☞ Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Husband loquitur:

"It's the strangest thing that ever I know,
And the most provoking, twixt me and you,
For a woman who's got a man like me,
A good provider, and steady and free,
With all her folks with funds salted down,
And as fine a house as any in town,
To be lamenting 'cause one child in ten
Ain't quite so good as he might have been.

"It's a pretty good showing, seems to me,
That only a tenth of the lot should be
A little off color, and that's what I say
To their mother twenty times in a day.
But I can't make her see it in that light,
And she listens and waits night after night
For the sound of his step, till I grow so wild
That I'a'most curse both mother and child.

"She ought to live for the others, you know,
And let the tormenting vagabond go
And follow his ways and take the pain—
But I turn him out and she calls him again.
This makes a barriness between her and me,
And the worst of it is, the children agree
That I'm in the right. You'd pity her then,
Such times I think I'm the meanest of men.

"I've argued and scolded and coaxed without end;
Her answer is always: 'My boy has one friend
As long as I live; and your charge is untrue
That my heart holds not equal love for you
And all the rest. But the one gone astray
Needs me the most, and you'll find it is the way
Of all mothers to hold close to the one
Who hurts her the most. So love's work is done.'

"Now what can I say to such words as those?
I'm not convinced, as the history shows,
But I often wonder which one is right,
As I hear her light step night after night,
Here and there, to the window and door,
As she was is with a heart that is heavy and sore.
I wish the boy dead, while she gives her life
To save him from sin. There's husband and wife."

—*Mrs. L. E. Ames, in Youth's Companion.*

THE HOME CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.

"I'm sick of it," said Kate, dashing a handful of hair-pins upon the table, and letting a big brown braid go tumbling down her back.

"So am I," said Beth.

"So ab I" said Nannie, who was suffering with a dreadful cold.

"What is it, girls?" said I, turning my book face down on my lap.

"It's the suppers," said Beth.

"It's the everlasting gossip," said Kate.

"It's so differed from hole," said Nannie, to whom boarding-house life was a new experience.

"It's all three, and much more," was what I wanted to say, but being the oldest of the four, it seemed my duty to make the best of things; so I said, quite cheerfully: "I didn't see anything unusual about the supper to-night."

"That's the trouble," groaned Beth. "It was altogether too usual. I am so tired of bread and butter and apple sauce and dry cake that I feel like gnashing my teeth at the sight of them. I should like a piece of toast or a bowl of bread and milk occasionally, without being made to feel that I had disarranged the whole internal economy of the house."

"The suppers are bad enough," said Kate, "but they are nothing to the gossip. I'm tired of hearing it whispered round that 'Mr. Johnson and his wife had a quarrel in their room last night,' or that 'Miss Robinson has worn three new dresses this month,' or that Mr. Jewett came in ever so late the other night, and it *sounded* as though he fell up-stairs.' *Bah!*" and Kate looked as scornful as a round face with a dimple in it would allow.

"I could stad everythig else," said Nannie, "if it was odly hobe-like. Oh! if I could odly sit dowd in a clead kitched, with by feet in the stove oved, and see a braided mat in frod of the stove with a dice cat od it, I should be perfegly habby."

We all laughed at this idea of Miss, but after the laugh there was a sudden silence, for each one of us recalled such a kitchen, and the Presence that had made it home-like.

We were not sisters, or even kin to each other, but meeting as strangers in a city boarding-house, a strong friendship had grown up between us, starting, I think, in the fact that we were each orphaned and had our living to earn, and strengthened by many congenial tastes. We were doing our daily duties in rather a brave, cheerful way, usually with few complaints, but tonight we were under a cloud. Outside, a November rain was lashing the windows, and inside, the stove smoked.

It was pay-day at the manufactory where Kate was book-keeper, and that was always a hard day for her; Beth had worried two of her dullest pupils through their music lesson; and I had had a time in school that afternoon with a wretch of a boy, and was at my wit's end what to do with him on the morrow; and Nannie was more than half sick—so we sat there quite still for awhile. Finally Beth said: "I suppose we might make these rooms look a little pleasanter. We each have a few pictures and knick-knacks."

"Do you suppose I would hang my few pictures against this awful paper?" said Kate. "Besides, what would be the use? Just as we got everything nicely fixed some man wou'd want the room, and we should be invited to go up higher. I've boarded in this house two years, and in that time I've advanced from the first floor back to the third floor front, and two moves more will take me out on the roof."

"We bight go subwhere else," said Nannie.

"Oh, you poor little innocent," laughed Beth. "You'd 'change the place and keep the pain.' They're all about alike."

At this Nannie lifted such a woebegone face that I felt something must be done.

