

### WHEN NANCY FROWNS.

When Nancy frowns the table cloth seems with the cups and saucers wroth; The pepper boxes are overturned, The steak and biscuit both are burned, The coffee is as thick as mud, And through the rooms the kittens scold When Nancy frowns.

The grocer gets his order wrong, And brings us butter that is strong; The coal gives out, the wood is wet, The children o'er their playthings fret, And just as true and sure as fate, The dinner is an hour late, When Nancy frowns.

The afternoon sees things still worse; The mistress cannot find her purse; Some not o'er welcome neighbor calls; The baby from his high chair falls; Some agent rings and will not go, Till he is fifty times told no! When Nancy frowns.

Nancy whom I have written 'bout Is our domestic, strong and stout. We dare not let her go as yet, For fear a worse one we may get. That's been our record in the past, Each one is still worse than the last, So let her frown. —Boston Globe.

### AT A BARN DANCE.

I made up my mind to do a really awful thing when I went to the Hay-Thesiger's ball. I am the only daughter of one of the richest commoners in England. I came out two years ago and I had not been out very long before I began to have offers. I once read a book called "How Men Propose." Some day I shall write a sequel to it. I am competent to do so. What's more, I could add a chapter to say how women do it, too, when they are driven to desperation, though that part is a great secret.

I am not exactly a beauty, but I do know how to dress. A woman who has that knowledge and the means to use it needs no more. I think I can say without vanity that my eyes are good. They are gray and sparkling and long, with very curly lashes. Yet there are plenty of jealous people who say that it is only "les beaux yeux de ma cassette" that makes me popular. I do not care any more. I am idiotically happy because I know perfectly well that in the eyes of one man I should be just as charming if the "Bellfield patent" had never "revolutionized the cycling world."

I quote an advertisement, but though we advertise we are not vulgar. Indeed, grandpa was a younger son and did not work for his living, preferring to drag up his family on a small allowance. Papa's tastes were different, luckily for me. He being merely a younger son's younger son, the family dignity had dwindled and hardly seemed worth while supporting at such pains.

So Saranna Bellfield is a catch and might have married—a lord—two lords and a knight's eldest son, though that is beside the mark. My admirers said I was cynical, for sometimes I laughed at them, I couldn't help it. I decided at 19 that I had no heart, and that I would accept the first really eligible party that came along. It sounded easy. It was easy, until I went into the country to stay with a friend of mine, married to a clergyman who was an honorable—as well as merely reverend. I was sick of being the Miss Bellfield. I persuaded my friend to let me be a first cousin of hers, down at Cherrington-on-Tarn. She is a good, easy soul. His reverence had gone away to a conference. I overpersuaded her, and—well, I had a lovely time as Miss Kitty Bent.

It was such an innocent sort of name. I took no maid and dressed the part to perfection in pink gingham and muslin. Cherrington-on-Tarn is a very quiet spot; the seasons there consist of two school treats and a flower show. At all three I met the one man.

He was the doctor's son at home on a holiday, and he fell in love with me directly, I thought. He is tremendously clever; they think all the world of him in his hospital. He is good looking, I think. He did not propose to me, though there were opportunities. Jesse was absorbed with a baby, and she had no idea how often Miss Kitty Bent met Hugh Maydwell.

At first I did it for fun, but when I got back to London and Major Pelle-Farquharson began to be attentive, then I knew how much happier Kitty Bent was than Saranna Bellfield. I did not give way to my feelings. I rather hated to realize that I had any. House surgeons of big hospitals don't go in society. I dare say, they flirt with the nurses, horrid things; but that's all.

