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Chopping every day at both mills.
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Poetry.

TWO KINDS OF SPORT.

"'Tis a beautiful morning," a sportsman said,
"The world looks so happy let's each take a gun,
Go out and kill something for pastime and fun."
So off they went, each a merry youth,
And painted he him who counts the game dead."
They blotted out lives that were happy and good,
Blinded eyes and broke wings that delighted to soar,
They killed for mere pleasure and crippled and tore,
Regardless of aught but the hunger of blood.

Did they dream that night as they sank to their rest
How poor little Broken-Leg out in the field
All nerveless and doctorless—fever possessed,
Felt all of the torture that battle-grounds yield?
"Only a bird," yet his slayer would groan
If only one-half of that pain were his own.

"'Tis a beautiful morning,' a sportsman cried,
Who carried a kodak instead of a gun,
"The world looks so happy, so golden the sun,
I'll slip to the woods where the wild things hide."
The deer that he "shot" never dreamed of his aim,
The bird that he "caught" went on with her song,
Peace followed his footsteps, not slaughter and wrong,
Yet rich were his "trophies" and varied his "game."

Then homeward returning by mercy possessed,
He crushed not the snail that his steps overtook,
He paused to replace a young bird in its nest,
Or rescue an insect afloat in the brook;
His joys were joy-giving, not wounds to appeal,
For he wore "The Crown Jewel of Kindness" to all

They met on the Sabbath, these lives so apart,
When the minister prayed for Christ's coming again
In mercy and kindness both answered "Amen."
The one with the lips and the other the heart.

Which prayer won the blessing, which sank to the dust,
The one that went up with the song of the bird,
Or the one that was drowned by the voices that poured
From the wounds of the weak to the ear of the Just?

Whoever restores a young bird to the limb,
Or gladdens the lives of dumb creatures in need,
Is one of Christ's helpers whatever his creed,
Clasps hands with "the angel that comforted Him."
Whoever finds pleasure in adding one hurt
To an innocent life, be it insect or dove,
Is somehow in league with those who found spurt
In nailing the hands of the World's Greatest Love.
Oh, how dare we ask a just God to bestow
The mercy we grant not to creatures below!

BY CALLA HARCOURT.

Select Family Reading.

His Own Fault.

By Hermer D. Walb.

"I CALL that boy a treasure, Elmina. Hear him sifting those ashes! And he's so careful with the draughts."

Miss Isabella Phinney, ready to go down to breakfast, looked at her sister, who was fastening an old-fashioned brooch of gold-brown hair at her thin and gentle throat.

"He is a good boy, Isabella," the sister answered, with slow decision. Miss Phinney was almost sixty years old, and never made up her mind in a hurry. But Isabella was only fifty, and was apt to be over-enthusiastic.

"I don't always concur in Doctor Stetson's judgment of boys," continued Miss Elmina. "The last one never filled the wood-baskets except under protest. But I must say, Milton Wallace has proved himself thus far a conscientious boy. I hope the work will not be too hard for him."

"Do you think we pay enough, sister?" asked Miss Isabella, giving one last anxious look at the ashes, "bringing up kitchen coal, chopping the wood and keeping four baskets filled, raking the lawn, weeding the paths and shovelling the snow—all for a dollar and a quarter a week. Katie?"

"The money is a great help to him," said Miss Elmina, judicially. "But we might give him a quarter more when the snow does come. There's Katie putting the coffee on."

"Miss Phinney, is there anything else?" a a fresh tenor voice called up the back stairs. "The baskets are all filled."

"Are the draughts shut off?" asked Miss Phinney, anxiously.

"Not, ma'am. The furnace is very low. I'll come right over after prayers and shut it up. It's Mountain day, you know, and no recitations," answered the cheery boy.

His voice struck a chord that had long been unstirred in the hearts of these two maiden ladies. They had lost their only brother twenty-six years before—a lad just sixteen years old. Milton Wallace's voice recalled tones lost to their lonely lives.

They looked at each other with the same shyness every morning when the boy's voice rang up the stairs, each touched by the same reminiscence. They never spoke about it. They had lived too long together to need to talk in order to understand each other.

"You will be sure to come back and attend to it, Milton?" said Miss Phinney, kindly. "We are both going to the city after breakfast, and shall not be back until late in the afternoon; and Katie does not understand the furnace. You will be sure not to forget, Milton?"

"Do give the boy credit for common sense, sister," said Miss Isabella.

