

THE KEEPSAKE KISS.

BY NATHAN D. URBAN.

Fare thee well, and fare thee sweetly!
And, since we must shortly sever,
Name some keepsake that shall meetly
Symbolize our love forever.
Gaud of gold or costly jewel,
Which, my true love, shall it be?
"Ah!" she murmurs, "that were cruel,
These would be unworthy thee."

Name it, then, before we sunder—
Gift that ne'er will fade or perish.
Is there naught on earth or under
That for love of me would'st cherish?
Over it to thrill and linger
When my face is far away?
"Yes!" and the uplifted finger
Bids me listen to her say.

"Give me but one sacred kiss, love,
And while on my lips it hovers
Breathe a silent vow by this, love,
Ne'er while heaven the round earth covers
To bestow on other woman
What by right belongs to me;
So, with love intense and human,
Still my heart shall beat for thee."

Angel wife! so much to offer,
For a gift so poor and simple,
When each kiss my soul shall proffer
Mouth, cheek, brow, or charming dimple
Can but breathe its worship gently—
Love, faith, hope, and truth eterne,
If thy heart but list intensely
To the words that live and burn.

Take, then, with this kiss that settles
On thy lips' imperial blossom
What I pledge between the petals
To thy pure and saintly bosom—
Faithfulness to thee completely,
Ne'er from thy fond heart to stray;
Fare thee well, and fare thee sweetly!
Now, my love, I must away.

THE COLONEL'S STORY.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES MONTFORD.

"No dog was at the threshold, great or small;
No pigeon on the roof—no household creature,
No cat demurely dozing on the wall,
Not one domestic feature.

"The centipede along the threshold crept,
The cobweb hung across its mazy tangle,
And in its winding-sheet the maggot slept,
At every nook and angle."
—Hood.

"The person who passed through the war
without meeting adventures which thrilled
his blood, or mysteries which chilled it,
must have been a very queer individual."
"We all met with adventures enough,
Colonel," I replied; "but they fitted past
so vaguely that very little is remembered
by the great majority. What was noticed
has now become historical. Every table
groans beneath the weight of that great
mass."

"Umph!" said he, sitting down in his
chair. "But what is to become of the mass
of events which the historians of to-day
would swear at, eh?"

"That must furnish entertainment for
those who will listen. But I see you have
a story; I'm not one of the sneerers, I
promise you."

"Well," said the old gentleman, laugh-
ingly, "the tale will diminish in the telling,
but I will relate it plainly."

"There was an old ruined house upon
the plantation of a gentleman named Mur-
ray, in Tennessee, which had gained a
celebrity for being the harboring place of
the spirit of a giant soldier, who was said
to have fallen under disgraceful circum-
stances during the War of Independence."

"The gentleman who owned the place at
the date I am speaking of disclaimed all
knowledge of the ghastly warrior, and, in-
deed, scouted the idea altogether."

"The house, which I shall attempt to de-
scribe after a moment, had been erected by
a gentleman of French descent called Gas-
ton; but whether that was a family name or
not I do not know."

"According to the story, he had two sons,
and, as very often happens in romances,
they both loved a lady, the daughter of a
neighboring thane."

"The elder son was unsuccessful in his
suit, his brother marrying the lady and
bringing her home to his father's house."

"As might naturally be expected, the dis-
appointed suitor became very jealous of his
brother's good fortune, and, being of a fiery
disposition, his anger rankled into a stern
determination to be revenged."

"Both young men were patriotic, and im-
mediately joined the revolutionary forces at
the first ringing of the bell of freedom."

"Gaston, as I shall call the elder, con-
cealed his hatred from his brother; but,
watching his opportunity, killed him."

"Accounts differ as to the circumstances,
but the act was so cautiously carried out
that no one suspected Gaston of the crime
except his brother's wife, who was probably
in possession of knowledge which satisfied
her as to the real assassin."

