

BY MARY B. FINCH.  
"Wherever in the world I am,  
I have a friendship with hearts  
To keep and cultivate;  
I have a friendship with hearts  
To keep and cultivate;  
For the Lord on whom I wait.

I ask Thee for the daily strength,  
To none that ask denied.  
I have a friendship with hearts  
To keep and cultivate;  
I have a friendship with hearts  
To keep and cultivate;  
For the Lord on whom I wait.

On by one bright gift from heaven,  
Let the whole strength go to each;  
Let no future gift be left to me,  
Learn first what those can teach.

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John. And we all dress alike—like  
mutes at a funeral."  
"Like what?" John Fay burst into  
a loud laugh. "You are a dear little  
woman, Annie, but you never originate  
of that remark. I don't believe I like  
the style," he added, after a pause. "But  
do as you please, dear."

It was hard to say "no" to his little  
wife. "At least you can buy the cloak  
at Morton & Brier's; and be sure to  
make the money go as far as you can."  
"I will, John; it shall go as far as  
New York," she replied, with a happy  
laugh, throwing her arms around his  
neck and giving him an enthusiastic  
hug.

She wrote her letter to New York at  
Mrs. Jupp's dictation, and the samples  
came in due time.  
John turned them over quizzically:  
"Couldn't you judge better of the color  
and quality to see them in a whole  
piece, rather than in such a little scrap  
as this?"

"O, what a silly John! Of course  
not; when I can examine them at my  
leisure now, with no sunny clerk to  
smother them out of my hands or talk me  
into buying what I don't want at all!"

A long hour was spent in this inspec-  
tion.  
"Do—do you think it had better be  
mixed goods or plain?"

John was good-natured. He laid down  
his newspaper to raise the bits of cloth  
again in his great hands. "Do you call  
that mixed?" singing out a scrap all  
knobs and long, loose hairs, and vying  
with Joseph's coat in colors—the latest  
fashion of women's gowns.

"Yes, to be sure."  
"Well, then, dear, I should say, let us  
have it plain."

So she chose a soft, warm basket-  
cloth in dull maroon. Six yards, \$18!  
But it was double width and these new  
goods were expensive. The price ran  
as high as \$5 a yard; three was moder-  
ate. And there would be enough for a  
long season and then, last consideration  
of prudent mind—it would "make over"  
admirably.

Then the silk (for this was to be a  
silk and satin suit). Mrs. Jupp laid said that  
silk were to be got at almost any price  
now. And not to be mean or buy a poor  
quality. Mrs. Fay had fixed her price at  
\$15.50 a yard.

But a scrap at \$2 just matched her  
cloak. And, as the most of the samples  
ranged at prices even higher, with an  
impetuous which characterized the  
movements of the small woman who  
mildly ruled the Fay family, she decided  
upon this. Seven yards—no, eight—it  
was well to have a piece left, and there  
should be a bonnet to match. Eight it  
must be. She sent her order in haste  
and then waited the result in excitement  
which held in it more of a note of re-  
pentance as the days went by.

Early in the afternoon of the third,  
an express wagon, a man and an enor-  
mous bag appeared at her door. She  
ran to open it. She took the precious  
parcel which bore her name and placed it  
carefully within the sanctities of the  
parlor, while the man was fumbling for  
the bill.

"Thirty-four dollars, ma'am."  
She had the exact amount in her  
hand. She had had the exact amount  
within reach for the last two days.

"Write your name just there," And  
Mrs. Fay wrote her name where the  
purple and black finger pointed grimly  
—in characters very like the trembling  
ones with which she had written, "Yes,  
dear John," two years before, in reply to  
a certain letter which need not be fur-  
ther mentioned here.

"And a dollar for the express."  
"I thought it was fifty cents."  
"Both ways, ma'am, you know, C. O.  
D., No. 8, did not know; not at the  
moment certainly; but she slipped a  
50-cent piece slyly back into her pocket  
and paid him the dollar he demanded.

She did not open the parcel at once.  
She sat down to do a sum in mental  
arithmetic. Thirty-five dollars from \$20  
left \$15; and there were the linings and  
trimmings, the dressmaker and Susan  
James to be provided for. And Aunt  
Maria's cloak! She had entirely for-  
gotten the cloak! There was no im-  
patience in the fingers that untied the  
strings as she prepared to inspect the  
new dress. She had lost her enthusiasm  
over it already.

