

Poetry.

THE WORLD AS I FIND IT.

They say the world's a weary place,
Where tears are never dried;
Where pleasures pass like breath on glass
And only woe is left behind.
It may be so—I can not know—
Yet this I dare to say,
My lot has had more glad than sad,
And so it has to-day.
They say that love's a cruel jest;
They tell of woman's wiles—
That poison dips in putting lips,
And death in dimpled smiles.
It may be so—I can not know—
Yet sure of this I am,
One heart is found above the ground
Whose love is not a sham.
They say that life's a bitter curse—
That hearts are made to ache,
That jest and song are gravely wrong,
And health a vain mistake.
It may be so—I can not know—
But let them talk their fill;
I like my life and love my wife,
And mean to do so still.

LEAD ME.

My days go briefly past,
In silence, one by one;
What shadows they have cast
Beneath the sun!
Have pilgrims found them sweet
By lengthened ways,
And, resting weary feet,
Thanked God, with praise!
Upon these hours of mine
Hast thou demands?
What task of faith divine
Hath crossed my hands?
Have they drawn folds of calm
Some heart around,
Or touched with pity's balm
A rugged wound?
I am thine own, O God,
To serve each day;
Wherein thy feet have trod—
Point out the way!

The Fireside.

A SKETCH FOR BOYS.

Young Charles Marshall was spending the summer vacation with his college class, Fred Davison, port. The Marshalls, who live in an adjoining street, were people in moderate circumstances, and Charles had been brought up to practice pretty strict economy. The elegant living and lavish hospitality he found at the fine Davenport residence was a striking novelty to him.

He enjoyed it all exceedingly, and was greatly flattered by the polite and considerate attention he received, although he did not approve of some of the ways of the household, which were unfamiliar to him. Sometimes he would indulge in satirical comments, which he doubtless thought to be very smart, but which were, in reality, unbecomingly rude.

One damp, rainy day, Miss Margaret, his cousin's sister, stood by the open library fire, cutting into narrow strips a letter she had that morning received and had just read. She then deftly twisted them into paper-lighters, placing them one by one as they were finished, into a quaint old green porcelain jar that stood on the carved mantel.

Young Marshall at the time, was lounging in an easy-chair near by, watching the fair girl with an amused look as she rapidly wound the dainty spools. At length he spoke up in a sarcastic tone of voice, "What queer ideas of economy you people seem to have. Now, when matches cost less than two cents a hundred, I am unable to appreciate the economy of saving them by devoting valuable time in making paper-lighters."

"I thought I had explained to you one," said Miss Margaret laughing pleasantly, "that we do not use paper-lighters as a matter of economy at all, although the fact that they save matches is not to be lost sight of. It is a matter of taste entirely. The smoke of a lucifer match of any kind, even parlor matches, is disagreeable and is almost sure to set some of us coughing or sneezing."

"Well, it strikes me as a decidedly objectionable way of treating the necessities of one's correspondence," went on the young cavalier, presently.

"Rather of an unfriendly 'cut,' I should say," said Miss Margaret, "I fancy I am the best judge of what disposal I make of my correspondence," replied Miss Margaret, with some spirit. "All important letters I preserve, of course, but save chatty notes from my school friends accumulate so fast that I think it is best to make way with them. Now, Ida Stanley, my cousin at Yassar, who affects this stationery, does not object at all to my using her letters to brighten my jar of paper-lighters. Just look. Is not the shade lovely? It is just the color of the dear girl's cheeks."

One morning, two or three days later, the young man handed Miss Margaret a roll of music which he had volunteered to copy for her. "I have had no end of a difficulty over it," said he, as he glanced impatiently out of the window. "I upset my inkstand in my writing-desk, and so completely drenched a letter I had just finished, that I was obliged to copy it. And at length, in order to be in season to take a drive with your brother at the hour appointed, I was compelled to hurry this music. It presents a much less neat appearance than I wish it did."

The span of horses were now at the door, and the young man left the room, drawing on his gloves as he departed. He had been gone a few moments when Miss Margaret proceeded to look over the manuscript, lying between the sheets, in full view, was one of those Marshall's blotted letter he had referred to. At the first glance she saw her own name, and before she was really aware that the blotted paper had evidently been placed in the roll by mistake, she had read:

"This is a rare old piece of jewelry, I assure you, and they use 'paper-lighters' to save matches, and have to be at home at the hour of the evening."

