

"WHO'S AFRAID?"

Courage, brother! there is nothing in the world to be afraid of...

Courage, brother! there is nothing in the world to be afraid of...

MR. CRADLIF'S BURGLAR.

At eleven o'clock one summer night, Mrs. Cradliff nudged her sleeping consort...

"Did ye lock up the granary?" "No," he replied. "I suppose Cyrus did; he always tends to that."

"But he went off so early I don't believe he thought a word about it. I'll get up and see if he has left the key on the sink shelf."

She groped her way to the kitchen in the dark and passed her hand over the shelf, but found no key.

"Then I suppose I must get up and go and 'tend to it,'" grumbled Moses Cradliff.

The man seemed to know where the wheat-bin was, and he was moving straight toward it in the dark...

Cyrus, lantern in hand, was soon knocking at Joe's door, and calling him loudly by name.

"No; what's wanting of Joe?" said a trembling female voice.

Cyrus did his errand briefly; he had caught a robber, and wanted Joe to help take him out of the granary.

"Joe, he ain't well. He ketched cold going a-fishing Saturday, and he's down with a fever."

Meanwhile Mr. Cradliff had returned home, and so sure was that it was his own son Cyrus whom he had shut into the granary...

"Is it possible," murmured the father, "that he has got out of that bit of a window?"

"Cyrus!" said the pale young man. "Why, he went home about half an hour ago."

"I'll bet a cent I've locked up Cy!"

If any person had been present, rash enough to accept Mr. Cradliff's not very heavy wager...

It was some seconds before, in his excited state of mind, he was able to reason out the actual fact of the situation.

"No use of calling now," he said to himself. "I ought to have done it before."

He settled himself to wait as patiently as possible for his release, and was sitting comfortably on a bag of meal...

All at once it became a flash, and he had a near glimpse of a big brown hand holding something like a key...

It was, in fact, the real barn-breaker this time; advancing to his work without the slightest suspicion...

The man seemed to know where the wheat-bin was, and he was moving straight toward it in the dark...

Mrs. Cradliff had risen and dressed herself, and was awaiting anxiously her husband's return...

Cy, who had taken a step backward as he opened the door, now advanced, holding his lantern above all their heads...

"Hold your lantern!" cried Reub, excitedly, while Joe Ferris gripped with his own secret thoughts.

Cy was hugely chagrined, and the result was a puzzle even to Joe, who might have told something of the real burglar's escape...

The elder Cradliff had not been long in his denunciation when he heard a shuffling noise, as of some person groping in the barn...

"Whereabouts are you? Speak!" These words, uttered in a strange voice, added greatly to the mystery...

"Joe, are you here?" the voice spoke again, evidently in great hurry and agitation, now quite near the granary door.

The mystery began, in fact, to be suddenly illuminated to the hitherto much bewildered brain of Moses Cradliff.

"Oh, Joe!" he exclaimed the voice outside; "Cy come to our house and told me he had locked up somebody—I know who I've brought a hatchet to break the lock and let you out."

"Oh dear! dear! let me go!" she pleaded, overwhelmed with confusion.

By the time he reached the door in pursuit, he found it shut and fastened, with him on one side and the burglar's fast-flying heels on the other.

A prisoner in his turn, he could do nothing in the shaken condition of his nerves, but lean against a bin, recover breath and composure of mind...

"I've already called for Joe," he said, as he returned with them in haste toward Ferris house.

"Down with a fever?" cried Bill Dunfry incredulously. "That can't be, for I saw him splitting wood by his back door at sundown."

"I ain't much sick when there's any such fun as that going on," Joe answered. "I'll be with ye in a minute, soon as I can pull my clothes on."

For the truth is, Joe's clothes were on already, all but his coat, which he had taken the precaution to pull off before showing himself at the window.

"In Cradliff's granary?" he asked, with pretended incredulity. "It don't look possible!"

"Will you come out peacefully and give yourself up?" he demanded. "No reply from within."

"There's nobody there!" said Reub. "Oh, yes, there is!" Cyrus answered.

He knocked again. "Hello! Answer, will you?" "There's no use playing 'possum. Let's have him out!"

It was a moment of thrilling expectation when Cy turned the key in the lock and suddenly threw back the door.

"Hold your lantern!" cried Reub, excitedly, while Joe Ferris gripped with his own secret thoughts.

Cy was hugely chagrined, and the result was a puzzle even to Joe, who might have told something of the real burglar's escape...

The elder Cradliff had not been long in his denunciation when he heard a shuffling noise, as of some person groping in the barn...

"Whereabouts are you? Speak!" These words, uttered in a strange voice, added greatly to the mystery...

"Joe, are you here?" the voice spoke again, evidently in great hurry and agitation, now quite near the granary door.

The mystery began, in fact, to be suddenly illuminated to the hitherto much bewildered brain of Moses Cradliff.

