

Faithful.

A long bare ward in the hospital; A dving girl in the narrow bed; A nurse, whose footsteps lightly fall, soothing softly that restless head.

slain by the man she learned to love, Beaten, murdered and flung away; None beheld it but God above, And she who bore it. And there she lat

"A little drink of water, dear?" slowly the white lips gasp and sip. "Let me turn you over, so you can hear. While I let the ice on your temple drip."

past coldness.

Bernard had been an affectionate but

a dissipated husband; and if his wife

grieved for him it was not as one with-

out hope. Little Philip, her idol, now

two years old, was left her, and she

And now he was gone! Three years

old, and so ventursome! How had he

cluded servants and mother and play-

park had enticed him, and he was gone.

Every effort had been made, search, ad-

vertisements, rewards ofiered, but in

vain; and the finding of that little body

with the golden hair in curls about the

face had satisfied her. A curl had been

given the mother, and putting it side by

side with one she had cut from Philip's

not be told apart.

turned to him with all her heart.

A look of terror disturbs her face; Firm and silent those pale lips close; A stranger stands in the nurse's place; "Tell us who hurt you, for no one knows,

A glitter of joy is in her eye, Faintly she whispers: "Nobody did." And one tear christens the loving lie From the heart in that wounded bosom hid.

Nobody did it!" she says again; Nobody hurt me!" Her eyes grow dim But in that spasm of mortal pain, she says to herself, "I've saved you, Jim!"

Day by day as the end draws near, To centle question or stern demand Only that one response they hear, Though she lift to heaven her wasted hand:

Nobody hurt me?" They see her die; The same word still on her latest breath: With a tranquil smile she tells her lie, And glad goes down to the gates of death.

Beaten, murdered, but faithful still, Loving above all wrong and woe, It she has gone to a land of ill, Where, oh! saint, shall we others go?

I'ven, I think, that evil man Has hope of a better life in him, When she so loved him her last words ran: "Nobody hurt me! I've saved you, Jim!"

RIGHTED AT LAST.

darling's body lay, and where his inno-He was gone then! There was no cent soul had taken wing. Shut up in hope! His little cap, the shoes, and this secluded house, which to her was tacket, found on the bank where he had not a home, she abandoned herself to hid them when he went in to bathe- grief, But after a year was past she was silly child!-had not been enough to obliged to rouse herself. Her health convince the mother that her missing was failing, and the good vicar, one of boy was lost to her. Yet it was close to her faithful friends, could no longer where the river fell into the sea, and refrain from reproof.

where the tide was strong-how, then, Mrs. Beaufort was not selfish, and she could she hope? But this latter news, was not irreligious. At the call she the finding of this half-decayed body of lifted her head, looked about the world a little boy, which the finder had been outside of her retreat, and saw work

ousins, the elder having the mannor for | earnestly when permission was accorded. That was all, but it was enough to life, the eldest son of the younger to inchange all the world for this tender, herit it at his death. The childless widow rose up and went lonely heart.

out of the sorrowful home that had been hers but a year and a half. No sympathy nor kindness were offered her now. and richer ladies would gladly have had They paid her the moderate provision his preference!" "There is a little boy waiting to see that had been assured her, and said "good-bye," with no invitation to remain

sary to them, and they could resent her for you." "Who is he?" Mrs. Beaufort asked. Even when her husband died, six

months after their coming to the progentleman's son." perty, she did not much seek their com-"You can send him to me," Mrs. panionship, though they then redoubled their attention, as their hopes increased. Beaufort said.

her. She merely glanced at him, she read.

It was written coarsely by an ignorant person, and the name signed was that of a man-servant who had lived at the man-

mates? He had done so, in spite of or when she had been ousted, a retainer every care. The river running past their of her husband's relatives. It was dated Calcutta, and marked "Important." "MADAM: I think you would do well to adopt this boy as your son. Perhaps you will like him almost as well. He is known him since he was two years old. If you want any more information, ask it of yours to command, JOHN SLADE.