Horror of horrors! Could that be her  
silk? as a broad ray of sunlight struck  
upon it. It was by no means the same  
shade as the dress. Could the dress-  
maker have made a mistake? But no;  
she compared a scrap of the sample  
which she had chosen and a bit of which  
she had withheld. It was the same.  
Was it possible that it could appear so  
different when seen in the piece?

But there was no help for it now; and  
with that reflection the last ray of  
pleasure in her new purchase vanished  
from her mind. Not even John's com-  
mendation could enliven her. "Why,  
you're as pretty as a picture!" said he,  
the same night, when she had twisted  
the soft woolsen stuff about her figure  
and stood waiting under the gaslight  
for his inspection. The silk she had  
purchased and thankfully banished from  
sight. The dull maroon hue had  
brightened to a rich crimson under the  
light.

"And did the money hold out?"  
"Y—es." But the reply came faintly,  
and Mrs. Jupp running in the next morn-  
ing, found her friend poring over the  
"supplement" to a fashion paper, her  
smooth forehead drawn into two dreadful  
wrinkles, while she studied with despair-  
ing eyes this sheet of lines and angles,  
bicycles and moons, parallelograms,  
hopelessly confused and inextricably en-  
tangled.

"They are patterns!" said Mrs. Fay,  
as though she would have added, "Could  
you ever believe it?" "I thought per-  
haps I might cut my dress myself."  
"Goodness, child! Did you ever do  
such a thing?"

"No; but people do."  
"They don't begin with a handsome  
suit, however. Do you want to spoil it—  
to ruin the whole dress, besides wast-  
ing the material and the money you have  
spent for it?"

The last was an argument, and Mrs.  
Fay laid by her sheet of hazy figures  
with a sigh, and prepared to listen to  
reason, as Mrs. Jupp called it, by ar-  
ranging to take the latter's dress-maker  
for her hands for one day, which Mrs.  
Jupp desired to spend out of town.  
Perhaps she could make up for the ex-  
pense by cutting off three of Susan  
James's days.

The day and the dress-maker came.  
"It is a good, heavy piece of silk," said

the latter, testing it between thumb and  
finger.  
It was. It weighed like lead upon  
Mrs. Fay's mind. The dressmaker laid  
it against the woolsen goods, opened her  
eyes, then closed them again, prudently;  
but Mrs. Fay saw the movement. No,  
it did not match. Had not Mrs. Jupp  
already remarked it? And was not the  
maroon turned to purple by the prox-  
imity of the silk, as any one could see?

"I should have thought that you  
would have bought American silk. They  
usually offer it at Morton & Brier's  
to make up for these heavy goods. It  
wears so much better and costs less,  
you know, by a good deal; being so  
much wider, too, it cuts to better ad-  
vantage."

"It came from New York," said poor  
creedfallen Mrs. Fay. But there was no  
pride in her voice.

Miss Mudge was measuring it off from  
her nose to the ends of her fingers.  
"Eight yards! That will never do—not  
if you take off three-quarters for a bon-  
net and face the skirt. It will not trim  
it handsomely."

"I thought it a large pattern," falter-  
ed Mrs. Fay.  
"Well, yes—of American silk. But a  
couple of yards more will do; and you  
had better send for it at once. Per-  
haps you may as well say three while  
you are about it. A scrap over is never  
out of place. This is a very pretty bat-  
tle-cloth," she went on, diplomatically,  
for Mrs. Fay's face revealed her chagrin.  
"I saw the same at Morton's; two dol-  
lars and a half, was it not?"

"Two dollars and a half! It was  
three. And it can not be the same. I  
sent to New York for this." Mrs. Fay  
could have cried with vexation.

"You sent to New York?" The dress-  
maker's sharp eyes measured Mrs. Fay  
and the plainly furnished bedroom  
where the cutting was going on with  
one keen, calculating glance. But she  
said nothing more. And Mrs. Fay sent  
to New York for three additional yards  
of silk. Her heart sank as she broke  
her last \$10 bill to pay for this and the  
necessary linings and facings, buttons  
and cord, without which no feminine  
garment can be brought into existence.  
And Aunt Maria's cloak shrank more in  
its proportions until it entirely passed  
out of sight.

