

Love is not free.
Love is not free to take, like sun and air,
Nor given away for naught to any one.
It is no common right for men to share—
Like all things precious it is sought and won.
So if another is more loved than you,
Say not, "It is unjust," but say: "If she
Has earned more love than I it is her due;
When I deserve more it will come to me."
But if your longing be for love indeed,
I'll teach you how to win it—a sure way;
Love and be lovely, that is all you need,
And what you wish for will be yours some day.
—Susan Coolidge, in Household Companion.

THE DEPOSIT.

In one of the great merchant cities of Southern Germany dwelt the Lady Ida, fatherless and motherless daughter of the highly revered Burgomaster Trottenheim. Beautiful, rich, her own indulgent duenna, she could not want for adorners, conspicuous among whom were three youths unequally endowed with the gifts of fortune. There could be no question of the wealth of Walter, son of the most opulent jeweller of the city; or of the poverty of Alexis, who seemed to possess nothing but the paper on which he was continually inscribing a new draft of his one sonnet, never to be finished in this world.

But of Adelbert's property men only surmised that he was risking in adventurous speculations, and that his fortune alternately soared and flagged like a pitching kite. Perhaps, however, those who knew most would have marvelled least at the expression of absolute despair which darkened his countenance as one day he crept into a sombre thicket of yew, a pistol in his hand.

"It is over!" he cried. "She has flouted me to my face! Adieu to the last hope of repairing my losses, appeasing my creditors, and withdrawing that fearful deposit ere the day of reckoning, now so near at hand! I should die of shame then; better die of shot now!"

And he pressed the muzzle of his pistol to his temple. He was in dire earnest—another moment would have been his last—when the pistol was wrenched from his hand, and a well-known voice exclaimed:

"Hold! or at least declare first, for the information and it may be, the consolation of thy friend, whether Ida has rejected thee."

"She has not, Walter," returned Adelbert. "Not the pang of unrequited love, but the goad of accusing conscience, chases me from this terraqueous world. Harkken, Walter! it imports thee to know, for thy inheritance will be curtailed by my improbit. Trusting in the honor of his old friend's son, thy father has advanced me 50,000 ducats upon the security of a sealed packet, whose contents I have fabled to be family jewels, mysteriously intrusted to me. Oh, Walter, Walter, the sweepings of the streets were precious in comparison. Now go and denounce me to thy father—go and betray me to Ida."

"I am a gentleman," said Walter, stiffly, and walked away, carrying the pistol with him. The wretched Adelbert remained the prey of torturing thoughts until a dismal sound struck upon his ear, and he fled precipitately as Alexis entered the grove reciting the latest version of his sonnet.

When Walter, on his part, had quitted the spot, he was tingling all over with the glow of a magnanimous action, or at least profession, which in its effect on the inner man is much the same thing. He had not, however, proceeded far ere he encountered a black and a white personage, neither of whom, indeed, had quitted him during his interview with Adelbert, or any of us at any period, but of whose presence he then became distinctly conscious. The black spirit thought that 50,000 ducats was a great deal of money, to which his white comrade assented, but added that honor was perfectly inestimable.

The black spirit had much to say about Adelbert's iniquity, and the white about its retribution. The question of Walter's duty to society was fully considered from opposite points of view; and then the black spirit introduced the Lady Ida, and, by depicting her in the character of Adelbert's bride, removed the debate from the realm of ratiocination to the region of sensuous perception, where the white spirit was at singular disadvantage.

"And as the arguments of the black gentleman and people of his sort are invariably found to gain in weight the longer one is willing to listen to them, thou wilt not marvel, judicious reader, to meet Walter next morning in Ida's saloon, making a clean breast of Adelbert's breach of honor, but silent as to his own."

Ida, however, soon made him confess that his knowledge of the secret was derived from Adelbert himself, and intimated very plainly that she considered his the meaner action of two.

