MASSIE'S CREEK.

At the Turning of the Long Lane.

By ROSALINE MASSON.

Miss Janet Galbriath tooke her best | ner, across which the afternoon sun

black kid gloves out of her corner struck. Her head was bent and she

drawer, and gave the strings of her was thinking-perhaps of a grave far

Remember how it used to loaf sedately through the town
And out into the pasture lands, and then would hurry down
Between the cliffs-and sang and sang
That told us of the outer world, the rivers and the sea.

Twe just been wondering, Bill, if you re-member Massie's Crick—
Or "creck" they call it nowadaya—with sumach growing thick
Along the banks, and willows that bent down to make a shade
Above the dreaming shallows where us boys one time would wade.
Remember how we used to throw our bare selves down, and lie
A-looking through the checker work of good green beaus and sky.
And count the cloud ships sailing through the sea of limpid blue—
Ah, then we did not know how much that meant for me and you!

Twe just been wondering, Bill, that's all, if you still hear it sing.
If you still hear it sing.
If you can shut your eyes and see the same the wondering. Bill, if you can hear old Massie's Crick.
Call softly through the summer days—and does your heart beat quick in answer? Does your mind leap back into the long ago.
That noded from the mossy cliffs in hidder nooks and turns.

-Chicago Post.

embodiment of peace in yourself," was how he ended the sentence in his own mind.

Miss Galbraith made no answer. She thought the conversation ought to cease—it was very irregular. But it seemed ungracious to walk away; and then-what had he said?-something about last moorings and a haven. It really seemed like an introduction sanctioned by the Church-by the burinl service.

"Is the lair full?" she inquired with sudden interest. "That is just how it is with me!"

al that they should saunter west together to the older graves among the yews. Thus it came about that she learned, from one tombstone, that his was Jamleson and that his name father had been a farmer, and he learned from another tombstone that her name was Galbraith, and that her father had been the doctor of the little

quainted, living so near one another," she hazarded.

homes next to one another," he reminded her.

yews and linger on the green patch of

June brought the anniversary with it. and it fell on a Sunday; and Miss Galbraith, clad in unostentatious black, walked slowly beside the stranger who was a stranger no longer, and the thought of the old desk and the coming

grave, and he laid his hand on It. It vas a broad, bronzed hand, and on the little finger was a thin, worn old wedding-ring. Her eyes rested on it: she had not seen hm wear it before. He followed the direction of her glance, and took the ring off, and held it thoughtfully.

"I don't know what made me put it on to-duy," he said.

She made no reply; but she shivered a little, as if with cold.

"It was my mother's," he said. "I was not a good son to her-I was a wild, heedless lad, and I ran off to sea, and never wrote."

He looked from the name on the gravestone to the ring that lay in the palm of his hand.

"I should like to make a good woman happy before I die," he said.

Miss Galbraith turned silently to lead the way as usual to the newer part of the churchyard; but he put out his hand and detained her,

"Won't you have it?" he asked, and held out his hand, in the palm of which lay the ring. "Ever since I saw you standing there, all alone, crying, with your sweet face-

"Oh, whisht!" she interrupted. A sudden pain leaped into his eyes. 'Does that mean-" he cried, hoarsely, and his fingers closed tightly over the ring.

You are surely forgetting what day this is," she said; "this is the Sabbath!"

He laughed outright, in a sudden re-"Have I broken vulsion of gladness. the Sabbath?" he cried. "Rivet it, then, accepting me That afternoon Miss Janet Galbraith culled down the blinds and unlocked the old desk, with its contents lying on her lap. She did not read the letters, but suddenly she laid her cheek against the photograph. "Oh, laddle-it's not that I forget you!" she said, "but see how young you are by me-you'd maybe expect me to be the lassie you left-and oh, laddie, I've been so lonely!"-Scottish Review.

ENSURES SUCCESS.

Advantage of Getting on the Right Track.

By MADISON C. PETERS.

James Russell Lowell tells us that All callings in life are alike honorable "every man is born with his business if they are useful. There is a world or profession in him," while Sydney Smith long ago said: "Be what naof truth in Pope's familiar lines:

mistake than to bend your design

where your genius does not incline.

