

THE GREAT CAVE.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

"Where have they all gone?" inquired Lucy Bartlett, reaching up to pull the white blossoms from an apple-tree that was just then in full bloom, and speaking to Fannie, the hired girl.

"Why, you see, Miss Lucy," said Fannie, raising her head from her work, "your aunt came in early this morning, and asked your par and mar to go with her to that pit or cavern that old Mr. Adams was telling us about."

"How I wish I had stayed at home to-day!" said Lucy regretfully.

"Don't fret," answered Fannie. "They will be back soon, for they have been gone ever since nine o'clock this morning."

"Did they take anything to eat with them?" asked Lucy.

"No; I think not," replied Fannie. "But Mr. Adams took ten candles, and matches enough to last a week, I should say."

Lucy stood by the garden-gate in silence for a few moments. The sun was low, and the shadows of the tall trees lay across the road with bars of golden light between.

Presently she said, "I will walk a little way into the wood and meet them, Fannie."

"Very well," replied Fannie; "but don't get lost."

"Oh no," said Lucy. "I know the way."

As Lucy went out of the gate Fannie observed that she had a large book under her arm, so she said,

"Shall I take your book into the house, Miss Lucy?"

"No, I thank you," replied Lucy. "Kate gave it to me to-day, and perhaps I shall have time to look at it before they come."

Lucy walked slowly along until she reached an opening in the wood that led to a path which she knew the party must take. Then, seating herself under a tree, she opened her new book. It was quite thick, and filled with engravings. She examined all of these, and even glanced at two or three stories, but still there were no signs of the party.

The cave which Lucy's parents had gone to visit was then but little known, although it has since become almost as celebrated as the Mammoth Cave.

After a while Lucy concluded to walk on a little farther. So she moved along slowly under the trees, stopping every now and then to listen. Soon she had left the road and her home far behind. When she reached the open country again the sun had set, and a new moon and one large star shone brightly in the west. But there was no living thing in sight except one little gray hare, which kicked up his heels and scampered off at her approach.

Lucy had heard such wonderful accounts of the extent of this cave, its large chambers and narrow passages, that she now grew anxious, and thought perhaps her friends had missed the right direction, and it might be a long while before they returned. So she hurried up to the opening, and stretched her neck and strained her eyes, but all to no purpose; there was nothing to be seen but darkness.

She called aloud, "Where are you?" A voice, which seemed to come from the very end of the cave, answered,

"Where are you—are you?"

"Mamma," cried Lucy, joyfully.

"Mamma, mamma, ma-ah," said the voice, dying away slowly.

"It is only an echo," said Lucy sorrowfully.

As Lucy wandered backward and forward

before the entrance of the cave, her foot struck against something soft on the ground. Picking it up, she found it was a brown paper parcel tied with a string. On unrolling it she was surprised to find that it contained a number of candles and several boxes of matches. Lucy took the string in her hand to tie the parcel up again, but gave a little cry of fright as she looked closely at it. It was not a cord but a long strip of calico of a very peculiar pattern.

"Oh!" cried Lucy, "this is a piece of Fannie's new dress. These must be the candles that she gave Mr. Adams!" Lucy counted them over with trembling fingers. "Nine candles! Then they have had only one with them all this time." Lucy began to cry, and whisper to herself, "They are lost! they are lost! Perhaps they have fallen into one of those dreadful ponds full

only had a big slice of bread I could sprinkle the crumbs behind me as Hop-o'-my-Thumb did; or if I only had some paper!"

Then she remembered her new book, and taking it out hastily, began to pull the leaves from it, and tear them into small pieces. These she scattered along the ground.

"Now," said Lucy, "when I find mamma, papa, and aunty, I can lead them right home."

On she went boldly, and this time she neither turned to the right nor left, but kept on until she came to a great vaulted chamber, hung with snowy crystals that sparkled like frost. Although everything around was strange and beautiful, Lucy did not stop to look, but walked on, sprinkling the scraps of paper as she went.

