

A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him: yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinges his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said,
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it; do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joys you may import?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them: trust the harvest Giver,
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

PLEADINGS OF A CHILD.

By Harriet Lane Wallace.

"Hetty, be you mad—gone clean out of your senses? Remember, if you marry that scamp you are nothing to me. I would rather see you in your coffin!"

So saying, Hepsy Trotwood brought down her hand with a decided thump upon the kitchen table, thereby scattering a dozen or more rosy-cheeked apples upon the floor.

Mrs. Trotwood had quite forgotten that she was a deacon's wife when she lost her temper in the midst of making apple dumplings for the good man's supper.

"But, auntie, I love him," was the apology, given while a soft blush rose to the girl's face.

"Love him? Fiddlesticks! Don't talk to me about love!" And again Mrs. Trotwood's gray eyes flashed disapproval.

Tall, thin, hard-featured, the deacon's wife was a woman from whom little mercy could be expected; still, within her heart this childless woman built a shrine, the idol of which was Hetty, the child of her dead sister. Her life had one object in view—to see Hetty a great lady. She gave the girl the advantages of an excellent education. Her wardrobe far outshone that of the neighboring farmers' daughters. It was the intention of Mrs. Trotwood to make her niece heiress to her wealth, of which she possessed a goodly amount.

Hetty was the acknowledged belle for miles around. Never was there a gathering of young folks without her presence, and many a country swain would have sacrificed considerable for a smile of encouragement. She was the apple of the old deacon's eye.

"Mother," he would say to his good wife, "I must send little Hetty to brother John's, in the city, or else she will be falling in love with some great hulking country fellow, not half good enough for her."

"Nonsense!" would his wife reply. "The child never dreams of such a thing."

But the child did fall in love, and with none other than the student of the village doctor, handsome, good-hearted, penniless Dick Barry; and this falling in love was the cause of Mrs. Trotwood's burst of indignation.

"To think of it!" she would say. "Our Hetty marrying this penniless youth!"

The old lady's fondest hopes, all her air castles, would be completely cast to the earth should this marriage ever take place.

The apple dumpling proved a failure. The deacon and his wife ate their meal in silence. Hetty was not present. She was having a good cry down by the garden gate. Very lovely she looked in the dim twilight, in a dress of soft texture clinging in graceful folds to a round, shapely figure. Was it any wonder that Dick Barry lost his heart to her? The young man, who had resolved never to take unto himself a wife until he had attained the dignity of M. D. and made his name in the world, forgot his firm resolution.

He was coming up the big country road, whistling a merry tune. He met his lady-love with a kiss.

"Oh, Dick!" sobbed Hetty. "Aunt Hepsy says I can never, never marry you!" And she cried as if her heart would break.

Poor Dick tried to console her as best he could, departing at length, reassured of the girl's love and confidence.

Hetty returned to the house, wrote a dainty little note, left it on the deacon's desk, and kissed the old couple so fondly that they began to think they were unjust in their accusations; that the dear child would never so far forget them as to marry without their consent. But the little note found the following morning told its own story.

Then the country for miles around rang with gossip: "The deacon's niece had run away and married Dick Barry."

Mrs. Trotwood closed her heart, putting away the books, birds and dainty little treasures belonging to her wayward niece, never again mentioning her name. The Deacon, grown suddenly old, missed his darling. There was no one now to get his slippers or kiss away his cares and troubles.

Many a time he was tempted to pay a visit to the little white cottage down the road, the cottage where Dick Barry took his bride; but the thought of his wife's wrath kept him away.

To the young couple adversity and cares had come. Poverty had entered the door, but love had never flown out of the window. Dick was obliged to give up for a time his cherished hope of entering his profession; he worked in the mill, in the evening devoting his leisure hours to study. The young wife bore with patience her cares, although the roses were fast leaving her face.

A baby came, almost unwelcome.