Emerson wisely says that "the crown-

ing fortune of a man is to be born

with a bias to some pursuit which

finds him in employment and happi-

"To business that we love, we rise

ness," while Shakespeare asserts:

And go to it with delight."

ing to his mother, he said:

my side, I hope to fight my through the world."

not bring home.

betimes,

"Honor and shame from no condition ture intended you for and you will risesucceed, but be anything else and you

Act well your part, there all the honwill be a thousand times worse than nothing." There can be no greater or lies."

> The world does not demand that you shall be a famous lawyer, a skilled physician, an eloquent divine, or a merchant prince, but that with a noble purpose, a high endeavor, and a useful end in view you shall make yourself a master in your line. If you

are only a bootblack, be the best bootblack in town. A lawyer sought to humiliate his rival in public by saying, "You blacked my father's boots once."

No man can struggle victoriously "And I did it well." retorted the sucagainst his own character, and one of cessful opponent. the first lessons of life is to learn You may know that you have found what groove we are intended to fill. your place if your work is a pleasure to Evidences of one's right calling will you; if you long for the time to quit manifest themselves early in life. Handel, the famous composer, whose father your work with no more delight than was a physician, was intended for the you left it the job belongs to some other man. When you have found your profession of law, and the father did all he could to discourage the boy's true calling you will not find nature putting any barriers in your path of fondness for music, but he got an old spinet and practiced on it secretly in progress. If you have been boring a hayloft; he produced an opera beaway in the same hole for fifteen years without striking something you have fore he was fifteen. Beethoven comeither found too short an auger or you are in the wrong hole. As a rule, few

men change their occupations to advantage late in life, yet I advise every man to have the moral courage to change his occupation until he finds Bacon had successfully pointed out the right place. There is a right place the errors in Aristotle's philosophy, for everybody. Your talent, whatever while Pascal at the same age wrote a it may be, is your call. When you treatise on the Conic Sections. Bach strike water you will find use for your used to copy whole books of music by fins. It is true that 'a roHing stone moonlight when he was denied a candle. Napoleon was at the head gathers no moss," but sometimes "a of change of pasture makes fat calves." armies at ten years of age. At this If you are sure you are in the time, when a student at Brienne, writwrong place get on the right track; if "With you are on the right track you will Homer in my pocket and my sword at not be wondering whether the rails are way laid down right-you will know it by the way things run. In the right place Murillo, the famous Spanish artist, you will expand and grow, and at least filled the margins of his school books be comparatively successful; you may

with drawings. Michelangelo, whose parents punished him for covering the not make millions in a congenial occupation; it is possible to make a forwalls with sketches, declaring he was tune and still be a failure. no son of theirs should he become an

Money making is not the highest artist, spent whole nights copying success; character is success, and there drawings by moonlight, which he dared is no other. Did Columbus fail because iron bit into his flesh and neglect Galileo, who discovered the princiinto his heart? Did Cromwell fall beple of the pendulum at eighteen and cause his bleached bones were hung in invented both the microscope and the chains and buried among thieves and telescope, was set apart by his parents murderers? Was the gifted musical for a physician, but when compelled to genius, Mozart, a failure because he study physiology, he would hide his died penniless and sleeps in an un-Euclid and secretly work out difficult known grave? Was Milton a failureproblems. Lorraine, the painter, was Milton who sat in his blindness and apprenticed by his parents to a pastry received \$50 for his immortal epic? No true man falls who has lived a

ticed him to a barber. It is a serious life that has accomplished its purpose; mistake for parents to wish their sons -Madison C. Peters in Michigan to be reproductions of themselves. Tsadesman. John Jacob Astor's father wanted to

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The coal consumption per head is greater in England than of any other country.

The father of Daniel Webster deter-The machine which cuts up wood to

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

It's a long credit that has no dunning

A girl learns to swim so that some fellow can teach her.

A woman's age depends entirely on whether her children look it.

