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I TAKE NO STEP BACKWARD. DANIEL WEBSTER.

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NO. 2.

DIGNITY OR LOWLY WORK

"Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary?"—St. Mark.

A lesson, Lord, those eighteen years to me,
Not elsewhere I could so divinely learn
That humble tasks are best, however I learn
For higher spheres where I may work more free!

Blest were those patient toiling years to Thee,
Their secret kept within Thy lonely heart.
While Thou wast trained by daily skill of art
To build new world for human destiny.
Thy Future was the Now. 'Twas from its height
Thine eye read onward the passing day.

What sun was that so darkened in his light?
Oh, Nazareth, out of these toils there came
That which we prize most dear—a Brother's name.

—Dr. A. A. Lipscomb, in Harper.

IN SPIKE OF HIMSELF.

Neither tall nor short, neither dark nor fair, with hair between blonde and brown, and eyes that left a doubt as to whether they were gray or hazel. She was just such a little bundle of uncertainties and contradictions as led the imagination captive at the first glance, and offered a constant lure to anticipation.

Whether she spoke or remained silent, whether she walked or sat, expectation hurried breathless upon her next word, her next hue, her next smile, none the less, with a candid ray that seemed the very light of truth, and her fresh mouth, with its milky teeth showing between the not too-smiling lips, irresistibly suggested the sweetest uses to which lips can be put.

The heavily moving steamer had plowed through half the great Atlantic rollers, and the few passengers had all grown heartily tired of each other, when she suddenly appeared for the first time upon deck quite alone, yet calm and self-contained as the small birds that sometimes poised themselves upon spar or bulwark to gather breath for fresh flight.

It was Julius Hilder who had first discovered her, leaning against the companionway railing, with the air of having just come up or down, he could hardly determine which, looking absently at the tumbling waves.

Julius and his friend, Austin Drake, were seceders from a gay party who had made the tour of South Europe to

Nothing could have been more discreet and retiring than Miss Elton's behavior, but the perseverance of a man who finds himself bored by too much of his own and his alter ego's society, is an incalculable force against which no woman can successfully entrench herself, and so it was not long before Drake found himself eliminated as a superfluous factor, from the sum of his friend's enjoyment, whenever Miss Elton appeared above deck. His success, however, was more apparent than real, for although he knew her name, and was allowed to carry her book and her shawl, and arranged her chair in the most comfortable position with reference to the wind or the sun, he had really made no great progress in her acquaintance. Who she was, or why she had chosen to make the voyage in this unconventional and eccentric way, remained as great a mystery as it had been on the memorable first day. It was the close of the tenth day, dating from that of his discovery, and Julius sat beside her in that intimate fashion bred of the isolation of the sea.

He had been reading to her, but the story was finished, and a silence had ensued; she appeared to be wrapped in thought, and he watching her face with half-veiled glances.

"Three more days and we shall be at home," she said, rousing herself.

"You count the days," he said. "Are you eager to be there?"

"No; neither eager nor reluctant. The voyage has been pleasant, but it will be nice to be on shore again, too."

"What, or rather who is going to make it nice? Anybody in particular?"

She put the question aside with a little wave of her hand.

"You are curious," she said, mischievously.

Julius bit his lip. He was curious, and this was not the first time she had foiled him.

"You want much to know just who and what I am," she went on. "You have made a dozen attempts to find out. Tell me why. What difference would it make to you? If I were to tell you that I am a niece of the governor of Kentucky; mind, I don't say that I am," she cautioned, as Julius made a gesture of surprise. "I say if I were to tell you so, and add that I am mistress of an independent fortune, would that enhance my value in your eyes?"

Julius drummed upon the arm of his chair, and looked at her in silence.

"Suppose, on the contrary," she went on, impetuously, and with a certain warmth of tone that seemed to spring from injured pride, "I were to tell you that I am an orphan without fortune; that I had just returned from a

Which have I offended—the governor's niece or the orphan music teacher?" he asked, with a saucy smile.

"Both. It was a daring impertinence to the one, and a piece of insolence toward the other."

"Well, I don't see what I'm to do about it. It isn't the sort of thing you can expect a man to take back."

"No," she said, looking absently into her cup, then suddenly realizing that this was not just what she should have said, she hurried to add, amid a confusion of blushes: "That is, of course, you must take it back; at least you mustn't say anything more about it."

"Never."

"But that's impossible."

"Mr. Hilder."

"Miss Elton."

"I think we've had enough of this. It was my fault, I am willing to admit that. It was wretched taste on my part, and I have suffered all sorts of things in consequence." She waved her hand toward her cabin as she spoke, indicating that it was thus her hours of retirement were spent. "Let me go back to the first question," she continued. "You asked me whether there was anybody to make it pleasant for me on shore. There was no reason but my own perversity why I should not have answered at once. No, nobody that I am at all sure will care to

make it pleasant for me. I have a dear old uncle who has always been very good to me; but when he hears how naughty I have been I don't know what he will say to me," and she puckered up her white forehead into an expression of compunctious perplexity.

"Well, he said, after waiting some time for her to resume, "is that all?"

"That answers your question, does it not?"

