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Principal

Poetry.

A DREAM.

I saw my old home in a dream;
It was so real my heart grew light;
I thought from strangers to redeem
My home, and make its hearthstone bright;
The means were mine; I could restore
To its old time beauty my home once more.

I saw the gravelled walks, the flowers,
The trees of green against the sky;
Where light leaves, rustling in the breeze,
Made music soft in days gone by,
And lingering round walks, trees and flowers,
Were memories dear of childhood's hours.

How I had longed for this for years,
To own again my childhood's home;
While struggling on 'mid hopes and fears;
Now surely the reward had come;
My old home was my own once more;
Its careless I would restore.

If I joyfully to pass my days;
My youthful pleasures to renew,
Yet again the olden ways;
Feel as then, when life was new;
Oh! surely naught were needed still
This cup of earthly bliss to fill!

And then a change came o'er my dream,
A shadow dimmed the vision bright;
A cloud, I knew not whence it came,
To darken what had seemed so light;
A sudden thought, I ne'er can see
The loved ones who have ceased to be.

The old home now had lost its charm,
Twere vain to make it as of yore,
Gone was the father's sheltering arm,
My mother's welcome at the door—
Alas! I cried, I can't restore
The happy child that will form no more.

—Youth's Companion.

Select Family Reading

AUNT ABBIE'S SALVE

BY RANDALL AYLMER.

TOM Gordon sat in his own porch, smoking a pipe. It sounds comfortable when read in this brief sentence, but Tom Gordon was as far from comfortable as a man well can be, short of absolute torture.

In the first place, the porch was a rickety, tumble-down affair outside of the shabbiest of little cottages, and the destruction of a great cotton factory at B— had thrown Tom and his only child, pretty Hattie Gordon, both out of employment. For two months they had managed to live on the tiny nest egg Hattie had saved, but that was nearly gone, and Tom's cheap tobacco would not give smoke enough to hide the destitution staring him in the face. Worst of all, Tom was musing over an encounter with an old friend, who had gone up the ladder of fortune somewhat faster than Tom had come down.

"Poor girl!" he mused, puffing away in a slow, discouragement manner, "whatever she'll say, I do not know. To think of John Ingraham going back on me, in that way."

"Father!"

He started violently as a sweet voice spoke, and a gentle hand touched his shoulder.

"Yes, my darling," he said, uneasily shifting his eyes, as he dreaded to meet the blue ones of his own child.

"I had a letter from Harry this afternoon, and I want to read it to you."

"Yes, yes, dear."

"He writes:

"'I have not obeyed my own father, Hattie, when he forbade my loving you, but what can I say when your father forbids me the house! I know you too well to hope you will consent to meet me secretly, but I will never give you up unless you tell me you have ceased to love me. I have no money, except from my father, but I mean to idle no longer. When I can give you a home, over so humble a one, I shall come to you, and I know you will be true to me. Remember, till death, I am your betrothed husband, loving you, working for you.'"

"Father, why have you forbidden him the house?"

"Hattie, come round here, to your old place, on the arm of my chair. Look in my face, dear, and tell me if you believe your father loves you?"

The tenderest of kisses fell upon his trembling lips, the sweetest of voices answered:

"I know you love me, father."

"And yet I told your lover to come here no more. For—for why, Hattie? John Ingraham and I were apprentices in the same shop, more than thirty years back, Hattie, always the best of friends till he made a better thing of life than I did, and got rich. But we never had any quarrel, Hattie, until to-day, when he said we were tricking his boy into a low marriage. He said such things as I couldn't hear said of you, mdown, and so I told him his son must come here no more. We are very poor, Hattie!"

"Yes, father."

"And with no prospect ahead."

"None."

"But we ain't quite so low down as to encourage the boy, when his father will turn against him.

"No, father; you are right. He must come no more."

She was sobbing a moment later, but it was in her father's arms, with his tender kisses pressed upon her bowed head, and his voice, shaking with emotion, cheering her by loving words.

The twilight was almost gone, and still these two were sitting clasped in each other's arms, when a childish voice cried:

"Oh, Miss Gordon, please!" And Hattie went to meet the intruder.

She was gone some moments, coming back quite her cheerful self again.

"What was it, dear?"

