do not eas that life should be A bed of ease:

I am not like the child, who wants Lack toy be sees. And yet 'tis hard, I think, sometimes To see and know.

When life seems full of bitter things, The why 'tis so. Tis hard to watch the ones we love Grow sick and die,

To lay them in the grave and make No moan or cry.

Yet those be loves God chasteneth, So we are told. And each in some way doth believe The story old.

That in this world what is, is best; Although we see A thousand ways in which we think Twould better be

To have what we have longed for, but Tis all in vain; Each one must learn through care and grief,

Sorrow and pain. That God some trials sends to each That one and all-May come to him for sympathy;

May heed His call. "Come all ye weary ones to me, For here, is rest."

And so we all would fain believe What is, is best.

Thus, though like others, I should like since you went away." At peace to be, I only ask that He, in time,

Will give to me A faith so sure, a love so great, So strong and true,

That I may look to Him for help In all I do; Content to know, at last for me,

Will come sweet rest; When life's hard lesson has been learned,

What is, is best. Estelle Lennan, in Boston Globe.

## Ausband Won.

Ly Lizzie T. R. Gilchrist

"So Hal is married at last?" said Miss Belle Grey to her companion, Mrs. Paine, as they were seated in a pretty room overlooking one of our beautiful Wisconsin lakes.

"Yes," said Mrs. Paine, with a slight frown; "his wife is here." "Here!—with you?"

"Yes. She went for a drive this morning. I expect her back every minute." "What sort of a girl is she?" Miss

Grey asked. Not that she cared, but one must show some interest in tho bride of her hostess' son. "Do you want me to tell you the

truth, Belle?" "Of course I do."

"Well, she's Hal wife, but she tall and awkward, without the least element of style, ignorant of the most common accomplishments, with nothing to recommend her but a sweet voice and a pair of fine eyes."

"Dear me," said Mrss Beile. "what could have possessed Hal to marry her?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Paine, in tones of despair. " and I don't be. Surely he had heard that deep, rich lieve he does, either. I asked him once, and the answer was, 'The fact is, mother, I am a little disappointed in Myrtle. But I'm married, and the ceremony can't well be annulled."

"always buying new toys and getting Paine." tired of them soon, even when we were children." "Yes," returned Mrs. Paine, bitter-

so easily." "But you say Hal is away in Eu- your wife, Mrs. Hal Paine."

rope?"

and—But what noise was that?" "Only the drapery of the window," said Belle, turning her head; "the New York Weekly. tastening has given away."

But Miss Grey was mistaken. It was the rustle of a woman's dress. And Mrs. Myrtle Paine, who had heard the entire conversation from the next room, hurried away with hands tightly clasped and a hard glitter in her fine eyes.

and these revelations came to her like life in New York was a simpler mata thunder-clap. Many times in the ter than it is today, there lived in one few weeks of her married life she of the orthodox mansions a certain had fears and doubts, but nothing highly respectable maiden lady and to compare with this. Hal was tired two nephews, cousins, to whom she and ashamed of her. And Myrtle- was guardian. who with all her faults had a woman's heart—threw herself on the boy had become the happy possessor sofa in her room and burst into a of a rooster, which the seller assured torrent of tears.

self that it was all true. She had were wild for a "match;" and not drawing. This was seen by a wealthy ers and a dark coat and vest.—Punch been an uneducated country girl when baving the means wherewith to pur- woman present, who sent the waiter Bowl. she met Hal Paine, who was spending chase an antagonist, they put their with a £10 note to the artist, asking his vacation in the country, and had heads together to compass the bor asked temporary lodgings at the house rowing of one, and with the followther uncle. He had loved her or ing results: a said so, at least—and married

the eyes of Hal Paine again. Mrs. Paine, she said, next day,

I do not think that Hal would with enormous comb and tail.

Hal is not here, and I cannot stay e," interrupted Myrtle. Well, if you are determined." said Ars. Paine, heritatingly. "You will write often?"

the gentle little boy. In a couple of hours the rooster As often, no doubt, as you will was borne back to the store—one eye pare to hear from mc. Layttle ang-

her voice. some days afterward. "Now, we can was nowhere." have Hattle Wilde with us for come My aunt is much obliged to you,

"I don't wonder," said Miss Grey, decide today, but she with a curl of her lips. Her uncle and aunt imagined she had tury. married into a sphere all roses and

sunshine, and she had not the heart. to dispel their delusion. she said to herself. I'll study hardnot only books, music, etc., but man. Berlin, writes Sydney Brooks, in

years. When he returned he was extent, but the quality, of its growth. older and perhaps a wiser man.

