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NO 5

—POETRY:—

COULD WE KNOW.

Could we know the loss and sorrow
That the days to come may bring,
Would we tell on bravely, darling?
Would we ever care to sing?
Ah, I think our steps would falter
And our eyes with tears grow dim,
And our music catch the cadence
Of a sad, despairing hymn.

Could we see the thorns and briars
Growing tall about our road,
Hearts would lose their hope and
courage

And sink down beneath their load.
We should shrink before them, crying,

Lo! the thorns will wound our feet;
If we try to venture through them
We shall surely find defeat.

Oh, thank God, the clouds are hidden
That the coming days may bring;

In the sunshine of the present
Let us journey on and sing;

Let us pluck the flowers growing
In the grass above our feet,

And forget about the briars

Till their thorns we chance to meet.

Let us bridge life's snare and pitfalls
With a faith that's brave and strong,
And keep up our hearts by singing,
One and all, a cheerful song.
Many a voice will lose its sadness
As it joins the helpful strain.

By remembering that the sunshine
Always follows after rain.

REMEMBER, BOYS MAKE MEN.

When you see a ragged urchin
Standing wistful in the street,
With torn hat and kneeless trousers,
Dirty face and bare red feet,
Pass not by the child unheeding;

Smile upon him, Mark me, when
He's grown he'll not forget it;

For remember, boys make men.

When the buoyant youthful spirits
Overflow in boyish freak,
Guide your child in gentle accents;
Do not in your anger speak,
You must sow in youthful bosoms
Seeds of tender mercy; then
Plants will grow and bear good fruit-

age,

When the erring boys are men.

Have you never seen a grand sire,
With his eyes aglow with joy,
Bring to mind some act of kindness—
Something said to him a boy?
Or relate some slight or coldness,
With a brow all clouded, when
He said they were too thoughtless
To remember boys make men?

Let us try to add some pleasures
To the life of every boy;
For each child needs tender interest
In its sorrows and its joys;
Call your boys home by its brightness;
They'll avoid a gloomy den,
And seek for comfort elsewhere—
And remember, boys make men.

BOTH MISTAKEN.

**LIGHT WORDS WHICH WRECKED THE
HAPPINESS OF TWO LIVES.**

A cool breeze blew up from the river. It played among the reeds and tall grasses on the bank and ran lightly up the slope toward the white mansion on the hillside, fluttering the vines that fringed the wide piazza where a group of young girls sat chatting, resting, or busying themselves with dainty needle-work.

"What a delicious breeze!" exclaimed Florence Freeman, rising as she spoke. The slender, thoughtful-looking young man reclining unseen in the depths of a large easy chair just within one of the long windows glanced up from the pages of a book in which he had been absorbed, and his dark eyes followed her graceful figure admiringly.

"It sets me wild to be doing something," she continued, pacing up and down the long porch. "Do you know, girls," pausing abruptly, "we're a set of slaves!"

"O, Florry!" exclaimed a laughing voice, "now don't give us a lecture on woman's rights!"

"Never fear; that isn't what I was thinking of. We are hindered by circumstances from being and doing what we feel is within us to be and do."

"Listen, girls," interrupted another voice. "Florry is on her high horse. Now we shall see some prancing."

"Laugh away," returned Florence. "I'm in earnest. Why must we, because we happen to have drifted into a certain channel, or because a particular course is marked out for us by friends, drift on down the stream or keep on in the same course to the bitter end, even though we might realize the best

intense feeling emphasized her words, and her unseen listener found himself wondering what personal experience had prompted them. Amy Gray lifted her eyes.

"Duty is often unpleasant," she said, "but it is best after all, to have a settled plan and purpose and cling to them through everything. Think what a chaos would result if we all followed our own inclinations, and worse than that, whatever might for the moment be our ruling passion."

Florence did not answer for a moment; her eyes were roving across the wide sweep of the river, where a white sail glimmered in the afternoon sunshine.

"O, yes; there must be plans, of course, and they must be carried out, or nothing would be accomplished. But take special cases, there is cousin Dora, for instance. Why must she give up her painting to marry Fred Long, merely because she promised to when a mere child and didn't know what she wanted? Of course I don't say anything against Fred. He is good as gold, but he can't appreciate her talents. Why, he has begun to interfere with her plans already. Says she works too steady, and wants her to give up some work she had undertaken in order to be married sooner. She only laughed over it. Of course she wouldn't say anything, but we can all see she doesn't love him. How can she, when he has no sympathy with her on that subject? Now, why can't she say so, and be free?"

"She feels her responsibility," said Amy's soft voice. "She knows how devoted Mr. Long is to her."

"Sh-h! here she comes," whispered Edith Stanley as a bright-faced girl fluttered up from the garden like a dainty white butterfly, and perched herself on the steps. A dead silence fell on the group for a moment, and then Dora turned her laughing face toward her cousin: "Come, Dora, I have something to tell you, and then, having her all to myself, pour out these miserable doubts and fears in her ear and be free from them. But no; here was this crowd of chattering girls—besides, she must not know he had such doubts. Even if she said, 'I love you,' could he be sure she was not saying it because she believed it to be her duty. And so he finished the evening as best he could, and all night long his heart tormented him with ceaseless questionings.

Several days passed before he found an opportunity to speak alone with Dora. The house was filled with a number of young guests, and Dora must be everywhere.

Fred Long was just now taking a well-earned vacation. After years of hard work and months of illness he had come back to the home of Florence began her "lecture." Outside the breeze rang among the tree-tops and ruffled the shining bosom of the river. The August sunshine lay mellow on the grass, but he heard nothing, saw nothing. The tea bell rang suddenly and startled him out of his meditations. The girls disappeared with much chatter and gay laughter, and he rose mechanically and walked like one in a dream down through the garden and on into a little grove beyond, his one thought to be alone where no human eye could add to his torment with its questioning glance. There, under the trees where he and Dora played in childhood, he walked to and fro, one sentence ringing in his ears like a sentence of doom: "We can all see she doesn't love him." It was hard to come down from the pinnacle where he had imagined himself crowned king of one heart.