"I shall do the rest myself," she said  
to Susan James, as the latter laid by her  
work at the end of her third day.

"Do you think you can?" There was  
disappointment in Susan's faded eyes.  
"That blind stitch is hard to do nicely if  
one is not used to it."

Poor Susan! Even one more day  
would be something. It would earn her  
the price of a New Year dinner. Work was  
not easily found in these days, and she  
had depended upon it almost a week  
here.

"I am sorry; and I know it isn't easy  
to do." The tears were in Mrs. Fay's  
eyes; was she not worn out with it al-  
ready? "But, indeed, Susan, I must do it."

So Susan folded the waist neatly and  
laid it with a lingering hand beside the  
skirts on Mrs. Fay's own bed, then  
donned her old, worn cloak and went  
away.

When the dress was at last finished  
and put on for John's inspection, the  
night before New Year, not even the  
warm bright hue could bring a trace of  
color to the pale, worn face of the wear-  
er. But John did not notice it.

"Yes," he said, absently, "it is very  
pretty, dear, and I'm glad if you enjoy  
it—but it has cost me more than I can  
well afford."

A shiver ran all the way down little  
Mrs. Fay's spine. She could not ask  
what he meant. Was it Susan James?  
Was it—

"I suppose you told somebody that  
you got in New York. At any rate Mor-  
ton & Brier heard that my wife had been  
buying a fifty-dollar dress in New York  
and Morton said that two could play at  
that game. So he went down to Har-  
tford and bought the steam-heater he  
was looking at for the store, and Brier  
ordered another for his home."

"It was that dress-maker! She must  
have told it. I always thought she  
looked like a spiteful thing, and I didn't  
ask her to our table," gasped Mrs. Fay,  
growing whiter still.

"Very likely; I only know I have lost  
their trade, which is a good deal in these  
times. But don't let it distress you,  
dear." He was frightened at the ex-  
pression of his wife's face. "It is too  
late to mend it. Let us think of some-  
thing else." And he drew her down  
upon his knee. "What have you got for  
Aunt Maria?"

"I have got her—I have made her,"  
Mrs. Fay began hysterically. "O John!  
—I have got her a ginger-jar."

"A ginger-jar? No wonder John Fay  
stared.

"Don't laugh." And Mrs. Fay pro-  
ceeded to further astonish her husband  
by bursting into tears. "It is de-  
cided, you know, and—looks almost  
like Kyoto, Mrs. Jupp says. I can't tell  
you, John—but everything costs so  
much, and the silk was too narrow, and  
I had to get more, and—and there  
wasn't any money left for the cloak."

"I see how it is," said kind John, who  
knew more than she dreamed. He  
gathered her up in his arms and essayed  
to soothe the frightful sobs. "We  
have learned a good lesson, though a  
hard one, haven't we, little woman? We  
will patronize home institutions—at  
least until we draw our income from  
abroad."

The next day John Fay took his old  
overcoat quietly to the tailor's and had  
it rebound, countermarching his order  
for a new one, and Aunt Maria had her  
new cloak after all; and happening to  
meet Morton on the street, who gave  
him the cold shoulder, he stopped him  
and told him the whole transaction,  
since it was too late to benefit himself  
by the story. The result of which was  
that it was not too late at all. The  
truth had been only half told. The  
Hartford order had been threatened, not  
carried out, and the steam heaters were  
bought of John Fay himself.

Susan James was surprised by an in-  
vitation to a dinner on New Year's day.  
Of course she came and she contrived to  
take a few useful stitches upon the new  
dress. That "blind stitch" had  
been indeed very trying to the unskilled  
needle. And the dinner was a happy  
affair—John even proposing a toast at  
its conclusion:

"Our neighbors—let us do unto others  
as we would that others should do to  
us."

Dear, blundering John! Both Susan

and Aunt Maria took it to them-  
selves, and thought it extremely ap-  
propriate and drank it in cold water  
with tears of gratitude in their eyes.  
But John Fay and his wife smiled  
another meaning across the table to  
each other.

