

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY IS THE EVIL THEREOF.

Let not the heart a future grievance borrow,
Nor o'er our path one faintest shadow lay;
Let not the louds which may arise to-morrow
Obscure the fairer sunshine of to-day.
To-day is ours—the past has passed forever,
Its joys and griefs alike are ours no more;
The future lies beyond Time's silent river,
A dim and distant and untrodden shore.
The world's so fair, and life so grand, that living
Should one sweet hymn of purest rapture be;
From Nature's hand, so bounteous in her giving,
The fulness ours, to reap unceasingly;
And ours the bliss, through Hope's enchanting vision,
E'en darkened skies to view with promise rare;
To grasp at joys, though Phoenix-like they're risen
From out the ashes of a past despair.
As to the day, its burden or its sorrow,
So is our strength by Love all-wise decreed;
Beyond the trust which looketh to the morrow
Not ours the striving, nor is ours the need.
He knoweth best—the sowing and the reaping—
Who left the power of will unfettered, free;
The great, kind God, who holds within His keeping
Each day and hour through all eternity.
—Beatrice Harlowe, in the November Woman's Home Companion.

The Unseen Singer

I WAS alone in the little seaside town, the solace of work being denied me because of the illness that had brought me there to seek for health. I was desperately tired, and my nerves were in a state that rendered all enjoyment impossible. I used to lie late in the mornings, for there was nothing to do but wander idly on the promenade, and the trivial pleasures of the crowd vexed me unutterably because I could not share them. It was only at night I realized that possibly this irksome time of rest was bringing me nearer to the recovery of my health. Then I used to wander until all but the latest of the visitors had left the promenade. It was impossible not to be at rest. The coolness of the night, the soothing murmur of the sea, and the shining yellow lights of a fishing village across the bay, combined to make a perfect world, and as I watched I knew that even the garish day might presently give me pleasure again.

I had been perhaps a fortnight in the place when first I saw the lady of whom I would tell you. It was only for a moment, as she drove past in the company of an older woman, but that moment's sight was enough to fill my thoughts until I saw her again upon the morrow. She was beautiful beyond all words; I fancied she could hardly have passed the age of twenty; and speech and hearing had been denied her. She had the innocent gladness that remains while they are yet young with some who are thus afflicted. She looked upon the world with beautiful bright eyes, and, in despite of fate, was well pleased to be alive.

But she was talking with her fingers to the elder lady, her companion, in whose eyes as they looked on the girl I saw an infinite pity expressed. That pity instantly invaded my own heart, though its object was gone out of my sight within a few seconds of her appearance; and, despite the fact that I knew not so much as her name, there was mixed with the pity a sense of angry rebellion against the fates who had thus afflicted her, wanting to rob of its value a generosity that, through her, might otherwise have gladdened the wide world.

Now, more than ever, I regretted my loneliness, for I had no one from whom I might expect to gather any information of my gaining the privilege of her acquaintance. I made some futile inquiries at the hotel, and only got so far as to be almost certain she was, like myself, a visitor. On the next day, at about the same hour, the carriage passed along the length of the promenade. She was still innocently glad to be alive, content to accept her burden so if it were no burden at all; it was with smiles she looked into the pitying eyes of her companion, and I could fancy that the messages she was conveying with swiftly moving fingers were humorous appreciations of what she saw around her.

My earlier questions had been addressed to a quaint, elderly waiter at the hotel, a man who had in some sort made it his special task to see to my well-being, and who was the nearest approach to a friend I possessed within a hundred miles of the place. It happened that I was lurching at the open window one day when the carriage passed, a little earlier than usual. "That is the lady of whom I was speaking," I said to him. He looked out of the window with quick interest. "A dear little maid, if I may say so. Yes, and the poor dear is deaf and dumb; she's talkin' upon her fingers. Well, I thought from what you told me that they must be strangers in these parts and so they are. I don't even know the horses nor the carriage."

