

AFTER ALL.

We take our share of fretting. Or grieving and forgetting; paths are often rough and steep, heedless feet may fall. But yet the days are cheery, And night brings rest when weary, And somehow this old planet is a good world

after all. Though sharp may be our trouble, The joys are more than double. The brave outrank the cowards, and the leal are like a wall

To guard their dearest ever, To fail the feeblest never; somehow this old earth remains bright world, after all.

There's always love that's caring. And shielding and forbearing, Dear weman's love to hold us close and beer our hearts in thrail; There's home to share together In calm or stormy weather, And while the heart-flame burns it is a good

world, after all. The lisp of children's voices, The chances of happy choices, The bugle sounds of hope and faith through fogs and mists that call;

The heaven that stretches e'er us, The better days before us. They all unite to make this earth a good world, after all. -Margart E. Sangster.

THE GIRL WHO MAKES COM-PARISONS.

Eva's engagement had been announced and there followed a series of receptions and teas. It came Mary's turn to entertain for her. Mary was miserable. "I do not know how I can possibly do it," she wailed in my ear. "I haven't a thing suitable."

I looked at her in surprise. "Noth- to go." ing suitable! And you with your beautiful home and linen and china."

"Yes: but the house is old. Do through to the baseboard."

fashioned and elegant."

and always beautifully laundered." ence," she continued. "The hems on very tempting. my napkins are too wide for the

er ask her here. er brought it from England. One wings, but I believe an angel was

After the beautiful new ones, so up

never sees that style any more." What was to be gained by talking do was to let her wail and relieve her bright faces.

mind. Her habit of making comparisons

was bad enough when one was alone with her; it was almost unbearable time. Did you ever know anything in a crowd. "Do I look as well as Alice does?" she would ask suddenly, sotto voce, feeling bad."

at a party. "Just look, most of the girls have worn white. I wish I Does this pink look all right?" epposite direction. "Why didn't someone tell me that everyone meant to have something gay on? I wish just believe-" I'd worn my foulard. Madge has mine as well as hers? She has real without finishing her sentence. lace at the sleeves. I wish I could pretty?"

Mary was tall and slender, as wil- flowers. lowy as a reed and as graceful as a "Now, I'm never going to mind about the reception we were about I put on my old white I'll feel happy to attend and the good time we knew to think how sweet you all were to that woman?" I ignored her quest things."-Olive Plants. tion, but she pinched my arm and made me answer.

"Gracious, no!" I exclaimed. "Am I as thin?"

But at intervals during the afternoon she brought up the subject again.

little body she eyed her with envy. "I'd love to be plump. I hate to be skinny. Don't you think I'd look better if I gained in weight? I've olive oil. What would you do?" "Keep quiet and not think about furs."

This remark but opened a new avenue for comparison.

"Do you think I talk too much? I don't talk as much as Jane Anders. Do you think I do? Sometimes I'd give anything if I could talk as well I don't know, though. There are times when I should like to be silent and reticent like Josephine. Do you thing-"

A bore? Of course she was. Selfish she most assuredly was. She There, through an unfortunate acci- beaten, or a very little pure soap, had subjected herself to comparison until the habit had become chronic. She could see nothing but herself, but Robert said, 'Gertrude, wouldn't the hair is dry and brittle, it may be and all things must be compared to you rather "stick it out" here than cleaned thus: Sift together a pint of herself-to her own disadvantage.

We all know Mary. Some of us friends?" perhaps are Mary and just needing tious person means really to be sel- proud.

fish. The one remedy for this sort brought us. of comparison is the outgrowing one. In short, think of others. Then you'll be too busy to think about yourself .- Jean K. Baird, in husband bent over me. "The Continent."

TWELVE OLD DRESSES.

mother. There are to be twelve girls, and each one is to have a fairy lamp at her plate. Oh, no! not twelve, either; there will be only eleven of us-Belle Marks won't go.'

Mildred Smith's mother.

which has been washed and darned. received."-Selected. All the rest of us have new dresses. and you know Belle would feel bad. We are sorry. Everybody loves Belle, and she knows so many nice games to play."

go?" asked Mrs. Smith. "It seems to me she could have just as nice a time in an old dress."

"Oh, no, mother, she would feel queer. I offered to lend her a dress wouldn't take it."

"I like her al lthe better for that," offer to wear your old dress, too?

I don't want to do that!"

"Very well," said Mrs. Smith. you think I can ask Mrs. Lewis and won't say any more about it. When If so, readjust things. Learn to "Your rooms are beautiful-old-body a single hour's pleasure. But row minds. perhaps I am asking too much to ex-"And then my linen-" she be- pect you to se ethat yet."

