When a boy I used to dwell In a home I loved so well, 'ar away among the clover and the bees

Where the morning-glory vine
Round the cabin porch did twine,
And the robin redbreast sang among the tr
There were brothers young and gay. A father old and gray, And a mother dear to keep us from all harm;

There I passed life's golden hours, Running wild among the flowers. 'In my boyhood's happy home, down on the

Many weary hours have passed Since I saw the old place last, But memory still steals o'er melike a charm; Every old familiar place, Every kind and loving face, In my boyhood's happy home, down

And to day as I draw near The old home I loved so dear, A stranger comes to meet me at the door and the place there's many a change, And the faces all seem strang loved one now to greet me as of yore.

My mother dear is laid Neath the elm tree's pleasant shade, And the golden summer sun shines bright and warm; In the old familiar place

I can see a stranger's face, my father's old arm-chair, down on the

Many weary years have passed But memory still steals o'er me like a charm: Every old familiar place, Every kind and loving face In my boyhood's happy hours, down on the

-Buffalo News. SARAH DOUDNEY

CHAPTER VIL-CONTINUED. "I never received any message," he said, still gazing at her. "I should have come sooner if I had. I thought you wished to forget old times." Olive looked up suddenly. "Why did

you think that?" she asked in a tremulous tone. "Well, I can hardly say." He looked down awkwardly. "But perhaps it won't do any harm to tell you that it was Michael's fault," he added, a deep flush mounting to his forehead. "He treats old friends as if they were dust. He gives himself airs, and walks past me as if I were a gate-post. Take heed, Olive; a man who forgets his

friend may be faithless to his sweetbeart." "You must not say such things," said Olive, flushing in her turn. "Michael is preoccupied—that's all. I am very sorry that he slighted you, Asron, but it must be unintentional. He is absorbed in his own concerns. He is clever, you

know, and his brain is always at work. "Yes, yes; his brain is always at work; I know that well enough. And it's all for self that he works-mark that, Olive. He means to get on, and he will get on; and he doesn't care who falls as long as he can rise."

Olive sighed, then looked up again. don't know how to talk to you," she id. "You had a better opinion of him days gone by."

"I didn't know all that was in him in days gone by," answered Aaron, lifting



HE LOOKED AT HER SEARCHINGLY.

his gloomy eyes to hers. "He's a juggernaut, Olive—that's what he is Don't let him crush you under his wheels. As for me, it doesn't matter much. I'm only a poer fellow at my

"I am not afraid for myself. He is always good to me," she said, with a little flash of womanly indignation. "My only concern is for you, Aaron. You are out of health and out of spirits I hope you haven't forgotten Jane."

"Forgotten her!" The red flush mounted to his forehead again. "Is that likely? I'm not one of the forgetful sort. Only I daren't think of her too much, because there are thoughts that drive a man wild. When I'm lonesome in my room at night her dear face comes before me and makes my heart ache with a bitter, gnawing pain. "Oh, Aaron! what do you mean?" cried Olive in distress. "Jane would not pain anyone—you least of all! Why can't you two be happy together?"

"Happiness is for other people who have got brains," said Aaron, bitterly. "They've lowered my wages, Olive, and they've taken away my hope of making a home for Jane. You'd have thought, perhaps, that Michael, who's so much with Mr. Edward, would have said a word in my favor. But if he did say anything it was against me."

Olive grew very pale. "Oh, Aaron," she answered, faintly, "I am afraid you are unjust. Michael cannot have spoken against you. But don't lose heart," she added, trying to brighten him. "And don't lose confidence in yourself. Jane will wait years for you, dear Aaron; I am sure of that How I wish I could do something to comfort

"You may need comfort for your-self yet, my girl," he said, in a quiet

The words haunted her after he was gone. She sat alone by the window and watched the golden lights fading from the housetops; and it seemed as if over.

the falling dusk had cast a gloom over her own spirit. All the pain and sorrows of others' lives were pressing upon her own life. All her vague doubts were taking definite shape, and menacing her future. She was almost sorry that she had sent for Aaron, and yet she knew that she had acted for the

CHAPTER VIII. "LIKE SWENT BELLS JANGLED OUT OF TURE AND HARSH."

