Preferences and Treasures.

I'd rather drink cold water from the brook
Than quaff excitement from a golden chalice,
I'd rather sleep on straw in the shepherd's hut
Than lie awake and restless in a palace.

I'd rather earn dry bread in lusty health,
And eat it with a sense of wholesome pleasure,
Than feed without the zest of appetite
Off gorgeous plate 'mid unavailing treasure.

I'd rather have one true, unfailing friend,
Than fifty parasites to crave my bounty,
And one poor lass who loved me for myself
Than one without a heart who owned a county.

Nature is kind if our desires are pure,
And strews rich blessings everywhere around us
While Fortune, if we joint in her pursuit,
Too often grants her favors to confound us.

Fresh air and sunshine, flowers and health and love,
These are endowments if we learn to prize them;
The wise man's treasures, better worth than gold,
And none but fools and wicked men despise them.

The Old Maid.

(By Rev. James Cooke Seymour.)

Who wakes the scoff of giddy mirth,
To many a wicked pun gives birth
'Mong all the daughters of the earth?
The *old*, old maid.

Who would not wed for sake of gold?
Who would not barter love untold
For self, or all could self unfold?
The *firm* old maid.

Who would not cast herself away
On worthless man, whate'er they say?
Perfer for ever old maid to stay?
The *true* old maid.

Who wears the face, if worn, yet meek?
Who searches round the sad to seek?
Who helps the poor, with tear-dewed cheek
The *kind* old maid.

Whose heart has tender love for all?
Who hugs the children when they fall?
Her feet run swift at every call?
The *dear* old maid.

Who serves the Lord with earnest love?
Who waits in faith for joys above?
Her life's benediction proves?
The *good* old maid.

Disenchantment.

'Twas long ago in hammock days—
How very long it seems—
That down the winding country ways
Beside the singing streams
I went in search of dreams!

One dream I found as there I stayed,
A perfect vision, too!
A merry laughin kirtled maid,
Whose eyes were bareboll-blue,
A most enthralling hue!

She smiled. I smiled. Ah! who can tell
What volumes there were said,
Although we spoke no syllable?
The clover-blooms were red;
There was no cloud overhead.

I leaned. She lifted up her face—
What ruby lips she had!
Bliss for one little moment's space—
And then she cried "There's dad!"
Oh, wasn't it too bad!

THE ORDEAL.

Tiny Clarence sat in her pretty little parlor as a bright, tropical bird balances itself on the swaying boughs of a palm tree, for the carpet was of green and the window draperies were green, and the walls were just tinted of that delicate sea green that shines translucently through the rolling billows of the deep; and she herself, curiously carrying out the unity of things, wore a dress of soft green cashmere, with silver lilies in her hair.

Her real name was Flora, but people called her Tiny; it was a pet name she had ever since she could remember—perhaps because she was small and dimpled and fairy like, and had a fashion of nestling down on low ottomans and little footstools instead of perching herself on big, stiff chairs, like full size mortals.

She was very fair, with a transparent skin, flushed with pale rose, and hair like floss silk, where the burnished shadows came and went in golden glimmers, while her blue eyes were full of sweet, wistful expressions—a human lily of the valley, in short.

At least so Ernest Sargent thought, as he sat looking at her, with his heart in his eyes.

"You will not give me the answer, then, which is to seal my fate?"

"Not this morning, Mr. Sargent."

"Why not? I have surely the right to ask the question."

"I am not altogether certain that I have made up my mind, Mr. Sargent."

Ernest's eyes brightened.

"You will give me the benefit of the doubt, then?"

"I can't tell you just yet; I don't know myself. Cannot you comprehend, Mr. Sargent," she added, with a sudden spark of impatience in her soft eye, "that this matter of marriage is, with us women, something more important than the selection of a favorite shade in silks or the color of the spring ribbon?"

"I stand rebuked," he said, rising and bowing somewhat ceremoniously. "To-morrow morning, then, I am to call and get my answer."

"Yes, to-morrow morning, if you like."

So Ernest Sargent bent his head over Tiny Clarence's little rose leaf of a hand and went his way.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Clarence, as Tiny came slowly upstairs, twisting the green tassels that hung from her waist, "what have you decided?"

