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No time to weep.
No time to teach.
No time to pine.
No time to whine.
No time to chaff.

No time to dance.
No time to sing.
No time for any other thing.
No time for the beguine.
And then it's done;
We just get here.
Then disappear.
A moment's stop
Upon the brink,
And out we drop,
Quick as a wink,
And like an act,
As quick forgot;
Just like a bubble,
Upon the air.
A prick of trouble.
And we are—where?
The Lord only knows.
And our friends little care!
—H. F. Albany, N. Y.

A BELATED REVOLT.

Simeon Walker sat on the top rail of the fence. He had stopped there in the act of getting over. His rubber boots were red, so he rested and dozed there.

The snow was a foot deep on the level, and in places it was over the stone walls. Simeon's tracks trailed off across the field behind. He had come that way because it was nearer, but when he had gone half the distance he regretted it, and was tempted to retrace his steps and go by the road. After standing still and reflecting for some little time he had decided to continue.

When he reached the fence he was glad he had taken the field, otherwise there would have been no excuse for resting on the top of the rail fence. He had a shovel with him and was going a mile up the road to help dig out a drifted place.

Simeon sat on the fence till he began to be a little chilly; whereupon he concluded that he was wasted enough, and jumped down on the other side into the road.

He had covered nearly half the distance to the place where he was to work, when he stopped suddenly in front of the school house.

"Time-nation!" he ejaculated under his breath. He was staring at a woman who was making strenuous efforts to dig a path up to the school house door.

As she paused a moment for breath she caught sight of Simeon. If he had not been so tired, he would have been startled. He could hardly have looked more frightened and guilty.

"Oh," she gasped, "I thought I could get it done before any one saw me."

"Keziah Thatcher," he said, solemnly. "I thought you had more sense." He took the shovel from her. It was a small fire shovel. He looked at it scornfully, tossed it into a convenient tank, and set to work with his own.

"Don't some of the big boys dig the paths for you?" he asked, sternly.

"Yes," she remarked, "but they are always so late, and the little children suffer and take cold."

Simeon smiled grimly as he thought that at the rate she was going she would not have got the schoolroom much warmer than it she had left the work to the boys.

"And besides," Keziah continued, apologetically, "I didn't know it was so drifted."

Something in her voice made Simeon turn and look at her.

"You are cold," he said, gently. "What have you got on your feet?"

"Whew! Nothing but rubbers." He looked dubiously across the drifted yard to the school house door. Then his face cleared. "Where is the key?"

Keziah felt in her pocket and drew it out. He took it and without a word turned and began ploughing slowly through the snow. When he reached the door, he unlocked it and opened it wide, then returned to Keziah, who was watching him wonderingly.

"Now," he said, as he reached her, "I am going to carry you to that door."

"Oh, no, please don't! I can wait till the path is made perfectly well. I'm not very cold, truly I'm not."

"I am going to carry you," said Simeon, and there was a strange note of command in his voice. "Put your arm around my neck—so. There, now I can carry you easily."

"Oh, Mr. Walker! I wish—" she protested feebly.

Slowly and carefully he walked through the snow, reached the steps and deposited his burden inside the entry.

"There!" he said. "Now you can start the fire while I finish the path."

It took but a short time to finish that path, for Simeon worked as he had never worked before. He smiled as he looked up and saw the smoke

ascending from the chimney. When he went into the schoolroom, after stamping the snow off his boots, he found that Keziah's fire was a roaring success. But perhaps neither the heat of the fire nor the previous cold quite accounted for the bright color in Keziah's cheeks.

Simeon glanced around the room. "It looks natural," he said, "but awful small. I don't believe I've been here since I went to school, but you've spent a good part of your time here since then. My! that fire feels good."

He drew two chairs up to the stove and after Keziah had taken one he seated himself in the other. "Isn't this cozy?" he said, in a tone of satisfaction. "I was on my way to Benson's Corner to shovel snow, but I guess the snow will keep and it isn't often I get a chance to speak to you. Why, how long is it since we were allowed to see each other?"

"I don't know," Keziah's eyes were cast down. "It is some years. I don't know what Cynthia would say if she—" paused abruptly.

Simeon smiled good humoredly. "I know that sister of yours doesn't approve of me, but that's no excuse for her holding over you the way she does."

"Oh, Cynthia has so much more sense than I have," Keziah murmured, deprecatingly.

Simeon looked at her quizzically. "I suppose she has told you that so often that you have got so you believe it. But I don't believe it!"

"There was an awkward pause. Keziah looked at the clock and half longed for, half-dreaded, the arrival of the first scholar. Simeon frowned at the stove and wished he knew how to say what he wanted to say. At last he cleared his throat.

"Keziah, let us have one good long talk together. We may never have another chance and there are some things I'd like to know about. Will you tell me the reason why we didn't get married that time—fifteen years ago, wasn't it? Was one reason Cynthia?"

She nodded.

"Well, I thought so. What were the others? I know you told me at the time, but somehow they didn't seem like reasons you would give."