Poverty casts a damper over all our joys. The old village doctor shook his head, almost despairing of the young mother's life. Her mind wandered; she kept calling for Aunt Hepsy. The young husband, struggling with pride, sent for Mrs. Trotwood, but the old lady was determined, and refused to see her niece. When the white crape emblem of sorrow hung upon the cottage door she was still unmoved, though she watched from behind her drawn curtains the village sexton carry away the wee coffin that held Hetty's baby. Then the country folks declared that old Hepsy Trotwood was cruel and unjust.

Days, weeks, months, years rolled by without bringing reconciliation. Hetty was the mother of a second baby. The young woman frequently passed her aunt's house, and the little one, who was beginning to talk, would ask her who lived in "the pretty house," referring to the deacon's. On learning it was "grandma's," she would laugh with delight.

One day in early June, Hetty, busy with her household cares, forgot to closely watch baby, who wandered down the road in the direction of the deacon's house. Mrs. Trotwood sat by the open window. It was her sixtieth birthday.

"Dear me!" she sighed. "How old I am getting—sixty—and the deacon is five years older; time to begin to think of passing away. If the Lord calls the deacon first, I shall be left alone—alone!" And the woman bent her head in sorrow. "If Hetty had only married to suit me—and yet Dick seems to be a clever fellow, after all. How cruel I have been, after all these years! Will Hetty forgive me now? Yet she blighted my fondest hopes," she murmured, while the old stern look stole over her face.

Suddenly the patter of little feet was heard, and Mrs. Trotwood saw standing in the open doorway a little child, a lovely, laughing baby, with hair like spun gold and eyes as blue as blue hyacinths—eyes that she had seen the counterpart of many a time, and which left no room for doubting that before her stood Hetty's baby.

"Is your grandma?" asked the child in a sweet, lisping tone.

"Grandma." The word was like magic to the childless heart. Then Hepsy Trotwood did what she had not done for years—cried as if her heart would break. One cannot close the doorway of his heart against the pleadings of a little child. Hepsy Trotwood had a heart, after all.

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Five years have passed. The deacon's family and Hetty are reunited. Prosperity has come to the young folks. Dick's hopes are realized. On the front door of one of the most substantial dwellings of the town is a glistening door-plate bearing the name, Richard Barry, M. D.

Mrs. Trotwood has made a new will, by which she will leave her entire fortune to Hetty's baby.

Avalanches.

Only a moderate amount of snow fell in the autumn and early winter of 1887-88 in the canton of Grubunden; about New Year there was considerably less than the average quantity. On the heights of the mountains this coating of scanty snow hardened, under the action of the sun, wind, and intense frost, into a smooth, solid, and icy crust. Therefore, when a heavy snowfall began in February, which lasted without intermission for six days and nights, accumulating an average of five or six feet on the crust of earlier snow I have described, this new deposit was everywhere insecure. It slipped in immense masses from the polished surface of the old snow, having no support, no roughness to which it could adhere, and rushed by its own weight into the valleys at points where ordinary and more slowly acting causes are not wont to launch the thunderbolts of winter.

For the same reason successive avalanches descended upon the same tracks. As soon as one deposit had glided from its slippery ice foundation and another snowfall happened, the phenomenon was repeated, the crust of old snow still remaining treacherously firm and smooth upon the steep declivities. A postilion, who drove the post all this winter over the Fluela Pass (the highest in Grubunden, and the highest which is open for regular winter traffic in Europe), told me that he had counted between fifty and sixty avalanches, which traversed the actual post road, and some of these were repeated half a dozen times. As the same conditions affected all the other passes of Grubunden, Bernina, Albula, Julier, Splügen, and Bernhardin, it will readily be conceived that traffic was occasionally suspended for several days together, that the arrivals and departures of the post were irregular, and that many lives were sacrificed. Singularly enough, no fatal accidents happened to the Swiss post service. Those who suffered were men employed to mend the roads, carters, and peasants engaged in felling wood. Few valleys in the canton escaped without the loss of some lives, and the tale is still incomplete; for the most remote regions were entirely shut off for months together from the outer world by enormous avalanches, which interrupted all communications. We do not yet know, and unless an official report be published on the subject we shall probably never know how many human beings fell victims to the fury of the elements this winter.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

