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Fifty Years Apart. They sit in the winter gloaming. And the fire burns bright between; One has passed seventy summers, And the other just seventeen.

PORK AND POTATOES. There was little rhyme or reason in the monotonous recitation of these homely words, yet they had the desired effect, for in the course of time the wife-eyed lady in the woman's lap began to nod a drowsy nod, and at last fell into an uneasy slumber.

How was it, Annie asked her mother over and over again, that in only four years they had come to this? She remembered as she washed and scoured among the pots and pans, how the girls in the shop where she used to work had envied her. Envied her for her handsome husband; for her smart new dress; and had all of them hoped for as good luck themselves.

There was Alice, fair and frail. Annie thought, with a little thrill of virtuous pride, that she never spoke to Alice; yet at her table to-day there would be music and laughter, rare fruits and flowers and costly wines. Though better woman slummed her, yet was she clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day.

It was all they had in the house to eat, and it was their birthday, their wedding anniversary. The door opened, and John came in; not the fine, spruce young man who smiled on her so proudly four years ago, but a slouching man in dirty overalls, with shabby linen written all over his clothes, and care all over his face.

"A charity bird. Shame on you, John! Shame on you, poor as we are, for taking charity. I will not cook, or eat, or have any hand in the disgrace of it!" "Throw it away, then," he answered, "or give it to some one without your cursed pride!" And without another word he went out into the wind and rain.

"Charity! charity! charity!" how the word rang through her brain! Not all the sorrow, and poverty, and disappointment of her married life had ever humbled her like this one gift. Old Huxley had once been a would-be lover of hers, and on former birthdays had offered her many a valuable trinket. The horrible bird, which John had sham-shir by accepting, was ample revenge for many scornful refusals.

Before Annie in any wise recovered from the surprise of her presence she spoke in a sharp, ringing voice: "Are you Anne Brown, are you?" "Yes, you are Anne Brown, are you?" And a well-looking woman, so one looks only at your face. But what has my sister's child to do with this filthy room, this tumble-down house, this forsaken street, and all this misery you seem part and parcel of? Take your baby, Annie, and come with me. You shall be a lady, child, as your mother was before you, even if she did die in the poorhouse, and I, handied, 3000 miles away.

"But John?" gasped Annie, when surprise would let her speak. "And what of John?" cried the gold-witch sharply. "I offer you a home such as you never even dreamed of, rich dresses, food, and jewels; has your John given you such things? Will he ever give them to you?" "John is my husband, the father of my baby, father of the two God gave me, and I cannot leave him, you know."

She reached her home at last, dark and dismal as to outward surroundings, bright with the memory of former joys, sacred to the memory of former sorrows. The fire was out, the hearth was dark. A moment later and a glad flame leaped and sparkled, the sleeping baby was left to its fate while his mother converted a few hoarded silver pieces that were to have bought her a dress, into tea, sugar, crackers, hot pills, and while the fit of crackness was strong upon her a pint of cranberries for old times' sake.

spiced turkey was forgiven for having passed through old Huxley's hands, and tucked into an oven as warm and comfortable as any high-toned turkey could desire! How the potatoes danced and tumbled and at last absolutely burst themselves with pride at being allowed to participate in this most luxurious repast! How the cranberries cracked and spouted in their loud demand for sugar! How light the rolls were and how strong the tea!

After the dinner was well under way, Annie had time for a vigorous putting to rights of the disordered room, time even to make the baby sweet and clean, as she washed herself in very best dress, the pretty, old-fashioned Empress cloth that had borne with some degree of gentility the wear and tear of the last four years.

One Step at a Time. I once stood at the foot of a Swiss mountain which towered up from the foot of the Vispach Valley to a height of 10,000 feet. It looked like a tremendous pull to the top. But I said to myself, "Oh, it will require but one step at a time! Before sunset I stood on the summit, enjoying the magnificent view of the peaks around me, and right opposite to me flashed the icy crown of the Weisshorn, which Professor Tyndall was the first man to discover, by taking one step at a time.