"I have decided upon nothing at all as yet, mamma."

"Don't you like Mr. Sargent?"

"Yes," answered Tiny, after a moment or two of grave consideration; "I suppose I do."

"He is very rich, and, your father says, in a business whose profits are continually increasing. You would be wealthy, my child."

"Is wealth the first object in life, mamma?"

"No, but it is more or less important; and then Mr. Sargent is very handsome."

"I know it, mamma."

And then Tiny Clarence went further still upstairs to the room where Bridget was sweeping and dusting, in a frenzy of energy.

"Bridget," she said, "will you lend me your brown cloth cloak this afternoon and the black silk bonnet? I want to wear them."

"Is it fun ye're making of a poor girl, Miss Tiny? Sure, you wouldn't even yourself to the likes o' them. And you, wid all the fine clothes a queen would wear!"

"But I am in earnest, Bridget. I am going to see a poor woman who lives in a tenement house down town, and I would rather dress so as to attract no particular attention."

Bridget still stared, but she made no further opposition.

"I can't understand at all, at all, so I can't," she said, shaking her frenzied head as she carried the aforesaid garments into Tiny's room. "Sure, miss, it's like dressin' the queen of the fairies up in a cabbage leaf. Your bonny face is lost entirely in the old bonnet, let alone the cloak covers you from head to foot, entirely."

"Never mind that, Bridget. Now lend me the veil. There; that will do."

Tiny Clarence felt curiously unlike the aristocratic little queen of fashion that she was as she rode down town in the extreme corner of a Second avenue car, and alighted at length at a cross street, whose narrow purlieus and swarming rows of tenement houses on either side betoken it the residing place of the poor.

Turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, Tiny Clarence kept on her way, until at length she entered a dwelling somewhere in the middle of the block, and ascended the long flight of carpeted wooden stairs, which was common property to all the inhabitants.

Pausing at a door on the fourth story, she knocked softly.

"Come in," was the reply, and opening the door Tiny Clarence entered.

It was a small room, comparatively bare of furniture, but very neat. A little bed occupied the farther corner of the room, and the smallest possible remnant of a fire smoldered in the tidy grate, while one or two chairs and a pine table constituted all the rest of the outfittings.

Close to the window a young woman sat sewing, while a crippled child played on the floor at her feet. She arose as Tiny entered.

"Is it you, Miss Clarence?" she said, her pale face momentarily dyed with a deep tinge of color, as she courtesied a timid welcome. "This is but a poor place for you to come."

"Miss Clarence!" repeated our little heroine, reproachfully. "You used to call me Tiny when we were school girls together, Helen!"

"But there is such a gulf between us now!"

"Because you are poor and I am rich? because you are a forsaken widow and I am still the favored child of fortune? Helen, you judge me unjustly!"

Helen Starr's eyes filled with tears.

"Dear Tiny, I will never do so again."

"I have brought you some more sewing," said Tiny carelessly, as she sat down by the side of her sadly changed school mate. "By the way, Helen, do you still sew for Sargent & Copley?"

"Yes, I am going there this afternoon to return some work and try to get a little more."

"Are you?"

Tiny strove to speak unconsciously, although the deep crimson flushed her neck and brow.

"Would you object to my going with you? I—I have a great curiosity to see the inner workings of one of those great manufacturing establishments."

"I shall be glad of your company."

"Do they pay you well?" went on Tiny, affecting to be deeply interested in removing a speck of mud from the hem of Bridget's brown cloth cloak. Mrs. Starr shook her head sadly.

"Starvation prices, Tiny, and Mr. Sargent has just cut down the wages one-quarter. He says times are hard and he cannot meet expenses."

"Yet he drives the handsomest horses in New York and lives in a brown stone palace," observed Tiny.

"I know it, but such is the universal justice between employer and employed. We are powerless and they know it, these grinding rich people.

She was folding up the bundle of neatly sewn shirts as she spoke and putting on her own worn and shabby outer garments.

"You will be good and quiet, Charlie, and not go near the fire until mamma returns?" she added, pausing on the threshold.

"Yes, mamma," the child answered, with docile meekness.

He was accustomed to being left alone, poor little fellow, and then Helen and Tiny set forth together on an errand entirely novel to the latter.