"Double damask of finest quality, very much stirred up in her little in its preventive value. mind. The thought of the new blue Do you ever stop to think what a "But you do not grasp the differ- dress with its little frills of lace was break-down means? How many of

hemstitching or rolled hems. could have part of the fun, too."

better to please Belle than to wear York Times. "My china is old. My grandmoth- her pretty dress? Nobody saw the there.

At the noon recess Mildred and

"O, Mary," cried Belle, gayly, "please ask me over again to come to your party; I want to say 'yes' this so sweet? Mildred is going to wear her plain old muslin to keep me from

"You won't mind having us in old dresses, will you, Mary?" asked Mildred in a joyous tone. "We are go-Or perhaps all the others were in ing to carry big bunches of flowers colors; then the wind set from the out of my garden, and that will make us look fine."

> "Mind, indeed!" cried Mary, "I She stopped short off, and kissing

a beautiful foulard. Do you like the two little girls, hurried away But when the twelve fairy lamps

have had. Mine's a blue. I wish I were lighted, Mildred and Belle had got a darker one, like hers. found out what bright idea had Don't you think the dark blues are struck Mary, for all twelve girls wore old dresses and carried bunches of

sylph. Her bearing was fine. One about my old dresses again," said day we met a woman so exceedingly Belle, as she kissed the others goodtall that she attracted attention on bye. "You may all wear the newest the street. Mary forgot everything sort of dresses after this, and when we should have. "Am I as tall as me about it. I'll just love the old

THE BEST GIFT.

"Aunt Gertrude," sighed Marjory, magnificent set of furs!"

know, your necklace!"

move us more.

uncle and I moved to California. once a month, using an egg, slightly dent, your uncle lost every cent he then rinsing thoroughly. It may be had. We thought of returning home. go back East to be pitied by all our fine cormeal and a half ounce of

"'Yes, I would,' I said. We decid- large cloth, hold the head over it and to be shown up to ourselves. The ed to tell no one of our change in rub the mixture well through the revelation is not a pleasant one. No fortunes-a foolish decision, per- hair and into the scalp. Shake out one likes to be a bore; no conscien- haps, but we were young and very and again rub in more of the meal.

"I remember how I cried that hair, a little of it at a time, with a Christmas over my father's present clean, soft brush, until there is not a to me. It was an opera cloak, and, trace of the powder left. It will bless you, we hadn't been to any sort make the hair clean, sweet scented of entertainment for nearly a year! and soft. We were living very carefully, I was. Frequenlty changing the way of doing all my own house work and dressing the hair tends to keep it in taking care of the baby besides, and good condition. Wear it low in the I couldn't help calculating as I morning and high in the evening, and stroked the shining folds how many part it freshly each time you comb bushels of potatoes those yards of it. If always parted in the same shimmering satin would have place the part soon widens. Combs

thought instead of the ingrowing was awakened by a tear splashing should be shaken, wiped clean and on my cheek and I opened my eyes exposed to sun and air-Ruth Brown, wide to see the loving face of my in Farm Jornal.

"'Gertrude,' he said, huskily, gathering me close, 'this is your "It's going to be a beautiful party, to give you except a scrubbing of the now." kitchen floor.

"He had got up very early. and before going to his hard day's much to have done something for work had swept the whole of our lit- Him." tle house and scrubbed the kitchen "Why won't Belle go?" asked floor. And the scrubbing of that of a fellow like you have done for the kitchen floor, Marjory," concluded Saviour?" "Because she has nothing to wear Mrs. Richards, with misty eyes, "was

DON'T BREAK DOWN.

There would not be so many wornout, fagged-looking women if we learned early the value of that ounce "Couldn't you persuade her to of prevention. With most of us prevention is like thunder—it comes after the danger is past.

Perhaps you are one of the persons who never take any rest. You look on life as a race to be run, forgetting -I know you would let me-but she that the strongest runner goes slow until the finish. Are you charitable to every one but yourself, and look said mother. "But, Mildred, did you upon letting up in your mad race as shirking? Are you one of those mis-Maybe that would make her willing guided beings who think monotonous plodding is duty, and crush out your "Wear my old dress? O, mother, longings for an occasional social outing lest you fail in some chimerical "I duty?

Grace Sturges into my parlor? Their you get to have as old eyes as mine, look on these things as "that ounce up the cellar steps. He called for homes are finished in the latest style little daughter, you will see that a of prevention" without which smash- help, but no response came. After and my hall and parlor have white fine dress is one of the smallest ups are inevitable. It is continual woodwork and the carpets go clear things in the world-a great, great plodding that not only makes life deal smaller than giving to any- stale, but brings wrinkles and nar- whole family put in an appearance.

from duty once in a while. Variety Mildred went off to school feeling is not to be measured by the ounce his good wife.

the coveted pleasures or longed-for "That plain old white muslin is rests could have been had for the style of to-day. One does not see horrid!" she said to herself. "But doctor's hire? Occasionally flight much drawn work now. It is all then, it would be so nice if Belle from the grind is better than skilled specialists to keep one well , which is Was it a white angel that stood at the sensible modern woman's reading to date, that Grace used I could nev- the little girl's side and made it seem of "that ounce of prevention."-New

RULES FOR HAPPINESS.