Every boy who would master a difficult study, every youth, who hopes to get on in the world, must keep this motto in hand. When the famous Arago was a school-boy he got discouraged over mathematics. But one day he found on the waste leaf of the cover of his text book a short letter from D'Alembert, to a youth, discouraged like himself. The advice which D'Alembert gave was, "Goon, sir, go on." "That little sentence," says Arago, "was my best teacher in mathematics." He did push on steadily, until he became the greatest mathematician of his day, by mastering one step at a time.

A Clattering Conscience. One of the neatest stories is that of an early judge, an archbishop, who, in denying an accusation, said, striking his breast: "By my conscience, my lord, I know nothing of it!" The lord made his shirt of mail rattle, which brought the canister to him. "My lord, your conscience is not good; I hear it clattering." He had to flee with his clattering conscience, and seek safety disguised as a shepherd in tending sheep on the mountain side. - Fraser's Magazine.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT. Fashion Notes. It is a rule to continue to be worn. Brills are applicable for the most part in bonnets. Black matelasse is much used in morning dress. Soft, warm, wadded is chosen for riding coats.

Black lace ruffles and cascades and black lace draperies for skirts are much in favor for elderly ladies. The most fashionable slippers have very short toes, and strips high on the instep, which fit with very broad ribbons. Rag-rosette bonnets appear among the late styles. The plush in this style of goods is mostly used for the small bonnets.

White, straight-breasted sailor hats of plush or velvet, having the crowns completely covered with short, fluffy ostrich tips, are very much worn by young girls in their teens. The plain waists and sleeves of dresses, which have been so long admired and universally adopted, have given way to immense frills, shirtings and puffs.

What a Vice-President Has to Give. A prospect of the efforts to make a candidate pledge the patronage of an office in advance, ex-Senator McDonald, of Indiana, tells an admirable story. He says that a certain congressman just before the Cincinnati Convention of 1850 met him and remarked: "I have been starting a loan for you in my state as the nominee for the Vice-Presidency. What will you give me if nominated and elected?" "There are only two offers in the gift of a Vice-President," was the answer. "He can appoint a private secretary and the keeper of the Senate restaurant. I do not think you would make a good private secretary, so I will give you the other place."

little prince, and is well provided with down-stuffed accessories. Winning a Bride. So late as the seventeenth century it was customary in some parts of Ireland for the bridegroom's friends to provide those of the bride with a shower of darts, carefully directed so as to fall harmless, and Lord Kaimies, who died in 1872, deposes that the marriage observance of the Welsh of that day were significantly symbolized of marriage by capture; the respective friends of the bride and groom meeting on horse-back, the former professing to deliver the lady on demand and bringing about a sham combat, during which the nearest kinship of the bride, behind whom she is mounted, galloped away, to be pursued by the opposite party, until men and horses had had enough of it, when the bridegroom was permitted to dismount the pretended fugitive and bear her off in triumph.

Women in Wall Street. Says a New York correspondent: "Wall street is over-run with women - women who are old and women who are young, women who are poorly clad and women in rich attire; women who talk partly of the market and carry the changes on the 'tick,' exchanging notions here and there in a friendly and womanly manner, all with an eye single to money. They are all with the speculative spirit. Their ambition is 'silver'; their methods more equitable and kind. In the list of these new halcyons of Wall street are embraced members of some of the first families of the city, so far as wealth or social connections go. The popular actress abounds and is petted; ladies who wear crepe veils in memory of departed loved ones are numerous; and she who could find no profits in engineering a boarding-house helps support the broker, Motley regiment they are, but they have the credit of operating nobly, and filling the ranks that would drive the masculine speculator wild. It is rather difficult for the average member of the 'tick' exchange to take advice to a pretty woman, and, everything being even, the information so put forth is likely to be the standard of Wall street reliability and accuracy. Secrets are sometimes obtained by women which the ordinary man could not discover in a lifetime, and for some inscrutable reason they flourish occasionally where men fail."

Bird Architects. Doves in the construction of their nests, display a great apparent carelessness or want of skill. The eggs sticks that compose their nests are so closely thrown together that one would hardly believe they could hold the eggs. This is evidently a provision of Nature to secure the young from vermin, like the practice of woodpeckers of lying their eggs on the bare wood. A stouter imperfection of structure marks the nests of some of the larger birds. But what should certain species be endowed with this conservative instinct, while in others it is entirely wanting? By careful observation we may find a reason for it. The woodpeckers lay their eggs on the bare wood that vermin may not find a harbor in the materials of a nest, but when a wren or a chickadee takes possession of one of these vacated hollows it fills it with materials that are fitted to harbor swarms of vermin, but each of these birds feeds on the minute crawling insects, and with its microscopic vision can easily destroy all that enter its abode. - Wilson's Plover.

