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WHEN WORK IS DONE

It is as if the world were glad!
Whether in light or darkness clad,
The hour is never dull or sad
When work is done.

The very voices in the street
Are tuned to notes more soft and sweet;
We love all things we chance to meet
When work is done.

The gentle music of the breeze,
The tender whispers of the trees,
And every sound, has power to please
When work is done.

Upon each dear, familiar face
Rests some new trait of winsome grace,
And joy lights up the old home-place
When work is done.

Life's tumult suddenly grows still,
And love and gladness and good-will
Come with their peace the heart to fill
When work is done.

But when the hours of labor close,
And earth is wrapped in sweet repose,
And all things sleep—alas for those
With work undone!

Oh, kind Taskmaster, let Thy rest
Be to tired workers manifest,
And unto all who do their best,
Say Thou: "Well done!"
—Marianne Farningham.

A COQUETTE.

How Ruby Howard Was Taught a Severe But Valuable Lesson.

"How absurdly disagreeable you can make yourself, Jack. But there—I'm not going to quarrel with you. How much longer are you going to keep me up to abuse me?" and Ruby laughed aloud in her usual saucy, tantalizing manner. Jack looked at her, his face as black as a thunder-cloud, on which was written a stern determination; but she was in no way appalled by it. On the contrary, she looked at him gayly and carelessly, as if she were perfectly indifferent to him or his moods.

"Miss Howard," he began.
"Miss Howard," she mimicked, mockingly; "since when, pray? How ceremoniously we grow, to be sure."

He resumed, as if she had not interrupted him: "I will not detain you but a moment longer. While I am convinced that at the present time you are perfectly heartless, owing more to the unhappy way of your bringing up and to the influences and fashion of society than to natural hardness of heart."

"Oh! thanks, thanks awfully, you are too good," she broke in again, laughing. It was all as good as a burlesque to her, accustomed as she was to lovers' rantings.

"I am as firmly convinced," he went on in so calm a tone that it should have warned her that this meant more than an ordinary tiff, "that you love me, but, with your natural perverseness, will neither acknowledge it to yourself nor me."

As he said this—with an air of a judge pronouncing sentence on some unhappy prisoner—with his gray eyes fixed on her face with the sternest gaze they were capable of—in spite of herself the bloom on her soft, round cheek deepened to a bright red and for an instant her saucy, mocking eyes fell before his. A transient smile passed over his gloomy face at this evidence of his power, and left it even gloomier than before.

As he regarded the lovely, half-shy face before him he commenced again bitterly: "And why will you not yield to that love and make us both happy? I will tell you. You do not wish to be tied to one; to receive the love and homage of one is not to your taste. Oh, no, not for years to come. If I would wait patiently and in the meantime be always ready to dance attendance on all your whims, not noticing any one else, and always keeping in the background when a desirable flirtation came up, then, perhaps, if you didn't meet some one you preferred to me, after keeping me in suspense all that time, you might graciously condescend to marry me. But I decline to become the slave of any woman; and, as much as I love you, I am going to leave you forever."

"Ha, ha!" and her sweet, low laugh rang out like a chime of silvery bells. "The plot thickens. Please go on; it is as lovely as a play."

"I know and feel," said Jack, earnestly, "that we are especially suited to each other, and I believe that in time you will realize the truth of what I say and will regret me, even as I regret you now—but no more. I've already said too much—more than I intended; good-bye," and with a deep bow he turned and left.

"Well, of all things!" she murmured. "Forever! Fudge! I'll see him to-morrow on the promenade the same as usual. He is delicious. I do like him the best when he asserts himself. He is grand when he gets enraged. He looks so stern and glares so, and is so unapproachable that I am almost afraid of him—the darling. If I don't look out he will end in making me marry him before the season is over. Of course I shan't marry any one else, but I'm not going to hurry myself; there's plenty of time." After which sage conclusion she went up to her room in gay spirits, thinking of the good time she would have in making up with Jack as she had done a number of times before.

The next day Miss Ruby failed to meet Jack as usual. In fact a week passed, and in all that time he had not called. She had missed his presence from ball and opera, and every place that she had graced with her bright presence. At last, making a few inquiries, she found that Jack was out somewhere on the broad ocean on his way to China to join his brother, a tea merchant, and was likely to be absent a term of years.