"Remember, Isabella, I must look after things." Miss Phinney spoke severely. Though she was the kindest-hearted of women she had an ever-whelming sense of responsibility. "Do you hear, Milton, she added, distinctly.

"All right, ma'am. Anything else? I won't forget the furnace," came the cheerful answer.

"Very well, you may go then, and don't forget to come back directly after prayers."

"No, ma'am."

Then the healthy, hungry boy ran out of the the shed and hurried to his breakfast.

"You really ought to trust Milton more. He has such a sense of duty for a boy," said Miss Isabella, setting down her coffee-cup.

"Katie has made these biscuits very light this morning," replied Miss Elmina, politely. "Remember, you have some gloves to buy to-day, and your gray silk to match; and that is a serious matter. We must hurry our meal. The coach will be here in ten minutes."

Cooper Academy was one of the best fitting schools in the state, and its principal, Doctor Stetson, ranked high as an educator and disciplinarian. This was Milton Wallace's first term in the school. As he was tall, strong and poor, Doctor Stetson had recommended him as chore-boy to the Phinneys, whose old-fashioned, gambrel-roofed white house was close to, and visible from the academy campus.

This was Mountain day, the one gift holiday of the school year. What fun was planned for that glorious October day. The only compulsory exercise of the day was morning prayers. The boys rushed up the stone steps as the bell rang.

"Hullo, Milt!" The captain of the Preparatory football team took his arm. "Every fellow out five minutes after prayers. You must beg it for your canvass on. We're going to play the Middlers at half-past eight, sharp."

"You don't say so!" Milton's eyes sparkled at the news.—"How on earth did you arrange it?"

For weeks the lower class had been trying to get up a football match with the middle class. Milton was half-back on his team, and a very promising player; quick, steady and a fine runner. And as success in athletics gives one prominence in school, Milton, though one of the poorest boys of the class, was also one of the most popular. Moreover, he was a good student, and Doctor Stetson looked upon him with much kindness.

Prayers seemed to last long that holiday morning. Milton had hard work to keep his mind off the plays he was planning to make. In the interval between "the chapter" and the prayer he had a swift vision of himself dodging around the opposing left guard, and making a twenty-five-yard gain. When prayers were over he dexterously wriggled through the crowd of boys thronging on the top of the steps, and hurried to his room to lace on his canvas football jacket.

Milton's temperment was nervous. He always did things with an extravagance of vitality. For this reason he generally succeeded in what he undertook; and for this reason he was in danger of failing at a crisis.

Now the two eleven "lined up" opposite to each other. Each boy felt the honor of his class at stake. A hundred or more watched the contest. How the ball swung to and fro—now on the Prep side of the field, now on the Middlers'. Not an outside thought occupied these young athletes. The location of the ball was the only question in the world. Milton, watching the quarter-back for his signal and opponents for an opening for a run was the picture of enthusiastic concentration in a game.

"Look at Wallace!" cried his classmates, one to the other. "He'll get through that line—now you see if he doesn't!"

"Whew! Look at him! A sudden cry was caught up and ran down the line of spectators. For from out of the centre of a hot scrimmage a lithe figure emerged, running swiftly.

"Who is it? Ah!"

The Preps gave a shout of delight.

"It's Wallace! He has broken through! He dodges the full-back! He has a clear field for a touch-down. What a run! The finest one of the year!"

Only twenty-five yards to the goal, and no one to stop him!. Hats were thrown into the air, and the boys of the lowest class began to hug each other in ecstacy. Milton Wallace held the ball firmly under his left arm, and sped as he never did before. He had not even dreamed of winning a touch-down like this. Only a few yards more.

He turned around to see if he were still pursued. As he did so, his gaze swept past the grand stand, and rested on a white colonial house. It was the house he had promised to protect. It was the house that he had forgotten in his sudden excitement over this game.

What was that he saw? Smoke? Impossible! Yes, smoke—curling languidly, heavily out of an open window. Smoke? That meant fire. Oh, horrible!

The furnace! On draught for two hours! And he had done it—he, Milton Wallace, playing football on the campus!

There was not a second's hesitation. With a gesture akin to loathing, he flung the ball away, and turning to the right, encreased his speed.

"Out of my way, he cried.

The amazed line of cheering boys broke before him. He had no breath, he had no time to explain. He could only point; the expression of his face told the rest.

Fire! Fire! Miss Phinney's house on fire!"

With a mad break the boys, the spectators, everybody, followed toward the burning house.

