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Patience With the Living.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
From comrade or from neighbor;
Passed all the strife, the toil, the care,
And done with all the sighing,
What tender truth shall we have spoken,
Alas! by simply dying!

Then lips too chary of their praise
Will tell our merits over;
And eyes too swift our faults to see
Shall no defect discover.
Then hands that would not lift a stone
Where stones were thick to cumber
Our steep hillpath, will scatter flowers
Above our pillowed slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both you and I,
Ere love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home—
Be patient with the living.
Today's repressed rebuke may save
Our blinding tears tomorrow;
Then, patience, e'en when keenest edge
May whet a nameless sorrow.

'Tis easy to be gentle when
Death's silence shames our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic glamor.
But wise it were for me and thee,
Ere Love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home—
Be patient with the living.

—Lovers' Year Book.

A SUNBONNET.

"And so you're a new girl," asked Mrs. Morris, looking up from her task of looping black ribbon on a sea shell hat.

She had spoken in such a tone of disapproval as to disconcert the applicant before her.

"Yes, mum," she stammered, "I think I be."

She was a great overgrown damsel of 16, with a crop of carroty hair, a freckled face and a pair of pale blue eyes, characterized by an expression of bewilderment.

This was too much. Her parents had said she was stupid, but the millliner had not imagined her as stupid as this. However, 50 cents a week was not exorbitant.

"You think you be," exclaimed Mrs. Morris, with the air of a prosecuting attorney, "You mean you are."

"Yes, mum," she acknowledged, meekly, "I are."

Mrs. Morris sighed and resumed work on the seashell hat with sorrowful resignation.

"Go and take off the kettle," she said, and when you come back I'll give you some work over which even you cannot blunder.

The afternoon sunshine was pouring into the diminutive millinery store in friendly fashion, glinting along the showcase, peering into the boxes of plumes, touching the tips, making love to the roses and bringing out quite dazzlingly all the tinsel and gilt on the new "pattern" bonnets.

At the further end of the shop red cambric curtains partition off the sitting-room, within which on a little oil-stove a kettle was singing merrily.

Sunday was invariably selected by the Brocton ladies as the most appropriate of the seven for displaying late styles; so, as this was Saturday evening, Mrs. Morris was very busy indeed.

"What is your name?" she demanded of her maid-of-all-work, when that young lady reappeared.

"Blanche, mum."

"Blanche?"

She had a keen sense of the incongruous. She began to laugh, and she laughed till the tears ran down her plump cheeks.

"Well, Blanche," she said, at last wiping them away, "run across the street to Gordon's and get me a yard and a half of silesia to match this sample. And when you come back, take this band-box up to Miss Stella Harper's, and that paper parcel to Minnie Wood, on High street. You know where Miss Harper lives?"

"Big house on hill. Oh, yes, 'um!"

"Then make haste!"

The "big house on hill" was quite an imposing mansion, of red brick, bay windows, cupola and plate glass. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Harper and their two children, Roy and Stella.

Just now, parents and son were in dire dismay about Stella. She had engaged herself to a young fellow, a late arrival in the village, of whom they knew little and liked less.

She was wonderfully pretty, too, Stella, with her peach blossom skin and spun-gold hair, and soft pansy-purple eyes.

They had finished dinner, and were toying with their grapes, when the name of her lover was mentioned.

"I saw Lucian Stanley today," announced Roy.

"Where?" questioned Stella.

"Up by the bridge. He was walking with Minnie Wood."

"What?" cried Stella, startled. "The house-painter's daughter?"

"Yes," answered Roy, serenely. "She's the only Minnie Wood I know in Brockton."

"I don't believe it!" declared Stella.

"Thank you," laughed Roy. "Suppose you ask him."

"Yes, I shall?" Then, womanlike, contradicting herself, "No, I shall not repeat every silly story I hear. I have too much confidence in him for that!"

Roy shrugged his shoulders.

"As you please. There goes the bell."

A moment later a servant appeared at the door bearing a paper parcel.

"From Mrs. Morris, Miss Stella," she said.

"What!" cried Stella. "That my new bonnet—in a paper bag? Is the woman crazy?"

