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THE FIRST QUARREL.

"So this is the end, after all, is it?
You were false from the first I suppose?
But I'm wiser at least from this visit—
I was a fool to propose!

"Just think of all that you've told me!—
And which filled me with infinite bliss—
And now at a distance you hold me,
And refuse to give me one kiss!"

Thus we stood by the gate through the twilight,
And I commenced to accuse her again;
When I saw tears in her eyes in the moonlight,
And her face grew saddened with pain.

"Oh why will you quarrel and doubt me?
I've not changed in the slightest, my dear!"
And then she tremulously said that without me
Existence for her would be drear.

"But, indeed, I can't kiss you," she pleaded,
"I'm sorry, but don't ask me, I pray—
You must know!"—then a step she receded—
"I have eaten six onions to-day!"
—*Texas Siftings.*

WHITE ROSES.

Their Agency in Making Two Loving Hearts Happy.

"Something over a year ago," says a New York florist, "a young man, who was a stranger to me, came into my store and asked for a single white rose. He wanted, he said, the finest one I had in the store. He was very careful in selecting it, but finally found one with a long stem and a few green leaves that seemed to suit. He wanted it sent to a young lady on Murray Hill, whose address he gave me. Well, when he mentioned the name I could have given him the address, for her folks were good customers of mine. He told me that he wanted me to save him a white rose, the finest I could get, every day until further orders. Well, he used to come in every afternoon at about five o'clock, rain or shine, call for his rose, and see that it was properly directed and sent off to the young lady on Murray Hill. After awhile I began to take an interest in the young man, although for a long time I didn't even know his name, for he never mentioned it, nor did he ever send his card with the rose. The young lady used to come into the store quite often with her mother and sister, and I was at her house frequently, for they entertained, and I always did the decorating, but I never saw the young man there.

"One thing I began to notice after awhile, and that was that the young lady, whenever she went out of an evening, whether to a party or to a place of amusement, always wore a white rose, and it didn't take me very long to make up my mind, whenever I happened to see her, that the rose she was wearing at that identical moment had left my store at about five o'clock that very afternoon. The first time I noticed this was at the opera, where I go whenever I can. She was in a box with her family, in full dress, but the only flower she wore was a large white rose. After awhile who should I discover, sitting a little distance in advance of me, but the self-same young man whose face had become so familiar to me as my daily customer, who always bought a single white rose. Was he listening to the music? Was he paying any attention to what was transpiring on the stage? Not a bit of it. He evidently didn't come there for that purpose. He was looking all the time at that white rose or the wearer, probably the latter. I don't believe he knew there was another person in the house. And I didn't blame him very much, for she was a picture. To my eyes, and no doubt to his, she was the handsomest girl in the house that night; and that was saying a good deal, for there were some of the best people in New York present. The next day he [illegible] into the store as usual, and as I [illegible]

[illegible] in a business way, but I never saw him there, nor up to that time had I ever seen them together. One day who should come in here at about five o'clock but the young lady and her mother, and they hadn't been in here five minutes before the young man entered. He walked past them and came up here by the desk. They both saw him, but not a word nor a bow passed between either of the three. I noticed this, and was puzzled by it, for, thinks I, of course the young lady must know who sends her the roses, or she wouldn't wear them. But I saw something very soon which set my mind at rest on that point. The mother and daughter were buying white violets, and the young lady picked one out of the bunch and held it in her hand. After completing their purchase, and as she turned to follow her mother out, the girl gave a hasty glance in the direction of the young man and dropped the violet on the floor. Then she went out. It wasn't many seconds before the young man had that violet carefully tucked away in his pocket, and you would have thought he had found a gold mine from the change which [illegible] made in him. Why, you could see [illegible] happiness stick right out of him. Well, the next afternoon the young lady came in alone [illegible] few minutes before five o'clock, and the young man followed directly after.