"Girls!" said I, in my most impressive school-room manner.

But here there was an interruption, for Nannie left the rocking-chair and rushed toward the bed.

"Oh, Nannie!" cried Kate, "don't muss the bed; it's hard enough anyway." But she spoke too late, for under the combined influence of homesickness and influenza, Nannie had flung herself on the bed in a forlorn little heap and was lifting up her voice in a hoarse cry.

This was simply dreadful.

Beth and I purred over and cuddled her, and Kate slipped down-stairs and coaxed the cross kitchen-girl into making a bowl of sage tea, and by the time she was back with it the invalid was somewhat comforted.

When quiet was restored I spoke again. "Girls! let's go to housekeeping." Nannie stopped the bowl halfway to her lips, Beth sat upright on the trunk, and Kate dropped the stick of wood in her hand back into the box.

"Where's the furniture coming from?" said she.

"Who'll pay the bills?" said Nannie.

"Who'll do the work?" said Beth, who was born south of Mason and Dixon's line.

"We'll all do it," said I, answering the last question first; "and as for the furnishing, that needn't cost so very much; and about the bills—Kate, how much do we all pay a week?"

"Four times five is twenty, and two dollars for washing, makes twenty-two," said Kate, with book-keeping promptness.

"Why," said Beth, beginning to be eager, "lots of families live on less than that, and pay for everything out of it—clothes and doctors' bills and everything."

Well, we talked till midnight, and the more we talked the more feasible the scheme seemed, and it was decided that we should commence tenement-hunting the very next morning; and after Beth and I had gone to our own room, Kate came hurrying across to say that she had some spoons and forks which had been her mother's, and that Nanny said she knew how to make lovely waffles.

We expected a tedious time finding a rent within our means; but it is astonishing how fortune helps those who try to help themselves. That very week a nice little scholar of Nannie's stopped after school to say that her parents were going to move out of the city. We knew where she lived—a pleasant house in a respectable locality, so after supper Kate and I hunted up the landlord, the next day we went in a body to inspect the place, and the bargain was concluded.

Between that time and our departure we made fair to lose our reputation of being the quietest boarders in the house, for every night there was talking and laughing in one room or the other, while we stitched and hemmed and figured—this last the hardest of all.

Kate, with a confidence born of much handling of money, made out a list in a twinkling, which list was perfectly satisfactory to all of us—until we inquired prices. One thing we were agreed upon, and that was, rigid economy, so we cheapened this and left out that, until it looked quite reasonable.

Well, the first day of December found us in our own hired house, and as Beth turned the key in the door, we felt that we had burned our ships behind us.

The outgoing tenants seemed to regard our experiment in the light of a huge joke, which they were willing to help along, so they gave us a number of housekeeping things, among others a braided mat, and a half dozen plants all in blossom, and sold us their range at a very low price. Those familiar with the peculiar attributes of stoves and stove-pipes will understand what a relief it was to have a reliable range in running order. Besides this, we had a couple of bedsteads with the furnishings, a few dishes, our trunks, and a half dozen packing boxes of different sizes.

The next fortnight was a busy one. We rose early and went to bed late, and lived in picnic fashion, while we painted, and pounded, and planned. We were in a state of mind where we wished for no advice much less help, from anybody outside; but after jamming considerable plaster from the walls, and skin from our knuckles, we decided there were times when a man could be made useful, and at Nannie's suggestion a certain young architect from the boarding house was taken into our confidence and did valiant service in putting up shelves and hooks.

One Friday night, with the last screw in the kitchen clock shelf, the work was done, and I doubt if many brides, going into houses luxuriously appointed without care of theirs, feel half the satisfaction that we did in looking round on the result of our ingenuity and hard work. And it was a right cozy little place. There was a good-sized sitting room with two sleeping rooms opening from it, a kitchen adjoining, a store-room, closets, etc., and as the house was on a corner, we had the sun most of the day.

Kate and Nannie painted the floor of their room soft gray, and covered their dressing-table and wash-stand with blue and drab chintz. The one window was draped with full curtains of unbleached cotton, trimmed and looped back with bands of the chintz, and a low cushioned chair and ottoman were covered with the same blue and drab covering.

A low painted bedstead and chest of drawers completed their furniture, and strips of blue and gray carpeting before the larger pieces took away any suspicion of bareness.