She thrust in her hand and drew out a snowy cambric sunbonnet with a wide frill surrounding the front and two long, broad string.

She laid it down, laughing heartily.

"There has been a mistake. Send it back by the messenger who brought it," suggested her mother.

"Please, ma'am she's gone," declared the servant and vanished.

"Try it on," suggested Roy.

It was no sooner said than done. Stella tied the quaint cap on her blonde head, and stood on tiptoe before the great sideboard, to peer into the mirror above and observe the effect.

"Capital!" decided her brother, with genuine admiration, "That little fixing is decidedly becoming, Stell."

And it was!

The rosy, dimpled face, with sunny love-locks trembling over the smooth brow, framed in by the snowy, flaring frill, was pretty as a picture.

"Keep it and wear it to church tomorrow," advised Roy.

"What an idea!" she said, laughing.

"I dare you to!"

"Then I'll do it," she decided, promptly.

"Bravo—that's sensible! Now won't you promise to consider what I've said to you about Stanley? He is the most contemptible of all existing creatures—a male flirt! He makes love to half the girls in town, to Minnie Wood especially, and he is only going to marry you because you are the daughter of a wealthy man. You're a million times too good for him, Stella."

"Roy," returned his sister, severely, "reserve your advice till you're asked for it."

And she swept away with a great deal of dignity for such a little body.

That night Lucian put in an appearance, but Stella mentioned neither Miss Wood's name nor her own new headgear.

The next day she dressed early for church and left the house by a side door, taking a path through the trees. But the nearer she came to the church, the further receded her courage. How could she walk up the aisle and sit in their front row pew in a cambric sunbonnet? When she reached the great doors her valor had oozed out of her finger tips.

All Roy had stipulated was that she should wear it to church. He had not designated the particular part of the church she was to sit. She could still win and remain undetected.

So, instead of marching up the middle aisle, she slipped up the side stairs into the gloomy organ loft where the village girls sang.

A few of them were already there, and she stood up among them with her back to the door.

It was scarcely like Kate Desmond's, which the artist in "Esmeralda" characterizes as "a prepossessing back." It was rather a neutral back, a sober black gown and a white, wide-frilled cap, which covered every inch of neck and hair.

But the gentleman who came softly up the stairs and into the shadowy gallery recognized it immediately, or thought he did.

When Stella sat down a little behind the others, lest some one should glance up from below and observe her, he came forward and took a seat still further back.

He was a slender young man, dressed in the height of the prevailing fashion, with a pair of fine dark eyes and a brigandish moustache.

No one in the half-filled loft had noticed his entrance. He bent his head forward till it was close beside the one in the thick, white sunbonnet.

"Minnie!" he whispered.

She stirred violently. Then she sat still as a statue.

So Roy was right. Let him go on. It was a slight wonder he had mistaken her. Sky and the house-painter's daughter were of about the same height and figure.

"I could not get over to see you last night, my darling," he went on, hurridly. "I had to go up to Harper's on business. No, not to see Stella—her brother. You don't suppose I could really care for her in preference to you, you jealous little goose?"

And still she did not move.

"Is that the new sunbonnet you told me you were getting? I don't like it. It wants to keep you all to itself. There, they are going. Meet me at the side door, and I shall go home with you across the fields. That horrid sunbonnet! It is shutting away from my sight the sweetest face in Brockton!"

He was gone. The congregation was dispersing. Stella rose and hurried down, coming face to face with Roy as she reached the foot.

"So you came. Where were you? I didn't see you. Honestly, it's becoming, Stell, though hardly full dress. What's the matter?"

Her cheeks were quite bright, her eyes sparkling, her lips set in a mutinous red line.

"Never mind. Come with me," she said.

Mr. Lucian Stanley, standing in the shadow of the side door, paled visibly as he caught sight of the pair approaching him. The face under the white sunbonnet. Good heavens—Stella Harper!

She drew a ring from her finger as she passed him, and flung it at his feet.

"Give that to Miss Wood," she advised carelessly.

But he didn'. With a wholesome fear of Roy before his mind, he went out of town as fast as the next train could bear him.

And at home Stella cried a little, laughed a good deal and ended by telling the gallery episode with much warmth and enjoyment.

