Find Your Level.

You can be a fishing shallop if you cannot be a war-ship,
If you cannot be a lighthouse be at least a tallow dip;
You can be a valiant soldier though you may not be a host,
You can watch a single headland if you cannot guard a coast;
There is everything that's noble in the wisdom and the grace
Of fulfilling every duty, whatsoever be your place.

If you spend the day in pining and in staring at the sun,
You will find that you are blinded long before the day is done.
Better be the humble limpet that is safe where'er it clings,
Than attempt an eagle's soarings when you lack the eagle's wings.
There are some as swift as swallows, there are others who must creep,
And you never saw a turtle try to take a tiger's leap.

If you cannot be a Paixhan with its thunderous report,
Be content to carry powder in a corner of the fort;
If you cannot rule an army with a great commander's skill,
You can fire a common musket in obedience to his will;
There is but a single compass in the ship, however great,
But each rivet and sail-fibre holds a portion of its fate.

Never try to hold a bushel if designed to hold a peck,
Or outreach the cranes and camels with your half an inch of neck;
Never try to race with dolphins if you cannot even swim,
Or to challenge hawks for vision if your eyes be old and dim;
Never spread a grain of butter over fifty yards of bread,
Or attempt with penny trumpet to awaken up the dead.

Not every stick of timber that is fit to make a mast,
Not every structure builded is a pyramid to last,
Not every piece of music is an anthem or a psalm,
Not every growing sapling that is pine or lofty palm;
Yet every mossy atom has its own peculiar grace,
And each its perfect usefulness or beauty in its place.

These truths are old and hoary, yet we need them every day,
To reconcile our longings to the limits of our way;
The only true philosopher is he who learns content,
Though quartered in a palace or but sheltered in his tent;
Whose cheerful soul is ready to encompass what he can,
Nor vex itself in criticizing God's eternal plan.

The secret of the journey is to know and bear its length;
The key of every effort is to rightly gauge your strength;
Accepting what is given you with the patience that but asks
The knowledge for its purpose and the courage for its tasks;
Content to struggle bravely and with honor in the strife,
Whether called to lead or follow on the battle-fields of life.

We need no higher mission than successfully to teach
The vanity of grasping for the things beyond our reach;
Of wasting modest talent in ambition's useless fret,
To reap but bitter failure and the ashes of regret.
Go, study what is in thee, and be a noble man;
Know first; then do thy duty in the Great Eternal's plan.

So shalt thou know contentment and contentment's rich increase,
A life endowed with blessings and a spirit filled with peace;
A dearth of disappointments and of hours with pride perplexed,
Of jealousies, heartburnings that so many lives have vexed.
When dead, though Prince or peasant, 'tis enough that they should tell,
"He knew his place and purpose, and performed each duty well."

Consolation for Stupid Children.

Evidently the teachers can blunder as well as the scholars. Here are some specimens from examination papers recently submitted by pupil-teachers to Her Majesty's inspectors of schools. "My favorite walk," says one in a composition paper, "Is when I do not have far to go to it." The favorite walk of another is a drive in the country; and a third likes it best when he stays at home. "The game of cricket," foreigners especially will be glad to know, "consists of six wickets, two bats and a ball." "Nor must we," adds this writer thoughtfully, "omit the bails, which are four in number." "Joan of Arc," one is glad to learn, "was very pious and rather genteel." On the margin of this paper a waggish examiner notes, "She also burned well." "Parse the words in italics," the inspector said, in the following passage, beginning "Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain." "Drain," explains a trainer of the young idea, "that is, sewer or sire." "Man is mortal," a Scotch girl tells us, means "he is awfully drunk." What strikes most of the students who have made a study of the life of Samson is that he "tooled" with the jaw-bone of a dead ass. Had the animal lived, Samson's reputation would have suffered. The author of "Samson's Agonisties" (or Samson in Agony), it may not be generally known, also wrote "The Deserted Village; or, the Hamlet."

Thus Runs the World Away.

Nurse to fashionable mother—The baby is very restless, ma'am. I can't do anything with her.

F. M.—She's teething, I suppose?

N.—Yes'm. I think if you was to take her in your arms a little while it might soothe her.