Myrtle?" address was Grand Rapids. She has been hit off at a stroke and dumped

ought to run out West and see her. prosaic precision. They say that it Perhaps I will some day. By the way, has been for too obviously mapped mother, who is that beautiful girl at out by architects and surveyors inthe Giffords? I saw her as she passed stead of by nature. None of these this afternoon."

plied Mrs. Paine. admiringly.

are a model. She sings like a nightingale, I heard."

"Kate Stewart knows them." "Then I'll be agreeable to Kate

life to know my own mind. I believe I was a fool." "Most men are, some time or other, | Carlton.

suppose," said Mrs. Paine. "But you are married now, and must make the best of it."

"But that need not stand in the way of my admiring a pretty girl when I see her." 'You must not be imprudent, Hal. is dangerous."

"I don't care if it is," he returned. accident, cut off in the flower of his "There she is now, down by the lake, days, and he unconsciously resents with Miss wifford and Kate Stewart." being deprived of the fifty years of And he sprang across the threshold of so which nature owes him. Leave the low French window, and hurried him a little longer, and in due time Press. away. He soon had an introduction! to the beauty.

"You are trembling, Miss Mayne." he said, as she accepted his arm. "You are cold. Allow me to get you by one. The child cries for motner's

"Oh, no-thank you-I don't need it; I am not cold." Something in her voice thrilled him. voice before.

"Miss Mayne," he began, in a hesi-She stopped him with a gesture. "Let me correct you, Mr. Paine. I'

"Just like Hal." said pretty Belle; am not Miss Mayne. 1 am Mrs. "Mrs. Paine!" said Hal, staring,

and amazed. "Hal, have you forgotten Myrtle? ever knew if he were coming or not y; "but this toy can't be got rid of Oh, Hal, I meant to wear the mask a while yet, but I see I cannot. I un explained in his answer to a friend

Thus they met. Hal fell in love Yes, he can get rid of her, but I with her, as it were, a second time. in a distant part of London, and who can't. As my daughter-in-law I am And now Mrs. Paine is immensely felt that it was most impolitic for bound to give her a place in my home, proud of "my accomplished daughter- Whistler to offend them. It was

Verily, Myrtle had conquered .-- '

JUST LIKE BOYS Being the Tale of Two Lads, an Aunt | and a Fighting Rooster.

in the days when a prown-stone front was regarded as the outer and For Myrtle Paine was only sixteen, visible sign of "gentility," and when

A classmate and chum of the elder him, had a "big gamy streak in him." And yet she acknowledged to her. Inflamed by this eulogy, both boys

The younger cousin, an unusually ar. And for a brief time she was polite and gentle little boy, was de bappy. But now she almost wished spatched on the first holiday to the that she were dead. Yet she could grocery where the family dealt, osten- turned. On one occasion in Romano's a poor road to town."—Cleveland ot die she could not vanish out of sibly to order a chicken for dinner. after dinner he sketched the portrait Aght. But of one thing she was sure "But," he said, pointing to a coop of each of his fellow guests on their she would never be a blemish in of live fowls, "my aunt wants to see respective shirt fronts, taking the it before you kill it."

The grecer assented, and forthwith These life-like drawings were the not conceited enough to think I was will you grant me a favor? I would drew from the coop what he conside works of a few moments, but they ered a desirable bird. But the boy Mrs. Paine hesitated, and at last would have none of it. He had set his heart on a rainbow-colored rooster

"Why," said the grocer, "that is the very toughest old customer in the "My aunt-likes them tough," said

"It is just as well," said Mrs. Paine | phantly that a small crowd tollowed to Belle Grey, while speaking of the him. He had suffered, but the bird departure of her daughter-in-law, with the blg gamy streak in him

pany. I was bored to death with said the polite and gentle little boy to the astonished grocer. to look at him again next Saturday." But Myrtle Paine did not go home. From "In Lighter Vein" in the Cer

A GERMAN CHICAGO.