Then Major Farquharson came on my horizon, very young to be a major at all, and very handsome. Luckily I found how utterly selfish he was otherwise, as Dr. Maydwell had apparently entirely forgotten Miss Bent: . . . Mamma is a dear, kind-hearted thing, and when I announced that I intended to go to Mrs. Hay-Thesiger's with that horrid Mrs. Ewart Vane, she let me do it. I told Major Farquharson to be there; and then I told mamma he was going. It was naughty, but one day I got Mrs. Hay-Thesiger to give me a blank card for a friend of ours, and sent it to Dr. Maydwell. I wanted him to see me in my glory, and I wanted still more to see if I should like him in a ballroom as much as at Cherrington-on-Tarn. I went warily to work. I made a short note with the invitation, and I would be there, signed it K. Bent, and wrote on plain paper with no address!

Very bold and unwomanly, but what was I to do? I knew he liked Kitty; if Kitty, why not Saranna Catherine? It was his awful pride and independence that I dreaded. He had told me very meaningfully that he would never ask a woman to marry him until he could give her a comfortable home. He never happened to accomplish the

possibility that she might have means to supply that.

There was a lovely rose at Cherrington in the vicarage garden. Rev. Dr. I used to wear the buds in my white gown. I got a dress for the ball of their exact shade. I wore one in my hair, quite in the old berline style that has come back again, and I had a very simple pique to match, instead of carrying Major Farquharson's big, rather vulgar creation of orchids.

There were not five people who were in society at Mrs. Thesiger's. But the ball was thoroughly well done, and except Major Farquharson no one appeared to be at all sensible of the fact. There was a girl there who lived quite near his mother in the country; the two families were intimate, I knew. The girl was not very young any longer, though she was certainly pleasing. She had a few partners, and I noticed that when Victor Farquharson passed her with a smiling bow she looked disappointed. Years ago that girl had had what people call a disappointment. She had loved someone who did not love her. Perhaps she was all the more pained by the marked neglect of an old friend. I saw a touch of sadness in her eyes, and it made me realize sharply that the attentive cavalier who was asking so humbly what I would give him had no real good nature.

I knew by signs that he meant to be even more empress than usual. He was so handsome that sometimes my heart had beaten quite fast when he had made love to me. He was standing beside me with that devoted air he can put on so well, when I suddenly saw Dr. Maydwell. He looked older and rather jaded; neat enough; but certainly not fashionable at all. He was very grave when he saw me. I suppose the young person in radiant golden brocade was not quite the same as Kitty in her Liberty hat. He just glanced at Major Farquharson, and was obviously going to pass on without even asking me for a dance! Then it flashed across me that he had a foundation, and that he was angry. He looked quite stern. I dismissed Major Farquharson unmistakably: "Ten and eleven, if I am here."

I did not care for his annoyance. He had made Ellice Wedderburn unhappy, and he was showing Mrs. Thesiger how exclusive and superior he was, by being thoroughly useless. Just to make me a Pelle-Farquharson by marriage would be a supreme honor, he evidently imagined. My own opinion was rather different. I was not going to pay for his hunters and other amusements in exchange for that dubious privilege.

Then I held out my hand to Dr. Maydwell. "Have you forgotten me altogether?" He did look stern; but it rather became him.

"I expected to meet a lady who is not here, Miss Bellfield," he began very coldly. "This sort of thing is not much in my way, and I think I had better say good-night. I could not resist a chance of meeting Miss Kitty Bent again, but as that is impossible the sooner I get back to my work the better. It was absurd of me to come at all."

They were just beginning the barn dance, with that irritating persistent tune. I fixed my eyes on the swaying figures, some of them so awkward. There was a lump in my throat, and I really couldn't speak. The remembrance of the river at Cherrington, and the sunshine on it, came across me. He had looked so brown and so cheerful in his canoe; he was so pale, and so evidently indignant now, that I could hardly get the words out. I had never been afraid of a man before. I was now. He evidently meant what he said.

"If I ask you to stay and sit out the barn dance you will, surely. I—want to tell you something."

He acquiesced so feebly that I felt all my courage vanishing. We found a little room that was empty and sat down. I caught him looking at my roses, but I really couldn't speak. The remembrance of the river at Cherrington, and the sunshine on it, came across me. He had looked so brown and so cheerful in his canoe; he was so pale, and so evidently indignant now, that I could hardly get the words out. I had never been afraid of a man before. I was now. He evidently meant what he said.