(To be Continued.)

distributed among employees incapacitated for work by means of age, sickness or accident. Within two years the Woman's House was opened. This furnishes a home for women employed by the firm, and everything is done to make the house a real home.

On Good Friday of last year, Wanamaker laid before his people a new scheme whereby a certain percent of the profits of the business was to be shared among the employees. The plan is somewhat elaborate, but the principal features are that all who have been in the employ of the firm seven years are to have a share of the annual profits, according to the value of their services to the firm. In addition to this, all of the salespeople, regardless of their term of service, are granted a share in the monthly receipts in the form of percentage on sales. On the 7th of May of this year, Mr. Wanamaker met his employees to report the result of the year's work. The total amount of money distributed and set apart for the benefit of those employed by the firm (in addition to salaries) was \$109,439.68, of which \$59,158.66 was in monthly dividends, \$40,281.02 in annual dividends to seven-year employees, and \$10,000 in a pension fund. To encourage the habit of saving, the Wanamaker Savings Bank has been established. In this bank sums of two dollars and upwards are received, and draw five percent yearly interest. The deposits of persons on the Seven Year Honor Roll are considered special deposits, and have added, beside the interest, a special premium of five percent, if the whole amount remains on deposit an entire year.

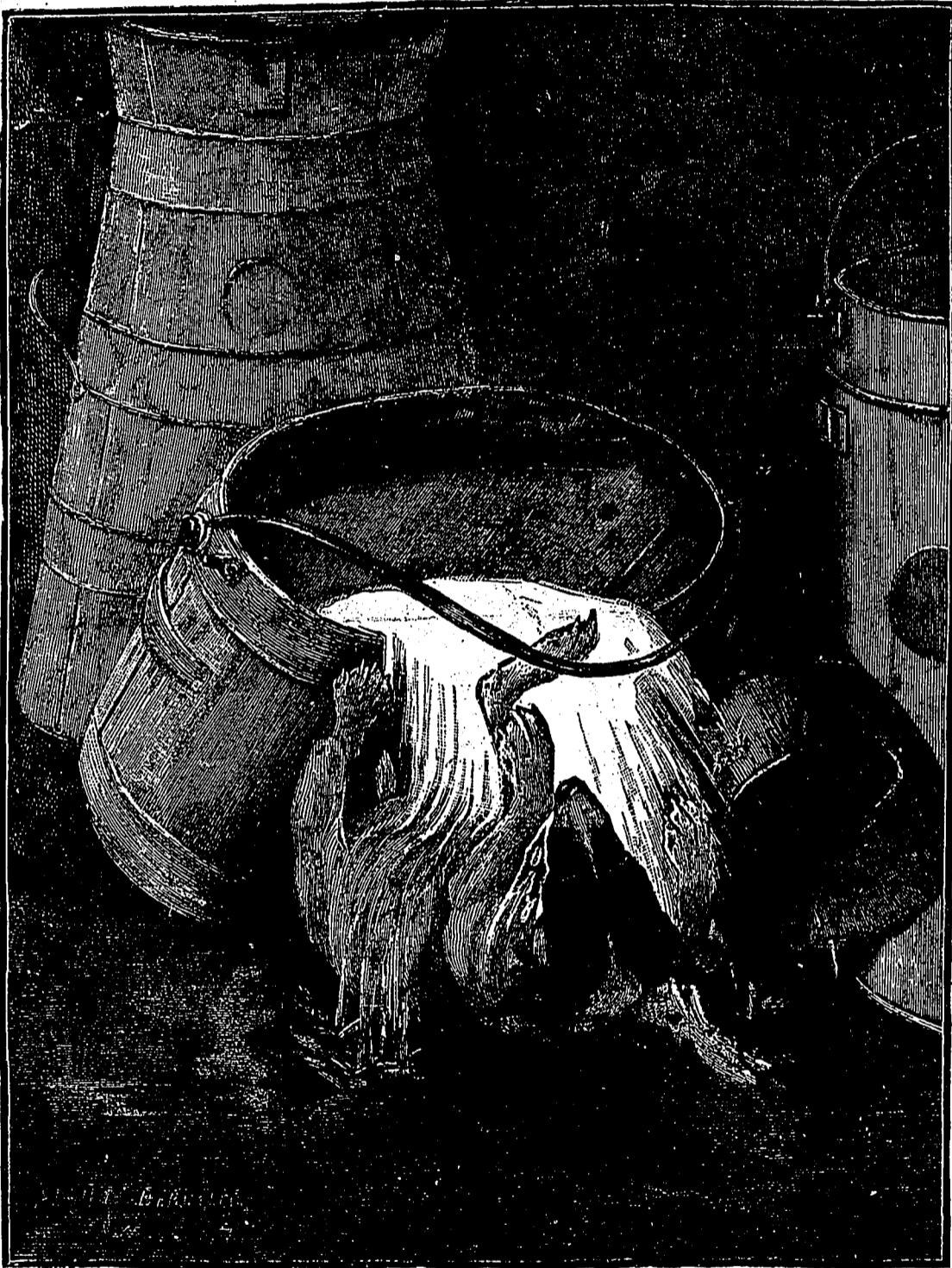
It seems as if there could be no doubt that the good work which Mr. Wanamaker is doing in thus carrying into business the rules given by the Founder of Christianity. If there were more such business men, they could do much toward settling the vexed problems of Capital and Labor.—Golden Rule.