Thus passed several days. I began to find myself vastly better, and with the growth of energy, to look forward pleasantly to the time when I should return to my work in London. My good friend, the waiter, had succeeded, much to his delight, in getting me to go for numerous drives through the lovely country that surrounds the

watering place. I had even, on divers occasions, set forth on foot and explored the coast and the inland lanes for myself.

I went alone, but I never felt the absence of companions, for my expeditions always took place before or after the hour at which she might be expected to pass along the busy promenade, and so my thoughts were always busy, whether with anticipation or remembrance. Never once did she fail me; never once did her affliction seem to me: the beautiful gaiety of her mood. It appeared that she saw and enjoyed every little thing that could be seen; nor was it altogether a young man's vanity that made me wonder whether she had begun to notice the fact that a certain tall invalid was always idling on the promenade at the hour when she drove by.

I came to understand the routine of their daily outing. They were manifestly living somewhere to the west of the town. Every day they went through the inland lanes at the back of it until they were a mile or two to the east, and, then, descending seaward, drove home by the promenade and the road that skirts the sea.

Now, one day, with no set purpose that I would have confessed, not even to myself, I took the western road and went into the country. The road lies for some distance between low hills and the southern sea; at first the sun's heat was intolerable, but gradually one mounted higher, and then the sunlight was but the fit accompaniment of the lively wind that blew in from the sea. So I went forward in the best of spirits until I had come to the edge of a great valley that runs inland from the sea.

Some dozen or so cottages and a little pier stood at the margin of the sea. Inland a few houses were seen among their fruitful orchards. But at the edge of the slope there was a little space of wild wood, and, this, as I looked across the flower-grown hedge, tempted me to rest. I climbed the intervening barrier and lay down in the shelter of a little oak tree.

It may be I slept. Certainly I was a long time under the oak before I became aware that I was not the only occupant of the wood. Some one was singing softly, and I could hear foot-steps moving slowly through the fern. I could tell by the sound that the newcomer was stopping here and there to pick flowers.

Now, I had enjoyed the solitude, but even at the first the person who was coming toward me did not strike me as an intruder. Her singing was in absolute concord with my mood; it was as if one had thought of a poem, and a moment later found oneself humming the melody that would make of it a perfect song. I lay and waited and the singer came nearer.

The song ceased when she presently appeared. She was a little startled, but not near so much as I. "Then you are not dumb?" I cried involuntarily, as I started to my feet. She hesitated, and a little smile played about the corners of her pretty mouth. "It is my aunt who is dumb," she said. Then, with a sudden recovery of her dignity, "I don't know why you should ask."

But that was a matter I had no great difficulty in explaining ere I came back to London the happiest man on God's earth.—Black and White.

Relic of the Days of the Pretender.
A little south of the county-house at Burlington stood 150 years ago a small Indian village, which is marked on the old maps of Northern Pennsylvania as Oschaou. Many interesting relics of a bygone civilization have been found in the grounds where this Indian village was, near the country-house. When the excavations were made for the foundations of the county-house, among the relics found were a number of coins that bore different dates up to near the advent of the white man in Bradford County. Several of these coins were presented to the Spaulding Museum at Athens. Two coins belonging to Superintendent E. W. Putnam are of bronze, one an English halfpenny of the reign of King George I., and the last a larger piece, which is very singular in its make-up and history. On one side it bears an Irish harp, with a crown above it. On the reverse side is a room containing a table with money upon it. A hand is extended toward the table, as if to take the coins. An armed man with a drawn sword threatens the hand, and above in an arc of the circle are the words: "Touch not, says Kildare." The piece bears the date of 1745, which marks the year when the young pretender, Charles Edward, was trying to raise a rebellion in Ireland, and the coins must have been brought to Burlington within a year or two by some French refugees, who had been connected with the pretender's party.—Troy (Penn.) Gazette.