Space in the Universe. The nearest of the fixed stars is twenty trillions (20,000,000,000,000) of miles distant from us. The next in distance is four times farther removed. If we attempt to fix an average distance for the surrounding group of fixed stars nearest our system, we could not safely give it a radius of less than four hundred trillions of miles. Yet what does this involve? Light, which reaches us from the sun in eight and a half minutes, would take twenty years in its journey across this vast domain of space. If the value of space included within our solar system were occupied with one huge sphere of 5,000,000,000 miles diameter, even such a mighty mass would be but as a drifting feather in its marvelous spread of empty space surrounding it. This space would contain twenty-seven hundred trillions of such spheres, and would contain the material of contents of our solar system a number of times indicated by the figure 5 with twenty-two ciphers annexed. - Philadelphia American.

A hunter's dog in Plumas county, Cal., seized a gray squirrel as it jumped from a tree after being shot at. The squirrel caught the dog by the lip, and held so fast that he was unable to shake it off. The dog finally ran to a stream near by, and, plunging the squirrel under water, held it there until it was drowned.

Erthquake and Pagoda. A curious instance of the Japanese method of building the conditions under which they exist occurs in the number of paying security to pagodas. Pagodas are often of great height, yet many have existed for seven hundred years, and have withstood successfully the many vicissitudes of the ground, which must have inevitably achieved their overthrow had they been erections of stone or brick. When I first ascended a pagoda, I was struck with the amount of timber employed in its construction; and I could not help feeling that the material here wasted was even more excessive. But what offended my feelings most was the presence of an enormous lot of wood in the centre of the structure, which ascends from the base to the apex. At the top this mass of timber was nearly two feet in diameter, and lower down a few equally large was lashed to each of the four sides of this central mass. I was surprised with this waste of timber, but I called the attention of my friend, Sakata, to the matter; and especially discussed the use of the central mass. To my astonishment, he told me that the structure must be strong to support the vast central mass. Being ignorant I replied that the centre part was not supported by the sides, but upon reaching the top I found this enormous central mass suspended, like the chapter of a bell; and when I had descended I could, by lying on the ground, see that there was an inch of space intervening between it and the earth which formed the floor of the pagoda. The pagoda is to a Buddhist temple what a spire is to a Christian church; and by its clever construction it is enabled to retain its vertical position, even during the continuation of earthquake shocks, for by the swinging of this vast ponderous centre of gravity is kept within the base. I now understood the reason for that which had troubled me, which I had so rashly pronounced to be useless; and saw that there is a method in Japanese construction which is worthy of high appreciation. In the absence of any other means, the employment of this scientific method of keeping the pagoda upright shows how fully the Japanese have thought out the requirements to be met. - Boston Herald.

"Bell of Justice." In one of the old cities of Italy, a bell was hung in a tower, which any one was at liberty to ring who had been wronged and by it summoned the magistrate to see that justice was done. It was called the "Bell of Justice," and the following beautiful story is connected with it: When, in course of time, the lower end of the bell rope rotted away, a will vine was fastened to lengthen it; and one day an old and starving horse, that had been abandoned by its owner and turned out to die, wandered into the tower, and trying to eat the vine, rang the bell.

He caused the owner of the horse in whose service he had labored and been worn out to be summoned before him, and decreed that as this poor horse had rung the "Bell of Justice," he should have justice, and that during the remainder of the horse's life his owner should provide for him proper food and drink and stable.

When I was young, I used to sorrow, "Come and I will play with thee!" He is near me now all day. And at night returns to me, "I will come again to-morrow - I will come and stay with thee." Though the world we walk together - His soft footsteps nudge me by me; To behold an unrequited love! He hath built a winter's nest; And all night in rainy weather I hear his gentle-breathings by me. - Ashby De Vere.

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PURGENT PARAGRAPHS. A Cold Spell - I was in a bathtub. High tide - Married up in a bathtub. The telegraph cannot singlet it can't singlet.

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