

LOVE EACH OTHER.

Love each other while ye may. Soon, too soon, the lights of day fade and die, then comes the night that tears our dearest ones from our sight.

Miss Hoitt's Harvest.

Miss Hannah Hoitt lived alone in a wide old house that sheltered the families of her father and her grandfather before her. Its square, low-ceiled rooms were peopled for her with precious memories and tender associations.

Miss Hoitt was much esteemed in the little community of Milton as a woman of means, of sense, of character, of generous purposes and practice. The farm had dwindled from its once broad acre of tillage and meadow and pasture and woodland, to less than sixty acres.

How is it, Hannah, went on the other, "that most lone folks have enough to do to take care of themselves? They think people ought to do for them and look out for 'em, and especially when they get to middle age. But it's always just the other way with you."

She did not look worn out as she flitted about after her visitor had gone, getting her cosy tea and putting things in order for the night. Energy was in every movement of her trim, spare figure, and a kind of hopeful content and courage blended with the kindness and humor that illumined the brown eyes.

Over her low threshold, above which hop-vines grew and morning glories hung from dawn till noon their dewy chalices of purple and crimson and white, came one late September afternoon her nearest neighbor, and one of her dearest friends, Mrs. Sterne.

"Come in, Lucy! What's the matter, child? Something worries you; and you're tired out, too. Now just go into the sitting-room and take the easy chair, and I'll be in in a minute, just as soon as I slip on my other dress."

"You see," she resumed, a little later, coming back freshly attired, "I've been trying to get in my grapes and pears, and some of my apples. I had to begin in season, and keep at it, a little to a time, and I'm wouly behind-hand now; and help I can't seem to get, for everybody else is busy, too. Now Lucy, what troubles you, and what can I do?"

George Eliot remarks on the widely different meanings that may be given to those last four words by the tone and inflection with which they are uttered—expressing now heartiest

sympathy and helpfulness, now the coldest of indifferent courtesy. But the words as Miss Hannah said them were full of the wish to help and know how to help.

"I don't like to tell you, Hannah; you have cares enough, without our rolling any of ours on you. But Jotham's sister Emily, she that married a Swift, is sick with typhoid fever, the real, raging typhoid. They live over to Easton, you know, and there's nobody, hardly, to go, but me; and it seems as if I must go right off and stay till she's better. And there's only Mary Nelson, and she so young and heedless, for all I've had her a year and done my best with her to learn her to keep house. She could do well enough for Jotham and John, but Jotham's got men a-coming right away—the threshers, and carpenters to do his barn. That can't be put off. And the new superintendent in the mills, he promised certainly he'd board, because he used to know him, and it would be handy and homelike."

"And you want me to take 'em?" queried Miss Hannah. "O Miss Hannah! we do hate to ask or let you. But what can we do? And Jotham says he'll get all your apples and potatoes and things in, in good season, and be glad to, and you shall have good pay for the men, if you only think you could do it. And you don't know what a relief it would be. You see, we've got to take Emily's children home till she's better."

"Well, I'll try it, and if nothing happens I guess I can carry it through."

"How is it, Hannah," went on the other, "that most lone folks have enough to do to take care of themselves? They think people ought to do for them and look out for 'em, and especially when they get to middle age. But it's always just the other way with you."

"I don't know," returned Miss Hannah, musingly. "Yes, I do try to help other folks what I can. And I don't see that I've ever been any worse off for it. Really I think it's just that keeps me up and gives me courage to work. It's something to think of and plan for, you know. Now, if I could only do for myself, I shouldn't feel as though 'twas hardly worth while always to, though that's something. But when I can do something for some one else, why, it makes me strong again, and a sight hopefuler."

"I don't doubt it. But now, Hannah, do take care of yourself, and get somebody to come in and help you. We can't let you get worn out yet."

She did not look worn out as she flitted about after her visitor had gone, getting her cosy tea and putting things in order for the night. Energy was in every movement of her trim, spare figure, and a kind of hopeful content and courage blended with the kindness and humor that illumined the brown eyes.

"Quite a piece of work," it proved indeed to be. The threshers came, staid a week and departed. Close upon them came the carpenter's crew; and just as they were well settled, came the most dreaded of all, Mr. Sterne's friend, the superintendent at the new mills. Miss Hannah had word that he was coming, and Mr. Sterne drove over with him after supper time. He was in haste, and stopped only to say that his sister was no better; the fever was having a long run. Lucy was about worn out, too. "And this is the gentleman we spoke of, Hannah, that you said might stop here a spell. I think he's an old acquaintance of yours."