"So you were playing in a little comedy down at Cherrington, and the Miss Bent I knew was a purely imaginary person. Surely it must be pleasant to be Miss Bellfield, and to have all London competing for your favor."

Major Farquharson had passed the open door and given a surprised stare at us, as he said this, and I felt I hated him for such rudeness.

"I was sick of being myself, that was why I did it. People pretended to like me, and made so much of me, and I knew it was merely money, money."

"And were you successful in finding out if you were charming enough to captivate without it?" His manner was chilly sarcasm itself. A memory of all the things he had said and looked overcame me.

"You ought to know," I whispered. It was dreadful, but you see I saw now that if he once went there would only be misery for me.

He did not even smile. "You sought to break a country heart for pasture ere you went to town," was his rejoinder.

Quotations are not in good taste made like that. He hurt me; he misunderstood me. I have my faults, but I am not heartless. I have only done as other people do—in fact, less than most of them. I plucked up courage and tried again.

"I think, Dr. Maydwell, you are masquerading as much as I was, or else you really have become quite different; you never talked like that when you were boasting on the Tarn."

"No, I made a fool of myself by talking nonsense; most people do when it doesn't rain in August."

Now, could anything be stupider? Here was Hugh Maydwell—a man who had got gold medals in physiology, or pathology, or something—conducting a conversation as if he had not two ideas in his head.

"At any rate you were very much more civil to Kitty Bent than you are to Saranna Bellfield, yet they are one and the same."

"Indeed, they are nothing of the sort," he broke in butly. "The one was a simple country girl full of pure thoughts and high ideals. She was as poor as I am; we met on the same level. With Miss Bellfield, in her fashionable splendor, with her great fortune, I have nothing, can have nothing to do. Your trick was an unfair one; you took advantage of my ignorance. Only a woman would be clever enough to put on another manner, another nature, with a big hat and a pink gown."

Somehow I was cheered by his remembering the color. It was a Paris dress really, and had cost a frightful amount. For that adorable simplicity they know how to charge. I daresay he thought that if he married somebody on nothing a year she would wear frocks and hats of that pattern. All the time the dancers were in front of us and that tune kept buzzing on.

"I did not put on another nature—I couldn't if I tried. I think you are most cruel. I suppose you think I change my friends as easily as I do my clothes?"

"The way in which Miss Bellfield treats her friends can be nothing to me."

He was hateful, and yet every minute I felt I could not, could not let him go. Quite suddenly I knew that I loved him; that nothing in the world mattered, because I knew that he loved me. How did I know? Oh, I can't explain, but I did. I grew bolder.

"You cared once about being my friend, or at any rate you said you did."

"Miss Bellfield, I think I ought to offer you my congratulations and to say good-night. That idiotic barn dance is over."

"Congratulations?" I said it with a bad string of notes of interrogation. "I mean upon your engagement to Major Pelle-Farquharson." He rose as he said this and was turning quickly away when I stopped him. He told me afterward I spoke quite passionately.

"I am not engaged to Major Farquharson or any one else. People have no right to say such things. Down at Cherrington—"

"Down at Cherrington the village gossip might have fancied that a penniless doctor had been indiscreet enough to ask a penniless girl to wait for him for an indefinite number of years; they were just as far from the truth, probably much further."

All my security vanished. I felt wretched—so wretched that my eyes were full of tears; one even fell on the roses in my hand. He saw that tear, but he was just as obdurate, just as angry; apparently not even relieved to hear that I was free, when I might have been Lady Sandellton but for him.

I didn't care what I did or what he thought. "She would have waited all her life."

How I got out those seven words I wonder still. More tears fell as I said them, and there was an awful silence. Then he began in such a different voice.

