

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to the letters and figures plain and distinct.

THE LOST BATTLE.

To his heart it struck with terror
That he might be a victim of
The man in the soldier's doublet,
With the sword so bravely worn.

It struck his heart like the frost wind
To find his comrades dead,
While the battle-field was guarded
By the heroes who lay dead.

He drew his sword in the sunlight,
And called with a long, hollow
•••••
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SOMETIME.

A Practical Sermon Preached by the Cellar Stairs.

Strangely enough, the cellar stairs
preached it—at least they contributed
that very important part, the applica-
tion. Sister Scaries had furnished the
text in the morning, but then the ser-
mon might have gone on from first to
forty-seventh without Mrs. Barney's
notice, had it not been for the cellar
stairs.

Mrs. Barney was hurried that day—
she was always hurried—and it was
warm and uncomfortable in the sun-
shiny, stove-heated kitchen, where she
was hastening to and fro, growing
fretted and tired without slackening
her speed. Neale, standing at the
ironing-table, was tired also.

"There's so much to do," she said,
wearily, "I do not see why we need
do back and ironing both in one day.
It makes such a crowd, and we could
have left one for to-morrow."

"To-morrow will bring work enough
of its own," answered Mrs. Barney,
quickly. "Besides, if we should get the
work all out of the way the first of the
week, a whole day to rest in would be
worth something."

"But then we shouldn't take it for
resting just because it would be a whole
day and something else would be crowd-
ed into it," murmured Neale, to whom
one hour now looked very inviting and
that possible day in the future very un-
certain.

The mother did not answer, and the
girl's hand moved more slowly over
the damp muslin as her gaze wandered
away to the hills where great trees
were throwing cool shadows. How
pleasant the shade and greenness were!

The desire to bring it nearer suggested
another thought. "Neale," she said, "some-
times would be nice at this window."
"Mother, I could plant them if you
would let Tim dig a little spot out
there."

"Yes, but if we ever get the house
fixed up as we want it we shall have
shutters at that window."

"But we don't know when we can do
that, and the vines would be so pretty
now," urged Neale.

"Pretty? Well, yes, if we had the
whole yard trimmed and laid out as it
should be. I hope we shall have it
some day; but a stray vine here and
there seems hardly worth fussing over
when we can't have the whole done."

Neale sighed but was silent, and
presently Tim came in with an armful
of wood.

"Neale," he said, pausing near her
table, "if you just see this sleeve up a
little. The old thing tears awful easy,
and I just lit it against a nail."

"I s'pose so, but Mrs. Barney's
quack says it's all right."

"That jacket too, again, Tim? I
never saw such a boy to tear things to
pieces! No, Neale, can't stop to mend
it now, and I can't either. I've been
intending to get you a new one, but
there doesn't seem much chance to
make anything new while you contrive
to make so much patching and darn-
ing on the old."

Mrs. Barney shut the oven door with
a snap. Tim was the hired boy, kind-
hearted but careless, and he was
rather discouraging. Board and cloth-
ing sometimes appeared to her a high
price for his services. "Hurry, now,
and pick some currants for dinner,"
she said.

Tim took the tin pal pointed out to
him, but he did not hurry as he passed
with clouded face down the walk. The
thought of a new jacket would have
been very pleasant a few minutes be-
fore, but it had suddenly lost attrac-
tiveness. The boy drew his bushy
brows into a scowl, and as soon as he
was out of sight of the house, threw
himself upon the grass and began his
current-picking in a very leisurely
manner. Then it was that Sister
Scaries drove up in her sitting old
buggy with a horse and driver. Tim
said, "a regular old revolutionary car-
riage."

"I can't have fine horse and car-
riage, I can take a deal of comfort with
these," was always Sister Scaries's
cheery comment upon her equipage.

She had an errand of Mrs. Barney's
and had stopped on her way to the vil-
lage. A plump, fat-faced little woman
she was, not young, only that she
belonged to the class of people who
never grow old, neatly dressed, though
it was "but the old poplin made over."
Mrs. Barney noticed while she was
talking, wondering a little that she
should have stricken the trouble, when
she saw a new one.

"The room is too warm to ask any
one to sit in," she said, apologetically,
on the spot where she was just able to
close the door. "When we are able to
have the house altered, I shall have
a stove here in the summer."

"In the mean time you have this nice
cool porch. What a pleasant place it
is!" said Sister Scaries, admiringly.

"Yes, if one had time to enjoy it,"
answered Mrs. Barney, with an uneasy
laugh. "I'm so hurried trying to get
everything about the place in the de-
scribed order that I don't have time."

"Take time, Sister Barney, take
time," said Mrs. Scaries, smiling, but
earnestly. "Make the most of what
you have while you see working for
something better. Don't let any of us
have a stove here in the summer."

"Mrs. Barney looked upon her in
some perplexity as she took her de-
parture. She had listened with out-

half her mind on the leaves of bread in
the oven and the other half did not
fully comprehend what had been said.
"Daisies and roses! I don't see what
any look of flowers has to do with want-
ing a new kitchen! But there! I sup-
pose minister's wives hear so much
talk that it comes natural to them.
Bears old sermons, like as anyway.
Dear me! I don't get much time for
poetry in my life, I'm sure of that.
How Tim does loiter!"

Tim, meanwhile, had sauntered out
from among the bushes, and was en-
gaged in untying the old horse that
Mrs. Scaries had fastened as securely
as if it could be induced under any cir-
cumstances to run. He was moved to
this act of gallantry partly because he
really liked the cheery little woman
and partly because he heard Mrs. Bar-
ney's call and was in no haste to go to
the house.

"That will do, thank you, Tim," said
Sister Scaries, nervously anxious to ex-
pedite his steps in the way of obedi-
ence. "I think Mrs. Barney is calling
you."

