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Hope Through the Year.
As seasons fall of hope throughout the year...
The earth, love-tugging spring that fills...
The earth with laughter of her early rills...

MY COUSIN BILL.

I had gone down to the old place to see Cousin Bill...
Cousin Bill had stayed there and worked the farm...
And been all in all to grandmother and the rest...

"Gracious," cried Cousin Bill, "That's her. I know her voice. She's got frightened by the cows again. Hello! I'm here! I'm coming! Don't stir! Up on the fence, I know," he called to me in confidential tones...

"Who on earth is afraid of cows in this place?" I asked.
But Bill was gone, and in a few moments returned with a pretty girl on his arm. The wind had blown her hair about, and the bamboos had torn her mule-dress, but there was an air about her I did not expect.

"Miss Mason, Cousin Henry, said Bill, "Mr. Hunter, perhaps, I ought to say, but I hope you'll be Lily to him and be Henry to you, after a while. He's a great favorite of mine, Lily, and has got to be a wonderful lawyer in London, E. y. old boy!"

"Miss Mason said a few gay words to me, and we walked home together. She kept her arm, and they were evidently engaged, and I felt as though there could be nothing more suitable. A city lodger of my aunt's, I supposed, for she was very elegant. However, I found out after a while that she was only the schoolmistress. Her father had been one of those rich men who fall and leave their children penniless. And she had had every advantage. Now she here her reverses with dignity and sweetness. Perhaps the fact that Cousin Bill had plenty of money had caused her to engage herself to him. I could think of no other reason except that she had not yet met me."

To my taste she was the prettiest girl I ever saw, and I felt that Bill stood between me and my happiness. Besides being a beauty, she was accomplished, this girl. She sang, painted, danced. She would have made a suitable wife for the eminent law I hoped to be—for a judge, if I came to that. She was thrown away on a plain farmer. And thereupon I began to say to myself, "If I did, I might cut Bill out even yet. If I do, so much the better."

And, with this for my motive, I stayed at the hospitable farm for weeks, and Bill and his good mother never guessed what I was at.
At last I was obliged to go back to the city. How far I had succeeded with Lily Mason I did not know; but I was resolved to put it to the test before I went.

And on the last evening—Bill having vanished somehow—I contrived to get his sweetheart to go with me into that very lane behind the orchard where he had introduced us, and there, in the twilight, told her all I felt.
"Love you, Lily," I said. "Do you love me?"

"For answer, she burst into tears.
"My darling, why do you weep?" I asked.
She sobbed violently.
"Don't ask me," she said. "Leave me. Never speak to me again. I am engaged to your cousin, to Mr. Wheatly. Did you not guess so much?"

"If I did," I answered, "I did not feel that I should prevent me from speaking. It is a most unsuitable match. You are throwing yourself away. I can place you in a position more suitable to you. You could help me to fight my way upward. I believe you like me. Can you say you do not?"

Lily turned her face away.
"Do not talk of liking," he said. "My word is pledged—my promise given. If I have forgotten it sometime, I remember it now. William is very good to me. I will marry him. At least I shall learn to love him. Go; forget me. I will forget you. I will do my duty."

What next I should have said I do not know. A voice fell between us from over the stone fence against which I lean. On the other side stood my cousin Wheatly, tall and pale as a ghost; and the words he uttered were these:

"Duty! It's anybody's duty not to marry unless she loves. If you don't love me, Lily Mason, I don't want you. If you do love Cousin Henry Hunter, why marry him. I wouldn't stand in your way for a kingdom."

His voice broke. He was sobbing.
"It's a blow," he said, "but he's right. You would be throwing yourself away on me—a country fellow without looks or education. Good-bye. I shan't bother you any more, Lily."

He walked away. Lily was gone when I turned to look at her. In the morning I sat alone at the breakfast-table with Bill's mother. She evidently knew the story. Her hospitality was grim instead of friendly. She told me that William had been intending to visit a distant city for some time, and had "set off" early that morning.

I went over to the school before the train started. Lily Mason was alone behind her desk, her eyes swollen with tears. The scholars had not yet arrived. "Dearest," I said, "do not weep. I am more in love with you than ever, and since you love me—"

But, to my astonishment, Lily Mason straightened herself up, and pointed to the door.
"Have you come here?" she said indignantly. "Leave me! Leave you, indeed? I simply hate you, Mr. Hunter! And she meant it. I walked away in astonishment and fury, and went back to my work in London.