A CORK TRUST is about to be formed. It is strange that those who will be affected by it don't move an estoppel.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

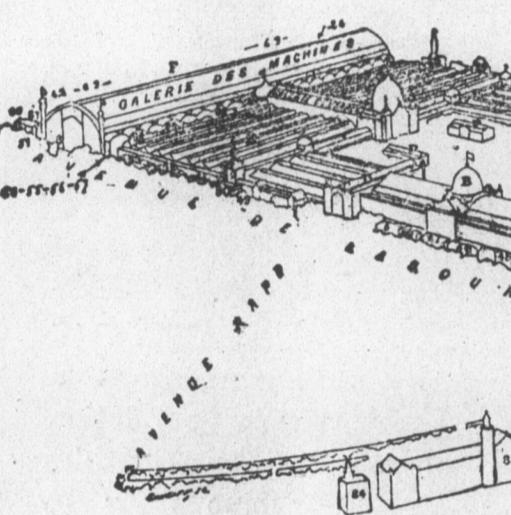
THEODORE STANTON VIEWS THE GREAT WORLD'S FAIR.

Some of Its Most Notable Characteristics—America the Only Great Country That Participates Officially in the Fair—The Eiffel Tower.

THEODORE E. STANTON, the well-known newspaper correspondent, writing from Paris to the Chicago *Inter Ocean*, says of the World's Fair, now in progress at the French capital:

The International Exhibition of 1889 differs from all of its predecessors in France, England, Austria, and America in one very important aspect. Never was any of these great World's Fairs so far from ready on opening day as was this one. Even now, a long time after the inauguration, much remains to be done before everything will be in its place.

A notable characteristic of this exhibition is the conspicuous part in it accorded to the United States. America is the only great country that participates officially in the fair. The monarchical powers of Europe, even liberal England and Italy, which owes its unity to France, turned the cold shoulder to the Third Republic, when invited to the Champ-de-Mars, where was to be celebrated the centenary of the great revolution. While the people of these kingdoms are represented by worthy exhibits, the governments of these ponting kings have held aloof. But this silly conduct will only



THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS.
A. Palace of Liberal Arts. B. Palace of Fine Arts. C. Desax Gallery. D. Rapp Gallery. E. Palace of Various Exhibits. F. Palace of Machines. P. Pavilion of the City of Paris. T1-T2-T3-T4. Piers of Eiffel Tower.

strengthen republicanism in France; for the world will soon perceive that the exhibition has been a grand success without the aid of royalty.

Hence it is that the hearty co-operation of republican America, both official and private, has been warmly appreciated, and this appreciation has been shown in many ways. During the fetes which attended the opening of the exhibition, the stars and stripes were, after the tricolor, the most conspicuous flag. I noticed this in the streets of Paris and in the Exhibition buildings, and more than one Frenchman called my attention to the same fact.

Another striking feature of the exhibition is, of course, the famous Eiffel Tower. A great deal has been written about this magnificent creation of engineering skill. But now that the structure is finished; that the painting and gilding has made its huge limbs more comely; that the masonry about its base gives greater solidity and neatness to its huge feet; that the green sward, the blooming flower-beds, the gushing fountains, and the winding gravel walks have beautified the surroundings, the tower has won the admiration of the most adverse critics, and M. Eiffel has become the hero of the exhibition.

After the Eiffel Tower the most notable structure is the Machinery Hall, or Machinery Palace, its more high-sounding French name. The visitor has no idea of the size of this hall until he stands in the middle and tries to distinguish objects at either end, in front and behind him, or at the top of the finely arched roof.