"Lady," pleaded the impassioned Walter, "allowest thou nothing overwhelming might of self-love? Wouldst thou have me so rapidly beholding thee tangled in the wiles of a

cylinder, a blind allegiance to conventionalities—nay, even to sanctions otherwise imperative? Not of such clay is thy Walter fashioned." Show him the law that restrains, the obligation that debars him from seeking thy wealth through evil report and good report, and he will rend that law and spurn that obligation as he shatters this vessel and tramples upon this quadruped.

Ida's vase of flowers lay shivered upon the floor, and her little dog writhed and howled beneath Walter's superincumbent boot. He was evidently beside himself, and Ida could only recompose him by commanding him to depart her presence, and never return unless he brought the false packet with him.

"To what end, Lady? When it has been opened in court the cheat will be manifest to thee and to the world."

"And how know I that it may not have been tampered with meanwhile? Produce it tomorrow, or see my face no more."

Walter meekly represented that the deposit was not in his custody, an argument manifestly devoid of weight. He promised obedience and departed. On his way home he had much communication with his black companion, and ere the prescribed time this excellent young man had possessed himself of the packet by means of a false key.

He hurried to Ida with his prize, and placed it in her hands. She wavered him back while she broke the seals. To his amazement, the first indication of her sentiments was a fit of laughter, but her expression became tragic when she had satisfied herself that the contents were indeed but paper. She turned fiercely upon Walter, who found it advisable to quit her presence with expedition. "How awfully fond she must be of him," he soliloquized.

"Would I had known it ere I satisfied my finest feelings for her sake! And yet what a scrape I have got into! The packet is in her hands—was, that is to say, five minutes ago; for by this time it is probably in the fire. What will become of my father when it cannot be produced? And, more especially, what will become of me? Wretched Walter! lucky Adelbert! ungrateful Ida!"

"Make a counterfeit," advised the black spirit.

"Confess everything," recommended the white.

"I am sure I can't," replied Walter to the latter suggestion; and "I don't think I can" was his response to the first. He was, nevertheless, revolving a scheme for the acquisition of Adelbert's seal, when a knock came to his chamber door.

"Enter," he cried, and one of Ida's domestics presented the packet, with the seals so cunningly restored as to leave no trace of opening, along with a billet from his mistress. Walter read:

"Forgive my impetuosity. In my agitation I did not stay to gauge the intensity of thy affection by the enormity of thy turpitude. Whosoever the contents of the packet are publicly evinced mere paper, account me thine."

Walter heaved a sigh of speechless joy, and hastened to replace the packet in his father's coffer. At the same moment Adelbert, alone in his chamber, was holding a phial of poison to the lamp, whose rays lent a baleful glitter to the adder-hued fluid. An empty goblet gaped for the deadly potion. Adelbert's fingers dallied with the cork, when a hand smote upon the door without, and he hastily thrust the phial into a draw.

"Pardon the intrusion," said Alexis, entering, "but thou mayest probably wish to hear my sonnet, which is now completed to my satisfaction, excepting thirteen lines. Moreover, the Lady Ida has intrusted me with a letter to thee."

Adelbert eagerly broke the seal. The missive contained nothing save a delineation of an anchor, the emblem of hope. "Does she, can she know?" he speculated. "Is she a witch, or is Walter a traitor? Howbeit, the phial may rest where it is?"

The great day had arrived. The court was thronged with merchants and lawyers. The parties concerned were present with their notaries—Adelbert pale as death. Walter's father flushed and fidgety. Walter sardonically calm. A magistrate read the formal notice that, the pledge not having been redeemed, the packet was now to be opened and its contents made over to Walter's father, subject to three days' grace of redemption. Adelbert's heart might have been heard to beat all over the court but for the buzz of excited whispering.

Trembling with eagerness, the old jeweller broke the seals and cut the silken strings, and held up a mass of paper, scored with blotted and erased characters.

"Alexis' sonnet, by all that's blue!" cried Walter.

"Is this all, wretch?" shouted his father to Adelbert. "Wretch, I say, is this all?"

Adelbert made no reply.

"Ila has mocked me," he thought, with inexpressible bitterness.

