

TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

The little girl is very poor. She has troubles, she finds, she can scarce endure. And yet, my dear, she has playthings plenty—Dolls as many as two and twenty. Houses and arks and picture-books. Something pretty wherever she looks. But half the time she's puzzled to know what to do with the wonderful show. First of dolls and two and twenty. And then with her various toys plenty.

That little girl is very rich. With an old doll like a perfect witch. A broken chair and a bit of cloth. And a wheel and a bit of the closet shelf. She can play with only a row of pins; Houses and gardens, arks and lines. She makes with her chubby fingers small. An' she never asks for a toy at all. Unseen around her the fairies stray. Giving her bright thoughts every day.

Poor little girl and rich little girl. How nice it would be if in time's swift whirl you could—perhaps not change your places. But catch a glimpse of each other's faces. For each to the other could something give. Which would make the child life sweeter to live.

For both could give and both could share. Something the other had to spare—Marjaret E. Sangster in Harper's Young People.

THE MERCHANT'S CRIME.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

"It will be inconvenient," said Cromwell, "and probably a pecuniary loss, but I feel it to be my duty, and money is a secondary consideration."

"Perhaps Mr. Raymond may appear in the course of the forenoon," suggested the landlady. "It may be only a boy's adventure."

"I hope you may be right," said Cromwell, "but I hardly think it will prove so."

He did not eat much breakfast. The thought of Robert Raymond lying at the bottom of the pond kept continually recurring to him. He wondered whether he would be found and when. He would like to have set out for New York at once; but if immediately after his departure the body should be found, it would look bad, and possibly excite suspicion. He thought it would be better for him to wait two or three days, and then he would feel at liberty to start on his journey.

If during that time he attended to his business as usual, there would be no chance for suspecting him of having had anything to do with Robert's disappearance. This course, then, he resolved to adopt, but in spite of all he could do, he was tormented by a constant, nervous anxiety. Every moment he thought of the liability that Robert's body might be discovered, and he braced himself to stand the shock. He thought it best, however, to write a letter at once to Paul Morton announcing the mysterious disappearance of Robert.

His letter ran thus:

PAUL MORTON:—

Dear Sir—It is with great regret that I have to inform you that your son, Robert Raymond, whom you placed in my charge, has mysteriously disappeared. I have seen nothing of him since yesterday at supper. He went out after that and did not return to pass the night at his boarding house. I do not know what to think, whether he has met with any accident, perhaps of a fatal nature, or has only run away. If the latter, I suppose he would make his way to New York and present himself before you. I shall take every means of ascertaining which of these is the true explanation of his mysterious disappearance. I think of starting for New York in a couple of days, in order to see you personally, and let you know all that I can learn about this unfortunate affair, as I know that you will be deeply interested in all that concerns your ward.

Your obedient servant,
"JAMES CROMWELL."

"I think that will do," said Cromwell, after reading his letter over when finished. "It tells nothing to an ordinary reader, but Mr. Morton will understand it well enough, especially when he reads the words which I have underlined. On the whole, I don't know but it will be well that the body should be found before I go, as he may need absolute proof of the boy's death before he is willing to pay me the promised \$10,000. I wish it were well over, and the boy was buried. I can't bear to look at him; I am afraid I should get nervous, and so excite suspicion. Still it might be attributed to my sorrow for his loss."

Leaving Cromwell, for a time, we will follow the course of Robert Raymond, who after receiving directions from Cato, had shaped his course for the Ohio river. Madison, as has a ready been stated, was situated in the southern part of Indiana. The distance between it and the Ohio river, which separates that state from Kentucky, was about fifty miles. It was Robert's intention to reach the river and then get on board a boat, and proceed as far east as his limited funds would admit. The extent of these was but \$10, and \$10 would not go a great way, unless extreme economy was practiced. Robert was willing to be economical, and when he learned that the river was but fifty miles distant, he determined to walk the whole way.

On the first day Robert walked about twenty miles, resting in the middle of the day. He was unaccustomed to walking and it made him footsore and weary. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, he desisted and went up to a farm-house, for he was at the time passing through a sparsely settled town; he asked for accommodations for the night. Fortunately the occupant of the farm-house was a hospitable and kind-hearted farmer, who did not, as some might have done, view him with suspicion.

"So you want to be took care of the night, youngster," he said.

"Yes, sir," said Robert.