And Mr. Sterne had driven off before she had one good look at the man before her. He lifted his hat then and held out his hand with a smile.

"You used to know me, Miss Hoitt. You can't have forgotten how many times we've trudged up the hill to school together, and how many times you did my sums and helped me out with my parsing, in the little red schoolhouse over yonder. Or, if you've forgotten, I haven't."

"Allen Maynard! I had no idea it was you that was coming! I didn't really know who it was, come to think, but I didn't dream it was you!"

"But you'll take me just the same?"

For answer she led the way into the house, with pink cheeks, shaking off her confusion as best she could.

The little home was very cheery. The slant rays of the setting sun streamed in between the plants in the bay-window and gilded the bindings of her books and made great reflections from the polished andirons. And in the next room was spread the dainty tea-table, with its crimson cloth, its glittering glass, its tempting array, and its vase of flowers

in the centre. For Miss Hannah was persuaded that even "those men" noticed and appreciated her flowers. And the fragrance of freshly-made tea, and inviting odors of browning biscuit, of baked apples, and other appetizing scents, were in the air. And it was with pleasure not all concealed that the new boarder took the seat she assigned him. It chanced to be opposite her own. It was natural that the days should seem to go by faster than ever, now. They were very short, anyway, and Miss Hannah was very busy. If any other element gave a new, sweet zest to daytime task and evening talk, she did not own it.

Allen Maynard was still "good and true and brave and generous," though his hair was turning gray, and he had been many times across the continent, twice across the sea, once even around the world. He had many things to tell of people and countries and customs known to her only through books. And he liked books as much as she did, too, and brought some of his own for her to read, and sometimes new ones that they read together.

The work on the new barn dragged wearily, though Miss Hannah hardly noticed that October was gone and November was going, till one night she heard the men say that they should just about get done when the ground closed up, in times, maybe, to get home before Thanksgiving. And Mrs. Sterne came home; her sister was convalescent, but she was well-nigh prostrated herself with watching.

And now the carpenters would go in a week or two, at most, and Miss Hannah began to realize that the old life would soon begin again for her, and that it would be lonely. For Mr. Maynard must go, too. How should she let him know it? Her hints fell unheeded, and though the men spoke of going home, and she of being alone once more, she did not see that he noticed.

But it was her turn to be surprised a little later, when he spoke of his plans for the winter, and of business in Easton.

He would not be near, then, even to drop in on an evening! She began to be a little lonely already. He had had a better position offered him, maybe. And then she heard the men say that Mr. Maynard was owner in the mills, both at Milton and Easton. He had acted as overseer here because he was needed. Some one less capable would do now, for affairs were running smoothly again, and the Easton Mills needed his attention. And they said he had much other property there, besides.

One mild, sunny day—an Indian summer afternoon—he came with a carriage to take Miss Hannah over to Easton for a ride. They drove to the mills and around them; then about town. He drove slowly past a large, stately house, suggestive of gracious uses and generous hospitalities.

"I bought the place two or three years ago," he said. "I have never rented it. It would make a pleasant home, would it not? Might it not be our home, Hannah? I have kept it for you. I have waited for you. Shall we not have our Indian summer at last?"

So the question was asked and answered, and a new life began, with brighter and warmer and richer joys, and larger opportunities.

The neighbors had "always known that Miss Hannah was smart; she had done better than ever this year, too; but they hadn't expected, with all the rest, at her time of life, too, she would be harvestin' a husband." —Oliver D. Dana, in Portland, Transcript.

Philosophy of the Street.

Bright fellows generally have to go the plodders for a raise in salary.

The greatest triumph of invention is when a rogue persuades even himself that he is honest.

The beauty of being in opposition is that a fellow can choose his own fighting ground.

The man who is not methodical never attains permanent success, although he may flourish for a season.

People who intrude their personality on the public are the first to feel offended if somebody criticises their shape.

A pig in a puddle is not as ornamental as a swan in a polluted stream, but he is ten times as useful when life's fitful fever closes on the two.

The whitest eggs hatch out the blackest crows.

It is easy to be just where there is no injustice.

When men "smile" too often their wives are apt to frown.

Life is a conundrum that sooner or later all must give up.

Comfort is a good thing, but too much of it will kill a man.