More children are trained by being a warning to them than an example.

A nice think to a boy about school is playing truant from it to go swimming.

You could keep men away from the racetrack if you called it a Sunday school

Hardly anybody hates his relations enough to be willing to die to get rid of them.

A woman tells her friends what a good husband she has so she will believe it.

The average man is never as big a fool as he would be if he had more chances to be.

A man is impertiment if he tries to flirt with a girl and insultingly indifferent if he doesn't.

When a man brags about having a dry cellar it's more likely to mean bottled stuff than water.

When you hear a woman admitting there are such things as freckles it's a sign she hasn't any.

A comfortable thing about being you are on the wrong job; if you go to rich is you only get fined when you ought to be put in jail.

> A nice thing about being a fat woman is how comfortably she can slip and bang herself in the bath tub.

It makes a woman very proud of her husband's business ability to have him know how to hook her up the back.

If a man is making money he is willing to advertise it to everybody except the tax collector and his poor relations.

A man's idea of being a patriot is velling himself hoarse because some body tells him something is against the Constitution.

When a girl has a broken heart over a man she can't marry it's a sign her parents will have to buy her some new clothes before she gets over it .- From "Reflections of a Bachelor" in the New York Press.

SPOONFUL OF BRAINS GONE.

Only Apparent Effect Is that Boy Has Forgotten Book Tales.

Cecil Mullins, an eleven-year-old boy, was taken to the hospital recently with his skull badly crushed in the region of the left temple. A sharp broken bone had been driven inward, not only tearing a ragged hole through the delicate brain covering, but actually burying itself an inch deeper in the brain itself, cutting and bruising the fine tissues over a circular space as large as a silver dollar.

Dr. J. W. Shankland performed an operation immediately. Then Cecil was put to bed to die. The case was regarded as almost hopeless, but he lived, and is declared by Dr. Shankland to be practically out of danger. That is a part of the wonder. Another part is the fact that in two operations and in the care of the injury no less than a teaspoonful of the brain has been taken from the boy's head. This strange wound to the brain itself is rapidly healing. Cecil appears all right, bright and cheerful.

The wound was found to be in that part of the left side of the brain which years of experimenting has pretty clearly identified as the "speech zone." Injuries in this "zone" show various effects according to their location Sometimes the injured person will retain his understanding of words, but will lose the power to speak. A strange feature of the boy's case is that he can not remember books and incidents that a few weeks ago were familiar to him, "Robinson Crusoe" and fairy books are entirely new to him.

Bunday bonnet a final adjustment be- away under the palm trees on the Pafore she turned away from the mirror. cific coats, where the hot sand had lain it was the self-same mirror in a for-was it thirty years? Or perhaps molid mahogany frame with a little she was thinking of that presumptudrawer in the stand, that had reflect- ous uncle-in-law who had ousted her ed Miss Janet Galbraith's face for over thirty years; but the mirror's ner, and forced her to rest at last, as task must have been as grateful now she had lived, alone. Suddenly she as ever, for the face under the Sunday raised her head, and as she did so, bonnet was undeniably comely and winsome, with the pink of rose eptals in the cheeks, and an attractive crinkle dn the soft hair that was turning to that beautiful creamy white that recompenses many a Scots woman in her old age for the red tinge endured if one judged by his bent head, was in her youth. But it was Miss Janet Galbraith's eyes that made her lovable -eyes blue and apologetically gentle, with in them and in the soft wrinkles around them, a wistful hint of sad- her final resting-place. She measured It was not Sunday and yet Miss Janet donned her Sunday bonnet and took not get the warm sunshine, and she

out her best black kid gloves this May morning, and sallied forth with a face in her mind when this purchase was of dignified intention. She was to-day going to carry out a great resolve, to put into execution a long and prayerfully considered purpose; she was going to select the spot of ground which nhe intended to purchase in the new gravevard, in order that she might feel that her bones would be decently laid there when her time came. Her father thoughts that she quite forgot the viwho had so long been the chief doctor in the small town and everybody's friend in time of trouble, and her mother, whom she could not remember and the half-dozen little brothers and sisters, who had died in infancy before her birth, as well as several uncles and aunts and cousins, were all laid beneath one upright slab in the wall of the older burying-ground; but, alas! an uncle-in-law who had died ten years previously, had left it in his kindly, will that he desired to be buried beside his wife, and this, as Miss Janet pathetically remarked to the minister, "Allled up the lair," and left no room for her. But she had not gone against the dead man's wish-and she was too mentle to be assertive.

moss.