Although outwardly Ruby managed to conceal the shock she had received, she could not conceal from her own heart that something had gone from her that she missed and longed for with an indescribable longing and a wild regret. It was all the more maddening that no one was to blame for her sorrow but herself. The old places had lost their charm. Every thing and every body was insipid, flat and monotonous. Ah! if he would only return, how gladly would she acknowledge her love, and how gladly would she marry him at the earliest date he might mention. Had she known his address at that time she would have written to tell him of her love and penitence.

Four years after Jack had gone Ruby was at a fashionable watering place. She was still the belle of every assemblage. Her indifference and utter carelessness, combined with her rare beauty, brought her scores of admirers, whom she drove almost mad with her coldness. She was still as lovely as ever, but in her big, brown eyes there was a shade of sadness, and a slightly absent look which gave a touch of soul to a face that had heretofore sparkled with wit, and glowed with gay-

ety and high spirits, but had lacked feeling. Now it was perfect. If Jack could only see her now.

One day she was taking her morning stroll, and feeling an unaccountable depression of spirits. Her great eyes were wearing their most absent look, and as they wandered over the crowd, that was ever coming and going, she started violently, and her delicate, high-bred turned as white as the filmy lace throat. She fixed an absorbed gaze on a vehicle that was slowly passing. The occupants were a broad-shouldered, grand-looking man dressed in gray. His shapely head was crowned with a white straw hat, a pair of large, disfiguring spectacles of colored glass completely hid his eyes; his firm mouth was shaded with a long brown mustache, and between his lips was the inevitable cigar. No whiskers hid his firm chin and fine rounded throat. A footman at his side was driving a span of spirited blacks. In an instant the equipage was hidden by the crowd, but Ruby's eyes would have known that face, that form, if it had been a far more fleeting glimpse. She drew a long breath, and by the time she reached her hotel and looked at herself in her room, she was startled at the joyous brightness that sparkled in her eyes and beamed from every feature. All day her face wore an eager, expectant look, her eyes were ever searching for something. At the hop that night it was still the same. She withdrew early and sought her room, weary and heartsick.

"Oh," she said aloud, in a troubled voice, "does he know I am here, and still remain aloof?"

She sat there alone, white and sad; her face wet with tears; her heart torn with conflicting emotions, and a terrible fear that he had forgotten her. The next morning, after a sleepless night, she started out alone, her cheeks pale, her spirits drooping. She shaped her course for a hidden retreat behind the rocks, where she had often dreamed away hours uninterrupted. As she neared the place she saw that her favorite rocky seat was already occupied by an intruder. He sat in a desponding attitude, with his head resting on his hand and his gaze directed toward the sea. Occupied with her own thoughts, Ruby was about to turn away without taking any notice of him, when he changed his position, removed a cigar from his mouth, blew forth a cloud of smoke, and Ruby saw who it was.

Her footsteps had given no sound on the soft sand. He had not heard her. She stood perfectly still, trembling so that she could scarcely stand. Here was the man for whose presence she had longed for all those sad years, and now she dared not speak to him. He might receive her penitence with scorn, and he might be married! Terrible, cruel thought! While this was passing through her mind, she was startled by hearing some one coming that way whistling. Not wishing to be seen, she sprang behind a convenient boulder, just in time to escape the eyes of the new-comer, who was the same man she had seen with Jack the day before.

The man came up and stopped beside Jack, who said, impatiently: "Why did you come for me so soon?"

"Why, an' you said 'come in an hour,' and it is up sure."

"I don't believe it's up," Jack cried, violently, "but because I am a poor, blind stick you think you can fool me. But you can't. Go away and let me be in peace if you can, and don't dare to come near me again under an hour from now. Do you understand? An hour from now, a whole hour."

"Yes, sir, I understand," replied poor Peter, deprecatingly, preparing to move off, after casting a glance at the watch he wore to make sure of the time.

"Stay," called Jack, irritably. "First tell me if any one is anywhere in sight. I don't want to sit here as a show for any one if I can help it."

"Not a soul, sir, to be seen," responded Peter, cheerily.

"Then clear out," was the gentle reply.