"Villain, you shall swing for this!" thundered the old man as he dashed the papers on to the table. A ring of metal smote upon every ear, and

one of the fifty outstretched hands grasped and held up a brilliant object, flashing and sparkling in the sunshine that streamed through the court windows.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the aged lapidary, "these are the family jewels of the house of Trottenheim!"

"Which," said a clear voice in the remote part of the court, "I lent to Herr Adelbert that he might impledge them for the sum he needed, and which my lawyer will now redeem for the same with a deed of interest."

"Lady!" shrieked Walter, "how long have these gems—" but his father checked him angrily. Ida hurried blushing from the court and Walter sank back murmuring, "Awfully fond of him."

The word was taken up on all sides, and as the stunned and slowly reviving Adelbert found himself surrounded with old and new friends congratulating him upon his triumph and the near prospect of a wealthy and devoted bride, he could not but repeat to himself, "How she must love me!"

He escaped as soon as he could and hastened to Ida. He fell at her feet and thanked her for his life and honor. Then he urged her to wed him.

"Not for the universe, Adelbert," answered Ida, very sweetly.

The discomfited suitor could only stammer, "Wherefore?"

"Because compassion is not necessarily love; because I may have desired to humble, even more than to help thee; because Walter would undoubtedly hang himself; lastly, and this, indeed, is the principal and most conclusive reason, because I have been these three weeks privately married to Alexis."—(Illustrated News of the World.)

Old-Time Carrier Pigeons.

There is nothing new under the sun, not even military pigeon posts. An old account of a voyage made in the East, that of Labroginiere, our Paris correspondent says, is soon to be published. M. Letifur, who edits it, contributes a preface, in which he says that in the 13th century these birds were used in Syria and in Egypt for the rapid transmission of news. The Caliphs made the pigeon post a regular institution in the Nile delta. Ptolemaeus had a department at Cairo for the registration of the genealogies of pigeons. Hour Eddin, in 1169, made a pigeon-post code, and ordained that the central office was to be in the citadel of Cairo. Tall towers and pigeon-houses were built along the route of his whole empire and to its utmost extremities. The towers were to serve to enable the pigeons to reconnoitre from cages the neighboring country and the pigeon-houses for breeding. Penalties were imposed for killing a pigeon and prices were set on the heads of birds of prey likely to molest them. There were six pigeon-posts between Cairo and Damascus and ten between the latter city and Behnessa.—(London News.)

The Maw of Paris.

There is no city in the world that keeps such accurate records of the entry of food and fuel supplies within its borders as Paris. This is due to the fact that a high import duty is levied on almost every article of domestic use which is brought to this city. During 1891 the total amount of coal consumed in Paris was 3,279,000 gross tons, of which 1,512,000 gross tons were brought to the city by river and canal; 1,767,000 gross tons were of French origin, 647,700 gross tons came from Belgium, 418,500 from England, and 129,900 from Germany. The small amount of charcoal used as fuel in Paris will bring the total consumption of fuel to three and one-half million gross tons. The yearly consumption of coal in London is twelve million tons.—(Boston Transcript.)

The Yankees of South America.

"The Chilians are the Yankees of South America," said Victor P. Hart. "They are alert, progressive, ingenious, and give the almighty dollar as hot a chase as any people on earth. The women are remarkably beautiful, and the men as fine a lot of fellows as can be found on the earth. They are, for the most part, tall, broad-shouldered, supple as Hindoos and brave as lions. It is peculiarly fortunate that the United States did not become embroiled in a war with Chili. Of course, such a contest could have but one result, but it would not have been the walkover the people of this country supposed. The Chilians are not only a brave and warlike people, but their mountainous country affords every advantage for defence. It is full of Thermopylean passes, where a handful of men could hold a mighty army at bay. It offers abundant sites for fortifications as impregnable as Gibraltar and Quebec.

