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NEVER QUITE THE SAME.

A humble cottage 'neath the hill, Where children laugh and romp at will—With parents' tender love and care, How could their lives be else than fair? Oh, let them all be glad to-day, For swift the years will pass away, And when they're women grown, and men, 'Twill never be the same again.

Together all their tasks are done, Their interests are all as one; The selfsame board they gather round, And at one altar all are found; The same dear song, the same dear prayer, The same old Bible set may share, But when they leave the home—oh! then, 'Tis never quite the same again.

The wedding bells may sweetly ring, And glory be on everything, But when one leaves the dear home nest, 'Tis lonelier for all the rest. And if they one by one shall leave, How can the parents help but grieve? All come and go, and love—but then, 'Tis never quite the same again.

In other homes as dear and sweet, Will be the sound of childish feet; In many homes, instead of one, There will be frolic, laughter, fun, The old love will be true and deep, But sometimes it may sigh and weep, For something gone, somewhere, some when, And 'tis not quite the same again.

Ah, well! perhaps 'tis better so, That deeper meanings we may know; There is no loss, no grief, no pain, That may not bring its own sweet gain; And in the blessed land above, There'll be again one home, one love, Then one in heart, and one in name, At last 'twill ever be the same. —Mrs. Frank A. Breck, in Youth's Companion.

The Right of Way

By Paul Shoup

THE president of the Great Southern Railway company tapped impatiently on the table. The other members of the board kept a constrained silence, and the second vice president, in charge of extension, gazed longingly at a plebeian sign of "beer" across the street and seven stories below. It was at him the president was directing his remarks.

"It is ridiculous," he said, "that we should be blocked by the obstinacy of one man in our endeavor to build this branch line. A casual observer would certainly suppose that the executive department of the company had sufficient brains to overcome such an obstacle as this. The situation is simple enough. Here is our road and here are the mountains in which the new strikes have been made. To develop them, machinery must be hauled in and ore hauled out. That means a branch line. One man owns all the land—meadows and foot hills—between the railroad and the mines. We must cross his ranch, but he declines to sell a right of way. He is a pioneer and is bull-headed. He says the country was getting along without railroads when he came there, and that it can get along without them still. We must overcome his objections—but how? We offer to pay him well for all damage done, and he replies by suggesting that our grading outfit bring along one flatcar of coffins. He is certainly a contrary individual. Have I stated the case correctly?"

"You have," said the second vice president, removing his gaze from the sign below to the map on the table, "with one exception. Col. Snortally is not an individual; he is a community, and more; he is a corporation, because he owns 40,000 acres of land; he is a political party, because he employs more cow-punchers than you can ordinarily get together at a country dance; he is a law giver, because of his wealth and the taxes he pays; he is a law enforcer so far as he sees fit, because he can shoot straight and has men with him who can do likewise; he is society, because his daughter, whom I have had the pleasure of meeting, is the most beautiful young lady in the territory. What can a poor, ordinary railroad company do against such a combination? We cannot condemn until we can get a right of way from the board of supervisors, and he is the county government."

The president mopped his brow. His gaze wandered across the street and down seven stories to a sign. He arose and picked up his silk hat.

"All right," he said. "We must get across that ranch some way." A cloud of dust was coming down the road. Theophilus Smith carefully watched it for a moment and then turned Bucyrus among the bowlders by the roadside. Bucyrus was his mule. Just ahead of the dust cloud appeared a frantic horse, tearing wildly down the road toward him. Now and then he could catch glimpses of a swaying buckboard and a young lady clinging to the seat. Theophilus, who was a careful young man, put his briarwood pipe in the inside pocket of his jacket, drew his sombrero down tightly upon his head and then disinterestedly watched the approaching runaway. As the dust cloud and its contents passed Bucyrus wheeled, and they, too, went flying down the road. Through sand and over bowlders they went, horse, buckboard, mule and dust.

"Excuse me, miss," said Theophilus, as he came alongside and reached for the bit of the running horse; "pleasant day, is it not?" He gripped the bridle hard, pulled sideways and backward, and Bucyrus cheerfully sat down to the occasion and slid. There was more dust, and then they stopped.

Theophilus rubbed some of the dirt from his eyes and raised his sombrero to the girl in the buckboard. She looked at him with wide-open blue eyes.

"I am very sorry," he said, politely, "to stop you so rudely merely to ask you a question; but will you kindly pardon me and inform me where Col. Snortally lives?" The young lady's lip quivered, and instead of replying she burst into tears. Then, recovering from her embarrassment and fright, she drew a deep breath

and smiled faintly, and, as the color came back to her cheeks, she answered: "I am the colonel's daughter, and I will gladly show you the way home." Theophilus spoke a few words to the still restless horse, handed the reins up to the young lady and led Bucyrus to the rear of the buckboard, to which he tied him.