It was at a girls' summer school to her? The only thing there was to Belle ran up to Mary Clifton with years ago, when one of the girls rose and said to Alice Freeman Palmer. who had been talking to them: "Mrs. Palmer, you are always so

> heerful and happy; will you tell us. please, how can we be happy?"

> "I will dear," said this saint of her sex. "T will give you three very simple rules:

"The first is this: Commit something to memory every day, something good. It needn't be much. Three or four words will do-just a pretty bit of a poem or a Bible verse. "The second rule is: Look for

something pretty every day, and don't skip a day, or it won't work. "My third rule is-now mind.

don't skip a day: Do something for somebody every day! That is all there is to it, dear. You'd better try

These three rules are just as good as when they were spoken; they will work always and everywhere, in the country as well as in the city; for women as well as for girls. They will make a farm house warm in the chill winter and a tenement cool in the blazing summer. They will help to! make us masters of our lives. They are so plain that everybody can keep them. No matter how lowering and how gray the sky, these rules infalliby will make the sun shine through. -Sunshine Bulletin.

CARE OF THE HAIR.

To keep your hair from growing in delight, laying her cheek caress- thin treat it gently; hold it with one ingly against the soft richness of the hand above the portion being combed sable muff, "I never saw so lovely a so as not to pull it from the roots. When she saw a nice roly-poly fat birthday gift! Wasn't it fine of Do not brush it straight down, but Uncle Robert to give you such a out from the head, to free it from dust. Ventilate it at least once a day "It certainly was, my dear," smil- by running your fingers through it ed her aunt, appreciatively, "but he and tossing it out so that the air everything. I almost drank once gave me a birthday gift that I will reach all parts of it and the valued far more than I do these scalp. Once a day thoroughly massage it. Begin at the forehead by Marjory opened her eyes wide. placing the finger-tips at the edge of "Nicer than Russian sables. Oh, I the hair and moving the scalp in a circle; then move the fingers a lit-Mrs. Richards shook her head, the back until every part has been "No, the gift I mean came more years massaged. If the hair is dry, or is ago than you can remember. De-coming out, massage it once a week. lightful as it is to receive sables first putting a little vaseline or crude and diamonds as tokens of affection, petroleum on the tips of the fingers. there are tokens less costly that may Rub this into the scalp, getting as little as possible on the hair.

"Early in our married life, your The hair should be washed about quickly dried with warm towels. If powdered orris root. Spread it on a Repeat several times, then brush the

and brushes should be washed at "On the morning of my birthday I least once a week, and daily they

DOING ERRANDS FOR CHRIST.

"Mamma," said a little five-yearbirthday, dear, and I haven't a thing old, "I wish Jesus lived on earth

"Why, my darling?" "Because I should have liked so

"But what could such a little bit

The child hesitated a few moments but an old dress, a real old muslin the most beautiful gift that I ever then looked up in its mother's face

"Why, mother, I could have run errands for Him."

"So you could, my child, and so ou shall. Here is a glass of jelly and some oranges I was going to send to poor old sick Margaret by the servant, but I will let you take them instead, and do an errand for the Saviour; for when upon earth he saith: 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of

the least of these, ye did it unto

So, remember, children, whenever you do any kind act for anybody because you love Jesus, it is just the same as if the Saviour were now living on earth and you were doing it for Him.—Herald of Mercy.

A FAMILY OF SETTERS.

Farmer Jones was tugging at a barrel of apples, trying to get them much struggling he accomplished the task, and just when not needed the

"Where have you all been?" in-It does us all good to run away quired the farmer in an angry tone. "I was setting the bread," replied

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"I did not mean for you to help. called for the boys. Where were ting? 'asked the farmer of his rouge you?" inquired the old farmer, ad-

dressing the eldest boy. "Out in the shop setting a saw," replied the youth.

"And you, Egra?" "Up in grandma's room setting

"And you, Cyrus?"

"Out in the barn setting a hen." "And you, Hiram?"

"Up in the garet setting a trap." Prayer is the bridge over tempta "And now, Master Rufus, where tion .- St. John Climachus

were you and what were est son, the asperity of his tamper having become somewhat softened by the amusing and remarkable category

"Out on the doorstep setting sem "A remarkable set. I must top. fess,' said the amused farmer as he walked away .- Exchange

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