Miss Galbraith visited the grave every Sunday at the conclusion of ser-This was a decorous habit, 21-Sowing Miss Galbraith's little servant time to run home and rapidly dish the teas-sets when they left her to be potatoes, and also allowing time for married, and had done up her hair the congregation to disperse. When neatly morning after morning in front Miss Janet had read, line by line, the of the mahogany mirror with the her forbears kindred down to the inconsiderate uncle-in-law in the last line-"Thomas Wyllie relict of the above Susan Galbraith"- then she was sure the last **bolterers** would have gone, and that she could feel secure from garrulous equaintance. For Miss Janet was elessly shy and diffident, and her dignity of carriage and reserve of sech were as much the outcome of hyness as they were the result of the pride natural in the last survivor of a highly respectable and professional "Ay, she keeps herself to herfamily. self." they said about her in the small market-town that had known her for over half a century. "She has ave kept hersel' to hersel,' and been that respectable I doot if she has ever had an offer o' marriage," it was once added. But the speaker was mistaken. The anniversaries that are marked in the calendar are not the only one's in a woman's reckonng. There was a certain day-in June it was, when the sun abone and the birds sang year after year in unconscious crueity-when Has Janet always, unostentatiously wore black; and in the afternoon, when the duties of the day were over, she would go upstairs to her own room and after carefully drawing down the blinds, whether to keep out the sunshine or to prevent the birds from looking in was uncertain, unlock on old desk and take ence three letters tied together, and a hotograph, and two or three apparently meaningless trifles. When Miss Galbraith came downstairs again quite two hours later, the sad look in her eyes was intensified, and her ntle outh was somewhat tremuus. But, indeed, there was no one to notice When Miss Galbraith walked into e graveyard on that May morning ft was with an added sense of importce that she made her way, not to the moss-grown monuments she knew so well, under the dark yew-trees be low the church, but up towards the newer part that lay cost. Here red and new black lettering shounded; and as in most Scottish churchyards, very few of the grave-stones were in the form of crosses. iss Janot went towards a green cor-

from her rightful place in the old corshe paused, and drew herself up with a quick, shy movement, and a shade of annoyance passed over her gentle face. There was a man, a stranger, standing beside her "lair." The man had his back turned towards her, and, thinking also. Miss Galbraith presently found courage to draw near and take up her position on the little piece of mossy turf she had selected to be the plot with her eye. It would be cosler next to the wall, but that would loved warmth. She would feel easier settled, and she knew where she would be put when her time came. She had left all directions for the funeral, and everything would be decent and in order. There would be no chief mourn-

She was the last of her race. Her er. annuity would die with her-so would her race. She was so lost in these cinity of the stranger, and falled to observe that he had become aware of her presence, and was now quietly regarding her. He was a tallish man, older than one would have judged from his broad shoulders and upright carriage. His hair was gray and grizzled, and his gray moustache hid his mouth and showed only his firm chin. Under his rather shaggy gray eyebrows his eyes were alert and keen and