The room Beth and I shared was precisely similar, except that our floor was painted a bright warm brown, and our cretonne covers and bits of carpet were scarlet and white. But it was on our common sitting-room that we lavished our greatest skill. The three windows were curtained with full draperies of cheese-cloth, over cream-colored shades, a big crimson bow at the top of each window where the draperies parted. Nannie, who was not in the least æsthetic, pleaded to have the whole floor covered, but as this meant twenty-five yards of carpeting, she was voted down on the score of economy as well as of art. A wide margin was stained a most delightful dead-leaf brown, and nine yards of crimson and wood colored carpet made a square large enough to come well out around the center table. And the table—we saw it one day in front of an auction-room. The top looked as though opposing forces had fought across it, but the standard was good and solid; so home it went, and when it was covered with Beth's old gray shawl dyed crimson, and the student-lamp sat over the dent in the middle, the effect was all that could be desired.

Then we had Beth's piano and the plants, and nobody knows until she tries it how far a piano and plants go toward furnishing a room. We had a comfortable lounge, bought "in the cloth," and covered by our own hands, a big Shaker rocking-chair, and two or three smaller rockers and camp-chairs. The wall-paper was subdued, and our few pictures and brackets made quite a show, and when we had scattered our books and trinkets about the room: it was a decided success.

"There, Nannie," said Kate, when we reached the cozy kitchen on our tour of inspection, "you can tuck your little feet right into the oven, and feast your eyes on the braided mat, and if the cat was only here, you would have reached the climax of earthly happiness."

The young architect looked inquiringly and Nannie's ideal of bliss was explained to him. He made no comments, but looked at her with a peculiar expression in his handsome eyes, and I felt that the stability of the society was threatened.

The next night, as we were sitting down cozily at our tea and toast, and baked apples and milk, there was a ring at the door, and Kate, answering it, came back with a basket.

"It is directed to you, Nannie," she said, holding it to the light. So Nannie opened it, when out stepped a plump, self-satisfied Maltese kitten, and attached to one fore-paw was a card which said: "The Climax." Beth turned the card over, and read the young architect's name.

"Oh, Nannie!" she said, turning on her reproachfully, "I hope you are not going to spoil everything." But Nannie was busy filling a saucer for the new comer, and made no answer.

I may as well say here that, soon after, the young man came to me in a very straightforward way, made known his intentions in regard to Nannie, and asked permission to visit her. That night, while she was gone on an errand, I laid the question before the other girls.

"I move," said Kate, who was rather given to sounding phrases—"I move that he be granted leave to withdraw."

"Oh, let him come!" said Beth, with true Southern oblivousness of consequences.

Well, he came, and came again, and the little romance unfolded in a kindlier atmosphere than that of a boarding-house parlor, and after awhile I think we all rather enjoyed him, as he was a high-minded, intelligent young fellow, who conducted his wooing with very little nonsense. Some evenings he would come in with his drawing board under his arm, and establishing himself at our kitchen table, put in his marvelously fine lines and figures, with Nannie sitting beside him with her sewing, making quite a Darby-and-Joan picture. Kate sometimes shook her fist at him from the covert of the sitting-room, but she usually ended with "Bless the children!"

But to turn from love to figures. How much did it cost?

Now I do not expect to be believed when I say that our entire furnishing, from the small mirrors in our bedrooms to the big iron spoon in the pantry, cost exactly $128.43; nevertheless, that was the exact total. It may seem more credible when it is understood that our dressing tables, wash-stands and ottomans were packing-boxes, and that the inviting cushioned chairs were originally barrels. Of course our bedsteads were not furnished with hair mattresses and rose blankets, but we had warm coverings, and clean straw-filled ticks, which were simply luxurious after boarding-house mattresses.

Our table was not set forth with cut-glass or silver (except Kate's spoons and forks), but it was clean, and the food wholesome and varied.

And about the cost of living? We elected Kate treasurer, and every Saturday night each of us put five dollars and a half into a box kept for the purpose, and she paid for everything out of it. We questioned her often, during the first month, how the money was holding out, but she made no satisfactory answer.

The first day of January we each found on our plate at supper the following notice: "The first monthly meeting of the Home Co-operative Society will be held this evening in the kitchen, as soon as the dishes are done. A full attendance is desired, to hear the report of the treasurer."

Every member was present, and the treasurer read her report. After setting forth at some length the origin and object of the society, she presented the following figures:

IN ACCOUNT WITH HOME CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.

Dr.		Cr.	
To Cash	$6.43	By ton coal	$ 7.50
		" groceries	22.00
		" meat and vegetables	16.75
		" milk	2.50
		" labor wash'g, ironing and cleaning	6.00
		" rent	18.00
			$72.75
		" bal. on hand	24.68
	$97.43		$97.43

"Which means," said Kate, dropping her official manner, "that we have had all this good time, and don't owe a cent for anything, and have six dollars and seventeen cents apiece coming back to us," and she counted out four little piles of money.

"And coal in the bin, and food in the larder," added Beth.