"You cannot mean what you are saying." He was standing and looking down intently. He has the best eyes I ever saw, they are so honest, but I could not face them after that deed of daring.

"I mean it with all my heart."

"You make it hard for me," he continued. "When I let Kitty guess I cared for her I thought perhaps a time might come when I could claim the right to ask her to be a poor man's wife; you are a great beauty, and if I am poor I am proud. You force me to tell you that I love you, not to put the foolish question that has but one possible answer."

Then I revolted once for all against the tradition of what is maidenly and right. "Hugh, can't you understand, must I tell you that all my money is nothing to me and that I only want you?"

He told me later that it was too pathetic, that he had always dreaded to see a woman cry. But he kissed me, and somehow it all perfectly right and natural.

Half an hour later, just as we were so happy, that horrid Major Farquharson came for his two dances. "Take care of one of my roses till No. 12, Dr. Maydwell," I said, "and come here then to find me." You see, I was reckless, and I wanted the major to see how things were. Hugh took the flowers obediently and went off. Positively they had put in another barn dance, Major Farquharson wanted to sit it out, but I knew better. He must have been obtuse not to have guessed. I felt so utterly content I thought everybody would notice my face. We danced. There is something hopelessly sentimental about a barn dance. I was in mad spirits now. Mamma and papa are dears and quite manageable; there would be scenes, but I should have my way in the end. Providentially the Maydwells are a very old family, and mamma, who came of no family at all, so to speak, is very particular on that point. Hugh's mother had a pedigree that would bear the most searching scrutiny.

To face the parents was a minor affair, indeed, after the awful ordeal I had come through. My partner was very gloomy. He did not respond to my liveliness, and was as stiff as a poker in the dance. He took me into the conservatory in the interval and I let him say his say. He said it most condescendingly. Lord Sandellton had been careful to let me realize what an honor he was doing me, but even he was nothing to Major Farquharson. I listened with a sort of satisfaction, and then I refused him point blank.

I had no want of money in this case, but I have never seen any created being look so amazed as he did. I am no comic dancer, but I absolutely revolted

in the prospect of telling Hugh this occurrence.

I glanced up at him and added coolly: "The fact is, I am engaged already."

"That being the case, there is nothing more to be said, except that you have behaved heartlessly to me." He tried to put on a disconsolate air, but it was a dead failure. I smiled:

"You cared nothing for me, so I need not say I am sorry; you must have a wife who will admire you, and I never did." He was very angry, but far too dignified to show it.

And I went back to Hugh.

We were married at the end of the season, and I am the happiest woman in England. I thought I would write this in case any other poor girl is lured by a fortune, as I was. I read a story once about proposals from ladies. One girl in it told her friend that "it simply wasn't done." She was wrong, you see—Black and White.

### About the American Voice.

The American voice has won an enviable reputation for its supposed disagreeable quality. This reputation is in part deserved, for no careful observer can fail to notice that many of our people in ordinary conversation are constantly in error in regard to their natural pitch and utterly fail in purity of tone, says the Boston Transcript.

They speak in either too high or too low a key and the tones are more or less forced into a disagreeable mixture of the nasal-muscular quality. Apologists have attributed this defect to the nervous temperament of the people and to the disastrous effects of a variable climate. But the true explanation is found in a lack of proper training. The American voice, when properly educated, is no less melodious and agreeable than that of any other nationality.

Bad quality of voice is due simply to bad habit in its use. Correct the habit and the voice is changed, and becomes what it was designed to be by the Creator. It is amazing that so many young men spend, after a long period of preparatory training, four years in college and almost an equal period thereafter in professional schools, and then go to the pulpit or the bar totally untrained vocally for the successful prosecution of their life work. And it is even more amazing that multitudes fitted by their culture to adorn social life destroy their chances of success by a lack of vocal training. They might have been good singers, readers or reciters but for their own neglect.

