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outer, one of my new model high finish
kind. A cutter with a well braced gear,
comfortable and roomy seat, high spring
back, beautifully painted and dashing style.
Or perhaps it is a pleasure sleight you are
wanting to take the family on. I have a
good assortment of them. Nice low down,
spring bolt body, well constructed, free
with drop tailboard, good wide seats with
spring backs very handsomely painted and
trimmed. Come in and see them. I have
also a good stock of farm boilers and
other. Bring your sleigh and cutter repair-
ing for prompt and satisfactory results.

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Postoy.

THE OLD BOOK ON THE STAND
I love it, the beautiful, dear old book
As it lies on the stand in my study's
nook

What for moments sweet and its visions
grand
The beautiful, dear "Old Book on the
Stand"

"The my mother's Bible—this book on
the stand"
On it leaves are traces of many a
tear.

"The words with up, and 'tis yellow
with age,
That every page is a sacred page.
For her own dear hand turned them
in and
In the pages of the long ago,
Precious indeed is that book divine,
And precious memories broken it twice,
And though 'tis covered with broken
and worn,
And 'tis pages soiled and defaced and
torn,
It has done its work for a hundred
years,
It has taught our sorrows and calmed
our fears."

A dith Chart by which another sail-
ed out to sea
I certainly found enough for me!
Sailed out to sea, with the sail all set,
And the light on her face—I can see it
yet!
Radiant and sweet—as she sailed
away—
To the blue sea of eternal day!
Do you wonder I touch with reverent
hand
The beautiful dear "Old Book on the
Stand"

—by J. Austin Shaw, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Select Family Reading

The Conspiracy

BY GEORGE FRANKLIN

"You must help me, Ken," said
Priscilla.

Now, since the great ambition of my
life was to help Priscilla then and
always, I felt quite equal to this par-
ticular emergency, and said so. I then
suggested that she should tell me all
about it.

"It was Evolyne," she said, pur-
suing cream into the cup with an air of
great freedom. "I don't know, K—
or perhaps you don't know—that Mr.
Denham is awfully in love with her."
"Oh—er—your brother-in-law?"

"Quite. He brought me a box of
chocolates. They all do that."

"That's not conclusive evidence. I
gave you a box of chocolates last week,
and I'm not in love with your sister
Evolyne."

Priscilla looked offended.

"Don't be silly, or I shan't tell you
any more."

"All right, girls—go on."

We had been chums, Priscilla and I,
since the days of our childhood, when
we had climbed trees and foraged
treasures together. "Ten years had
gone and I was still her comrade,
one that had satisfied her it was only
lately I had begun to find out that I
wanted something more."

"I'll tell you the case properly," said
Priscilla, republishing our likes, "so
don't interrupt. It's like this. I've
always helped Evolyne with her love
affairs, and we've talked them over
together, but I can't get her to say a
word about Mr. Denham. I'm very
nearly sure she likes him—the right
sort of liking I mean—and yet, because
she pruned around to look after me,
she'll think she oughtn't to marry
him."

"Why ever not? You could live
with them, couldn't you?"

Priscilla shook her head.

"That's just it. I couldn't. He'd
drive me mad in a week. Oh, of
course, he is an old dear in his way,
and he fairly walks the ground he
walks on, but, Ken, I simply can't
live with him, and Evolyne must have
guessed how I feel."

"You had better have some cake," I
said, and while she ate it I considered
the points carefully.

"Evolyne and Priscilla Morden were
orphans, their parents having been
killed in a railway accident fifteen
years ago."

"So you take care of Priscilla,
Evolyne darling," was the last thing
Mrs. Morden had said as she waved
good-bye from the carriage window;
and the words had rung in Evolyne's
ears whenever she had been tempted
to put aside the little sister's happi-
ness in finishing her own. Yes, Priscilla
was right; Evolyne was just the woman
to send her love away, because of that
same Priscilla's whim.