"There weren't any others—besides Cynthia."

"She must have told you things about me. I wonder what they were?" Keziah turned away her head. "She said that you were shiftless," she faltered, "and never would get on in the world."

He made a wry face. "And I supposed she has kept her eye on me, and has had the satisfaction of saying, 'I told you so,' every little while, and congratulating you on her good sense and your escape. Well, I guess she was right. I wonder if you cared?"

"Yes, I did care," she said, almost vehemently. "I wanted you to succeed and justify my opinion of you, and when you didn't she would exult and sometimes I wanted to go away and never come back."

"I wish I had known—I wish I had known," was all Simeon had said.

She looked at him pityingly; then she laid her hand timidly on his arm. "You know it now," she said, gently. "It isn't too late."

He rose to his feet suddenly. "No," he said, in a voice that startled her. "It isn't too late and I'll justify your opinion of me yet. I will go now and shovel that snow. Good-bye. I'm glad I saw you." He grasped her hand so hard that she winced, then strode out of the room.

She listened to his retreating footsteps, then turned in her chair so that she could lay her arm on its back and bury her face in the crook of her elbow. In a moment she heard some one coming, and stood up hastily, giving quick dabs to her eyes with her handkerchief.

"That snow will have to wait just a little longer. Something more important comes first," said Simeon, coming into the room. "Why, Keziah! you are not—Why, what is it, dear?"

Keziah was crying softly in his arms. A little later, when they were more calm, Simeon said: "What I am going to say to you is this: I am going to get away from the pernicious influence of that lazy, good-for-nothing Sim Walker, and I thought it would be a grand good idea if at the same time you would break away from the pernicious influence of Miss Cynthia Thatcher."

Keziah's eyes sparkled. "I will do it," she said, and there was that in her look which told that she had at last freed herself from the domination of her sister.

There were other things that had to be said, and by that time the fire had gone out and the room grown cold.

"Why, where are the scholars?" cried Keziah, when she saw that it was 10 o'clock. "They must have stayed at home on account of the snow."

So they left the schoolhouse together, and Keziah walked slowly home, dreading her interview with Cynthia, while Simeon, with his shovel over his shoulder, went briskly in the other direction.—Chicago News.

Allowances.

Mrs. Cadger—They tell me, Henrietta, that your husband is unkind to you.

Mrs. Howes—Yes, John is not very gentle in his manners. I must admit; but there is one thing I will say for him—he never kicks up a rug or creases a tidy.—Boston Transcript.

Not Fool Enough to Hurt Himself.

"This really pains me, Willie," said the old gentleman, as he picked the boy up and laid him across his knee.

"Well," replied the boy, resignedly, "at least I've never been fool enough to deliberately hurt myself."—Chicago Post.



Secrets.

Women can keep secrets. They often keep secret for a long time the fact that they are suffering from drops, inflammation, abortion, or female weakness. But they can't keep the secret very long, because the hollow eyes, cheeks that have lost their freshness, and the irritability which comes from sorely tried nerves, all conspire to publish the story of suffering. The usual motive for such secrecy, dread of indecent questions and offensive examinations, is removed by Dr. Pierce's method. Diseases of the woman's organs are perfectly cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

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Lots of Experience.

"My present wife had three husbands, so she thought she could manage me."

"Well?"

"I didn't tell her until after the wedding that I had four wives."

Alfred's Plan.

"Father," said the boy who was looking pensively at the question and luxurious foliage which adorned the preaching June.

"What is it?"

"Where do you suppose General Funston would be to-day if his father had punished him so that he was afraid to go in swimming?"—Washington Star.

Hulling Passion, &c.

The rumble of the ponderous machinery is heard.

Faster—faster revolves the cruel saw wheel.

And the beautiful heroine is being dragged nearer those awful teeth.

"Ha! ha!" hisses the merciless villain. "I'll tell them that I saw you."

The heroine being from Boston, this is more than she can stand.

"Ignoramus!" she shrieks above the din of the saw. "Just tell them that you saved me!"

And then the hero dashes in and lifts her away from the hungry teeth.—Chicago News.

Preparations for a Bath.

Billy Darch, the travelling man, tells of a hotel experience in the interior of Arkansas that is looked upon by his friends with suspicion. He had arrived at a small settlement, and at once repaired to the Eagle House, which was situated on the outskirts of the town on the bank of a small stream.

After a dinner of side meats and corn bread Billy lighted a cigar, and the proprietor said:—

"Stranger, is there anything we 'uns kin do for you all?"

Thinking to confound his host, Darch answered:—

"Well, yes; come to think of it, I'd like to have a bath."

The proprietor let his feet drop from the railing upon which he had hoisted them, disappeared in the house, and returned in a moment with a huge tin cup full of soft soap, a rough towel and a pick and shovel, which he offered Darch.

"What's the pick and shovel for?" asked Darch.

"Wal, stranger," answered the landlord, "th' watus'n low, and yo' al 'll hev to dam up th' creek."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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