It was "pay day" at the establishment of Sargent & Copley, and a long string of worn looking women, some young and some old, but all pale and pinched, like plants that had grown in the shade, were waiting their turn for the miserable remuneration due them.

Mr. Copley, a fat, oily looking man, with a white neck-cloth and beaming spectacles, stood behind a ponderous ledger, a day-book and Mr. Sargent, with an expression of face very different from what he had that morning worn in Tiny Clarence's boudoir, leaned against the edge of the desk and took in the work, examining and commenting as he did so.

For Mr. Sargent chose himself to superintend this portion of his business. Nor was the tongue of slander behindhand in proclaiming that he contrived to make money out of this personal supervision.

"Clara Coyt!" he called out, sharply, as a pale, freckled young girl neared him; "how much due Clara Coyt? Ten dollars and seventy cents. Take off $1—work greased from sewing machine."

"But, sir," began the girl.

"Nine seventy—here you are! Pass on, Clara Coyt! Now, then, Mary Macalister—behind two days. Fine Mary Macalister 50 cents!"

So he went on, quick to detect or imagine faults, vigorous to punish, merciless to exact fines, until scarcely one of the waiting throng received the amount of money fairly due her.

When Helen Starr's name was called she advanced timidly, with her brown clad companion at her side.

"Helen Starr!" sharply enunciated Mr. Sargent, scrutinizing her roll of work. "Four dollars—deduct 40 cents!"

"On what account, sir?" faltered Mrs. Starr.

"Work soiled in making up—pass on!"

"You are mistaken, Mr. Sargent, indeed," pleaded Helen Starr; "the stains were in the linen when it was given out to me. It is not in the least soiled in my hands."

"I can't stop to argue matters with insolent sewing women in my employ!" snarled Ernest Sargent. "Take your $3.60, Mrs. Starr, without any more words, or leave the establishment. We can get plenty of hands who won't tell lies."

Helen Starr grew crimson and then pale, but knowing her own utter helplessness in the hands of this human vampire, she was about to take the miserable sum tendered her and pass on her way when a low, soft voice at her side detained her.

"Helen, stop an instant. Mr. Sargent," and turning back the long black veil which had hitherto concealed her face, Tiny Clarence looked calmly into the rich bully's eyes, "I am sure that my friend, Mrs. Starr, speaks only the truth. You lose all claim to the name of gentleman when you allow yourself to speak thus insolently to aught bearing the stamp and image of refined womanhood."

"Miss Clarence, he stammered, overcome with confusion, "there is some mistake here. I——"

"There is no mistake," she answered, calmly contemptuous. "I have been near making one that might have lasted a lifetime, but my eyes are fortunately opened. Pay Mrs. Starr the money rightly due her, and let us leave this den of money making iniquity."

Mr. Sargent paid Mrs. Starr the $4 with undisguised awkwardness, and strove to detain Tiny as she turned away.

"Miss Clarence," he faltered, "will you allow me to explain——"

"No, Mr. Sargent," she answered haughtily, "I will never allow you to speak to me again."

She kept her word. Ernest Sargent's nature had been tried in the balance of her womanly discrimination, and found wanting.

Tiny Clarence was heart whole still.—*Chicago Evening Journal.*

A Fish Hospital.

A hospital for fish! This is the oddest thing heard of for a very long time, but it exists, and an ichthyologist, who knows all about it, sends particulars. Hospitals are springing up in all parts of the kingdom for the benefit of domesticated animals. The horse, the dog, the cat and winged creatures are cared for, and now a hospital for fish has been opened at the Midland Counties Fish Culture establishment at Malvern Wells. All fish are liable to expedemic, endemic and fungoid diseases, together with other maladies which may be due to natural or accidental causes, and those suffering from any of these affections are removed from their habitats at the establishments and placed in the hospitals, where they are carefully attended to. The home of rest, or finny hospital, consists of ponds, constructed in such a way that the patients may be readily scrutinized and doctored. A hospital without surgical aid would be lacking in an essential, and, therefore, the art of fish-healing has been carefully studied by the founder and proprietor of the hospital, who has invented and manufactured special medicine solutions for application to fishes of different species, according to the nature of their sufferings.—*London Sporting News.*

Satisfactory All Around.