"Well, I guess the old woman can accommodate you. Our house is big enough, and you won't take up much room. Are you a trav'lin' far?"

"Yes, I am going to New York."

"To York? That's a pretty long journey for a lad like you. It's over a thousand miles."

"Yes, it's a good way, but I guess I can get there."

"Where are you trav'lin' from?" was the next question.

"I came from the North," said Robert, evading a direct answer.

"I understand," said the farmer, shrewdly. "You don't want to tell. Well, maybe you've a good reason, and maybe not. That's not my business, only if you're running away from your father or mother, I advise you to go back again. It isn't a good thing to run away from home."

"If I had a father or mother," said Robert, earnestly, "I should be the last one to run away from them. I have neither father nor mother living."

"Have you no sisters nor brothers?"

"No."

"And you've got to make your own way in the world?" said the sympathizing farmer. "Well, I'm sorry for you."

"If you mean that I am poor, that is not the case," Robert answered. "I have been unfortunate in other ways, but my father left me a fortune, and I am going to my guardian who is in New York."

"Then how comes it that you are out here all alone?"

"I would rather not tell you just now," said Robert, frankly. "The time may come when I shall return this way, and shall feel at liberty to tell you all."

"Well, well, my lad, I won't pry into your secrets. I shall be glad to have you stay with me to-night and to-morrow you can go on your way, and no questions asked."

"Thank you," said Robert.

"Now we'll be goin' into the house, and see if supper isn't most ready. If you've been trav'lin' it's likely you're hungry, and I reckon the old woman will give us something we can relish."

CHAPTER XX.

Major Woodley and His Daughter.

On the third day Robert reached the Ohio river, and was fortunate enough to intercept a steamer bound East. He went to the office and found that his money would about suffice to pay his fare to Wheeling, but would leave him nothing. This did not trouble him much. He had the sanguine and elastic temperament of youth, and he did not doubt that something would turn up.

"If I can't do any better," he resolved, "I will obtain work of some kind till I have laid by enough money to pay my passage for the remainder of the way. Or I can write to my guardian, and ask him to send me money enough to bring me to New York."

Among the passengers his attention was drawn to a tall gentleman of bronzed complexion, who had as a companion a young girl of about thirteen, whom he addressed as Edith. The young lady had a very sweet face, and Robert caught himself more than once wishing he had such a sister. Had he been older that is perhaps the last thing he would have desired. But he was only a boy of fourteen, and was of course too young to experience the sensation of being in love. The gentleman's name he learned was Major Woodley, and the young lady's Edith Woodley.

Robert wished that he might have an opportunity of making the acquaintance of Major Woodley and his daughter, but while on their trip up the river chance did not favor him. The opportunity, however, was only deferred. It came at the end of the voyage. At length they reached Wheeling, and the passengers generally disembarked. Major Woodley and his daughter were among these. Arrived on the pier, while Major Woodley was looking out for his baggage, a horse maddened by a blow from his brutal driver, started suddenly forward, and in an instant would have trampled Edith Woodley under his feet had not Robert sprung forward, and clasp her round the waist, drawn her quickly out of danger.

Her father was at some distance. He happened to look up just in time to see his child's danger, but not in time to rescue her. To his great relief he saw Robert's prompt action, and he realized that but for this his daughter would probably have lost her life. Filled with gratitude he hurriedly advanced, and seized Robert by the hand.

"Well done, my brave boy! You have probably saved my daughter's life. From my heart, I thank you."

"I am glad it was in my power to do her a service," said Robert, modestly.

"You exposed your own life to danger," said the major.

"I am very glad, indeed, that I was standing by," said Robert. "but I think anyone would have done the same."

Major Woodley shook his head.

"I know men better than you, my lad," he said, "and I know that coolness and self-possession in the hour of danger are not so common as they might be. Let me know the name of my daughter's preserver."

"Robert Raymond."

"Are you going further east?"

"Yes, sir, as soon as I can. I am bound for New York."

"So am I. But I shall stop at the hotel till to-morrow. Why won't you stop over also and go on with us?"

This was an embarrassing question for Robert. The fact is, that his entire worldly wealth, so far as he carried it with him, consisted of twenty-five cents, and this, so far from enabling him from going on to New York, would not even pay for his breakfast, unless he confined himself to a very frugal one. He felt a little shame at confessing this to Major Woodley, who had the air of a man of large means, yet he could not help confessing to himself that it would be very agreeable for him to pursue his journey in company with the major and his daughter to New York. Of course he would become very well acquainted with the daughter, and this he thought he should like very much. He had never had a sister, and he

felt that she would be one to him. So he hesitated, and did not immediately answer the question asked.

