



BROTHERHOOD

That plenty but reproaches me
Which leaves my brother bare.
Not wholly glad my heart can be
While his is bowed with care.
If I go free, and sound and stout
While his poor fetters clank,
Unsated still, I'll still cry out,
And plead with Whom I thank.

Almighty: Thou who Father be
Of him, of me, of all,
Draw us together, him and me,
That whichever fall,
The other's hand may fail him not,
The other's strength decline
No task of succor that his lot
May claim from son of Thine.

I would be fed, I would be clad,
I would be housed and dry,
But if so be my heart is sad,
What benefit have I?
Best be whose shoulders best endure
The load that brings relief,
And best shall be his joy secure
Who shares that joy with grief.
—E. S. Martin in Scribner's Magazine.

One Blow Too Many.

BY CHARLES EUGENE BANKS.
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Teddy McFarland left the train at the little station of Limerick, so named from the fact that the country for miles around had been settled by people from that district in Ireland. After two years in the Klondike the little village seemed quiet as a graveyard. It was Sunday morning and the village, solemn in its stillness, was in strong contrast to Dawson city, where Sundays were unknown, but all days were alike noisy with wild sports or serious adventure.

The young man turned into a cross street and walked slowly under the shade of the newly leaved apple trees. A block farther on the bell in the little Catholic church rang out the morning service hour.
McFarland stopped by the gate to watch the arrival of the country people, every one of whom he knew but who failed to recognize in this tanned and bearded man the smooth-faced youngster who had left them two years before to seek his fortune in the cold lands of Alaska. There was a touch of mystery about the situation that quickened his Irish blood. A word from him and the scene would instantly change and he would become the center of an excited, questioning group; for few ever traveled far from this settlement and a man who had seen the frozen mountains of the far Northwest would be more than a novelty in the eyes of this simple people.
But all McFarland's coolness vanished and his face flushed crimson as a tall, fair girl sprang lightly out of an old carry-all and came toward him. Then he leaned back against the gate post and waited, his eyes dancing with the anticipation of a speedy recogni-



"Mollie Westcott! Impossible!"
tion. But the girl passed him without the least show of recognition and hurriedly entered the church. McFarland saw that she was pale, had a sad, hopeless look that went straight to his heart. He wondered if she was grieving because of his absence and thought if this was so how soon he should bring the color back to her cheeks and the light of happiness to her eyes. While he was speculating on this coming happiness two old men drove up in a carriage, and one, handing the reins to the other with the air of proprietorship, climbed down from his seat and came up the path toward the gate. It was old James Hennessy. McFarland knew him well as a character generally disliked for his hard, grinding practices, so different from the free, open-handed nature of the people of the settlement. But the novelty of being a stranger in his native village was wearing away and McFarland called out pleasantly enough:
"Good morning, Mr. Hennessy. Have you forgotten the son of your neighbor McFarland?"

"What? So it is; so it is. Back from your wild goose chase after gold and poorer than when you left. I'll warrant," replied the old man gruffly.
"I've seen something of the world, at least," laughingly responded McFarland, "and that is better than having nothing and seeing nothing which would have been the case had I stayed at home."
"Well, you're back in good time," chuckled the old man. "There's going to be a pretty wedding here this morning and if you're civil you may get the chance to salute the bride."
"Good luck to be sure. And who may be the happy man?"
The old man straightened himself. "I am, sir. The ceremony will be performed at the close of the morning service."
"It's glad I am for you, Mr. Hennessy, but who is the bride?"
"You saw her go in a moment ago—Mollie Westcott."
"Mollie Westcott! Impossible."
"Why not?" snorted Hennessy. "Is there anything strange about a fine young woman fancying a man with a thousand acres of land and a good bank account? Especially," he added with a leer, "when her father is bankrupt."
"Do you mean that Westcott has lost his farm?"
"Yes, or would have lost it if a good friend had not stood by him."
"You old devil," cried McFarland, advancing upon the other with clenched hands. "So you've got Westcott in a tight place and are forcing him to give you his pretty daughter to save him from ruin."
"Travel doesn't seem to have improved your manners, young man. I should advise you to be more civil or you may not get a chance to taste the wedding cake."
The old man went chuckling up the church steps leaving his young rival sweating with impotent rage. Could it be that this fair young girl who had been the hope of his life ever since they were playchildren together was willingly sacrificing herself to this miser's gold? No; he would not believe it. It must be for her father's sake. If only he was sure of this he would go into the church and forbid it. He had not come back empty-handed and could easily help Mr. Westcott out of his difficulties. But supposing she had thrown him over for Hennessy. He paced back and forth before the church door listening to the priest droning out the service, unable to settle on any definite plan of action.
"Wud ye like to know something that wud stop the weddin', sor?" whispered a hoarse voice in his ear. Turning, he saw the old man Hennessy had left in the wagon pulling at his sleeve.
"I've been wid him since before he left New York," continued the shriveled little fellow. "He's been a hard master to me all along, but this mornin' he beat me like a dog because I told him he ought not to ruin this young girl's life. If you would save her, sor, go in and ask him what has become of the wife and children he left back there in the city. He can't deny it, sor."
"Glorious old fellow! Gad, I could hug you."
"All I ask ov you, sor, is that you don't let him know it was me that told ye. He'd kill me if he knew."