Has Names to Spare.
The Dowager Empress of China rejoices in the names of Tze-hsi Tsanyu Kangi Chaoyu Chunancheng Shokung Chihlien Chungshih, but such a name being clumsy, they call her simply Tze-hsi. She is a lady of middle height, with black hair, dark eyes and feet shaped according to nature. A witty journalist described her as the only man in the Celestial Empire. Such is the Empress Dowager of China. It has been frequently stated that Tze-hsi's parents were of the lowest social grade—actors according to some, small merchants according to others. Both statements are erroneous. Tze-hsi's father, Li-Tsun, was a Manchu noble who held, some years before the birth of his daughter, an important Government post at Peking.—Everybody's Magazine.

It never rains but it pours. Bank defalcations long hid are now coming to the surface in all directions.

During the present century 100 human lives, \$125,000,000 and 200 ships have been lost in fruitless efforts to find the North Pole.

And now it appears from records found in Peking that the Chinese discovered America. They made about as much use of it as they did of gunpowder or the mariner's compass.

A Brooklyn woman who was charged with horsewhipping her husband admitted the truth of the accusation in court, and added: "I only did what any woman would do." Does this explain the meek air of some Brooklyn husbands?

The London Daily Mail says that the days of the banjo are numbered in England, and that that instrument will soon be included in the same category with the mouth organ and the accordion. The zither is growing in popularity, and will probably be the favorite instrument during the winter.

Spectacular science astonishes the multitude and wins their money. The philosopher patiently studies the laws of nature, and modestly announces his discoveries. Then the scientific prestidigitateur goes into partnership with the promoter. Soon after "the public" acquires some new stocks and some experience.

Scarcely a day passes during the hunting season that the news reports do not tell of one or more persons shot for game by careless hunters, but seldom or never is there any mention that the gunners have been arrested. Is it not time to make an example of some of these people, by way of teaching others to exercise a little prudence?

It seems fair to assume, from recent reports of wild animal experts, that the giraffe will before long be known only in nursery books and dusty records of science, for he seems to be rapidly approaching extinction. Once this animal was abundant in South Africa, but he has been pursued by hunters until he is now very rarely met with.

In one of the school buildings in Grand Rapids, Mich., there was a plan proposed, some eight years ago, to have a savings bank, in which children might deposit their pennies. It was a great success, and lately was introduced into other schools, until at present there are 500 such banks, with several thousand depositors, whose savings amount to over \$1700.

Lord Pauncefoot in refurbishing and decorating the interior of the British Embassy, at Washington, pays American upholstery and decorative wall-papers the compliment of using them in preference to those of British manufacture. He is reported as saying that the American goods are better in quality and cost less than British goods of a similar kind. He thinks there is no doubt that in this line of manufactures the United States leads the world. This is indeed a remarkable compliment to be paid by the Ambassador of one great industrial nation to the manufacturing genius of another.

Miss Alice French—Octave Thanet—at a recent meeting of the club women at Lincoln, Neb., sounded the praises of the "modern man," claiming that he is generally unappreciated. Miss French believes that the modern man is doing his unobtrusive best in every walk of life, and that the modern woman is doing hers. That she is a good wife, a good mother, a good friend and neighbor. Again, that "the modern man" is under fire from his own familiar friends; he is attacked by extremists on both sides, and yet, harassed, worried, goaded, he doggedly fights on with a jest instead of a groan, and never suspects that he is either a hero or a martyr.

The news from the universities and colleges all over the United States tells of an activity in the higher education most encouraging to every lover of progress. Our institutions of learning have made remarkable advances in this generation, and in faculties, in students and in every provision for the purposes for which they were founded they are going far beyond their previous achievements. Rich streams of benefaction have poured in upon them. The number of new buildings, the establishment of new professional chairs, the enlargement of the legions of tutors and instructors, the swelling of the classes and other signs and proofs of an American liberality toward the upper schools of culture, give cause for rejoicing to every intelligent patriot.

TROUBLES OF THE POOR.

Food and Clothes Are Possible, But Rent Worries Them.