The world may be a stage, but we can't all be stage managers.

It is a rare man who is as bold in the presence of his enemy as when away from him.

Let 'Em Dance.

Appleton Post

The inauguration of a President is certainly a befitting occasion for merry-making, because it marks the peaceful transfer of power from one party to another, in a great government of the people, and one direction which usage has ordained seems to be the inauguration ball. The preachers have their time for being recognized on this and other public occasions, which is right and proper, but they ought not reasonably to expect that their somber influences should thrust aside the occasion for innocent merry-making. "On with the dance,

KISSES OF GOLD.

A French Fairy Story.

She sang the songs of forest birds—but never bird sang them so sweetly!

He played the tambourine of the Bohemian dance, but never Gypsy fingers glanced so lightly or shook such music from silver bells!

And together they wandered through the land.

Who were they? They knew not! But those who were sheltered in houses from wind and storm, those who were served on white linen and in plenty, were not of their kin.

And did they remember nothing? Remember? Ah, yes. A day when the skies frowned and the cold rain fell; when the leaves in the forest shuddered and the wind screamed harshly:—

"Go on! go on!"

"Far away, down the mountain, the sun is shining," he said, and he took her hand and led her to where the sands of the coast were golden and the waters were blue and bright. And from that time they had traveled always toward the sun. Assuredly, they might have perished of thirst and hunger! But did not the good God make the stream run in the forest? and the village housewife could always find a crust too hard to throw to her chickens! When the nights were cold he took off his bit of a ragged coat and threw it about her shoulders and clasped her close in her arms. When the sun burned fiercely he bade her rest in the shade of the forest while he went through the village streets and played and sang for both. She had only rags to cover her, but through them shone a skin like satin, and Milady would barter her best silken gown for such a pair of shoulders.

Wandering, wandering! Sometimes a day, sometimes an hour in the village; sometimes welcomed, sometimes chased; sometimes heard and even applauded—for they were fair to see and pleasant to hear—sometimes driven from the door with imprecations by those who hated them at once for their youth, their beauty, and their poverty—sometimes with a handful of oysters—sometimes, ah, yes, very often empty-handed!

But though there were those who would not give, there were none who might take away. And they had all their great love. No misery can be so cold and cruel as love is warm and sweet.

But there came long winter days, when doors were closed, and hearts were closed with them. There came long winter nights, when they had need of all their love and all their childish courage. The woods and roads were one whirling mass of stinging snow. Food, shelter, both were denied them. They could go forward but slowly against the rough hands of the wind, and for many hours they struggled, until at last fainting, falling, they reached a ruined granary, whose tottering walls should at least offer some poor defense against the icy breath of the storm.

As if enraged at the loss of his prey, the wind howled hideously without and threatened to drag their shelter from over them; chilling gusts swept through a hundred rents in the roof; the snow drifted in about them as they lay on the floor. He threw his arms about her—cold, shaking arms.

"I will warm thee!" he said, but his voice sounded far away, and his teeth chattered so that he understood not his words, only the crease which accompanied them. She crept closer to his breast. She placed her lips to his ear, he could not feel their touch, but he heard her voice.

"And to-morrow?"

He said nothing. What could he say? That there would be no to-morrow? or that to-morrow would find them dead—here on these stones—cold, hard—but neither so cold nor so hard—as the hearts of men!

A tear fell on his cheek.

"Cry not!" he said, and with shaking lips he kissed her.

A faint light seemed about them. A caressing warmth enveloped them. A sound as of music, faint, and sweet, came to them, and a voice spoke:

"Poor little ones! Abandoned! forsaken!"

Mute, awe-stricken, yet not afraid, they gazed into the fast-increasing light, which, though on every side of them, showed them neither their own faces nor yet any part of their miserable surroundings—only the beautiful, radiant eyes of a woman bending over them. The soothing voice went on in rhythmic cadence:

"Poor little ones! And are ye cold, and have ye hunger, and do ye thirst? Listen, then, to the promise of One who can fulfill all desires! A price there is to pay—but that ye shall know—of yourselves—after. Now will I give ye power to rain gold from your lips whenceso'er they shall open. Say—quickly—say! will ye pay the price—even though ye know not what it may be?"

He hesitated an instant! She—not at all!

"Yes!" she cried breathlessly, "yes!"

"Yes!" he repeated after her, "yes!" Suddenly, as it had appeared, the light vanished. In its place came the gray dawn, creeping through the torn and quivering rafters.