When Dora, only fifteen, had given him her hand so confidently as they walked together in this very grove—only it was morning then, and spring-time, and the air was filled with the scent of wild crab-apple blossoms, and she wore them at her throat; how plainly he could see her now, all in white, and the pink of her cheek so like the dainty blossoms—he had taken the gift unquestionably, and no doubts had ever assailed him. He knew her devotion to art and was proud of her success, but he had never dreamed that it would be his rival in her affections.

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intense feeling emphasized her words, and her unseen listener found himself wondering what personal experience had prompted them. Amy Gray lifted her eyes.

"Have you been deceiving me all these years?" He could not do it. He must wait, with what patience he could, until he could decide for himself. He was very thankful that Dora had not quite decided to be married in the fall, as that would be one test he could put her to. It is something to have an idea that can be acted upon at once, and he retraced his steps toward the house with this one purpose in view. How shall he find a minute in which to speak alone with Dora? He feels that he can not bear the suspense until another day shall come, and then mutters to himself: "Fool! What if it must last a lifetime? What if I am never to know?"

As he reached the piazza a girl's voice cried out eagerly: "O, Mr. Long! where have you been hiding yourself?" and in an instant he was surrounded by a laughing group who crowded and questioned with such vivacity that their victim found it necessary to say a word: it was, in fact, quite impossible. Then Dora rose from the piano.

"Here, Dora!" cried Edith Stanley, "here is the deserter. What shall be done to him?" And they led him before his bright-eyed judge,

Dora had never before seemed to him just as she did at that moment—so far away, as if a great gulf were fixed between them. He could scarcely believe in her bright looks, everything seemed so unreal, his life was so shaken to its foundations. It was only by a great effort that he aroused himself to make some composure excuse.

"This suspense is killing me," he would say: "but I'll wait—it is better—it will soon be over."

And Dora, working herself to a shadow over her painting, would think: "The end can not be far off! He will soon be free."

Fred spoke not, but the bitter cry of his heart was: "If I could only know that she loved me!"

And they never dreamed, these two—her nearest and dearest—that they had slain her.—Chicago Tribune.

"Andy Dill's dog."

HOW HE TAKES TO THE LAW AND AS-

SISTS HIS MASTER IN THE PRAG-

TICE THEREOF—WONDER-

FUL CANINE SAGACITY.

A correspondent of the Lock Haven Express writing from Lewisburg, says that Andy's Dill's dog is a full-blooded mongrel and has adopted the legal profession, evidently considering himself a full-fledged member of the bar. He occupies his master's office and in his absence does the best he can to take his place. He receives strangers with a gentle bark and a wag of his tail—immediately pushes open the back office door—motions them in and shows them a chair; being careful that they do not get the office chair at the table, which he at once occupies himself, and without waste of time proceeds to business. He will open any law book that lays on the table; take a pen or pencil in his mouth; study a moment; look wise; give a bark, and then hold out his paw for a fee. Those who pay him will accompany to the door and show them great attention; while others pass out unnoticed. He pays no respect to lawyers, but is very courteous to the presiding judge, showing him to the best chair in the room and seeing that a spittoon is conveniently near, while the associate judges are allowed to shift for themselves. The church bells may ring all day and he not notice them; but at the first tap of the court house bell he becomes wild with delight, and is impatient until his master obeys its summons. He is all business during court weeks, and will run backward and forwards from the office to the court house carrying scraps of paper and sometimes large law books to his master. When Mr. Dill begins to address the court or the jury he wags his tail and walks around among the judges, lawyers and jurymen as though he owned the court house and held a first mortgage on each of the jurymen's homes. When his master becomes earnest and eloquent in speech the dog will place himself where he can watch the jurymen and occasionally walks among them to let them know that he is watching them.

"Dora, you are not happy."

"She started, "Not perfectly so, What mortal is?"

"It seems to me I would be if only things could be as they once were between us."

This was the first allusion he had made to the fact that he had noticed any change in their relations.

Dora realized that a crisis was coming. She simply awaited it in silence. She would neither strive to avert nor to hasten it.

"I have sometimes feared that you and I have been mistaken. That is the right word, I think. If so, I love you too well to ask you to keep a promise which has become hateful to you."

Dora rose from her seat; a sudden fire flamed in her pale cheek.

She held her hand out toward him—the dear little hand that wore his ring. Something in her air bewildered him. He stood a moment motionless, then raised the hand in both of his own. She shook him off.

"Yes; perhaps more. Give me a year," she said, eagerly, quite unconscious of the pain her words inflicted, and only anxious for time wherein to prove whether after all these years of devotion, Fred could be won from her. A few weeks are

impatiently and drew the ring from her finger. Now he understood.

"Without a word, Dora?" he said

struggling for self-command as a man might battle for life against the waves of a sea.

"What is there to say?" asked

Dora, her voice clear as a silver bell,

while her eyes shone like two stars.

And again he told himself that he:

"She is glad!"

And so they parted. The tie formed almost in childhood was broken, and they went their separate ways.

Day after day Dora's pale, resolute face beat over her canvas, and she studied her trembling hand for greater achievements. She worked too hard; they said. She was too ambitious! she put too much of her life-blood into the strokes of the brush, and a few months ended the struggle.

He came again to the dear old house beside the river; a crowd of friends had gathered there, but Dora gave them no welcome. Pale and silent she lay and stirred not a finger nor an eyelash for any of their tears. He stood there with Florence, and that still form between