"Mrs. Morris has sent up a message to the effect that the mistake concerning my bonnet was made by her stupid new girl," she concluded gaily, "and I intend to encourage that girl in stupidity by giving her a dollar when next I go to town."—Saturday Night.

A Discovery of Importance.

It is announced that a German scientist has patented a process by which a tissue is made that will take the place of the natural skin and be absorbed as the injury heals. He takes the muscular portion of the intestines of animals. Both the inner and outer layers of mucous are removed. The middle portion is then permitted to remain for a suitable time in a solution of pepsin, when the fibers are found to be semi-digested. The substance is then treated with gallic acid and tannin. Large surfaces from which the skin has been removed by disease or accident may be healed in a short time by means of this tissue. It is prepared and laid upon the raw surface, which has previously been sterilized, and is very lightly bandaged in place. The union of the tissue and the surface takes place in a little while, and the tissue forms a coating that answers the purpose of the skin to a degree better than any known substitute, and is likely, when still further perfected, entirely to remove the necessity for skin grafting.—The Ledger.

Whence Comes "By Jingo"?

The words "Jingo" and "Jingoism," just now at the end of everybody's tongue and pen, are also of disputed derivation. We all know about the English music hall song which set the word going with a new meaning in 1877, but the original coinage of the term "By Jingo!" is quite doubtful. In the Basque language the word Jingo means God, and it is widly believed that "By Jingo!" was a form of oath with which the Basque sailors familiarized the English sailors, and, through them, all English-speaking people.

It is one of the oddities of popular wordmaking that the term "Jingoism" as now used, is a complete travesty of the sentiment of the song from which it was taken. A Jingo, either in England or America, is now set down as a man spoiling for a fight, eager for a war at any cost. But the original song with the Jingo chorus expressed exactly the opposite sentiment—a desire for peace. It began with the words, "We don't want to fight."—New York Recorder.

From Frying Pan to Fire.

In England heavy "death duties" or inheritance taxes have to be paid to the government. Recently a well-known rich old Englishman, to evade mampering his estate with this tax, made over all his property to his son. The son, however, has just died, without will or children, and his father has had to pay out of his own estate a big inheritance tax. And he is still no better off than before, for when he dies the tax must be paid again.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A NURSERY SONG.

Oh, Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout,
Are two little goblins black!
Full oft from my house I have driven them out,
But somehow they still come back.
They clamor up to the Baby's mouth,
And pull the corners down;
They perch aloft on the Baby's brow,
And twist it into a frown.
And one says, "Shall!" and the other says "Sha'n't!"
And one says "Must!" and the other says "Can't!"
Oh, Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout,
I pray you now from my house keep out!

But Samuel Smile and Lucy and Laugh
Are two little fairies light;
They're always ready for fun and chaff,
And sunshine is their delight.
And when they peep into Baby's eyes,
Why, there the sunbeams are;
And when they peep the sweetest rosy lips,
Her laughter rings near and far.
And one says "Please!" and the other says "Do!"
And both together say "I love you!"
So, I chased Laugh and Smile away,
Come in, my dears, and tarry awhile!

—Laura E. Richards in St. Nicholas.

BIRDS' EGGS.

The egg of the Baltimore oriole is light brown, spotted with dark brown. That of the common wren is very small, and reddish white in color. The bobolink builds its nest on the ground concealed among grass or grass. It lays five or six purplish-white eggs, which are spotted with brown at one end, and blotched all over with dark purple. The meadow-lark also builds her nest on the ground, usually in meadows where the grass is rank and tall. It is a very pretty nest made of different grassy plants skillfully woven together.

Crow's eggs are green, spotted with greenish brown. The eggs of the redwing blackbird are bluish white, irregularly mottled with dark purple blotches. Its nest is suspended upon a bush or reeds in wet, marshy meadows, often on tufts of cattails which are surrounded by water.—Detroit Free Press.

TABLE MANNERS FOR CHILDREN.

Drink from the cup—never from the saucer.

Teaspoons are left in the saucer, not in the cup.

Making a noise, either in eating or drinking, is vulgar.

Always cheerfully defer to older people and to guests.

Eat slowly, and do not fill the mouth with large quantities.