"It was a dream!" she breathed softly—as if fearful of waking; but however softly she spoke, her lips

parted that the words might pass, and with them came a flood of gold—ducats, sovereigns, florins, sequins, doubloons! Down over her breast and upon the rags which covered her graceful limbs, they lay, in dazzling piles, in glittering heaps! And again and again, as she said, "Ah! how beautiful! how beautiful!" they rained about her—a golden shower! Yes, a beautiful golden shower.

About this time the world rang with the fame of a certain young Grand Duke and his Duchess—scarce more than children—who lived in a wonderful palace as big as a city, as brilliant as the sky with its countless stars. Its walls were of costly marbles, incrustated with amethyst and chrysoptase; its galleries were wrought of silver and of gold; its tapestries, its statuary, its paintings, its marvelous furniture entranced the eye and silenced the lips! Grand feasts were here given, daily, where all the world might enjoy. Tables of porphyry and malachite shrank beneath their loads of dainties served in golden dishes, and rare wines flowed from crystal flagons into gold-set cups, each cut from a single precious stone. And the Grand Duke and his beautiful young Duchess presided at these feasts were never known to open their lips, either to eat or to speak, but a flood of gold poured forth, to be speedily gathered up by the servitors, tossed into baskets of silver fluegee, and distributed among the enraptured guests. Naturally these magnificent entertainments were always largely attended, and yet there was invariably place and gold for more. So much was said of Milord the Duke and Milady the Duchess that the story of their splendor and generosity traveled as far as Fairy Land. The beautiful Queen of the Fairies smiled a strange smile.

"The time has come when I must pay a visit to my friends the Duke and his Duchess," she said. "I would like well to hear their expressions of gratitude!" And still smiling that strange smile, she went on her way.

Night held the world in her arms! The magnificent castle was wrapped in silence and darkness. Only from the boudoir of the Duchess came a sound of suppressed weeping, and from the chamber of the Duke issued the heavy sighs of one in sorrow. Hastily the Queen summoned them before her.

"How now!" she exclaimed sternly, a frown darkening her radiant brow. "Have I given ye all these riches that ye might build a palace—far like nobles, and attire yourselves in the splendor of jewels—and as yet asked of ye no price, and are ye still unsatisfied?"

"Ah, Madame!" cried Milady pitifully. "Thou knowest naught of the price we pay!"

But the Fairy interrupting her, spoke again—"If ye have tired of the gold which issues from your lips, I will promise that henceforth shall fall rubies, diamonds, pearls, sapphires." But the young Duke flung himself at her feet.

"Ah no!" he implored. "Out of thy bounty and goodness—no." And even as he spoke there gushed from his lips a cascade of glittering gems! Shrinking from them as they lay in their beauty about him, he crept yet nearer her feet, and raising a bit of her garment to his lips, went on tremulously: "Winter nights are cold—the hearts of men are often colder—and the wind blows chill on the heads of the poor! But though thou gavest me instead of this, fire and shelter, and friends and warmth, yet is no warmth like the touch of Love's hand, and this hast thou taken away! The starved body cries out for food. But though thou hast given me food in plenty, and choice and rare, yet is there no hunger like that of the heart famished for the love it has known and lost. Poverty hath many a sting and smart, and in its misery longs for all that gold can bring. Yet the gold and the gems which fall at my will can purchase me not one kiss of love, and there is no want so bitter as the thirst, unsatisfied for love's caress! Oh, Fairy! if such thou art, take back thy gifts, for I have learned their price!"

"The Fairy laid her hand on the heads bowed before her. Into her eyes came a softer light.

"My children," she said gently, "if I give ye now your heart's desire, there is, then, this other price to pay! Your castle, your riches, your friends, all—all must ye renounce! There is no middle path along this way ye have chosen! With the bitter comes the sweet—with the sweet—the bitter! And have ye chosen so?"

The wind shrieked around the ruined granary and the storm beat its fierce hands against the shuddering walls. The snow crept in through countless crevices and lay thick on the rags which covered, but scarce could warm, two shivering figures crouching on the stone floor. The boy held the girl to his heart; she laid her lips lovingly on his.

They were cold—they were hungry—they were poor—they were alone! But in their hearts was a great gladness because they were all of these for Love's dear sake.

The Sultan and Missionaries.

New York World.