A strange enough note, presuming and lived. head only a month before, they could inexplicable. She dropped it and looked at the messenger, a straight, well-formed Mrs. Beaufort did not return to boy, with slender hands and feet. His America, as they had expected. She took hair was light, and curled loosely like a cottage near and lived in it. She could other hair she had seen. His large vionot leave the neighborhood where her

let eves were like other eyes she had seen before, his mouth, the dimple in the chin, the turn of the head-She gazed on him a moment, like one in a trance, then started.

"Heavens, boy! what is your name? she cried. "Who are you?" "My name is Phil Phillips," he an-

swered, with a smile that went to the heart, with a voice that set her trembling. "I don't know who I am. I

years old." "But this man, this John Slade, says

Woman, Her Influence.

The influence of females upon the character, morals and destiny of the nation cannot be too often noticed. Al- he fought the Indians and Mexicans, but "How good he is to think of me who though they use means which are si- the present generation had gone by and have nothing, when so many younger lently employed, they make a deep and left him stranded on the shores of time, lasting impression. Woman works upon poor and forgotten. Around his bed

the heart: man upon the intellect. Many a man casts himself upon the sea of life, you, ma'm," the servant said when she and wave after wave of disappointment or visit them. She was no longer neces- entered the cottage. "He has a letter rolls upon him. Back he turns from the public, and in private despairs of ever

trying to do or to be anybody. But a "He is a stranger, madam, and a pret- woman comes to him, with an outty lad. I think he is a sailor like, but a stretched arm, to aid him by kind words and sympathy. She says, in her melodi-

ous voice, a deal of sympathy seeming to come to him in it: "Arise, my friend! She entered the parlor, and in a few Go forth once more. I will aid theemoments the messengers stood before God will prosper you." Forth he goes, and although he meets disappointments scarcely moving, as he gave her the note, he labors on, and after a time comes out and stood, cap in hand, before her as a bright, good man; a blessing to humanity, made such by iufluence of a

woman. When Columbus braved the perils of

unknown seas to add America to the world, it was the white hand of a woman that fitted him for his daring voyage of discovery. So woman equips man every day for the voyage of life. Most of our noted men speak of the influence of smart little fellow, and has no bad their mothers, and not a few say that habits, and he has no father. I have their mothers influence them, put into them the desire to be somebody, to make the world better for their having

> Richard Cecil speaks of the prayers and counsels of his mother, how her influence made him better, and closes by saying: "Those prayers and counsels time will never efface from my memory. They form a part of my very constitution." Gambetta says his mother made him. His father desired him to be a tradesman, but his mother, unbeknown to the father, sent him to Paris to at tend school. Placing a bag of money in Gambetta's hand, she said;

"This, my hoy, is to pay your way for a year. A trunk full of clothes is ready for you. Try and come home somebody." He went to Sorbomse, hired the was picked up at sea when I was three cheapest room and worked hard. His father was angry at his leaving home,

but Prof. Valetta mollified him, and per-

Death of an Old Veteran.

The Way to Wealth. The old man was dying. He had been The way to wealth, observes an old author, is open to all who are industria man of might in his young day, when ous and frugal, both with respect to their money and time; for time well employed is certain to bring money, as money well spent is certain of gaining were gathered a few old friends. His more. Lay down a regular estimate of two sons, men with gray beards, well on your time, and what you must do in each particular hour and each particular in years, were there at his bedside, while his aged companion through many long day, and you will in one month acquire years of hardship, wrung his cold stiffenhabits of punctuality that will be astoning fingers in mute agony. One of the ishing even to yourself, and which will sons leaned over, and asked in eager, gain for you a character for accuracy heartrending tones, that cannot fail to raise your credit, the

"Father, don't vou know me?"

prize that all aim at, but few obtain. A Alas! the old veteran had taken his punctual man is sure to be respected, last farewell of his loved ones. His and he is almost sure of thriving and thoughts, if any he had, were with the becoming rich, for punctuality compredead, and not with the living. A startled hends industry and foresight, two of the change came over his wrinkled features. most powerful instruments of procuring His forehead became knotted as with wealth. suppressed rage, the dim eyes lighted up