Eat the food served, or quietly leave it on the plate without remark.

Avoid drumming with the fingers or feet; it is the height of impoliteness.

If in doubt at any time as to what is proper, follow the example of others of more experience.

Patiently await the coming of your turn; do not follow with the eyes the food served to others.

Never necessarily handle the dishes, or in any other manner exhibit nervousness or impatience.

Do not feel obliged to "clean up the plate;" especially do not make a laborous display of doing so.

Do not ask for any particular part of a fowl, or similar dish, unless asked your preference; in that case always indicate sometimes, and if there be really no choice, designate the portion with which the host can most conveniently render service.—New York Telegram.

A DEAD CITY.

He had expected to find a ruined house or two, but before his startled eyes stretched a dead city. In a great bend of the stream, and forming a huge amphitheatre, the cliffs rose glittering and dazzling white a hundred feet or more, when the stone changed to a soft gray brown and went up as high again. Just where the white and brown rock meet at the deepest part of the bend, a colossal bite had been taken out of the face of cliff, forming a great cave. In this space a people, now gone, leaving no record but these silent ruins, had built a most curious and remarkable structure, over five stories high, receding one above the other, until the upper story was far within the shadow of the cave. This was plainly the citadel, or great communal house; for on both sides, following the curve of the white cliff, were the windows and doorways of innumerable cave dwellings, hollowed from the soft tufts of which it was composed. The central building might have been made only a few years ago by some of Honani's own people, so fresh and new it seemed; but both its position and the caves told of a time long ago, when, without any doubt, this was the home of a numerous and prosperous people. In the great bend of the stream had been their fields and high up, secure from dangers, the had lived, loved and died.—St. Nicholas

"GOLDEN HORN."

Most Interesting Strip of Water In the World.

There Constantinople Sits, Like Rome, On Seven Hills.

Now that public attention is so keenly drawn to the almost anarchic state of Turkey, the following particulars of the capital of the Ottoman Empire will be of interest: Byzantium, Islamboul, or Constantinople, as the place has been variously called, is situated at the junction of the Bosporus and the Sea of Marmora, and may be said to be composed of three distinct towns, viz: Stamboul, Pera-Galata and Scutari.

The two first named are on the European shore, and are divided by the creek called the Golden Horn, while Scutari lies on the Asiatic side, and is separated from them by the Bosphorus. Stamboul, or Constantinople proper occupies the site of ancient Byzantium, and, like ancient Rome, is built on seven hills. On the first of these are the Old Seraglio and the famous mosque of Santa Sophia. Stamboul lies on a triangular promontory washed by the waters of the Golden Horn on the north, and by the Sea of Marmora on the south, while the swift current of the Bosporus flows past its eastern front.

Scutari, although a suburb of Constantinople, is practically a separate town, the distance across the water being about two miles. It largely resembles Stamboul, both externally and internally, with its numerous mosques, its bazaars, public baths and manufactories. It will be remembered chiefly by English readers on account of its hospital having been used by the Anglo-French army in the winter of 1854-5 and by reason of its beautiful English cemetery with its monument to the heroes of the Crimean campaign. Its population is now about 60,000, that of the whole capital being about one million and a half.

Stamboul is the native city, and contains most of the government and public buildings. Here are situated, for instance, the Sublime Porte (gateway of justice, from which the Government of Turkey takes its name), the War Office, the Seraglio, the law courts, the custom House, the mosques of Santa Sophia and countless others; the Mint and the museums, the Han Yeni, and the Egyptian bazaars. The landward side of the city of Stamboul is bounded by the walls Theodosius, rebuilt in 447 A. D., and now in a ruinous state.

Pera-Galata is the European or Christian town and the centre of business; the Imperial, Ottoman and other banks, the Exchange, and steamship and merchants' offices being in Galata. Most of the embassies are situated on the hill of Pera. The principal street of Constantinople, where all the European shops are, is the Grande Rue de Pera, and the next in importance is the Rue Tepe Bachi, along which the Pera-Galata tramcars run, and where the best hotels, the British Embassy and the Petite Champs Municipality Gardens are situated. The Yildiz Kiosk, where at present the Sultan resides, is practically in the country, about four miles from the Sublime Porte. The palace is surrounded by barracks, where a large force of the Imperial Guards is quartered; and no strangers are allowed to enter the gates.