"If you own the roof over your head, you don't know what real trouble is," said the factory hand. "Of course folk have got to eat, and they've got to have clothes to wear, but it isn't the thought of that that's always hanging over their heads, making them work themselves to death when they've got work, and fret themselves to death when they haven't. Every now and then we see something in the papers how easy it is for a poor widow (or worse than widow) to feed herself and a family of children of twenty-five cents a day, and if the woman has good judgment and understands marketing such stories are not so far wide of the mark. Oatmeal and potatoes are cheap, and there's odds and ends of meat and bones that may be had for next to nothing that will make good soup."

"As for clothes, all poor folk who try to keep themselves looking decently know how far contrivance will go in making them hold out. Skirts may be turned inside out or dyed when they are faded or spotted, and there's a lot of wear in the second-hand shoes that the cobblers sell cheaply. Of course, we'd all rather eat the best steaks and wear silk and velvet, but it is not having to do without them that keeps folk awake at night. It is the rent. That goes steadily on, no matter whether you've got work or whether you are lying around idle, and it is a happy day for a tenant when the landlord can be talked into bringing down the rent by a dollar."

Not that all landlords are hard-hearted, as some folk seem to think. Landlords are just like all other men, some being better and some worse. Now, there's a poor woman who works in the same place with me, a widow with two children, and she lives in one of the toughest neighborhoods in the city. Well, last fall when that woman was too sick to go out to work, she got \$18 behindhand with her rent, and found out afterward that the man whose business it was to collect it had been paying it out of his own pocket right straight along. The house belonged to a family in which there were some minors, and so all expenses and revenues had to be accounted for to the family lawyer, and that was why the eldest son, who collected the rents in person, could not remit the widow's \$18 a month, as his father might have done, but all the same he wasn't going to see her turned out on the street, knowing her to be a good tenant. Of course, she began to pay the money back as soon as she got to work again, but it was a great help, his advancing it, for if it hadn't been for that she would have had to part with her sewing machine, which she had just finished paying for on the installment plan. As long as she can hold on to that machine there is no great danger of her starving, unless she is too sick to hold her head up. There is a benevolent society that, when she is laid off from the shop on account of work being slack, gives her four wrappers a week to make at 50 cents apiece and pays for them in provisions.—New York Times.

A Frank of the Great Storm.
W. R. Householder, one of the employees of the House of Representatives, tells an interesting experience of his son, a corporal in Battery O, First Artillery, and the Galveston flood. "My son," said Mr. Householder, "was stationed at Fort San Jacinto when the storm broke, and we at first feared that he was among the twenty-eight soldiers drowned at the time. We did not hear from him for three or four days, and then we got a card saying he was all right, but had lost everything he possessed. He had kept his clothing, letters and money in his locker, and it had been swept away. A short time after the disaster I received a letter from a Mr. Webb, of Lamarque, Texas, saying that a locker had been found there bearing my name and containing articles that evidently belonged to my son. I ordered the locker sent here to me. We found everything intact, although the clothing had been damaged by the water. The locker had been carried over fifteen miles by water and left that far inland from Galveston. My son had a close shave, and nearly lost his own life. He had a number of close shaves while serving in the Philippines as a sergeant of the Twenty-third Infantry. He was in half a dozen battles in the Philippines, but his experience at Galveston will linger with him longer, he says, than any he ever had in the army."—Washington Star.

Just What She Deserved.
In the railway carriage sat a well-dressed young lady tenderly holding a very small poodle. "Madame," said the guard, "I am very sorry, but you can't have your dog in this compartment." "I shall hold him in my lap all the way," she replied, "and he will disturb no one." "That makes no difference," said the guard; "I couldn't even allow my own dog here. Dogs must ride in the luggage van. I'll fasten him all right for you." "Don't you touch my dog, sir!" said the young lady. "I will trust him to no one!" And with an indignant air she marched to the luggage van, tied up her dog, and returned. About fifty miles farther on, when the guard came along again, she asked him, "Will you tell me if my dog is all right?" "I am very sorry," said the guard, "but you tied him to a portmanteau, and he was put out with it at the last station."—Tit-Bits.

Good Roads Notes

Oiled Roads and Their Benefits.