"If this would interfere with any of your arrangements, or if you have other friends to travel with," proceeded Major Woodley, observing his hesitation, "don't hesitate to say so."

"It is not that," said Robert, "I am traveling alone."

"So I supposed, as I saw no one with you on the boat. Why then will you not join us?"

"I will tell you," said Robert, making up his mind to tell the truth. "I find myself out of money, and I shall be obliged to wait here until I can receive money enough from my guardian to pay my fare to New York."

"Does your guardian, then, live in New York?" asked the major.

"Yes, sir."

"May I ask his name? I have some considerable acquaintance in New York, and perhaps I may know him?"

"His name is Paul Morton. He is a merchant, I believe."

"Paul Morton?" repeated Major Woodley, in surprise. "Is he the guardian?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long has he been so?"

"Only a few weeks. My father was an early friend of his and died in his house. He left me to the charge of Mr. Morton."

"What was your father's name?" asked Major Woodley quickly.

"Ralph Raymond."

"Was he an Indian merchant?"

"Yes, sir. Did you know him?" asked Robert, eagerly.

"Intimately. I passed some time in India, and there I made your father's acquaintance. I valued him for his high honor and excellent qualities, and I am truly glad to have met his son. I did not know of his death. But of that and other things you must inform me at the hotel. You need not trouble yourself about want of money. Go with me and I will see you safely in New York."

Major Woodley ordered a carriage, and the party at once proceeded to the best hotel in the place. Breakfast was ordered, for the boat had arrived in the morning. After this meal was over, Major Woodley said: "Now, my young friend, tell me about your father's death."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

He'd Got Him Sure.

Who has seen the Washington monument in Baltimore, with the crouching bronze lion of Bayre near its base, will appreciate the story they tell about the rustic huntsman on his first visit to town. He was shown all the objects of interest in Baltimore one by one, but gave each only a passing glance and not even so much as a word of comment. When he came in sight of the Washington monument, however, a new light shot from his eye. At last it was obvious that something had been found to interest him. He scanned the shaft for some minutes, running his eye from the base to the point on which the statue stood and back again, then fastened his gaze on the crouching lion as if fascinated. His lips parted, and his city friends drew near to hear his criticisms of the sculptor's art. At last out came the words:

"B'gad, he's got the old man treed, ain't he?"

Would Make a Good Combination.

"I saw an item in a morning paper about a plain soda geyser in Kentucky," said Hollis Anderson, of Anacosta yesterday. "We have a little spring out in Montana that throws out a chemical compound that smells and tastes like a good grade of brandy. When I heard of the Kentucky spring of plain soda I wondered if it would pay to pipe the two into the great hotels of the country. All a guest would need to do would be to turn on the brandy-and-soda faucet at 10 a. m. and then he would not be compelled to listen for the clink of ice in the pitcher as the boy comes up the hall." In the boom days, four or five years ago, such a plan would have received encouragement, but now the American people are getting sick of booming. All they need is good rest.—St. Louis Republic.

A Matter of Cost.

Business-like Young Man—Is this where you issue licenses?

Official—It is.

"How much will I have to pay for a peddler's license?"

"Five dollars."

"Seems to me that is pretty steep. What does a marriage license cost?"

"Two dollars."

"That's more like it. Give me a marriage license."

Under Them Circumstances.

The tramp got away from the dog, but the dog got half of his wearing apparel as he cleared the gate.

"Why didn't you run when you seen him comin'?" inquired his partner, when they had reached a safe place.

"Run nothin'," he said indignantly. "Under them circumstances what a man needs is wings."—Detroit Free Press.

Nothing But the Truth.

"Were you discharged from your last place?"

"Yes, sir."

"What for?"

"Good behavior."

"How's that?"

"Well, sir, it took two years and six months off my term."

Impossible.

Spatts—I'm very sorry for that boy. Your scolding cut him to the quick.

Bloomer—That's impossible. He has no quick. He's a messenger boy.—Truth.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

"HOLY COMPULSION" AS A SERMON TEXT.