Yes, her annuity would die with her and so would her race. They had been much respected folk, the Galbraiths; but she had done them no discredit. She had lived quietly in the little stone house with the front garden, had been peaceable with her neighbors and helpful as far as her means and her abilities allowed her, had been a dutiful church member, and had trained her maid-servants and given them irawer in it. Well, one day, it would be over, and they would lay her here, where the afternoon sun struck the grass. They would carve her age on the tombstone. There would be no .hief mourner: but beside her in the grave, if her written instructions were carried out, a little sealed packet-Miss Janet suddenly became award that her tears were tickling her face and worse still, were falling on her best bonnet-strings. She drew out a folded cambric handkerchief and shook it open, and in dong so nervous ly remembered the man a few paces away, and glanced in his direction But at the hint of the handkerchief the man had turned quickly on his heel, and Miss Galbraith's agitated look found him apparently absorbed in contemplation of a budding ash tree. She raised her yell and dried her eyes, and furtively regarded the stran ger. What could have brought him to the graveyard of the Parish Church? It was not any past association, for that would have taken him to the older graves down among the yews Could it be a future interest? Could he, also, like herself, be selecting a "lair?" There was room for but two in this corner; was he then choosing the one next her own? Miss Galbraith kept her eyes on the ground, and be gan to walk slowly to the path that led to the gate: but in doing so she had to pass the stranger. "Are we to pick up our last moorings alongside, in this little haven?" asked a quiet voice, and she looked up to find him standing in front of her his hat in his hand.

"I have come home from a wandering, sea-faring life purposely to lay my bones in old Scotland, baside my parents; but-" he glanced westward towards the yew.

And after that it seemed very natur-

town. "Doubtless they would have been ac-

"And some day we are to have

After this it became a tacitly acepted custom that he should accompany Miss Galbraith after service on Sundays to visit the tombs of her forbears and of his, and then that they should leave the shadows of the

open ground where they had first met. And so May passed into June, and

rite of the afternoon kept her cold and silent. They stood beside her parents'

posed at thirteen, while Mozart gave concerts at six: Victor Hugo presented a poem to the Academy at fifteen, Goethe wrote at ten. Pope at fourteen, at sixteen

A sudden pink tinged Miss Jane's pale cheeks, where the marks of tears still showed. She bowed gravely. "It would seem so," she" answered, in her soft, low, Scottish voice.

They stood in silence, side by side for a moment or two, she with shyly averted face. He still kept his hat in his hand, and Miss Galbraith, to whom these courtesles were unfamiliar, was gratified

"It is a pleasant spot," the man said presently.

"And very peaceful," the woman replied de

iled demurely. He glanced at her kindly. "That is what I was seeking, ma'am," "but you-" he paused, "look the her.

The Lady and the Anecdote.

Quonah Parker, the millionaire chief of the Comanches, was discussing in Guthrie a new Indian bill.

"The bill is no good," said the chief, 'It would not have any effect. It reminds me of a young French lady in Washington.

"I was dining in Washington at an Ambassador's house, and this young lady was the only female guest. An Italian Duke wanted to tell an anecdote, but he hesitated.

'My story,' he said, 'is a very good one, but it is rather low in the neck, and before the young lady-' "But she laughed and interrupted

him. "'Oh, don't mind me!' she said. 'T'll

shut my eyes. Go on."-Philadelphia Bulletin.

Lightning Dries Up Spring.

During a severe storm on Friday in the lower part of this county near East Prospect, the lightning struck a large chestnut tree on the farm of George Anstine. The shock burst the tree asunder, and then the elec tricity disappeared into a spring at the base of the tree.

The old spring seemed never failing and had quenched the thirst of the people on the farm for more than 100 years. When the lightning lightning struck it the course of the water was entirely changed and the spring had disappeared as though it never ex-isted.-York Dispatch to the Philadel phia Press.

Sir Walter Scott's poems are Lord Rosebery's favorite reading. He of-ten sleeps with them under his pli-low, so that they may be handy for waking moments.

farmer; he took the boy out into the field and showed him how to cut hay, but no matter how the father fixed the scythe, it didn't hang to suit Daniel; until the old man in despair and disgust exclaimed: "Get out of the field

another you-one of you will do.

ined that Daniel should beco

cook. Arkwright's parents appren-

make a butcher of his boy, but the

commercial instinct was strong enough

in him to make him run away from

Fathers, don't try to make that boy

home and come to America

and hang that scythe to suit yourself." Daniel hung the scythe on a tree and said: "Father, there, it hangs to suit me."