"I don't want to break the law," he said, as he stood in the presence of Capt. Starkweather at Police Headquarters the other day.

"You are very kind," replied the Captain. "What is your case?"

"My wife has skipped."

"Indeed."

"Yes, skipped out two days ago. As I said, I don't want to break the law. What is the customary rule in such cases?"

"Let her skip."

"I am not expected to pursue her and shoot somebody?"

"No."

"Thanks. She has skipped. Let her skip. If she returns I overlook and forgive. If she does not I marry the hired girl. Perfectly satisfactory, sir, all around, and I thank you for your kindness."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Bad Omen.

"I've been a superstishus wuman a' ma life; aye carefu' no' to spill the saat, nor walk under ladders, an' wud never sit doon thirteen at a denner-table—espeashully when there was only denner for twal'. Ay, I'm a firm believer in the supernatural—an' no' without guid reason. I min' yince o' hearin' that if ye h'ard a doug barkin' at nicht time it was a verra bad omen indeed, an' a shair sign that somebody was gaun to de. Weel, yae nicht, some years syne noo, I was gaun to bed, an' was just on the point o' closin' ma een, when suddenly I h'ard a doug howlin', an' I made shair that some puir buddy was breathin' their last; an' sae help ma guidness, within a fortnicht efter I happened to tak' up a newspaper and I fund that *a man had drappit doon deed near Milngavie.* Ever sin' that I've been terrible superstishus."

They Want Money.

The call from Johnstown for money instead of goods is a reasonable one. Nobody at a distance can tell what the destitute people most need, and many of the goods contributed are, as might have been expected, unavailable. With money all wants can be supplied. The large relief funds contributed in New York, Philadelphia, and some other places have in large part been held back—and wisely so, no doubt—but now the time has come when the money is needed, and there should be no delay in sending it forward. The appeal which the Relief Committee on the ground make for immediate assistance is unanswerable and irresistible.

Prof. Wm. R. Thompson, M.D., of the University of the City of New York, says that more adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady, except consumption, and yet many people look upon a slight kidney difficulty as of little consequence. Others take Warner's Safe Cure and remove any possible danger. When kidney disease becomes chronic, or Bright's Disease, it becomes a very serious matter.

A Hopeless Task.

Husband (100 years hence, when women rule)—My dear, I expect to go to town to-day. If you could spare me a little cash—

Wife (from bed)—Certainly, darling. You will find some loose change in my pocket.

The belt remains with Chicago for first-class murderers, discovered and undiscovered. It is a possession no one envies.

CURRENT TOPICS.

At last a man has gone on record as generous enough to bequeath his fortune to his widow on condition that she marries again, instead of depriving her of it if she pursues that course. The pity of it is that the man is dead.

In accordance with custom, the *Court Journal* of London, in announcing the completion of Queen Victoria's 70th year, gives the ages of her royal contemporaries as follows: King of the Netherlands, 72; King of Denmark, 71; King of Wurtemburg, 66; Emperor of Brazil, 63; King of Saxony, 61; King of Sweden and Norway, 60; Emperor of Austria, 58; King of the Belgians, 54; King of Portugal, 50; King of Roumania, 50; Sultan of Turkey, 46; King of Italy, 45; Emperor of Russia, 44; King of the Hellenes, 43; King of Bavaria, 41; King of Siam, 35; German Emperor, 30; Emperor of China, 17; King of Servia, 12; and the King of Spain, 3.

It is not often society finds itself in a shower of pearls, but it happened last week at a very smart ball in London. The Countess of Dudley broke a string of her famous necklace, causing for the moment a profound sensation in the crowded room, as the pearls flew in every direction, and were in imminent danger of being smashed or forever lost. Evidently Lady Dudley, beautiful as she is, antagonizes the family jewels. Not so many years ago the whole world was in arms because a casket filled with the almost priceless Dudley diamonds had been stolen in transitu from London to the earl's country seat. Nothing has ever been heard from the gems. Where they went to or who benefited by their possession remains a secret to this day, although an enormous reward was offered at the time for their recovery. The sense of this loss must have been keen in the minds of the titled company when it went down on all fours to search for the countess' fleeing pearls, pearls said to be second in size and color to no others in Europe.