Dr. Talmage Relates Some of His Personal Experiences—Lights and Shadows of a Christian's Life—Luxuries of the Plain People of To-Day.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 16.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is still absent on his round-the-world tour, has selected for his sermon through the press for to-day: "Holy Compulsion," the text being Luke 11: 23: "And compel them to come in."

The plainest people in our day have luxuries which the kings and queens of olden times never imagined. I walked up and down the stairs of Holyhood palace—a palace that was considered one of the wonders of the world—and I said, "Can it be possible that this is all there was of this reputed wonderful place?" And this is the case in many other instances. There are fruits in Westchester county and on Long Island farms far better than the pomegranates and apricots of Bible times. Through all the ages there have been scenes of festivity, and the wealthy man of my text plans a great entertainment, and invites his friends. If one builds a beautiful home, he wants his acquaintances to come and enjoy it. If one buys an exquisite picture, he wants his friends to come and appreciate it; and it was a laudable thing when the wealthy man of my text, happy himself, wanted to make other people happy. And so the invitations went out; but something went very much wrong. You can imagine the embarrassment of any one who has provided a grand feast when he finds out that the guests invited do not intend to come. There is nothing that so provokes the master of the feast as that.

Well, these people invited to this great banquet of the text made most frivolous excuses. The fact was, I suppose, that some of them were offended that this man had succeeded so much better in the world than they had. There are people in all occupations and professions who consider it a wrong to them that anybody else is advanced. I suppose these people invited to the feast said among themselves, "We are not going to administer to that man's vanity, he is proud enough now; we won't go; beside that, we could all give parties if we made our money the way that man makes his."

So when the messengers went out with the invitations there was a unanimous refusal. One man said, "Oh, I have bought a farm, and I must go and look at it." He was a land speculator, and had no business to buy land until he knew about it. A frivolous excuse. Another man said, "I have bought five yoke of oxen." The probability is he was a speculator in live stock. He ought to have known about the oxen before he bought them. Beside that, if he had been very anxious to get to the feast, he could have hooked them up and driven them on the road there. Another frivolous excuse. Another man said, "Oh, I have married a wife, and I can't come"; when if he had said to his wife, "I have an invitation to a splendid dinner; it is highly complimentary to me; I should very much like to go; will you go along with me?" she would have said, "To be sure I will go." Another frivolous excuse. The fact was that they did not want to go.

"Now," said the great man of the feast, "I will not be defeated in this matter. I have with an honest purpose provided a banquet, and there are scores of people who would like to come if they were only invited. Here, my man, here you go, and when you find a blind man, give him your arm and fetch him in; and when you find a lame man, give him a crutch and fetch him in; and when you find a poor man, tell him that there is a plate for him in my mansion; and when you find some one who is so ragged and wretched that he has never been invited anywhere, then by the kindest tenderness and the most loving invitation any one ever had, compel him to come in."

Oh, my friends, it requires no acuteness on my part, or on your part, to see in all this affair that religion is a banquet. The table was set in Palestine a good many years ago, and the disciples gathered around it, and they thought they would have a good time all by themselves, but while they sat by the table the leaves began to grove and spread, and one leaf went to the east and another leaf went to the west, until the whole earth was covered up with them, and the clusters from the heavenly vineyard were piled up on the board, and the trumpets and harps of eternity made up the orchestra, and as this wine of God is pressed to the lips of a sinner, bleeding, suffering, dying, groaning world, a voice breaks from the heavens, saying, "Drink, O friends; yea, drink, O beloved! O blessed Lord Jesus, the best friend I ever had, was there ever such a table? Was there ever such a banquet?"

From the cross uplifted high, Where the Favour designs to die, What melodious sounds I hear Bursting on the ravished ear! Heaven's redeeming work is done, Come, and welcome; sinner, come. Religion is a joyous thing, I do not want to hear anybody talk about religion as though it were a funeral. I do not want anybody to whine in the prayer meeting about the kingdom of God. I do not want any man to roll up his eyes, giving in that way evidence of his sanctity. The men and women of God whom I happen to know, for the most part, find religion a great joy. It is exhilaration to the body. It is invigoration to the mind. It is rapture to the soul. It is balm

for all wounds. It is light for all darkness. It is a harbor from all storms, and though God knows that some of them have trouble enough now, they rejoice because they are on the way to the congratulations eternal.