F. M.—I? Impossible. I haven't the time to spare. I am just making ready to attend a meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Give baby some paregoric.—*Boston Courier.*

Raw Taffy.

"What do you suppose I'll look like when I get out of this?" snapped a young lady at the conductor of an overcrowded cable car.

"A good deal like crushed sugar, miss," said the bellringer.

And the lady hung on to a strap and rode four miles further, with the smile of an angel.—*San Franciscan.*

Fogg says anybody who wants a handsome wife can have her, for all he cares. She is no better to her husband than are the grounds about a country residence. Anybody can admire the wife or the grounds as freely as the possessor, and without the expense of caring for her or them.

The Mormons have made a settlement and are doing missionary work in North Carolina. At a recent conference in Surrey county fifteen ministers were present. The President of the Council, a young man of 19, is said to be a very eloquent preacher.

A PARABLE OF CHARLEY.

Now it came to pass that in the third year of the reign of Catharine, Queen of the Earth, I became acquainted with Charley.

Charley was the brother of Catharine, and was a good-looking, solid, respectable kind of a fellow, with square shoulders, ruddy face, blonde beard, and a full blue eye, whose glance fell upon you like a shaft. In all his social and business relations he was an eminently correct young man, against whom the fewest of mistakes or failures could be urged. This, combined with the fact that he was Catharine's brother, was the reason for the deep and undying hatred which I bore him—a hatred which for a long time seemed capable of being appeased only by gore.

In the first place he was always punctual. The unfailing regularity with which he every morning appeared at his desk in the pork-house (he was manager of the establishment) was only equalled by the exceeding precision with which he discharged the minutest details of his daily appointments. Now I am fond of the morning hour for sleep, myself, and have a theory that one will live longer if he employ it in sleep. Therefore I pity a man who will continuously peril his health as Charley does.

In the next place he was always methodical. He was never known to vary from his established daily routine of business, any more than a responsible clock is observed to deviate from its accustomed method of beating seconds. Being disposed, myself, to think that all is well that ends well, I can feel nothing but contempt for a man who is such a mere machine.

In the next place, he was stable and permanent. He had at once decided upon his line of life, and had never after wavered in it. He had been twelve years in the establishment of which he was manager, and which he had first entered in the capacity of fourth bookkeeper when he was yet a mere lad.

I, myself, having tried in turn a half dozen different occupations, all of which proved uncongenial, am by nature in deadly feud with the man who has no spice in his life. (Though I have often suspected that it was my own cake which was all dough).

And then again, he was contented at home. He had repeatedly received the kindest invitations to join parties touring to Europe, to Cuba, to California, or to the National Park; but, although abundantly able to travel, he always declined these propositions, saying he could not spare the time from business.

Now I am passionately fond of travel, change and excitement, and have visited most of the leading places of interest to tourists—although myself a poor man. So I have no patience with an unambitious stay-at-home.

When I add to all these things the disgusting prosperity of the man; his house and lot; his money in the bank; his ever-lastingly-increasing salary—I have said enough to explain to any rational mind the ill-will I bore for Charley.

But that which first fanned the slumbering fires of my wrath, and well-nigh caused me to imbrue my hands in the heart's blood of a fellow-being, happened in this wise. I had just returned from a year's residence in California (and was searching for employment), when, as a matter of course, I called upon Catharine. For Catharine is long-suffering and kind, and so I am always privileged to call upon her. As I entered the drawing-room, Catharine extended her hand to me, and permitted me to salute the tips of her fingers. (I often wondered whether, if I had $50,000, she would not—but no matter!) Then I sat down, and proposed to tell her all about my experiences in the West. Catharine listened politely for a time—she is the politest person!—and then gently told me that she did not care to hear about my Western life. An awkward pause ensued, and at length Catharine remarked: "Did I ever tell you of the offer Charley had to go in charge of an excursion to California?"

I remarked that she never had.

"Yes; he could have gone for nothing, and have remained a month. The firm wished him to go, and told him he needed rest. But he would not go. Charley is *such* a hand to stay at home and stick to business!"

I pleasantly changed the topic, and began to speak of some of the young lady acquaintances I had seen since my return, remarking how glad they seemed to see me.

"Did you see Hattie Coswell?" asked Catharine.