After Peter's retreating form was lost to view Ruby stole forth pale and trembling—her cheeks moist with tears of pity. How wretched he looked—how sad—how she pitied him. She forgot every thing except her love for him and wished to comfort him. On the impulse of the moment she went to him and put both soft, round arms around his neck and laid her cheek against his. Her sudden embrace aroused him effectually from the gloomy thoughts he was indulging in, and gave him a little shock. But as soon as he could collect his scattered senses he became aware that it was a woman! Yes, a woman! A mad woman, no doubt! Did she intend to strangle him, or what? The novelty of it pleased him. He remained perfectly still and awaited developments like a philosopher.

"Jack—Jack Hunter, don't you know me?" said a fearful voice in his ear.

"Heavens! That voice! Ruby!" he cried, doubtfully, but nevertheless throwing both arms about her and drawing her to him while he rained kisses on her face. At last he drew her gently down on the rock beside him and said: "My darling, words are not needed to tell me it is Ruby, or that you love me. But tell me—you are still free as I am?"

He did not ask how, or why she happened to be there. He did not care. That she was there, was the one supreme thought of that happy moment.

"I am still Ruby Howard," she murmured in reply.

"Thank God!" he said, reverently, "and for this hour. And now, will you, can you—heart of my heart, marry me, as I am—a blind man?"

"Yes, Jack, gladly, if you will have me. I have longed for you ever since you left me," she whispered.

"My treasure!" he cried. "It was cruel of me. We will never part again; we will get married at once—within the week," he went on, in the eager, overmastering way that she well remembered. "Your people will not object, I fondly imagine, for I am rich, you know, and all that, besides I am only blind for a season. My blindness is the result of an accident, happy accident—that brought me home to consult a specialist. He tells me if I be patient and very careful I will see in six months, and perhaps sooner. Oh, if I could but only see now! But I can wait and I would not exchange places with any one on earth."—*Oliver Ju,* in *Albany Journal.*

Wealth in Wives or Dogs.
In some parts of Africa a man's wealth is judged by the number of his wives. A man with sixty wives is looked upon as a sort of bonanza king. His wives probably go out washing at fifty cents a day, or make shirts at forty cents a dozen. In this country a man's wealth is judged by the number of dogs he owns. The possessor of eight dogs is generally too poor to pay school tax, and his wife takes in washing.

COSTUMING DOLLS.

An English Fashion with a Hint for American Needle-Women.

American children, whose Lilliput levee is attended only by the fine young lady doll from Paris, with her excessively modern wardrobe, and by an occasional solitary peasant doll of Nuremberg extraction or a very stiff Sandford and Merion boy doll, with about one hundredth part as much play in him as sawdust, can hardly imagine the variety and splendor of doll life in England at Christmas time. Nowadays in London even the old Twelfth Night figures of the King, Queen, and so on, which suggested Thackeray's romance of "The Rose and the Ring," and which we have, unfortunately, never had, are swamped under the tide of costumed dolls. In the London Queen there are some most elaborate hints on doll-dressing, which suggest the comprehensive extent of this annual masquerade. More or less complete directions are given for dressing dolls as Queen Elizabeth, the Empress Josephine, Mmes. Leclerc and Bacciochi, who were typical ladies of the Directorate; a Tunbridge Wells belle of the eighteenth century, a Chinese bride, an army hospital nurse in uniform, an Elaine and Tyrolean and Russian peasants. Gypsies, fairies, royalties, courtiers, sweeps and Red Riding Hoods are spoken of as everyday figures. The London Truth has instituted a yearly Christmas competitive examination, to which the *Fortnightly Review* would find it difficult to object, of dressing dolls. After an exhibition and award of prizes, the dolls competing are distributed among the hospitals, schools, infirmaries and workhouses. A very pretty and practical lottery, which in effect sets numbers of skillful needle-women busy preparing gorgeous presents for poor children who otherwise would get none at all. The Truth competition brings out great ingenuity and historical research. The show is quite bewildering in its beauty and variety.

Here is a hint for American ladies who are expert with their needles. To say nothing of the appropriateness of such presents for nieces and sisters—the nieces and sisters themselves would probably be very willing to say something—a ready market for such work could doubtless be found through the toy shops and exchanges for women's work. There is of course no special reason why the already over-lucky children of to-day should have an increase of luxury in their toys, but there is an educational side to the question, and it may be anticipated that a young lady who grows up among correctly costumed Joans of Arc, Josephines, Queen Elizabeths and Zenobias will in her maturer years, if she does not catch something of the heroic mold of their minds from her association with them, at least be able to assume their dress with ease and accuracy when fashion whirligigs back to their epoch and apparel again.