"So you see, Ken," continued Priscilla,
"we must find some way out of
the difficulty. I'm not going to have
Evolyne giving up what I know she
wants, just because she thinks I shan't
be able to get on without her. Now,
what have you to suggest?"

A solution had already occurred to
me. A very simple one, it is true, but
one that to my way of thinking was
the most most satisfactory. The only
thing to be done was to bring it before
Priscilla in a proper light.

I was still considering this when
Evolyne and Mr. Denham came in.

One looks the other sister's face
told me that Priscilla had made an
mistake. Evolyne Morden loved this
game, almost none.

I made my adieux soon afterwards
and Priscilla came with me to the
gate.

"I was right, wasn't I?" she asked
gleefully. "It's crystallized facts like
this. I saw the edge of the box stick-
ing out of his pocket." Then her face
grew serious.

"You really must help me, Kenneth.
Could I find a vacation, do you
think? Art, or music, or literature—
anything, so that I can get out of
Evolyne's way."

"I think it likely, anyway, I'll
consider the matter," I told her, "and
let you know."

Then I hurried away, for I knew

right well that that pretty postcard
I had probably wrote my secret
to Ken. If I stayed any longer, and its
time was not yet.

Priscilla was in the garden the next
time I went to "The Hollies." She sat
in the hammock, and her hair—it was
such pretty hair, like wavy and fluffy—
glowed round her face in a most bewitch-
ing manner.

"They're in the drawing-room," she
said, glancing toward the house. "Mr.
Denham and E. Lynn, and I'm almost
sure he is going to come to the point.
When I heard him sing, I said to my-
self, 'That man upon his knees.' Now,
Kenneth, if she refuses him—and I
know she will—what am I to do?"

"Priscilla," I said seriously, "I came
this afternoon to tell you something."
Priscilla was at once all attention—
for the moment she forgot Evolyne and
the proposal that was probably taking
place in the drawing-room.

"What is it?" she said.

"Priscilla, I'm in love."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm in love—in love."

"Oh!"

There was wonder, and surprise, and
something I couldn't quite define in
Priscilla's voice.

"Is she to be loved?"

"Nice! Not the word, she's perfect."

"Oh!" said Priscilla again, with still
that strange inflexion in her voice.

"Priscilla," I said desperately, "can't
you guess who she is?"

"I don't know," she said slowly, ignor-
ing my question, "that you won't be
my chum any more. She mightn't
like it. I don't think I should myself."

"Priscilla, you haven't answered my
question. Can't you guess who the
girl is?"

She began to pick up leaves from the
walk, so that I couldn't see her face.

"It's that Miss Mason, I suppose,"
she said at last, "isn't it?"

In Scotland last year. You told me that
she was extremely nice."

"Did I? Oh, well, it isn't Miss
Mason. The girl I want is fifty miles
thence, and I shan't have her,
I shall go to Africa and settle among
the blacks."

"Oh, Ken, not really?"

"I shall indeed."

It was delicious to tease Priscilla,
and I was thoroughly enjoying myself,
but at that moment she turned on me
a pair of anxious, troubled eyes, which
suddenly blimmed with tears. Then I
lost my head.

"I took her dear hands in mine—such
soft, dimpled hands—and kissed out
the truth like any schoolboy."

"Priscilla," I said, "you're the only
girl I love—I wonder you haven't
guessed it long ago. You won't send
me to Africa, will you?"

I am not going to tell you, or any-
one else, what Priscilla said.

"Priscilla—Priscilla, where are you?
I was Evolyne's voice, and we both
started guiltily, we had clean for-
gotten that on other lovers in the draw-
ing-room.

They came toward us now, Mr. Den-
ham and Evolyne, with radiant faces.

"Priscilla darling," said the elder
sister, "I've great news for you, and of
course Ken's too. Mr. Denham and I
are going to be married. I
I know you like each other, any one
can see that (oh, poor blind Evolyne!)
and of course you must live with us—
we both wish that."

Then I felt it was my turn.