"Soon after his brother's death Gaston
returned to the plantation to pass a few
weeks with the bereaved family."

"Then it was that his brother's wife ac-
cused him distinctly of the crime, and
warned him of exposure as soon as his
mother, who had become very ill upon re-
ceiving news of her son's death, recovered,
and was able to sustain this still more ter-
rible disclosure."

"The several narrators whom I have heard
relate the legend give a very full account of
the scene, and Gaston's uncomfortable
position after the accusation."

"However, upon finding that neither
threats nor promises could restrain her
tongue, he watches his opportunity until he
finds her one night in a solitary part of the
mansion, when he strangles her neatly,
and buries the corpse in the cellar beneath
the house."

"There is great excitement the next day,
and a strict search is instituted, but without
a satisfactory result, and the family at last
decide that the young lady has, in a mo-
ment of mental disorder, thrown herself
into the lake (a very beautiful sheet of
water, which I have seen) not far distant
from the plantation."

"Soon after, Gaston returns to the army;
but his good fortune has deserted him.
His guilty conscience preys upon his body
and mind, and in a slight skirmish he dis-
plays the most unmistakable cowardice."

"As a fitting close to his career he is
court-martialed, found guilty of cowardice
and treason, and executed by martial law."

"Such is the substance of the story I have
heard related several times. The negroes
who dwell within a dozen miles of the
ruined house firmly believe the legend, with
all its embellishments, and no sum of
money would bribe them to enter the house
after nightfall, and even under the full
light of the sun they look upon the place
with awe."

"In 1862 I was stationed for the space of
three months at a point about half a mile
from the Gaston ruin, and passed it regu-
larly several times a week."

"It was a low, weather-beaten structure,
entirely dismantled, and overgrown by
creeping vegetation, which was fostered by

the dampness of its situation; for it had
been built in a hollow, but little above the
level of the lake, which was about a mile
distant.

"It extended back for a considerable dis-
tance, but had, in the daytime at least, noth-
ing romantic in its appearance."

"I often wished to pay a visit to the in-
side, but leisure was wanting for a long
time."

"But one afternoon, shortly before sun-
down, I was returning to my barracks by
the road which passed the house, when one
of those sudden thunder-storms so com-
mon in the country arose."

"I was entirely unprovided for it, and as
the huge drops pattered upon my head,
while the play of lightning overhead was
startling from its intensity, I forced my
horse through the thin hedge that fenced
the premises."

"The ruin now bore a different aspect.
The bright flashes of lightning seemed to
burn their way through the walls for an in-
stant, only to be followed by gloom still
more terrible."

"I felt a tremor of fear as I dragged the
unwilling steed in through the broken walls,
and I was not made more comfortable by
the groaning of timbers, and falling wood
inside."

"Leading the horse into one corner,
where he would be protected by the wall
from the full force of the storm, I crouched
down at his side."

"The storm which followed was terrible;
the rain fell in sheets, the thunder was al-
most deafening, and the wind seemed
determined to tear the crime-concealing
walls from their foundations."

"My horse was a young animal, and had
become very excitable. I found myself
liable to be crushed by him at any moment,
and was at last forced to leave the shelter
which his body promised, and creep away
through the darkness to some further corner
of the building, out of the reach of his
heels."

"The floor was full of pitfalls; but, tak-
ing a quick glance at my surroundings by
the momentary flashes of lightning, I
neared the opposite side, where a portion
of the upper floor which still remained
would shield me from the storm."

"Suddenly there was a blaze of flame,
under which I shrank back appalled."

"It came just in time, however, for in
front of me, and yawning before my feet, was
a large ragged hole in the broken floor."

"At the same instant caught a glimpse
of a tall figure not more than three feet
distant."

"His features became so impressed upon
my mind in that instantaneous glance that,
had I known him for years, the knowledge
would have added nothing to his descrip-
tion."

