

ceasing round of visits and excitements to bestow much of her society upon the little world of Edgeworth, and wondered how Rowena could find her happiness in training a set of rude girls and poring over dull books; while Rowena, in her turn, grieved to see a soul created for higher aims and nobler purposes so filled with the vanities of life.

"Perhaps," she said to herself always when thinking of her sister's aimless life, "she has found out that love and trust is better than gold, and seeks to drown the memory of Gerald in the vain pursuit of happiness."

This opinion was confirmed one day when, at one of those rare intervals, a visit to her old home, Minna, weary-eyed and with a settled discontent on her still pretty features, said to her:

"You were wiser than you knew, Rowena, when you delivered that homily on marriage to me. If I had only listened! But it is now too late—too late."

"Too late to retrace the step, dear sister, but never too late to make the best of it. You have wealth, Minna; use it for the benefit of the suffering thousands who are at your door. You have time; fill it with good deeds. Think of the tears you might dry, the hearts you might gladden—"

"I could not follow your advice, however much I might desire to do so," Minna interrupted. "Mr. Van Alstyne is willing enough to spend any amount on my dress, equipage, etc., but I dare not ask for charity money. He thinks it the fault of one's self to be unsuccessful."

"Practise a little self-denial, then."

"I am afraid I shall never be one of your 'good' people, Rowena. I have made a great mistake in life—have thrown away the pearl which would have enriched my whole existence." Then she abruptly added: "You know Gerald Wynne was married years ago. I saw his wife's obituary not long since in a newspaper from C—."

"Since you have mentioned him," returned her sister, drawing a letter from her pocket, "here is a letter which I received by the last mail from him," and she gave it to Minna. "I have had letters from him occasionally all these years; he is now wealthy and influential."

"He wishes to bring his daughter to you to be educated," exclaimed Minna, and she read aloud: "Make such a woman of her

as you are, Rowena, and she will be all a father's heart can wish.' Ah me!" But the regret which this sigh betrayed remained unspoken, though the thoughts went back to those earlier, better days, when a happiness which she was never to know might have been hers, and stingingly came back to her the knowledge that the golden fruit she had so eagerly grasped had turned to ashes on her lips.

Two years later, when the south wind was waking the flowers from their long repose, and whispering to the violets and daisies of golden sunlight and cloudless skies, Gerald Wynne entered unannounced the presence of Rowena Ross. She was not aware that he stood before her until, drawn by the magnetism of his gaze, she looked up. The years had not dealt so unkindly by him but that much of the old grace still lingered; and standing there, with the last rays of the sun falling about him, softening any harsh outline, Rowena recognized him, and with a glad cry of "Gerald, dear, dear Gerald," both hands were in his own.

His only reply to this greeting was a long, steady gaze, at once passionate, tender, and respectful, into the clear eyes uplifted to his.

"Rowena, you have been for long years my ideal of noble womanhood," he said, without any prelude. "When met by falsehood and deceit on every hand, I knew where I might turn with perfect confidence. You have been a mother to my little girl; will you not lead her father up to the higher, purer life which he feels he cannot attain without you."

"Gerald," she replied, after a moment's pause, during which the color came and went in her cheek, "the spring and summer of life is passed for us. We have known sorrow and have learned to bear disappointment; so you will not feel it very keenly, I trust, when I say I am happy in my life here, and desire no change."

She said this with a grave sweetness all her own, but Gerald knew from that decision there was no appeal.

"Is it possible you have never loved?" he asked.

"Your question calls forth a confession which I thought to die unmade," she said. "In the days we remember, I loved 'not wisely, but too well.' There were long, weary days, and bitter, wakeful nights, when I moaned and wrung my hands over this dead love; and though now I can gaze calmly on the cold features, and quietly

replace the pall, I can place no other idol on the throne."

"Thank you," he said. "I appreciate the confidence with which you would seek to mitigate the blow. I only wish to know if you are really happy in your life here, and then I return to outlive, as best I may, this greatest disappointment of my life."

"Yes," she replied. "I have my share of happiness, perhaps more. I do not mean that my life is free from care, or that all the memories which come drifting to me from the 'Island of Long Ago' are happy ones; but when I find the thorns and roses commingled in the drift, the roses I carefully garner, and the thorns I cast again on the current. So I manage to be reasonably happy, as I wish you to be very much so. And we are to be now, as before, 'ever the best of friends,'" and she looked up archly at him.

"'Ever the best of friends,'" he repeated, bending down and reverentially kissing her pure brow.

Another moment, and the door closed behind him.

#### CLEANSING FIRES.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

LET thy gold be cast in the furnace—  
Thy red gold, precious and bright;  
Do not fear for the hungry fire,  
With its caverns of burning light,  
And the gold shall return more precious  
Free from every spot and stain;  
For gold must be tried by fire,  
As a heart must be tried by pain!