On the same subject, Dr. Franklin savs: Remember this-"the good paywith a tiger-like fury, the lines about the mouth were as if chiseled in granite, master is lord of another man's purse;' and through the clenched teeth came the he that is known to pay punctually, and hoarse whisper. exactly to the time he promises, may at

"Remember the Alamo!"

any time and on any occasion raise all Several of those about the bedside the money his friends can spare. This nodded and the whisper went around, is sometimes of great fise. After indus-"He is charging the Mexicans at San try and frugality, nothing contributes Jacinto."

But it was only a moment, and the the world than punctuality and justice fierce expression gave way to one of un- in all his dealings; therefore never keep utterable tenderness. Like a sudden borrowed money an hour beyond the gleam of sunshine on some ancient ruin, | time you promised, lest a disappointa smile played over the weather-beaten ment shut up your friend's purse forfeatures, the lips parted, and those only ever. nearest him heard him whisper,

"Come, little May; come to your own papa."

a mistake that many people who have credit fall into. To prevent this, keep The sons exchanged quick glances, but said nothing. For more than forty years an exact account, for some time, both that name had never passed his lips. She of your expenses and your income. If was the only daughter and his pride. He you take the pains at first to mention never forgave her, and when she sent particulars, it will have this good effect him word she was dving, and wanted to -you will discover how wonderfully small, trifling expenses mount up to see him once more before she crossed the dark river, he set his face as a flint, large sums, and will discern what might have been and may for the future be and never went near her, but he certainly sees her now. For look! the pale saved, without occasioning any great inconvenience. lips move-once more that smile of un-

In short, the way to wealth, if you utterable tenderness, as he whispers, desire it, is as plain as the way to mar-"Come, little girl, get your hat, and we will go out and see the pretty flowers ket. It depends chiefly on two wordsand the birds." The group of watchers bent over the

industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A Parisian paper asserts that American ladies are queens of the skating club; that no French woman can equal them in grace and agility.

Waterbury, Connecticut, must conain some tough citizens. The average cost of converting sinners there, accordng to the calculation of a pastor, is 800 dollars apiece.

Although a woman-Angelica Kauffnan-was one of the earliest members of the corporation, the Royal Academy will not accept any of the women's names proposed to them for membership.

Mrs. Crocker, the widow of Judge Crocker, the California Crossus, has built greenhouse in which she proposes to cultivate flowers for free distribution to the poor, who may come and take as liberally as they please.

Mrs. Langtry is credited with making "high-heeled, low cut patent leather shoes, short shirts and amber colored silk stockings with bright gold clocks," "acceptable and fashionable," even to those of good taste and quiet dress.

Miss Olive Risley Seward has given more to the raising of a young man in her rare collection of objects of interest, gathered in her tour round the world, and worth several thousand dollars, to the Art Loan Exhibition in Washington in behalf of the training school for nurses.

> Miss Jessie Pearl Hilder is the name of a pretty little 7-year old miss, who was recently on her way to San Francisco "all by herself." The brave young traveler went through all the way from Joliet, Ill., in charge of only the conductor.

> Philadelphia has been rejoicing in a new kind of fancy dress party, at which each male guest is given a character to support and requested to send a valentine to his corresponding female character without being informed who she

A machine has been invented in France to make real lace, and the work is exactly like hand work. All kinds of lace are to be made by this machine in different designs, and each design will be drawn by specialists, the same as in hand-made lace. Miss Bertha von Hillern, who won her fame as a walker, is now likely to win much more as an artist. She has 'ast returned from an eight months' tramp on a sketching exhibition, and her paintings now on exhibition excite much admiration. The schoolboys of Paris are being ofrmed into battalions of 600, divided into four companies. They are armed with a light rifle, manufactured expressly for them, with sword bayonet, and are uniformed with trousers, blouse and Scotch bonnet. They are drilled once a week, and execute various artillery maneuvers once a month. There are now 23,000 young soldiers enrolled. aged from eleven to thirteen years,

ed to bury at once-this was too enough to do. At that sight her energy plain to be denied. She must give him

Mrs. Beaufort closed her doors and sat down in her splendid mansion to life had no charm for her. mourn. Her servants came and went year that he had been master of Beaufort Manor.