An American, desirous of seeing how the United States is represented at this international competition, naturally turns first to this Machinery Hall. We know that we are great mechanics, whatever other merits we may have. Nor does the European world dispute our claim to this honor. And, although at this writing many of our exhibitors are still hiding their lights under a bushel, there are several American creations to admire in Machinery Hall.

Edison's large and magnificent exhibit is the cynosure of all eyes. It covers more space than any other exhibit, even from France, if I am not mistaken.

If we are to measure America's share in this exhibition by the space occupied, we need not be ashamed. England and possibly Belgium are, I should say, the only two countries, with the exception of France, of course, which cover more ground on the Champ de Mars than the United States.

Outside the machinery hall, America has sent many things which appear more striking on this side of the ocean than on your side. For instance, the carriage exhibits of two New York and Chicago firms cause much wonderment. The light hickory wheels as

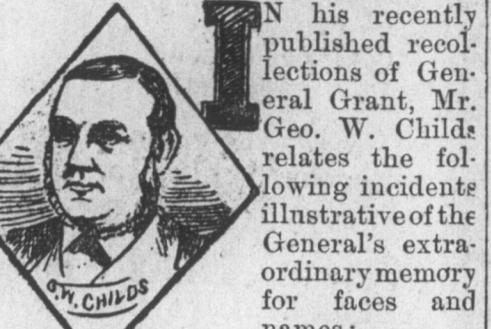
tonish Europeans accustomed to heavy tires and spokes and hubs, which we would scarcely put under lumber wagons. But it is the buggies that cause foreigners to open their eyes the widest. These admirable vehicles are unknown in Europe.

Typewriters are sold in France. But they are bought only by Americans and Englishmen. I have never yet received from a Frenchman a typewritten letter. So the typewriting stand is one of the wonders of the American section.

American tools, American lamps, American rocking-chairs—all are superior to the same articles manufactured in the old world, and consequently awaken more interest than the displays of the New York and Chicago jewelers, who, however, do great credit to the artistic side of American industrial talent.

THE LATE GENERAL GRANT.

Instances of His Wonderful Memory.

 In his recently published recollections of General Grant, Mr. Geo. W. Childs relates the following incidents illustrative of the General's extraordinary memory for faces and names:

"They came to my house and we walked across the lawn to the General's. He sat on the piazza and could not stand alone, but was on his crutches, and was presented to every one of them, shaking hands with each one. He would say to one gentleman, 'How are you, Professor? I met you in Liverpool,' and to another, 'Why, how are you? I met you in London,' and 'I am glad to see you; I met you in Manchester.' So he recognized each of these visitors as soon as he laid eyes on them, and they said to

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.

KNIT GOODS—Fine-tooth combs.

A CURRENT remark—I must make some jelly this fall.

It is queer, but a lively bolt often results in a dead-lock.

IN dependence day all the year round at the poor-house.

TAKEN for Standing Bear—a boy arrested for bathing in the river.

BOARDING-HOUSE people ought not to expect dressed beef in hot weather.

IT is very natural for an officer to be a little peppy when he musters his men.

JOHN WHEEL, of Dawson, Ga., eats great quantities of flies. That is a fly-wheel.

A MODEST blush suffused her gentle face, For she had just been asked to wed, And she replied with sweet St. Louis grace, "Why, cert," she said.

COWBIGGER—My doctor's bill was something enormous. Brown—So you didn't have your pains for nothing.

LITTLE SISTER—I know what "learnin' by rote" means. Little Brother—So do I. It means learnin' a thing the way the feller wrote it.

JOLLYMAN—You ain't interested in the bucket shop question, are you? Broker—No; Why do you ask? "Well, I see you are a little pail this morning."

"You must find life in such a place as Chicago very diversified," said an Eastern woman to one living in the Western city. "Rather say divorced," responded the Chicagoan.