"I'l go to some boarding-school," Remarkable Rapidity of the Growth

of Berlin.

ners and style. I'll improve myself Harper's Weekly, is the Chicago of so that no devotee of fashion shall Germany in the rapidity of growth if look down on me as Belle Grey did. in nothing else. To one who has not | The neighbors say, "That's Jim and Hal has given me plenty of money, visited it for ten or twelve years the and I shall be able to manage as I place seems to have trebled and quad rupled itself. Very likely it has; but Hal Paine remained in Europe four what most impresses one is not the It is the only modern city I know of "Wel, mother," said he; "where is that has managed to escape looking." artificial. Most foreigners complain "In Michigan, I suppose. Her last that New York looks as though it had J spent a great deal of her time there down on Manhattan Island b. eontract. They invelgh against its dead- siven me some encouragement. "All right," said Hal. "I suppose I ly uniformity, its Euclidian lines, its charges could be brought against Ber "That is Miss Mayne, I believe," relin. The city, or most of it, at any rate, is as modern as New York, but "She is a royal beauty." said Hal, the labor of building it has been most dexterously hidden. In Berlin, "So they tell me, and her manners the old days of plain living and high thinking seem well-nigh over. There may be plenty of high thinking done "I must get an introluction," said the capital, but it certainly is no longer a city of conspicuously plain | hate to wet my new umbrella.—De living. The rents are such as open | troit Free Press. even a New Yorker's eyes, house Stewart. For I must know the beauty hold expenses are proportionately sewith those superb eyes and hair like vere, and the clubs, the theatres, the stores, and above all, the hotels and "Fie, Hal! What would Myrtle restaurants, point in a direction that "Mother, I was married too early omy. There are hotels today in Berlin that rival and in some points even excel the Waldorf-Astoria and the

Do We All Die Young? The fact is, says Professor Metch-"I know that," retorted the young nikoff in his "Studies in Human Nature," that only one man in a million at present dies a natural death. We should live till one hundred and forty years of age. A man who expires at seventy or eighty is the victim of he will desire to die as a child at dusk desires to sleep. The sandman

All our instincts drop from us one making, for long walks and adven- Star. tures, are all impulses that have their day and pass, and the wish to live is an instinct which fails also with sa tiety. Only at present none of us live long enough to be satiate with

Dinner Versus Inspiration. Whistler's laxity in the matter of nal.

engagements was notorious. No one to affairs. But his point of view is of his, who knew that he had an engagement to dine with some swells growing late, and yet Whistler was painting away, madly, intently.

"My dear fellow," he said at hir. at last, "it is frightfully late, and you have to dine with Lady Such-a One. Don't you think you had better

"Stop?" fairly shrieked Whistler. throat and washed all the designs of "Stop, when everything is going beau the tattooed man.—Judge. tifully? Go and stuff myself with dis gusting food when I can paint like this? Never! Never! Besides, they do anything until I get there—they never do!" And the entire speech is most characteristic of the man.—Harper's Weekly.

Told About Phil May.

The London Mail recalls a supper party given two or three years ago in honor of the birthday of Mme. Amy | mine?" Sherwin, on whose menu card the late Phil May made an exquisite little well with a nice pair of light trous him to do a similar drawing for her Mr. May, disgusted at the woman'u impertinence, took a good look at her and then made an appailingly truthful caricature of her features on the back of the bank note, which he re wages, and it is seventeen miles over stud or studs as a point to work from. should be valuable now, if any one of the diners had the forethought to preserve them instead of sending them to the wash!

Persistent insomnia, unwonted irritability and dread of grappling with business problems are danger signa of general nervous breakdown.

PRECEDENCE.

(Before.) They see each other ev'ry night The present's sweet. The future's

bright. And when they turn down Lover's FIFT

(After.) She leads him now an awful life, Most ev'ry day is full of strife, And when at night she jaws at him, The neighbors say, "That's Jane and

-New York Sun.

OF NO CONSEQUENCE. He—I certainly thought you best She-Well, you mustn't mind it. It's a habit of mine, but I don't mean anything by it.—Puck.

REPAIR NEEDED.

Gas Man-Mr. Kicker, I have come to repair the leak in your gas pipe Mr. Kicker-Well, you may begin by cutting a couple of dollars off of the last bill.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

OF TWO EVILS. He-You're getting your hat ruined. She-Well, it's an old hat; and I do

THE PRIZE-WINNER.

Naggsby-How did the contest in optimism result last night? Waggsby-Gaggster won the prize does not lead by any means to econ- by laughing most heartily at one of `is own jokes.—Baltimore American

HOBSON'S CHOICE. Guest (in cheap restaurant)-Wel'

waiter, what have you got? ... Waiter-Beefsteak and fish-but the fish is all out. Which'll you have" -Chicago News.