"Evolyne," I said, "your plan is ad-
mirable, but Priscilla and I have made
one afternoon that I really think
is even better." And then I told them
Evolyne plan, and I thought I ought to
tell them that I thought her fiance seemed
particularly happy.

"A most happy arrangement," he
declared, "very happy indeed; I must
congratulate you both on your engage-
ment."

"It was Ken's idea," said Priscilla
meekly.—"The Family Friend."

TRAIN BOYS TO BE ORDERLY

"It is a curious fact," commented a
man recently, "that almost no mother
realizes the importance of bringing her
son up to orderly habits. She impresses
upon her daughters from the time they
are old enough to recognize any re-
sponsibility the necessity to keep their
rooms tidy, but away articles after
use, and care for their belongings at all
times. The boy, however, is exempt
from any similar requirement, not only
in his own room, but throughout the
house. He reads newspapers and
throws them on the floor, gets up from
a divan leaving the cushions packed
and unclean, without the slightest re-
sponse to the only notice taken of the
inconvenience involved, being asked a sister
if he has one, to pick up the one and
straighten the other. The women of
the family follow in his footsteps all
day long, removing whatever disorder
he creates. Yet there is no business
reproach upon which that boy will
occasionally enter in which order is not a
fundamental necessity. Girls, on the
other hand, do not, as a rule, suffer so
seriously from a lack of order, or at
least consequences are not so contin-
ually disagreeable and costly as in the
case with boys."—American Boy.

DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS DEAD

A certain Sunday school class in
Philadelphia consists for the most part
of youngsters who live in the poorer
districts of the city. One Sunday the
teacher told the class about Cain and
Abel, and the following week she turned
the subject to the children's lives. One
boy, however, had not been present the
previous session.

"Jimmie," she asked, "I want you to
tell me who killed Abel."

"Abel's no use asking me, teacher," re-
plied Jimmie, "I didn't even know he
was dead."

YES, INDEED

"It takes a couple of sweethearts a
dozen long time to say good-by, even
if they are parting for only a few
hours."

"Much adieu about nothing, eh?"

AN OLD TEMPERANCE SERMON

Mr. Dodd was a minister who lived,
many years ago, a few miles from
Cambridge, England, and having
several times been preaching against
drunkenness, some of the Cambridge
scholars (conscience, which is sharper
than ten thousand witnesses, being
their country) were very much offend-
ed, and thought he made reflections on
them.

Some time after, Mr. Dodd was
walking toward Cambridge, and met
some of the gentlemen, who, as soon
as they saw him at a distance, resolved
to make some ridicule of him. As soon
as he came up, they accosted him with
"Your servant, sir!" He replied,
"Your servant, gentlemen." They
asked him if he had not been preach-
ing very much against drunkenness of
late. He answered in the affirmative.

They then told him they had a favor
to beg of him, and it was that he would
preach a sermon to them there, from a
text-book they should choose. He
argued that it was an imposition, for a
man ought to have some consideration
before he is asked to preach. They would
not put up with a denial, and insisted
upon his preaching immediately.

He then began: "Beloved, let me
address you for a moment, and I shall
conclude at a short notice, to preach
a sermon from a short text, to a thin
congregation, in an unworthy pulpit.
Beloved, my text is 'Malt.' I cannot
divide it into sentences, there being
none in the words, their being but
one; I must therefore of necessity di-
vide it into letters, which I findly in my
text to be these four, m, a, l, t.

"M is moral.

"A is agricultural.

"L is literal.

"T is theological.

"The moral is to teach you rustles
good manners; therefore, M, my
masters, A, all of you, L, leave off, T,
theological."

"The allegorical is, when one thing
is spoken of, and another meant. The
thing is malt, which you rustles make,
M, your masters, A, your apparel, L,
your liberty, and T, your trust."

"The literal is according to the let-
ters, M, much, A, also, L, little, T, trust.
The theological is according to the
effects it works in some, M, murder
in others, A, adultery, in all, L, loose-
ness