

## HUMILITY.

BY D.

In fairest lands along the Tiber's shore  
The silence deepens with advancing night,  
Pale shadows fit and fill the place with awe;  
And make a loop-hole in the firmament  
Below the crescent moon, the heaven's arch.  
The ceaseless play of waters on the strand  
Attunes its music to the fitful winds  
That, in ocean numbers low and sweet,  
Repeat a mighty vesper to the earth.  
A youth alone, disquiet and oppressed,  
With a heavy heart, walks on the sands,  
Is filled with visions of the silent past.  
He sees the tiny eddies at his feet  
In turtive efforts dip, and plunge, and climb  
Along the margin of the stream, as if  
In vain with human sense and skill  
To gain the near yet distant bank beyond;  
But soon, with sudden, unsuspected sway,  
Receding waters sporting with the wave  
Exhaling bear it backward to the rushing tide,  
And on, and on, and on to meet the sea.  
The last effort for a time is left to him,  
Along the river's brink—chance to steal  
The fragrant breath of some sweet, fragile flow'r.  
Till he is seized and a straightway borne upon  
The bounding tide, and lost forever in  
The boundless deep!"

Thus mused the youth in counsel with his soul.  
"Ambition is the whirl-pool of unrest.  
The sacred flame of honor, and of fame,  
Are quenched ere yet they're fairly  
burned.  
Renown is but the bubble of an hour,  
That oft resolves to air before 'tis clasped,  
And love itself is unconstant and unkind,  
And sympathy a phantom of the mind.  
Alas! she may be sumoned to fulfill  
A life like this!" She took one long deep  
From out the sea can never change its depth!"  
And the waters softly echoed a refrain,  
As if to praise the wisdom of the thought.  
More touching far is now their gentle flow;  
And willing to let loose their heart and brain—  
And they are very near!  
O, sweet is life o'er in the hour when man  
Would spurn it most; and sweet the message  
from  
The better world inclining hearts that break,  
And die at that mouri to try the older, safer  
Way which, though it lead through toll and  
pain,  
Is ever sure means of bliss than that  
Torn off by desire of man from the night,  
Faith is over in advance of scorn.  
Now flow the waters gently as before,  
Now sigh the fragrant winds, and musical  
The sound of pebbles on the lonely shore;  
But the human form reclining still its steps  
Shows that a spirit of heaven taught of this;  
Hears naught of nature's teaching heard before.  
O, tiny potent watchman of the soul!  
Whate'er thou be, or faith, or hope, or trust,  
Or likeness of the Great Unknown, implanted  
In the human breast, be thou with me!  
The tides and waves of life's tempestuous sea  
Bear one burden safely to eternity!"

## TINSEL AND GOLD.

BY SARA B. ROSE.

The wide, large kitchen of the Brevoort farmhouse was adorned with a profusion of pink-tinted apple blossoms, pearly cherry blossoms, and the bright pink flowers of the peach, while a large blue pitcher stood on the mantel filled with rose-scented peonies, yellow daffodils, and all the garden flowers of that loveliest of all seasons, perfect May.

Myrtle Brevoort had been busy for more than an hour at the work of adornment, and now that she had finished and the 5 o'clock supper was being discussed, every one must have a word to say about the handiwork of the 16-year-old maiden.

"There is a bushel of my Genesee Flower apples, the same amount of cherries, and at least a crate of Early York peaches sacrificed to the caprices of this wasteful damsel," said Farmer Brevoort, stroking fondly the golden curls of his much-loved only daughter.

"Harley Martine is expected, I guess," laughed the 13-year-old son of the house. "Mert is always prinked up when he is coming."

Myrtle colored slightly and glanced slyly across the table, where sat a young exquisite from Lockhart, the young city near. He was her aunt's stepson, Alvin Audly, and, although almost affianced to Harley Martine, she wished to see how Tommy's words affected him.

They did not seem to move him so much as they did her Aunt Augusta, who sat near him. She smiled a little superciliously, and said, half scornfully:

"So Myrtle is about to take up with a farmer. I had higher aims for her."

"I only hope she may do as well as to take up with Harley Martine," replied Mr. Brevoort, bluntly. "There is not a finer young man in the State."

"And there is nothing in the world between them to warrant such silly jests as yours, Tommy," said Mrs. Brevoort, sharply, to her hopeful son, for she secretly sympathized with what she believed her sister's higher aims for her daughter.

The kind farmer smiled at his ruffled spouse, and then said, laughing:

"There, there, Sarah, don't look so vexed, Harley will not trouble you. He started for New York this morning, upon some business for his father, and will not be back in some time."

Myrtle looked up quickly. She felt a little guilty, for she had allowed herself to be a little dazzled by the glitter and tinsel of her stylish aunt and her dainty cousin.

Mr. Brevoort noticed his daughter's glance, and said, in answer to the question in her eyes:

"He stopped at the field where I was working and told me about it, and he also sent his respects to Mrs. and Miss Brevoort."

"Ah," replied Mrs. Brevoort, but her daughter turned whiter than the dress she wore.