"All this talk about the Chilians disliking the American people is the veriest nonsense. They regard the United States as the grandest country and the Americans as the greatest people on earth. We should cultivate the Chilians. They are a deserving people, and the glory of South America depends chiefly upon them."—(St. Louis Globe Democrat.)

The German navy now possesses eighty-six vessels, either afloat or ready for combat, representing a total of 219,063 tons.

THE PEANUT TRADE.

An Interesting Chapter on a Great American Delicacy.

The Peanut's Adaptability to Many Useful Purposes.

The news that there is a shortage in the peanut crop is likely to agitate a great many persons in Gotham, where the habit of eating peanuts is more general in certain districts than in San Francisco, Chicago or St. Louis, which are the three foremost rivals to the metropolis in the consumption of the leguminous nut. The peanut eaters of the great cities are provided for chiefly by the crop yielded by the peanut farms of Virginia and North Carolina. This crop, it is announced, has this year fallen short of 40,000,000 bushels, and there is a consequent advance in the wholesale price. The quoted market rate is now five cents a pound, but the numerous Italian Counts who are interested in the retail trade still adhere to last year's rate of ten cents a quart, and are therefore entitled to and will doubtless receive the gratitude of Gotham's peanut eaters, particularly on the Bowery, where a supply of peanuts has from time immemorial been part of the theatre outfit of the humble and enthusiastic patrons of the drama.

In times gone by certain residents of the metropolis, suffering from lack of knowledge of the great American peanut, have affected to despise it, and to scorn the taste of those who chose it as a delicacy. But it is worth nothing that the peanut has risen superior to this mistaken prejudice and has forced the respect of many who thought contemptuously of it by becoming an object of art as it were. Every New Yorker accustomed to see his eyes around holiday times has seen the proof of this in novel ornaments that have appeared in the shop windows. With a paint brush skilfully handled, and bits of bright colored cloths or silks, artists have been able to metamorphose the peanut into an object that unites humor with an inherent beauty of aspect that is remarkable. Peanut dolls and other things have now a recognized market value as curios, and it is a fact to the eternal honor of the lowly nut that artists of local renown have not thought it derogatory to their art to busy themselves in the absorbing pastime of peanut decoration. Peanut dolls are found adorning mantels in many studios, and elaborate art works, in which the peanut has played the most important part, are exhibited in costly gold frames.

Those who think slightly of the peanut forget its adaptability to many useful commercial purposes. The nut has long been valued for its oil. The seed contains a fluid that is an excellent substitute for, and is often sold as olive oil. By heating the seeds before pressing them another sort of oil is secured that is useful in the making of soap. The seeds themselves have also been used in making certain kinds of chocolate. Those who would speak contemptuously of the peanut are undoubtedly ignorant of the fact that the vine that bears the nut is in itself an interesting curio in Northern climes, quite as much, indeed, as the cotton bud and branch. If the dried vine be varnished and painted and the nut gilded, a parlor ornament is obtained that is sure to attract the interested interest of the owner's visitors.

These decorated vines are so seldom seen in New York that they may be classed as veritable curiosities. The mere method of growth of the vine has always been an interesting study to botanists, and especially to those who have acquired a liking for that fascinating science. The vine grows a peculiar pod, which, after the vine has flowered, is gradually forced down into the ground by a curious propulsion of the vine stock. Once safely under ground the pod enlarges and grows a thick, netted shell over the fruit. No other plant has this singular method of developing its fruit.

Added to its many other uses the peanut has of late revealed a property as a preventive of intoxication that has won for it the respect of those who are accustomed to daily with the flowing bowl. As a turnip will absorb water, so the fruit of the peanut has a comprehensive faculty for absorbing alcohol, and preventing it from demoralizing the nerves of the stomach and upsetting the thinking machine. It is estimated, for example, that if a man drinks a quart of champagne and eats a pint of peanuts, the peanuts will overcome the inebriating quality of the wine without curtailing its exhilarating effects. At ten cents a quart the population of this city are getting something which, considered as a luxury, is well worth the money.—(New York Sun.)