"A very tall man, with a dark face, ex-
ceedingly handsome, but with wild-looking
eyes, that curdled the blood in my veins.
I shivered with apprehension, and, with a
scarcely human cry, the specter, as in that
fearful moment I thought it to be, leaped
across the chasm and seized me by the
throat."

"I struggled with the desperation of mad-
ness to release myself; but, whatever his
appearance might be, the muscles seemed
formed of steel."

"He forced me backward toward the
hole; but the instant I was falling the floor
gave way, and we fell downward into the
gloomy cellar beneath."

"The storm did not continue long," said
the Colonel, after a short silence, "and the
horse found his way out of the building and
to his quarters."

"When I awoke from my faint I found
half a dozen of the boys bending over me."

"I lay upon my back in a pool of water in
the cellar of Gaston's house."

"I related my story before I was well out
of the place, and from the ill-disguised
grins with which it was heard I realized that
my veracity was suspected. I never re-
lated my difficulties of the night afterward."

"It is my opinion that the tall specter was
some adherent of the Southern cause, who
had sought shelter there for the same rea-
sons as myself."

"At any rate, it added another legend to
the house of Gaston."

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

Reunions of army organizations call to
mind old associations, and thrill me often
with recollections of my experiences during
the war. I have noticed since its close the
popular impression exists that at Shiloh
the entire army was routed, and fell back
in the fore part of the day, and that no part
of that grand army held the enemy to ex-
ceed two hours.

Now, sir, from my standpoint, in com-
mon with a part of my brigade, members
of the Seventy-first Ohio, Fifty-fifth Illi-
nois, and the Fifty-fourth Ohio; we saw
matters in a very different light, and as no
historian or General has done us justice for
what we did on April 6, I deem it my duty
to correct the impression, and let the world
know what a mere skirmish line accom-
plished without reserves or artillery."

Our camp was amid a peach orchard in
bloom. We had been there some three
weeks, doing fancy band-box duty. As a
few straws or leaves accumulated in camp
a detail was made to clear it. Hence we
had made no preparation for the reception
of the enemy. Although the flower of the
rebel army lay some twenty miles away, in
command of one of their ablest generals,
we had no pickets out."

"It was quite early on that memorable
lovely morning of April 6, 1862, that heavy
cannonading was heard far down to the
right from our camp. It increased rapidly
and seemed to near us. My brigade con-
sisted of the Seventy-first Ohio on the right,
the Fifty-fifth Illinois in the center, and
the Fifty-fourth Ohio on the left, and was
the First Brigade of Sherman's Division.
When we took our places at the front our
brigade was isolated from the rest of the
division, and sent to the extreme left flank
to guard a ford on Lick Creek. The re-
mainder of the division was sent to the
right. Our position was on the nearest
ridge, a little over on the north side. Every
part commanded the ford. The creek ran
in a northeasterly direction into the Ten-
nessee, and our line was nearly parallel
with that river for some miles. A ledge of
rocks on the south side rendered it impos-
sible for an army in column to cross except
at this ford."

At 9:30 a. m. we could begin to hear mus-
ketry, and we were all in line, eager for the
 fray. At 10 a. m. we were saluted by a
 twelve-pound battery, on the bluff; we
 hugged mother earth, but they threw the
 shot into the tree-tops. Very soon a little
 party of 10 a. m. General Chalmers, at the
 head of his brigade, passed at the ford
 and did not attempt to cross, but moved
 down the creek until the center of his com-
 mand rested on our left flank, and concen-

trated his fire upon our line. We had to
get out of that, as a "military necessity,"
or soon they would have saved us the
trouble. In that we were outgeneralled."

We moved over to the next ridge north.
He moved back and crossed the ford, and
ordered a halt in a valley, at some twenty
rods distant. Now, reader, our skirmish
line was strung out the length of two reg-
iments, the Fifty-fifth Illinois and the Fifty-
fourth Ohio, and they covered our front
with a full battle line, with a gap on our
right, left by the Seventy-first Ohio. Such
was the situation in David Stuart's brigade
when the ball opened."

