

**CHEERFUL HEROISM.**

"There are quiet victories and struggles," said Charles Dickens, "great sacrifices of self, and noble acts of heroism done every day in nooks and corners, and in little households, and in men's and women's hearts." The head of a Children's Home and Aid Society tells a touching story of simple heroism.

"The story deals with the high and unselfish courage of a poor German mother. She came into my office with such an air that if we had not received advance notice concerning her case, we must have been seriously misled by her cheerful manner.

"I gif you my children," she informed me, lightly, as one who had few cares and had no positive troubles. "I haf six dot I cannot keep, but one I will not gif you. He is sixteen, and crippled. He is no goot to anyone but me. Him I keep."

"Here is the story at the back of the light-hearted manner. The woman was left a widow and penniless, with the seven children she loved so dearly. Try as she might, she found herself utterly unable to support them, let alone any thought of educating them. The lame boy, who was 'no goot to anyone but her,' she would not part with.

"To avoid burdening others with his support, or allowing the poor cripple to feel himself dependent on strangers, she allowed us to provide for the others; yet she did her best to hide from our knowledge the sorrow of parting with them. I call that the purest kind of heroism."

**HOW NERVE ENERGY IS WASTED.**

So many people needlessly and recklessly waste their nerve energy. They drum the chair or their desk with their fingers, or tap the floor with their toes. They hold their hands. They sit in a rocking-chair and rock for very dear life.

If they go up stairs they make the whole body do the work that was intended only for the legs. If they write or sew, they get down to it with a vengeance and contract their brows and wrinkle their foreheads and grind their teeth.

If they have an unusual task to do, they screw and contract every muscle of the body, making themselves tense and rigid all over, when the work perhaps required but one set of muscles, or perhaps the mind only, as the case may be.

Wasting nerve energy. Frittering it away.

Little things, to be sure. But little things have a way of adding themselves up into big things.—*Medical Talk.*

**WOMEN BLACKSMITHS.**

A blacksmith's shop managed entirely by three women is one of the interesting sights to be seen in Kansas. The mother took entire charge of the business about fourteen years ago upon the death of her husband and had her daughters brought up not only to shoe a horse, but to understand every branch of the trade as well. The mother died, and now the three daughters, one of whom is married, have five men in their employ, and carry on a very prosperous business. They personally superintend the shoeing of every horse.

*Mirrors are a nuisance in the house of a man whose face is branded with eczema. His own reflection shames him. Let him anoint his inflamed itching skin with Weaver's Cerate and purify his blood with Weaver's Syrup.*

**THE DULL SIDE OF RICHES.**

A little street waif was once taken to the house of a great lady, and the childish eyes that had to look so sharply after daily bread were dazzled by signs of splendor on every hand.

"Can you get everything you want?" the child asked the mistress of the mansion.

"Yes, I think so," was the reply. "Can you buy anything you'd like to have?"

The lady answered "Yes." And the child, who was of a meditative turn of mind, looked at her half pityingly, and said, wonderingly, "Don't you find it dull?"

To the little, keen mind, accustomed to live birdlike from day to day, and rejoice over a better supply with the delight born of rarity, the aspect of continual plenty, and desires all gratified by possession, contained an idea of monotony that seemed almost wearisome.

Many an owner of a well-filled purse has found life "dull," and pronounced in the midst of luxury that all things are vanity, but the hand that knows how to wisely distribute and scatter abroad the bounty possessed, will never be without interest in life, will never miss the sunshine that bides for kind and unselfish hearts.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

**ELDERLY WOMEN'S FASHIONS.**

The following, from *The Delineator* for August, should afford satisfaction to women who have passed their first youth, besides giving them some practical suggestions in the matter of gowning:

"It is said there are no more old ladies; certainly there are but few like the conventional old lady of a generation ago, who, after she had reached her sixtieth year, was always gowned in black, usually bombazine, made in the most simple fashion without a thought of conforming to new and modish ideas. The women of fifty or sixty years to-day is quite as youthful in appearance as was her mother at the age of forty. If possible, the materials for the woman who has passed seventy years should be rich and handsome. Plain, smooth cloths and silks are preferable to figured fabrics. White, pale gray and even heliotrope may be combined with black in dressy gowns. Gunmetal and a deep, rich purple—almost a prune—are colors that are especially becoming to women whose hair has turned silver gray. Taffeta and louisine of soft quality, and the India and foulard silks, suggest attractive dresses for summer. Nun's-veiling is an inexpensive material for both street and house gowns; for the latter, soft gray, cream white, or even certain shades of mauve, are to be preferred to black. Wraps in pongee, taffeta, or silk-lined voile, in black or a steel gray, will be found to be a most serviceable addition to the summer outfit."