Milton was wild with the thought of his criminal carelessness. He saw his position in the school blasted. All faith in him was now gone! What had he left to live for? To put out the fire. That was all—and enough.

He remembered that in the hall of the academy stood a heavy red fire-extinguisher—that was meant to be strapped on the back when in use, by a kind of instinct he ran for that. There it was—in the entry, close to the door.

Exerting all his strength, the boy swung the heavy cylinder on his back and with that great burden, staggered out. By this time the boys were at the burning house. Cries for water and pails greeted Milton. In his ears the school bell tolled, fire! fire! The excitement and confusion were indescribable. Half of the parlor furniture was already out, while no one touched the fire; and the smoke grew blacker and more ominous."

"Here's Wallace! Hurrah for Wallace!"

"Milton pushed through the back door. There stood Katie, wringing her hands. A boy was frantically pumping pails of water that other boys were throwing from a respectable distance in the direction of the smoke.

The youngest boy of the class was carrying a pan of milk out of the door, anxiously balancing it lest he should spill a drop. A Senior, with a air of heroism, had just deposited a kettle full of scalding water on the grass, and was rubbing his burned fingers with rueful satisfaction; while a Junior had rescued from the woodshed an armful of empty flower-pots.

"Where is the fire?" cried Milton. "Tell me, Katie. Quick!"

"Sure it's in the back entry closet, O Musha! Musha!"

"Open that stop-cock!" he shouted, backing up to her.

She turned the stop-cock of the little chemical fire-engine, and on he staggered. It did not occur to him then that the furnace pipe did not run into that closet. He plunged into the smoke, trying to restrain his breathing. Then he saw the blaze, and heard the crackle.

He felt a stream pumping through the rubber tube in his hands, and directed it upon the flame. Now he was enveloped in the suffocating smoke. But he did not falter. His whole desire was to save the house.

He pressed nearer. He felt his hands burn. He felt the singeing of his hair. The fire seemed to retreat before him sullenly. There, in the corner by the barrel, was a final fierce blaze. He was striving desperately to retain his senses when to members of the football team, with full pails, found their way in. Splash! Splash! And the fire was out.

But where was Milton? The extinguisher was there in the smouldering closet, but not the boy. They searched for him everywhere. No one had seen him staggering out of the closet—still bent on duty.

At last Doctor Stetson ventured down cellar to the furnace. It was red hot. The upper door had just been opened. The draughts had just been off; and by the coal-bin lay the blackened and motionless figure of the brave lad who had saved the house.

"He had better not be moved," said the doctor, five minutes later, when they had carried him up-stairs. "He is seriously burned about the face and hands, and I am afraid, internally. He must stay here for the present. The shock of moving might injure him."

"I call it providential, Elmina," Isabella Phinney said, two days after, as she tiptoed to the door of their best spare bedroom. "To think that if we hadn't had Milton, father's house would have been a heap of ashes! I call him a hero, Elmina."

Then she added shyly, "Doesn't he remind you, sister, of dear brother?"

Miss Elmina looked over her spectacles, but said nothing. Her hand stole to the little old brooch made of golden-brown hair.

"How would you like to have him live with us until he graduates?" asked Miss Phinney, looking out of the window.

"It is the least we can do, sister," said Miss Isabella, emphatically.

Miss Phinney smiled and turned.

"Now go in and bathe the dear boy's face and hands. It's time, I'm going to make doughnuts," said Miss Isabella; and so Miss Phinney stepped softly into the sick-room.

"How do you feel to-day?" she began tenderly.

"Well enough to go to my boy room to-morrow or next day," answered Milton, feebly. "I don't want to make you any more trouble than I can help, Miss Phinney."

His lips were swollen, his face burned, his arms swathed in bandages.

"We have decided that you are not going to leave us at all. Doctor Stetson says you can stay. We feel that we can depend upon you, and besides we—we feel the need of a man in the house."

Milton tried to speak, but his puffed lips quivered piteously. Miss Phinney thought she understood his embarrassment, and chatted on:

"You know, if it had not been for you, Milton, we shouldn't have any home to offer you. You have been injured saving our property, and of course we must—we want to—take care of you. And Katie goes to-morrow. I have told her over and over again never to put her ashes in the barrel. To put hot ashes in that empty barrel, and shut the door of the closet—of course she set the house on fire. She is such a good girl if she were only as careful as you."

Milton started up with a moan of pain.

"It isn't Katie!" he cried. "It's my fault, Miss Phinney; I forgot the draughts!"

He fell back; the kind lady thought his mind wandering.