He had been separated from his had cared nothing for him, till old Mr. boy's face. Beaufort the bachelor lord of the manor, dving, had, to their astonishment and indignation left the great fortune which they had confidently expected would be divided between two families nearest of kin, to scapegrace, wandering Bernard Beaufort. It was for this, then, that they had flattered and petted the eccentric, cross eld man! It was for this they had lied to him over and over, and rowed that they expected nothing from him, and wanted nothing, and came to see only him, not the manor. They had borne his sardonic grins, when he listened to their falsehood, only that Bernard Beaufort, whom they hardly acknowledged for a relation, and his American wife, whom they had never a knowledged at all, and their boy, should inherit Beaufort Manor and all

the old man's property, except the £100 twelve children, all told.

lection.

home, the relations pocketed their wrath ness by the beauty of her character. But so far as to visit them. It was not worth not until within a few weeks had he while to shut themselves out of the place known how deep that tenderness and because it was not to be theirs.

atives. They expected to see a common adorn his home, and be forever in his person: they found a lady more highly sight. bred and educated than themselves. An To-day, for the first time, the truth elegant form, habited with exquisite had broken out. It was but a word, advertisement which described the child teste; a classical face, purely pale; rich, Seeing her look paler than usual, the dark hair; bright, dark eyes, and admitably self-possessed-such was the new "Are you ill, Alice?" hady whom they went to criticise and It was the first time he had called her patronize

mourned for her son a month when a his lips. But his bright eyes dwelt on lawyer's missive reached her; and she her face as he saw the answering blush, awoke to the fact that it was not only her the sweet, sudden smile, the quick look son who was lost, but the heir of Beau- up into his eyes, then the drooping fort Manor. The relatives and heir had glance. allowed her to stay so long out of regard to her feelings, and because they would very well." rather she had proposed to go, and they Others came hear, and both intermind her, that, by the late Philip Beau- been said for that time. But when they fort's will, the property was to go to the parted Mr. Vernon took her hand in

"on of Bernard, and in case he died gentle clasp, and asked permission to Florence for forgery to the amount of childless, to be divided between two come to see her soon, and thanked her 50,000 francs,

he knew you at that time," she exclaimed awoke, and she laid aside her lamentations. But no one could see her white, only a year." sad face without being convinced that And so four years passed. The Beau-

around her, but she would see no one forts of the manor had taken no notice else. Her own kindred were too far of her; but some of the country families away, across the ocean in the new world, still visited her, and she had many to come to her; and she had known these friends. Her means were small, but allof her husband's people only during the the poor blessed her: for her kind word and helping hand were better than gold. No one saw the lonely night when she

friends, a homeless wanderer, and they hair, and gazed at the miniature of her so.

an errand of mercy, and was strolling she knew her long lost child. She man. laden with sweet odors.

As she walked slowly along the road for something pleasant had happened Holy Writ. that morning. She had met the vicar that afternoon in her visiting-not for the first time, by any means, for Mr. Vernon was a friend to the poor, and was engaged. also a kind friend to this bereaved lady. But something new had shown itself in his manner; or if not new, it was, at

seemed new. The Rev. Mr. Vernon had married early and alone.' spiece which he had mockingly be- in life, and his wife had lived but a few queathed his two cousins and their years. His best friends thought that the less said about the latter the better.

face

"I choose you so, my love," he said,

She leaned a moment on his shoulder,

an inner room, opened it, and beckoned

leave the vicarage for the manor."

they only gave up and went out of the

usurped inheritance. But the servant,

John Slade, charged the proprietor with

having withheld from Mrs. Beaufort the

"We did not believe that it was the

child," they said, "and we thought it

would only agitate Alice unnecessarily."