By the way, I suspect Miss Margaret is more than half in the right. How do I know this to be a fact, say, brother Tom? Why, thanks to those same 'paper-lighters.' This Ida Stanley's letter had been cut into strips, rolled up and placed in the economical porcelain jar over the mantel in the library. I just abstracted them from their receptacle, carefully unrolled them, matched the strips and so possessed myself of a pretty array of girlish secrets. Oh, this is a jolly place to visit, and one small economy is much better than all economy at home; so I don't know but I had better make love to Margaret, although—

Miss Margaret was very indignant, of course, but she quietly dropped the blotted sheet of paper into the grate and mentioned the matter to no one at the time. She treated her brother's college friend with whom she had been acquainted since childhood as a young man who had taken his books, pictures, and his part of the furniture to

It was a great puzzle to Charles Marshall why he was never again invited to visit the Davisons, and why Miss Margaret answered a letter to him by a brief and somewhat curt message to him in a letter to her brother. About the same time he was astonished to find, as he entered his room one evening, a note from his friend, Fred Davison, had taken his books, pictures, and his part of the furniture to

another room to share them with a new chum. Both the young men subsequently graduated, and for a long time Charles Marshall's path of life was unknown to the Davisons.

The other day on reading in the newspaper that Charles Marshall, a business man in —, had betrayed an important trust, Miss Margaret, now Mrs. Dr. Lawrence, said: "I am not at all surprised. Any young man with so little sense of honor as to abuse the sacred rights of hospitality as he did at home, could not be expected to prove true in any position," and then for the first time she told this story.—Ch. Intelligencer.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE KEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

Many years ago a little girl lived all alone, with her father, in a castle that was built on a grand old rock. There was a light-house in this castle, and every night the light was brilliantly reflected on the deep blue sea, casting the shadows far and wide.

Little Marie was very delicate, and often unable to leave her bed for many days. The poor child did not have much pleasure in her young life at the castle; and—can you believe it?—she had never seen a flower! For nothing but weeds grew by the rocks, and Marie had never lived anywhere but in this same castle.

Her papa was very kind to her, and every night when she was well enough he would carry her in his arms up the narrow, winding stairway that led to the great lamp, and nothing pleased Marie more than to watch her papa light it, and then to see the flame throw its light on the water; it seemed like a fairy tale, she said.

One morning, when her papa was going away for a few days, he said to her: "Papa, will you make me very happy—happier than I've ever been before?"

"Yes, little one, if it is possible to do so; how could I refuse my pet anything?"

"Then, dear papa, will you—can you—bring me a rose—a lily—a beautiful flower? Oh, I do want one so much!"

During his absence Marie did not hear the cry of the seagulls, or the rippling of the waves, or even the rustling of the wind past the old castle. She thought of nothing but the flowers, which she was sure her papa would bring to her.

Although she had never seen one, she had often heard her papa speak of them, and had seen many pictures of them in her book. What kind of a flower would he bring her? Would it be a beautiful white rose, a soft white lily, or perhaps, some tender little violet? It seemed to Marie as if her papa never would come; but at last he came, and after carefully fastening the boat to its moorings, he jumped on shore and hurried to see his little girl. She put her arms around his neck and whispered:

"Dear papa, and—and—my flowers!"

"I have not brought you a flower, my child, but I have brought you something better instead; and he gave her a paper package, which she opened with feverish haste, her hands trembling with anxiety. Alas! it did not contain anything beautiful to her eyes, for all she saw was some dried grass like sand or tiny pebbles.

The poor, disappointed child burst into tears, and her tears were very bitter, for they came right from her grief and aching little heart. She thought that her papa didn't understand what the "grains" were, but taking her in his arms, he petted and comforted her till she could listen to all he had to tell her; and then he told her that the little grains were flower seeds, and that, if they were carefully planted, she would one day have a beautiful flower-garden of her own. Marie thought she would plant the seeds as fast as she could; so her papa found a nice place on either side of the steps, where there was a narrow strip of earth between the great grey rocks.

For many days she watched the seeds very eagerly, and took the greatest pains to water the ground where her treasures were hidden; but the constant anxiety left, after all, she should lose her flowers, proved too much for the frail and delicate mind.

She was taken very ill, and again obliged to stay in bed for a long, long time. Her papa took the most loving care of his pet, and everything that could ease her pain and make the weary hours seem less dull he brought for her; so many toys—books and pretty things—and yet one thing more Marie wanted.

"Papa is so good, so kind, he loves me so much; oh, if I had that one flower," she said to herself.