Before the Royal Commission on English Elementary Education, Mr. J. G. Fitch testified what he saw done by a class of children 10 years of age in a school in Brussels. Around the room was a continuous blackboard and at its base a shelf. Both were marked off in sections, and on each shelf were crayons, compasses, clay, a wooden instrument for manipulating the clay and a graduated metrical rule. A child stood at each section, and the master standing in the middle of the room said: "Draw a horizontal line five centimeters long. Now draw a line three centimeters long at an angle of 45 degrees to the first." Thus continuing by a series of directions each completed a geometrical pattern. "Now," he said, "take clay and fasten it to the border of the pattern." That made an ornamental framework. Thereafter the pupils continued to add pieces of clay, making additional lines, dots etc., after their own ideas or inventions, until at the end of the lesson each had a different design before him. Mr. Fitch says the lesson throughout was an exercise not in hand-work only, but in intelligence, in measurement, in taste and in inventiveness

There appears to prevail among the laity a belief that the cure of cancer is seldom effected by the use of the knife, and that, when it is used, the disease is quite certain to reappear. At the recent congress of German surgeons a number of them told of the after results of operations for the removal of cancers from the tongue and throat. In one instance the whole tongue was removed from a patient 20 years ago, and the cancer never returned. Another patient first had the left side of his tongue removed, and as the disease reappeared, he was again operated upon and the other side taken out. That was between five and six years ago, and yet since that time he has remained perfectly well. Prof. Kuster, of Berlin, presented a case of carcinoma of the tongue upon which he operated 10 years ago, and which has not returned since. Prof. Von Bergmann exhibited two patients; one was a case operated upon two years previously, and the other four years before; the disease had not returned. As for carcinoma of the throat, several patients were presented who had had the entire larynx removed, and now, several years after the operation, there had been no signs of a recurrence of the disease.

Maxims for Memory.

Stilts are no better in conversation than in a foot-race.

Folly must hold its tongue while wearing the wig of wisdom.

It is the foolish aim of the atheist to scan infinitude with a microscope.

When poverty comes in at the cottage door, true love goes at it with an axe.

A vein of humor should be made visible without the help of a reduction mill.

All the paths of life lead to the grave, and the utmost that we can do is to avoid the short cuts.

The office should seek the man, but it should inspect him thoroughly before taking him.

The reformer becomes a fanatic when he begins to use his emotions as a substitute for his reasoning faculty.

Many an object in life must be attained by flank movements; it is the zigzag road that leads to the mountain top.

The Good Samaritan helps the unfortunate wayfarer without asking how he intends to vote.

Worth Remembering.

Many who drive do not understand that the law gives the right of way to the pedestrian. A man or woman crossing the street at a regular crossing is not obliged to look out for the person who is driving the team, but the person who is driving is to take care not to jostle or incommode a person walking. This is law and common courtesy as well. How frequently do we see teams drawn up at a crossing and pedestrians made to pass around them.

A Tired Skeleton.

Living Skeleton (only one in America, at dime museum)—These folks make me tired.

Sympathetic Visitor—In what way?

"Here I am earning $500 a week as the greatest living skeleton, yet hour after hour, day in an' day out, one old woman after another stops an' chins and chins at me about the things I ought to eat to get fat."

WAYS OF A WIZARD.

Glorious Visions of Gold and Bills Melt Into Thinnest Air.

Herrmann, the magician, is his own best advertiser. He declares himself that if he was able to mix in with the public enough he would need no advance man or press agent. Wherever he does go he always makes his presence felt, and almost every one of the people who witness his marvellous little sleight-of-hand tricks is anxious to go to the theatre and see more of him. The other afternoon he dropped in with a friend at a popular down-town resort, and was introduced to a couple of gentlemen at the bar. The magician's Mephistophelean face marks him everywhere and his two new acquaintances knew at once who he was, and regarded him wonderingly. Pretty soon Herrmann said: "Excuse me, sir," to one of the gentlemen, and, taking his hat from his head allowed a huge roll of bills to drop on the bar. "It is very careless of you to carry that amount of money there, my friend," said the wizard, and as the gentleman reached for the roll Herrmann threw it up into the air and it disappeared.