If a correct system of vocal physiology and technique were engrafted into our public school system there would be an immense gain to the culture of the nation. Not all are public speakers or readers, but everybody talks, and to converse in a well-modulated, melodious voice is an accomplishment worth striving hard to obtain.

### Keep Away from a Strained Hawser!

"It's a good thing to do to keep away from a hawser when there's a strain on it," said a South street stroller, "and well away from it. The other day I saw a big steamboat start out holding on to a bow line to help pull her head around against the strong tide that was running. It was a big hawser, but somewhat worn, and the strain on it was tremendous. It creaked and creaked as it stretched and shifted on the spile as the boat moved out and the men standing near all moved back. Presently bang! it went, parting over the stringpiece, and away blew the free end out over the water toward the boat. The loop remaining around the head of the spile, freed from the great strain upon it, recoiled a foot or two. 'That would break a man's leg if it hit it,' said one of the men on the wharf, and he told of a case in which a man's leg had been broken by the recoil of the loop of a parted hawser. This loop, water-soaked, and with its fibres packed hard under repeated strains, was solid and heavy. It was easy enough to imagine that it would have broken a man's leg if it had hit it. It is a good thing to keep well away from a hawser when there's a strain on it." —New York Sun.

### Why Rice Isn't in the Bible.

A book before us says: "Rice is not mentioned in the Bible, as it did not grow in the countries in which the Bible happenings occurred." We think the author is mistaken. The fact that the word "rice" does not appear is no evidence of the non-existence of a product that in the Bible era was feeding the majority of the world's people. From the earliest ages the blanket expression, "corn," has been used to cover all manner of grains and seeds used for food. In England the word now applies to barley, rye, oats, and more specifically wheat; in Scotland it usually means oats, while here it only refers to maize. The word "corn" frequently occurs in the Bible, and when we consider the enormous commerce of Palestine, particularly in the days of Solomon, it is natural to suppose that rice was among the imports, and that, like wheat and other grains, it finds shelter under the market term, "corn." —Aberdeen Examiner.

### She Knew Him.

Henry Irving, whose face has, through advertisement and illustration, become familiar to many people, was one day at a seaside resort, when he noticed a little girl looking at him fixedly.

"Well, my dear," said he, "do you know who I am?"

"Yes, sir," was the shy reply.

"Well, who am I, then?"

"You are one of —'s pills."

And, indeed, his face had figured in an advertisement of the widely spread pills. —Minneapolis Journal.

### A Valuable Member.

De Hamme—That baseball player you took on last week any good?

Barnes Turner—Yes, indeed. He catches every egg that is thrown at us. —Indianapolis Journal.

Life is full of trials—and we know some lawyers who are glad of it.

### THE SENATOR'S BLUNDER.

How He Unintentionally Secured a Clerkship for a Conscientious.

Back in the '70's, when each Chamber was at the head of the Interior Department, a young man from one of the Western States came to Washington to try clerical life in one of the departments, says a writer in the Washington Star. He had been quite a ward politician in his Western home and imagined both the Senators from his State would be glad to do him a favor. He spent several days taking in the sights at the capital, then went up to the Senate one afternoon and sent up his card to Senator Blank. The Senator responded promptly, had the visitor shown into the marble room, and for some time they sat on the sofa together, talking of home news and home crops. Then the young man broke the ice by informing the Senator just what kind of a place he wanted—didn't care much what department it was in.

"Well, I don't know," said the Senator. "Such places are not to be found every day, and there are hundreds here from about every State in the Union looking for almost anything in the shape of an appointment."

"Come up to my house about 8 o'clock to-night," said the Senator, "and we'll talk the matter over."

Promptly at the appointed time he pulled the doorbell and was ushered into the library, where he found the Senator puffing a cigar and looking over the evening paper.

"Ah, good evening, Mr. —; I was just thinking of you," said Senator Blank. "I have written a strong letter to Secretary Chandler requesting him to give you a position in the Interior Department"—picking up an unsealed letter from his desk and handing it to the young office seeker—"and I would suggest that you call at his office and present it about 10 o'clock to-morrow morning. I have also mailed the Secretary a little personal note, letting him know that when I want anything in his office I want it bad."