Two young faces were sheltered under the light shadow of some larches in Kew Gardens. It was a Sunday afternoon; Sunday groups were seattered all over the grounds, and the man followed their movements with a look of disgust; but the girl, sitting quietly on the grass, took in all the beauty of the place with pure and simple delight. The sun of paradise seemed to be shining on these golden paths; it was one of those moments when a poor daughter of earth has caught a glimpse of that old garden where God's first pair of lovers rejoiced together. They had talked a little, but silence seemed to suit them best. It was a rare thing for Michael Chase to be slient; but there were matters in his mind that he did not care to discuss with his companion. He had been kind—languidly kind perhaps -but Olive was well contented. He had spent some hours in her company without finding a single fault with anything that she wore, or said, or did. She could enjoy the bliss of sitting by his side in peace. This she thought, was the sort of happiness that she had always waited and longed for. Flowers, the soft shade of trees, summer sunlight, and the presence of the man who was the sole king of her heart. What more could a woman desire? But she did not give voice to her joy. If you talk about happiness it is too apt to desert you. It is an unrestful spirit, who always hovers over us with wings outspread, ready for an instant flight. Some one passing by the couple under

the larches said to himself that the man was not half worthy of the girl. Her face, with its rich, sunlit loveliness, had haunted Seaward Aylstone for many a day; and now he came upon it unawares, glowing out of the soft gloom of the trees. He had come down to Kew to study certain effects of light and shade, and then almost forgot the purpose that had brought him there.

Yes; it was the same face that he had seen bending over the flowers in the Regent street shop, and it had seemed to him that one of his vague dreams of beauty had suddenly taken shape and become a reality. But this was the first time he had ever seen her out of the shop and its surroundings, and all her charms seemed doubled and trebled to-day. Her lips, scarlet as japonica blossoms, were parted in an unconscious smile. Hitherto he had only beheld her grave; now she was quietly. yet girlishly gay. Until this moment he had not realized how young she was, nor how new the world appeared to her. That fresh delight, that unin a lifetime, these glorious follies of youth, were hers still.

The young man by her side, short, slightly made and blue-eyed, inspired Seaward with sudden and unutterable detestation. The young man's eyes had a cunning and complacent twinkle in them, and they were set too near together. Yet he was what women call clothes were really very well made and carefully-too carefully put on. It was clear that he did not belong to 'Arry and his friends, and his face gave evidence of sober and decorous living. But instead of respecting him for his virtues, Seaward Aylstone only disliked him the more for them. It was wrong, it was unreasonable, but it was human. There is a certain form of moral excellence which never fails to be exasper-

The pair were quite unconscions of his scrutiny; the young man was too much self-absorbed to notice him, and the girl was too happy to be observant. He went his way, feeling unaccounta-bly soured, and left them still sitting in their shady nook under the trees.

But if Seaward Aylstone had lingered

a little longer in their neighborhood he would have seen a change in the lovely face that had been so bright with inno-cent joy. Olive's cup was so full that it brimmed over at last. Instead of pre-serving that spell of blissful silence unbroken, she was unwise enough to speak.

'Michael, is not this a perfect day? Is it possible for us ever to be happier than we are at this moment?"

The curl of his lip answered her even before his words came. Her question had broken in upon the great plans that he was making for the future; and, in truth, success was so near that he had a right to think of using it. It was no vague vision that he had been conjuring up, the goal was all but gained, and already he was building, in fancy. the palace in which he should take his rest. Rest! The word had no real meaning for him, the longings in his heart could never be stilled, never be saysfied by the attainment of his first desire. Poor Olive's little speech stirred up an angry scorn within him. He had been striving with all his might for grand things, and any of the commonest pleasures in life were good enough for her.

"I am not quite such a fool," he said. 'as to mistake a lazy hour in the sunshine for perfect happiness. If this was the best moment that life could give me I should not care to go on living. Olive, you have no aspirations. You do not want to rise, you do not sympathize with me in my effort to succeed. It is disappointing, very disappointing to find that you are just as commonplace and unambitious as you used to

be at Eastmeon." For an instant she did not reply. There were the same velvet glades, the same rich foliage, the same blaze of flame-colored blossoms before her eyes, but the glory of the gardens was gone. The gates of her Eden had closed without a single note of warning, the bright spirit, who had been singing his sweet song in her ears, had soared far out of reach. Her golden hour was

you." she said at last. Her voice was as musical as ever, but there was a touch of proud patience in her manner that irritated him more than pettishness would have done. Clever as he was, high as he had risen, he had failed of late to make her acknowledge his superiority. And he knew that he had not spoken truly in saying that she was the same girl of the old Eastmeon days. She was, in some respects, a different Olive, far more cultivated, far more beautiful, and with a slow growing conciousness of her own worth.