"Oh! yes; and she——"

"They say that she is quite well pleased with Charley. But Charley is a general favorite with the ladies, although I believe he hardly understands why they flock about him so—or perhaps, indeed, never suspect that they do at all."

"He has no heart, perhaps," said I somewhat acidly.

"Indeed, sir, you quite mistake! I am very sure he has a heart, and a manly one at that. I think he will pay little attention to the ladies until he has attained his station in life, and made a home for himself; then, I think, he will not make much stir about it, but will just get married."

Catharine sighed a little sigh, which she checked at once. I changed the subject. I talked of my business plans. She listened for a time, and then said suddenly, as if she had just thought of it:

"Charley never talks of business to us women, although he manages the business of the whole family. He thinks the men ought to attend to the business."

("May the foul fiend fly away with Charley!" thought I.)

I gayly fell upon another theme and asked Catharine to admire my new coat. "Yes; it is very pretty," said she. Then, after a moment, "I do think Charley has the *fewest* suits, to look so well as he does. But then he is economical in everything. He will make a good husband, Charley will!"

I resolved, for the twentieth time, to murder Charley, and soon after excused myself and retired.

It was not long after this I fell dangerously ill, being confined to my bed for some weeks. My condition became so alarming that I was visited and constantly attended by Catharine, who proved herself a most devoted and efficient nurse, so that (although during my convalescence I remember once to have heard her murmer to herself that "Charley was *so* strong!") I could not on the whole find any fault with her ministrations. Indeed, I am inclined to think that my sickness was a dispensation of Providence, for during the days of my slow recovery I had ample time to review my life, and review it I did. And a very poor and miserable kind of life I found it, with no purpose and no success at all attached to it. It was not the kind of a life which I admired, though singularly enough I had never thought of that before, and probably never would have done so had it not been for that convenient Charley. And then and there I resolved to reform, to make the most of myself, and go steadily to work with a purpose.

When I grew better I called upon Catharine again. I took her whole hand in mine and told her that I had been a fool—and that I loved her. I told her I was going west again, but that I was going to stick to my business and make a home—and that I loved her. Quite soon after that I rose to go. Catharine rose also. She leaned toward me quite imperceptibly, and all at once I saw that, if I wished, it might all be as it was five years before. With the greatest struggle of my life, I saluted only the tips of her fingers, and said to her:

"Catharine, my dear girl, I am not worthy to kiss your lips now. When I come back I will be, and then I will kiss them."

From the other side of my shoulder Catharine sobbed: "I am q-quite sure that Ch-Charley would, ri-right now!"

"God bless you, Charley!" thought I.
—E. HOUGH.

Byron's Story of Waterloo.

The beautiful Duchess of Richmond had given a great ball on the night preceding the battle of Waterloo, in June, 1815. Every lover of poetry will remember the splendid description of this ball and of the subsequent battle, which occurs in the third canto of Byron's "Childe Harold." The passage is unsurpassed in any language for the vigor, the picturesqueness and the magnificence of its thought and diction, and its relation to one of the most stupendous events in modern history.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music rose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell!
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

It has been generally asserted and believed that the ball was given by the Duchess in the grand hall of the stately Hotel de Ville in the Grande Place, and when in Brussels I heard the assertion repeated by many people, though denied by others. One old citizen, who remembered the battle well, affirmed it to have been at the Hotel de Ville, which he saw brilliantly lighted up for the occasion, and passed among the crowd of equipages that filled the Grande Place, when setting down and taking up the ladies who graced the assembly with their presence. Another equally old and trustworthy inhabitant declared that to his personal knowledge the ball was given in the Palais d'Ass, a large building that adjoins the palace of the King of the Belgians, and is now used as a barrack; while a third affirmed it to have been held in the handsome hotel adjoining the Chamber of Deputies, which was formerly occupied by Sir Charles Bagot, the British Ambassador to Brussels and The Hague in 1830. Thinking there could be no better authority than one who was present on the occasion—one, moreover, who was nearly allied to the giver of the entertainment—I asked Lord William Lennox to decide the point. He replied at once that all these assertions were unfounded. His father, the Duke, took a large house in a back street called the "Rue de la Blanchisserie" (street of the laundry), abutting on the boulevard opposite the present Botanic Garden, and that the ball took place in the not extraordinarily spacious drawing-room of that mansion. He said, moreover, that the lines,

Within the window'd niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain,

conveyed an idea of magnitude which the so-called "high hall" did not in reality possess.—*Charles Mackay.*

The Queen is for Peace.