The next month, we paid five dollars a week each, and had a surplus, and after that, four dollars a week usually covered all expenses.

When we started, though we asked no advice, we had floods of it, and no end of dismal predictions. "You'll quarrel," "You'll run in debt," "You'll find the work too hard," "You'll get tired of it," and, most dreadful of all, "You'll be talked about."

"Well," said Kate, when this was brought up, "if a good name in the past, and orderly living in the future, won't save us, why, let them talk. They must talk about something, and while we are under discussion, somebody else will escape." So that was disposed of. And we did not run into debt, and we did not quarrel. It would be too much to say that we never differed, but our differences were never bitter.

We used to think sometimes that Beth shirked her share of the work, but she was the sweetest-tempered creature living, and always willing to make amends. Then we had to hold a tight rein on Kate, who was apt to want luxuries out of season, at exorbitant prices, and I was sometimes a trial about the cooking, being absent-minded, and apt to burn things up. As to Nannie, she was never anything but a comfort. We didn't keep her long, for one day, toward our first Thanksgiving, there was an unusual flutter in the house. We trimmed the rooms with flowers and tied a white satin ribbon on The Climax; the minister and a few friends came in, and almost before we knew it Nannie and the young architect had gone off together in a hack, with The Climax waiting in a basket on the front seat.

But this did not break up the society, for another good friend stood ready to fill the vacancy, and stepped promptly in. And did we not find the work too hard? Well, sometimes it seemed a bother, but, divided among four, it was not oppressive; and if the larder got empty, or other work pressed, we took our dinners out for a day or two.

And we did not get tired of it, but after a three years' trial of the plan, are more and more satisfied, for it is *Home*. We leave it in the morning with regret, and return to it gladly at night, feeling that it is ours, that we are not there on sufferance, but by right. And this sense of security and permanency encourages us to add comforts and even luxuries to our surroundings, and I think you might hunt up and down the city and not find a more contented and comfortable set of people than the members of The Home Co-operative Society.—*Hester Stuart, in Harper's Bazar.*

—A dog in the neighborhood of Los Angeles, Cal., is passionately fond of honey, and to gratify his taste he robs hives whenever an opportunity offers. He has grown quite expert in the business and can extract the sweet stuff with great dexterity.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—The high prices paid in the New York market for snapping and mud turtles has induced many farmers in Rockland and Orange Counties to go into the raising of these animals as a legitimate trade.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Our Young Readers.

THE FARMER'S SCARECROW.

Out in the cornfield grouped together,
A flock of crows discussed the weather.

Observing them, thrifty farmer Nick
Declared that crows were "gettin' too thick."

"I must have a scarecrow—that is true;
Now would not that old umbrella do?"

So into the house the farmer went,
And away to the field the umbrella went.

One rainy day the farmer went out
To view the corn fields lying about;

He neared the umbrella; looked inside;
And what he saw made him laugh till he cried!

For in there, out of the rainy weather,
A dozen crows were huddled together!

So the farmer, laughing as farmers should,
Said: "I fear my scarecrow did little good."

—*Mary E. Crosby, in St. Nicholas.*

THE CURLED HAIR CUSHION.

"It was a good cushion, well stuffed with curled hair," said papa," mournfully.

"And what do think could have become of it?" asked mamma.

"Why it must have been stolen. I can't think in what other way it could have disappeared. You see it was dark when we tipped over, and every thing went into the creek. But it is low, and no current to speak of. It would not have been possible for that heavy cushion to have been swept away. I thought I had every thing, but this morning when I missed it, and rode down there, it was not to be found. I shall have to ride without a cushion after this."

He looked very sober over it; and the children, Berth and Beth, looked sober for sympathy. Money was not so plentiful with Dr. Clark that he could afford new cushions very often; and these children, young at they were, knew this very well.

When papa started on his rounds, and mamma had sent them out to play while the baby took a nap, they sat down under the great tree to talk it over.

"Must be hard, riding all day without any cushion to sit on," said Beth; and Bert agreed to it—he nearly always agreed to what Beth said. "He said it was made of curled hair," added Beth, meditatively. And then, after another pause: "Bert, your hair is very curly."

"So is yours," said Bert, in a sweet voice. And Beth sighed, and said nothing. There was no denying the curls; and she thought a great deal of them, besides. Her heart struggled with the big thought.

"There's a great lot of curls on both our heads," she said, "and curls grow fast."

"Course they do," agreed Bert. "Mine are almost as long as yours; and once they were little specks of things, like that picture when I was little."

Bert believed that now he was large. Both children were still for a few minutes. Bert played with the dirt at his feet, but Beth did not play at all. She sat and thought, her face grave. At last she spoke:

"Bertie, I will, if you will."

