

WELL MATCHED.

He was a flirt, and she was a flirt,
Too clever by half, you see,
For each one thought
The other was caught,
And both were fancy free.

MRS. DECK'S NEW LEAF.

How Tommy's Sickness Taught His Mother a Lesson.

Mrs. Deck was troubled about many things. She craved the newest fashion in sleeves, not only for herself, but for her little girls, and wanted to have every sort of dish and silver appliance fancy has invented to clutter the table, and enrich the shopkeepers.

Tommy was so often called an awful boy, it is probable he had his faults. To sail on a mad puddle on a bobbing bit of board, he would scour the little city over, and if there was a ticklish job of tree climbing necessary to the rescue of some fellow's kite, Tommy was always the boy to undertake it.

Unluckily, Mrs. Tucker herself was kept close at home with her boy Harry who was sick with the dreaded smallpox, so the story of the wild bear could not be repeated. Plenty of other stories were, however, and dust gathered in the pretty parlors, and the spring bonnets came, and still Mrs. Deck thought of nothing but Tommy. But at last there came a day, and what a happy day it was, when he knew her, and old Dr. Sanders announced that, if he did not catch cold, and if he did not have the dropsy, or half a dozen other complications, he would soon mend and be about again.

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ishing her new dress to note that his feet and legs were wet. It ached in Tommy's head the next morning when he got up, but he did not think to tell anyone about it. His mamma had been too busy thinking of her part in the coming entertainment to ask if he had learned his Sunday-school lesson.

"Is it something contagious? Will I have to give up having the banquet here?" asked Mrs. Deck, when the doctor had felt of Tommy's pulse, and looked at his tongue and his breast.

"The symptoms are rather obscure, just now," said the doctor, who never told anything of which he did not feel very sure. "There's a good deal of scarlet fever about and measles, and I'm bound to say there's smallpox over in Bagdad."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the doctor. Then he looked at Tommy's vaccination spot.

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NELSON'S CANADIAN LOVE.

A Beautiful Girl for Whom He Decided to Desert His Ship.

The attempt to wreck the Nelson monument in Montreal has drawn the attention of many writers to the visit of the hero of Trafalgar to Canada. It was in 1782 that duty brought him to Quebec. He was then in his twenty-fourth year, and had but recently returned from the frigid region of the Baltic, where he had commanded the Albemarle frigate, twenty-four guns.

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PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

President Diaz of Mexico looks more like a country storekeeper than he does like the president of a republic. He is low of stature, small head, retreating forehead, short crisp hair, high cheek bones, and sallow face. His manner, however, is fascination itself.

"Secretary Lamar is still the most exclusive member of the cabinet, and he is even more exclusive than he was at first. It is almost impossible to get a chance to see him at his office, and many men have spent several days in a vain attempt to get even a glimpse of him. And, besides, he is in the city less than any other member of the cabinet."

"It is a singular fact that while a great many distinguished and prominent persons write fine, clear hand, most literary people have very indifferent penmanship. Julien Gordon, who has written so many graceful society novels, has an abominable chirography, inelegant, hard to decipher and with no particular aim or idea, judging from the formation of the letters. Ella Wheeler Wilcox's writing is like that of an ignorant child, the letters badly formed, staggering and ugly."

"In connection with Count Tolstoy's last book a remarkable copyright dispute has been occupying the attention of lawyers, publishers and authors in England. As is well known, the Russian philanthropist not only declines to receive any financial return for his works, but even to avail himself of any copyright protection for them. The royalties which should be his, to give them to the needy if he wish, swell instead the pockets of publishers, who, in consequence, battle for a monopoly privilege. They obtain for themselves the copyright refused by Tolstoy, and prosecute each other for every infringement thereof. Meanwhile the Russian poor are poorer through the shortsightedness of their would-be benefactor."

—Louisa M. Alcott began her literary career by writing sensational stories of love and adventure for a cheap Boston paper. She was paid five dollars apiece for these effusions, but as she said in her journal, "sewing is a safer dependence," and for many years her literary work brought her such meager returns she could not afford to trust it as a support. Hospital sketches first brought her before the public prominently, and her success dated from these fugitive papers, which she did not think much of herself. Before these were written she was a strong, healthy young woman, and after the hospital experience, the dangerous illness and privations which she suffered she was a constant invalid. Her fame was purchased at a bitterly high price."

—Tommy—"Paw, what is a moral right?" Mr. Figg—"It generally means a right to dodge around the law."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"I would not recall the passed," says the fellow who had successfully disposed of a counterfeit silver dollar.—Yonkers Statesman.

—"I think Chappie and his sister look very much alike." "Oh, do you? I never thought she looked the least bit effeminate."—Inter-Ocean.

—"Hello, Threshelle," said Banko. "Didn't know you were here. Taking in the town?"

RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

Laid Aside. My Master, at Thy call 'twas sweet To follow Thee with eager feet; Amidst the toiling throng to take The lowliest place for Thy dear sake; To seek Thy lost o'er mountains cold, And help them homeward to the fold.

POWER OF MUSIC. The Music by Which It Is a Help and a Strength to Live. A little while ago there was one of those colliery accidents which make a sensitive person almost shrink from the sight of burning coal. This time the shaft of the Dolcath mine in Cornwall collapsed, and eight men were entombed.