"There was no doubt about their being acquainted this time, for they at once began to talk in the most earnest manner. I couldn't help looking at them occasionally, for, to tell the truth, I was beginning to take quite a lively interest in the young persons and their love affair. The young man did most of the talking, and, from his manner, I thought he seemed to be urging something upon the young woman which she was rather loath to accede to. They talked all of half an hour, and then went out together, the young man not even stopping for his rose, although he came back for it presently. Well, very soon after that I got my order for the wedding, and before it took place I got the facts of the case. It seems the young man was a lawyer in a neighboring city. He had just been admitted to the bar when the young lady went to visit friends in his city. They met. He had a little money, but not much, and was beginning his fight in life. Her father was a wealthy New York merchant. The first time the young man saw her she wore a single white rose, and from this habit of hers he came to call her the 'lady of the white rose.' Well, he fell over head and ears in love with her, and I guess she did about the same, but when her parents found it out they put a stop to it at once. They didn't propose to have a daughter of theirs marry an unknown lawyer without money or clients. I guess there was a pretty lively time over it, for the young lady had a will of her own, but she finally promised not to marry without their consent, and further agreed not to see the young man or to correspond with him. Well, she kept that promise until she met him in my store.

"But the lover didn't propose to give it up in that way, and so what does he do but come to New York and get into a good lawyer's office in this city and go to work. The only thing that passed between them was that white rose. Her mother soon suspected who sent them, but on that point her authority was of no avail. The daughter was obedient in everything else, but she drew the line at white roses. The lover used to write to her, but she never replied to his letters; she wore his roses, however, and this encouragement kept his love alive. Finally, the day she dropped the white violet he wrote, asking her to come to the store the next day, and she came, as I have told you. He told her that he was making good progress in his profession, had enough to support a wife in a respectable way, and urged her to marry him, with the consent of her parents if possible, without it if not. She finally consented, went home and told her folks that she had seen the young man and had promised to marry him. Then there was a scene, but it didn't change her a bit. She persisted in declaring that she would marry him any way. Well, when her parents found that they couldn't move her they began to be a little more reasonable. The father finally said he would make some inquiries, and upon that understanding the daughter promised not to take any immediate steps toward carrying out her matrimonial intentions.

"The result of the inquiries must have been satisfactory, for in a short time the engagement was announced, and not very long after the wedding occurred."—*N. Y. Sun.*

WELL PAID.

A Duelist Receives One Thousand Dollars for a Blank Shot.

"We had," said one of the crowd, "one of the funniest duels I ever saw at college. It was a put-up job, of course. The pistols were not loaded with ball, but the duelists did not know that. They stood up like men, apparently, but one of them got so nervous that he fired before the word was given. That placed him at the mercy of his opponent, who was a poor devil and rather shrewd. As soon as the pistol went off the individual who fired got utterly scared. The other stood calm and determined, and proceeded to take a leisurely aim.

"'Don't shoot!' yelled the victim. 'Don't shoot!'

"'I believe it is my turn, isn't it?' he asked, and turned to the seconds.

"'Of course it is; go ahead.' And he again covered his man.

"'Hold on! Hold on! I'll give you five hundred dollars if you won't shoot.'

"'Tain't enough.'

"'For Heaven's sake. I'll give seven hundred and fifty dollars.'

"The man with the pistol sneered and covered him once more.

"'How much will you take?'

"'A thousand dollars.'

"'I'll give it. Put that cursed thing down.'

"And he paid his little thousand dollars."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—Some Ohio men on returning from a visit to Mexico to examine some mines, were telling old Ben Wade, the Congressman, about the charms of the country, its soil, climate, rich mines, etc., and finally said: "All it needs is water and good company." "Humph," grunted the old gentleman, "that's all the lower regions need."—*Cleveland Leader.*

—At a "pound party" in Augusta, Me., Mr. Blaine recently contributed a pound of silver dollars.

KISMET.

Warranted Not to Be Translated from the Arabic.

This world is full of disappointments.

The dog sleeps all day and barks all night.

Rent-day reaches you in less than no time, while it seems as though pay-day would never arrive.