The young Westerner was bowed out of the room with smiles and a hearty handshake. At his hotel he sat down to think over his good luck; then he thought of the Senator's letter and pulled it out of his pocket and read:

"Dear Chandler—Some time to-morrow morning a young citizen of my great and glorious State will call on you with a strong indorsement from me for a clerkship. I have an earthly interest in him, so I turn him over to your tender mercy. Let him down easy. Yours, 'BLANK.'"

The young man dropped the letter, and a big sigh struggled up from under his watch pocket. "I wonder what he said in the little note he mailed to the Secretary?" thought the young candidate. Then he realized that the Senator had given him the wrong letter, and he at once determined to call at the Interior Department the next morning and see what the next chapter would bring forth.

About 10 o'clock the next forenoon the colored messenger showed the young man into Secretary Chandler's office.

"Senator Blank told me last night he had written you and advised me to call on you this morning," said the young gentleman.

"Ah, yes," smiled the Secretary, good-naturedly, picking up from his desk an open letter and glancing over it. "The Senator speaks of you in the highest terms, and is very urgent in his request for your appointment. Wait a moment," and, touching a bell, he sent his messenger for the chief clerk. After a moment's conversation with the chief clerk the Secretary said:

"You are fortunate. There is a \$1,200 clerkship made vacant by resignation this morning, and I have ordered your appointment to the place."

A month later Senator Blank was walking through the patent office, and in the corridor met the new clerk in his office coat. The Senator was surprised and a trifle disconcerted, but he shook hands with his young friend and said he was glad to see him there.

"Well, I'm glad to be here," responded the clerk. "And, Senator," putting his hand inside his vest and looking squarely in the other's eye, "right in my inside pocket I keep that little personal note you thought you mailed to Secretary Chandler, telling him when you wanted a thing you wanted it bad."

Explanations were unnecessary. The Senator went out of public life and died long ago, but the clerk manages to squeeze along through the hard times on his \$1,200 a year.

### Old King Rene's Tomb.

The long-forgotten tomb of good King Rene and Isabelle of Lorraine, his first wife, was accidentally brought to light the other day in the Cathedral of Angers. Isabelle's tin coffin was not opened, but Rene's was. A crown, a scepter, an orb—the insignia of his vain sovereignty over Naples—were found in Rene's leaden coffin. As they were covered with green oxide, the gold used in making them must have been well alloyed with copper. Scott is down on Rene in "Anne of Geierstein." But he is not less mistaken in judging him than in "Feveril of the Peak" making out Charlotte de la Tremoille a Catholic of the deepest dye. Charlotte was, to the end of her days, a staunch Protestant, and was a "good creature." Rene was an exquisite artist and a philosopher. In respect to philosophy, he was greatly in advance of his time. Was it not better to go on with his painting of a partridge than to take up arms when he heard that Louis IX., at the head of a great force, had come to seize on Anjou? He knew that resistance was useless, and was not going to fret over what he could not help. Some miniature he painted are now shown at the National Library, and are exquisite. His first wife, Isabelle, now lying in her tin coffin, used to weary him with her

energy and heroism. She was always thrusting him and herself into tough scrapes. His second wife, Jeanne de Laval, was a congenial spirit. They both used to wander over hill and dale in search of poetic inspiration. Rene's ballads were worthy of being illustrated by himself. "Regnant et Jeanneton; ou, Les Amours d'un Berger et d'une Bergeresse," are an eclogue with a key. Rene was the shepherd, and his Jeanne the shepherdess.—Paris correspondence London Truth.

### SHE NEEDED A CHANGE.

Got Tired of a Constant Salt Meat Diet.