Myrtle did not imagine how deeply Hartley Martine had been hurt by the change in his little sweetheart since the advent of the stylish Alvin Audly; while she thought he could not care much for her, since he could leave the neighborhood without even bidding her "good-by."

A mist dimmed the deep, blue eyes for a few minutes, and then she turned a more attentive ear to the blandishments of her aunt and the attentions of the carefully attired Alvin.

Hartley Martine little thought what that little act of omission was to cost him, or the fearful sorrow he might have spared sweet, confiding little Myrtle by remaining by her side.

When they returned to the parlor Myrtle sat down on a low stool at her aunt's feet, and listened, as she told her of the grandeur of her home in the city, where Myrtle had never been, until her childish brain was almost fascinated by the tale.

"Sarah, why may not Myrtle accompany us home? We should dearly love to have her, and I assure you Alvin would do everything to make her visit pleasant, for he thinks the world of her."

Mrs. Brevoort, to whom the words were addressed, did not reply for a moment, but then she said:

"It would please me much to have

her go, for it is hardly the place for a young lady here; but I do not know what her father would say, and, besides, her wardrobe would need replenishing."

"What of that!" exclaimed Mrs. Audly. "Town is the place to purchase new frocks, and it would but be pastime for me to go shopping for her."

"I know," replied her sister. "But I will have to see what Mr. Brevoort says; and surely you are not thinking of drawing your visit to a close?"

"I do not know; it will be altogether as Alvin decides. He may wish to return any day."

"I will speak to Mr. Brevoort this evening, then, Augusta."

"That is a sensible woman," ejaculated Mrs. Audly. "You can not wish your modest and lovely Myrtle to marry a common farmer."

Sarah Brevoort knew exactly what was in her sister's mind, and she herself would not object to an alliance for her daughter with one so seemingly influential and rich as Alvin Audly.

But Farmer Brevoort was of a different stamp, and had frequently expressed a very unfattering opinion of Alvin Audly, which, however, Mrs. Brevoort carefully kept to herself; and, if the truth must be told, he had a much truer insight into the character of his visitors than did his wife, although a sister of the wealthy Mrs. Audly.

Did you ever meet a person who, if he became possessed of a thing, believed that article instantly doubled in value? Did you ever know a woman who, if she had a 6-cent calico wash dress, would always speak of it as her "navy-blue suit?" If you ever did, then you have witnessed one of the most innocent traits of Augusta Audly's character.

And it never entered into the simple head of Sarah Brevoort that there might be an object hidden somewhere under all this sweetness.

Myrtle and her mother had to plead a long time before Mr. Brevoort would give his consent to a visit to the city; but, unfortunately, he did give it, and Myrtle went to spend some months in the city of Lockhart with her aunt.

There was another scene when they returned to Mrs. Audly.

"What! turned you into the street and never gave you a single cent?" she screamed. "That little idiot will not live upon me."

"That's what I thought," said Alvin, turning half-angrily upon Myrtle. "You had better have stayed at home than to have come back here."

"She sha'n't stay here," shrieked Mrs. Audly, vehemently.

"Where will she stay, then? I haven't got a cent, and you coaxed me into this scrape. I never wanted to marry her."

And then she sank into a deep unconsciousness.

When she awoke, Mrs. Audly sat by the bedside, and spoke a little more decently to poor Myrtle, who was half stunned.

Myrtle made no reply, and from thin and glossy satins, and rusty cotton velvets, with the cheapest of cheap lace, sprang dresses which Mrs. Audly described on the bill to be sent to Mr. Brevoort:

To one velvet dress trimmed with point lace.....\$150.00  
To one wine-colored satin and lace.....100.00  
And so on throughout the lengthy bill until the sum total would have horrified unsophisticated Myrtle, had her eye rested upon that document. But it did not, and she simple soul thought how kind it was of her aunt to get her such high-named dresses so cheaply, and to make them herself so that her father might be spared the cost.

In the meanwhile Alvin pressed his suit with vigor, and thinking that Harley had left her forever she gave at last a reluctant consent, provided her parents were willing.

Be sure, she could not quite convince herself that she loved Alvin, but her aunt told her that was an exploded notion, and pictured to her in brilliant colors the life she would lead when she was mistress of the mansion upon the avenue.

Frequent walks were made past this brown stone palace, with Alvin by her side, and at length, when her new frocks were all completed, her aunt proposed her parents' will.

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"I'm afraid papa will be angry."

"Oh, no, he will not," returned the proud mother. "I never saw him angry but once in my life."

But fate willed it that she was to see him angry the second time. Mr. Brevoort drove around to the Postoffice on his way home, and there received a letter from his affectionate sister-in-law,

which informed him that she had prepared Myrtle's bridal trousseau at the least possible expense consistent with Alvin's position in society, together with the to him exorbitant bill of \$1,000.

The result of this masterly stroke of Mrs. Audly was that, after immediately sending her a check, the farmer drove home in a white heat of anger.

The first person he met was his promising son-in-law, idling upon the piazza, and Mr. Brevoort strode up to him with lightning flashing from his eyes.

"Is it true, you infernal hound, that you have married my daughter?"

Alvin stammered out something, but the enraged father waited for no lengthy reply.