"Don't tremble about that," she said, soothingly. "The fire could not have caught from the furnace. It caught from the barrel, and didn't burn through the wall on account of your heroism. The closet has no furnace pipe."

But Wallace stared at the lady, lifting his poor burned face.

"Miss Phinney," he said, bravely, "I did leave the furnace on draught! I forgot it. Katie's fire got the start, that's all. When I shut off the furnace, it was red-hot. Five minutes more, and it would have touched the house off anyhow. It was my fault, Miss Phinney."

That speech cost the boy more heroism than the storming of the burning closet. Perhaps the lady thought so, too. As he spoke, her lips had grown set and her face hard. It was well that Milton did not notice her expression. Fidelity to duty, was her hobby and to find her hero fallible was a terrible disappointment.

But she looked upon him and began to understand. How he had suffered. How he atoned. Her face softened—she arose, bent over him and kissed his burning forehead.

It was the first kiss she had offered man or boy since she had given the last touch, long ago, to her dead brother's lips. It was a kiss of forgiveness, trust and adoption.

"At any rate," she said, steadily, "you won't forget again."

"How could a fellow—twice in a lifetime?" whispered Milton.

"Very well," said Miss Phinney, "I will have your things brought over, and—I think—I had better not tell Miss Isabella."

She opened the door. Then, as if she had conquered the last atom of severity in her nature, she said, with her wrinkled face touched by a motherly light:

"I will trust you in spite of it—in spite of it, I will!"

Perhaps the fight fought by the prim and grim old lady was as hard as the boy's. It is sometimes as difficult to give trust as to deserve it.

She closed the door. With a sigh the load dropped from Milton's miserable heart; and he turned his head to the wall and slept.

THE SOLDIERS' CHOICE.

During the Franco-Prussian War, two colporteurs, or distributors of Bibles and tracts, were posted at the railway station of Giessen, to greet the soldiers when the trains stopped for meals, and to supply them with good reading.

One day, Mr. Craig, their chief, received news that both men had been refused permission to continue their work. He was two hundred miles away, but he hastened to the spot. On meeting the station-master—as he himself tells the story—he expressed regret that his men should have behaved so badly as to be dismissed.

"Oh, they have done nothing wrong, only they annoy the soldiers."

"Did the soldiers say they were annoyed?" Mr. Craig asked.

"I did not ask them. Men of course, don't like pious books thrust into their hands when they are hungry. I know I shouldn't. So I put my foot down."

"I should like," said Mr. Craig, quietly, "to know what the soldiers themselves says. Will you allow me to make a test: Here is a train coming in with soldiers. You have your tables spread with wine and refreshments. Favor me by loaning the use of two tables at which I will place my two men with our books at each. Then if you will put two of your men at your tables, you and I can stand behind without saying a word, and let the soldiers decide whether they want the books."

The station-master assented quite willingly, and the train came in. The men stamping, singing, swearing, jumped out on the platform, stretching their legs and eager for food or drink. Some one saw the books and cried:

"Here are the books again!" We have not seen any for a week."

There was an instant rush by large numbers of the men. The lieutenant on a hint from Mr. Craig, ordered them not to jam, but to form in line and file past. Each soldier held out his hand in silence, and with bared head, received a book. In an incredibly short time most of the men in the company had marched past, and had taken a copy of the word of God.

In the meantime, it is said that but few of the soldiers had touched a cake or a bunch of grapes, or even a glass of wine.

"We can go no further," said Mr. Craig to the station-master, "our books are gone. I think you have still something on your tables."

The station-master, who was an honest man, gave a loud laugh, and grasping Mr. Craig's hand said, "I am beat—dead beat. I didn't think the men cared for these things. Your men may return to their work."

The two tables are symbolic. The decisions they involved confront men constantly. There is no escape from their challenge. One gives that which feeds the lower nature, the other that which feeds the soul, and there is not a man who does not instinctively or with deliberation choose the line of conduct that one or the other of them represents.

This character is formed. Men recognize it in this life, and by it the Great Teacher declares we are to be judged in the life that is to come.

LIMITATIONS OF GENIUS.

The man who wrote "Twinkle, twinkle, little, star," had the satisfaction of seeing the little star follow his instructions.

Similar happiness was vouchsafed the author of "Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean, roll!"—Boston Globe.

Nor must the equally delighted gentleman who cordially said, "Blow, blow, thou winter winds!" be forgotten.—Cleaveland, Plain Dealer.