There is no sympathy in high quarters with the Jingo epidemic which is now raging with such fury. The Queen is feverishly eager for the preservation of peace, and has written privately to the Emperor William, begging him to exert his influence with the Czar in order to obtain satisfactory explanations of the recent lamentable occurrence at Penjdeh. The Czar and M. de Giers are honestly anxious to avert a war, but as they may find it difficult to hold their own against the war party, a strong hint from the Emperor William might produce a great and decisive effect at this moment. After nearly fifty years' experience of affairs the Queen naturally enjoys a considerable share of common sense, and she does not view the project of a war between England and Russia with the equanimity of the great company of the reckless and ignorant. The bare-brained gabble one hears just at present reminds one of the distempered enthusiasm for the Spanish war, when Sir Robert Walpole, hearing the bells ring out, sagaciously remarked: "They ring the bells now; their hearts will be wrung before long."—*London Truth.*

—One sultry Sunday a minister noticed many of his congregation nodding from drowsiness. He effectually wakened them by saying: "I saw an advertisement last week for 500 sleepers for a railroad. I think I could supply at least 50, and recommend them as good and sound."

M. de Lesseps relates that on the occasion of his marriage, the day of the opening of the Suez Canal, November, 1869, his father-in-law handed him 100,000 francs as a present to his wife. At that time, he adds, Suez Canal shares were selling at 250 francs, or 50 per cent. discount. He invested the present in these shares, on which he realized 1,500,000 francs.

Public opinion is a weak tyrant compared with our own private opinion; what a man thinks of himself, that it is which determines, or, rather, indicates his fate.—*Thoreau.*

A man in Lyon county, Kansas, fourteen years ago married a widow with a little daughter by a former husband. After twelve years he obtained a divorce from his wife and soon after married her daughter. The most novel feature of the matter is the fact that the divorced wife, now his mother-in-law, lives with her daughter and husband, and all are happy.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE Sacramento Medical Society recently discussed the question how far the drinking of the river water of that city by its inhabitants was responsible for the constant presence of malaria among them. A member stated that the Chinamen of Sacramento were always free from the disease. Upon inquiry he found that they never drank the water except when it was made into tea, and had therefore been boiled. One Chinaman drank of the water and contracted malaria, and he was so little of a "heathen" that he attributed his illness to that indulgence.

IN almost all European countries asylums have been founded in which the blind are taught to work. France is one of the countries, however, in which such institutions are least numerous. There are 36,000 blind persons who are without other means of support than begging. They wander about dragging after them children, whom this mode of life leads to vice. M. Livanchi Clarke has become the protector of these outcasts. He has established the first workshop of the projected enterprise, where thirty or forty blind persons are already protected from the sufferings to which they would have been exposed if left to outside charity.

KEEPING the head perfectly clean, says a writer in the Salem (Mass.) *Gazette*, is a great aid to health. A distinguished physician, who has spent much of his time at quarantine, said that a person whose head was thoroughly washed every day rarely ever took contagious diseases, but when the hair was allowed to become dirty and matted it was hardly possible to escape infection. Many persons find speedy relief for nervous headache by washing the head thoroughly in weak soda water. We have known cases almost wholly cured in ten minutes by this simple remedy. A friend finds it the greatest relief in case of "rose cold," the cold symptoms entirely leaving the eyes after one thorough washing of the hair. The head should be thoroughly dried afterward, and draughts of air should be avoided for a little while.

IN reference to the recent improvements in coking, or the science of coke manufacture, great advancement, remarks Sir J. W. Pease, has been made in every feature. Mr. Pease himself, one of the most extensive manufacturers in this line in England, says that a comparison of the ovens put up ten or twelve years ago with those of the present day shows a contrast most striking. Some ovens, he says, which have been put up in connection with his own works, of the improved process, have been a very great success; there is, in fact, scarcely any waste now involved in the manufacturing operation in question, which is indeed a most important advance, considering the thousands, and even millions, of pounds that have been wasted and blown into the air by the old process during the last twenty or thirty years.