After the gentleman had been laughed at and had done the proper thing the wizard turned to the second gentleman and said: "My dear sir, you should light your cigar properly. The one you are smoking is burning up one side. Allow me," and gently removing the cigar from the gentleman's mouth, Herrmann deftly slipped a fresh cigar from its wrapper, returned the burning cigar, and then proceeded to light the fresh cigar as a cigar should be lighted. Both men now regarded the magician with amazement and some degree of suspicion. They closely eyed his every move. When he casually pulled out his watch to note the time they thought he would bring a rabbit or an egg along with it. Upon the little finger of his right hand Herrmann wears two beautiful rings. In the upper one is set a rare brown diamond between two white gems of purest ray serene. To show the first of his new friends that there was no hard feeling existing between them, the wizard agreed to loan him this ring. "Hold out your finger," he said, and the gentleman willingly did so. He thought surely that he was wearing the ring, when Herrmann exhibited it in its proper place on his own finger. The gentleman was dumfounded. Then Herrmann took off the ring and said: "You see I drop it in my sleeve," which he apparently did. Then he stroked his long imperial with his left hand, and there the ring glistened from his little finger. The man to whom it was to be loaned rubbed his eyes, looked dazed and told the man behind the white apron to make it the same as before. A gentleman in the party started to roll a cigarette, and Herrmann begged a paper. The little book was handed him and he tore out a leaf. "Now, watch me carefully," he said, and every eye was on him as he crushed up the delicate rice paper into a pellet, and then began to pick it to bits. One piece escaped him, but he caught it before it reached the floor and rolled it up with the other fragments. Handing the pellet to one of the gentleman, he asked him to carefully unroll it. This was done, and a whole and perfect cigarette paper was revealed, greatly to the astonishment of those who had seen him tear it to bits. Taking a curious gold coin from his pocket, he asked the man next him to examine it. The man took it and looked at it—it was an ordinary silver dollar. He looked sheepish and passed it back—the gold coin was in the palm of the wizard's hand.—*Chicago Herald.*

Marrying a Young Girl.

In the St. Mary's Established Church, Dumfries, on the 11th inst., an old man of 71 and a girl 17 were married in the presence of an amused assembly. The bridegroom is stated to be a land agent in Newcastle, a widower, with a grown-up family, one of whom is a clergyman. The bride being a minor, and the parents having refused their consent, the pair come to Dumfries five weeks ago to fulfil the requisite condition of a fifteen days' residence in Scotland with a view to a Scotch marriage. The officiating clergy was the Rev. A. Chapman, who produced a smile by giving out the 67th Psalm at the close of the ceremony, "Lord bless and pity us," which the congregation joined in singing. On leaving the church the bridegroom was cheered and hissed.—*The Scottish American.*

A Piece of Good Luck.

Country Editor's Wife—How happy you seem to-night, Edward. Have you had any good luck to-day?

Country Editor—Well, I should say I had. You can have that silk dress now.

"What has happened?"

"Farmer Hendricks, who hasn't paid for his paper for seven years, came in to-day and stopped his subscription."—*Evening Wisconsin.*

Something to Think About.

"No, Mr. Meredith, you must put away this madness. I can never, never be yours; there is an insurmountable obstacle."

"Do not say so! Tell me what this insurmountable obstacle is, love that I may crush it as I would a worm in my path."

"It's a husband in New York.'

Honesty the Cause.

Chicago Sport—Our baseballists have become too honest for any use, all of a sudden.

Friend—Why do you think so?

Sport—Of late not one of them can be induced to even steal a base.—*Chicago Globe.*

Fully Equipped.

"Bromley, I hear you are going to start housekeeping?"

"Yes, Darlingger."

"What have you got toward it?"

"A wife."

Philadelphia Water.

Guest—A glass of water, please.
Waiter—Yes, sah; without?
Guest—With or without what?
Waiter—Microbes.
Guest—Without.
Waiter—Yes, sah. Distilled water for one.

It is said that arrangements have been concluded between Anderson & Co. and the Dominion Government for the establishment of a 19-knot steamship service between England and Canada.