David Stuart was acting as Brigadier;
Scott, Lieutenant Colonel; Oscar Malm-
burg was acting Colonel of the Fifty-fifth
Illinois; C. F. Thurston Adjutant, and N.
P. Sanger Major. I saw our position would
allow them to flank us easily. My position
in line happened to be in the rear of an oak
tree four feet thick. It might have been
ordained to grow there before the world be-
gan for our benefit. It proved a splendid
"minie halter," and several stepped in rear of
it to load and deployed to fire. The rebels were
partly ambushed by young bushes and dead
leaves, the color of their uniforms, so that
after the first fire I could see naught but a
line of smoke, although the musketry was a
solid roar, mingled with peals from the
batteries."

I will notice some incidents as I proceed,
as they occurred. After a half hour they
seemed to fall back, and our company's
officers rushed forth and called to us to
"Come on, they are retreating." Soon a
volley from the second relief sent them
back. The enemy was relieved at inter-
vals of half hours all through."

Some of the boys in my company had
boasted before they were near the enemy
that when they should be in action we would
not see them crouching behind logs and
stumps, but they would stand out in bold
relief. Glancing to my right I saw Ser-
geant S. D. Cronchrest. I said, "Stephen,
you are a splendid mark." At that instant
he fell, and such was the fate of nearly all
who did likewise."

As the south wind cleared the smoke, I
saw that many brave boys had fallen. One
of my shoes was covered by clotted blood.
I looked to the rear, and there Mr. Ford
lay, his head in reach of my feet, a mass of
blood. I said to myself he is surely dead,
but he afterward turned up, recovered."

After some two and a half hours of fight-
ing a breeze cleared away the smoke in
front, and I saw some eight or ten rebels in
a clump of bushes flaunting their colors. It
made my blood boil, and I said now is my
opportunity. I brought my gun to the side
of the tree and fired twelve well-directed
rounds at the color-bearer, praying he would
take one or more of them to heart, and at
last the colors fell to earth."

The battle raged and both parties stood
where they did at first. I and nearly all of
our men had eighty rounds of balls, and by
this time our boys had acquired confidence
and felt that we could hold the fort if the
good Lord or somebody would bring car-
tridges, for ours were growing few, and the
rebels kept up a bold front. Our water had
given out and there was not a cracker in
the party. We had left them all in camp
for the Johnnies, and I doubt if they
thanked us for them."

After six hours of terrible fighting our
skirmish line said, "If you come over this
line you will come over us dead." I no-
ticed the firing in parts of our line was less.
I knew then some were out of cartridges. I
had three left. I looked around and found
I was alone on the line; all had leaped to
the rear. I fired my last ball and followed
them, and found them trying to drink a
creek dry. I helped them. We then moved
up the steep hill, Indian file. Our company
cook fell beside a big tree and we left him
for dead, but he turned up all right in due
time."

When we were half-way up they showered
us with balls. On the top of the ridge
Colonel Malmburg formed us, a handful of
boys, in a hollow square. We all thought
we were to be sacrificed to the enemy, but
as soon as they saw the square they ceased
firing. We remained a short time, until
we saw them ranging a battery at us, when
Colonel Malmburg moved us slowly toward
the landing, getting something to eat on the
way, and we finally met the cheering news
that General Nelson, of Buell's command,
had arrived across the river, and would
cross as fast as possible. Cheers rang
through the forest."

It was then near five o'clock, and all was
quiet in the woods, as all the balance of the
army had fallen back hours before. We
moved back to the deep ravine that Grant
speaks of as the place where the second at-
tempt to turn his flank occurred, and we
supported the siege guns on the line a half
mile from the landing. This line was es-
tablished as a military necessity quite early
in the day, as the army commenced to fall
back, under orders of Webster, Chief of
Artillery, and was composed of guns in
sections. I say there was no water in this
ravine as per General Grant's story."