THE Christian scientists of Boston are claiming that there is no longer any doubt as to Gen. Grant's recovery, and that the cause of the healing is the mind cure. Eighteen persons united their efforts, and he is, they assert, unconsciously being cured by their occult power. These people are not praying for him, or seeking divine help in his behalf, but are silently thinking of him, and the influence of their minds unconsciously upon his mind is bringing him into the "understanding of God," and this understanding harmonizes his being, and so emancipates him from a false belief as to the disease. He simply needs mental treatment, and the mild healers claim to work through space and at a distance; physical presence is not essential. They claim that there is no peradventure in his case now; they know that he will be restored to health.

THE utility of forests, aside from their marketable valuable, remarks a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, lies in their power not to cause the rainfall, but to regulate its distribution. In this they are of incalculable benefit. When they cover the ground about the sources of great rivers and their tributaries, the porous soil, with its mosses and its accumulations of fallen leaves, acts as a vast sponge to retain and slowly deliver the water that falls from the clouds in the form of rain or snow. When the sheltering trees are destroyed and the land is laid bare, all the water runs off at once; the brooks that had before flowed continuously and with comparative regularity become roaring torrents in spring and dry channels in summer, while the rivers that depend on these sources of supply swell into freshets at one season and shrink into insignificance at another. The recent destructive floods in the north of Italy, and notably along the River Po, with all the misery they have brought, are ascribed, and no doubt with truth, to the partial denudation of the mountainous country about the sources of streams. The arid and comparatively valueless condition of certain parts of Spain is due to similar causes. It is for us to see, while there is yet time, that similar evils do not fall upon us.

All "Played Out."

"Don't know what ails me lately. Can't eat well—can't sleep well. Can't work, and don't enjoy doing anything. Ain't really sick, and I really ain't well. Feel all kind o' played out, someway." That is what scores of men say every day. If they would take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" they would soon have no occasion to say it. It purifies the blood, tones up the system and fortifies it against disease. It is a great anti-bilious remedy as well.

—In India the barbers charge twelve cents for thirty shaves. That is two and a half shaves for a cent.

"I Feel So Well."

"I want to thank you for telling me of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," writes a lady to her friend. "For a long time I was unfit to attend to the work of my household. I kept about, but I felt thoroughly miserable. I had terrible backaches, and bearing-down sensations across me, and was quite weak and discouraged. I sent and got some of the medicine after receiving your letter, and it has cured me. I hardly know myself. I feel so well."

Home Items and Topics.

—"All your own fault
If you remain sick when you can
Get hop bitters that never—Fail.

—The weakest woman, smallest child and sickest invalid can use hop bitters with safety and great good.

—Old men tottering around from Rheumatism, kidney trouble or any weakness will be made almost new by using hop bitters.

☞ My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of hop bitters, and I recommend them to my people.—Methodis Clergyman.

Ask any good doctor if hop
Bitters are not the best family medicine
On earth

☞ Malarial fever, Ague and Biliousness, will leave every neighborhood as soon as hop bitters arrive.

"My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgia all out of her system with hop bitters."—*Ed. Oswego Sun.*

☞ Keep the kidneys healthy with hop bitters and you need not fear sickness.

—Ice water is rendered harmless and more refreshing and reviving with hop bitters in each draught.

—The vigor of youth for the aged and infirm in hop bitters!!!

—"At the change of life nothing equals Hop Bitters to allay all troubles incident Thereto."

—"The best periodical for ladies to take monthly, and from which they will receive the greatest benefit, is hop bitters."

—Mothers with sickly, fretful, nursing children, will cure the children and benefit themselves by taking hop bitters daily.

—Thousands die annually from some form of kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of hop bitters.

—Indigestion, weak stomach, irregularities of the bowels, cannot exist when hop bitters are used.

A timely * * * use of hop
Bitters will keep a whole family
In robust health a year at little cost.

—To produce real genuine sleep and child-like repose all night, take a little hop bitters on retiring.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

—Out of a pailful of water from the River Nile they got two tablespoonfuls of sand. This shows how many centuries old Egypt is behind the times. There isn't another place in the world where people would put so little sand in things.

Don't digust everybody by hawking, blowing and spitting, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and be cured

There is something wrong within among all those who are afraid to look within.—*Secker.*

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