

DON'T GRUMBLE AND FRET.

Don't grumble and fret,
A brighter day yet
Is coming for you and for me;
I'll wait and be still
And work with a will
A better day yet we shall see.

Don't grumble and fret,
But try to forget
The things that worry and tease;
If we drive away care,
Keep sunny and fair,
Many things that appall us will please.

Don't grumble and fret,
There's time enough yet
To retrieve what makes the heart bleed;
Although you are poor,
Of this still be sure,
You'll get of this world all you need.

Don't grumble and fret
And go off in a pet
Because you are standing alone;
When you can't stand at all,
Only stumble and fall,
We'll pardon you then if you groan.

Don't grumble and fret,
The sun has not set,
But still is shining on high;
Be cheerful and glad,
Not gloomy and sad,
And tears will be shed when you die.

Don't grumble and fret,
Many others you've met
Like you have been sadly cast down;
They went boldly on
With a prayer and a song,
And at last wore success as a crown.

—T. M. Eastwood, in Philadelphia Press.

A "HAPPY NEW YEAR."

How It Came to Maggie and Her Mother.

"Here's your change, lady." It was a weary voice, and as Mrs. Howard held out her hand to receive the money, her eyes scanned the face of the young "saleslady" before her.

After all, it was only a girl's face, and its owner couldn't have been more than fifteen years of age. A pretty face, and as intelligent as pretty, with a pair of deep, gray eyes, a low white brow shaded by soft curly rings of brown hair, oval cheeks, far too white for a sign of health, and a sweet mouth which any mother might like to kiss. Now and then when Maggie smiled, as her companions knew, though this lady did not, a bewitching dimple appeared in each cheek, and made her prettier than ever. But Maggie didn't smile any of her for the sake of her looks, she was quite free from vanity of that sort, poor little girl! and today she was so tired and sad that she felt as though she could never smile again. So the customer outside the counter saw only the suspicion of a tear in the gray eyes before her, and knew there must be trouble of some sort in the young heart, which just at this season ought to have been glad, for it was nearing the Christmas-tide, and when should there be happy hearts and faces if not then?

"You look tired, my dear," remarked Mrs. Howard, kindly, as she dropped the piece of silver in her purse.

Maggie smiled, and now the lady saw the dimples at last, and thought within herself: "How very pretty this girl is!"

"Yes'm," Maggie replied, "I am tired. But so are all of us, you know," she said, brightly, as though she would share with her companions the kindly sympathy of her customer.

"I suppose so, as just now you must be pretty busy from morning till night. But, then, you know, my dear, Christmas is coming, and that will make up for all the weariness, won't it?" Mrs. Howard nodded a friendly good-bye as she finished speaking, and moved on with the crowd, little knowing that her words, so kindly meant, had added one more little stone to the many which seemed to be lying on Maggie's heart.

"Oh, dear," sighed the girl, "Christmas is not like Christmas to me, whatever it may be to her, if she did but know it." And then a new customer claimed her attention, and the din and confusion about the counter increased, for it was the "novelty counter" in the great store of — Bros. and Christmas was close at hand, indeed.

Mrs. Howard saw Maggie several times again that week during the usual round of shopping incident to the season, and had acquired quite an interest in the pretty salesgirl, whose manner was so pleasant and ready, and whose hands were unceasingly active, though, as the gray eyes betrayed, the heart was still heavy.

But one afternoon, while sitting before the counter nearest to Maggie's, awaiting a parcel, and watching with half-amused, half-pitying eyes the struggles of the little "cash boys" as they pushed through the crowd, Mrs. Howard had a chance to learn even more of Maggie's character than she had guessed thus far. Her proximity was unobserved by the girl, and Mrs. Howard knew that every word she heard from the young, sweet lips was sincere.

where's the harm of enjoying it?"

"The harm is in doing a thing which you know in your heart to be wrong," replied Maggie, earnestly, "and I would not go against my own conscience and my dear mother's wishes for all the enjoyment in the world."

The other girl shrugged her shoulders disdainfully.

"Poo! how would your mother know it? And how do you know your conscience is always to be depended upon?"

"Well, I think, Katie, it isn't a very difficult thing to decide about, when you consider how happy or unhappy one can be in one's heart just by the state of one's conscience," returned Maggie, with a smile.

"Very well, do as you like," was the answer; "but we're going to have a jolly time, and I know you'd enjoy it."

Maggie shook her head. "Don't urge me, please, Katie, I am so tired, and I hate arguments so."

Just then Mrs. Howard's parcel was brought to her, and a group of people closed about Maggie's counter, so that there was no chance afforded for a word with the girl had Mrs. Howard wished it.