"Oh, Joe!" he exclaimed the voice outside; "Cy come to our house and told me he had locked up somebody—I know who I've brought a hatchet to break the lock and let you out."

"Oh dear! dear! let me go!" she pleaded, overwhelmed with confusion.

"I don't know what I'm here for—I must be crazy! Do let me go!" "I shan't hinder you," replied the farmer.

He led her, reluctant and beseeching, to his own house, and into the kitchen, where good Mrs. Cradliff was marvelously amazed at seeing such a visitor at such an hour.

"Come in! come in, all of you!" he cried. "There are some things that need explaining."

"I should say so!" exclaimed Cyrus. "After you shut me up in the granary, the real thief came, and I shut him up. Where is he?"

"When I went to let you out," said the father, "he knocked me over and got away, shutting me up."

And in the shame-faced creature hiding in the corner Joe Ferris recognized his own devoted Jane. He had missed her on his way home, where he had just arrived and learned of her absence from their oldest girl, when he was called out by Cyrus and the Dunfry boys.

The tone of his forced and brazen laughter changed with surprising suddenness, and thrown off his guard, he made no attempt to deny his guilt.

It was in the north of China that we first saw the thrashing-floor of the East and of the Bible.

There is no cab. The engineer and fireman—that is to say, the engine driver and his stoker, as they are styled in England—perform their duties with only such shelter as is offered by a board screen in front of them, pierced by two round apertures filled with stout glass, technically known as "spectacles."

In all these matters the English locomotive compares with it much as a lawn-mower does with a New York fire engine. It is a humble, awkward, green or mono-chromatic machine.

Another form of thrashing was the stone roller, which was drawn over the ears by oxen or mules; and there was another still, where a flat board furnished with some projections, was drawn in the same way, the driver or children, sitting on the board, to lend it additional weight.

The whole thing is rigid and stiff-looking, and to the observer who has to do with the external aspects of locomotives it is unprepossessing and unlovely.

ordered that after a given date no barber's shop should be kept open on Sunday morning.

There is no cab. The engineer and fireman—that is to say, the engine driver and his stoker, as they are styled in England—perform their duties with only such shelter as is offered by a board screen in front of them, pierced by two round apertures filled with stout glass, technically known as "spectacles."

There is no cab. The engineer and fireman—that is to say, the engine driver and his stoker, as they are styled in England—perform their duties with only such shelter as is offered by a board screen in front of them, pierced by two round apertures filled with stout glass, technically known as "spectacles."

There is no cab. The engineer and fireman—that is to say, the engine driver and his stoker, as they are styled in England—perform their duties with only such shelter as is offered by a board screen in front of them, pierced by two round apertures filled with stout glass, technically known as "spectacles."

There is no way of making a permanent success in this world without giving an honest equivalent for it.

The lazy boy fears that if he once begins to earn his own living he will always be expected to do it.

Learn to say no. It is not necessary to snap it out dog-fashion, but say it, firmly and resolutely.

An English Train.

The first impression which an American who is experienced in railroad traveling in his own country derives from the exterior aspect of an English train is unfavorable.

The cars, as he must necessarily call them, seem to be small; they lack, apparently, the weight and solidity of the American passenger coach; the compartments are narrow, the ceilings low, the ventilation apparently doubtful.

The cars are smaller—there is no doubt of it. They are narrower and they are shorter, and to the American eye they look even shorter than they really are, because they have no projecting platform at the ends, no overhanging roof or hood, but are buckled close up to each other, and their contact controlled by small metal buffers, the springs of which allow a play of from eighteen inches to two feet and a half between car and car.

The wheels are fitted with brakes, and the trained eye notes a rubber hose connection between the carriages, quite different in its application to that known at home, but which, nevertheless, betokens the air-brake.

His final contemplation is perhaps devoted to the engine, and if he has ever given any of his attention to the American locomotive it fills him with a deep concern. He recalls the imposing splendor of the latter, its comfortable and lofty cab of oiled and polished wood, its gay brass bell, the soul-stirring whistle, the noble head-light, and the cow-dropping pilot, the great cinder-consuming smoke-stack which is a hard coal burner, in which case that feature shrinks to moderate proportions, the powerful drivers and compact cylinder, the eccentric connecting rods, and all its parts radiant with the glitter of polished steel or unburnished brass, or decked with appropriate vermilion or emerald green.

The whole thing is rigid and stiff-looking, and to the observer who has to do with the external aspects of locomotives it is unprepossessing and unlovely.

ordered that after a given date no barber's shop should be kept open on Sunday morning.

There is no cab. The engineer and fireman—that is to say, the engine driver and his stoker, as they are styled in England—perform their duties with only such shelter as is offered by a board screen in front of them, pierced by two round apertures filled with stout glass, technically known as "spectacles."