"My question as originally put—yes, I believe it does; but it has been so amplified that you can hardly expect me to be satisfied with that meagre answer."

"Amplified! I don't understand."

"Those two ingenious hypotheses, for instance—were they both pure fiction, or which was the true one?"

"Both pure inventions, as you call them, laughing and blushing again. "I am not that brilliant creature, a governor's niece, nor yet that more useful and respectable one, a teacher of music. The governor's niece was just a bit of satire. I traveled a few weeks once in a company with such a person, and the constant iteration with which she dwelt upon her title, and the amount of respect it seemed to inspire in the minds of those who heard it, gave me the impression that it was the highest rank an unmarried woman could attain in America. I think the impression must be well founded, too, as I noticed it produced quite an effect upon you."

"Not the effect you imagine. I was startled for a moment, I confess, but simply because of a slight coincidence."

"A coincidence! Do you know her?" and a hot blush and a look of astonishment sat together upon the fresh face of Miss Elton.

"Never saw her; but there was a plot to make me cross the ocean with such a person and a lot of other women, which I defeated by running away."

"Oh! you ran away?" she breathed the words out in a startled, half-whisper.

"Yes, they went in a Cunarder, and my friend Drake and I slipped off and took the steamer at Havre."

She looked at him with widely opened eyes for a moment, during which he decided for the fiftieth time that the eyes were brown and not deep gray, as he had decided the other fifty times.

"Why did you run away?" she asked, after a moment's amused consideration.

"Well, you see I was with my sister, and two or three others; just a nice little party, all the ladies married, so a fellow didn't have to be always on parade. We had a jolly, comfortable time until we got to Paris on our way home, and there sister took it into her head to join a woman who had been roaming around the continent with a lot of girls on an extensive husband hunt—one of those

and rejoiced greatly thereat.

The quaintness of the last phrase undoubtedly indicates the young man's feelings at the salute with considerable exactitude.

In Africa and other parts of the world outside the circle of civilization kissing is as yet an unknown art.

An African traveler once offered a kiss under favorable circumstances to a young lady of King Mumbo Jumbo's court, but she recoiled in great alarm, observing that she was "not yet worthy to be eaten."

Curious Recoveries.

We have heard of Blots and insane persons whose minds have been restored by sudden blows on the head, and lately we read of a deaf man who, stumbled, struck his head on the door-sill, received a bad bruise, and was relieved of his deafness; and of a notable case occurring on Long Island, where an old gentleman was beaten about the head by trunks and thereupon recovered his eyesight after having been blind for a year.

—Dr. Foe's Health Monthly.

Things which could never have made a man happy develop a power to make him strong. Strength, and not happiness, or rather only that happiness which comes by strength, is the end of human living. And with that test and standard the best order and beauty reappear.

I must introduce you. Mr. Hilder has been very kind to me."

"Julius! Why, my dear boy, come over with her." His hand was grasped with a hearty pressure, and he found himself gazing into the spectacled eyes of Mr. Smollett.

"Oh, stupidest of stupid!" he exclaimed, as he thrust slippers and brushes into the privacy of his cabin.

By the Smollett ogress after all, "after?" he added, as he gave a last look to his fair mustache before the mirrors. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Pitch Springs.

In different parts of the world we find phenomena of a kind of natural inflammable substance oozing from the earth, which, under the various names of natural pitch, earth pitch, naphtholeum (or rock oil), is very well known as to its general properties. The purest state of this substance, which by a certain exposure to the air somewhat changes its quality, and becomes petroleum; and finally, after still longer exposure, becomes what we call kerosene.

The phenomena are found in various parts of the world, but that which we briefly mention is in one of the islands of the Indian Confederation. This natural exudation is found in the southern part of Zebu, near the coast, and has been described by several modern travelers. It is always a matter of curiosity to determine how long such natural phenomena have been in operation, and in this case we know that the pitch springs of Zebu were as productive 2,300 years ago as they are now. Herodotus, in his travels, visited this spot, of which he gives the following account in his fourth book:

"In Zacynthus I saw pitch brought up out of the water of a pond, and there are several of these ponds, but the largest of them is about seventy feet square, and twelve feet deep. The mode of procuring the pitch is the following: They take a pole, and push it into the water with a myrtle branch at the end, and on pulling it up they find the pitch adhering to it, which in small quantities is of a better quality than the common pine pitch. They collect this pitch in a kind of vat or receptacle which they have dug near the pond, and when the quantity is considerable they put it in large jars or barrels. If they wish to drop from the branch into the water, they go under the ground and appear at the surface by a hole about half

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

A woman in Connecticut has been made a notary.

Pongees, either plain or embroidered, wash beautifully.

Black lace capotes are worn as much by young ladies as by matrons.

Flounces, when narrow and not too full, sometimes cover the entire skirt.

Miss Dodson, a Philadelphia artist, has two pictures in the Paris salon this year.

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the writer and editor, gets \$8,000 a year, it is said.

Dove, steel, and mouse gray are the fashionable shades of this popular color.

Whole front breadths are made of long strips neatly lined and braided in and out.