"You don't appreciate me," he went on, venting on her the pent-up anger of weeks. "Any idle fellow who had not two ideas in his head would have suited you as well as I do. You ask for nothng better than common enjoyment. cheap holiday pleasures, such as any workingman can give his sweetheart. And I have been toiling and racking my brains to win money and a high social position for us both!"

"Michael," she said gently, yet brave y, "you are saying things that are not rue. No one could ever have suited me as well as the man I have always



loved. And I am not unambitious; too, have dreamed of a higher life, and have striven after my ideal in my own way."
"In yourown way, yes; but not in my

way," he answered quickly, with an angry glitter in his blue eyes.

"Perhaps not quite in your way, Michael. I cannot believe-I never have believed-that success is the sole object of existence. Nor do I think that success alone ever yet made a man or woman happy. George Eliot says that 'we can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves."

George Eliot was a mere dreamer, with the gift of telling her dreams in good English," he cried, impatiently. I suppose that kliot, Samuel Wake, has been giving her books to you, and making you more sentimental and troubled belief which only comes once cloudy than you were before. Why don't you read Smiles and clear the mist away from your brain?"

"I have read Smiles, Michael," she replied quietly. "And I am weak enough to care more for the Robert Stephenson who took thought for little children and birds, than for the great inventor. The very side of him that you think lowest, seems to me highest. Remem-"nice looking," and had a fresh com- ber I am not depreciating his splendid noblest part of man, nor could it, without other qualities, have made him really great."

The sparkle of wrath had died out of Michael's eyes; but his face expressed a cold contempt. "We are wasting time here," he said,

frigidly. "I will take you back to your uncle's house, Olive; and then I will go home to my own room. This hot day has given me a headache."

She was anxious and remorseful in an instant, ready to blame herself for not having seen that he was suffering. She had been wrapped in a happy dream under the trees, and all the while he had been sitting by her side, feeling weary and ill! And then she had wor ried him with her talk, and made the headache worse.
"Oh! Michael," she said, rising, and

looking at him with a glance that few men could have met unmoved; "I am afraid I have been selfish. It was for my sake that we came here, dear; and you have paid dearly for the pleasure you have given me. What can I do for

"Nothing," he answered, as coldly as before. "I shall go to my room and rest. Mine is a hard-working brain, and anything in the shape of a dispute always disturbs me."

"Dear Michael, if any words of mine have disturbed you I am more than sorry. As to disputes, we will never have any more. We are always one in heart, are we not?"

As she spoke she clung to his arm for second, trembling, and with her heart beating. He disongaged himself at

"People are looking at us," he said. Do remember that we are in Kew gardens, and not in Eastmeon fields! I am in no mood now for scenes and senti-mental talk, Olive."

She looked at him again once, steadfly and wistfully, with eyes that seemed to read him through and through. Then she walked on quietly by his side, pale, but caim; and troubled him with no more loving words or inconvenient demonstrations.

The Sunday throngs were crowding all about them; fathers and mothers with their children, girls walking hap-pily, sometimes adisily, with their sweethearts. Their voices and laughter seemed to come from an outside world in which Olive had no part. She scarcely know whether they were phantoms or living people; only Michael, with his cold set face, was miserably real. He would not look at her, he did not speak, and they reached the station and got into a train in silence.

CHAPTER IX.

"GREAT PREILINGS BATH SHE OF HER OWN." Uncle Wake was alone in the house when Olive came in; his wife had gone to see their married daughter, and had left him, surrounded with books, at the

"I am sorry that I have disappointed open window of the sitting-room w stairs. He had not thought that Oliv would return till evening.

When he opened the door and say her standing outside alone, he knew that the time he was looking for wa nigh at hand. It was a time that he dreaded, for there was no torture o earth that Samuel Wake would not have endured to save a woman from pain But who does not know those dark places where we must leave our belove ones to walk alone? It is their feet not ours, that must tread the thorn path; we can but wait till the trial ended, before we come with our balm of healing. And the old man, wis with the knowledge of one who ha stadied humanity, was waiting pa would be needed.

"So you have come back to cheer the old uncle in his solitude," he said, as sh entered. "My wife has gone to spen the evening with poor Jessie."

She tried to speak, but her lip trembled, and the words would no "You are tired, my child," he added

with a tenderness that set her team flowing. "Go and lie down on the ol sofa in the parlor upstairs; it is a goo resting place, as I have reason to know No need to talk to the old uncle! II understands silence, and it comfort him to look at you, even if he does no hear your voice.'