"I suppose," said the colonel's daughter, as they started up the road, "that I should thank you for saving my life and my father's best buckboard. Really, I thank you very much. If you will stop at the house for dinner I will try and show my gratitude with some tortillas and frijoles of my own cooking."

"The debt of gratitude is on my side, and not yours," Theophilus answered. "I am in search of work as a cowboy, and I cannot but hope that your acquaintance is an auspicious omen."

"Cowboys don't talk like that," she said, a little sharply, eyeing him in surprise. "You're not fitted for a range man anyway. Cattlemen don't ride mules. Papa says there is only one animal more ridiculous, stupid and idiotic than a mule, and that is the man who rides one."

"But your father doesn't know Bucyrus."

"Nor his owner," she rejoined, laughing.

They stopped in front of a long, low, adobe ranch house, with deep-set windows and doors. Ivy circled the windows and climbed to the eaves. A few firs, some tall blue gums and a dozen palms stood in the front yard. The house was set far back and the veranda that surrounded it was half hidden in the green orange trees. A stream from the mountains ran through the orchard in the rear, its course marked by a line of cottonwoods and willows that broke the monotony of the otherwise treeless mesa. On the other side of the creek and at some distance from the house were the corrals and stables of the ranch.

The young lady stepped lightly to the ground. "I will call papa," she said. A few minutes later a tall man, heavy set, with a face like the full moon in harvest time, his scanty locks somewhat grizzled with the first snowfall of the winter of life, came swinging down the walk with great strides.

"How air ye!" he shouted before reaching the gate. "Glory tells me just reaching that son of Satan that ye in time, I'm mighty glad to meet ye." He seized Theophilus' hand and Theophilus tried to look pleased.

"Jack!" shouted Col. Snortally. A dusty cowboy with a sombrero on the back of his head sauntered around the corner of the house. "Take that hoss out beyond that 'n' shoot him. Come in Mister—"

"Smith."

"Dinner'll be ready by'n by. Whar'd that beast come from?" he added, pointing at Bucyrus.

"He's my mule," answered Theophilus.

"You don't say so! S'posed you know'd better'n that. Mules ain't no place on this ranch. Can't ye find a greaser to give him to?"

"Bucyrus is no common mule," said his owner, calmly; "he knows more than any horse you ever saw. And he can run, too."

This last remark amused the colonel so mightily that he sat down on the porch step and laughed heartily. A mule that could run! "I never yet clapped eyes on a mule that could catch a yearlin' calf in a fair race. Must be a slow senny you grow'd up in, young man." The colonel wiped his eyes and chuckled.

"Well, if I stay," said the defender of mules, determinedly. "I'll show you one mule that can run."

"Stay! Of course ye'll stay if ye want'er," said Col. Snortally, cordially. "Ye kin hev your pick of jobs, an' ef you want to make a holy show of that mule, we'll provide the necessary accouters."

Theophilus stayed. He was handy with the lariar, rode a horse like a native and a mule a great deal better. He evidently understood all the marks and deeps of the bovine character, and very shortly won that for himself which he could not for his mule—the colonel's respect. When Bucyrus would head off a skillful stamper, Col. Snortally would grumble something about "fools rushin' in," and when he would dodge a belligerent steer he would growl something about a "fool for luck." On the subject of mules the colonel and Theophilus continued to disagree. They argued the question morning, noon, and night. The colonel pointed out the bad qualities of the mule; Theophilus grew eloquent over the animal's virtues. Glory smiled, but took no part in the discussion which resulted in the famous race at Crag's Corner—a race that is still memorable throughout all of the Ponce Basin country.

The colonel brought out a long-legged mustang that he had purchased across the border the year before. This mustang was a sad deceiver, and had lightened the pocket of many a cowboy who had backed a home animal against the imported stock. A light-weight Mexican rode him. A few minutes later Bucyrus ambled forth, wearing that surprised look of a mule when he is but half awakened from a sweet dream of peace with plenty of barley hay in it. Judge Arkansas West officiated as starter and judge. All the inhabitants of the Basin were on hand to see the race, and even old man Johnson stopped his sheep-shearing and came from over the range with all hands to enjoy the holiday.

At the start the mustang ran away from Bucyrus, and at the quarter there was room enough for a threshing machine between them. The crowd laughed and cheered, and the colonel issued a general invitation to free drinks for all present after the race, for the colonel was very fond of his own opinion. For some reason Glory did not smile. But when the animals reached the half, there was a change.

