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Poetry.

REMEMBERED.

The rain beats hard on my window pane,
The waves roar out at sea,
And the shriek of the wind in the chimney place
Is as wild as a demon's glee.
Yet here I sit and am not afraid,
For the Lord is thinking of me.

I am old, and my strength is almost gone;
I am as poor as poor can be;
My birds have flown, and I'm all alone
In the nest on the old home tree.
But wife and glad, for the Lord, I know,
Is always thinking of me.

O, strange and wide is the world of men
Which the eyes of the Lord must see—
With continents, islands, tribes, and tongues,
With multitudes, bond and free!
And yet—he can think of me.

For none can measure the mind of God,
Or the bounds of eternity.
He knows each life that has come from him,
To the tiniest bird and bee;
And the love of his heart is so deep and wide
That it takes in even me!
—Mary E. Allbright.

Select Family Reading

Love and House-cleaning

By Amy Randolph.

A RAINY day in April. Leafless rose bushes tapping reproachfully against the window shutters; gusts of spiteful sleet driving into your face every time you ventured to open a door; snowdrops and hyacinth blades shrinking hopelessly back into the black mold, as if convinced that they had made a mistake, and that spring was as far away as ever; mamma with a cold in her head, and the twins fretful because they couldn't go to school; the butcher forgetting to call, and the chimney persistent in smoking—could there, by any possibility, be a more disagreeable concatenation of circumstances? I looked dolorously at Fanny. Fanny looked dolorously back at me.

"And a letter from Aunt Wealthy, to say she is coming to make us a visit!" cried I, as I opened the morning's mail.

"Deliver us!" cried poor mamma. "And we in the very midst of housecleaning! The best chamber all damp with whitewash, and not a carpet down in the house, and that horrid painter disappointing us in this unprincipled sort of way! Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall we do?"

"Commit suicide," darkly suggested Fanny.

"Give up in despair," said I, wringing my hands tragically.

But, just then, in came Tom, as cheerful as if it had been a June holiday and there were no such horrible incubus as housecleaning in all the world.

"Don't do either one thing or the other," said Tom, catching up the noisiest twin in his arms and tossing it half-way up to the ceiling. "Telegraph to her not to come until next week."

"But, perhaps, the telegram won't reach her in time?" suggested Fanny.

"Risk it," said Tom.

"And at this rate," added mamma, who was naturally disposed to take an influenza tinted view of life, "with Mrs. Reirdon's broken arm and that painter's reckless disregard of all moral obligations, we shall be no better off next week than we are now."

"Yes, we shall," cheerily assented Tom. "I'll finish the whitewashing; and I can put up those shelves as well as any carpenter that ever handled a plane; and I'll do the painting myself."

"You!" cried Fanny and I in chorus. The idea of our Tom, a college tutor, at home for his Easter holidays, making a jack-of-all-trades of himself in this unexpected manner rather took us by surprise.

"Yes, I," nodded Tom, cutting up the quintet twin's breakfast for him, and keeping an eye on little Billy the while. "Why not?"

"But you don't know how, Tom."

"I'll show you whether I do or not," said Tom, laughing.

So when he took the telegram for Aunt Wealthy Wickes to the village, he brought back a whitewash brush, a pot of paint and a pair of overalls.

Somehow, his merry acceptance of the situation, his cheery way of making a joke of everything, brightened us up like a gleam of sunshine, spite of chill, raw winds, dripping rain and the great discomforts consequent on housecleaning. Mamma's cold grew better; Fanny laughed in spite of the gushes of smoke that came, over and anon, down the east chimney, and I caught myself singing even while I realized the fact that Bridget had left us without an hour's notice to attend the funeral of some forty-sixth cousin, who had, unluckily, bethought herself of shuffling off this mortal coil just at this emergency.

"Dear, dear," said mamma, what a blessing it is to have a son like Tom!"

"Won't he make a jewel of a husband for some girl, though!" said I, polishing away at a brass stair-rod.

"Don't say a word!" added Fanny, mysteriously; but there's the sweetest photograph up in his room; and Laura Dikes says he's in love with a pretty little New York heiress, who came to the college commencement and was introduced to Tom; and she knows Aunt Wealthy, and—"

"But Tom will never marry an heiress," said mamma, mournfully.

"Why not?" said I.

"We never did have any luck!"

"Tom is luck enough for any family," said I. "Just listen."

And the flute-like note of Tom's whistle came down to us from the "best room" upstairs, where Tom was even then trying his luck as an amateur paper-hanger on the top of a tall step ladder.