"What?" asked Bert, looking up. His thoughts did not trouble him. He had already forgotten about the hair and the cushion, and was playing that he had to build a mountain out of the dirt at his feet.

"Cut off your curls and give them to papa for a new cushion."

"She spoke quickly, catching her breath a little.

She liked her curls and she liked to hear people say: "What lovely hair little Beth Clark has!"

But Bert's answer was prompt and his voice sweet. He cared nothing about curls.

"All right," he said. "Then they won't have to be combed; and papa will like it very much, won't he? There'll be most enough for two cushions, maybe."

So Beth's great sacrifice was made alone. She ran for the shears. It should be done quickly, before she had time to change her mind. No thought of asking mamma entered the heart of the loyal little girl. Had not mamma taught her since her babyhood to give up her own for the pleasure and comfort of others, and were not her curls her own?

Snip, snip, went the shining shears. Down dropped the shining heap of curls, first from Bert's head, then from her own, Bert wielding the shears as best he could in the back part where Beth could not reach. Some of the curls glistened in the sun more than others. Those were the ones on which two tears of Beth's had dropped. Those were all she shed. Bert did not think of tears. He chattered away about how much cooler they should be, and how pleased papa would be; and he wondered a little why Beth kept so still.

"Why, what in the world!" said Mrs. Clark. As she sat down the teapot from which she was about to pour a cup of tea, and her voice sounded so strange that Dr. Clark turned to see what she was looking at.

There they came, two shorn lambs, carrying a little basket in which two small white handkerchiefs had been neatly laid, and then the fluffy curls laid on.

"They are for your cushion, papa," they said, hurrying toward him. "You said it was made of curled hair, and our curls are real nice, you know, and we cutted them for you; and Beth thought of it. Won't they make a big, big cushion, don't you think?"

Poor mamma! And, for the matter of that, poor children. Dr. Clark laid down his carving knife, and laughed until he cried. And when he had gotten out his handkerchief, and wiped his eyes, and cleared his throat, what did he do but burst into another laugh. The children were astonished, and not a little grieved. Even Bert's sweet lip quivered.

And Beth faltered: "Don't you like them, papa?"

"Bless your precious hearts," the father said; and he gathered them both at once to his heart. "They are worth their weight in gold, or a good deal more than their weight, for that matter. Papa knows all about how this little woman had to struggle to give up her curls. Mamma must not feel badly about it. The curls will grow again; and a lovely little vine of unselfishness and thoughtfulness has sprung up in these two hearts, and must not be choked."

Thus hinted at, mamma did not reprove, did not even shed another tear before the children, though some fell on the lovely curls when she laid them away. But I'll tell you what she did do. She instructed those two dear little dunces, before they were a day older, that every hair of their heads belonged to papa and mamma, and must not be cut again under any consideration unless one of the authorities said so. Dr. Clark bought a new cushion, but it was not stuffed with those yellow curls. He explained that they were too precious for that.

One day, when he grew richer, there came from the jeweler's two lovely watch chains, linked with gold, and on the links were these words: "For mamma, from her Darlings." "For Papa, from his Darlings."

And that is what became of the curled hair.—*Pansy.*

How We Went to the Circus.

The day after our arrival in London was Thad's birthday, and among the presents he received was a bright gold sovereign, which father said he might spend as he pleased.

"Now, Thad," I observed, with my kindest "elder-brotherly" air, "remember this is your day, and that you can do or buy just what you like."

For an instant or two he made no reply. Then he suddenly broke out:

"Say, Max, this is Saturday, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, said Thad, drawing a long breath as he handed me his sovereign, "I want you to take me to the Oxford Circus. See, the omnibus that's just stopped over there goes right by it, and we'll be in time for the matinee."

"Oh, what a cherub of a brother!" was my inward thought, as seizing the money in one hand and Thad in the other, I started for the bus.

We managed to reach it before it moved on, and scrambled to the seats on the roof in high glee. Suddenly it occurred to me that I had not yet inquired whether we were going in the proper direction.

"How stupid!" I reflected, as I shouted to the conductor to tell me how far it was to Oxford Circus.

"Hit's the hother way," he replied, with a grin, as he caught me by the left leg, which I was about to plant on vacancy in my eagerness to descend.

He helped Thad down, and then we both stood impatiently on the sidewalk, waiting for another bus, going the other way, with "Oxford Circus" on it to come along. At last we saw one, and got in.

And now Thad began to grow anxious lest we should be late for the performance, which it was natural to suppose would commence at two. It was ten minutes past that hour when we heard the cry "Hoxford Circus!"

"Where is it?" I ventured to ask as we got down.

"Why, 'ere," replied the conductor.