The Great Wall of China. The scenery from the Great Wall is very fine. The walls is here a dividing line between the high, rugged hills of China, which tower above us on the one hand, and the great sandy plains of Mongolia on the other, with dim mountain-summits beyond in the far distance. Over these barren, rocky spurs and acclivities, ascending

to their very summits, winding about in irregular curves and zigzags, its serried battlements clear-cut against the sky on the topmost ridges, descending into dark gullies to appear again rising on the other side, the endless line of massive stone and brick runs on and on until lost to sight behind the farthest range. And so it goes for miles and miles, eastward to the Pechili Gulf, and westward, mostly in two great, rambling lines, along the border of the Gobi Desert and Kansu, until it ends among the foot-hills of the Nan Shan range. However we may regard it, whether as a grand conception for the defence of an empire, as an engineering feat, or merely as a result of the persistent application of human labor, it is a stupendous work. No achievement of the present time compares with it in magnitude.

But it has outlived its usefulness. The powerful Tartar and Mongol hordes, whose sudden raids and invasions it was built to resist, are no more to be feared. The great Genghis and Kublai could not lead their people to gory conquest now as they did centuries ago. The Chinese civilization has endured, while the once conquering Mongols, the people who in their brightest days established an empire from the Black Sea to the China coast, and a court at Peking of such luxury and splendor as Marco Polo described, are now doomed to pass away, leaving nothing behind them but the traditions, and records, and ruins of a brilliant past. The wall stands as a sharp line of division between the tribes of the north and the Chinese. The latter, though repeatedly subdued and forced to bear a foreign yoke, have shown an irrepressible vitality to rise like a phoenix, and to reassert their supremacy and the superiority of their civilization.—(Century.)

Chinese Notions of Color.

The philosophy of Chinese house-painting is truly curious, though perhaps the interest which attaches to this subject lies more in the restrictions imposed upon the man with pot and brush than in the free exercise of a decorative art. For among these Celestials art is eminently utilitarian. We enjoy our colors; the Chinese put theirs to work. More, in house-painting, green and red are, so to speak, de rigueur; other colors would be unpropitious, unlucky, ill-omened. And even if the average Chinaman (balancing himself as best he can upon the superstitions and practices of ages) is ignorant of the precise grounds of his belief, he adheres none the less rigidly to the canon. As Pythagoras taught that music was the first cause of the universe, so the Chinese have pinned their faith to the absolute efficacy of color, endowing it with powers quite beyond the laws of chemistry or physics. Indeed, poor John may be said to live and die by the color scale.

No color, not even imperial yellow, lies so near the heart of the Chinese as red. True, they do not, as did the Hebrews, smear the blood of the lintel, but they have a custom of much the same import. Any one even superficially interested in this curious people must have noticed the little pieces of red paper—red peach paper, it is called by the Chinese—which covered all over with characters, are attached to the door-posts of their dwellings. The impression is general that these bits of paper in some way indicate the business or employment of the occupant. But Ah Sin himself will tell you that they are "just lucky."

This is a satisfactory reply as could be expected from him under the circumstances; the mystery of life is not easily expressed in a couple of words. But why red peach paper?—(Harper's Magazine.)

A Physiological Fancy.

It is surprising how many people believe that the entire body of a man is renewed every seven years exactly. This used to be taught in books and, although not orthodox now, is still accepted as gospel by many. To show its inaccuracy one has only to hit a nail on his finger hard enough, for in that case the injured object will come off and be replaced by an entirely new nail. If this process occupied seven years such an accident would be a very tiresome affair; but as any mechanic will tell you, it only occupies a very few weeks. The growth is more rapid in summer than winter, but never taking more than four months. So far as the nails are concerned, then, the renewal process is repeated about twenty-one times during the regulation seven years, and the theory is thus destroyed, even if not other proofs of its falsity were forthcoming.—(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

Even Some Men are Vain.

They were talking of the vanity of women, and one of the few ladies present undertook a defense. "Of course," she said, "I admit that women are vain and men are not." "Why," she added, with a glance around, "the necktie of the handsomest man in the room is even now up the back of his collar." And then she smiled—for every man present had put his hand up behind his neck!—(Drake's Magazine.)