It was a lame excuse, but the best

So Mrs. Beaufort went back to the

great house, proudly leading her son,

and all the people bowed down to her

and congratulated her, of course. And

when the clergyman, Mr. Vernon, left

that had been picked up at sea.

"I want nothing with you."

to some one there.

to the vicar.

It was unbearable! And all because The gentleman had been drawn into the Bernard had had the art to name his boy marriage at an age when he should have Philip, after the old man. Had not been at his studies, and it was a happy each of his cousins a Philip-her eldest? thing for him that the companionship then gently disengaged herself from But he said Philip had given him no had been brief. He had not cared to notice of the naming, as they had; had repeat the experiment. With a large asked no christiening present; and that circle of friends, and quiet, well-kept he, the old man had heard the child's house, he said to himself that he would name only by accident. Therefore, it be foolish to change. And he had not must have been named from some recol- wished to change till now. His sympathy had been aroused by the sorrows of

When the new heir and his wife came the lovely Mrs. Beaufort, and histendersympathy were, nor how sweet it would Mrs. Beauford astonished her new rel- be to have that fair face and form to

young clergyman had asked impulsively,

by that name, and the color flashed over Scarcely had the bereaved mother his face as soon as the words had passed

"No, not ill," she stammered, "I am the parsonage to marry her, more than one noble gentleman cursed his own

stupidity, in not having fallen in love were sorry she had obliged them to re- rupted and relieved them. Enough had with the widow while there was a chance.

they had.

A countess has just been arrested in

suaded him to give his son some money starting, up. , 'And he has been away which he did. It was not long before young Gambetta was admitted to the

bar, and rose to eminence as a man of "Yes," said the boy, looking with worth. wonder to see the lady so agitated; "he

Lamartine resembled his mother, and came to see me in America, and took me was more influenced by her than any man to Calcutta with him, and he has been good to me, He told me that my father whom I can remember. She was a woman of graceful figure, eyes full of tenwas dead, but my mother was alive, and derness, and a soul full of kindness and that my name was Philip, but would not tell me what else. He said that you goodness; a woman of more sweetness knew who my mother is. I want to find than force. Lamartine was a man of my mother," the boy added, tremulous- sanguine temperament, somewhat of a wept and kissed those locks of golden ly. "I don't like going about the world dreamer, being in an ideal world; a man unfit to take part in the political cabals

What explanation could be made she and wars of the time in which he lived; One day the widow had been out on knew not. But with a mother's intuition and that is why he failed as a states-

slowly homeward in the soft, rich light clasped him in her arms. She kissed One more, if you please. Thomas F. lainous centrebits grind on the wakeful of a June sunset. The blossoming and questioned him; she listened to a Benton said: "My mother asked me car in the hush of the moonlight nights," hedges were full of singing birds, the recital of all his recollections, and with never to use tobacco. I have never but to Miss Stockley, of Brighton, betrees bent over, the air was silent and every word her assurances grew strong- touched it from that time to the present longs the credit of an elaborate argu-

er. His faint recollections of the great day. She asked me never to gamble, house, the pony carriage, of many a lit- and I never have gambled. She ad- tlemanly burglar. The young lady was a strange gladness stirred in her heart; the incident which she herself recalled-- monished me, too, against hard drinkall were confirmation strong as proofs of ing, and whatever capacity for endurance

The next morning Mr. Vernon called ness I have, I attribute to having com- who was busily occupied rummaging to see Mrs. Beaufort, and before he had plied to her pious and correct wishes. over her dressing-table by the light of a been with her fifteen minutes they were When I was seven years old she asked dark lantern. "What do you want?"