IN the cruel fire of sorrow,  
Cast thy heart, do not faint or wail;  
Let thy hand be firm and steady,  
Do not let thy spirit quail;  
But wait till the trial is over,  
And take thy heart again;  
For, as gold is tried by fire,  
So a heart must be tried by pain!

I SHALL know by the gleam and  
the glitter  
Of the golden chain you wear,  
By your heart's calm strength in  
loving,  
Of the fire you have had to bear.  
But on, true heart, forever!  
Shine, bright, strong, golden chain,  
And bless the cleansing fire,  
And the furnace of living pain!

CHILDISH CURIOSITY. — "Don't be troublesome," says the busy parent to the intelligent, curious questions of his little child, forgetting that this kind of self-education plays so important a part in the history of all our great men and women. There are, undoubtedly, times when children should not be intrusive; but a wise parent will know how to curb this fault, and yet never clap the extinguisher. "Don't be troublesome," at the wrong moment, on properly awakened curiosity.

#### DOMESTIC WARFARE.



DON'T like roaches; do you?

They took possession of our kitchen, because the Croton was handy, and they are thirsty little wretches, and I never could go in there of an evening without elevating my skirts, and treading about as gingerly as if there were eggs underfoot. Their patent-leather backs would crack as they scampered before my intruding feet, and yet I don't believe they were half as annoyed by my presence as I was by theirs.

The pale, attenuated cousins by a fourth remove, were as nothing compared to the great black beetles of grandfathers, who met you on the stairs, and tumbled on to the oilcloth in the midnight stillness, with a noise that shook you like a voltaic battery. How to get rid of them, was a question more momentous to the Doolittle household than that of "equal rights" or the "Alabama claims."

We baited them with ailanthus leaves and cucumber skins; had Mr. Knowles, himself, blow his non-explosive powder into their very citadels, and tried other and various experiments, but the result, though promising at first, did not answer our sanguinary expectations. The few carcasses we swept up, were but a handful to the tribes that swarmed in pantries, fireplaces, and convenient corners. A few of the more ambitious ones actually haunted our bed-rooms, and "how they got there, we wondered!"

Loose poisons we were afraid of, but finally the case became so alarming as to demand a desperate remedy, and having a small quantity of Paris green in the house, we put that in the bellows and blew it carefully into all the places where roaches most did congregate. The bellows, I suppose you are aware, has a tin box at the nozzle, with a slender pipe through which the powder is blown in the direction required.

Once doing encouraged us to continue this mode of assault, and now it is only necessary to repeat the dose twice a year, in the Spring and Fall, to escape a return of the annoyance. As the powder, which can be purchased at any paint-store, is inexpensive, and

but a small quantity is required, it is the cheapest, as well as the most reliable agent for the destruction of these pestiferous insects.

It did seem as if we were to be beset with all the ills that house-keepers are heir to!

"The rats and the mice, they made such a strife," that we really began to be apprehensive that our foundations would be destroyed. We stopped all visible apertures with broken glass, and pieces of tin; but, bless you! they would break out in another place like an unsubdued epidemic.

We fed them with slices of bread nicely buttered with "Isaacson's phosphorus," warranted to kill at twenty paces, and we did have two or three obituary notices. But at least a hundred and twenty-five rats and mice, of assorted sizes, attended the funerals, and had a good-sized wake in the Doolittle mansion.

We set traps that occasionally caught an innocent-looking little victim, but the bait we used did not very materially abate the nuisance.

A trap that walked about on four legs, with a tail at one end, and a good sharp set of teeth at the other, was not to be considered as any ways practicable, or even possible, in the emergency.

Hadn't we been brought up to abhor the race? and could we at this late day accept the service of so ancient a foe?

No. We must fight it out on some other line.

But the strife outlasted our patience; and we secured the passage of the "habeas corpus" act, by appointing Sir Thomas Grimalkin as Prime Minister.

"Felis sedit by a hole," was the best sort of a scarecrow for any marauding rodent, and when he succeeded in capturing the head guerrilla, and would bring him to the kitchen window, firmly held by the neck in pussy's jaws, we invariably gave our hero the praise he demanded as compensation.

Every rat that was laid low was a triumph to us, and to the valiant Sir Thomas, and henceforth our dreams were undisturbed by any gnawings, except those induced by an uneasy conscience, or a disorderly stomach.

Now isn't it queer that the presence of a cat should so intimidate its lawful prey!

While the animated rat-trap was busy at his vocations below stairs,

a little singing mouse took possession of my chimney-corner, and I hadn't the heart to rout it from its position.

"Music hath charms to soothe a savage," and all my antagonism subsided beneath the influence of my little serenader.

But with that intuitive knowledge, which we call instinct in the animal, but which seems marvelously like intelligent wisdom, Sir Thomas "began to smell a mice," and with malice toward all, and charity to none, he quietly took possession of my chimney recess and hoisted the black flag immediately.