MAN'S HUGEST WORK.

The Wall of China and How it Was Built Long Ages Ago.

A Monument to the Worst Hated Monarch in History.

The most gigantic monument that any king or emperor ever left behind him is the Great Wall of China. The Emperor Chin Shih Huang, who set up the wall 2000 years ago, though he was as great a man as Caesar, or Alexander, or Napoleon, is detested today by millions. So it is that the hugest work of men's hands in all the world, stretching half way across the continent of Asia, preaches the same sermon in stone through all its length that you will read, written in words, in George Elliot's "Romola"—the sad foolishness of a selfish life. The Emperor Chin Shih Huang was not a wicked or a vicious man. He did more for his people than any ruler before or since, giving them a good government, roads and canals, and drove the robber Huns out far away to the North. So great was he that the name of his dynasty—the Chin dynasty—has ever after been given to all the country, "China."

But he was not satisfied. He wished all future generations to think of him as the first emperor of the Chinese race. How could he do this, when, scattered all over the land, there were books and histories telling of the great deeds and sayings of teachers and kings before him? There was only one way.

He ordered all books in the empire to be burned, especially every copy of the famous writings of Mencius and Confucius. Strange as it may seem, this was done, and so thoroughly that Chinese scholars believed that not a single perfect copy of these books escaped destruction, and what exist today are only such portions as could be written out from memory.

Even this destructive edict was not enough. There were men living who could write new histories—and all such scholars, to the number of nearly 500, were burned or buried alive, so that neither book nor teacher might remain to tell the world of any great Chinese before him. He built the Great Wall (though he died before completing it) to make his memory glorious forever after; it only keeps fresh in every Chinaman's heart the national hatred for its builder.

It was when Carthage was just beginning her last great struggle with Rome that the wall was being built, and it still stands, though in ruins, and is still something strange and wonderful to see. The top of the wall is a paved highway "wide enough for six horsemen to ride abreast," exactly as the old geographers used to say with perfect truth—except that no horse could mount its long flight of steps, sometimes hundreds of feet in height, which were built because the mountain side is so steep that an even incline would be as impassable as the dullest house roof. Everywhere on its outer side the wall is more than twenty-five feet in height, faced with stone and topped with brick battlements in which frequent embrasures for arches tell of the preparations once made for its defense.

The inner side, from which no attack was feared, is not so high above the ground, and is pierced by occasional doorways leading up to the top of the wall by a flight of vaulted steps.

Towers are placed at intervals of a few hundred feet; being no more of use to shelter the soldiers of long since forgotten armies, they now furnish rare quarters for camping out. Altogether the wall is more than 1500 miles in length; that is, it would reach on our continent from the southern part of Florida to Hudson's Bay, crossing all mountains on its way, and not turning aside for any obstacle. And whether build of granite, as in its eastern portion, where, standing on any peak, you can follow it till hidden in the clouds, or of common earth, as on the great desert where it has stood undisturbed in solemn silence, still it remains the greatest work of man in all the earth.—(New York Press.)

Wonderful Just the Same.

The drummer had finished an especially miraculous story of some of his personal experiences, and had stepped just outside the door of the smoking compartment, where he could hear the comments of his fellow travelers.

"Goodness me," said an up-country fellow, "what a wonderful man that chap is."

"Hab," retorted a rival drummer, "nothing wonderful about him."

"But," persisted the green-looking man, "just think of all that happening to him that he told us about."

"Do you believe that?" asked the other one in a pitying tone, "why, there wasn't a word of truth in any of it."

The countryman never turned a hair. "I reckon not," he replied solemnly, "but a liar like he is a wonderful man to me anyway," and the drummer gave a warning cough and came back into the smoker.—(Detroit Free Press.)

A Love Song.