The Golden Horn—La Horne d'Or, Chryse Keras—call it what you will, the name of the classic waterway is one with which to conjure. That its greater glory is now gone is not to be disputed; that it still remains the most interesting strip of water in the world is as little to be denied. On one side of it rises a lordly line of mosques, those of Santa Sophia, Sultan Mahmoud, Sultan Selim, Sultan Bajazet, of Sultan Mahomed, Conqueror of the Christians who shall say how many more? Up the heights on the further shore climb the palaces of the foreign ambassadors, that of Britain, as is meet and right, standing above them all.

Crouching down by the water's edge are the Arsenal and the Admiralty, barracks and Custom Houses, prisons and powder magazines; every one who wishes to pile up a block of Government buildings seeks a site for it on the shores of the Golden Horn. Until sixty years ago, those who wished to cross the Horn called up a Kaik or waited for a ferryboat; then it occurred to Sultan Mahmoud II. that a permanent way might be an advantage. Accordingly he summoned the Grand Admiral—no less important an official is custodian of the Golden Horn—and bade him see the thing should be done, the Sultan adding significantly that he meant to survey the undertaking in person at a specified date. Georgi, a Greek, took the work in hand and did it well, as his lord attested when the way was baptized in the name "Nouveretya" (the Benefaction.) From sunset to sunrise throughout the year it was declared that this bridge should remain open, while during the Feast of Ramazan free passage is allowed throughout the night, that the followers of Allah may visit the mosques at their own times.—St. James's Budget.

Chuckchee Bear Killing.

Probably the most uncommon way of bear catching which is practised regularly is that which is in vogue among the Chuckchee Indians in the Kamchatkan peninsula. The captain of a whaler who had gone ashore at Ognatsk to trade, and had investigated the Chuckchee method of bear killing, told the story about it when he got back to civilization.

"The Kamchatkan bear is a huge brown fellow, often weighing over 1,000 pounds and he is very ferocious and hard to kill. Such an animal is invulnerable to the small darts which are the Chuckchee's massive weapons, and it is necessary to cripple him before closing in with spears. These bears inhabit ground which is covered with dense thickets, through which they have paths and runways. The runways are impenetrable to man except to crawl on hands and knees. To circumvent the bear the Chuckchee takes two pieces of board about six inches long and three inches long, through which he bores numerous holes. Through the holes in each piece he puts long iron nails with their points sharpened. Then, placing the back of the pieces of the wood together, he fastens them with thongs, thus leaving the sharpened of the nails projecting on each side. This curious implement of hunting, he lays in the runway where the bear tracks are thickest, lightly covering it from view.

"Presently the bear comes along, his great forepaw covering each a square foot of surface, and almost to a certainty he puts one forepaw on the nails, which penetrate and hurt him. Rearing upon his hind legs he raises the paw to which the boards are fastened by the nails, looks at it, and so hurt the thing that has hurt him, he strikes at it with his other paw to knock it off, thereby driving the nails from the side he hits into that paw. Thoroughly angry, he now uses hands off and strikes with the first paw that was pierced and the nails again penetrate that. So he goes on striking with one paw and the other, driving the nails deeper and deeper into the flesh, until, exhausted with pain and rage, he sinks to the ground. His paws are now so sore that he cannot travel far, and as far as he goes he leaves a trail of blood behind him. Discovering this, the Indians follow him up and with their spears despatch him.

Kittens.

Kittens differ as much as children in their capacity for amusing themselves and in their demands for amusements. One of Princess's kittens, the White Squall, so named from his practice of standing on the stairs and howling when left alone, was so dependent on others and so exacting that he became a pest. His mother did not care for him particularly and none of his sisters took a fancy to him. He then fell back upon human beings, and made my life a burden by yelling on the stairs, when he could not find me, and tormenting me to play with him when he did. No ball, ball, or string and spool was of the least value to him unless somebody played with him.