I stopped one nightfall, years ago, at Freyburg, Switzerland, to hear the organ of world-wide celebrity in that place. I went into the cathedral at nightfall. All the accessories were favorable. There was only one light in all the cathedral, and that a faint taper on the altar. I looked up into the venerable arches and saw the shadows of centuries, and when the organ awoke, the cathedral awoke, and all the arches seemed to lift and quiver as the music came under them. That instrument did not seem to be made out of wood and metal, but out of human hearts, so wonderfully did it pulsate with every motion; now laughing like a child, now sobbing like a tempest. At one moment the music would die away until you could hear the cricket chirp outside the wall, and then it would roll up until it seemed as if the surge of the sea and the crash of an avalanche had struck the organ pipes at the same moment. At one time that night it seemed as if a squadron of spirits weeping up from earth had met a squadron of descending angels whose glory beat back the woe. Standing there and looking at the dim taper on the altar of the cathedral, I said: "How much like many a Christian's life! Shadows hover, and sometimes his hope is dim, and faint, and flickering, like a taper on the altar. But at what time God wills, the heavens break forth with music upon his soul, and the air becomes resonant as the angels of God beat it with their shining scepters."

Oh, the Lord God! as many fair and beautiful daughters; but the fairest of them all is she whose ways are pleasantness and whose paths are peace! Now, my brothers and sisters—for I have a right to call you also—I know some people look back on their ancestral line, and they see they are descended from the Puritans or Huguenots, and they rejoice in that; but I look back on my ancestral line, and I see therein such a mingling and mixture of the blood of all nationalities that I feel akin to all the world, and by the blood of the Son of God, who died for all people, I address you in the bonds of universal brotherhood. I come out as only a servant, bringing an invitation to a party, and I put it into your hand, saying, "Come, for all things are now ready," and I urge it upon you and continue to urge it, and, before I get through, I hope, by the blessing of God, to compel you to come in.

We must take care how we give the invitation. My Christian friends, I think some times we have just gone opposite to Christ's command, and we have compelled people to stay out. Some times our elaborated instructions have been the hindrance. We graduate from our theological seminaries on stilts, and it takes five or six years before we can come down and stand right beside the great masses of the people, learning their joys, sorrows, victories, defeats. We get our heads so brimful of theological wisdom that we have to stand very straight lest they spill over. Now, what do the great masses of the people care about the technicalities of religion? What do they care about the hypostatic union or the difference between sub-lapsarian and supra-lapsarian? What do they care for your profound explanations, clear as a London fog? When a man is drowning he does not want you to stand by the dock and describe the nature of the water into which he has fallen, and tell him there are two parts hydrogen gas and one of oxygen gas, within common density of thirty-nine Fahrenheit, turning to steam under a common atmospheric pressure of two hundred and twelve. He does not want a chemical lecture on water; he wants a rope.

Oh, my friends, the curse of God on the church, it seems to me, in this day, is metaphysics. We speak in an unknown tongue in our Sabbath schools, and in our religious assemblages, and in our pulpits, and how can people be saved unless they understand us? We put on our official gowns, and we think the two silk balloons flapping at the eldovs of a preacher give him great sanctity. The river of God's truth flows down before us pure and clear as crystal; but we take our theological stick and stir it up, and stir it up, until we can not see the bottom. Oh, for the simplicity of Christ in all our instructions—the simplicity he practiced when standing among the people, he took a lily, and said, "There is a lesson of the way I will clothe you;" and, pointing to a raven, said, "There is a lesson of the way I will feed you; consider the lilies—behold the fowls."

I think often in our religious instructions we compel people to stay out by our church architecture. People come in and they find things angular, and cold, and stiff, and they go away never again to come; when the church ought to be a great home circle, everybody having a hymn book, giving half of it to the one next to him, every one who has a hand to shake hands, shaking hands—the church architecture and the church surroundings saying to the people, "Come in and be at home." Instead of that, I think all these surroundings often compel the people to stay out. Now, let us all repent of our sins and begin on the other track, and by our heartiness of affection, and warmth of manner, and imploration of the Spirit of God, compel the people to come in. How shall we lead sinners to accept the Lord's invitation? I think we must certainly begin by a holy life. We must be better men, better women, before we can compel the people to come into the kingdom of Jesus Christ. There are fine essays being written in this

day about science and religion. I tell you the best argument in behalf of our holy Christianity: it is a good man, a good woman, a life all consecrated to Christ. No infidel can answer it. Oh, let us by a holy example compel the people to come in.