Looking at Judge Gresham.  
At this time the eyes of many men are  
turning to Judge Walter G. Gresham, of  
Indiana. In good respects he can truly  
be regarded the strongest man in the  
republican party. He has not Mr.  
Blaine's personal magnetism, and could  
not conduct so good a burrah campaign.  
But he has an admirable record, both  
military and civil; and he has the confidence  
of the business element, and he has com-  
mended himself to the workmen and  
anti-monopolists by his prompt and de-  
cisive dealing with Jay Gould in the  
matter of the Wabash system. If the  
convention is not swept by a wave of  
enthusiasm for Blaine it is not impos-  
sible that Judge Gresham will be the next  
republican nominee.—Buffalo News.

The Wahoo Wasp gives the following  
account which may serve to render some  
of our readers more cautious:

On Wednesday evening the little five  
year old daughter of W. H. Whittings  
accidentally struck the bird in a pocket  
and she was immediately taken to her  
bed. She was attempting to cut something  
by drawing the knife toward her when it  
slipped and she drew it right into her  
eye. The eye was immediately closed, Dr.  
Bush is attending her and hopes to  
bring her through with the loss of only  
the injured eye.

The shadow of the early morning  
friendship with the wicked; it dwin-  
dles, hour by hour. But friendship with  
the good increases, like the evening  
shadows, till the sun of life sets.

The approved name for traveling  
drummers is "commercial evangelists."  
Indianapolis Herald.

If you would have your desires always  
effectual, place them on things which  
are in your power to attain.

A parish in New England has a person  
who rings a bell, plays the organ, leads  
the singing and in the winter cuts the  
wood.

All passes. Art alone  
Educing stays to us;  
The good, the true, the brave,  
The calm, the serene.

The Piqueuse says a young man of  
society out making a call may wear two  
watches and yet not know when it is  
time to go home.

The goose hisses at everything and  
applauds nothing. There are human  
critics at a performance quite as hard to  
please.

The Umbrella with the solid silver  
handles stays "borrowed" as well as any  
other.

VICTOR HUGO.  
New Stories of His Vigor and His Remark-  
able Resilience—His Tenacious  
Memory.

The publisher of the magnificent new  
edition of Victor Hugo's com-  
plete works, Messrs. H. S. G. Co., has  
issued the first part of the "Life" of the  
poet, written by the brilliant Parisian  
literateur, M. Louis Ulbach, writes a  
Paris correspondent of the New York  
Graphic.

Victor Hugo, and contains many fresh  
anecdotes and descriptions. Victor Hugo  
had a remarkably tenacious memory.  
He could always remember the names of  
the persons who had been with him, and  
the other remains of the Arabian domina-  
tion were never effaced. Many years  
later, when he produced his "Orient-  
alism," he critics wondered how this  
poet could have remembered the names of  
land and people that he had not seen.

"It is a singular fact," says M. Ulbach,  
"that this easy-chair orientalist, who  
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"I was saying that I liked the Bohem-  
ian dance."  
"You interrupted Victor Hugo shaking  
his head, while a smile spread over his  
face," you said that you liked bull  
fights?"

But enough on the text of this fasci-  
nating volume. Now a few words on the  
rich illustrations that are scattered  
through it. There are three portraits of  
Victor Hugo—one by M. Adrien Didier,  
the well-known French engraver, copied  
from a photograph made by Charles  
Hugo, the father of George and Jeanne,  
at Jersey in 1853. The face is clean-  
shaven, and the dark hair falls in heavy  
locks about his forehead. But per-  
haps the most interesting of the  
colored portraits, after Dange's  
original water-color, is the Victor Hugo  
as we know him, with his short, white  
hair, his stubby, frosty beard, and his  
four-score years. The third is the post-  
er on his death-bed, drawn by the painter  
Edmond Dupain. The volume also con-  
tains an engraving of the superb cata-  
logue designed by the famous architect  
Charles Garnier, placed under the  
Arc de Triomphe on the occasion of the  
festival of the republic; and one of the pic-  
turesque house, Rue Notre Dame des  
Vieilles, which Victor Hugo inhabited  
at the time of