Why do I love thee, so sweetly?
I cannot tell, Love knows no why,
I cannot reason, but I know
The love I bear thee cannot die.
How do I know I love thee, dear?
Love's signs are known to all the world,
So plain that he who runs may read,
His banner always is unfurled.
When thou art gone, dear heart, I see
No beauty in the fairest things,
No melody in songs of birds,
No music in their rattling wings.
How do I know I love thee, dear?
By what thou'st made this world to me,
By the new joy I find in life,
By all I mean my life to be.
By decking of all whom I meet
With perfume and pure, because of thee,
By finding life worth living, dear,
I know thou'rt all the world to me.
—(Florence A. Jones.)

HUMOROUS.

Born leaders of men—Women.

Visiting a chair fair is like going into the highways and byways.

Montrose—Whatever come out of your engagement with Miss Tone? Van Waffles—I did.

The man who is so poor that he can not get credit, has a very fair chance of one day becoming rich.

Teacher—In the sentence "The sick boy loves his medicine," what part of speech is love? Johnny—It's a lie, mum.

Venerable Gentleman (patting Jamie on the head)—And how old is the little man? Jamie (with pride)—I'll be 10 in less than five years.

Mr. Mann (to his daughter)—I suppose this foreign teacher of yours has a cent. Miss Mann—Yes, I has, pa. He has a lovely English accent.

"Mr. Scroggins was very affable when I called on him." "You must have struck a tender chord." "No; I paid a bill." "That's what I mean; a legal tender chord."

"Are you aware," said the man in the rear, fiercely, "that your umbrella is poking me in the eye?" "It isn't my umbrella," replied the man in front with equal firmness; "It's a borrowed one, sir."

"William," she said severely, "how many more times are you going to ask me to marry you?" "Clara," said he, "I cannot answer that question, but I think I'll not bother you much longer. One of the other girls I'm proposing to shows signs of weakening."

The Small and the Great.

One night a man took a little taper out of a drawer and lit it, and began to ascend a long, winding stair. "Where are you going?" said the taper. "Away high up," said the man, "higher than the top of the house where we sleep." "And what are you going to do there?" said the little taper. "I am going to show the ships out at sea where the harbor is," said the man. "For we stand here at the entrance to a harbor and some ship far out on the stormy sea may be looking for our light even now." "Alas! no ship could ever see my light," said the little taper. "It is so very small." "If your light is small," said the man, "keep it burning bright and leave the rest to me."

Well, when the man got up to the top of the lighthouse—for this was a lighthouse they were in—he took the little taper and with it he lighted the great lamps that stood ready there with their polished reflectors behind them. And soon they were burning steadily and clear, throwing a great, strong beam of light across the sea. By this time the lighthouse man had blown out the little taper and laid it aside. But it had done its work. Though its own light had been so small, it had been the means of kindling the great lights in the top of the lighthouse, and these were now shining brightly over the sea, so that ships far out knew by it where they were, and were guided safely into the harbor.—(New York Voice.)

Tact and Bad Breaks.

Eli Perkins says: Tact is the right thing at the right time. When a young collegiate stepped on a young lady's foot in a Harvard street car the beautiful girl was offended, but when that collegiate bowed sweetly and said modestly:

"Beg ten thousand pardons, Miss; your foot is so small I couldn't see it," why, she could have kissed him.

How different was it with Reuben Bradshaw, who had never been off of the old Litchfield farm. One day he met an old flame, Lucy Bradbury, in Hartford. He had not seen her for fifteen years.

"Well," said Reuben, taking Lucy warmly by the hand, "you are still Lucy Bradbury, are you?"

"Yes," she replied, "still Lucy Bradbury."

"It isn't your fault, I know," he rejoined, meaning to say something complimentary. "That is," he added, nervously, feeling that he had not expressed himself exactly in the way he had intended, "you know, you couldn't not to blame, you know, you couldn't help it—er—that is, it was the fault of the young man. They, you know," he went on, leaning out in a profuse perspiration, "couldn't be expected to—hm! ha—er—well, I must be going. Ever so glad to have met you."—(St. Louis Republic.)