"Oh, my dearest, my most true and lution of total abstinence; and that I disinterested friend !" she suddenly have adhered to it through all time, I ing burglar." "It's all very well to tell least, shown in a decided manner that broke forth," "I have such news to tell owe to my mother." you; I can keep it no longer. Say once

It is seldom that a man who associates again that you love and choose me, poor with women of weak mental and moral The thief pocketed the purse, and pro-She leaned on his arm, and looked man will always rule the heart, and the Miss Stockley was still alive to the huwith beautiful, tearful eyes into his heart leads the man. To every young mor of the situation. "Oh! come now," man I say; Among your friends have one

or two middle-aged women who possess noble qualities of mind. Converse frequently with such a friend, for she now has a firm, penetrating mind, and can his embrace, and going to the door of guide you over the stony places in your path. Choose not a young woman o

to catch and kiss her hand. She led him Neither choose a wealthy, fashionable woman, for the devil in these days means

"It is my little Philip come back from the finest clothes and travels the best the dead," she said, "and I ask you to dle class, a woman who has worked her "No matter about proofs. They were not wanting, and they were convincing. The Beauforts would own to nothing-

> The Smartest Woman on Record. Says the Cartersville (Ga.) "Express," There is a little brown-eyed, enthusiastic, high-spirited lady, who, after she has cooked breakfast, cleared the things away, set the house to rights, attented to the call of the bread wagon and milked the cow, dons her hat and cloak, comes into this office, yanks us out of

the editorial easy (?) chair, pounces on the exchanges, amputates every item of interest, stacks them on the copy hook, grabs up a Faber, travels it over a quire The lady referred to in the above was Miss Ella Green, formerly of Macon. Great Britain,

old man to catch any other message he best use of both. Without industry and might have from the spirit-land. A look frugality nothing will do, and with of great weariness comes over the tablet them everything. He that gets all he of his thought. The old man's thoughts can honestly, and saves all he gets, take another step backward. He is no necessary expenses excepted, will belonger in his second childhood, but in come rich, if that Being who governs his first childhood, for he stretches out the world, to whom all should look for his ar.ns like a tired child, and says,

me to sleep in your arms," and the wise determine. watchers saw for thenselves that his kind old mother, the mother of us all, had taken up her tired child, and he was fast asleep in her arms.-Galveston News.

Arguing With a Burglar.

It is an open question whether women or men are most brave when "the vilment, in the semi-darkness, with a gendisturbed in her first slumber by the unwarrantable intrusion of a "respecta-I have at present, and whatever useful- ble-looking young man" in her bedroom, me not to drink, and then I made a reso- asked the maiden, undismayed. "Be quiet," was the answer of the "enterpris-

me to be quiet," continued the lady; "but you've got my purse in your hand!" qualities ever attains distinction. Wo- ceeded to ask "Where's your watch?" said she, "it's only Geneva, and not

> worth 5 pounds; you surely won't be so mean as to take that." But the thief pocketed the watch, and with a courtesy

the body and soul of the empire, and in snow away with his paw, threw the rope the height of his glory he gave the subof editor's manuscript paper, removes ject his attention and encouragement, lav something by.

graph.

a blessing on their honest endeavors,

Beware of thinking all your own that

you possess, and live accordingly. It is

"Muzzer, I am so tired. Please put doth not, in his wise providence, other-

A Joke of the Banker Rothschild. A writer in the "Contemporary Review" tells this story of a newly made baron of the Bourse :

One of the Rothschilds, seated in his study, was told by his confidential servant that the Baron So-and-so desired to

"Baron So-and-so?" queried the famous banker, trying to conjure up some memory of the nobleman.

"Yes; and he said you would see him if I only mentioned his name."

"I will certainly see him," replied the financier, and so the baron was conducted into his study.

"What !" exclaimed Rothschild, "is it thou, little Moses? Sit down, thrice welcome visitor."

But the newly made baron had bargained for a different reception.

"Pray do not address me so," said he "I thought every one knew that I had changed my name." "Thou mayest change thy name, little

Moses, and welcome, but thou canst not change thy nose. By thy new name I did not recognize thee, but by thy old nose I knew thee at once.

A Cunning Bear.