When you invite company to spend a few days with you, the cook becomes offended at some trifle and leaves.

The robin sings three or four months in the year; but the Shanghai crows you out of your dreams all the year round.

The man with one eye wears a pair of spectacles, and the man with two eyes wears a single-barreled eye-glass.

When you want to wake early, you oversleep yourself, and when you have nothing to do but sleep, you lie awake all night.

When you want to catch a train, the wind blows your hat off, and always blows it in the direction opposite to that of the station.

Your dog flies down the path and tears your dearest friend to tatters; but when a burglar breaks into the house, the dog is chained up in the barn.

It is just after breaking your back to put a patent-leather shine on your shoes that you accidentally step into a puddle up to your ankles.

The poor blind man lives in the country, where there is beautiful scenery; and the man who can see a five dollar bill twenty yards off, behind a stump, works in a coal mine.

If you perform an act of charity, it is never known. If you are guilty of a misdemeanor, it is known in the columns of every newspaper, and your name is not spelled wrong.

The dove coos its dulcet notes away off in the woods; but the peacock lets off its rasping shriek, which always suggests a rat-tail file, right under your window before you are half awake.

When it is pouring rain, your umbrella is not to be found anywhere in the house; but during a drought it is in three or four rooms at a time, and you have to pick your steps to keep from falling over it.

You are usually impecunious on a holiday; but when you have to work all day long and nearly half the night, you think of the riotous enjoyment you could purchase with your money if you only had the time.

The man that owes you money drops into oblivion until the debt is forgotten; but the man you owe appears at every gathering you attend, and you are finally driven to paying him in order that you may see less of him.

If your great-grandfather helped sign the Declaration of Independence, no one is aware of it unless you tell them; but if your great-grandfather was hung, you can't get into a war of words without having it thrown up to you.

You never remember that you have left your watch under your pillow on the top floor until you reach the sidewalk, and it is not until you reach the top floor at night that you recollect that you either left the front door open or unlocked.—*Puck.*

AUNT CLARA BROWN.

The First Woman to Cross the Great American Desert.

"Aunt" Clara Brown, formerly a slave, who is credited with being the first woman to cross the plains into Colorado, died here at her home on Arapahoe street. She was the only female member of the Colorado Pioneers' Association, and was the oldest of that body, numbering over four hundred people. Aunt Clara Brown was upwards of eighty-three years of age. She remembered the outbreak of the war in 1812 well, and was a half-grown girl at that time. In her youth she was owned by a planter in Logan County, Ky., who sold her to some one who emigrated to Kansas, where she managed to obtain her freedom, and started with a wagon-train to Colorado. She had no money with which to pay her passage, and so acted as cook in order to pay for her transportation. The wagon-train arrived at Denver in 1859, having encountered some eight hundred Indians on the way. Aunt Clara was never afraid of the Indians, as she had Indian blood in her veins, her grandparents having been savages. She was a born philanthropist, and when President Lincoln set the negroes free she took her savings and journeyed to Kentucky for her people. Later she returned with twenty-six members of her family, men and women, all of whom she paid full wagon fare, and who have since married and intermarried until they and their descendants form a notable part of the colored community in Colorado. Aunt Clara's husband and children were sold away from her long before the war. The children were in their infancy. Two years ago Aunt Clara heard that one of her slave-sold daughters was living at Council Bluffs, Ia., and she gathered enough money by hard labor to take her to Council Bluffs. There she met her daughter, from whom she had been separated forty years, and brought her home to Denver with her. The long-lost daughter was the sole comfort of Aunt Clara's declining days. For years she had turned her home into a hospital, a hotel and general refuge for those who were sick or in poverty. If those who made her home their home were able to pay her for what they received she accepted it; if not, it did not matter. At one time she accumulated a large amount of property, but lost it all through the scheming of her agents.—*Denver News.*

CHESTNUTS.

How a Skilled Cook May Make Them Available in Many Ways.