FIRST Omaha—The doctor says my Jersey cow has the ague. Did you ever hear of such a thing? Second Omaha—No; but the idea is a good one. You can have a milk shake whenever you wish it.

FRESH barber (shaving a customer) Who is that old hen going along the other side of the street, with a bustle like a boxing glove? Customer (rising deliberately and looking)—That? Oh, she's my wife.

DOCTOR—But—dear me! You have had three glasses of beer daily. I only allowed you one! Patient—It's all right, Doctor. You're the third medical man I've consulted, and they each allow me one glass, so that makes it right, you see.

THREE weeks after an old Cincinnati bachelor had got married, he met a friend and said to him, "Why is my wife like a baker who is making a small gooseberry pie?" "I don't know," said the friend. "It is because she is growing a little tart," answered the disgraced creature.

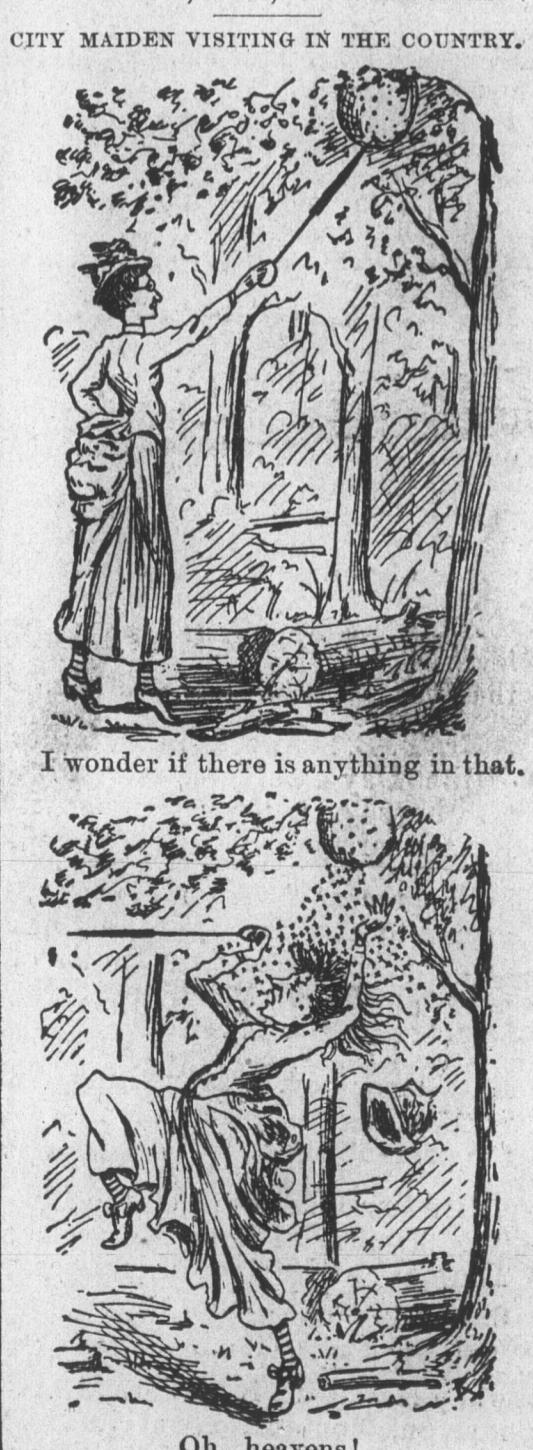
THE FLIES' DRILL GROUND.
The man who to the barber goes
And gets a shaven crown
Emerges from the chair with glee,
The happiest man in town.
But ere a day has passed away,
With fearful oaths and cries,
He'll curse the hour he made his head
A drill-ground for the flies.

AFTER TASCOTT.



In the far West: First detective—Did you watch the house all night? What did you find out? Second detective—Yes, I did, and it had twins!

CITY MAIDEN VISITING IN THE COUNTRY.



Oh, heavens!