"Never fear, I'll take care of you all right. Climb back in the carriage and look dumb. I'll attend to the rest of it."
McFarland threw his hat into the air for very joy of his feelings and then, smoothing the smiles out of his face, walked solemnly into the church. The couple were already at the altar and the priest was preparing to say the final words that should make them man and wife when the young miner

strode down the aisle, and touching Hennessy on the shoulder said quietly:
"Before this matter goes any farther I must have a word with you."
The priest was so startled that he dropped his book. People in the pews started to their feet in wild excitement; Hennessy turned with a snarl upon the young man, choking with rage at the unseemly interruption. The bride threw one swift glance into the eyes of the stranger, and a flush swept over her face and she clutched the altar rail to steady herself. McFarland was the only cool one in the house.
"I'm sorry to interrupt the proceedings, Mr. Hennessy," he continued, "but unless you wish the people here to hear what I have to say you'd better—"
"Away with you, fool!" roared the old man. "Take the madman away. He has nothing I want to hear. Take him away."
"If I have nothing you wish to hear I have something that will interest my old neighbors. Listen friends, I am Teddy McFarland. You have all known me since I was a child. Two years ago I went away to seek for gold in the Klondike. While there I worked with a man who once lived in New York. In telling him of the people here I mentioned this man, Hennessy. He asked for more concerning him and recognized him as a former acquaintance. He told me that Hennessy had a wife and children in New York, that he deserted them to come west; left them to starve. I can prove what I say. You know it is true. Look at the old rascal. He shows his guilt in his looks. You don't deny it, do you Hennessy?"
"They are all dead, long ago," stammered the old man groping blindly around for his cane.
"Oh, no they're not Hennessy. There's time enough yet for you to make amends. Let me help you to your carriage. You seem rather feeble."
Hennessy pushed aside the proffered assistance and staggered out of the church.
The young miner turned and held out his arms and Mollie Westcott whispered her thanks from the safe retreat of his enfolding.
"The saints forgive me for lying in



"I Must Have a Word with You."

the church, but it'll save the old man a beating," thought McFarland as he bent to kiss the gold of Mollie's hair.
Collies.
James Hogs, the Ettrick shepherd, has many anecdotes of the breed of dogs known as the collies. He had one named "Sirrah," of which he relates the following: "Upon one occasion, about seven hundred lambs, which were under his care at weaning time, broke up at midnight and scampered off, in three divisions, across the neighboring hills, in spite of all that he and an assistant could do to keep them together. The night was so dark that he could not see Sirrah; but the faithful animal heard his master lament their absence in words which, of all others, were sure to set him most on the alert, and without more ado, he silently set off in quest of the recreant flock. Meanwhile the shepherd and his companion did not fail to do all in their power to recover their lost charge; they spent the whole night in scouring the hills for miles around, but of neither the lambs nor Sirrah could they obtain the slightest trace. It was the most extraordinary circumstance that had ever occurred in the annals of pastoral life. They had nothing for it, day having dawned, but to return to their master, and inform him that they had lost his whole flock of lambs, and knew not what was to become of one of them. On their way home however, they discovered a lot of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine called the Flesh Cleuch, and the indefatigable Sirrah standing in front of them looking round for some relief, but still true to his charge. The sun was then up, and when they first came in view they concluded that it was one of the divisions which Sirrah had been unable to manage until he came to that commanding situation. But what was their astonishment when they discovered that not one lamb of the whole flock was wanting. How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark is beyond comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself from midnight until the rising sun; and if all the shepherds in the forest had been there to have assisted him they could not have effected it with greater propriety.—The Humane Leaflet.
Where the Public Agree.
If the congressman who declares that the West Point cadets must behave or the academy will be closed, will hold his ear to the ground, he will hear a rumbling of applause from the American people.—Baltimore Herald.
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The author's train of thought is a construction train.

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