Why not make a meal of chestnuts? There have been feasts known where the whole bill of fare was composed of the same viand differently prepared.

Unlike the walnut, the chestnut lends itself readily to the treatment of a skilled cook, and may be made available in many different ways for refined tastes.

To begin with, there few soups are more palatable than chestnut soup, served with frittered peas, and, although this can scarcely be looked upon as a novelty, how seldom do we meet with it?

Again, with regard to the fish course, for those who usually partake of potatoes with it, would it not be pleasant to find a dish of plainly boiled chestnuts, shelled and salted?

No one, of course, is ignorant of that noble dish—turkey stuffed with chestnuts. For cooking and serving a dish like this, the highest culinary authorities should be consulted, and their directions followed to the letter.

Puree of chestnuts may well take the place of potatoes. For an *entree* chestnuts and mushrooms would be an acceptable and pleasing variety, and would afford opportunity for the exercise of some experimental ingenuity.

The same may be said of veal and chestnut patties, with a due seasoning of herbs. For the "sweet course" in a feast of chestnuts we have to fall back upon chestnut cream, while stewed chestnuts, with caramel of a bright brown color, makes a pretty contrast.

In our humble judgment the only process of roasting chestnuts is to shovel on a broad, perforated pan or shovel on the top of a clear coal or coke fire—just, indeed, as they are cooked in the streets, and where, if we try them, we generally admit they are better than anywhere else; better, we maintain, simply because they are really roasted and not boiled previously, for the nuts themselves are not generally of so excellent a quality as those we find on our own tables. To roast them thoroughly through, and not to scorch and blacken the outer portion, it is necessary to pay them great attention, constantly turning them with the fingers or tongs, and this, of course, takes time. As a rule a chestnut can not be too large, and when the season is a prolific one these are not difficult to meet with, while very few are absolutely bad.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A NOBLE FOWL.

Concise and Instructive History of the Boarding-House Turkey.

The origin of the noble fowl of which I write is shrouded in mystery; I look through my tears on the misty veil of the past and endeavor to trace back the history of the unfortunate bird, but in vain; history does not run back far enough.

One of the boarders who endeavored to eat it, and who is now confined in a private mad-house, stated in one of his lucid intervals that it was the first one turned out by the manufactory.

Burdened by its years, and reflecting upon the grim part when it suffered with Noah upon Ararat, the turkey seemed to welcome death, and it was disposed of as rapidly as possible. The hatchet with which it was killed has lost its edge.

When it had been stuffed with whatever fragments of leather belting and tarred rope the landlady could find, it was baked to a delicate brown and was placed upon the table. I undertook to carve it.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they get there all the same.

After the first furious assault, I observed that the boarders appeared hurt and disconcerted, as they wiped the gravy out of their eyes and hair, and I commenced to look for the turkey, which had glanced from under the knife.

After a long and arduous search, I found it hanging on the pump in the yard, with pieces of glass and sash clinging to it, where it sailed through the window.

I had a foreboding of evil; a presentiment that the future had naught but misfortune in store for me, yet I carried the fowl back with a stony glare in my eyes, and a resolve in my heart to sell my life as dearly as possible.

But why prolong this hideous scene? Why add horror upon horror's head? The blinding tears come to my eyes as I think of those who gathered about that festive board, and were carried away with their reason tottering upon its throne.

The turkey was turned over to a saddle manufacturer, who has since made an assignment.—*Walt Mason, in Whip.*

—A gentleman having his hair cut, and being annoyed with the operator's stories, in the middle of each he said: "Cut it short." At last the barber, in a rage, exclaimed: "It can not be cut shorter, for every hair on your head is off."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

FULL OF FUN

—Teacher—"What does sea-water contain besides the sodium-chloride that we have mentioned?" Pupil—"Fish."—*Golden Days.*

—An English soldier being asked if he met with much hospitality while he was in Ireland, replied that he did; he was in the hospital nearly all the time he was there.

—Man's Sole Support.—
Take it first and *last* and *awl* together
You'll find there's nothing equals leather;
For ever since the age of *tan*,
It's been the *sole* support of man.