On Saturday, at 6 p. m., it began to rain,
and the rebels made their debut across the
run at the same hour, and formed a line.
Our folks did not molest them until they
opened with some twelve-pounders. Two
volleys and then a volley from our entire
line silenced them, and we heard no more
from our neighbors."

There was no sleep for us that night, as
every fifteen minutes our gunboats on the
river sent a shell creeping through the tree-
tops, while the rain poured in solid sheets,
and at daylight it was still raining. At 8 a.
m. we were relieved, and near the landing
we had the best breakfast I ever ate."

Roll-call told a sad tale; our company
left camp Sunday morning with fifty-seven
men, and to answer in their place now
were but nine. After all was over we were
introduced to Stuart as his "immortal nine,"
and all the regiment was drawn up in line
before Sherman's headquarters, and re-
ceived quite a demonstration."

A few days after, part of my brigade
marched out in front eight miles to a rebel
hospital. As we rested in a valley a flag of
truce came over the hill, borne by some
dozen rebels, members of the regiment that
engaged us on Sunday, the 6th. We soon
entered into conversation about the battle,
and many questions were asked; in fact, all
hatred was forgotten, and it was the most
interesting inquiry meeting I ever attended.
They asked what kind of guns made a hole
in them big enough to throw a rabbit
through. They were most eager to know
if our men were not all in line on the
ridge. They explained to us that some
half hour after the ball opened they urged
Chalmers to chase that skirmish line and
take it. He paid no attention until they
grew desperate, when he said it was sim-
ply a Yankee trick; that the deep ravine in
our rear was full of Yanks, and we were
trying to pull the wool over their eyes and
draw them in to charge. They also said
Chalmers had orders to take his command

to the left flank of the Union army, and
wipe out a small brigade at the ford, then
to go on to the landing, and destroy all the
transport trains, and all the appurte-
nances of Lincoln's army. He would then
have been in the rear, the front would have
been taken care of, and they would have
had it all in a nutshell.—Scotty, in Chicago
Ledger.

Foster, the Medium.

Some years ago, when Foster was
giving sittings on Girard street at \$5 a
sit, he was visited by a friend of mine,
a man of intellect and common sense,
and yet when he came away he was in a
completely dazed condition of mind,
not knowing what to think about what
he had witnessed. Let me relate one
thing that amazed him. He was ushered
into a small reception-room and told to
write his name on a piece of paper and
with his own hands seal it in an envelope.
He sat down before the only table in the
room and wrote his name—we will assume
it to be John Smith—as directed, taking care
to so conceal the writing that it could not be
seen from above or from any other di-
rection. He placed it in an envelope, sealed
it and held it in one hand. The attendant
then withdrew. In a few moments Foster
entered and eyed his visitor with a piercing
glance, as though reading his innermost
thoughts. Suddenly extending his right hand,
he ejaculated, "How are you, Mr. John
Smith?"

The visitor started back in surprise,
as he was certain Foster had never seen
him before. "How do you know my name?"
he wonderingly inquired. In deep tones
Foster replied: "It is written in my blood." With that he
bared his left arm to the elbow, and seizing
the still sealed envelope from Mr. Smith's
hand, crumpled it vigorously over the under
and tender part of his arm. Over that mem-
ber spread a glow through which bright
crimson lines appeared, and in a few mo-
ments, emblazoned on the arm in fiery let-
ters of blood, was the name of "John
Smith." The amazed visitor, at Foster's
invitation, tried to wash the letters out
with water, but the more he rubbed the
brighter they became, until he was con-
vinced—which was the fact—that the let-
ters were beneath the skin and were caused
by the man's own blood. Wonderful you say,
and that is what I said when I first heard of it.
But I didn't believe it was supernatural, for
the very simple reason that if disembodied
spirits are roaming around us they have cer-
tainly something better to do than to be
writing names on men's arms in order to
enable a lazy scoundrel to put a five-dollar
note in his swelling purse. Now that I know
how the trick was done I am surprised only
at its simplicity."