But all she had heard confirmed her opinion of the young girl's character, and made her still more anxious to perfect a plan which had been for some days half formed in her mind. She considered the matter all that evening, and on the next morning went to — Bros. with the intention of having a private talk, if possible, with Maggie.

At the door she noticed that the small boy in gilt buttons was trying to comfort a puny-looking cash boy, whose eyes were red and swollen with weeping.

"There, run on now and look after your parcels, or you'll get bounced," little Buttons was saying, patting the cash boy's head patronizingly. "You're safe now, but I tell you you've had a narrow 'scape, 'n no mistake." "What's the trouble?" inquired Mrs. Howard of Buttons, as the other boy went away.

"Oh, nothin' much, ma'am, only that little feller dropped a silver fifty, and the boss was goin' to make him lose it out of his pay to-night, an' he was scared, for fifty cents is a lot to take from a fellus' pay, an' I comin' Chris mas, too, ma'am. An' I don't blame his cryin'. Well, you see, he's all right now 'couse a girl, the nicest girl in the store, all the cashes likes her best—she up an' paid the fifty out of her own purse, an' said it wasn't the little kid's fault when every one pushed him about in the crowd, an' he a new cash, anyway."

Mrs. Howard suspected who the "nicest girl in the store" might be, but nevertheless she inquired where the girl was to be found.

"Right over there, ma'am, at the novelty counter. The girl with 'retty gray eyes and brown hair. She's little, but she's a stunner, I tell you!"

The lady laughed, and made her way through a crowd, dense and eager, of shoppers, floor-walkers and cash boys until she drew near the novelty counter. Maggie was leaning back against the shelves behind the counter, her hands clasped loosely in front of her, and a look in her eyes which told of thoughts as far as possible from the "madding crowd." Just one-half minute was she thus idle, for before Mrs. Howard could reach her she had become the hurried slave of no less than three impatient ladies, who demanded almost impossibilities of her. However, there came another brief respite, and this time Mrs. Howard was armed with permission from the floor-walker to retire with Maggie to the rear of the store, where was a little parlor for the comfort of ladies who might wish to make appointments with each other, and where she and the tired girl might have a few moments' uninterrupted conversation.

Gladly Maggie went with her new friend, and then it was that Mrs. Howard learned this:

Four years before, Maggie and her parents had been very happy and comfortable together on a small farm some miles from the city. Then suddenly sickness came. The father died. Business troubles accumulated, until at last the widow and little daughter were forced to sell their home. Mrs. Weston accepted a rather grudgingly-given invitation from a distant relative to live with his family and "help around for her keep." Nothing else opening a better way before her, the widow had remained there, giving her services as well as she could for her board and that of her little girl. But Maggie had been unusually unhappy there owing to the constant teasing by the boys of the family, who made a little slave of her, and had her punished if she complained. The moth-

er for her mother's sake as well as her own. She boarded way over on the West Side, with her friend, in a miserable house which gave the two girls one small room together and two scant meals per day. Their luncheons they were supposed to find elsewhere. Last Christmas Maggie had missed her dear mother almost beyond endurance, but had hoped all through the year that at this Christmas time she might be given a few days' leave to go and be with her mother. But she had been told by the proprietor of the store that all girls who chose to leave, even for a day, might consider themselves dismissed. So she had given up all hope of seeing the dear mother, and oh, how lonely she would be on Christmas day again, and how mamma would miss her! "Why," she added, at the conclusion of her little story, "you can't think how I was feeling that day when you first spoke to me, and asked if I was tired."

"And you seemed to think the Christmas would make every thing right again?"

"Oh, dear lady, you didn't know that I had in my pocket a letter which had come only that morning from mamma in answer to mine, saying that perhaps, as I couldn't get away for Christmas, I might get leave just to go and spend New Year's day with her. But if I couldn't even do that, why then we must both remember there was some good reason in God's mind for the disappointment, and we could at any rate wish each other a "happy New Year" by letter. Well, when Mr. — found that I couldn't get back from there early in the morning, if I went, on account of the train hours, he said I had better not go; and so, you see, ma'am, that puts an end to all my plans, and I have written to tell mother just how it is."

"Poor child," said Mrs. Howard, looking compassionately through tears of her own into the gray eyes which were before her, and from which also the tears were quietly streaming. "I am very sorry for you. But could not mother come to this city and see you for the New Year's beginning?"

Maggie smiled at this, it seemed so strange a question. "Come here?" "Oh, no, indeed, Why, mamma has hardly a cent of her own, and she could never afford the journey and the cost of staying here, even for two nights. Oh, no. We must bear disappointment, but it is hard to be as patient as mamma says we ought. All the girls around my counter are expecting fun for Christmas, and I have felt so lonely when listening to them talking about it. Oh, dear!"

