

Dearest Not Costliest. These are vulgar things we pay for, but they come for crowns of kings.

Next Door to the Church.

It was not the rectory; that was on the other side. It was a long, low-stalled, old-fashioned house, with wide rambling piazzas, and a lawn which ran up to the very church windows.

Sometimes John would come too. But John was a useful rather than an ornamental member of society, and he knew that his proper place was behind the organ.

"A paragon in a parish is a positive pest," said he to himself, unconsciously alliterative in his scorn.

Mamma told me to expect you. She will be out very soon." Then, bustling, housewifely Mrs. Birch appeared in the front door.

Katherine looked at the minister again, and there was a twinkle in her eye, and a curious little smile about the corners of her mouth.

And then he wanted to annihilate himself for having brought down the flood of enmity which kind and outspoken Mrs. Birch proceeded to pour upon his devoted head.

Katherine had not expected to find Mr. Carson a paragon. She knew her mother's fondness for clergymen of any sort, and especially for her own particular rector.

After that, the happy days flew by on swift wings; the beautiful golden summer-time was fast growing into autumn, and the house next door to the church had had more than its share of good times.

"Oh, they're talking plans," said John. "She's going to teach poor children in the slums of New York."

Ten minutes after the door opened softly and Mr. Carson came in. He had brought a new Te Deum for Katherine to try; but Katherine was absorbed in her music, and had not heard the opening door.

"St. Cecilia," murmured the minister, and he too stood very still for a minute. Then he gave himself a little shake and came forward.

through the bright summer time, and how he had permitted this paragon ("for this is a paragon," said the minister to himself).

"I must not," he said. And he walked calmly up the long aisle—up to her very side.

"Katherine, my little Katherine," said the minister. And his strong hand imprisoned the little one on the white keys.

"The sun streamed in through the west window; the soft light fell upon Katherine's hair.

"The gold is the color of your hair, and the other is the color of your eyes; and that is why I love it, dear heart," said the minister.

"And the purple doesn't mean sorrow," said Katherine, very softly; "it means glory."

Led Into the Valley of Death. "There is also a Valley of Death" in America, although not many people are aware of its location.

"A band of immigrants, known as the 'Montgomery Train,' consisting of nearly 100 families, perished in a valley north of the old Mormon road in Utah about 40 years ago.

"The immigrants were enroute to the Pacific coast, and it was to this barren region they were led by their guide, who, it is claimed, had instructions from the Mormon leaders to mislead the band and permit it to perish.

"It was thirteen months after the band perished before the place was revisited. During all this time the absence of the immigrants was not explained.

An Obedient Soldier. In the confusion of the engagement at Shiloh the captain of a Federal battery was commanded to stop the advance of a column of troops dimly seen through smoke and dust.

"General," he said, "those are our own reinforcements."

"You are mistaken, sir," said the general tartly; "do as I bid you."

A Nice Scheme. Gratton—What do you think, Tom? Bill Bluff, who we all thought so attentive to Miss Giddy, has gone off and married her mother!

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

PATTY'S BIRTHDAY CAKE. "Cut-out-a-dawcut," cried the hen; "See, I have laid an egg."

"Yes," moaned the cow, "she's six years old!" And how she knew, I cannot tell.

Then James went out into the barn and took out Dobbin from his stall.

And now cook set herself to work: The cream she whipped, the eggs she beat, Citrus and raisins stirred in thick.

HOW ALLIGATORS ARE HATCHED. Do any egg-laying animals deposit their eggs in a "hot-bed" of vegetable matter to secure the heat necessary for hatching them?

A STORY OF A CAT. A strange story in which a cat is a pathetic character, has come to light at Ploft, Gin.

The first I heard of it was when Fred came rushing into the house after breakfast. "The enemy!" he cried.

A GREAT FIGHT. Well, the enemy turned suddenly on Fred, and drove him back against the cannon; but by that time we had advanced again, and Toddles was blowing the bugle as hard as he could.

At the orange picking time the country is a marvel to the Easterner. While standing among the oranges the picker looks away over grove after grove.

Country Life in the Argentine. In a new country the traveler must not be particular, much less exacting; above all, he must not expect to find refinement among the inhabitants.

One of Nature's Wonders. Naturalists say that the feet of the common working bee exhibit the curious combination of a basket, a brush and a pair of pinchers.

Not Disturbed. "Store robbed last night." "You don't say. What was taken?" "Nearly all. In fact, the only thing not disturbed was the watchman."

A GOLDEN HARVEST.

Picking Oranges From the Trees in Southern California.

Gangs of Pickers Busily at Work in the Groves.

The first picking of oranges in Southern California is made about the middle of December in the San Gabriel valley, and from the first of January, for a month or so, and the gathering continues unabated.

The picking of the orange in large orange centres, such as the San Gabriel valley, is announced by an addition to the floating population.

A gang of men under the head of a leader or overseer takes possession of a grove bright and early in the morning, two or three men being appointed to a tree, and the picking begins.

The steamship then backed water with all her power and thus tore loose and set drifting down stream great chunks of the barrier.

In some groves various machines are used. Thus one patent is a knife on a long pole, which is connected with a canvas tube.

The orange pickers are usually a jolly lot, there being something about the business apparently that enlivens the spirits and imparts an air of jollity to the party.

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How She Lost Her Lover.

'Twas a summer ago when he left me here, A summer of smiles with never a tear, I'll I said to him with a sob My dear!

For I loved him, oh, as the stars love night! And my cheeks for him flashed red and white.

But now, oh, it's all! what an empty place My whole heart is! Of the old embrace And the kiss I loved, there is not a trace.

He sailed not over the stormy sea, And he went not down in the waves, not he.

There are no pieces left of broken silence. The heart of a city is probably where its beats come from.

No matter what the season may be, it is always spring with frogs. "Is your wife lecturing now?" "Well—ah—not on the platform."

Men may be just as willing to hate you for your virtues as for your faults, but they seldom have the same opportunities.

Rose—I think I'll say yes. It is better to marry a man you respect than one you adore. Dolly—But it's so much easier to love men than to respect them.

It there is such a thing as real, downright mortification in this earth, it is in the feeling of the man, who, himself intending to cheat, finds that he has picked up the small end of a horse trade.

Mamma—You naughty girl! You've eaten every cookie there was on the plate. I told you you might have three. Little Etille—Yes, but you didn't tell me which three; so to be sure I'd get the right ones. I eat them all.

Air Currents Above Us. Mr. F. Galton, in some recent remarks on the importance of observing the upper currents of the air, said that the great thing we now want to know is the state of the air above us; for we are at the bottom of an aerial ocean, and all we know is what takes place at the bottom.

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