"If the New York heiress could see him now, she couldn't help falling in love with him, I know."

But the next day, just as we had got one-half of the guest-chamber painted, there came a tremendous ring at the door-bell.

"Hallo!" said Tom, whose aerial past chanced to be near the window.

"Who is it, Tom?" said poor mamma; all in a flutter.

"Fanny was right about the telegram not arriving in time," said Tom. "It's Aunt Wealthy, bag and baggage; or it's some preposterous old woman or other, with her head tied up in flannels, and a fur-edged silk cloak, wrapped around her, like a funeral pall."

"What shall we do?" said Fanny.

"Make her welcome, of course," said Tom.

"But there's nothing but cold corned beef and cabbage in the house for dinner!" sighed mamma, who was, like Martha of old, "troubled about many things."

"I'll go to the village for some oysters," said Tom. "And you shall see what a stew I can get up."

"But how are we all looking?" cried Fanny. "And who is to go to the door?"

"I will," said Tom.

We were all rather curious to see this far away relation of ours, who was yet an unknown quantity in our life's equations. She proved to be a little, slim creature, with her face tied up as if for toothache, blue goggles, and a black silk hood projecting over her forehead; a woman who spoke but little, and that in a strange, muffled sort of manner; who seemed contented to sit and bask over the fire, with her knitting in her lap, and her countenance averted.

"I'm sorry you should catch us in such a state of confusion, Aunt Wealthy," said my mother, apologetically.

"Oh, it's nothing," said Aunt Wealthy.

"If you had only received our telegram—" began Fanny.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said the old lady.

"Mamma," said Fanny, in a whisper, when we were setting the table, "I do believe she's crazy."

"Nonsense," said mamma. "All the Wickes family are eccentric."

"But do you notice how rapidly she moves for an old person?"

"That's nervousness," said mamma.

Presently Tom, dear, indispensable old Tom, made his appearance with a tureen of oysters and a pot of real French coffee, which he had brewed himself after some mysterious college recipe. Poor mamma, as bad luck would have it, had one of her sick headaches, and Tom assumed the generalship of everything during the next two days, finishing the painting and papering, directing us in our culinary operations, amusing the children with quaint fairy-tales, and administering valerian and red lavender to mamma with the most caressing kindness and vigilance.

"Tom," said I, "what shall we do when you go back to your college duties?"

"Bear me," said Tom, "what should you do? Why, go on just as you were going before."

"If I wasn't your sister, Tom," said Fanny, "I declare I should fall in love with you."

How Aunt Wealthy's eyes did twinkle behind her blue glasses, to be sure! But she never said a word. Of all silent old ladies, Aunt Wealthy was the most silent and inscrutable.

"Once, however, I tried to be confidential with her.

"Aunt Wealthy," said I, showing her the photograph of the New York beauty, "do you know this girl?"

"I?" said Aunt Wealthy, with a start.

"Because," said I, "it's the girl our Tom is in love with. And—"

"Oh!" said she. "Yes, I dare say. But I've nothing to do with love and love affairs. Heigho! this east wind doesn't agree with me. I think I shall go home to-morrow."

And, oh! how glad we all were when we heard her say that!

But, that very afternoon, the omnibus from the railway depot rattled up to the door.

"More company!" said mamma, despairingly, as the driver lifted a big trunk off the roof, and a stout old lady, with gold eye-glasses, carnation cheeks, and a jet black front of false hair, trundled into the house.

"Kiss me, my dear," said she. "I'm your Aunt Wealthy Wickes."

Mamma recalled as if she thought some lunatic asylum had broken loose.

"But that is impossible," said she. "Aunt Wealthy Wickes is here already."

"Oh, come," said the fat old lady, shaking all over with laughter as if she were a mould of jelly, "that's all nonsense. Barbara Wingate has played her little drama long enough. Off with your disguise, you scheming little puss, and own your identity."

And away flew the blue goggles, the black silk hood and the fur-lined cloak, and there stood a little silky-curled, dark-eyed brunette, laughing and blushing on Tom's shoulder.

"Oh, Tom! oh, Tom!" said she, "forgive me! When Miss Wealthy got the telegram about the housecleaning and all, I begged her to let me personate her just for a day or two. For, dear Tom, I wanted to see you just as you really were; and, Tom, I am so, so glad!"

And she told us afterwards that all the ball seasons of New York and all the seaside months never could make her care for Tom as that rainy week of housecleaning had done.

