

A BLUE SILK PARTY BAG.

How Miss Thankful Hope Figured in a Romance.

It seemed to be one of the ironies of fate that her name should have been Miss Thankful Hope.

She was a faded looking little woman of forty-five, whose plain face was only redeemed by a pair of smiling brown eyes.

Other boarders came and went—"transients," Mrs. Simmons called them—but Miss Thankful stayed on.

She smiled as she looked in at the window. "Yes," she said softly, "it's there yet; I made sure it would be solid."

"I never had anything as pretty as that. Maybe that's why I seem to have so set my heart on it."

"Good evening, Miss Thankful," said a cheerful voice at her side. "Right nice window. Our trimmer beats any in town."

"Oh, yes, that party bag; pretty thing, and cheap, too. I know a good piece of satin when I see it."

"It's a lot prettier than it was at the store," she said, smiling at it where it lay spread out on the white cover, in all the arrogance of assured beauty.

"Those pink rosettes are lovely; I'm silly as I can be, I know that well enough!

"After supper Florence came up to visit her, and Miss Thankful was tempted to tell her all about it.

"I did see it," said Miss Thankful, "and it was pretty. I sorter wished for it myself."

"He was good looking, and so tall; but he was just as timid, and I acted as careless and as indifferent as I knew how."

"O Miss Thankful!" she cried, "I have had the loveliest gift; what do you think, that blue satin party bag?"

"Of course Mr. Jones sent it. I asked him last night if it was sold yet and he grew just as red and stammered so."

"He left the house without being able to get a glimpse of Florence."

"Dear Miss Florence: That bag would hold the valentine I would like to give you if I dared."

"Her Kindness.—Fatho.—"Why do you let that young man pay you such long calls?"

BENJAMIN'S RIDE.

Into the west rode Benjamin H., On his iron steed so fair.

Into the west rode Benjamin H., And he trimmed his words with care.

Into the west rode Benjamin H., And Mr. T. B. Reed

Into the west rode Benjamin H., Some pointers for to get.

Into the west rode Benjamin H., And he hasn't got there yet.

-N. Y. Sun.

PROTECTION A FAILURE.

The McKinley Theory Based Upon a Disaster Producing System.

It is interesting to note that while the United States is engaged in the attempt to shake off the incubus of the McKinley law, all Europe is in "an economic ferment."

On the contrary, they are all unhappy. France is giving another turn to the screw, showing that the tariff of 1891 has not brought about the blessings expected.

In Italy there is chaos. Uprisings have occurred to resist the outrageous taxes on the necessities of life, and these have to be put down by military force.

These constantly augmenting imposts on the necessities of life have caused great distress among the poor of Germany. But what effect have they had upon agriculture?

Such is the effect of fifteen years of high protection upon German agriculture. Even in the opinion of its warmest friends its condition cannot be any worse. This is but a repetition of the experience of the United States.

It is alleged, of course, that business depression is due to the prospective reduction of the duties. To what then is it due in Italy, where there is a prospect of an increase? To what is it due in France, where an increase has just been made?

Some of our republican contemporaries are reviewing the first year of President Cleveland's administration, and they rise from the task weeping for their unfortunate country.

A YEAR OF POWER.

Splendid Record Made by the Democracy Since March, 1893.

One year ago the democrats assumed control of the national government after a total or partial exclusion from power for over thirty years.

They found the tariff taxes higher than at any previous period in the history of the government. They found a treasury deficiency impending where they had left a surplus.

The Sherman silver-purchase act has been repealed. So mischievous had this law, passed solely by republican votes, become that business men of all parties united in demanding its repeal.

The elections law has been repealed. With it disappeared the last vestige of centralized coercion, the fruit of the war. Elections are hereafter to be free.

A genuine tariff-reform bill has passed the house. The Wilson bill is the most scientific and just tariff measure that has passed either house of congress in thirty years.

As to the reverse side of the picture there is this to be said: Every mill that is closed was shut up under the operation of the McKinley fifty per cent tariff.

The republican newspapers are now engaged in carrying next November elections for their party. This is not the first time the republican party has attempted to anticipate the output of the political incubator.

The more the matter of pensions is looked into the more apparent it becomes that the republicans ran the department as the main shaft in their huge political machine.

The efforts of the republicans to put the administration in a hole continue to deposit their authors in an awkward cavity.—Boston Herald.

RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

TO BLOSSOM, LORD, FOR THEE.

Within the dusky pew I kneel, And breathe a rich perfume. For near at hand the altar steps Were banded with snowy bloom.

I gazed upon their golden hearts, Their prattling whiteness rare, Their slender stems of clearest green, And prayed a little prayer.

CHARACTER BUILDING. It is More Than Gaining a Reputation, and is Always Going On.

We are very apt to confound character and reputation together as being one and the same thing, and many a boy is satisfied with earning a good reputation, when he is not equally anxious about having a good character.

Reputation is the shadow. Character is the real substance. If the character is carefully built all through a boy's life, reared with painstaking block by block, each part of the structure being firm and solid, there is but little danger that his reputation will not be equally good.

If we make a candid confession of our real desires, I fear that most of us would have to admit that it is the reputation rather than the character for which we yearn.

We begin in childhood to lay the foundations of our characters. Every deed that is well done, every action that is pure and true and good, is a block laid in this foundation upon which we are to build in after years the fair structure which men will see and know as our character.

Character is not something that can be built all at once—in a month or a year. Day by day we fashion it, slowly and almost unconsciously, and our building does not end until we reach the end of life.

Overcoming the little daily annoyances that lie in our path help us to build up true heroism better than overcoming the great trials which come to us now and again in life's journey.

A consecrated life, one in which nothing has been too small to consider worth doing well, and as unto Him and His glory, lays a broad, beautiful foundation upon which a symmetrical and strong character is reared that shall endure throughout eternity.

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LESSONS OF EASTER.

Christ Jesus the "First-fruit" of the Coming Harvest.

"Easter," which celebrates the resurrection of our Lord, is a festival that more, perhaps, than any other expresses the joy of Christian faith.

In the outward world, what do these warmer days and the budding trees, and the grass becoming green, and the northward flight of the birds mean, but this, that in a few weeks we shall be in the glory and brightness of summer?

In the same way we rejoice in the resurrection of our Lord. He was the "First-fruit" of them that slept. One green blade of grass tells us of green fields, one early rose tells of the abundance of June.

When we let such thoughts as these linger in our hearts, something of the joy and triumph of Christian faith come with them. We can not make a better use of "Easter" than just to think what it means, and then carry into the tasks at school, into our home-life, into our business, and all our relations to other people, something of the elevation of spirit and the joy of heart that Christ's victory for us has given us.

FLYING SPARKS.

Truths in Brief from the Columns of the Ran's Horn.

The lapse of years does not shorten the future. God's love is something we can never buy or lose. Religion that is not used every day will not keep sweet.

God does not want His sheep to live on dry fodder, but a good many of His shepherds think so. The man of faith is willing that God shall take as much time as He wants in which to explain Himself.

God gave His Son to save the world, and some men who sit pretty well forward in church give twenty-five cents a year to help tell the hearers about it.