Bucyrus seemed to remember that he was neither asleep nor working for the government. He began to run. At the last quarter there was silence, for the crowd was holding its breath. While the mustang and Bucyrus were coming down the home-stretch the colonel's countenance was interesting, and when Bucyrus passed under the wire something more than an ear-ache, the colonel arose and made his way through the silence to Crag's Palace of Delight and faintly asked for a stimulant.

That night Theophilus showed a woe-laden lack of good taste. He ostentatiously reviewed the merits of the mule family, and of Bucyrus in particular. The colonel sat in fiery silence and chewed the cud of bitter reflection, but finally, when Theophilus wound up by declaring that Bucyrus could out-run the overland limited from Crag's Corner to the mountain road crossing, a distance of a little over a mile, Col. Snortally arose in his wrath and swore.

"I'll bet ye anything ye want that yer wall-eyed apology for a hoss can't do anything of the kind," he said.

"Will you bet my pick of any hundred unimproved acres on your ranch against Bucyrus that he can't?" quietly asked Theophilus.

"Sartinly," said the colonel, who, deep down in his heart, had a liking for Bucyrus.

"All right," said Theophilus; "if you say so, we will settle it to-morrow—going west." The colonel said so, and went to bed.

By the light of the stars that night a man rode hurriedly down to Crag's Corner, the nearest railroad station, and before dawn rode as hurriedly back to the ranch again.

The next day was another day of excitement in the basin. The rumor of the novel race spread swiftly. That is why Ike Williams heard, way up in Rocky Gulch, that Col. Snortally had bet his 40,000-acre ranch against a herd of mules that a certain swift animal of that kind could not beat the Overland limited in a ten-mile race.

The wagon road ran for miles along the railroad track, so Bucyrus was not handicapped. The race was an even one up to the last 50 yards, when Bucyrus, by a tremendous spurt, shot ahead and passed the crossing with 20 feet of daylight between himself and the engine. But there are wisecracks in the basin who shake their heads when telling of that wonderful race, and hint that the engineer was half asleep.

Col. Snortally was a good loser, and he cheerfully invited Theophilus out the next day to choose his hundred acres. He was not the less cheerful because Theophilus the night before had made him a present of Bucyrus. Theophilus proved an amazing chooser. He took a narrow strip of land running from the corner to Warder's canyon, at the foot of the mountains. To the colonel's jesting about his choice, he said something about making it a good race track.

About a week later Theophilus was enjoying one evening a quiet after-dinner smoke on the veranda. He was at peace with the world, when Col. Snortally came up the walk. The colonel's face was like the sun shining red through a thunder cloud. He was too much agitated to speak for a minute, but when he did begin to talk his words were to the point. From his expressions one might gather that he was perturbed by the fact that Theophilus had sold a certain hundred acres of land as a right of way to the Great Southwestern Railway company. Col. Snortally finished by declaring his intention of removing from the scene a stranger who had taken him in, and therewith drew his revolver.

"There was a rustle of a dress, a low cry, and Glory was sobbing, with her face on Theophilus' shoulder.

"Don't do it, colonel, unless you feel compelled to," said Theophilus, rising, with one arm about Glory, "and unless you want to make Glory a widow. We were married two days ago."

Col. Snortally's face grew white and the revolver slipped from his grasp. Glory was the dearest of all to him.

The president of the Great Southwestern Railroad company looked across the street and down seven stories to a certain plebeian sign. Then he arose and picked up his cane and silk hat.

"Well," he said, "we won after all. That was cleverly done—cleverly done."

"Yes," said the second vice president; "but the attacking force lost heavily. For the young man from my office who engineered the deal has married the colonel's daughter, made peace with the colonel and at the last report was laying out a town at the terminus of our projected branch and selling corner lots." —San Francisco Argonaut.

A Brave Woman.

The tragic story of the beautiful and talented Scottish woman, Helen Irving, is not, perhaps, well known, although it has been celebrated in song. She had been for some time courted by two gentlemen whose names were Bell and Fleeming. Bell told the girl that if he ever found her in Fleeming's company he would kill him. She, however, had a strong regard for Fleeming, and one day while walking along the romantic banks of the Kirtle, she observed his rival on the other side of the river among the bushes. Conscious of the danger her lover was in, she passed between him and his enemy, who, firing, shot her dead. Fleeming crossed the river and killed the coward. A heap of stones was raised on the place where the brave woman fell, and she was buried in the near churchyard. Fleeming, overwhelmed with love and grief, went abroad but soon returned, and stretching himself on her grave, expired. He was buried by her side.—Detroit Free Press.

London Healthiest in Summer.

London is much healthier in summer than in winter. In the third week of January 2,081 deaths were recorded, while in the third week in June the number was only 1,193.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

Sunday School Lesson in the International Series for April 2, 1890.—John 11:32-45.