"For any man can be a hero on great occasions," said she, "but it takes true metal to withstand the petty slings and arrows of daily life."

And that was how our Tom won the heiress.

FAREWELL TO THE BROOM.

"The problems of the housekeeper are receiving from the architects of houses something of the attention they have long claimed in vain," writes John D. Anderson in the May Woman's Home Companion.

"The solution of the sweeping problem is a case in point. In one of the newest apartment houses there is not a broom to be found from cellar to garret, or rather from the third subcellar to the air cleaning chamber on the roof. Every suite throughout the building is equipped with a vacuum chamber in the basement in every suite, while a flexible hose long enough to reach to the farthest corner of every room is supplied, which may be readily attached to a nozzle in the piping just as you would connect a garden hose. The vacuum is controlled by a spiggot. It is only necessary to pass the nozzle of this vacuum hose over the carpet, rug or drapery, and every particle of dust is instantly drawn up into the hose. The dirt collected in this way passes quickly through the hose into the pipe, and thence, perhaps a matter of a dozen stories, to a chamber in the subcellar, where an attendant shovels it up and carries it away.

"The nozzle which picks up this dust allows no particle to escape, and in all this sweeping there is literally no dust. Incidently it removes more dust than the most persistent and vigorous broom. The entire operation of sweeping might be carried on with the sweeper in evening dress, so far, at least, as cleanliness is concerned. The work of hours is reduced to minutes."

TAKE SOME.

The hurly-burly of life leaves little these days of the quiet that is necessary for the development of the best part of man. Even the churches are seized with the feverish spirit of unrest and have no time for even those things that belong to man's present and eternal peace, with their round of social and religious excitement. The home is becoming a mere convenience for eating and sleeping and there is no more real family life. What a farce is this barter of love and friendship for the filthy lucre of business or the withered palm of success! When a man gets to a place where he has to lie on his back and think, he realizes how puny the whole thing seems in the light of eternity. Don't trade off the real thing for a shadow. Don't spend all your time chasing dollars and missing that which is worth more to you here and hereafter. One good deed or a little brightness put into the life of someone either in your home or out of it will bring you more dividends in happiness than all the dollars you could bank in a month if you are worth the name of a man.—Baker and Confectioner.

THE WILY BELL BOY.

A hotel man in New Hampshire was surprised to see one of his women guests come downstairs several nights running, fill her pitcher from the water cooler in the hall, and return quietly to her room again. At first he thought the lady had some special reason for this queer performance. Then he thought he had better speak to her. Accordingly on the fourth or fifth night he approached her politely, took the pitcher from her hands and filled it himself.

"If you would, ring, madam," he said, "this would always be done for you. There is no occasion for you ever to come down yourself for water. A ring"—

"But I have no bell," said the lady.

"Oh, madam, of course you have a bell. I'll show it to you."

And he carried the pitcher up to her room for her and pointed to the bell beside her bed.

"That is the bell," he said.

The lady started in surprise.

"That the bell?" she exclaimed. "Why, the bell boy told me that was the fire alarm and I wasn't to touch it on any account except in case of fire."

ALCOHOL AND TUBERCULOSIS.

The important International Congress on the Treatment of Tuberculosis that has been sitting in Paris, has again elicited a vast amount of most valuable information, and once more the close relationship of alcohol to this dreadful disease has been established. A medical expert who has examined 350 families of tuberculosis children, states that alcoholism of the parents is indeed even more fatal than tuberculosis tendencies to their offspring. In nearly half the cases to which he referred, the father and mother were free from any pronounced weakness. The death rate has been greatest among children whose parents were alcoholics, and this was especially the case with infants.

KISSED THE BOOK.

A curious incident at Raleigh, N. C., the other day illustrates the absurdity of nonsense. In the Supreme Court in that city there are kept two Bibles—one on which to swear white witnesses and the other to swear negroes. A scholarly gentleman, a professor of law in Shaw University, was on the witness stand, and the sheriff gave him the Jim Crow Bible to kiss, whereupon the judge sharply reprimanded the officer for giving it to a white man; so the other Bible was given him and he kissed it. Now, is that Bible profaned, for it turns out that the professor is really a negro, though to all visible appearances as white as any other man?—Independent.

AN UNPLEASANT SHOCK.