In the first place, Foster has to ascer-
tain his visitor's name. This he did by a
simple device. When Mr. Smith sat at the
only table in the room he was unaware that
beneath the writing pad was what is called
"copying paper," an oiled and blackened
sheet, which, when placed beneath the paper
one is writing upon, conveys the impression
to another piece of paper beneath it. The
same kind of paper is used in making dupli-
cate copies in type writing. A hard pencil
was placed where Mr. Smith would pick it
up, and in order to write his name he uncon-
sciously bore down upon the copying paper.
The attendant expertly withdrew the copy
and carried it to his employer. Now to pre-
pare for the blood act."

Bare your arm to the elbow. In the
right hand hold a thin piece of steel, but
with a slightly rounded edge that will not
cut. As you probably do not possess such an
instrument, take a portion of a very stiff
visiting or business card, and bearing its
edges rather hard upon the under portion of
your arm, follow the outlines of any letters
you choose. The result will be barely-dis-
cernible white lines that soon pass away.
Five minutes later, with your hand on a
crumpled piece of paper, rub that portion of
your arm as vigorously as you can, and you
will be surprised when you see the letters
you have outlined appearing beneath the skin
in the full vividness of your own blood. Now
you see what Foster did. He marked the
name "John Smith" on his arm, drew down
his shirt sleeve, put on his coat, and walked
into the reception room. His rubbing the
envelope over the arm was simply intended
to delude John Smith with the belief that
his name was conveyed from the inclosed
paper to Foster's blood. Simple, isn't it? Yet
it is far more complex than most of the
mediumistic tricks. There are endless vari-
eties of the deception."

How STRANGE it is that ideas in vari-
ous parts of the globe are so contradictory!
For instance, take the question of girls.
In spite of our advancing ideas we have a
general conviction that girls should not be
put to very hard work. We shield them if we
can. In Asia and Africa, on the contrary,
in spite of all we are always hearing of
lazy lives of women in those countries, an
old belief prevails that they were born to
labor. The same is true in many parts of
Germany. In Turkestan and on the Tartar
steppes the Kirghese sultans and their daugh-
ters, in whose veins flows the blood of long
lines of kings, still milk the sheep, cows,
and goats, and perform the menial duties of
the household. They reverse the order of
things. The mother wears silk and the daugh-
ter calico; the mother cultivates accom-
plishments and the daughter does the drudg-
ery; in fact, they really consider the mother
entitled to the best of everything! Such is it
to be uncivilized. There the mother is at
home in the drawing-room and the daugh-
ter in the kitchen, and we would look in
vain for the fashionable and well-educated
girl to scorn her mother. What a blessed
state of affairs!

HUMOR.

A MAN may have no ear for music,
yet have a mind to play.

THE spring-time of life—when you
discover a bent pin under you.

A VERY plain and plainly dressed
girl may cut a swell. All that is neces-
sary is to refuse to recognize him.—
Boston Courier.

EMPLOYER: "Don't you see what's
on the door?" Pat: "A bit of paper,
sur." Employer: "It says, 'Please
shut the door.'" Pat: "Faith, I
didn't hear it, sur."

CUSTOMER in restaurant: "Waiter,
this chicken soup has feathers in it."
Waiter: "Yes, sah. If yo' want soup
made outer chickens dat am old 'nough
to be bald, sah, yo'll have to go to some
odder establishment."

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know if
it is proper to urge a young lady to
sing at an evening gathering after she
has refused once. It is proper to urge
a little, but not too much, least she
should change her mind.

SO WITTY a compliment is rarely
made as that of Sidney Smith to his
friends, Mrs. Tighe and Mrs. Cuffe:
"Ah! there you are—the cuff that every
one would be glad to wear, and the tie
that no one would lose."