The beautiful summer had come at last, and one day, when Marie was feeling better, her papa said: "Marie, my darling, the air is so hot and warm, the sky and the sea are so blue and calm, that I must carry you out of doors to show you something very pretty; you have never seen anything half so beautiful."

He took her in his strong arms, and carried her down stairs and out on the steps to the foot of the castle. And what did she see? Flowers, flowers, flowers everywhere.

Roses, lilies, and violets, and oh so many other flowers, whose beautiful colors were as brilliant as the rays of the setting sun; and they seemed to smile their greeting to her as they bowed their heads at the gentle murmur of the breeze.

"Oh, how beautiful, papa! how beautiful!" and a soft smile kissed her pale, wan cheeks.

Marie inhaled their delicate perfume; she kissed them; she gently caressed their soft petals, and when her papa put a garden on her head, and filled her hands with the choicest he could find, and told her again on her pretty cheek, she seemed like a fairy queen on her throne of flowers. Her papa sat down by her, and taking her hand in his, said to her:

"Last spring, little one, when you asked me for a flower, there were none to be found. I hunted everywhere, and asked each person I met to tell me where I could find one; but they all shook their heads, and told me that they did not know. But, dear child, I loved you just as much then as I do now, and when I gave you all those seeds you thought so ugly, I knew I was preparing a happy surprise for you to-day. You had to wait and wait, darling, but by waiting you have a garden that will last you a long time; and instead of having one flower that would fade in a few hours, you have a garden full, from which you can gather bouquets, as many as you like."

Marie told her the lesson about the flower seeds as long as she lived. One of her little ones often asks questions of God which, perhaps, they do not always receive at once, and they feel badly, and say to themselves, "God does not trouble himself about me and what I ask him for." But children, yes,—indeed, yes! He does trouble himself. Don't forget little Marie and her flowers. The good God keeps in his heart the remembrance of your prayers; and if you continue to love him, and give him your whole heart, your garden will be full of the most choice and beautiful flowers.—Sunday-school Times.

"SAME AS WHITE FOLKS."

Why Uncle Ben White shouted is told by the Detroit Free Press as follows:

Uncle Ben White, that antiquated, crippled, and white-headed negro always to be met on Woodward avenue begging for a small loan, was looking so proud and contented yesterday that an acquaintance asked him the cause.

"Well, I does feel a bit stuck up, sah," replied the old man as he gave his old hat a new slant.

"My ole woman am black as de spade of diamonds, and I nuber 'pood she mounted to a hill 'o beans, but a few weeks ago she was taken sick."

"Yes, sah; an' de ole day I called a doctah—some sort o' doctah dat 'tends on white folks. He looked at de ole woman's tongue, asked her 'bout

a fousen' queshun, an' den he shook his head and said dat her system was all run out."

"Run, down, you mean!"

"Yes, sah; an' den he tole her dat she must go to de neshore for free months dis summer to git her system back."

"But you can't even raise fifty cents."

"Dat's so; but Lawd bless you! I can't be tickled an' stuck up to know dat my ole black woman am advised to do jist de same as de biggest white ladies in de land."

"When de doctah said she had a system, same as rich folks, an' dat she must go whay dey roll in salt water, dress in silk, an' put up at a fo'-story hotel, why I jist shonted till dey heard me way out in de woods!"

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THE PAIN-KILLER.

HOME EVIDENCE IN FAVOR OF THE PAIN-KILLER.

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AWARDED THE ONLY MEDAL GIVEN AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

For Cotton Yarns of Canadian Manufacture.

White, Blue, Red, Orange and Green.

Made of good American Cotton with great care, Correctly numbered and Warranted Full Length and Weight.

WE would ask the purchasers of Cotton Yarn to remember that our Yarn is spun on Throat Frames, which makes a stronger yarn than the Ring Frames, used in making American yarn.

It is also better twisted and more carefully reeled; each hank being tied up in 7 lbs. of 120 yards each. This makes it much more easy to wind than when it is put up without care—as the American is—and also saves a great deal of waste.

Those acquainted with weaving will understand the great advantage it is to them to use yarn put up in this manner.

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Made of No. 10 Yarn, 4-Ply Twisted.

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Each 5 lb. bundle contains 10,000 yards in length and will make a length of Carpet in proportion to the number of ends in width.

We have put more twist into this yarn than it formerly had, and it will now make a more durable Carpet than can be made with any other material. Since its introduction by us, a few years ago, it has come into very general use throughout the country.

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