Miss Keziah Hobbs was famed in Mayville and the surrounding towns for her extreme thinness and her unpunchable desire to give advice; but she was quite unaware that she had attained fame in either of these directions. "I must say that I never had such a setback in my life as I've met with to-day!" she exclaimed, as she sank into her chintz-covered rocking chair and untied her bonnet strings one afternoon. Her face was very red.

"What's the matter?" inquired Miss Malvina, when she had finished counting the stitches in the border of a crochet "shell." It was a new pattern and quite complicated, but Miss Malvina's long was interested and sympathetic.

"Why, I've been callin' on Mis' Nell Jones's wife's cousin that's visitin' her. I didn't set out to go there, as you're knowin' for but Mis' Kingman wasn't to home, an' I was so near the Jones's I thought 'twas a pity not to just step in.

"Well, you know how fat that cousin is—Perkins her name is; she's a real sight to behold, an' her flesh has increased an awful lot since her last visit here.

"She's so short she can't carry off even so much as some folks could well, an' she must weigh consid'able over a hundred an' fifty."

"I reckon she'd got above that last time I see her," said Miss Malvina.

"Well, continued Miss Hobbs, "Ev'rett's wife wan't there when I first went in, an' so I had the opp'tunity I've been wantin' to speak with Miss Perkins. I know how she must hate to be put in so fat, an' so I began to tell her how she could reduce her flesh.

"I told her about Aunt Anne, an' how she'd lost forty pounds by doin' so an' so; an' I handed her the list of things to eat an' not to eat that I've been carryin' round for the last ten days against a fav'rable time to give it to her.

"An' I told her what had helped Cousin Philander; an' I sym'thized with her, an' told her I knew them methods would bring her down just where she'd wan't to be. An' she smiled at me so'l I said, real encouragin':

"'I shouldn't be a mite surprised if by this time next year you was as slim as I be.'

"An' what do you s'pose that creetur said?"

Miss Malvina shook her head, and forbore to make any conjuction.

"Why, she looked me up an' down, an' says she, still smilin':

"'Do you think that would be exactly desirable, Miss Hobbs?'

"Why, I couldn't b'lieve my own ears!" said Miss Keziah, growing still redder, with a wave of angry recollection.

"All I can say is," she added, as she rose and straightened the folds of her dress over her gaunt, spare frame, "if she don't know a tasty, slim figger when she sees it, why, I give her up!"

HONEST WITH HIMSELF.

Little Frankie was forbidden to touch the sewing machine, and as he was generally a pretty obedient boy, his mother, auntie and auntie's friends were much surprised one afternoon to find the thread badly tangled and the needle broken. Frankie was, without doubt, the culprit, and he was called before the family tribunal of justice.

"Frankie, did you touch the sewing machine?" asked mamma severely.

"Yes, mamma," was the tremulous answer. He was such a mite, so frail and delicate, so utterly helpless as he stood before us all with parted lips and big, frightened eyes, our hearts went out to him in pity.

"Now, Frankie," continued his mother, "you know I said I would punish you if you disobeyed me, and I shall have to keep my promise."

"Yes, mamma," came in a trembling whisper. Surely the little fellow was punished sufficiently, and yet we realized that justice must be enforced.

"It's a very long time since you forbade him to touch the machine—perhaps he forgot," suggested the aunt.

"And if he forgot, that would make a difference, would it not?" I ventured to suggest.

"Certainly," answered his mother; "did you forget, Frankie? I know my boy will speak the truth."

There was a pause, and in that pause there was a struggle between the right and the wrong; and then came the answer with a passionate cry, as though the struggle was almost beyond his puny strength: "Oh, mamma, mamma, I did remember. I shan't make believe to myself!"

Brave boy! How often we children of a larger growth lack the courage of being honest with ourselves.—New York Observer.

GENTLENESS.

The power of gentleness is one of the unmeasured forces in human life. "A soft answer" will pierce deeper than a "two-edged sword." It is more natural under provocation to use the latter; but the use of the former is in imitation of Him who "when he was reviled, reviled not again." Gentleness gives a man power with his fellow men. It increases the love of his friends, and disarms the anger of his enemies. He who would serve his generation well must possess it. It is to be learned in the school of Christ, who is our pattern in this as in every grace. "Thy gentleness hath made me great."—Rev. J. R. Miller.

Rheumatism, Makes Life Miserable

A happy home is the most valuable possession that is in the reach of mankind, but you cannot enjoy its comforts if you are suffering from rheumatism. You throw aside business cares when you enter your home and you can be relieved from those rheumatic pains also by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm. One application will give you relief and its continued use for a short time will bring about a permanent cure. For sale by all druggists.