—A green young man having told his sister that he thought a certain young lady loved him, the following dialogue ensued: Sister—"Why do you think she loves you?" Brother—"Because she smiled on me." Sister—"What an absurd idea! Why, I've seen her smile many a time at monkeys."—*Exchange.*

—"Ponsonby, my horse got away from me last night. It is worrying me not a little." "You don't know where he is?" "No." "It's queer. One would surely think that some traces——" "Oh, we found the traces and the rest of the harness. It's the horse that I'm anxious about."—*Hartford Courant.*

—A paper gives an account of a society event, and in speaking of one beautiful lady of quite large proportions, it said: "Mrs. Smith possessed a form that Juno might envy." The editor went home and left a subordinate to get out the paper, and the next morning he read in his paper that "Mrs. Smith possessed a form that Jumbo might envy."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Poor Augustus Pilkins always says the wrong thing. The other evening Miss Angelina Sydenham, in speaking of amateur theatricals, remarked: "I really don't think that anything could induce me to take part again in theatricals. When I am on the stage I always feel as though I were making a fool of myself."—Whereupon Pilkins exclaimed: "Oh, everybody thinks that, Miss Angelina."

—A Detroit woman was wading across the mud on Woodward avenue when a butcher cart came along and splashed her from bonnet to shoes. A pedestrian who witnessed the accident pulled out his handkerchief and said: "Beg pardon, but let me wipe some it off." "O! thanks!" she replied; "but never mind the mud. If you feel it your duty to do something in the case, please mention some of the leading cuss-words now in use!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST

—A California farmer sent twenty-eight tons of mustard seed to New York in a single shipment.

—Red lamps in Scotch cities indicate at night that drop-letter boxes are attached to the posts.

—The Atlanta *Constitution* thinks that a man who eats five square meals a day should be called a grubwump.

—There are four things for which Savannah is famous—sand, shade trees, charities and hospitality.—*Savannah (Ga.) News.*

—A scientific journal in England estimates that it would take a capital of $5,000,000,000 to successfully divert the vast power of Niagara Falls to useful purposes.

—Two women in Florence, Kan., ate arsenic lately under the impression that it would improve their complexion. It didn't, and it was only by prompt medical aid that their lives were saved.

—In the museum of the Ordnance Bureau at Washington is the stump of an oak tree, three feet in diameter, which was completely cut down by the bullets of the opposing armies at Spottsylvania Court House.

—With most people, says a sensible writer, the want of a well defined system or method is one of their chief causes of their getting behind hand with their work. A systematic method of working combined with industry, will complete a vast amount of work in a day and finish it with ease; but without system and application, the worker may be in a continual rush, and yet accomplish little.—*Scientific American.*

—Thomas Stevens, the bicycler, in the story of his ride through the Balkan Mountains, gives a description of a grim monument to Turkish valor in the shape of a square stone structure erected some forty years ago near Nisch. The whole exterior was faced with grinning rows of Servian skulls partially imbedded in mortar. The Servians have since removed the skulls of their dead comrades and buried them, but the rows of indentations in the mortared surface yet remain to tell the story.

—The most extensive cabbage farm in the world is near Chicago. It consists of 190 acres in the "cabbage district," as it is called, which comprises 2,500 acres of rich heavy soil, especially adapted to cabbage culture. It requires 1,114,000 plants to set the 190 acres, and, counting those used in resetting, 20,000,000 for the whole district under cultivation. The bulk of the crop is sent South in box-cars to supply a demand which exists after the consumption of the Southern crop, which, owing to the climate, can not be stored for future use.—*Chicago Mail.*

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A DOLL'S COMPLAINT.

"Oh, dear! my poor heart is broken;
My little mistress, Miss Polly,
Has left me here in the dark alone,
For the sake of another dolly.
She only came yesterday—
Miss Flora Luella France,
With long, blonde curls that are false, I know,
And a trunkful of clothes from France.