After the rescuing party had been at work many hours clearing away the rubbish, they stopped and listened. It is a well-known fact that sound penetrates long distances in the body of the earth. As they put their ears to the ground in breathless expectancy, a faint sound of human voices was heard. Overjoyed to find their comrades still alive, the men were about to utter a shout of encouragement, when the foreman put his finger to his lips with a warning gesture, for the sounds from the imprisoned miners increased in strength until they resolved themselves into song.

From the depths of the earth, from the darkness and despair, there came the strains of "Nearer my God, to Thee." Reverently the rescuers listened to this sublime death-song.

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weighed, which is occasioned wholly by broken promises, and disappointed expectations, and interrupted contracts, how much, think you, would remain to constitute the real productive and progressive work of mankind, compensative of no artificial evil, but fulfilling the appointed Providential good? If every posture of things were seized by the faithful conscience at the right moment, and no crises were lost, who will venture to say what sorrows would be saved, what complications would be unraveled, or even what interval would be left between the Heaven we hope for and the earth we live in?

Nor must we forget that while objects around us perpetually change, we ourselves do not stand still. We also are subjects of transient and evanescent states, bringing with them their several obligations, and carrying away their fruits of tranquillity or of reproach. Each present conviction, each secret suggestion of duty, constitutes a distinct and separate call of God, which can never be slighted without the certainty of its total departure or its fainter return. The spontaneous movement of the heart can then only be replaced by the strivings of a heavy and reluctant will, with twice the work, and only half the strength. The different feeling of to-morrow is destined to a different work, and can not be diverted to accomplish the task which was due to-day. And to the power which is not wisely spent must be wildly wasted. Our true opportunities come but once; they are sufficient, but not redundant; and we have time enough for the longest duty, but not for the shortest sin.—James Martineau.

A STEP FORWARD. A Corporation's Eminent Practical Tribute to God's Day of Rest. The Erie railway has ordered all trains, save those carrying mails and perishable goods, to cease on Sunday. The change affects eight thousand employees, ninety per cent. of whom will be free on Sunday. These, who are paid by the trip and may earn less money in a month, approve the new order. The superintendent says that a man who labors seven days a week can not do as good work as he who labors only six days. We know of another railway superintendent who will not employ a man if he has the least scruple about Sunday work, since that scruple may affect the quality of his work on all days. The former official is the philosopher, and will superintend the best work, in the aggregate. The agitation of "Sunday rest" for all workers is increasing. God's law is best for even those who reject that law. When all railways follow this beneficent example, mankind will be rewarded, if only as to their ears. The din in the world will be diminished wonderfully. No one can rest "clear through" when all is stirring, and the whole world seems to be in a whirl. Motion is contagious, and universal rushing forward begets the physical panic that murders sleep and rest. Now let these released railway men worship God and enter fully into best of rest.—N. W. Christian Advocate.

There are two ways of appraising one's self—if such a proceeding were in itself profitable. One says: "I weep over a drama, music lifts me up, I can not contemplate the sorrows of my fellows without agony." Another says: "I will act my part now; I will quench this evil passion; with my own hand I will draw out this neighbor from his slough of despond; I will do this kind deed to this very enemy." Better do good than feel good.—S. S. Times.

Men are greatly self-made. It is our own action in the past which has molded character. It is as we have yielded to good or evil impulses that virtue or vice has found development. Our actions have begotten and fostered habits, and each month and year has contributed to make them more fixed.—Christian Inquirer.

A man's conduct is an unspoken sermon.—Henri Frederic Amiel. —It is not hard to please God when we devote our whole time to it.—Ram's Horn. —The place for a man is the place where he is doing his level best.—Chicago Interior. —The man who is willing to serve on a committee of one, is a host in himself.—United Presbyterian. —To fill the hour and leave no crevice for repentance or approval—that is happiness.—Emerson. —Prayer is the soul's communion with God. It is what we get by the soul that makes us rich.—Beecher. —The only question we ask is this—whether God is guiding the race or not? If He guides it, then it is on its way to good and not to evil.—F. W. Robertson. —There are two freedoms—the false, where one is free to do what he likes, and the true, where he is free to do what he ought.—Kingsley. —Could the Apostle John return to earth would he not as emphatically as ever say to Christian people: "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." Wealth, success, office are all idols in this day, and not a few Christians are in danger of worshipping them.—Christian Inquirer. —Doubts are a good deal like vermin: They are good things to consume the musty superstitions and decayed theories that lumber up the soul; but if allowed to multiply they will eat up everything you have.—Chicago Standard. —Remember that if the opportunities for great deeds should never come, the opportunity for good deeds is renewed for you day by day. The thing for us to long for is the goodness, not the glory.—Frederic W. Farrar. —Faith trials, which come through troubles, or prosperity, or temptation, or in some other way, never leave us as they find us. One man is made better and stronger and more useful by them; another is weakened, and his influence for good lessened or destroyed.—United Presbyterian.

PER X IF PAID IN... 45 25... 65 65... 1.65... TH O... JOTS... ce Sa... ATT... ing a... ire... ND... Hous... the last... s the... 3uye... Price... in the... the R... use... PLA... do you... Hot... lth an... The... ally... to fr... lustr... J. F... munn... ery... e Ch... Cit... up... own... are... pek... e Ba... of th... wa... is... is t... flu... hu... h... Loui... and wa...