F. WHITE talked not long ago to the Good Roads Association of Southern California about some experiments made by him at Chino. For the last two years a good deal has been done in his part of the country with oil on country roads, the prime object being (as on railroad beds) the suppression of dust. This was the only thing sought when Chino contracted for its first lot of oiled roads, some twenty-five or thirty miles in length. But it was soon discovered that oil might be made to build up a surface that would resist the wear of travel, and that is the great aim of the later practice there. Mr. White said that the roads were originally constructed by a contractor who guaranteed "a dustless road" from May till December. During the first season the contractors sprinkled them three times. Subsequently, the town undertook to care for the roads itself, and it was then found that one application of oil would do more good than the contractor's three.

Oil sprinkled directly on a sandy or alluvial road will do little good. Mr. White says. It should be surfaced with a firmer material before the oil is applied. Sand, properly covered, makes a wonderfully firm bed. When Mr. White was put in charge of the roads of Chino, he found a section of sand half a mile long over which a clay gravel had been hauled from a distance. The stuff had once been used for making bricks. Only a few inches of it had been spread over the sand. Yet it made a fine road for dry weather. When wet, holes would work through in a short time. But by oiling the road was greatly improved. The gravel employed is peculiar to Southern California, but Mr. White is confident that any disintegrated granite, such as may be found in other States, would work equally well.

In making new roads he first graded the foundation and then put on a layer of this gravel seven inches thick in the middle and six at the edges. Afterward he made it nine inches thick in the middle and eight on the sides. The foundation was rolled hard and kept wet just ahead of the gravel. The latter was also thoroughly soaked when spread. A heavy orchard cultivator was run through it, while the water was being poured on. Harrow and roller were used to shape the road up, and finally it was given a chance to dry.

When the road had dried out to a depth of fully two inches it was carefully swept and the oil put on. The first application should be liberal. On a road eighteen feet wide Mr. White puts from 100 to 150 barrels for each mile. Before the oil is applied it is heated to a temperature of 200 degrees or over. The hotter the better. Some difficulty was experienced in getting the oil well distributed, and finally Mr. White invented a machine of his own to do the work. The trouble at first was to regulate the flow. Mr. White adds:

"The result of our experiment at Chino has been a road that is hard and smooth, and shows no appreciable wear after it has been down over a year. Many visitors mistake it for a bitumen road. A number of the storekeepers kept it swept before their places. This road has had three applications of oil since it was built, two last year and one this. The quantity put on this year was not more than about one-fourth that put on the first time. When oil is applied to such a road after the first application there is but little penetration and the surface is left sticky. To remedy this, some gravel (the same material of which the road is formed) is screened and sprinkled over the surface by a man expert in the use of a shovel. Just sufficient is put on to take up the surplus oil and no more. This is important. I designed a machine for this work, which will do it more evenly than a man with a shovel, and at less expense. This sprinkling with gravel makes up for the previous wear on the road, and in a few days packs down with the travel to a smooth, hard surface. If desired, it can be packed down at once with a roller.

The first application of oil to a road built as above described penetrates, if all the conditions are right, to a depth of about an inch. Unting with this top layer of gravel it forms an elastic covering to the road beneath and takes the wear. And yet "elastic" is not quite the word. The surface has more of the yielding nature of lead and has a "flow" like lead. A heavy load on a narrow tire will dent it some, a wider tire following with smooth out the dent. It yields slightly to horses' feet, and is, therefore, a favorite road with horsemen, giving less jar than a stone or cement road. Such a surface, which can be easily kept intact by slight repairs done at the proper time, serves as a buffer between the impact of horses' feet, the imprinting of wheels and the roadbed beneath and accounts for the slight wear.

Women Soldiers in China.
Women in China have the privilege of fighting in the wars. In the rebellion of 1850 women did as much fighting as the men. At Nankin, in 1858, 500,000 women from various parts of the country were formed into brigades of 13,000 each, under female officers. Of these soldiers 10,000 were picked women, drilled and raised in the city.