Wo to any mouse that piped ever so feebly! It was comical to see him dart at "airy nothings," with pointed ears, gleaming eyes, and bristling mane, and claws that stirred with unutterable longings. He made piteous appeals to me to tear away the woodwork, so that he could get behind the scenes, but I resisted the temptation to do so, and the consequence was a bloodless victory; for the mouse that once between the walls discoursed so *moussically* has wandered elsewhere, and quiet reigns.

But don't imagine that there were no more foes to fight, or that the Doolittles sat down with folded arms to enjoy their *otium cum dignitate*. No, indeed. No danger of their being "carried to the skies" on "flowery beds of ease," so long as they keep house, and are exposed to the thousand-and-one annoyances incident to city life, and a limited income.

It is quite common for us to say—and by *us* I mean everybody—"Well, there! when that is accomplished I shall be perfectly happy!" But are we? No. If it isn't one thing, it's another, that, like a thorn in the flesh, reminds us that we are mortal, and that perfect happiness is a flower whose root is set in earthly soil, but whose blossom is only found in heavenly places.

DOLLY DOOLITTLE.

PREVALENCE OF TITLES.—If every colonel was a soldier, the standing army in Philadelphia would be a menace to our liberties. Their number is as great as it was in San Francisco, to which John Phenix bears witness in the following story: The steamboat was leaving the wharf, and every body was taking leave of friends—all but Phenix, who had no friend to bid him farewell. Ashamed of his loneliness, as the boat sheered off he called out in a loud voice, "Good-bye, colonel!" and, to his great delight, every man on the wharf took off his hat and shouted, "Colonel, good-bye!"

## PENCIL PARAGRAPHS.

SELECTED BY MRS. MATTIE M. BAKER.

### BOOKS.

THE pen—the choicest and noblest of all instruments ever placed in human fingers.—*J. G. Holland.*  
Books are embalmed minds.—*Anon.*

A first-class juvenile book is as interesting and instructive to the mature mind as the immature.—*J. G. Holland.*

No one among us can put on paper the thousand threads that form the woof of the human mind.—*Anon.*

With many readers, brilliancy of style passes for affluence of thought; they mistake buttercups in the meadow for immeasurable gold mines underground.—*Longfellow.*

Some chord, in unison with what we read,

Is touched within us, and the heart replies.—*Anon.*

The being that *writes*, is something apart from the being that *is*.—*Byron.*

You must write a book or two to find out how much and how little you know and have to say.—*O. W. Holmes.*

The foolishlest book is a kind of leaky boat afloat on the sea of wisdom; some of the wisdom will get in anyhow.—*Id.*

That an author's work is the mirror of his mind is a position that has led to very false conclusions. If Satan himself were to write a book it would be in praise of virtue; for the good would purchase it for use, and the bad for ostentation.—*Colton.*

A book must mirror its author, as a stream of water mirrors the form of one who gazes into it; but it may be dressed in Sunday clothes.—*Mrs. Croly.*

### CHARACTER.

There ain't but few men weak enough to admit they are whipped; even a disgraced rooster in a barnyard will get a little further off and begin to crow up a new reputation.—*Josh Billings.*

A certain self-complacency bordering on pompousness, which a man is very apt to have who carries always with him an agreeable consciousness of some superiority to his fellow-men.—*Virginia F. Townsend.*

As a general rule, the man who enjoys order and exactness will have them about him.—*The Country Parson.*

One of the lowest of human qualities—cunning—is exactly the capacity which is most largely developed in the lowest of intellectual natures.—*Willie Collins.*

Heaven grant thee, friend, a high soft star to be,  
Calm, still, and bright, to trace thy way to heaven.

*Miss Edgerton.*

The troublesome ones in a family are usually either the wits or the idiots.—*George Eliot.*

Motives are better than actions; men drift into crime. Of evil they do more than they contemplate, and of good they contemplate more than they do.—*Boree.*

No man deserves to be praised for his goodness unless he has strength of character to be wicked.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion—it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the world, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—*R. W. Emerson.*

The greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—*Anon.*

Look after the establishment of a worthy character, and leave it to others to read and estimate it.—*Anon.*

Apology is only egotism wrong side out.—*O. W. Holmes.*

There is one thing about a hen that looks like wisdom—they don't cackle much before they have laid their eggs. Some folks are always a-bragging and a-cackling what they are going to do, beforehand.—*Josh Billings.*

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.—*Anon.*

There is this difference between character and reputation: character is what one really is, reputation is what he seems to be.—*Anon.*

An excellent lady, whose only fault was that Nature had written out her list of virtues on ruled paper and forgotten to rub out the lines.—*O. W. Holmes.*

A look that it was plain had never needed to seek the ground.—*Elizabeth Wetherell.*

Folk's heads are pretty much like their garrets, where all the rubbish and broken things they've no use for down stairs are stowed away.—*H. W. Beecher.*

We are all of us very perfect beings as long as we are not tried.—*Miss Muloch.*