The captain of a Greenland whaler, being anxious to procure a bear without worthy of Claude Duval, remarked, damaging the skin, made trial of the "Remember I will send you the pawn- stratagem of laving down the noose of a ticket!" After an amicable altercation rope in the snow, and placing a piece of twenty or twenty-five. No; be careful; as to the impropriety of proceeding to meat within it. A bear was soon enticed A boy seven or eight years of age ran such a one may have axes to grind. the bedroom of Mrs. Stockley, who was to the spot by the smell of the meat. He an invalid, the burglar ceased "to bur- saw the bait, approached and seized it gle," and Miss Stockley went to sleep as in his mouth, but his foot at the same if nothing had happened. Next morn- time, by a jerk of the rope, got entangled roads. Choose a woman from the mid- ing she gave information to the police in the noose; he pushed it off his paw concerning the lost property, the owner and retired. After having esten the way. Such a one will aid you, ennoble of it declaring she could recognize the piece of meat, which he carried away you by her conversations and personal thief, having examined his countenance with him, he returned. The noose, with with the aid of the dark lantern and a another bait, had been replaced; he friendly gas lamp. On this a young and pushed the rope aside and again walked innocent upholsterer's apprentice was off. A third time the noose was laid; arrested who had been employed in but, excited to more caution by the eviputting up some blinds in the house of dent observation of the bear, the sailors the prosecutrix. The supposed burglar, buried the rope beneath the snow, and when put upon trial at the Assizes, was laid the meat in a deep hole in the cenalmost iustantly found "Not guilty" by ter. Once more the bear approached, a sympathetic jury. So the case is still and the sailors were hopeful of their sucenshrouded in mystery .- London Tele- cess; but Bruin, more sagacious than

they expected, after snuffing about the Napoleon I. said that agriculture was place for a few moments, scraped the aside, and again escaped with his prize.

Young Hopeful (age six, who is her snowy-white apron, shoves up her and established in France a department showing a visitor his drawing-book, sleeves, grabs a stick and rule and sets of agriculture. From the start thus giv- containing alleged representations of a it all into type, reads all the proofs and en this great art France has become the "bird" and a "horse," as indicated in has a place fitted up in the stable of corrects every error. That's our wife, richest and one of the most powerful words underneath the drawings)- her favorite charger where she can sleep and she will get her reward in heaven. and prosperous among the people of the "These are my worst drawings, Mr. if she feels so disposed, and where she earth. Thirty nine out of every forty Smith." Mr. Smith-"Indeed, Tommy ! of her population do not, according to and where are your other ones?" Young There are 23,000 feminine farmers in Sir Robert Peel, spend their income, but Hopeful-"Oh, I haven't drawed them vet."

Enterprise in Africa.

Central Africa loses none of its attractions, or scientific, commercial and missionary explorers. Greater progress and more wonderful results are near at hand. The frequent expeditions of international and private associations are daily making that vast region better known, rendering the journey to it quicker and safer, and cultivating a better understanding between natives and foreigners. A company of capitalists has been formed at Zanzibar with the view to a regular service of transport from the coast to the great central lakes. with a sufficient number of negroes enrolled as a permanent staff of porters. This express company, as it really is, guarantees the safe conveyance of merchandise and luggage, with a great depot midway where travelers can obtain supplies. And, not least, a check will be put upon the brigandage of native chiefs, who under pretext of right of way, have compelled caravans to pay an enormous tax, at the peril of their whole outfit and

In Royal Life,

of life itself

The Emperor and Empress of Germany see each other as little as possible. It is somewhat curious how few monarchs do get on with their wives and the wives with the husbands, for they seldom adore each other. The Empress of Austria is seldom seen in society, and when out riding or driving carries a fan before her face, even when returning the greetings of her royal admirers. She seldom attends the theatre or opera, but when the circus comes to town is then seen in her box every night. She knows only one passion, and that is her love of horses and equestrianship. She has her own especial riding establishment, and here she reigns supreme. She will drive a tandem team before her at a relentless pace around the ring, having fresh relavs of horses every few minutes. She frequently dictates her letters to her private secretary, while her favorite horse looks over from his stall and is patted fondly by his imperial mistress.