I felt that I had spoiled poor Cousin Bill's happiness, and my own also. And I had made a pretty mess of it! Already I was out of love with the girl who had ordered me out of doors, and told me she hated me.

Of course I never saw anything of the people at the farm, or heard from them. And when, finally, I married a charming girl, I felt that my conscience would be much easier if it were not for the memory of the wrong I had done Cousin Bill. I did not send cards to any one down at the old place. I felt they all hated me, though ten years had passed since my visit there.

What, then, was my surprise when one day a tap came at my office door, and a pleasant face looked in.
I started to my feet.
"Number eleven?" I cried.

"Yes," said Cousin Bill's sister. "I saw your name in the paper, and came down to congratulate you in person. A good wife is a great blessing."

"Thank you," I said, humbly. "How good of you, Bill! How forgiving!"
"Not at all," said Bill. "I'd have come before, only I felt you might owe me a grudge. We sit and talk of you lots. How often I've thought of you as a poor, disappointed bachelor, all alone in London! And she has said, ever and over again, 'Well, I hope he's got a little over it; but I shan't ever forget his face when we parted.'"

"Your mother said that?" I asked.
"Of, not mother!" replied Cousin Bill. "She sent her compliments, and some of her best cheese. Cheese is always handy in a house, she says, and for you to come down this summer and see us all. It was wife said that—Lily, you know."

"Lily?" I cried. "Then you married her, after all?"
"Did you not know it?" asked Bill. "Why, we thought you were taking it hard all this time. Yes, I didn't start early, as I expected; and I thought I'd go over to the school and tell her I bore no grudge; and I was looking in at the back window when she said she 'hated you,' and told you to 'go,' and I stepped in at it as you banged the door, and then and there we made up. She discovered it was, after all, more your clothes than anything else that she weakened on; and—well, I was only too glad to let all be as it was, if she would. And we're very happy and comfortable, and have four children—two boys, a girl, and a baby—another girl."

Then he shook hands with me again, and I took him home to dinner.
Performing Birds and Cats.
The men with the performing birds have appeared on the street corners, says the New York Times. The training of the little songsters, who perform at command all sorts of gymnastic feats and cunning tricks, working the flying trap-z; hauling up from an imaginary well and drinking out of a tiny bucket, or pretending to die and flying motionless until the police are called, is really remarkable, and is the result of laborious and patient instruction that might be more profitably employed. An exhibitor has appeared on the east side with two trained cats. If all who witnessed the exhibition paid a nickel to see the show, the exhibitor might reap a good harvest, but the small boys don't pay.

Spanish Generosity.
If you visit a Spaniard, he will place his wife's house at your disposal. If you admire anything in particular, or everything in general, it is yours. You are not expected to accept it, and if from ignorance or absence of mind you do so, you will find that presently he will send for it back again. Nothing is more certain than that in Spain a friend will offer you everything he has, himself into the bargain; and it is equally certain that everything has to be graciously declined, hence I included.—(Aronso.)

LIFE IN CAIRO.

Seductive Influences of a Sojourn in Egypt.

Daily Life and Picturesque Scenes in an Oriental City.

A correspondent of the Louisville Courier Journal that seductively describes the sweetness of doing nothing in modern Cairo: When one is fairly in Egypt, floating softly on the undulating tide of life in Cairo, one wonders why one's time and adjectives were wasted on Europe; why people are ever contented to stop short of the desert.

Cairo, with its strange history and stranger streets, its mosques and bazars, is a charming study. All nations meet here; all languages and all customs obtain here, and of wonderful costumes and merchandise there is no end. In this sweetest of winter climates life seems too short to be in a hurry; indeed, it is not worth living unless one can loiter. The donkeys and cats alone would make a lifelong study; when they lift up their voices either singly or in concert, the very stars in heaven quiver, and the moon turns pale and trembles. And then there are the people who own the cats and who ride the donkeys—several decades might be devoted to them. An Egyptian woman is an object when on foot, but when she mounts a donkey she is a vision! To begin with, she rides on both sides of the animal, and when her unusual black drapery bags out in the wind, and the donkey disappears, save that his big ears and small legs twinkle occasionally into view, sensations, words fail, and one feels the need of rest and nourishment. Dodging under camels; stepping over dogs and children; pushing aside donkeys and people, one finds a narrow alley leading off the main-street, and seeming to wind its tortuous way in strange places. One or two smaller alleys turn off; then before you rises a low archway. The shadow is very deep; you are evidently under a house, and a keen wind, like that in a narrow mountain gully, nearly takes your hat off. A white gate stands open; one moment takes you through, past the group of guardian Arabs; you turn a corner, and before you opens the beautiful garden of the house.