ITS GREATEST VIRTUE. Customer—But that umbrella looks so very cheap and common that the price you ask for it is ridiculous. Dealer-That's the beauty of that umbrella. It's made of the very best material, but made to look as if i' wasn't worth stealing.—Philadelph'

A NATURAL COLLECTOR. "You are fond of pictures?" said the connoisseur.

milk. The idea of such an ailment is "Even when quite young I was fond repugnant to the adult. The desires of making collections of the portraits for sweets, for play, for love and love on paper currency."-Washington

> IMPROVEMENT ON NATURE. Humble Admirer-Are the charac. ters in your book drawn from real

> Haughty Author-Did you ever see such interesting people in real life as my characters?—Somerville Jour-

A CONSIDERATE HUSBAND. "Do you really think I have appen dicities?" said Mr. Meekton. "I must confess that I have fears

in that direction." "Well, there's one comfort anyhow ' It'll be something for my wife tc' brag about to the neighbors."-Wash

OUT OF BUSINESS.

Cobwigger-I hear the storm blew your tent down. Circus Fakir-Worse than that. The rain gave the sword swamower a sore

TROUBLE IN STORE. Young Husband (to wife)—Didn't telegraph you not to bring you mother with you?

Young Wife-I know; that's what she wants to see you about. She ead the telegram!—St. Louis Mirror

BUTTONS WERE ALL RIGHT. "How do you like this sult of

"All right' It would look very

SHE CAN'T GET AWAY. "How do the Biglers manage to keep that hired girl of theirs at such a lonesome place in the country?" "They won't pay her a Plain Dealer.

THE MEAN THING. Miss Sue Perflus Of course, I'm the most popular girl in school, but

. Miss Sharpe-Perhaps it was on account of that little mustache on your apper lip.—Philadelphia Press.

to kiss me.

color glass a violet blue. was borne back to the store—one eye Refrigerator eggs are as wholesom. India exported 19,212,155 bushels that comb torn and bloody, and as fresh eggs for cooking purposes. of wheat during the last ceason.

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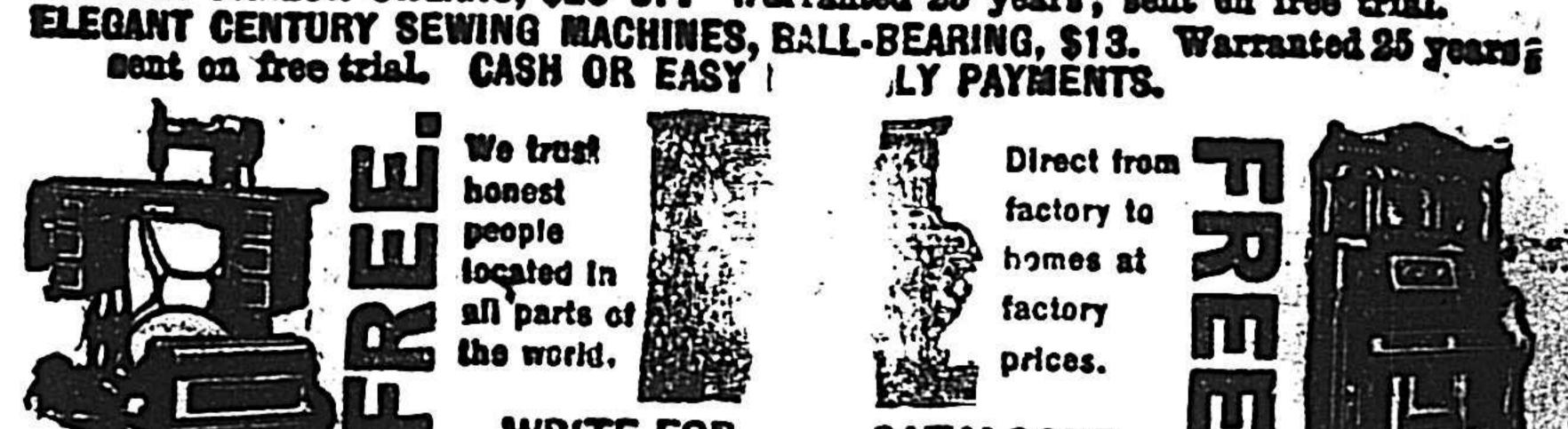
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