There is no cab. The engineer and fireman—that is to say, the engine driver and his stoker, as they are styled in England—perform their duties with only such shelter as is offered by a board screen in front of them, pierced by two round apertures filled with stout glass, technically known as "spectacles."

There is no cab. The engineer and fireman—that is to say, the engine driver and his stoker, as they are styled in England—perform their duties with only such shelter as is offered by a board screen in front of them, pierced by two round apertures filled with stout glass, technically known as "spectacles."

There is no cab. The engineer and fireman—that is to say, the engine driver and his stoker, as they are styled in England—perform their duties with only such shelter as is offered by a board screen in front of them, pierced by two round apertures filled with stout glass, technically known as "spectacles."

There is no cab. The engineer and fireman—that is to say, the engine driver and his stoker, as they are styled in England—perform their duties with only such shelter as is offered by a board screen in front of them, pierced by two round apertures filled with stout glass, technically known as "spectacles."

There is no cab. The engineer and fireman—that is to say, the engine driver and his stoker, as they are styled in England—perform their duties with only such shelter as is offered by a board screen in front of them, pierced by two round apertures filled with stout glass, technically known as "spectacles."

There is no cab. The engineer and fireman—that is to say, the engine driver and his stoker, as they are styled in England—perform their duties with only such shelter as is offered by a board screen in front of them, pierced by two round apertures filled with stout glass, technically known as "spectacles."

There is no way of making a permanent success in this world without giving an honest equivalent for it.

The lazy boy fears that if he once begins to earn his own living he will always be expected to do it.

Learn to say no. It is not necessary to snap it out dog-fashion, but say it, firmly and resolutely.

Learn to say no. It is not necessary to snap it out dog-fashion, but say it, firmly and resolutely.

A Fighting Hand.

"If you cannot keep up with this class you had better go into a lower one."

The country schoolmaster spoke harshly, and Robert Gates's heart sank lower than before, if that were possible. He was the biggest boy in the class now, and how could he bear the shame of going among the boys still smaller?

So Robert, whose talents did not lie in figures, was having just the hard tug at school which, if well endured, wise men tell us, gives the discipline which makes the best and noblest men.

"Come on, Jack Brand," shouted half a dozen voices, he replied. "I can't come now," he replied.

"We're going to make up the baseball club, and you'll lose your place. We're going to put you in for pitcher."

"You'd better go," said Robert. "I hate to have you miss the fun."

"Never mind," said Jack heartily. "I've plenty of time for fun yet. You see now—let's go out behind the old barn and cipher away at your examples for awhile."

They settled themselves on a grassy slope in the quiet of one of the rare days of early June, and Robert opened his book with a heavy sigh.

"It's a perfect tangle to me," he said with a rueful shake of the head, thinking of the days in which he had watched the slow placing and working of the examples on the blackboard. The why and wherefore of the curved lines had never dawned upon him, the guessing how many times it would "go" and then setting down a figure, and the long, straggling column of figures gyrating off to the right and finally ending in nothing, so far as he could see, was a fearful piling of mysteries.

"Oh, that's easy enough if you think a moment," laughed Jack. "The divisor's a thing you do something with. This way now—mower, a thing you mow with; reaper, a thing you reap with; a divisor, a thing you divide with—don't you see?"

"Why, yes, of course I do, now you give me something to remember by."

Then they bent themselves resolutely to conquer the difficulties of the process between them, and it is fortunate that Jack was blessed with the gift of patience, for days past before Robert could see anything except a huge and frightful puzzle. The shouts of the boys at play came to them from a distance, but no sound more disturbing than the soft whisper of the summer wind or the pert inquiring "keechee? keechee?" of robin or wren disturbed the droning murmur with which Jack untiringly went through the lesson over and over again, little dreaming that he was securing for himself a valuable exercise in patience and self-denial.

"I see it," at last exclaimed Robert, springing up with a shout of triumph. "I never expected to see daylight through such a muddle, but I do. Now, let's be off and have a glorious play. But," he added very earnestly, "I can never pay you up in the world."

"Never mind that," said Jack. "But," he added, "maybe you can some time."

And his words came true years later. When the boys went to prepare for college under the mild teachings of the village pastor—a strange contrast to the old schoolmaster—Latin and Greek came to him almost as a pastime. He revelled in the line of study now opening before him with all the delight which comes of finding something in the world of learning exactly to his taste.

Jack's trouble began where Robert's ended, for his mind was of a different order, and now Robert was able richly to repay all his kindness.

"But, I've got enough of languages now," said Jack, after two or three years of blundering among moods, tenases and roots. "I'm worse at classics than ever you were at figures, and a man can be a man without Latin and Greek, although he can't very well without arithmetic. So go your way, old fellow—heap up the learning and come out a grand scholar. I'm going to dive down into one of those grimy, noisy, whizzing, buzzing machine-shops. But we can help each other just the same."

Dr. Johnson defined genius as a mind of large general powers determined to some particular direction.