[Based upon Peloubet's Select Notes.] GOLDEN TEXT.—I am the resurrection, and the life.—John 11:25.

THE SECTION includes John 11:1-46. TIME.—January or February, A. D. 30. PLACE.—Jesus was at Bethabara (R. V. Bethany), in Pera, beyond Jordan, where John had baptized Him (compare John 10:40 with 1:28) when He received the message that Lazarus was sick. Lazarus' home was in Bethany, on the Mount of Olives, near Jerusalem.

LESSON NOTES.

I. The Family at Bethany.—Jesus had no home of His own, but often rested at the homes of His friends. The little family at Bethany, Martha, Mary and Lazarus, seem to have been in prosperous circumstances. In Luke 10:38-42 we have the story of Jesus' visit here.

Scene II. Sickness and Death in the Family.—A few weeks after the sisters had entertained Jesus in their home (Luke 10:38-42), Lazarus was taken sick. The first thought of the sisters, when all common means failed, was to send a message to Jesus that His friend was sick. No request was made. The message was itself a prayer. Soon after the messenger had gone, Lazarus died, and, as usual, was buried the same day. Hope had gone from the sisters.

Scene III. Jesus and His Disciples at Bethabara.—At this time Jesus was with His disciples at Bethabara. It was 28 or 30 miles from Bethany. At the swiftest it was a hard day's journey. Yet Jesus delayed two days before He set out to aid and comfort His friends—a delay full of mystery, and yet for the glory of God and the blessing of the afflicted ones; and Jesus knew that Lazarus was dead.

Scene IV. Meeting of Jesus and Martha Just Outside the Walls of Bethany.—Jesus and His disciples left Bethabara and drew near the village of Bethany at least five days after the messenger had been dispatched and four days after the death of Lazarus. Martha, learning of His arrival, went out to meet him, leaving Mary in the house, absorbed in her grief and unconscious of His approach. The meeting was very touching; but Jesus awakened hope and prepared the way for larger blessings by assuring her that He was the resurrection and the life.

Scene V. The Meeting of Jesus and Mary.—Vs. 32-37. When Martha's faith and hope were assured Jesus bade her go home and bring her sister. Mary immediately left the house and went outside of the village walls to the place where Jesus was resting.

32. "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." There is no complaint, but only the wish that things might have been different.

33. "He groaned in the spirit" does indeed far more express the feelings of indignation and displeasure than of grief . . . the indignation which the Lord of life felt at all which sin had wrought.

34. "Jesus wept." Shed tears, wept silently, an entirely different word from the "weep" and "weeping" of the mourners in Vs. 31, 33. This verse gives further expression to the intense and varied feelings of Jesus—indignation, grief and sympathy.

35. "Could not this man, which opened the eyes of the blind?" This was the last, most widely known and most marvelous miracle which had been wrought in Jerusalem only two or three months before. The inference was natural and just.

Scene VI. Jesus at the Tomb of Lazarus.—Vs. 38-45. "Jesus lifted up His eyes: A natural, simple but expressive act of worship. The natural forms of worship are an aid to worship, both for ourselves and those who are with us. "And said, Father, I thank Thee! The miracle He was to work came in answer to prayer, and He returns thanks for the assurance.

44. "And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot." Probably each limb separately, as was the Egyptian custom.

45. "Many of the Jews . . . believed." That was one of the purposes of the miracle. Lazarus walked as a perpetual sermon before the people.

EASTER LESSONS.

Light on the problem of death and the clouds of sorrow which gather around it, on the Valley of the Shadow of Death, on the Dark River all must cross, is the one great need of humanity. These are typified by the trial, the death and the burial of Christ.

Jesus is the resurrection and the life; the giver of eternal life which lasts beyond the grave and makes the resurrection possible and blessed. He proved His assertion and promise by raising Lazarus from the dead.

The raising of Lazarus proved that the soul has an existence independent of the body, and that death does not end all.

The outlook into eternity, the hope of immortal life, broadens the vision and enlarges the soul. No man can be narrow who lives in the present reality of two worlds, where every thought and act has a meaning beyond the grave.

Fish in Newly Formed Waters.

Newly formed lakes, canals and so forth often become mysteriously populated with fish. This is believed to be effected by birds which, having been feeding on fish spawn elsewhere, alight in the new waters and drop some of the spawn from their bills.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Some Golden Thoughts.

We can touch the hearts of those we love when our hearts have been touched by Christ.

We do not read of "The resolutions of the apostles," but "The Acts of the Apostles."

Many of our prayers are so half-hearted that we should be greatly surprised if God were to answer them.

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