"'Such a beauty!' cried little Miss Polly,
'To hold her I'm almost afraid;
This darling shall be the lady now,
And Pauline shall be her maid.'
I know I am old and feeble,
And my eyes are no longer bright;
But to make me wait on Miss Flora,
I don't think is really right.

"I'll hide back here in the closet—
It is dark and dusty, I know;
But my mistress will never find me,
If she hunts for me high and low.
She will wish she had treated me kinder—
To find me I'll not give her a chance,
For I'd rather stay here all the rest of my days
Than to wait on Miss Flora from France!"
—*Ella Randall, in Golden Days.*

ONE DAY MORE.

The Present Is the Time in Which to Be Loving and Kind to One Another.

"One more day in which to be loving and kind to each other," said Aunt Emily. "At least we may hope so when we see a bright, beautiful day opening before us."

"Only one, Aunt Emily! Why do you say that?"

"I do not say only one, dears. I trust that we may all have many days and many more in which to make each other happy. But we are not sure of a day or even an hour, you know, so I think we all have need to remember to show our loving kindness while we have time."

Molly and Ruth and Nan looked a little conscious, wondering if Aunt Emily could have observed how ready they were to quarrel over trifles, and how little inclined to give up to each other

"I was led to think of this," said Aunt Emily, "by remembering something which took place on this day a number of years ago, in my little girlhood."

"Do tell us about it, Aunt Emily," said the three, gathering about her to listen.

"I do not know," she began, "that my little sisters and I quarreled more than other little sisters do, but it was sad and unnecessary that we should have quarreled at all. Looking at it as I do now, I can not understand how we could have taken pleasure in disobliging each other, in speaking angry words, in caring nothing for each other's comfort, keeping up an almost constant state of irritation, when we might have lived in the sunshine of loving words and deeds.

"My mother used to talk very seriously to us about it. 'You think little of it as the days go by,' she would say, 'but if God should see fit to take one of you away you would all your lives feel the bitterness of the sting left by the memory of past unkindness.'

"It is said that most people have to learn by experience—a great pity, surely, if it is true. For how much better off we should all be if we would learn lessons from those who have suffered, instead of waiting until the same hard lesson has come to us. I think, however, there are some children who, happily for them, are wise enough to profit by good advice, but my sisters and I were not of that number, for as far as I can remember, we kept on much the same in spite of all mother's talk. And when, at last, the experience did come, it was bitter enough.

"A picnic was in progress to which we had all been looking forward for some time. But as the day, this day years ago, drew near some little ailment seized me which led my mother to think it best for me to stay at home. It was a great disappointment, and I am sorry to say that I bore it very badly. I have sometimes thought since that God sends these small trials upon us to give us opportunity to show a spirit of patience and submission, but I could not have thought so then, for I made myself a trial to every one who was so unfortunate as to be obliged to come near me by my complaints and my ill-temper.

"Mother gave up her share in the day's pleasure to remain with me, and I was sure of having everything to help me through the day at home, but I chose to consider myself sadly ill-used and was probably a little crosser even than usual. The company were going in open carriages, and at the last moment my little sister Marian came running to me.

"'Oh, Emily, I can't find my sun umbrella. Won't you lend me yours? I'm sorry enough you can't go to use it yourself, you poor dear!'

"'No, I won't,' I snarled. 'You're the most careless girl in the world—always losing your things. You'd be sure to lose mine.'

"'Oh no, I wouldn't. Please, Emily! The sun is going to be so hot.'

"'I can't help that. You'd better learn to be more careful of your things.'

"'Come, Marian,' they called from outside, and she ran away. As I watched them until they were out of sight the last thing I could see through the branches of the trees was Marian's little hand waving a good-bye to me, and could not help feeling, too late, a touch of self-reproach for my unkindness.

"But I forgot all about it until late in the day there came a message in haste, and mother's face grew white as she heard it.