"Yes, she mostly always is," an-
swered Tim, philosophically, pausing to
arrange the harness with painful delib-
eration.

"But, my dear boy," urged Sister
Scaries, reading something in his
knitted brows, "you should really try
to please and help her, all you know.
She is kind to you."

"Oh, yes, she's kind. Only when I
s'pose she's kind, a-som'n'." I s'pose it
is; it generally hits a fellow hard
enough to be uncomfortable," respon-
ded Tim. Then, having relieved his
feelings by this statement, his con-
science pricked him slightly, and he
added: "You see, she's always in such
a hurry. She can't come and bring
me the things to patch 'em."

Mrs. Scaries meditated as she drove
down the country road.

"Well, I never thought of that be-
fore, but I do suppose that's why the
Bible speaks of the Lord's loving kind-
ness and tender mercy—because there
is so much kindness in the world that
it's not long and so much mercy that
it's only dirty and not tender. Her
conscience pricked him slightly, and he
added: "You see, she's always in such
a hurry. She can't come and bring
me the things to patch 'em."

"For the bonny bestowed upon us
may we be duly grateful," murmured
Mrs. Barney, with head bowed low over
his plate. Then he looked up and re-
marked that it was tired of a steady
diet of bread and butter and didn't see
why they couldn't have a little variety.
"You would see if you had to cook
in the hot kitchen as I do," responded
Mrs. Barney, more shortly than her
wife.

"I'm glad to have whatever I
get most quickly and easily. When we
have a summer-kitchen, we can begin to
live as other people do."

"If you don't mind, I'll do as Mrs. Bar-
ney's command Master Tommy in an
undertone which was perfectly anti-
climatic. "Anyway, the chickens will be
if we can't have any cooked till
that time." He had sniffed the odors
of the baking on his homeward way
from school, and setting his juvenile
mind upon the subject, he had been
warm and weary with her morning's
work the questions and sugges-
tions fretted Mrs. Barney. She felt
wounded and aggrieved, too, as she
moved about silently after dinner. No
one seemed to see her, as much for
her things and comfort as to herself. She
cared far more, indeed, since she
was willing to do much now, and work
and plan for the sake of having things
all that could be desired by and by.
How many present comforts and con-
veniences had she foregone for that?

Those very cellar stairs toward whose
side she had turned, she had been dis-
tending were an example they could
scarcely be more fully built, or in a
more inconvenient place. Mr. Barney
had wanted to remove them, but she
would not allow him to incur the ex-
pense, because a second removal might
be necessary when the house was thor-
oughly re-arranged.

No, she preferred to submit to the
disorder all this time.

"Too long a time it proved, for, while
she meditated, an insecure board slip-
ped beneath her feet, plunging her
down the dark, narrow stairway,
against the rough stone wall, and then
upon the hard floor of the cellar. One
of her feet struck the edge of the
dishes that fell from her hands, a flash
of excruciating pain, and then she knew
nothing more. She did not hear
Neale's wild cry from the room above,
nor see her husband's pale face as he
lifted her in his arms.

When she returned to consciousness
a strange voice—the physician's—was
saying:

"No bones broken, though it's a wonder
her neck wasn't falling in the way
she did."

Slowly she opened her eyes upon a
confused mingling of anxious faces,
wet cloths and bottles of ammonia and
camphor, and gradually comprehended
what had happened and her own condi-
tion—not dangerously injured, but
bruised and lamed, and with a sprained
ankle that would keep her a prisoner
for some days at least. It was an en-
forced rest. She scarcely knew how to bear
it, for a moment, she remembered
that she had planned to do, until a sec-
ond shuddering thought suggested that
she might have left it all forever; then
she grew patient and thoughtful. Yet
it seemed strange to be lying quietly on
the lounge in the best bed-room—the
room that had been kept so carefully
clean to preserve its furniture until an
addition to the house should transmit
it into a back parlor; to watch through
the open door, only a spectator, while
Neale flitted to and fro in the kitchen
beyond, speaking the table for her.

How good the children were that
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meant to follow it. She had ample
time for thought in the days that fol-
lowed, when she was only able to sew a
little now and then on garments for
herself. Her look of cheerfulness was
for Neale's vine-planting, and slowly but
surely she learned her lesson, and brought
it back to health with her—to gather her
pleasantness as God sends his sunshine
—day by day.—*Pacific Evangelist.*

"A MOUNTAIN PINK."

A New Jersey Negress Who is Said to Be
116 Years Old.

The oldest person perhaps now living
in the United States is Sylvia Du-
boise, a negress and a former slave,
who in August last celebrated her
116th birthday, and who
lives in destitution on the bleak sum-
mit of the Sourland Mountain, in Hun-
terdon County, New Jersey. In a lit-
tle frame cabin, with one room hardly
large enough for the swinging of a cat,
and which is hidden amid the stunted
underbrush and huge boulders that
lend a rugged and barren picturesqueness
to the lone spot, this famous
"mountain pink" drags out her bur-
densome life, attended by her "baby,"
as she calls her youngest daughter,
Elizabeth Alexander, who is herself
seventy years of age.

When a *Freeport* reporter, after a
wearsome climb of miles, reached the
cabin the other day he found the vener-
able human rock stirring up wash-
clothes that were in a tangle on the
stove, while the "baby," lusty and
stout-built, was chopping wood,
swinging her axe with the skill and
strength of an Amazon. For half
a century old Sylvia has lived
upon the identical spot upon which her
cabin now stands. The structure in
which all these years were passed
had begun to tumble in sheer decay
about her, for it was a bold target for
the fierce winds that sweep with hurri-
cane-like fury over the top of the old
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