In the same article are pictured and described a number of stylish modes for elderly women.

**MARRIAGE MARKETS IN RUSSIA.**

"Where is your daughter, Piotr Ivanovitch?"

"Gone to the marriage market at Salykoi, your honor."

"Ah, I see; well, Olga is a pretty girl, and I suppose she'll do fairly well."

That, says Wolf Von Schierbrand, in an article in the current *Harper's Weekly*, on "Marriages in Russia," is a sam-

ple of conversation between the owner of a Russian estate and an elderly peasant in the neighboring village, who wants to dispose of his daughter through the marriage-market, an institution which still exists in certain Russian districts. The best known of these markets is that which takes place annually at Klui, near Moscow, during Epiphany week. All of the young women who wish to get married in the course of the year are mustered in a long row, in the principal street of the town, wearing as much finery and adornment as they own. After undergoing for hours the scrutiny of would-be benedicts, the girls march off in procession to church, and are accosted on the way by the men whose fancy they have struck. If any two of the young people think they suit each other, the matter is concluded on a strictly business basis.

**FORGET IT.**

If you have been slighted, or think so, forget it. Forget it immediately. Has some one spoken unkindly to you or about you? forget it. If you have a petty grievance against another, drop it, "seek peace and pursue it." Returning good for evil is good ointment for your soreness. Try it. Forget your losses and count your benefits. In adversity prove your manhood. Be brave. Stand full height, twelve inches to the foot. Neither murmur nor cower. Remember Job.


Life is too short to brood over misfortunes and failures. Forget them and try again. Repining always aggravates ills and irritates wounds, never lifts, never soothes, but tends to wholly unfit for better things. It is a wicked waste of much-needed energy of body, mind, and spirit to keep carrying and exhibiting woes that are past. Forget them, and give al your powers to new attempts.

No man can afford to annoy himself. After rain, we need sunshine; after storm, calm; after sorrow and in the midst of it, the uplift of hope and trust; after defeat, courage, and the determination to win the next time. Lay aside every weight, and renew the race with vigor and good cheer.—*Evangelical Messenger.*

**TOO BUSY TO LOVE.**

"My mother'd love me a whole lot, too, if she wasn't too busy," loyally declared a small maiden, who had hungrily watched the home leave-taking of a little companion as they set off for school. "She has pretty much housework to do."

The "much housework" and other work seem to take precedence of love in many households where the members would be shocked if they fully realized the fact. Love their own? Of course they do; and all the toil is for the sake of these beloved ones, they say, and really believe. And yet the work has become fetish—not something before which all else must give way, to which everything else must be sacrificed. Washing, ironing, sweeping, dusting, must take their appointed course and be finished according to the appointed time, whatever becomes of life's higher needs. There is no elasticity in the system, no time for tenderness or sympathy; for the hour's talk that might clear away doubt and misgiving, for comforting sore hearts or binding up wounded spirits. There are usually notable housekeepers in such households—women of whom neighbors speak admiringly and account the wonders they



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with the ice tinkling against the glass, and a straw to make it last long, is the finest thirst-quencher I ever tasted. Just try it once, and see if you don't agree with me."

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accomplish—but there is seldom any deep home-spirit. Work counts for everything until some dreary day when the inevitable shadow falls across the threshold, and all things change values. The tasks that seemed so important only yesterday—what do they matter?"

"But, oh, for the touch of a vanished hand And the sound of a voice that is still."

**CUT 'EM SHORT.**

The manager of a small North British railway complained to his superintendent, an Irishman named Finnegan, that his daily reports of trouble on the line were too long—too wordy.

"Cut 'em short," said the busy manager.

The superintendent's next report of an engine that had been derailed satisfied all hands. It was—

"Offagin.

"Onagin.

"Awayagin.

"Finnegan."

Look up and not down.  
Look out and not in.  
Look forward and not back.  
And lend a hand.

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