Already soothed, although she coul not hide her tears, Olive went straigh to her own little room, and laid asid the pretty bonnet that she had trimme with such natural pleasure. What ha she to do with "the outward adorning any more? A sore heart has little thought for the body that contains it Poor Olive tossed the bonnet on the bed, and glanced with disgust at the bunch of scarlet popples and wheat ears that she had arranged with skill ful fingers. Michael had not given ther one look, and they had been worn for his eyes alone.

It was no small consolation to fe that she need not wear a mask befor Uncle Wake. He had seen that sh was crying, and she knew that I would not question her. She wer softly down to the large parlor, an made her way to the old chintz-covere sofa that was pushed into a shady co ner out of the light, and then, worn or with her sorrow, she closed her eye and lay still.

Large men, like Samuel Wake, ofte. tread lightly, and his niece did not hea his approach till he came to her side speaking in the deep, kindly voice tha always conveyed ideas of help at strength.

"Come, Olive," he said. "I am as goo a tea-maker as you can find anywher Drink this and eat some of my toas Young people always forget food who they go out and take their pleasure."

To please him the weary brown her lifted itself from its resting-place; Oli ate and drank, and was surprised find herself really better for the t He went back to his books, and sank again on the sofa cushions, presently her voice called him to side once more.

"Uncle, do you mind sitting nearer me? I am so very, very lonely." The poor voice quavered sadly. Sa uel Wake rose from his seat and drev

chair close to the couch. ITO BE CONTINUED. 1

Here are some quaint definitions g en by children and collected by Rev. F. Crafts:

"What does backbiter mean?" "Please, sir, it may be a flea." Blacksmith's shop—"The place whe they make horses. I saw a man no ing on the last foot of one."

Horse—"An animal with four le

one on each corner." Ice-"Water that went to sleep in cold."

Little sins-"I didn't break any the commandments, but I guess cracked some of them."

Nest egg-"The one theold hen mer ures by." Seasons-A teacher inquired of the

members of a class of children if an of them could name the four season Instantly the chubby hand of a fiv year-old was raised, and promptly can the answer: "Pepper, salt, vinegar at mustard."

Stars—"The eggs the moon has laid —Pall Mall Budget. Where Pige Drew the Line.

The yield of an apple tree in the S George's cometery verifies the supe stition that all things grown in a grav yard are unfit to eat. The fruit has graveyard taste-so much so that swip will not touch it. When Benjamin Ry mond, a civil engineer on the Delawa and Chesapeake canal, was buried September, 1824, one of his fellet craftsmen stuck an apple tree svit in the ground alongside of the grave. large and apparently healthy tree no marks the spot, the white fruit of white temptingly matures in August of each year. The yield falls to the groun and the only persons knows to ha even sparingly eaten it are domes "cowboys," whose sense of saste is n as acutely developed as that of the erage human being. When placed the stove hearth to roas this peculi fruit simmers down to of and emits odor strongly suggestive of a gravyard.—Middleton (Del.) Transcript.

Greatest Battles of Blistory. Burke, in his letter on "Natural sciety," says that Sylls destroyed 200, men in each of three battles, one ing at Cheronea. The Persians and to have lost 225,000 men at Plata II Chronicles, 1317, records 500. slain on one side; which however, m not have been in a single battle. Kings, 20:28, tells of 100,000 men ing killed on one side in a single day.

Sympathy. "Our baby is awfully nice," remark Mabel. "It pulled my hair yesterd and then cried because I did."-H per's Young People.

Very Simple. Because the country needed rain, He did not loudly pray. He simply asked two girls he know To go and see the play.

RED IORTON'S PLUCK

Adversity.

Few boys would have undertaken at Fred Morton did at his father's ath. He quietly assumed the man-ement of the farm, and the support his widowed mother and little sister. the husband and father had gone th one March morning in health and ength and an hour later had been ought back lifeless. The tree he was ling had in some way caught end ashed him bern the its weight. It was with a sad heart that the other returned with her fatheriess lidren from the grave to the seclusion

her modest home. She had no relives; there was no one to whom she uld rightfully turn for sympathy and p. Long after Fred had gone to his om, and Lettie, the five-year-old pet the household, had lost her childish row in slumber, she sat before the ung-room fire thinking that dark as present was the future looked still cker to her.