He would climb into my lap, scramble across my book or portfolio, twitch the pen out of my hands, lay himself flat on the keys of the piano, pull the piece of a wing I was at work on, claw my hair down, bite my fingers, worry at my dress and tear it, in short, bother me out of my life. At the same time he was so gentle and affectionate, and so beautiful, with deep blue eyes, and a superhuman expression of innocence, that I could not give him away. He needed a lively child of ten to keep up with him, but not having one at hand, I brought one of the stable kittens, they were always inferior white ones there, to the house for a playmate. She was a few months younger than himself, and at first I thought he would kill her in his violent sport, but finding her audit for roughness, he moderated it until they played on even terms.—Temple Bar.

The western wing of the Massachusetts State House in Boston, has been declared unsafe and must be rebuilt.

Song.

"Have you seen Love?" I asked,
"No, no," the answer was.
"I'm sure," said I, "he's here,
If that he did not pass
"I saw him this way run,
And down this very path;
He would not, could not brave
The bordering brambles' wrath."
"No, no," she said; "away!
Love is not here, I know."
The while, from her bright eyes
He laughed and bent his bow.

—Chicago Record.

HUMOROUS.

When the button comes off the back of a man's shirt his choler begins to rise.

"Shall I carve three tears on the marble slab?" "Why three? I have only two eyes."

Life is a tiresome journey, and when a man arrives at the end he is all out of breath.

Shopkeepers study to please, but there are lots of boys and girls whom it does not please to study.

"What is your best reason for believing that she'll marry him?" "Her parents say that she shan't."

A Boston policeman shot a somnambulist the other night, who was running in the street—a new form of rapid trance hat.

Bachelor—I am told that a married man can live on half the income that a single man requires. Married man—Yes; he has to.

Mrs. B—Bridget, have you turned the gas on in the parlor, as I told you? New Domestic—Yis, mum; can't yer smell it?

"You said the cottage would cost $10,000 and you send me a bill for $15,000." "Yes, but you said you wanted one story less."

Salesman—Do you want you goods sent by any particular express? Customer—Certainly, if you can find a particular express. I can't.

The house fly is very slow in its movements when you want it to go out of doors, but quicker than quickness when it wants to come in.

A wood-sawing contest by women! That seems up-to-date and quite pat. The "sawing," I hear, was successful—But the "say nothing" part. How was that?

He—Is this the first time you've ever been in love, darling? She (thoughtlessly)—Yes; but it's so nice that I hope it won't be the last!

Grace—A humorist proposed to me last night. Ethel—Was he serious? Grace—That's just the trouble. Who ever heard of a humorist being serious?

Mrs. Speeler—Vy, Professor, you haven't combed your hair vuddem a week. Prof. Speeler—Nein, mein frau. I has a polding performance on de piano dis night.

Parson—I married Smithers to his first wife and he gave me $50; when I married him to his second wife he gave me $5. Wiggles—He knew more about matrimony the second time I guess.

Reciprocity—Mistress—I can't say that you were always respectful, Bridget; still, I will put it in the recommendation. Bridget—Thank you ma'am. An' I'll say the same thing av yuh.

Woman—Didn't I tell you never to come here again? Tramp—I hope you will pardon me, madam, but it is the fault of my secretary. He has neglected to strike your name from my calling list.

Bacon—Let me shake your hand, dear boy; this is one of the happy days of your life. Egbert—You're too previous, old man. I'm not to be married until tomorrow. "That's what I say. This is one of the happy days of your life."

"Look at that very thin man over there with that very fat one." "Yes, I know them, and they are the greatest chums always together, everywhere." "Good gracious! Is it possible that they dine at the same place?"

Bacon—I believe the introduction of cable cars and horseless carriages will make the world better. Egbert—I can't understand why. Bacon—It will reduce the tendency to lie. Horse trading will be unknown.

Snowballs Rolled By the Wind.

A Flint, Michigan, correspondent writes to the Chicago Tribune: "Passengers on the Flint River division of the Flint & Pere Marquette Railroad who come to the city recently reports observing a strange phenomenon in large, level fields not far from the city. Hundreds of snowballs, some of them of colossal size, have been rolled together, it is thought by the action of the wind. The fields are covered with them, and nature accomplished in one night what it would take a large force of boys several days to do."