Sycamores and acacias bend and droop over the flower beds, trees and flowers wave in the wind, great bamboos, more than forty feet high, sway with a long, slow motion; the red laburnum shrubs like fire in the green gloom; the bayon palm whips softly to the fresh wind coming in from the desert; the little wags-tails hop about the path; the doves murmur their hearts out in the tree-tops; the cloudless, rainless sky spreads blue above, and the sun comes down between the leaves in a thousand golden streams. People who know how to live in Egypt come here, and life goes on as it should in the land of the lotus. Excursions are made every day; sights are seen intelligently; there is quiet talk and peaceful thought here in the fragrant garden. An artist paints with his Arab and Fellah models grouped in the sunshine on the piazza; further on an Englishman sits, translating an Arab book; still further down the vine-trapped vista some Arab sheiks are bargaining with knowing Egyptologists for antiquities—scraps and ugly little gods—strange old rings and Coptic ornaments.

Down in the garden the artist's wife and an American woman dream softly on darabakkah, while on the path in front of them a Fellah girl kneels, trying faithfully to teach them a native song. Strange and wild it is, with an unaccountable measure that can only be caught by ear, not learned by method. Near by a conjurer does his marvellous tricks, his mysterious call of "zafra, gaffa," now and then rising above the barbaric song. An East Indian merchant, with his rich stuffs spread over chairs and benches, his gold and silver wares glittering in the sunlight, chatters persuasively with a group of people, who try vainly to look sufficiently indifferent to make him lower his prices. The noon-day sun is blazing overhead; the birds are still, and the roses droop a little; but sitting quietly in the shade it is not so hot, and the desert wind coming over the garden of a neighboring street, has a crisp, cool touch to it. Later the scene dissolves, and the company go their different ways, to meet again after dinner under the broad fall of moonlight. Then cigars and talk of the day's doings, stories of old adventures, stories of "old times," when they first came down into Egypt, and so the pleasant days drift by.

Business is Business.
In a small town out West an ex-county judge is cashier of the bank.
"The check is all right sir," he said to a stranger, "but the evidence you offer in identifying you as the person to whose order it is drawn is scarcely sufficient."

"I've known you to hang a man on less evidence, Ju'ge," was the stranger's response.
"Quite likely," replied the ex-judge, "but when it comes to letting go of a jail, we have to be careful."—(New York Sun.)

Saved from a Tiger's Jaw.

Only a few months ago, in India, in certain planting district there was a notorious man eater. Two gentlemen, A and B, residing on an estate, had lost besides other employes, two chowkees, or native watchmen, within a few days, and the unfortunate men had been actually carried off out of the veranda of the bungalow. A and B therefore determined to clothe themselves like natives, and sit during the night, armed, in the veranda, in the hopes they might be able to get a shot at the man eater, who, they thought, might probably return to the spot which had already provided him with two victims.

They proceeded to carry out this intention, and at up till about 2 or 3 A. M., but nothing appeared. A then said he should not stay up any longer, as he did not believe the animal would come, but B announced his intention of waiting half an hour longer by himself. There were large windows opening down to the floor of the veranda, and through one of these A retired, and after entering his room, had just closed the window, and was gazing out for a instant, when he saw a dark mass land in the veranda, right on to his friend, B, then heard sounds of a scuffle, and a cry to help. Seizing his rifle, to which a sword bayonet was attached, and flinging up the window, he rushed out in time to see B walking down the steps that led up to the veranda alongside of the tiger with his hand in the latter's mouth.