REMARKABLE LUCK.

An Instructive Story of a Man Who Had Experienced It.

I was always a lucky chap, says a writer in the *Harvard Lampoon*. When I was about five years old I fell out of a tree and broke my leg, but every one said I was mighty lucky not to have broken my neck. Then, a year or two later, I cut myself badly just over one eye, but the doctor said I was very lucky not to have had that cut an inch lower down. Then I had scarlet fever and almost died, but luckily pulled through. Twice I fell overboard from a boat, but was luckily rescued. When I came to college I had six conditions, but my teacher told me I was very lucky to get in at all. There was no doubt about it I was always lucky.

One day last week I happened luckily to be walking along in the yard a few feet behind old Prof. Fullalove. Just as he passed Thayer he dropped a paper out of one of the books he was carrying. Luckily he did not notice it and I picked it up. What luck! It was the examination paper that he was to give us next day in philosophy twenty-five. I read the paper through, made note of the questions I did not know and hurried up to him.

"You dropped this, sir," said I.
"Thank you, Mr. —." Luckily he did not remember me. He put it in with his other papers without looking at it.

I congratulated myself all the evening on my good luck, as I carefully and thoroughly studied up the answers to the questions on the paper.

"Lucky dog!" muttered several men as I wrote my book full with a satisfied air next day, and went out before the hour closed. It was a very hard paper. I knew that well enough.

At the next examination old Prof. Fullalove came beaming into the room.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I appreciate that I gave you much too hard an examination. I have looked over only two books and found that they contain almost nothing. Luckily for you, gentlemen, I shall not count this examination."

Once more I was among the lucky ones.

Only One Yankee.

A little girl came home from school the first day, and when asked how she liked school said: "There ain't but one Yankee in the whole school; that one is John Jones, and he is an Irishman."

The Women of Corsica.

The women of Corsica are devoted to their husbands, and willingly sacrifice every thing to their demands. A wife considers herself the complement of the man, not his equal. In the house she keeps discreetly in the background. Says the *London Queen*: At meal-times wife and daughters will not sit down with the guests, but hover about as attendants. Out of doors the men go forth to work gun in hand, while the women walk behind carrying the heavy tools. If the happy couple have to climb a steep and stony path, and they happen to possess only one horse, it is the man who bestrides the wiry-limbed beast, while the wife may consider herself lucky if she be permitted to catch hold of the stirrup-leather or the horse's tail.

Uniformed School-Boys.

Another metamorphosis is about to take place in the uniform of the French school-boy or Lyceen. At the present time the lively creature is dressed something after the pattern adopted by the postal authorities for their letter-carriers, but M. Lockroy, Minister of Public Instruction, has appointed a special committee having for its object to determine the kind of garment which is to replace the postman's tunic now worn by young France in most of the schools and colleges. The new style of uniform will be the "fourteenth" which the state has ordered to be worn by the pupils of public schools since the foundation of these establishments, eighty-seven years ago.

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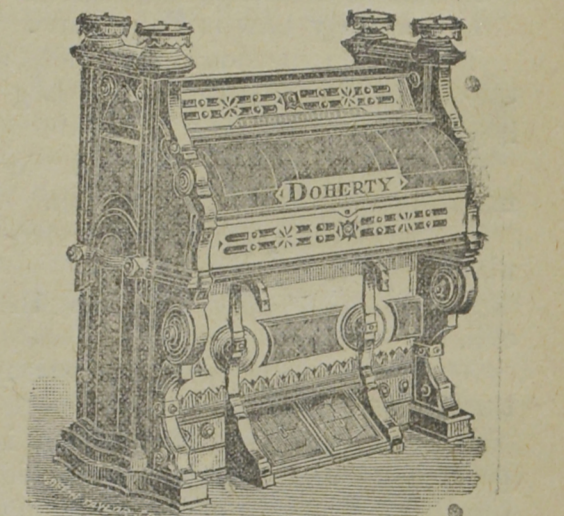
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