"Well, *I* don't see anything that looks like a circus building or tent either; do you, Thad?"

"No; hit p'raps it's down one of these streets a little way," he suggested. "S'pose you ask somebody, Max."

Accordingly I stepped in front of an old gentleman who was walking rather slowly, and said: "If you please, sir, will you tell me where the Oxford Circus is?"

"Just down this street, half a square from here, my son," he answered, pleasantly.

I thanked him, hurried Thad along, and when we reached the sort of square, looked carefully at every building within sight, but not a flaming circus poster nor even a plain circus sign could I see.

"Oh, hurry, Max!" pleaded Thad.

Spurred on to renewed exertions by this entreaty, I stopped a passer-by and renewed my query.

"Here it is," was the reply; and the man waved his hand carelessly in the direction of the building in front of which we had been standing, and passed on.

I glanced up and saw on the corner of what I had taken for a simple retail store, the words: "Oxford Circus."

"A piece of stupidity in me," I reflected, as we entered the shop. "Of course I mustn't expect to find everything exactly as it is in America." And walking up to one of the counters, I threw down the sovereign and asked for two tickets.

"Two what?" exclaimed the clerk, who was a short young man with a long head.

"Why, two circus tickets," I returned, in a louder tone. "How much are they?"

"Circus tickets?" repeated the man, staring at me as if I were one of the genie in the Arabian Nights just coming out of the bottle. "What circus?"

"Why, Oxford Circus, of course." And I tried to look as offended as possible at the disrespectful manner in which I felt my eleven years were being treated.

"Oh, ho, ho, ho! ha, ha, ha!" he suddenly burst forth. "This is a Mourning Goods shop. 'Jackson's Emporium of Mourning Goods,' at your service, young man. Have you lost any friends recently? If so, we'll fit you out, only we mostly deal with ladies;" and then began stuffing his handkerchief down his throat to stop another fit of mirth, while he slapped himself on one knee, then on the other, as if to drive the joke into each side of his body.

Naturally I became very indignant, while Thad, foreseeing that he was likely to miss the performance entirely, began to cry. I picked up the sovereign and gave it back to him, and was about to lead the way out of the store through millions of yards of black crape, bombazine, and all the habiliments of woe that ladies wear, when the clerk recovered breath enough to explain that Oxford Circus meant simply the circle formed by the junction of Oxford with one or two other streets, and that— But I did not wait to hear any more.

"I might just as well be in Germany or France," I reflected, bitterly, as we rode back to the hotel; "if I can't understand my own language."

Father thought the affair almost as good a joke as a former adventure in Berlin, but he promised to take us to a real show and let Thad keep the sovereign, too.—*Matthew White, Jr., in Harper's Young People.*

Baskets to Hold Water.

The Eastern papers speak of the splendid uses of the willow fiber for spinning and weaving into cloth, and it is said to be better than hemp or flax. But there is a kind of willow tree that grows on the north slope of the high mountains about eighty miles east of Los Angeles, on the border of the Colorado desert, which is used by the Cabazon Indians to make baskets, light and impervious to water. They are better than any tin, galvanized iron, or any other kind of a receptacle for water. They are used extensively by Mexicans and old settlers, and last, with constant use, a dozen or fifteen years. They are made quickly by the deft fingers of these Indians, and are sold chiefly to tourists, merchants and regular customers. This is a peculiar product of the Pacific coast, and not only a novelty to Eastern people, but also to a great many Californians who do not live where they have ever seen them.—*Los Angeles Herald.*

—In the Empire of Morocco there is only one subscriber to a newspaper. He is the Emperor. As soon as there are two or three more it is likely some Yankee will happen along and start a paper.—*Boston Transcript.*

Religious Reading.

NOT HINDERED.

With lessons learnt along life's battlefield,
Close in the Master's steps, Anaklios went;
But seeing one in need, he stayed his feet,
And words of cheer with kindly service blent.

"Thanks, brother, for the help!" the stranger cried;
May He who seeth you thy need remember!"
But was thing near and far Anaklios sighed:
"Alas! in serving I have met my Lord."

Yet while he spoke his heart within him burned,
For, he knew, beneath the palm-tree's shade,
The Master, turning, toward His follower turned
And gladness answer to his grieving made.

"For know," He said "that thou shalt find Me ever
By those who need thy help, as I do Me;
For, being thus, thou draw thine nearer
Me."

—*Mary E. Knight.*

THE KNOWN AND THE UNKNOWN.

Paul says: "We know." John says: "It doth not yet appear." Both refer to the same thing, but to different aspects of the same thing. Paul refers to the fact of a future life; John to the form. Paul says: "We know we have a house;" John says: "It doth not yet appear what it shall be."