A was afraid to fire lest he should hit his friend, so, running after him, he, with admirable presence of mind, went up to the tiger, and plunging his bayonet into the animal's body, at the same instant fled. There was a roar and a scuffle, and B took advantage of the moment to release his hand, and the tiger, after tumbling, died. B's hand was wretchedly mangled.—(Court Journal.)

From Atlanta to the Sea.

It was thirty-one days after starting from Atlanta before Sherman re-opened communication with the North. In that time he had destroyed two hundred miles of railroad, and broken up every connection between the Confederate forces east and west of Georgia. He had done more than a hundred million dollars' worth of damage, consumed the corn and fodder, as well as the cattle, horses, sheep, and poultry of a region three hundred miles long and sixty broad, carried away ten thousand mules and oxen, and liberated countless numbers of slaves. Sixty thousand men and thirty-five thousand animals had been abundantly fed, and when the troops reached the coast they needed no provisions but bread. They started with five thousand head of cattle and a river with ten thousand. The teams were in splendid condition, and not a wagon was lost on the road. The army had captured so many horses that Sherman ordered them to be shot, because they demoralized the troops to ride.—(St. Nicholas.)

A Kansas "Boom."

A traveler in Kansas while crossing a prairie the other day came upon a party of men who seemed to be preparing the land for agricultural purposes.
"My friend," said the traveler, addressing one of the men, "you are laying off your corn rows quite a distance apart."
"Corn rows!" the man gasped.
"Yet, those rows are there?"
"Yet, those rows are there?"
"Yet, those rows are there?"
"Yet, those rows are there?"

"Of the boom. Man alive, them ain't corn rows over that; they air streets, an' this here is a city. You air now on the corner of Commercial and Emporium streets, an' not in the cheek of a corn row, as you must suppose."—(New York Tribune.)

The Methodists.

Figures printed in the Methodist Year Book show that on January 1, 1887, Methodism throughout the world numbered 25,000 traveling preachers and 6,320,000 members. In the United States there are 27,000 traveling preachers and 1,400,000 members, and a population of over 15,000,000, or more than one-fourth of the population of the entire country—36,000,000. The Methodist Episcopal Church alone numbers in the United States 12,800 traveling preachers and 2,000,000 members, having 20,000 churches, worth \$75,000,000, 7,500 parsonages, worth \$11,000,000, 111 colleges and other school properties, worth, including endowments, \$15,000,000, making a total of \$101,000,000.

The Formation of Dew.

The prevalent story of the formation of dew is quite disarranged by the observation of Professor H. E. Alvord, who has lately published a treatise on the subject. He employed nice instruments, such as have been described by Suoh and Darwin. He found that on clear nights when the atmosphere was rarified, the lighter stratum would be easily pushed out of the way by the cool, heavier body drawn by its weight to its surface. The thermometer at four inches from the ground would in these cases range from 3 to 10 degrees lower than at four feet from the ground.

Peculiarities of Japan.

Dr. Edmund Naumann, for some years at the head of the biological survey of Japan, gives in addition to a description of the physical features of that country, many entertaining sketches of the accents and people of the mountain regions, says the New York Post. In the north he says that the snow accumulates in enormous masses. There are villages which frequently experience a fall of over twenty feet of snow. Naturally, during winter nearly all outdoor life ceases. In one village which he visited the inhabitants, after their breakfast, go to the bath, which are fed by hot springs, and remain in them for the whole of the day, enjoying the heat.

Dumley as a Pebror.

Featherly—I wish you could see a hundred dollars, Dumley.
Dumley (very much pleased)—Why, Featherly?
Featherly—Because I would like to have something coming to me.—(New York Sun.)

WOMEN AS INVENTORS

Evidence of Their Genius in the Patent Office.

Some Important Inventions Due to Female Skill and Ingenuity.

The world has not given woman due credit for her inventive faculties. Few persons realize what an important role she is playing in the development of numerous articles, as well as ornamental. The records of the patent office show that fully nineteen hundred patents are claimed by women. Moreover not a small number of the patents granted to men are really for ingenious devices and ideas that have originated in a feminine brain. The women of New York have been granted more patents than their sisters in any other state. The women of Massachusetts, Ohio, Indiana and Wisconsin rank next in order. In machinery women have done much. At most daily improvements in sewing machines come from her brains. In the model room of the patent office, nearly side by side with Elias Howe's machine, is one made by a Miss Rosenthal. It is a handy little contrivance which can be put in a lady's pocket and screwed on to any ordinary table. It is so handy it looks fit for the work room of a fairy. It will be a boon to persons traveling, where it is impossible to take a large machine. Mechanics pronounce it practically perfect in construction, but it has not yet been put upon the market.