SERMONS IN SHOES.

What can I do for Christ? is a frequent question by young converts. The answer is, first of all, live for him. Your conscientious observance of the Fourth Commandment, is your sermon for the Sabbath; and your refusal to touch or to offer the wine glass, is your temperance lecture; your strict honesty in the smallest item, is your rebuke of trickery in trade; your open obedience to your Lord and Saviour, is as eloquent in its way as Spurgeon's best discourse is of its kind. Do you inquire, "Where is my field?" It is all field, wherever you go. Of course, there are direct Christian activities that may open to you in mission schools, prayer-meeting, Young Men's Christian Associations, and elsewhere. But do not compound with your Master for a few hours each week in such special efforts. Preach every day, everywhere, by letting Christ shine out of every chink and crevice of your character; so shall your whole life be full of light. The sermons in shoes are the sermons to convert an ungodly world.—Pulpit Treasury.

ONE MAN'S PORTION.

If all missionaries, evangelists and teachers in pagan, papal and Moslem lands, including men and women foreign born and native born, were economically distributed, each would have 25,000 souls to cure for.—A. T. Pierson.



AND HE DID.

of blind fishes that Mr. Adams told us about. I must go and find them."

She lighted one of the candles, and tying the ends of her apron around her waist, placed the other candles and matches in it, and walked boldly into the dark cavern.

The single candle flickered, and shed only a very faint light upon the rough stones of the cave. In a little while she came to a narrow passage with two openings, one on the right and the other on the left. Now she became dreadfully worried and puzzled, for she could not determine which of these to take.

Lucy turned back and looked at the main entrance of the cave. A narrow stream of moonlight penetrated a little way within it, and lay like a silver thread along the ground. This made Lucy think, "If I

CHRISTIANITY APPLIED TO BUSINESS.

Mr. John Wanamaker, the prince of American drygoods dealers, has over a more enviable reputation as a Christian philanthropist than as a successful man of business. An account of the work he has done among his employees reads like the dream of some socialistic visionary. Years ago, before it became a fashion, the custom was instituted of shutting his store for half of each Saturday, and a library was founded for the use of all employed in the establishment. Year by year the work has grown, until there have been established the Savings Fund, the Building Association, classes for instruction, and the Beneficial Association, by means of which a certain portion of the proceeds of the business is