Ten years before Edwin Morton had se there with his wife and boy, paydown one thousand dollars towards farm, and giving a mortgage for the dance—a paltry som, as it seemed to in then, of five hundred dollars. He felt sure that three years, or four most, would see the farm all his own. it it had been the old story. The d been sickness; the seasons had not ways been favorable; unexpected exmes had come, and unexpected losses, he neighbors declared that Edwin arton, though a great worker, did not we the faculty of getting ahead. And was certain that the ten years had me and gone, and new he had one, and not a dollar of the ortgage was paid Moreover, the intrest would be due in a few weeks, and ra. Morton could think of no way to my it. She was emfident also that the count at the village grocery would cove to be against them, and there high be several smaller accounts will neattled. So far as she could estimate, would take three hundred dollars to test her husbard's indebtedness outle of the mortgage on the farm. Here we health was poor, and she could got uses had come, and unexpected losses.

le of the mortgage on the farm. Her was health was poor, and she could sot a more than her household duties. red, it was true, though but sixteen real, it was true, though but sixteen are old, was strong and willing, and build earn something, but to she acther, in that hour of darkness and rrow, that something seemed almost

lowever, if the farm could be sold id, there would still be something ow could she leave the roof that he long sheltered her, and had been

to her hisband? Meanwhile Fred, who had gone is room, had not gone to sleep. He ad always been a quiet, thoughful or, wise in many things beyond his or, wise in many things beyond his cers. He sat down by the wintow and thought over the sad events of the sat few days, it all seemed so strange, a unreal, to him. It was so had to relieve that he was fatherless. He at the said to his mother and little sister, and to felt that he must care for them. He mere tood all about the debt or, the man. He knew there were other bills, deluding those incurred by his father's cath, that must be pad soot.

After thinking for some minutes he

After thinking for some minutes he coult by his bedside and asked God to how him what to do. When he arcse and prepared for bed a new look in his yes told of a purpose already born in soul.

The next morning Fred was up early, The next morning Fred was up early, and when Mrs. Mortes entered the dichen the fire was busing brightly, he coffee was made, and the chores at its barn were done. The youth greet-dain mother tenderly and hastened with a quiet determination in every action to easist her in the morning du-

yeek passed. Frei had busied saif about the farm and going to

ilmself about the farm and going to he village as errands required. One he entered the bouse and said:
"Nother, Mr. Ford has got bome. I see him at the village to-day. He have to me about fathers death, and he would call here to morrow."

This Mr. Ford was an old friend of he family, and held the mortgage on farm. A few days before Mr. More a business trip. It had been Mrs. forton's intention to call upon him as con as she leavned of his return, and business with him concerning her husball's affairs.

The next day, when Mr. Ford called, fred was repairing a fence, so Mrs.

ed was repairing a fence, so Mrs. the of her hopes and fears, and then the of the one planthat seemed to be seen to her. He was slient a few mines, and then replied: Certainly, Mrs. Morton, this can be

lese. What does redthink about it?"
I have not merioned it to him yet. sould not benr to speak to him about Sixteen."

"I would speak to him about it at race," said the gentleman, thought-lly, "Such a bay can be a great help, the chooses."

Fred was called in. He listened as

. Ford explained his mother's project, then said, quietly:

I'I think, Mr. Ford, there is no need of selling the farm, if you are in no carry for the samey father owed you."
My dear boy," instantly replied the good man, "you know I have no idea of tarrying you about any money these may be due me. I regret that I canada afford to give you every dollar of it.

aford to give you every dollar of it. The principal, however, can remain just a it is, and the interest can be paid when it is convenient to you."

"Then," continued Free "I see no mason, mother, why we cannot stay have on the farm. I have thought it all over, and I am sure we can manage to get along. I found in father's deak a list of the porsus he owed, and when is the village she other day I asked them how meet money was due them. I find that moluding the interest due life. Ford we owe, outside the mort-

rage, three hundred and twenty dolcows but Brownie, and part of the sheep, and pay these outside bills. We will keep Jennie, the horse, and all the hens. We shall have hay to sell, if our stock is reduced, and in his way we can meet our other expenses. Nenow, motoer, it will be a good deal for me to andertake, but I am anxious to try it.

undertake, but I am anxious to try it.
And," he added, lowering his voice,
"don't you think father would be glad to
have us stay here?"