Twenty-one of the twenty-eight ward school principals in Indianapolis are women.

White dotted Swiss, with gay colored bouquets sprinkled over it, is new this summer.

Flowers are placed in pompons or round clusters in the same way as feather tips on bonnets.

The woman market is down now in Tunis, Africa. Wives only bring from \$20 to \$120 a head.

Laura White, an American girl, has been admitted to the special school of architecture in Paris.

Telephones in Switzerland are exclusively in the hands of women, who are paid \$260 to \$800 a year.

Japanese paper and silk and satin fans are not entirely out of vogue, but feather fans are the favorites.

Very small diamonds are now more fashionable than those of larger size, but their setting is a work of art.

A material much used for summer dresses is etamine, a thread texture resembling extremely fine canvas.

Fashionable and dressy parasols are very gay, very large, and very much trimmed with lace and flowers.

The jacket or casaque opening over the waistcoat or gathered or plaited plastron is a feature in early summer suits.

Changeable linens are among the summer dress goods. They are very becoming and, of course, wash perfectly.

The close short jacket with velvet pockets is in favor for street wear, not only in Jersey cloth but in English check.

Buttons, whether of passementerie, smoked pearl, metal or enamel, are very popular and placed very close together.

ANTIDOTE FOR THE BLUES.

NO REMEDY BETTER THAN A DOSE OF FUNNY STORIES.

Buck Against Nature. Made no Difference Clean Coat Appearance are Decisive.

"I understand that Spokeland couldn't make a living down in the bottoms," said a man meeting an acquaintance.

"No, he had to move away."

"Wasn't the land good?"

"First rate, but the trouble with him is laziness. He was too lazy to live in that country. That's no place for a lazy man, let me tell you. Why, sir, that fellow had a chill one day and was too lazy to shake it. In that country it is necessary for a man to shake when he has a chill. It ain't right to buck against nature."

—Auntie's Tidbits.

Make No Difference.

A traveler just from the South reports the following: On one of the Southern railroads there is a station called "Sawyer." Lately a newly married couple boarded the train, and a very loving indeed. The brakeman noticed the gushing groom kiss the bride about two hundred times, but maintained a serene quiet. Finally the station in question was reached, and just after the whistle sounded the groom gave the bride a rousing smack on the lip and the brakeman opened the door and shouted:

"Sawyer! Sawyer!"

"What's that?" responded the groom looking over his shoulder at the brakeman.

"Sawyer," replied the brakeman.

"Well, I don't care if you did see my wife," *Meadell Trader.*

Clean Gene.

Do you really love me, Beryl?

A pair of soft, blue eyes looked up indignantly into the face of Harold Wyverne, and over the sweet, girlish face swept a wave of pallor, quickly followed by a sunny smile as she saw by the expression of Harold's face that the question had not been a real one.

"How you frighten me!" she said, nestling close to him in the confiding, trustful way that is so characteristic of woman when she is about to lay pipe for a new bouquet. "If you had been in earnest, Harold, I believe your words would have broken my heart," and stepping to the other side of the coupe doorway, into which they had wandered after the last waltz, she gazed steadfastly out into the deepening gloom of a November night.

passed, and under weigh herself down with several pounds of curl d hair she must allow her dressmaker yards and yards of stuff for plaiting and pulling.

Dr. Sarah L. Weintraub, a graduate of a Philadelphia medical college, is going to practise her profession in the ancient city of Damascus. Male physicians are not allowed to enter the women's apartments there. Dr. Weintraub will have things all her own way.

With white toilets, brides still adhere to very long white gloves, the choice being between undressed and finished kid, each style having its adherents. White slippers and hose are usually chosen, but another innovation sanctioned by fashion is the use of black slippers and black silk hose.

The handles of this year's parasols are made from sticks of wood ending in knots, but these knots are carved into the heads of dogs and owls or ornamented with sea work rather than left plain. Some of the handles imitate a vine stem tied in a knot, and some are etched and then cut away with a sharp tool, so as to show the white wood beneath in spots, making the leopard pattern reversed. The choicest of all the parasols those of figured and bordered with row on row of cherub fringes, have bamboo sticks with handles and tips of finely woven strands of bamboo.

against the railings, a thrill of undeniable pleasure had coursed along his nerves and he had felt himself blushing with pleased surprise.

Fortunately, the seaman had rendered the blush indistinct, but over the light that shot into his gray eyes, the sea tan had no power, nor yet over the tongue that stammered as he tried to convey his apologies for nearly upsetting her, and his offers of service in conducting her to a seat.

"Thank you," she had answered gooly, "you did not startle me, as I saw you coming, and I am not sure that I want a seat."

There was no more to be said, and her maid appearing at that moment with a bundle of parti-colored wraps, Julius could only lift his hat again and carry out his purpose of going below. As he had no reason for going except that he was tired of staying on deck, and as the deck had now acquired a paramount attraction, he was soon back again.

In the meantime the young lady had made up her mind about the seat, and had found one for herself close against the ship's side, on the weather quarter. It was not a pleasant location, but as she had chosen it, and had wrapped a large shawl about her in an exclusive sort of way, she saw no plausible ground for interfering.

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