After the grip, or other serious illness Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine to take to restore appetite and strength.

A WOMAN'S HAND.

A woman's hand! so weak to see,
So strong in guiding power to be,
So light, so delicately planned,
That you can hardly understand
The strength in its fair symmetry.

A hand to set a nature free,
Or curb a strong man's tyranny
By simple gesture of command—
A woman's hand.

Oh, man, upon life's troubled sea
When tempest-tossed by Fate's decree,
Though Fortune hold thee contraband,
Hope on, for thou shalt win to land
If somewhere in the stretched out to thee
A woman's hand.

CURIOSITIES OF MATRIMONY.

Mrs. Eleanor Linter divorced five husbands, and married the sixth at Providence, R. I., on December 30th, 1890, within the brief space of ten years. At her last marriage four of her divorced husbands were present, and a fifth, who sent a handsome present, would, but for a severe illness, have been there.

It is recorded that in 1678, Thomas Watson, a native of of Brant Broughton, buried his eighth wife; while in the person of James Gray, who died at Bordeaux, on April 28th, 1772, we have a veritable Bluebeard, for, in a long life of 101 years, he had espoused no fewer than sixteen wives.

In September, 1891, a Dr. Mary Spencer, of Bourbon, U. S. A., was married at Neath, Wales, to her eleventh husband, the most singular feature about it was the lady's age, which was only 41. Her first marriage took place when she was only 15.

A few months since, in America, a Mr. Drew was married to Miss Muir. Both were elderly people, the bridegroom being 82, while the lady of his choice had passed the allotted span of threescore and ten; they had each had considerable experience in matrimony, the present occasion being the husband's ninth and the wife's twelfth appearance at the altar as principals.

Last year there died at Budapest, at the age of 80, a man named Czuczor. He has been married fourteen times and it is said that his death was accelerated by the rejection of his suit at the hands of a widow whom he was desirous of making his fifteenth wife.

In the autumn of 1889 one Pierre Dupont died at Brussels. Though he had but twelve wives he was married thirteen times. When quite a youth he had espoused a certain Marie Bastons, who, however, proved fickle and eloped with a cousin. Young Pierre regarded his loss with philosophic resignation, and proceed to make other ventures in matrimony, until at the age of 70 he had buried eleven wives. A year later he met a very nice old lady, whom he courted and won, to find a few weeks after the knot was indissolubly tied, that he had re-married in the person of Mme. Dobblecare, his first love, Marie Bastons.

Senora Ray Castillo, a Mexican lady, lost, between the years 1880 and 1895, no fewer than seven husbands, all of whom, strange to state, met with violent deaths. The first was killed in a carriage accident, the second was poisoned, the third perished in a mine explosion, the fourth committed suicide, the fifth succumbed to a fal while hunting, the sixth was killed from a fall from a scaffold, and the seventh was drowned.—London Tit-Bits.

ONLY A LETTER.

It is impossible to estimate the good that may spring from a little act of kindness. It may be only a word, a stray thought, or a trifling favour, but it often carries a blessing to one who thinks himself friendless.

I have not forgotten the circumstance of a young man in the army who received no letters, and when his comrade saw the tears fill his eyes when the mail arrived, he wrote home to his mother and told her of his orphan comrade.

"Mother," he wrote, "do write to him; and as his mother is dead, do mother him a little."

Very quickly a letter came to the young man. As it was handed to him he said, "It is not for me. I have no one that cares enough for me to write."

But when he opened it and saw, "My dear son," he bowed his head and wept like a child. Then lifting his face, beaming with smiles, he said, "I have got a mother."

TACT AND TALENT.

"Tact is greater than talent," is an old-time saying, and it is one that holds good to-day as well as on the day it was written. Tact is a great thing for one to carry through the world and it pilots one over many rough places.

There is a woman who says it is better to tell people pleasant than unpleasant things, and she lives up to it, and people are glad to see her wherever she goes.

I believe she is right. People are better for a little appreciation, honestly expressed, and a kind word is an inspiration to do better things.

It's better to say kind things when you can say them and tell the truth.

No scheme pays as well as a legitimate business.

KANSAS LOGIC.

Here is a drought story told by a travelling man:

I was driving across the country to a little town in western Kansas the other day when I met a farmer hauling a wagon load of water.

"Where do you get water?" said I.

"Up the road about seven miles," he replied.

"And you haul water seven miles for your family and stock?"

"Yep."

"Why in the name of sense don't you dig a well?"

"Because it is just as far one way as the other, stranger.