I read of a minister of the gospel who was very fond of climbing among the Swiss mountains. One day he was climbing among very dangerous places, and thought himself all alone, when he heard a voice beneath him say, "Father, look out for the safe path, I am following;" and he looked back and he saw that he was climbing not only for himself, but climbing for his boy. O, let us be sure and take the safe path! Our children are following, our partners in business are following, our neighbors are following, a great multitude stepping right on in our steps. O, be sure and take the right path! Exhibit a Christian example, and so by your godly walk compel the people to come in.

I think there is also work in the way of kindly admonition. I do not believe there is a person in this house who, if approached in a kindly and brotherly manner, would refuse to listen. If you are rebuffed, it is because you lack in tact and common-sense. But oh, how much effective work there is in the way of kindly admonition! There are thousands of men all round about you who have never had one personal invitation to the cross. Give that one invitation, and you would be surprised at the alacrity with which they would accept it.

I tell you to-day, my friends, of a great salvation. Do you understand what it is to have a Saviour? He took your place. He bore your sins. He wept your sorrows. He is here now to save your soul. A soldier, worn out in his country's service took to the violin as a mode of earning his living. He was found in the streets of Vienna, playing his violin, but after a while his hand became feeble and tremulous, and he could no more make music. One day, while he sat there weeping, a man passed along and said, "My friend, you are too old and too feeble; give me your violin;" and he took the man's violin, and began to discourse most exquisite music, and the people gathered around in larger and larger multitudes, and the aged man held his hat, and the coin poured in and poured in until the hat was full. "Now," said the man who played the violin, "put that coin in your pockets." The coin was put in the old man's pockets. Then he held his hat again, and the violinist played more sweetly than ever, and played until some of the people wept and some shouted. And again the hat was filled with coin. Then the violinist dropped the instrument and passed off, and the whisper went, "Who is it? who is it?" and some one just entering the crowd said, "Why, that is Bucher, the great violinist, known all through the realm; yes, that is the great violinist." The fact was, he had just taken that man's place and assumed his poverty, and borne his burden, and played his music, and earned his livelihood, and made sacrifice for the poor old man. So the Lord Jesus Christ comes down, and he finds us in our spiritual penury, and across the strings of his own broken heart he strikes a strain of infinite music, which wins the attention of earth and heaven. He takes our poverty. He plays our music. He weeps our sorrow. He dies our death. A sacrifice for you. A sacrifice for me.

Oh, will you accept this sacrifice now? I do not single out this and that man, and this and that woman. But I say all may come. The sacrifice is so great, all may be saved. Does it not seem to you as if heaven was very near? I can feel its breath on my cheek. God is near, Christ is near. The Holy Spirit is near. Ministering angels are near. Your glorified kindred in heaven near. Your glorified mother near. Your departed children near. Your redemption is near.

Bringing Up Children.

Few mothers know just how to govern their children. If a neighbor calls in to have a chat, she don't like to be interrupted every few moments by the noise of half a dozen children. "Give me some bread and butter, mother." "Jane has broken my doll, mother." "Jim has snatched my bread, and I go out and play a little while?" These, and other such questions, mingled with cries and boisterous laughter, are not very entertaining to company. Some mothers allow their little ones to draw their chairs up to the table as soon as they begin to spread it for a meal, and they will spat the plates with their hands, claw the biscuits, finger the sugar-bowl, make landscapes on the butter-ball, put the knives and forks in their mouths, etc. If they are allowed to do so when no one beside the family is present, recollect you will have an unpleasant job to keep them from doing so when company is at hand. And, if you succeed in accomplishing the task, the feat is about as thin as to drop in suddenly upon a lady at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and find her rushing about the room with a broom in her hand. It is a sorry thing to hear children calling out at the table: "Give me some more meat; I won't have that! Give me a piece like Tom's; I want some bread; not that old piece of crust! Why in thunder didn't you give me some tea!" etc., etc. Who is to blame for such unmanly procedure? Of course it is not for me to say; but any one can guess right the first time, without stopping to think a great while. Some children will be sure to run into the house if a visitor calls, in order to hear what is said; and frequently we meet with children that take the lead in conversation. What a shame, to bring children up in such a manner, when it would be just as easy to make little ladies and gentlemen of them.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues. In Japanese saws the teeth point toward the handle. There's not one wise man among twenty will praise himself.