When Miss Young went to teach school in district Number Seven, a small community in Maine, she was told by many friends and relatives that it was too lonely a place for her to remain in contented, but she was of a cheerful disposition, and undertook her new duties with a hopeful spirit. So says a Youth's Companion correspondent, who proceeds to tell how the experiment resulted. On Miss Young's first visit home it was noticed that she looked pale, but to all inquiries she replied that she was as well as usual.

"Now, I want to know, Fayette, what is the matter?" her aunt said one day, soon after her arrival. "Is your school too hard for you? Don't you like the people? Or what is the matter?"

"Are you going to have beefsteak for lunch, Aunt Susan?" was the somewhat irrelevant response.

"Yes, but that isn't answering my question. I want to know why you don't like your school?"

"I do like it. Why, the children are the best-behaved little things you ever saw, and so quick to learn! Did I tell you about little Nathan Ash?"

"No, you didn't. Well, then, don't the parents like you? Or is it the folks where you board? Don't they treat you well? If they don't I'd change."

"Oh, yes, the Smiths are the kindest people in the world. I don't suppose I should have come home just now if the Smiths hadn't killed their calf," and Miss Young sighed.

Her aunt looked at her in evident astonishment.

"For the land sakes, Fayette! I do hope you ain't so poorly as to be upset by a thing like that! I declare to you you're worse off than I had any idea of."

"No, not exactly; but I haven't tasted meat, fresh meat, that is, and I watched that calf hopefully."

"Pky sakes!"

"You see, up there they don't kill very often. When they do, the whole neighborhood shares in the meat. It so happened that the Smiths had a calf to sacrifice, and I watched that innocent animal from day to day, and finally was told that the butcher had performed his work."

"I listened to the division of that animal hungrily. Such a neighbor was to have so much, another so smaller so larger quantity; but by careful computation I found that half the animal was to be kept for family use, and I went to school cheerfully."

"But at dinner no roast or steaks, as I had fondly hoped. Finally I made some inquiry as to what disposal was made of the calf, and was told that what meat they kept they had salted down for future use."

"That was the final stroke. I simply had to come home. As long as I could see the calf I had courage; but after that failed me, I felt that I needed a vacation."

### The Mortgage.

A mortgage makes a man rustic and it keeps him poor. It is a strong incentive to action and a wholesome reminder of the fleeting months and years. It is fully as symbolical in its meaning as the hourglass and scythe that mean death. A mortgage represents industry because it is never idle night or day. It is like a becomer friend, because the greater the adversity the closer it sticks to a fellow. It is like a brave soldier, for it never hesitates at charges nor fears to close in on the enemy. It is like the sandbag of the tug—silent in application, but deadly in effect. It is like the hand of Providence—it spreads over all creation and its influence is everywhere visible. It is like the grasp of the devil-fish—the longer it holds the greater its strength. It will excise feeble energies and lead activity to a sluggish brain, but so matter how debtors work the mortgage works harder still. A mortgage is a good thing to have in a family—provided always it is in somebody else's family.—Truth.

### Heroules Killed the Hawk.

Some passengers over one of the Berlin canal bridges the other day noticed the sudden appearance of two black points in the sky at a considerable distance away, which developed into two ducks. Behind them, at a lower level, flew another bird, which suddenly rose into the air above the ducks, and then shot down upon him like an arrow. One of the ducks flew sideways toward the Thiergarten; the other, closely pursued by its enemy, flew slanting into the canal, and, reaching the water exactly behind the bridge, dived, while the hawk, in his blind haste, struck against the head of a statue of Heroules and fell, once more flapping his great wings, dead on the pavement of the bridge. The bird was a splendid specimen, the wings having an expansion of more than three feet.

### A Swiss Innovation.

A dry goods firm in Basle, Switzerland, advertises that during the annual fair, now being held there, it will give a good dinner or supper free to every purchaser of 50 francs' worth of goods. The Swiss newspapers each pointed by this novel exhibition of enterprise; maybe they understand it.

There is great indignation in a church when some other church announces an entertainment on a night that the first church had already spoken for.