The Sultan of Zanzibar is a most irritable individual. A short time ago the world was shocked by his cruel decrees regarding the punishment of criminals, and now he has presented certain German missionaries with land for the erection of a church and hospital. Perhaps he wants to fatten the missionaries.

Making Fun.

Salem, (Mass.) Gazette.

Once when traveling in a stage coach I met a young lady who seemed to be upon the constant lookout for something laughable; and not content with laughing herself, took great pains to make others do the same.

Now, traveling in a stage coach is rather prosy business. People in the situation are apt to show themselves peevish and selfish; so the young lady's good humor was, for a time, very agreeable to the travelers. Every old barn was made the subject of a passing joke, while the cows and hens looked demurely on, little dreaming that folks could be merry at their expense. Animals are not sensitive in that respect. They are not likely to have their feelings injured because people make fun of them; but when we come to human beings that is quite another thing. So it seemed to me; for after a while an old woman came running across the fields, swinging her bag at the coachman, and in a shrill voice begging him to stop.

The good-natured coachman drew up his horse, and the good old lady, coming to the fence by the roadside, squeezed herself through two bars, which were not only in a horizontal position, but very near together. The young lady in the stage coach made some ludicrous remarks, and the passengers laughed. It seemed very excusable, for in getting through the fence the poor woman had made sad work with her old black bonnet, and now, taking a seat beside a well-dressed lady, really looked as if she had been blown there by a whirlwind. This was a new piece of fun, and the girl made the most of it. She caricatured the old lady upon a card; pretended, when she was not looking, to take patterns of her bonnet, and in various ways tried to raise a laugh. At length the poor woman turned a pale face toward her.

"My dear," said she, "you are young, healthy and happy; I have been so, too, but that time has passed; I am now decrepit and forlorn. This coach is taking me to the death bed of my child. And then, my dear, I shall be a poor old woman, all alone in the world where merry girls think me a very amusing object. They will laugh at my old-fashioned clothes and odd appearance, forgetting that the old woman has a spirit that has loved and suffered and will live forever."

The coach now stopped before a poor looking house, and the old lady feebly descended the steps.

"How is she?" was the trembling inquiry of the poor mother.

"Just alive," said the man who was leading her into the house.

Putting up the steps the driver mounted his box, and were upon the road again. Our merry young friend had placed her card in her pocket. She was leaning her head upon her hand, and you may be assured I was not sorry to see a tear upon her fair young cheek. It was a good lesson, and one which I hoped would do her good.

Vital Statistics.

It is a startling fact that from one-third to one-half of all persons born into the world die before reaching the age of five years. Or, from another point of view, so great are the dangers of infancy that a child which has completed its fifth year actually has an expectation of life more than twelve years greater than it had at birth. The exact proportion of deaths varies greatly as to countries and localities. Statistics are of value only as showing average results. In Norway, for example, the proportion dying under five is stated by Dr. Farr to be 204.5 per 1,000 born; while in England it is 338 per 1,000, and in Italy 567 per 1,000. In fifty-one so-called "healthy districts" of England and Wales, according to the same authority the mortality under five is 175 per 1,000 born, while in the Liverpool district representing the most unfavorable sanitary conditions, it is 460 per thousand. In the different parts of our own country, we find nearly as great a disparity. In the State of Vermont, which represents essentially a rural population, the number of deaths under five, for the year 1883, was 23.8 per cent. of the whole number of deaths; in the State of Massachusetts, which embraces several large cities within its limits, for the two years ending in 1884, it was 37.74 per cent; and in the city of New York alone for the seven years ending in 1876, it was exactly fifty per cent. of the entire mortality.

Piercing Children's Ears.

"You would be surprised if you could see the number of mothers who come to have the ears of their female infants pierced," said a Gratiot avenue jeweller, as he pinched the soft, pink lobe attached to the head of a good looking young woman. "I cannot understand why a mothers should want her three or four-year-old babe subjected to such a practice, which is of itself barbarous, but it is no use refusing them, so I perforated their auricular organs for 25 cents a pair. The age of sixteen is as early as a girl should wear ornaments."

"Is the operation painful? To grown persons, yes. But in cases of infants, by rolling the lobe upon the ball of my thumb with my index finger I drive all the blood to the top of the ear and reduce the pain to a minimum. I notice one peculiarity that I cannot explain, and that is that in piercing the right ear the subject always experiences more or less pain, while the puncturing of the left ear is attended by little, if any, painful effects."