"One of my Sunday-school children. Her brother has scalded himself, and she came for some of Aunt Abbie's Salve."

"Will it do any good?"

"I hope so. Indeed, I feel quite sure of it. You know mother gave it away a great deal, and always kept a supply made up; and I never knew it to fail to heal burns, scalds, bruises or cuts."

"Hattie, are you sure?"

"Yes."

"And can you make it?"

"I have made hundreds of boxes."

"To give away?"

"Yes. I only stipulate to have the box returned; for the tin box costs more than the salve. That is cheap. Twenty five cents will buy all I need for fifty boxes."

"Hattie! our fortune is made! I never thought about that salve, but I mind now your Aunt Abbie was always begging of it. How much money have we got, Hattie?"

"Only five dollars."

"That will do for a start."

It seemed very little to start anything, but Tom Gordon was a man of whom his companions said, "he was all there;" and he had formed his plans with lightning rapidity. Honest as daylight he would have scorned to use any fraud in trade; but Aunt Abbie's Salve would do what it engaged to do, so his conscience was clear. Already the generous use of it had established its reputation in the little town, and the Gordons being popular, there were many purchasers as soon as it was known that "Tom Gordon was going to try to make a living out of that stuff that cured Tom, Dick and Harry's burns, bruises or cuts." It was a blessing to Hattie, for Harry Ingraham, after writing his farewell letter, was seen no more, and many a heartache and crying spell was kept in subjection by the necessity for making salve to meet an order.

Five years passed away, and one morning Hattie Gordon, coming to breakfast, saw that something was troubling her father. She crossed the room quickly and took her old place upon the arm of his chair. But they looked but little like the same couple in the same position on the rickety old porch. The breakfast-room was one of the many luxurious apartments in the country residence of Thomas Gordon, Esq., and the proprietor himself, in his gentlemanly attire, looked every inch a prosperous man. I cannot say that Hattie was very much prettier at twenty-three than she had been at eighteen, but her dainty morning dress of white lawn, with rose pink ribbons, certainly was more becoming than the very often washed calico that was her usual morning wear when she worked in the factory and was her own servant at home.

For Aunt Abbie's Salve had proved a success, and Hattie no longer needed to touch her slender fingers to the hundreds and thousands of boxes that passed from the "laboratory" of Thomas Gordon's warehouse, to cities far away and near, bringing in an income that met the expenses of country seat and city house, horses, carriages, expensive dresses and jewels, and yet left huge nest eggs for "rainy days."

Society had long before opened its arms to Hattie, who was pretty and refined, although she could not play the piano or converse in any language but her own. There had been more than one heart laid at her pretty feet, but Hattie was sure Harry would come back, and was well content to wait for him.

She was no love-sick, pining girl, grieving always for happiness missed, but a healthy, sensible woman, who lifted the cup of prosperity to grateful lips, and in draining it, forgot not to share bountifully with those less fortunate.

It was a rare thing in those days to see a shadow on Tom Gordon's cheerful face, and Hattie, perched upon the arm of his chair, was a little troubled, too, as she asked:

"What is the matter?"

"Well, dear, I've got a letter that troubles me, and that's a fact."

"Business?"

"Oh, no, bless you! Business is that good, it just about takes care of itself. No, it is a letter from—well, death, from John Ingraham!"

Two soft little hands took Tom's cheek into captivity, while a fluttering kiss fell on his forehead.

"Yes, dearie, I know! You love me good and true, but you've not forgot Harry! Well, my treasure, if your pride wants a gratification you can give it one now. Harry, he's been to California, a' working good, I guess, an' he made a fortin!"

"You?"

"But," said Tom, rubbing his head, "he lost it again! And then he was very sick, nigh dead, I guess, and some of his friends out there just hi'sted him aboard a vessel when he didn't know what was going on around him, and fetched him home. Now, dearie, if you are going to cry like that, I'll have to stop."

But he did not, although Hattie had slipped down into his lap, and was hiding her face on his shoulder, and crying like a child.

"I guess he was well loved out there, for those fellows brought him to his father's, though he was weak as a child yet, and must have been a great care on the voyage. And so there he is, and his father writes to me to beg I'll let you see him. Mind you, it's his father writes, for Harry's that spunky, sick as he's, that he don't want you to know he has come back as poor as he went away. So if you owe John Ingraham a grudge, you can just pay him. He's lost money, Hattie, a good bit of money, I know, or we'd never eat humble pie in this fashion."