LEARNING HOW TO WORK.

The Poor of Pittsburg Are Being Taught Many Useful Lessons.

In such societies as the Domestic Arts Association, of Pittsburg, one discovers a movement in the direction toward teaching woman how better to conduct the kingdom which is indisputably hers. The object of the association is to establish such a school where young women may be thoroughly trained in the home making arts. The originators of the plan believe that, by establishing such a school, household work may be raised, as nursing has been in a similar manner, from the rank of menial labor to a profession which capable and competent young women will enter.

The association's work this year has been divided into four departments. The department of foods has opened cooking clubs in the tenement districts of Pittsburg, teaching the housekeepers of that district how to buy and cook food so as to obtain the best results possible from their small incomes. This work has been most successful, the women having shown a great interest in it, and an eager desire to learn as much as possible.

The department of clothing has devoted its efforts to teaching poor women how to make their clothes and keep them in order, and has met with such success that the present equipment in the way of machines, etc., is insufficient. The junior department, devoted to the interests of the children, has done a variety of things. There has been classes in cooking and sewing, and the difficulty has been, not in securing pupils, but in providing a sufficient number of teachers. This department has also established a penny savings bank for the children. It has started also a circulating library, the books having been lent by the Carnegie Library.

The fourth and last department is known as the department of service, or employment bureau. Three of these were opened in different parts of Pittsburg. The head of this department states in her report that she thinks it impossible to do much, if anything, for employer or employed until the time arrives when a training school for domestic service can be opened.

A member of the society said recently: "In all these efforts to improve the conditions of home life we find that the greatest need of needy people is the need of knowing how to work."—New York Tribune.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

In noble souls valor does not wait for years.—Caroline.
Nothing is so dangerous as an ignorant friend.—La Fontaine.
Knavery and flattery are blood relations.—Abraham Lincoln.
Humility is the true cure for many a needless heartache.—Montague.
To give up interest for duty is the alphabet of morals.—James Hinton.
The freedom of the mind is the highest form of independence.—G. B. Fisk.
Whilst we are considering where to begin it is often too late to act.—Quintilian.
The end and aim of all education is the development of character.—F. W. Parker.

We are ashamed of our fear; for we know that a righteous man would not suspect danger nor incur any. Wherever a man feels fear there is an avenger.—Thoreau.
To acknowledge our faults when we are blamed is modesty; to discover them to one's friends in ingenuousness is confidence; but to preach them to all the world, if one does not take care, is pride.—Confucius.
The wise man has his follies, no less than the fool; but it has been said that herein lies the difference: The follies of the fool are known to the world, but are hidden from himself; the follies of the wise are known to himself, but hidden from the world.—Colton.

Half the difficulty of fighting any severe battle or accomplishing any hard task vanishes when a man feels that he has comrades at his side fighting in the same cause, or that the eyes of those he loves are upon him, and their hearts praying for his victory.—C. J. Perry.
To get good is animal, to do good is human, to be good is divine. The true use of a man's possessions is to help his work; and the best end of all his work is to show us what he is. The noblest workers of our world bequeath us nothing so great as the image of themselves.—James Martineau.

A Lesson in Perseverance.
One of the drollest of anecdotes possessing what might be termed an "animal subject" was told recently by Lord Ribblesdale at a meeting of Progressives in London. To cheer them who were about to enter the electoral fight, he narrated this fable, which is no exaggeration to call un-matched even in the pages of the great Aesop himself: Two frogs fell into a bowl of cream. One was an optimist and one a pessimist. The pessimist frog, at once growing hopeless at the general look of his surroundings, let himself sink, to rise no more. Not so, however, the optimist frog. He reflected that he had never been in any such situation before, but that he should do his best to get out of it. And so he swam and swam, and though he soon became convinced that he could not possibly emerge from the bowl, he at length grew assured that the fluid through which he paddled was getting thicker. He did not at all understand this state of things, but continued to paddle about here and there, till at last, lo, he was enthroned securely on a pat of butter when he himself had unwittingly created it.