There is this blending of the known and unknown in all departments of our knowledge. The sky, less visible in the street would puzzle us if we should undertake to solve all the mysteries connected with it. Truth is like the ocean, plainly seen on its further side, but stretching unknown leagues beyond our sight. The most familiar objects are familiar only on the side that touches us. They say the charm of Milet's paintings is that they expand and deepen as you study them. They keep suggesting more and more as you look at them, until they seem to bring all the senses into play. As you look on a forest you begin to fancy you hear the leaves rustle, and as you look on the water you fancy you can hear the waves ripple. When Milet showed his Angelus to his friend that friend looked at it for awhile, and then said: "Why, I can hear the bells." In all true poetry there is something beyond what is expressed; an echo of far away music, a glimmer of far away light—music after music has ceased, glimmer after the light has gone. The true orator is he who suggests more than he says, and awakens in our souls more than he or we could express.

The Bible has this quality to a very remarkable degree, as we might well suppose, dealing as it does with the infinites and the eternities. Its mysteries are not concealments, but glimpses of truths too great for full expression. How it struggles to unveil the idea of God, yet fearful always lest what it unfolds should be taken for the whole truth! His was the unpronounceable name. His was the unapproachable light. His was the form no image must attempt to represent. And all this was not to conceal God, but to show that, as ever, much might be revealed. He was still the "Unsearchable God," past finding out.

The story of Jesus is as simply told as any story can be. We can follow Him from the manger to the tomb. We can measure His footsteps, number His works, and repeat all His words which have been left on record. We become familiar with all the events of His life, but we see them only through the veil of His flesh:

"As through transluscent clouds of light
We see the moon-lit sun."

All along His simple, human life, there are openings through which His infinity shines, as rifts in the clouds show us the unfathomable star depths. He is revealed as one who can never be unveiled. We search the unsearchable riches of Christ:

"Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll."

There is the same mingling of the known and unknown in the matter of the human life. We know the face, but not the form; we know we shall be, but we know not what we shall be; we see, but only "in a mirror darkly." So we see the sun in the reflector of the telescope. The reflector is glorious, and gives us real knowledge of the sun; but it is only the faintest glimmer to the sun itself. The word of God does not seek to make a mystery of the future life, any more than the telescope is designed to hide the sun. But the subject and the distance are too great for more full revelation. The telescope gathers all the rays it can, and makes its image as clear and sharp as possible. But the sun is too far off for more minute inspection. The knowledge we have, though genuine, is not extensive. What is revealed in the future is real, but not complete knowledge. There is no attempt to hide the stars from us. They shine as brightly as they can. But they are hidden in the distance. There is no attempt to hide the eternal world from us. Its nature and vastness and distance do not permit a full unfolding. In all departments of knowledge, we know only in part. As we advance in knowledge, it is still only in part. Not till that which is perfect, we shall know as also we are known.

"But though I do not see, and still
Must walk by faith alone,
I know Thee, dearest Lord, and will
Unseen, but not unknown."

—*Chicago Advance.*

Little Agencies.

In an English town named Clewer, about forty years ago, there was a quarter inhabited by wretched women of so utterly degraded a character that no clergyman of any denomination would venture among them. Not far from them lived a young widow lady of ample means and earnest piety. One day, this lady was told that two of these miserable women were penitent, and wished to escape from their terrible life. What was to be done? It was not likely that their penitence would continue if they were left in their present condition, and no respectable family would receive them under their roof.

"I will receive them," said Mrs. Tennent. "Bring them to me. I will teach them the truths of the Christian religion as well as I can, and qualify them to earn their living as domestic servants."

That day the two penitents came; the next four others, and in three months eighteen of these wretched creatures were under her roof, all of them coarse and degraded beyond words to describe, but all eager to reform, to become, in their own painful phrase, "like other women."

Two other ladies joined Mrs. Tennent, and this was the foundation of the well-known House of Mercy, in which so many lost women have been rescued, to lead good, helpful lives.

Most of the largest orphanages in this country have started in the same manner. The noble charity called "The Fresh Air Fund," by which hundreds of thousands of poor children have been taken out of the reeking, sultry heat of the cities to the country, for a chance of life and health, began with the invitation of one good woman to a couple of little beggars to her own home.

There are many women, especially young, single women in this country, who have leisure, wealth and a will to serve Christ and the poor and ignorant about them. They picture great conflagrations, and sigh for some vast outlanding, on which their zeal can spend itself. Usually, the years slip away in idleness, the pictures never are realized, and the zeal expands itself in a sigh.

Let them begin with one little effort, and if they are sincere, it will widen and deepen beyond all their hopes.