Mrs. Howard looked at her watch, and found she had kept Maggie almost beyond the promised five minutes, so she rose to go, saying as cheering things to the young girl as she should, and thinking unutterable things in her charitable heart. "When you write your mother again, my dear, tell her that you have made a new friend, who wishes you and her all happiness for the new year coming; and now cheer up, something may come around just right yet, God's ways are not always plain to us, but we know they are sure to be the best ones, after all, aren't we?"

"Yes, indeed, ma'am, if we could only keep the hurt out of our hearts long enough to think all that," Maggie replied, smiling just enough to show Mrs. Howard that she meant to be brave in spite of the clouds, while the little dimples, hardly knowing whether to come out or not, were playing hide and seek at each corner of the sweet mouth. As she pulled her handkerchief from her pocket to wipe away the last glisten of tears, a letter fell to the floor.

Mrs. Howard noticed it to be freshly stamped, and asked Maggie if it was one she wished to have posted. "For I am going direct to the station to mail some packages, and will post that for you, if you like, my dear."

"Thank you, ma'am," replied Maggie, gratefully, "it is a letter to mamma I found time to write this morning before the rush began, and I was going to post it on my way home to-night. I am very much obliged to you, lady, for your kind interest in my affairs. You have done me good already."

So Mrs. Howard went out of the store with a new idea in her head, which the reading of Maggie's neatly addressed letter had given. It was just such an idea as a charitable heart would suggest, and Mrs. Howard smiled because she was so pleased with her idea that she couldn't keep the smiles back. When she reached home she found some thing to make her lose her smile just for a moment, and that was the fact that her old housekeeper had received news that a daughter was ill and needed her services, consequently she had packed

housekeeper's trouble, still another idea popped into her head which added to the first one made, her smile again more brightly than ever.

Christmas day came and passed. Maggie had spent it quietly over a new and entertaining book which on the day before Mrs. Howard had placed in her hands.

On Thursday Mrs. Howard went to the store and to Maggie's counter again, with permission from the floor-walker to speak with Maggie privately. As the girl and her new friend walked down the store together, companions she left at the counter shrugged their shoulders and said, "what a fine thing it is to be good looking; now Maggie there was being spoiled by the quality, and would soon give herself no end of airs." The floor-walker gave it as his opinion to the cashier that the girl Maggie Weston was having too many privileges, and he guessed he wouldn't let no lady take her from her counter again. He wasn't no hand to spoil girl for her places."

Meanwhile Mrs. Howard was asking: "Maggie, would you be willing to leave this store and come to live with me as a sort of companion and governess to my two youngest children? They are only six years of age, too young for school, and too big for babies. I am quite satisfied to place them in your charge for the learning of their letters and of good manners, for their nurse is spoiling them. Your pay will be more than you receive here, and you will not be so tired, poor little girl, as you are now, I am sure. The only thing is that I fear you will miss the excitement of store life." And Mrs. Howard laughed as she said that, so well did she know Maggie's hatred of such excitement.

"Oh, such a happy miss, ma'am," replied Maggie, laughing too, and now the dimples came plainly out to view. "How kind, and more than kind you are! Go with you? Oh, how glad I am! Oh, oh, what news to write mamma! Thank you!" and with a sudden movement Maggie lifted the lady's hand to her lips and kissed it.

"Very well, then, my dear, you will be at my house—here is my card—tomorrow morning. Resign your position here to-night and if they refuse you your pay I will make it up to you. But if you show them this card and tell them you are coming to me, I am quite sure they will not refuse to pay what is due to you."

"Now, good-bye, for I am in a hurry to-lay, and you must be at your counter by this time."

When Maggie told her news to her companions there were considerable jealousies and envyings, and some unkind hints thrown into the bargain. But Maggie was too happy to care, and during the rest of the afternoon she attended to her duties with such a happy face, and with such a host of dimples playing about her cheeks that the customers wondered they had never noticed how pretty she was before then, and because of her bright face and happy little ways I shouldn't wonder if twice the number of things were bought from that counter than might have been the case.

Punctually at the appointed time Maggie appeared at Mrs. Howard's door, and was warmly welcomed by her new mistress and friend, and by two of the loveliest children, little twins, with blue eyes and golden hair falling down over their daintily dressed little figures, and so sweet and pretty that Maggie just hugged them both to her heart.

"There now, I think you are pretty well acquainted," laughed Mrs. Howard, "and now come upstairs and take off your cloak, and consider yourself, Maggie, a dignified little governess and companion, and trusted little friend to my little pair of mischiefs." Thus was Maggie beginning to put off the pain and sorrows of the old year, and very gratefully did she remember the Giver of all good things when she retired to her pretty little room that night, and contrasted it with the cheerless, cold room she had left behind her.