"You will go with me, father?"

"H'm! So you mean to go?"

"You know I would. Think of it, father, five years of hard work, and Harry never had to work before! Five years, when he might have been at home, in his father's favor, if he would give me up. And now, he will wait for me to speak, because we are rich! Money is hateful!"

"Do you think so, dearie?"

"No, I don't. Money is lovely. It gives you every comfort, and it will smooth my way to Harry. You won't be cross to me?"

"Was I ever cross to you?"

"Never, never, never! Now I will ring for breakfast, and order the carriage for the 11.30 train. Don't—don't you think the pure, sweet air here might be good for an invalid?"

"You ought to know, as your have lied a free hospital here ever since I bought the house."

"Now, father, you know you were as pleased as I was, when we could give the poor girls who work so hard where I once worked, a little holiday."

Tom Gordon did not deny the charge, and was quite ready to join Hattie, when, in the most bewitching of walking dresses, and a coquettish hat, she came to the carriage. She was very pale, though, and not quite her cheery self, when the two entered the parlor of John Ingraham's house. The proud, self-sufficient man of five years before, was humble enough as he came to meet them.

"I was sure you would come," he said. "He is very weak to-day; does not get his strength at all. I told him you were coming. Tom, he is in the room adjoining this; I fitted it up for him. May Hattie go in, while you stay with me?"

Tom made a sign of assent. It gave him a choking sensation to see his old friend's anxious, pleading face, and Hattie's white cheeks. So, trying not to tremble, Hattie opened the door of the next room and went in. In an arm-chair near the window was a gaunt, hollow-eyed, emaciated man, looking eagerly toward her.

Her heart seemed to stop beating. Could that be the handsome, brave young fellow whose arm had held her once and again with the strong clasp of protecting manhood?

"Hattie," he said, feebly, "have you indeed come to say farewell? It was all a failure, dear."

In a moment her womanhood asserted itself. The pale cheeks flushed, the soft eyes brightened, and, stepping lightly across the floor, she put both little hands upon the emaciated ones on Harry's lap, while her sweet lips met his own in a lingering kiss.

"I never bade you good-bye, Harry, even when you left me, and now I say welcome home. My love! my love! How could you stay away so many years?"

"I heard of your prosperity, and I wanted to come home rich—not the beggar I am."

"I was the beggar when you wrote 'till death I am your betrothed husband.' And," she continued, brightly, seeing that he was not able to bear emotion, "I have a letter ready for a 'breach of promise' case if you do not keep your engagement. Father!

Tom Gordon answered the call briskly. There was much discussion, some feeble remonstrance, but the doctor highly approving of the change of air, arrangements were speedily made for a journey, the most important of which arrangements was the performance of the marriage ceremony in the back parlor, after which Mrs. Henry Ingraham took command of the invalid in a manner appalling to the most energetic "woman's rights" female.

But it was a very happy family which settled down at last in the pleasant home that was the result of sales of "Aunt Abbie's Salve."

SPARKLES

Wife—I'm sorry to see you come home in such a state as this, John.

Husband—I knew you would be sorry, Carrie, and that's why I told you not to sit up so late.

Schoolmaster—"Anonymous" means without a name. Give me a sentence showing you understand how to use the word.

Small Boy—Our new baby is anonymous.

Two officers were sent to arrest a Quaker; his wife met them at the door and said: "Walk in, gentlemen; my husband will see thee."

After waiting some time they got impatient and called the woman, saying:

"You said we would see your husband presently."

"No, friend," she replied; "I said he would see thee—he did see thee, did not like thy looks, and went out by the back door."

You can inherit ability, but you've got to hustle for experience.

Mrs. Do Style—Your husband seems to be a pessimist.

Mrs. Malaprop—Oh! no. He's an oculist.

"There should be no secrets between husband and wife," says the Cynical Bachelor, "except what they really think of each other."

Some of the men who laugh when a woman gets off the car backward would pull the muzzle of a loaded gun toward them when crawling through a fence.

Mamma (at breakfast table) You should always use your napkin, Georgie.