"'An accident! Some are hurt and I must go at once.' Before I had time to think she was gone, and I had to wait for a dreadful hour before the members of the pleasure party came—but not all—to tell me.

"The horses attached to one of the carriages had taken fright and run away, finally overturning the carriage and throwing all who were in it out upon the hard, graveled road. Our little Marian was one of them, and no one as yet knew whether she would life or die.

"Oh, if I could tell you what I suffered. How I wandered about by day and lay awake at night, remembering all my unkindnesses to my little sister, and thinking almost wildly, if I could have, if it were only one day, in which to tell her how I loved her and to show her my love in every possible way. Every unsisterly word or act I had ever been guilty of towards her seemed to rise before me in all their hatefulness and ugliness until I felt sure that God was going to punish me by never giving me an opportunity to atone for them. And my misery was increased by the haunting idea that she might now be the worse for my refusing her the sun umbrella.

"But He was more merciful than I deserved—as He always is. After a few wretched days of doubt, word came that Marian would get well.

"I fretted and pined so to see her that at length my mother allowed me to go to the house where she had been taking care of her all the weary [illegible] was carefully cautioned [illegible] quiet and to do n[illegible] excite her, but nobody seemed to have remembered to prepare me for the great change in her appearance. I went into her half-darkened room with a beating heart, and, forgetting all caution, gave a little cry of dismay as I first caught sight of her.

"Could that be my merry-faced little sister? I could not see a trace of her in the poor, little, thin face which turned toward me. All the pretty curls were gone, and her blue eyes looked unnaturally large over the pale cheeks. She held out a white bit of a hand to me, but I rushed out of the room and cried till I could cry no longer.

"They did not let me go back, but she was brought home soon after that, and I had many days in which to show that I had learned my lesson well."

"And did you never quarrel any more?" asked Ruth, as Aunt Emily paused.

"Well, I suppose we did sometimes, but we certainly did mend our ways so far as to be able to taste the sweetness which comes of seeking happiness for others instead of for ourselves. I think we found that a bright smile, a gentle word, a kindly act, and all the other beautiful outgrowths of a loving spirit were better worth cultivating than the crop of ugly weeds which grows from the root of evil temper."—*N. Y. Observer.*

LITTLE.

An Account of the Smallest Full-Grown Dog in the World.

Nearly two hundred different kinds of dogs! Think of it! And yet this is not difficult to believe; for, we have water dogs, and watch dogs, and sheep dogs, and fighting dogs, and pet dogs, and sledge dogs, and carriage dogs, thick dogs and slender dogs, long-legged and short-legged dogs; dogs for killing rats, and dogs for killing wild boars; dogs for use, and dogs for ornament; dogs to care for us, and dogs for us to care for.

Then there is the little dog—the toy dog, as it is called. The smallness to which a dog can be reduced is remarkable; and if the size of the very smallest dog had been officially recorded, no one could be blamed for doubting the facts concerning the little fellow.

"Tiny," a black-and-tan terrier, has the honor of having been the smallest full-grown dog that ever lived. He belonged to Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Maclaine, of England, and in honor of his extreme tininess is now carefully preserved under a glass case.

Tiny was less than four inches long, and could comfortably curl up and take a nap in a common glass tumbler. An ordinary finger-ring was large enough for his collar; and when he sat up, a baby's hand would always have made a broad and safe resting-place for him.

Of course Tiny was of no account against a rat. Indeed, a hearty, self-respecting mouse would have stood ground against the little fellow. [illegible] Tiny had not strength, he [illegible] courage, and would bark as [illegible] his little lungs would let him at [illegible] biggest rat that ever lived—when [illegible] rat was dead.

To tell the whole truth, Tiny was remarkable and he was famous, but he was not very happy. He could have had almost anything he wished to eat, but he had no appetite. He shivered most of the time, even though he was usually hidden in warm wraps. Of course he caught cold easily, and then, oh, dear! how pitifully he did sneeze!—*C. J. Russell, in St. Nicholas.*

—Pointed toes to shoes for the feminine foot are in favor still.