The first submarine telescope was the product of Mrs. Sarah R. Matter, of New York. Mrs. Montgomery shows a section of a war vessel provided with a series of iron plates as constructed by her sister shot and shell. There is also in the model room an engine of offense as well as defense in the shape of a breech-loading gun credited to Miss Ruth Gosham. Among the more peaceful inventions by women are a sleeping pillow and an improved railway for street cars. A life raft is a contrivance of a Mrs. Beasley. An appliance for raising sunken vessels has been patented by Mrs. Tancy, of Pennsylvania. She has also contrived a siphon propeller pump. Mrs. Frackelton, of Milwaukee, claims to have made 200 women self-supporting by means of a useful little portable lamp for firing decorated chimneys. This can be attached to any gas pipe and is an improvement in the usual method of heating, affording a much more equitable temperature. Mrs. Mary Broughton, of New York, discovered a new method of forming air chambers of dental plates in artificial teeth. Miss Amelia Bird desired to make a noise in the world, and her genius soared to steam whistles. Mrs. Caroline Brooks, of Arkansas, has patented some lubricating mounds in plaster. Mrs. Brooks will be remembered as the butter artist at the Centennial, her lovely creation of luscious attracting much attention. She now has a studio in New York.

Mrs. Sarah Ames, of Massachusetts, patented the first of Arabian Lincoln. If what the patent right consists does not clearly appear, as artists generally consider such things creations rather than inventions, Mrs. Caroline's invention of a patent life-bath to her credit. Mrs. Martha J. Coston has been very successful with her pyrotechnic night signals. She is an example of what pluck and perseverance can do. At the death of her husband his papers were in a chaotic condition and his designs not fully perfected. Unaided, she brought them to a point where they were practically valuable and she remained almost ten years introducing them in the various foreign courts. She has been rewarded for her perseverance by a fortune. Among the newer inventions is an instrument for restoring facial symmetry, by Mrs. Fanny Belschelder, of Massachusetts. The numerous patents granted to women include fire-escapes, dust-brushes, baby-carriers, devices for killing mosquitoes and other insects, window washers, glove-fasteners, foot-preservers, comb-nippers, dish-washers, washing machines, soaking-stoves, corpse-preservers, bus-bes, face lotions, and all kinds of garments.—(New York World.)

The Vampire Bat.
Texas and Arizona are infested with a creature characterized by a peculiar length of its active fingers, but many people have been injured by their blood-sucking propensities. They will bite their victims by night, and if a soldier's back is even the slightest bit more exposed, he must expect to feel a considerable amount of blood taken, sometimes, as they are apt to remark, the covering from their heads and feet by their restless movements in flight. Some times small children become so delirious from loss of blood that they become sick, or even die.

A vampire bat is not only a pest, but is also a danger to the human race. It is a creature that is very difficult to kill, and it is very difficult to get rid of. It is a creature that is very difficult to kill, and it is very difficult to get rid of. It is a creature that is very difficult to kill, and it is very difficult to get rid of.

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FEARS OF THOUGHT.

Nothing is so fearful as a fall in science.

He that has nothing to do but to worry, he is only a thing.

The crutch of Time is a responsibility more than the curb of it is not.

Advice is like a candle, it will burn bright for a while, but it will burn out.

The path of genius is not a self-constructed with disappointments, than that of ambition.

No man practices his science well to others if he does not first practice it to his own heart.

The worst principle of not of Science. It is a kind of heart, nurtured by an infant's life.

When one has a good reason for doing a thing, he has no good reason for letting it alone.

Being is a state, in the opinion of which the greatest science is honest and sincere, and so far as these things go, it is not.

Of all the riches that belong to all the pleasures of living, we can carry no more out of this world than out of a dream.

Victims of the world are not only and the greatest that they transform the world into a world of practice, then their victims of the world.

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Dawn.

Most on the morning light
Of the morning
Faintest back of light
Faintest back of light
Faintest back of light

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