Georgie—I am using it, mamma. I've got the dog tied to the leg of the table with it.

"When in doubt, do you always play trumps, Mrs. Prizegrabber?"

"Not necessarily. I sometimes start a spicy little story about one of my neighbors and by the time I am ready to play my opponents lose all track of the cards."

Mrs. Stubb—Oh, John, there must be a great many barber shops in Wall Street!

Mr. Stubbs—What causes you to think so, Maria?

Mrs. Stubbs—Why the papers say hundreds of men are 'trimmed' there every day."

A WELCOME ADDRESS.

A few years ago a teacher's convention met in a small city, and the principal of the schools, a Mr. Hawkins, asked the pastor of the church to which he belonged to make the customary address of welcome. He did so. It was the regulation effort with which we are all so familiar:

"The teacher's responsibility"—with great solemnity.

"His character"—with admonition.

"His habits"—with proper warning.

"His person and address"—with suggestions.

"His duty as a citizen, a patriot, a Christian, etc.—with orotund vociferation.

He closed, leaving the audience, with the impression that the teacher ought to lead a different life, and needed looking after.

A month or two later a convention of ministers had a meeting in the same town and as it happened they met in the same room. Mindful of past honors the minister asked Hawkins to extend to them the city's welcome. He accepted.

He came forward with apparent embarrassment and remarked that he had never had the honor of addressing a body of ministers before; but he wished to say a few words about the minister's responsibility, and reminded them that the minister was to blame for every soul that was lost to the kingdom.

They looked surprised.

Then he spoke of the minister's character, and warned them against the saloons of the city that were there to tempt them. Whiskey, he said, not only interfers with the preparation of the sermons, but it thickens the preacher's utterance and spoils his delivery.

The ministers nervously dusted their spectacles and lowered their noses to take a look at him through the long lens to make sure he wasn't crazy.

Then Hawkins yarned to his work. He told them to avoid gambling. It leads to quarrels and dishonesty, and tampering with the collections. Church money ought not to be used for such purposes.

The ministers glared at the local brother.

"The ministers ought not to smoke cigarettes or chew tobacco," said Hawkins. "It ruins the digestion and breaks the thread of discourse when the minister stops to spit." Then he spoke of their clothes, and their laundry, and their private habits. He said the minister ought to acquire the habit of taking a bath. The old swimming hole is not sufficient. He ought to make arrangements to bathe in his house, and could accustom himself to take a bath even in the winter. "You would be surprised," said he, "at the stimulating effects."

He kept this up for twenty minutes and the scandalized ministers were boiling with rage. The local brother who invited Hawkins to address them was paralyzed.

Then Hawkins concluded: "Now, brethren, this is the first time I have ever talked to ministers, and when I was asked to accept this honor I had no idea as to what, I ought to say. But my pastor is a wise and good man. I take him as my mentor and guide. He teaches me the golden rule and I know it is his rule of conduct. A month or two ago he addressed a convention of bright, intelligent lady school teachers in this hall, at my request. He spoke to them, as no doubt many of you have done, about their characters and personal habits. I have followed his outline and have endeavored to do it unto you even as he did it unto us. I hope I have not done amiss, and heartily welcome you to our city.

The convention saw the point, and he sat down amid a burst of applause. The next twenty minutes were spent by those preachers in eulogizing the work and character of the American school teacher in a manner that made even the blush who hadn't blushed for ten years.

Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. If attacked do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and thoroughly subdues the pain and disease.

If a man doesn't amount to anything himself he boasts of his ancestors.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all. — O. W. Holmes.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

The wear and tear of rust is faster than the wear and tear of work. — S. Smiles.

Half the wrongs that people do us are through sheer ignorance. — Mrs. Craik.

Not If as Rich as Rockefeller.

If you had all the wealth of Rockefeller, the Standard Oil magnate, you could not buy a better medicine for bowel complaints than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. The most eminent physician cannot prescribe a better preparation for colic and diarrhoea, both for children and adults. The uniform success of this remedy has shown it to be superior to all others. It never fails, and when reduced with water and sweetened, is pleasant to take. Every family should be supplied with it. Sold by all drug gists.