"Take your wife and baggage, sir, and begone from my house in ten minutes, or I will thrash the ground with your cowardly carcass."

Alvin turned as white as a sheet, but he made no reply, and Mr. Brevoort walked into the parlor where sat his trembling daughter, who had heard all that had been said. He picked her up in his arms as if she had been a child, and the strong man wept aloud.

"My precious sunshine," he sobbed. "How could you be married without your father's consent? But I will say no more. I was more to blame than yourself; but I never, never dreamed of this."

And then thoughts of Mrs. Audly's course came to his mind, and he burst out again.

"Myrtle," said he, "you always have a home in your father's house, but I will never have the son of that woman under my roof, and you must now decide whether you will stay with me or go with him."

He put her into the chair once more, and, through her tears, Myrtle at last gasped out:

"I will go with my husband."

At this moment Mrs. Brevoort and Alvin appeared at the door.

"Well, are you going, or will you stay?" asked Alvin, who was all prepared to depart.

"Spoken like the villain I believe you to be," said Mr. Brevoort. "Myrtle, my child, when that man deserts you, come home to your father."

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"What! turned you into the street and never gave you a single cent?" she screamed. "That little idiot will not live upon me."

"Well, for a mean old grumbler, you take the whole bakery," said the boy, as he picked up a rolling pin as though he wanted to maul the grocer.

"You have got about as much charity about you as a goat. You ought to be put on exhibition at a museum as the champion mean man of the nineteenth century. I could excuse you for finding fault with anything I have ever done, but this; but when you abuse poor Sisters of Charity, meek angels of mercy, you are beneath even the contempt of a bad boy. Those ladies are the purest of their sex, devoting their lives to doing good, with no hope of reward except when they die. Those ladies are two of the Little Sisters of the Poor, and they care tenderly for old people who have no homes, no money, and no friends. They are getting money to put on an addition to their building, and pa gave them \$10, and I told pa I would like to take a little stock in that scheme myself, and he said I could if I wanted to, and so I happened to meet them and told them I had rather have \$2 stock in their mine than to buy pools in a base-ball match, and had won a dollar, you would have given me credit for being awful smart. You would have said I had a head on me like a chief justice, and yet I would have been only a plain, common gambler, like yourself. I would have felt mean as you do now. You lost your money on the base-ball match, and feel mad at everybody, and abuse Sisters of Charity, ladies who are always the first to appear at any scene of accident or calamity, to soothe the last hours of the sick or afflicted. Your investment in base-ball pools makes you a dyspeptic grumbler, who looks upon the whole world as a colossal swindle. My investment in stock in the enterprise of caring for old people that are homeless makes me happy, and all the world seems to me bright on this pleasant morning. I may never get a dividend on my stock that will show up at the bank, but if you and I should start for heaven this afternoon, and you should present your base-ball pool ticket to St. Peter at the gate, and I should have nothing with me but the reflection of the heavenly smile of that Sister of Charity that I gave the two dollars to, which of us do you think St. Peter would take the most stock in? He would fire you out, and if he didn't let me in, he would at least steer me on to some place where there was a hole in the fence about my size. And if the pool-seller that you invested your money with, had sent up his books to St. Peter, to be looked over, and the Little Sisters of the Poor had sent their books, which book laid you rather your name would be found in. Now, I guess you are about as ashamed of yourself as you ever will be, and if you want to chip in toward the Sisters of Charity, and help along the scheme as I sort of apology for your unkind remarks about the good Sisters, I think I could catch up with them down there by the Postoffice somewhere, and give it to them, and say that the nice old gentleman who keeps the grocery had sent it."

"All right; here's \$5," said the grocery man, as he pulled out a leather wallet and began to unroll it, spilling some old pool tickets on the counter.

"Give it to them as coming from the blamdest old fool in Wisconsin, but don't say anything about the conversation."

And the grocery man handed the money to the bad boy, who went out on a run looking for the Sisters, while the grocery man took his pool tickets and tore them up and threw them out the back door, and said:

"Well, that boy beats 'em all."

"Peck's Sun."

Prevention of Pneumonia.

Oxygen is the agent by which food is oxygenated to repair the waste of the system, and is equally the agent whereby the effete matter is fitted to be removed by the lungs and kidneys. This agent, so doubly essential to life and health, is taken up by the lungs from the inhaled air. The amount necessary is about equal to the amount of food.

In pneumonia, at its second stage, there is an exudation into some portion of the lungs. This speedily solidifies and completely fills up the air cells. So rapidly may this take place, that two pounds of such solid matter may be deposited in twelve hours, or less. Hence the reason why pneumonia is sometimes so quickly fatal. In case of recovery, this matter softens, is absorbed into the circulation, and eliminated by the proper organs, leaving the lungs unharmed.

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The old are predisposed to it from the changes which age effects in the lungs and chest walls; and so are the very young, from the undeveloped condition of their breathing powers.

But the ease-loving, high-living, middle-aged gentlemen are liable to it from their habits of life; and so are the sedentary, from very different habits, but which equally keep the inhaled oxygen unequal to the bodily waste.