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board, in the manager's chair, and on the  
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bringing them to the front, and their slight  
success is attracting attention. Bright  
young men and women have much to gain  
by investigating these facts, and entering  
NOW the sure path to honorable success.

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WHISKEY, THAT'S ALL!  
All? Why, no, there's a great deal  
There's an arm that's weak and a  
head that's sore;  
There's a humor that's filled with grief  
and woe,  
And a wife that's filled with a  
sorrowful gloom.  
All? Why, no, there's job that's lost;  
There's an empty purse that can  
meet no cost;  
There's a watch to pawn and a chair  
to sell;  
There's a money to borrow and a threat  
of a creditor;  
There's an empty glass and a light  
or two;  
And a fine to pay for an eye that's  
blue.  
All? Why, no, there's a demon's  
curse;  
There's a child to kick and a wound  
to nurse;  
There's a home to break and a wife  
to grieve;  
There's a song of her life is rub, rub,  
rub;  
There's a free-lunch served in a table-  
room,  
And some chores to do with a rag or  
broom;  
There's the price to beg for a burning  
drink,  
And a place to sleep where drunk-  
ards alk.  
All? Why, no, there's half untold;  
There's a heart grown sick and blue  
grows cold;  
There's a manhood gone and a sub-  
sult of life;  
There's half a fender and half a heater;  
There's a place to rob and a man to  
kill;  
There's a prison-cell for a man to fill;  
There's a conscience seared with a wild  
remorse,  
For a bright red drink has an  
awful course;  
There's a speedy trial, and a verdict;  
And a wife that weeps as the doom  
is said;  
There's a curse and a prayer while the  
gallows fall;  
And as for your whiskey, why,  
"That's all!"  
—By OLIVER ALLSTON

John Sellars  
BY DAVID LYNALL

JOHN Sellars was a ploughman in  
the parish of North Towle,  
somewhere in the north. I do  
not mention the actual county, be-  
cause John being still alive and his  
name well known, it might give  
somebody a notion of "Eight o'clock  
sharp, and don't you forget it. If you  
make as good a bookman as you are a  
ploughman, you'll go far."  
He was the son of a ploughman, a  
terrible, quiet, down man, who's words  
at a market would never be  
difficult to come. His mother had  
some character, but was equally chary  
of speech. She was in a quiet  
house, and nurtured, so to speak, in  
silence, which is no bad thing. For  
sheer lack of other occupation, the  
person so envolved is obliged to  
think. John thought desperately.  
He began to wonder, even before he  
went to the village school, and though  
the natural bent of his mind was to  
ask questions, there being nobody to  
answer them, he was forced back upon  
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When he was sixteen there was a won-  
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with a sad, somewhat careworn face,  
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into the heart of things and beheld  
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He happened to be on the path at  
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"What's your name?" said the Laird  
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"My name's Jock Sellars, and I'm  
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the bottom of the field when John Sel-  
lars with his team arrived at the turn-  
ing point. He stood still to watch the  
lad skillfully guiding the willing  
horses, and, as it happened, he observed  
the books sticking out of his pocket,  
one on either side. John did not wait  
even to put his forehead to the Laird;  
he had been instructed in the  
society courtesy, but his face reddened  
beneath the tan, and he wished him-  
self a hundred miles away. For the  
Laird's look was one of intensest,  
and John was mortally afraid lest he  
should speak.  
"What's your name?" said the Laird  
gruffly. "And how old are you?"  
"My name's Jock Sellars, and I'm  
sixteen," replied John, with a mo-  
ment's hesitation, on hoping that all  
the questions would prove as easy to  
answer.  
"Um," said the Laird, slowly;

John Sellars  
BY DAVID LYNALL

JOHN Sellars was a ploughman in  
the parish of North Towle,  
somewhere in the north. I do  
not mention the actual county, be-  
cause John being still alive and his  
name well known, it might give  
somebody a notion of "Eight o'clock  
sharp, and don't you forget it. If you  
make as good a bookman as you are a  
ploughman, you'll go far."  
He was the son of a ploughman, a  
terrible, quiet, down man, who's words  
at a market would never be  
difficult to come. His mother had  
some character, but was equally chary  
of speech. She was in a quiet  
house, and nurtured, so to speak, in  
silence, which is no bad thing. For  
sheer lack of other occupation, the  
person so envolved is obliged to  
think. John thought desperately.  
He began to wonder, even before he  
went to the village school, and though  
the natural bent of his mind was to  
ask questions, there being nobody to  
answer them, he was forced back upon  
his own conclusions. But after he  
found his way into the world of books,  
the desire to ask questions passed  
away, because they taught him all he  
wished to know. He read unavail-  
ingly, though in a limited way, the  
works of Josephus, "The History of  
the Jews," an old copy of "The  
War," an old copy of "The  
which he carried in his pocket till it  
fell to rags and had to be mended  
repeatedly with flour paste supplied  
by his mother. It was an unusually  
thick volume which in an unusually  
short time he had read. He went to  
work on the farm where his  
father was employed, and for two  
years seemed happy enough. His  
wages, six pounds in the half year,  
went chiefly to books, of which he be-  
gan to accumulate a goodly store.  
When he was sixteen there was a won-  
derful upheaval in his life. One day  
he was ploughing the long, fine,  
even furrows which proved him an ex-  
pert ploughman for his age. The  
field was close to the woods of  
Fantowle, which was the big house  
of the parish. John had often walked  
in these woods of a Sunday afternoon  
with his book, and had once come quite  
close to the house and had been amazed  
at its size and magnificence. At the  
same time he had wondered what folk  
were like who lived in such a house,  
also—and this was the greatest prob-  
lem of all—how many books were in-  
side of it. John knew the Laird by  
sight only; a tall, thin figure of a man,  
with a sad, somewhat careworn face,  
and eyes which had a strange deep,  
look, as if they had long since looked  
into the heart of things and beheld  
only vanity.  
He happened to be on the path at  
the bottom of the field when John Sel-  
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