SPRING'S ADVENT.

With noiseless tread, with fresh and balmy breath,
And graceful form, spring, lovely spring, advances,
Birds warble, and glad rills gush forth beneath,
Her glances.
Stern Winter bows and quickly turns to greet,
The Spring, though all in vain his fond addresses,
For Summer bright allures her with his sweet
Caresses.
The callous ocean ripples into birth,
The lazy sky extends its golden hours,
At her approach, to yet dire yields the earth,
And flowers.
The smiling sky reflects the azure hue,
As sweet forget-me-not, her charms
Or blushes (as the sun retreats from view)
Like roses.
Hope springs immortal in the human breast,
To manhood, youth and age alike, are given,
Sweet foretastes of new life and blissful rest
In heaven.
(Mrs.) N. Oliman.

HER VULNERABLE POINT.

"It's very foolish, according to my ideas," said Mrs. Sampson, addressing the Ladies' Sewing Circle, during a lull caused by a frantic hunt for a missing pair of shears, "it is worse than foolish for people to give way to their nerves as they do. Now I may say with truth that I haven't a nerve in my body which isn't perfectly under control. It's merely a matter of self-control, of course, every one knows."

The minister's wife flushed uneasily, and Miss Marvin looked conscious, but defiant.

"Now I've heard of people," said Mr. Sampson, pursuing her theme with relish, "who couldn't stand the ticking of a little clock in a room where they slept, or even the ticking of a watch! They'd wrap them up in flannel, or some such thing, to deaden the sound. It hardly seems possible to me that anybody could be so foolish, but I've been told it for a fact."

"Then there are those who don't like to hear wood sawed."

Here the minister's wife breathed freely; her particular weakness having been mentioned at the start, she knew that for her the worst was over.

"Now that seems downright ridiculous to me!" continued Mrs. Sampson. "A necessary sound like that! I should feel it my duty to sit in the wood shed and listen to sawing till I had overcome my nerves once for all!"

Miss Marvin's nose was elevated, and she gave a distinct sniff.

"I've heard of people who couldn't bear to see others rock," continued Mrs. Sampson, calmly, "and of those who didn't feel equal to hearing the sound of a hammer, or rain on a tin roof, or water dripping from a faucet, or a pen that scratched once in a while, or squeaky shoes. I've heard that all those things made certain people 'nervous'—and other things just as foolish!"

Mrs. Sampson paused to measure a hem. She wore an air of lofty superiority.

Miss Marvin looked like one whose hour of triumph has arrived. She knew her old neighbor "like a book." She nicked one edge of a length of cotton cloth with her scissors, and proceeded to tear it with great deliberation.

Before the cloth was torn in two the entire sewing circle was wreathed in smiles, for there sat the prophet of self-control with her fingers in her ears!

True courage is not incompatible with nervousness, and heroism does not mean the absence of fear, but the conquest of it.—Henry Van Dyke.

NANSEN'S RETURN.

The return of Nansen from his three years' explorations in the Arctic regions was the fitting close to the endurance and daring of the undertaking. He says himself of his reception that it was "worthy of a prince." Silently and unobserved the Windward glided into Vardo Haven.

I was soon on my way to the telegraph station; the only thing that took any notice of the returned wanderers was an intelligent cow which stopped in the middle of the street to stare at us. The cow looked so delightfully summery that I felt inclined to go up and pat her.

The telegraph operator took indifferently the bundle of telegrams, but as his eye fell upon the signature of the despatch that lay on top, his face suddenly changed and became radiant. Then the instrument began to send through the country the news that two members of the Norwegian Polar Expedition had returned safe and sound, and that their ship was expected home in the autumn.

Meantime the whole town had heard of our arrival; the street was full of people, and from all the flagstaffs in town the Norwegian flag was flying.

Wherever we passed, the heart of the people went out to us. As we sailed up the sound, a fisherman toiled at the oars to keep up with us. He shouted to me:

"Can't you tell me where Nansen is?".

"Oh, I wonder if I couldn't get on board!" I'm so desperately anxious to see the man. "Since you're so anxious to see the man, I may as well tell you that you see him now," said I.

"Welcome home again!" he cried, and dropping his oars, stood up in the boat and took off his cap.

Sailing the coast of Norway we passed from town to town and from fete to fete. Men-of-war saluted, steamers swarmed around, the whole sound was one multitudinous welcome. Yet what was it, after all? We had simply accomplished the task we had undertaken.