Tears filled Mrs. Morton's eyes at
these words, while Mr. Ford said, in
husley tones:
"The boy is right, Mrs. Morton; the
boy is right. I advise you to stay herea
It won't take long to find a market for
the above and cover. Leave all these the sheep and cows. Leave all these ngs to me; I'll make the proper arrasgements, and see that everything is

After Mr. Ford had gone the mother and son talked long and earnestly together. As Mrs. Morton listened to Fred's plans for the summer she was more and more surprised at the maturity of thought and spirit of determinan be displayed.

"that I can take care of you and Lottle.
Of course I must give up school, except in the winter, but I hope to read and study some with you. I shall undertake on the farm only what I feel sure that I can carry through with a little. that I can early through with a little

Though Mrs. Morton had some misgivings as to the result of the undertaking, she was glad to let Fred do as he wished. It would delay the giving up of the farm, if nothing more, and since all the debts except he mortgage could be paid, she was hersalf disposed to remain. Had she known that her son hoped to pay off the mortgage in a few years her misgivings would have been greater still. The weeks that followed were busy ones to Fred. Wood for the summer was cut up, and the fences about the farm were repaired. With the coming of settled weather he prepared to plant.

Mr. Ford looked in on Fred every

mr. Ford looked in on Fied every week or two, and frequently sent his man and team to do heavy work. It would be a long story to tell of the trials and triumphs of the summer. Of course there were discouragements. Once Lettle was very sick, and the mother and son were well-nigh exhausted by care and anxiety. But there were bleasings also. Mrs. Morton's health was unusually good. The season was a promising one. The hay crop was excellent, and a ready murket was found for all that could be spared. And best of all, there was careful manager.

found for all that could be spared. And best of all, there was careful management, so that Free kept ahead of his work and steadily avoided all deb.

The fall with its harvest came. As Fred busily gathered in the fruits of his toil, he felt that his cup of blessing was full to overflowing. In the busking the mother found time to help; in the apple gathering, even Lettie found samething for her chubby hands to do. One evening Mrs. Morton and Fred sat by the fire in their sitting-room. She was seving and he was busy with his account book. They had thay day received an invitation to spend Thankagiving with Mr. and Mrs. Ford, an invitation which was gratefully accepted. Suddenly

was gratefully accepted. Suddenly Fred looked up, and with a sound of triumph in his voice, asked:

"Mother, shall I tell you just how we have come out this season?"

"Cortainly, my son."

"Certainly, my son."
"We have sold," went on Fred, rapidly, "since last March, one hundred dozen of eggs, which have brought us twenty dollars. We have sold twelve tons of har at fifteen dollars per tous seventy-five bushels of potatoes ut one dollar per bushels fifteen lambs the brought sixty dollars, and for Brownie calf we got six dollars. We have sold fruit, wood and butter that amounted to sixty dollars. We have expended just two hundred dollars. This leaves a balance in hand of two hundred and

Fred heaitated a moment, and then, dropping on his knees by his mother's chair, and laying one hand on her shoulder, be continued, carnestly: "This is saying nothing, mother, of

"This is saying nothing, mother, of the corn in the crib, or the pork and vegetables in the cellar, some of which we can still spare. Don't you think it will be safe on Thanksgiving day to pay Mr. Ford one hundred dollars of the mortgage?"

Fied waited anxiously for his moth-

Fred waited anxiously for his mother's reply. Tears gathered in her eyen and a moment later she threw her arms around his neck and sobbed aloud. For ten years her husband had tried to pay this debt. It had been the burden of his life, and yet not a dollar had he been able to pay. It was true that there had been losses during this time which had increased the expenses. It was also true that the present year had been at exceptional one. Still, she saw this had the same forethought been executed in the past years as in the present one, the debt of the farm might lon ago have been paid. She saw thoughtfulness and thoroughness in he during boy that she and her hurban had never manifested, add her tear were tears of joy and thankfulness to such a son. such a son.

such a son.

Five years have passed since Mr. Mor ton's death, and Ived's farm is in the ough order. He keeps several cows at has a large field of sheep. The home has been newly painted and furnished throughout, and every dollar of the mortgage has been paid.—Willard N Jenicke, in Yankoe Hlade.

asked a mad man with a bad-il pair of shoes. "Yes," said the shoemaker, loo up from his last, "I made 'em." "Weil, confound it! I told you

"No you didn't, either. One is small than the other."

make one larger than the other, di

"But change that big boot onto the big foot and see if it won't fit." said the shoemaker.
"By gumt you're right. One is that the other."—Shoe and Leather