Many of the world's most successful men have failed in one or more pursuits before they finally got upon the right track. Barnum failed in fourteen different occupations before he discovered he was a born showman. Goldsmith failed as a physician; but who else could have written "The Deserted Village?" Cromwell was farmer at forty and Grant a tanner at thirty-eight. Moody, an indifferent shoe salesman, became after middle life the world's greatest evangelist. No man will ever do his best until he fills his proper niche. One of the most mischlevous notions that ever have obtained lodgement in the popular mind is the belief that a man to be respected must be a doctor, lawyer or a preacher-an idea which has spoiled many good carpenters, done injustice to the anvil and committed fraud upon

the potato patch. I would rather my boy became a shoemaker and put genius in his shoes than become a preach er, preaching sermons that nobody wanted to hear. Many an ambitious parent forces a boy to become a doctor or a lawyer when measuring tape and calico would have been the fittest thing for him to do, while on the contrary we find men selling dry goods whose advoitness at parry, and whose fertility of resources in every exigency show that nature designed them for the pulpit or the bar.

There are thousands of men in the learned professions defeated and dispirited who might have been success ful farmers and look upon the farmer's life with envy and chagrin, while thousands more who have been pitchforked through a course of Latin and Greek, with college honors thick upon their heads, are reduced to necessities which degrade them in their own estimation and are humiliated by the wretched compensation which accomanies the average professional career,

make matches turns "splints," as they are called, in a single minute.

A healthy adult breathes from fourteen to twenty-four times per minute. The rate of the pulse is four times that of the respiration.

The larger kind of West Indian firefly gives a light so brilliant that by it printed matter may be read at a distance of two or three inches.

A Kentucky negro earns double wages as a hodcarrier, because he is able to do the work of two men. He carries from forty to fifty bricks at a time. He places the bricks upon a board which he balances upon his head as he climbs to the tops of high buildings.

The only law passed at the recent has received the royal assent, has been proclaimed at Tynwald Hill, in accordance with the custom for 1000 years. The law abolishes the compulsory viewing of bodies by coroners' juries.

Bananar are being ripened in England by electricity. The bunches are hung in airtight class cases in which are a number of electric lights. The light and heat hastens the ripening, and it has been found possible to make delivery of any desired quantity at any agreed date.

A man who has a faculty for statis tics has made out a statement to the effect that it takes twice as long to transport women in elevators as men. because they take longer to get off and on, and he says on that account the

elevator service is slower where wemen are carried up and down.

Proverbs of the Arabs place a very low value on women. Here are some samples: "The beauty of man is in his spirit; the spirit of woman is in her eauty." "Always consult your wife, but do as you please." "When you want to get square with a man give him a handsome wife; when you want revenge on a woman give her a hand

A Cruel Will.

The will of Thomas Snell, filed for probate, brought to light a queer exhibition of eccentricity. Snell took advantage of the extreme limit allowed by the law, and was enabled to keep an estate valued at \$1,000,000 intact until twenty years after the death of his youngest great-grandchild, now aged six. The legatees are thus allowed a share of the income only. They comprise Richard Snell, Clinton, ession of the Manx legislature, which a son; Lena Dinsmore, San Jose, Cal., a niece; Thornton Snell, Elkhart, Ind., and Harry Snell, Bloomington, nephews, and seven children of a deceased brother residing in Kansas City. The will virtually orders that the inheritance shall not fall due till the heirs are dead .- Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Disrael's Home Life.

After an exciting debate and successful division many of the younger members pressed Mr. Disraeli to return with them and have supper at the Carlton; but as Lady Beaconsfield told me afterward, with manifest pride and joy, "Dizzy came home to me." And she then proceeded to describe the supper: "I had got him a raised pie from Fortnum & Mason's, and a bottle of champagne, and he ate half the pie and drank all the champagne, and then he said, 'Why, my dear, you are more like a mistresa than a wife!" And I could see that she took it as a very high compil-ment indeed.—Kebbel's Tory Memoirs.

Nature Study.

Teacher-Eddy, what makes the grass grow?

Eddy-The grass has blades an' with these it cuts its way through the ground.-Cleveland Plain Dealer.