WHAT IS THE USE?
Why should we fret, why should we sigh,
What is the use of repining?
Every dark cloud that comes into our sky
Is a cloud with a silver lining.
—Boston Courier.

ONE of the most characteristic stories
told about Mr. W. E. Forster turns on
his whist-playing. Mr. Payn, the nov-
elist, is an enthusiastic whist-player,
while Mr. Forster only "joined in"
when some one was wanted to make up
a rubber. On one occasion they were
partners, and Mr. Forster was playing
excrucially. For a time Mr. Payn kept
his temper, as in the circumstances
good players find it hard to do; but at
last he broke down and looked things
unutterable. His partner saw what was
wrong, and came to Mr. Payn's rescue.
"Say anything you like," he said,
genially; "if you think it would relieve
you, call me Buckshot!"—St. James'
Gazette.

INCONSTANCY.
The soft, inconstant, plashing rain
Beats warmly on the window pane,
Then ceases altogether.
The jealous clouds oppose in vain;
The sun shines brightly out again—
And that is April weather.
With such a gush of sudden tears,
A young, romantic maiden hears
Her pa dismiss poor Harry.
But soon the cloudy weather clears.
She smiles again, when there appears
A richer man to marry.
—Somerville Journal.

SOME papers are criticising the Pres-
ident because in a recent message he
used the phrase "innocuous desuetude."
We do not think this is fair. If Mr.
Cleveland wants to turn clear back to
the hind part of the dictionary and
take out a pair of such words it isn't
any one's business. There is no proof
that he skipped any of the book in
hunting them up; doubtless he has
studied it all the way through till he
came to them. We have ourself ex-
plored back in that part of the book to
a certain extent and can say that the
President might have done much worse.
In the comparatively unsettled terri-
torial portions of Webster's dictionary,
chiefly used as stock ranges for the
elephas Indicus, the chrysocloris
capensis, and the thin and hardy
pterodactyl, there are words which it
would have been much more difficult
for a large man like him to have caught
and halter broken than "innocuous
desuetude," and also ones which would
have had a much worse effect on the
Senate. Let the President continue his
great camp hunt among the fastnesses
of the English language undisturbed.
—Estelline Bell.

Recognition of Favours.

Gratitude is a grace by far too rarely
found. The story of the lepers in
a book which reveals not only more of
the divine nature, but more of human
nature, than any other, represents the
usual sad disproportion of gratitude in
the world. The lepers were peculiar
in the misfortune of leprosy, but not
peculiar in the other misfortune of in-
gratitude. Every feeling grows by ex-
pression; hence we should strive to in-
crease our appreciation of favors by
every possible acknowledgement of
them. Yet a great many favors are
habitually accepted by us as a matter
of course, and if not entirely unac-
knowledgeed, are very carelessly and
indifferently received."

A domestic said once, in speaking of
a deceased mistress with respect and
affection, "It was a pleasure to do any-
thing for her, for whatever it was,
great or small, she always had a bright
smile, and a hearty 'Thank you.'"

"Why do you suppose Madam B—
has so many friends?" asked a young
girl about an aged lady who received
a great many visits and tokens of re-
membrance. "Everybody seems to
like her."

"I can give you one reason," answered
her aunt; "she is always grateful for
every kindness, and shows that she ap-
preciates even the slightest favor,—a
flower, the loan of a book, whatever it
may be—by a prompt and heartfelt
recognition of any attention, any per-
sonal thoughtfulness on the part of
others."

If you are a wise man, you will treat
the world as the moon treats it. Show
only one side of yourself, seldom show
yourself too much at a time, and let
what you show be calm, cool, and pol-
ished. But look at every side of the
world.

JUST think of the brilliant field that
old Noah had for a fish story, with not
a witness of his efforts; but he wasn't
up to the times.—Germantown Inde-
pendent.