatest trial of his con[illegible] had yet happened, depriving [illegible] commissioners, and bidding [illegible] gone beyond the seas. Rupert [illegible] heless insisted on following the King [illegible] Newark, and after some debate [illegible] clared to be free of all disloyalty or treason, but not of indiscretion.—John Morley, in March Century.

FROM MANY SOURCES.

An oil identical with that of bitter almonds is extracted from coal tar.

To the great Chinese Society of Boxers eleven millions of men are said to belong.

The National Library of Paris has 1,400,000 bound books and 900,000 pamphlets.

The longest unnavigable river is the Dakota, the length of which is about 600 miles.

Five new Italian steamships are to be built to ply between Mediterranean ports and New York.

Emigration in Hungary has assumed unusual dimensions lately. During one month 15,591 passes were issued to emigrants.

[illegible]

While [illegible] a temple the Chinese cover up the eyes of the idols, in order that the deities may not be offended at the sight of the disorder.

An odd cycling freak is to trim a piece of brown paper to fit the lens of the lamp, and in it cut the eyes, nose, and mouth. The effect is startling.

Fish scales if they are small and bright are worth about $1 a pound in France. They are made into pearls, buttons and all kinds of jewelry for the Indias and China.

A man who owns a cocoanut grove in Venezuela is independent, as the fruit continues to ripen all the year and brings a good price. Each tree averages an annual income of five shillings.

A rhinoceros bird, about the size of a turkey, which was shot on the island of Java, had in its craw a rim from a small telescope and three brass buttons, evidently belonging to a British soldier.

The peasantry of Spain have learned to make roosters hatch eggs and look after chickens, while the hens, being at liberty, can and do lay more eggs than they would if hampered by maternal duties.

Robert Burns, the poet, divided the scale of good wifeship into 10 parts: Good nature, 4; good sense, 2; wit, 1; personal charms, 1. The remaining two degrees covered fortune, education, family, blood, etc.

A London electrician has devised a means of insulating electrical wires and cables with paper soaked in resinous materials and oxydized oils. The paper is wound spirally about the wire, and afterwards covered with braid or some other fibrous material.

ANIMAL SUPERSTITIONS.

To kill a martin in all folklore is considered unlucky.

In all lands ravens and crows have been considered birds of evil omen.

In France there is an idea that if a fisherman counts the fish he has caught he will catch no more during that day.

It is said that among the Mexican populace there is an idea that the lizard warns men of the approach of a serpent.

In Sicily it is devoutly believed that a scorpion inclosed in a bottle or in same situation from which it cannot escape will sting itself to death.

The beaver hunters of the early days of this country believed that the severity of the coming winter was indicated by the thickness of the beaver hats.

In alm[illegible] country [illegible] name [illegible] Her[illegible] no [illegible] be [illegible] en[illegible] the most

There is an English superstition alluded to by Milton that when cats wash their faces and lick their bodies more frequently than usual a change in the weather is imminent and that rain with wind may be anticipated.

It is a favorite superstition in England that the bacon of swine killed during the waning of the moon will waste away in the process of curing or cooking much more than bacon of hogs killed while the moon is growing. This superstition is akin to that which inculcates upon farmers the necessity of planting root crops "in the dark of the moon."

DON'T.

Don't use slang phrases.

Don't rush for a seat in a car or theater.

Don't tell stories of a doubtful character.

Don't tell long stories, even when asked to.

Don't stare at people or laugh at their peculiarities.

Don't interrupt; don't contradict; don't be quarrelsome.

Don't occupy any more space in a car than you are entitled to.

Don't carry your cane or umbrella so as to render it dangerous.

Don't forget to keep to the right, whether riding or walking.

Don't apologize when you shake hands with your gloves on.

Don't elbow people, or, if you do it unwillingly, excuse yourself.

Don't be in haste to introduce. Find out first if it is mutually agreeable.

Don't talk at a theater or concert while the performance is [illegible]

[illegible]

There is a [illegible] an spe[illegible] lively to a man, particularly [illegible] man. He dislikes, or "has it in for," he says, he "gave him the whole works."