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I will show you diamonds, lace and tapestries
Of all variety
At lowest cost;
Weavings of chaste design
Perfect in every line;
Connoisseurs rarely will buy of the Frost.

I am the Dew,
Notice my elegant bracelets and necklaces,
All of rare quality;
Pearls not a few;
Emerald and amethyst
Opal all rainbow tinted;
Ladies especially to buy of the Dew.

I am the Snow,
Let me display for you samples most exquisite,
Choicest of bordering;
Also I show,
Heavy and soft and white,
Spread in a single night;
Folk who have wisdom will buy of the Snow.

I am Rain,
Something I'll show you priceless and wonderful,
Making their offerings seem
Tawdry and vain!
Tis but a cloak of grey
Wrapping the world away
Happy the few who will buy of the Rain.

THE BRAVEST DEED.

A group of old soldiers, both Confederate and Federal, were recently swapping stories of the Civil War. At first they fell to comparing the greatest acts of bravery that each had known, and a Southerner told the following story:

"It was a hot July day in 1861, and General Grant was after us. Our men had hurriedly dug rifle pits to protect themselves from the Federal sharpshooters, and dead and dying Federals were lying up to the very edge of those pits.

"In one of the pits was an unpainly, raw, red headed boy. He was a retiring lad, green as grass, but a reliable fighter. We never paid much attention to him, one way or another.

"The wounded had been lying for hours unattended before the pits, and the sun was getting hotter and hotter. They were suffering horribly from pain and thirst. Not fifteen feet away, outside the rifle-pit, lay a mortally wounded officer who was our enemy.

"As the heat grew more intolerable, this officer's cries for water increased. He was evidently dying hard, and his appeals were of the most piteous nature. The red headed boy found it hard to bear them. He had just joined the regiment and was not yet callous to suffering. At last, with tears flooding his grimy face, he cried out:

"'I can't stand it no longer, boys! I'm goin' to take that poor fellu my canteen.'

"For answer to this foolhardy speech one of us stuck a cap on a ramrod and hoisted it above the pit. Instantly it was pierced by a dozen bullets. To venture outside a step was the maddest suicide. And all the while we could hear the officer's moans:

"'Water! Water! Just one drop, for God's sake, somebody! Only one drop!'

"The tender hearted boy could stand the appeal no longer. Once, twice, three times, in spite of our utmost remonstrance, he tried unsuccessfully to clear the pit. At last he gave a desperate leap over the embankment, and once on the other side, threw himself flat upon the ground and crawled toward his dying foe. He could not get close to him because of the terrible fire but he broke a sumac bush, tied to the stick his precious canteen, and handed it to the sufferer's trembling hand.

"You never heard such gratitude in your life. Perhaps there was never any like it before. The officer was for tying his gold watch on the stick and sending it back as a slight return for the disinterested act. But this the boy would not allow. He only smiled happily, and returned as he had gone, crawling amid a hailstorm of bullets. When he reached the edge of the pit he called out to his comrades to clear the way for him, and with mighty leap he was among us once more. He was not even scratched.

"He took our congratulations calmly. We said it was the bravest deed we had seen during the war. He did not answer. His eyes had a soft, musing look.

"'How could you do it?' I asked in a whisper later, when the crack of the rifles ceased for a moment.

"'It was something I thought of,' he said, simply. 'Something my mother used to say to me. "I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink," she said. She read it to me out of the Bible, and she taught it to me until I never could forget it. When I heard that man crying for water I remembered it. The words stood still in my head. I couldn't get rid of 'em. So I thought they meant me—and I went. That's all.'

"This was the reason why the boy was ready to sacrifice his life for an enemy. And it was reason enough," added the soldier, with a quavering voice.

Failures are, with heroic minds, the stepping stones to success. — Halliburton.

DRUGGING CHILDREN.

All so called "soothing" syrups and most of the powders advertised to cure childhood ailments contain poisonous opiates and an overdose may kill the child. When the mother uses Baby's Own Tablets she has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate or narcotic. They can be given with absolutely safety to a new born baby. They cure indigestion, constipation, colic, diarrhoea and the other minor ailments of children. Mrs. G. Collins, Hirkella, Man., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are the most satisfactory medicine I have ever used for the minor ailments of children. I always keep the Tablets in the house." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.