An American clergyman visiting England lately, states that in Liverpool there has learned that men will not be brought to lead a religious life in a mass; hence it sends out missionaries, and establishes agencies at each class.

The great work is done by a thousand little agencies. Unfortunately, the Christians are willing to be a brick in the great temple, they will not to be architects, if not to make the whole building.—*Youth's Companion.*

Daily Living.

It is said that Beethoven when he had completed one of his grand musical compositions was accustomed to lay it on an old harpsichord, lest a musical instrument might flatter him with its fidelity. Many are unwilling to put the results of their labors to any test as this, preferring to be deceived and to deceive others with outward appearances.

With reference to human character it may be observed that those traits that most entitle us to the love and esteem of men, and which honor us most in the sight of God, are not always revealed on notable occasions and by extraordinary events, but manifest themselves in the quiet course of every day life. This is the old harpsichord that tests the character on its real merits. It is one thing to appear great in the midst of popular favor and worldly excitement, and another to carry a noble, generous and magnanimous spirit amid the cares, anxieties and petty trials that spring up along the path hour by hour and day by day.

Ruskin has truly said that "greatness is the aggregation of minutenesses. It is the sum of little things well done that constitutes, as a whole, a truly useful and noble life. It is not those who wait in idleness for some chance opportunity to distinguish themselves and do the world a great service, who are likely to be the benefactors of the race, but rather those who go about earnestly about their daily duties, "doing with their might what their hands find to do." There are but few to whom it is given to discover new continents, to do an act that forms a race from bondage, to utter thoughts that stir the hearts of mankind. But it is given to each and all to pass each day of life so well, so nobly, so truly, so faithfully, so near to God, that all life is lifted up, and all the world made better by such living and doing.—*S. S. Observer.*

Conscience.

It is never a safe thing to trifle with conscience. There are hundreds of so-called doubtful actions which some account right, and which others account wrong, but while some of these dubious actions may be wrong even to those who consider them right, none of them can be right to those who consider them wrong. Whenever one believes any form of social or church life to be illegitimate, or is doubtful whether it is right or wrong, it is wrong to him, and he has no right to participate in that form, until he is convinced that it is quite innocent. On the other hand, one who considers certain doubtful actions to be harmless and permissible, has to face the possibility that, after all, he may be mistaken; and it may be his duty to inquire whether his conscience does not need to be educated anew on these topics. Conscience, when enlightened by right instruction, is not a very safe guide in matters either of right or wrong; but when it decisively pronounces a particular act to be wrong, it is a man's duty either to refrain from doing that act, or, before doing it, to prove to his own satisfaction that his contemplated course is right. A man who begins by doing what he thinks to be wrong, though others think it to be right, is pretty sure to end by doing what he knows to be wrong.—*S. S. Times.*

Choice Selections.

—A Christianity without mystery is as unphilosophical as it is unscriptural.—*Aspin.*

—To an honest mind, the best perquisites of a place are the advantages it gives a man of doing good.—*Johnson.*

—There is no answering the question, How far may I venture into the world? but by another question, How near can I live to God?—*Mr. Charles.*

—The various Bible societies of the world last year printed and purchased, for distribution, 2,115,750 copies of the Scriptures. This does not indicate much diminution in the zeal of the church.—*Current.*

—Parents should so impress their children with their godly lives that the children will in a ter years say: "If there are but two Christians in the world father is one and mother is the other."—*Capital Weekly.*

—How often in our childish ignorance we are at the very crisis of our grief when, if our spiritual sense were not so dull, we should see the heavens themselves all luminous over us, and hear the songs of the angels! How often would the very facts which cause us to despair, if we could only read aright, inspire us with courage and hope.—*Dr. S. E. Herrick.*

—Sincere Christians walk the earth with the mien and bearing of immortals, although the rays of spiritual majesty which stream forth from the burning spirit within often do but illumine the weakness of the body which encases it. Of such it is literally true that whether they live, they live unto the Lord, and whether they die, they die unto the Lord.—*Canon Liddon.*

—The value of "spare minutes" is not fully appreciated. What is done and thought and said in the moments of leisure has great influence in the formation of character. The companionships and amusements of the school-boy in his spare minutes affect more deeply his life than the hours spent in poring over books. So of the diversions and associations of the vacation hours of men of business. Take care of the spare minutes.—*Exchange.*

—He who directs his life well understands the best sort of grammar. To speak from the heart and tell the truth is very good logic, and will serve very well for rhetoric also. He who runs up a long score of good actions succeeds well in arithmetic, and the man whose life is starry with virtues is a famous astronomer. This is the kind of education which all people ought to have.—*German Writer of the Thirteenth Century.*