

THE GIFT.

Let's come to me and speak...

Enter the open door; Within, no ray of light...

Through many a breathless way In care, on dizzying height...

Then spoke Life's sister, Pain: "Here thou art king shalt reign..."

SHIRLEY'S VACATION.

"What amuses you, Shirley?" asked the head bookkeeper...

"Um—ah! Did it pull very hard?" "Fearful!" said Shirley.

All through the year Shirley Holmes had been saving the money for his trip.

Shirley was an orphan. The small means left him by his parents had been exhausted before his education had been completed.

His savings this year he was investing in building-stock with the exception of \$1 weekly which he put aside for no other purpose than a trip to the bass streams of the Alleghanies.

All through the dark winter days, as he pondered over the long rows of figures, he paused now and then to muse for a moment of green mountains, blue skies, clear, rushing water, and to feel in imagination the tug and swish of the trout line and the rapid click of the running reel.

But only for a moment, for the long columns of figures were waiting, and Shirley had a feeling of friendliness for them, knowing that it was through their mute assistance that his dream would be realized.

All through the Spring and early Summer he pondered over the big books and thought of the cool mountains. He had asked for his vacation in August, and his request had been granted.

There were excursion rates to the mountains, and his round-trip ticket would cost him \$12. Then there was his board at a farmhouse, which he calculated at \$20.

"I think that will cover everything," he said to himself. "I shall begin to get my things together to-morrow, and a week I will be on the way."

"That night, as they closed the books he had bookkeeper said to him: "Shirley, have you been to see Everett Harris lately?"

"No," said Shirley, guiltily. "But I will go to-night. How is he?" "Not very well, poor fellow. He doesn't improve very much, I'm afraid.

Everett Harris had been their shipping clerk. He was a tender hearted, good natured fellow, whom Shirley had always liked for his outspoken, friendly way.

His mother, a widow with a small pension, had found it a hard matter to live without her son's assistance, although Everett's employers had generously assumed his drug and doctor bills, while employees, from time to time, sent or carried such books and delicacies as he could enjoy.

Shirley had visited Everett very regularly until the last few weeks, during which time the prospects and preparations for his outing had occupied his earnings almost to the exclusion of everything else, and what with reading up on the different streams and fishing apparatus, he had forgotten poor Everett almost entirely.

"Poor Everett," he thought, "sick and cooped up in the city, while I am going off for a month in the mountains, and here I forgot all about him. How selfish people are, anyway!"

By and by, he climbed three flights of stairs to a close little flat where Mrs. Harris and her son lived.

Everett was overjoyed to see him, and the tender-hearted fellow choked a little as he thanked him for the fruit. Shirley sat down by him and felt remorseful.

"You know young Bridges is doing your work," he said, laughing. "Yes, you told me," replied Everett, with a little sigh.

"Well, he doesn't like it very well, but his father wouldn't get anybody in your place. He said Charlie could just as well do it till you came back. He had lots of trouble at first, but gets along pretty well now.

"No, I'm keeping it for next winter." "But I was going to tell you about Charlie Bridges," said Shirley. "The other evening Roger was waiting for him to make out some shipping receipts, and went over in the corner where it's rather dark, you know, to sit down on the stool there.

It was Charlie's silk hat. Everybody laughed except Roger and Charlie. Roger was awfully sorry and offered to pay for it, while Charlie shed tears but refused the money.

Everett laughed so heartily that he began coughing in a way that cut Shirley to the heart. His mother brought him some water, and when his cough was quieted, Shirley had grown grave and silent.

"What is the doctor doing for you?" he asked, after a long pause. "Not much, now," said Everett, a little sadly. "He says I need fresh air most, and that if I could get strength my cough would stop."

"I must try and get back to work by September," continued Everett. "Just think—I have lost eight whole months. It is terrible!" And tears stood in the poor fellow's eyes.

"Where would you go for an outing, old man?" asked Shirley after a pause. "Oh, I don't know! I haven't considered it. Almost any place in the country where I could get away from this smoke and have fresh air.

An hour before Shirley would have laughed scornfully at such sport, but he did not laugh now. Pretty soon he said good-night to Everett and his mother and walked home under the street lamps, thinking.

That night when he got to his room he made a new calculation. It ran as follows: Three round trip tickets to Potosi - \$ 9 00 Board for three one month - 45 00 21 1/2 line and hooks for perch and club - 1 00

Then he wrote a little note which he sealed, stamped and dropped into the mail box on the corner. It said: "Dear Everett: I am going to take a vacation in August, and as I will want company, I invite you to go with me—also your mother. I take care of us. I have been saving the money for a year, and have enough for a month's trip for us all. You can prepare to start next week. I will come up to-night and we can talk it over. Heartily,

Shirley Holmes never spent a happier month in his life than that which he spent with Everett and his mother at Potosi. Everett seemed to get better from the first day, and before the month was over was thoroughly himself again.

Mrs. Harris visited with her old friends, while the young men spent whole days in the woods, sometimes fishing, sometimes just lying beneath the big trees.

When they returned to the city the hot, dusty weather was over, and they went back to work bronzed and strong, and such fast friends that they are called now—the inseparables.

"The largest coin I find in the collection basket this morning," said the Rev. Mr. Wilgus, "is a ten-cent piece. If the members of this congregation are expecting to pay their way into a better land on the instalment plan, it seems to me that they are calculating on a much longer mundane life than has been allowed to man since the days of Methusalem."

To clean a black silk dress use a sponge dipped in strong black tea—

AN EARTHY PARADISE.

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS A PERPETUAL GARDEN OF EDEN.

Dr. Edwin Arnold so Describes the Kingdom of Lilliput—Beauty Lavishly Bestowed by Nature—Tropical Scenery on Islands of the Pacific Ocean.

It is good to be able to date a letter from Paradise! Would you like to know its exact locality? You must sail south of west for 2,100 miles from San Francisco, or south of east 3,400 miles from Yokohama, and then you will arrive at the beautiful Hawaiian Islands, where we are anchored at present, bound to Yokohama.

I had imagined the Hawaiian cluster to be composed of densely wooded islets and isles, with dark foliage spread all over the plains and climbing to rounded hills. But I see a broken land much more open and varied than my anticipation, the lowlands rather bare of trees and vegetation, the uplands ascending by slopes marked with the tender green of coming crops to a volcanic sierra, very rugged, naked and majestic in outline, scathed and fissured with innumerable gorges, each nursing a gradually diminishing ribbon of verdant embroidery.

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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Ezekiel Cole, deceased, have been granted to H. H. Grotz, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

DEAF

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