New Year's Day dawned full of sunshine, and Maggie was as happy as a girl could be who had such a longing in her heart all the time for the dear mother she had not seen for so long a time. If only that mother could have been one little minute near her, just to have had a good long hug, and have cried a few happy tears with Maggie! But she was far away in the country, and Maggie knew she must wait yet longer before the happy meeting she anticipated. All the morning she was with the children in the sunny nursery. But at twelve o'clock Mrs. Howard came up with a face as bright as the sunshine itself. "There is a new housekeeper coming here in a few moments, my dear," she

said to her, "and she is a very nice woman, and she is going to see her in the library." Down ran Maggie, glad to be of service, and thinking the housekeeper, whatever she was, a very lucky woman to be engaged to live in that beautiful house, and with such a precious lady as Mrs. Howard.

She ran to the library, threw open the door, and—"Oh, mamma, mamma!" she cried, as a sweet-faced woman came forward and took the girl in her arms. Maggie didn't faint. She was too brave and strong for that, but she did the next best thing, and cried and cried, and laughed and laughed for very joy until a merry voice from the door cried out: "I wish you a happy New Year, my friends," and both mother and daughter looked up to meet Mrs. Howard's laughing eyes.

"And this is how you introduce yourself to my new housekeeper?" asked the lady. "Oh, she'll think I've got a pretty governess for my children! As big a cry-baby as any of them, eh?" Maggie wiped her joy-filled eyes. "To think you never told me how you were planning to make my New Year a happy one, you dear, kind lady," seizing Mrs. Howard with one hand, and grasping her mother with the other. "Oh, I'm so happy! God bless you over and over again!"

"Yes, He surely will, my daughter," said Mrs. Weston, and Mrs. Howard ran away to hide the happy tears in her own eyes. The mother and daughter, housekeeper and governess, went together up the broad staircase to their rooms, and then Maggie learned how all this pleasure had come about. Mrs. Howard had gone to — where Mrs. Weston was living—seeing by the address on Maggie's letter that it was a short journey, and having introduced herself, confessed that her first plan had been to invite the mother down for a day or so to spend with Maggie in her house. But finding that her housekeeper had to leave, she decided to ask Mrs. Weston to take the position, and felt sure from Maggie's character that the mother was also worthy the trust which would be placed in her. She had exacted a promise from the mother that Maggie should not dream of the new arrangement, as Mrs. Howard wished to give her a complete surprise, and so every thing had turned out splendidly, and there were more sunbeams ahead for the New Year than at Christmas time either of them had dared to look for. And thus came to Maggie and her mother the dawn of a "Happy New Year."—Mary D. Brine, in Christian at Work.

STRANGE PHENOMENA.

A Printing Office Converted Into a Huge Electrical Battery.

Some very singular electrical phenomena were observed recently on two very dry days at a printing-office in Maine, when the whole establishment seemed to be converted into a huge electrical battery. Electric sparks, several centimeters long, could be drawn with the fingers from all parts of the printing machinery, just as may be done from a charged electric machine. The action of the sparks became so pronounced that the layers-on and takers-off (who, it should be remarked, in German printing-offices are mostly young women) refused to work, as burning sparks were emitted every time the machines were touched with the hands. The electrical phenomena were most striking in the machines used for lithographic printing. A strong paper made of cellulose was being printed at the time, and the takers-off observed a slight crackling as the sheets, which adhered pretty closely to the oilcloth covering of the cylinder, were being withdrawn. This crackling was finally developed into a loud explosion, accompanied by beautiful flashes from ten to twelve centimeters (from four to five inches) in length. The discharges are stated to have been more effective the more quickly the sheets loaded with electricity were withdrawn. A small circular saw mounted about four inches from an iron column discharged at intervals of from twenty to thirty seconds, when driven, powerful electric sparks, accompanied by loud explosions, upon the column. These phenomena were observed for hours, and continued for two days, when the printing office became free from electricity, and has remained so since.—N. Y. Post.

—A reporter, in describing the murder of a man named J. R. King, said: "The murderer was evidently in quest of money, but, luckily, Mr. Jorkins had deposited all his funds in the bank the day before, so he lost nothing but his life."

solvers; they like society, and shine in it; and they do not like bother. "Be good and you'll be happy, but you

climate has a great deal to do with it; but, certainly, what strikes a casual observer in America is that they are

eight cattle cars, twoerrick cars for lifting heavy material and two hundred box cars.—Chicago Inter-Ocean

very good shape, all newly painted and cleaned. The lodge furniture is of Chinese design, and imported

hatching chickens." This is a 8 vedon-borglan Church.—Cor. Rutland (Vt.) Herald.