

are not too young
to get help against
any we are not bound
in communion as we are
in church, and you
d still, to do this,
very wrong."

talk me over to
you; I wish I was
get among those
his First Com-

id not grow less.
verlooker, and the
became a cause for

itary corner under
n used to cry by
very long it was
d then Archie con-
chie would go much
boys and youths
and bad; but Arch-
y manner, won the
ay, and it became

arked change. His
edistant, and drew
atters of discontent
people, and many
at night and after
murmurings were
ong factory-room;
ker came in, many
ere turned towards
aged from one to
e hatching an out-
s only made the
rbearing still. It
Archie was mixed
was wrong: his
uent glances at the
he seemed to avoid
notice,—all con-
ght.

hen the overlooker
ush and faint, like
ad nothing but the
and machines were
ise of low murmur-
d almost drowned
d directly at the
and impulse led
d quicker, or eye
s. The overlook-
and walked along
ritated, which he
was quick, and
ing reason; which
eling against him.
and dreaded the

bed in the corner
ept. He did not
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rs of a hot night
e sky, out of the
to bed yet; and
uch later than it
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ad looked out to
oon was; he had
ion; he had pray-
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ave Archie from
te, for the door
entered. Harry's
beat high, enough
ve that more than
whispers which
ow voice.

"Fast," was the answer. "Maybe he's not though."

"Oh, yes, he is: he's not the lad to pretend."

Harry did not know what to do; he did not feel right in pretending to sleep, while he did not; but yet he longed to hear anything which might enable him to help or warn Archie.

They came up close to his bed, and put the lamp near his eyes: Harry was obliged to decide on a sudden, and he pretended to sleep.

"Stow them away under the bed," said a voice. "They lie best there."

"Suppose they catch fire?" said the low voice of Archie.

"Well, there will be a blow up before the time," said the other.

"There they'll be safe enough; good night, Archie, boy."

"Stop, stop," said Archie. "Do you know I think I'd rather not."

"Rather not what, you coward?" said the same harsh voice which had spoken before; "rather what not? You won't go and peach now, will you?"

"No, no; but I thought I should like to ask some one."

"Ask some one what? I suppose you'll go and ask that sleeping fool yonder?"

"No, not that."

"Well, well, Archie; see, he's stirring. Remember to-morrow evening at the sunset, out in the three-corner field. Don't you fail, or you know the consequence; bring all the things along with you. We shall have work enough to fire the corner of the factory which they've given us."

"Well, but," said Archie, again hesitating, "it seems hard to let Harry have a chance of being burnt, all for not knowing."

"Why, whose fault is that, silly; whose but his own; for being such a fellow we can't trust? Good-night, Archie; keep up to the scratch."

And the figures went off, leaving Archie standing alone and thoughtful in the middle of the room. The moon shone in through the broken lattice, and fell full on Harry's pale sick face; Archie was standing in the middle of the room; he bit his lips, and looked anxious; his eye first fell on Harry's, then on the moon; the bundle of combustibles lay on the ground. Harry's quiet face looked paler and thinner than ever against the white sheet; and his thin and keen brow made the shadow fall so darkly on his eyes, that his face looked more thoughtful and pure than ever. Archie looked at him, and Harry felt he was looking at him. Archie sighed: "If he knew all," said he, in a low voice, "what would he say?"

"I do know all, at least I guess all," cried Harry, starting up in his bed: "Oh, Archie, Archie, listen to me, Archie: we have been friends but a little time; in that little time I've loved you well, Archie, boy. I have no other to care about me here; and you've spoken many a kind word, and given many a kind look, on the poor orphan Harry, as they call me. Therefore I've loved you, and would do you good service. Archie, you shall not go to this wild, wicked work. You'll make the great God angry, and you'll come to some sad trouble."

"Hush! Hush!" cried Archie, looking cautiously round; "do lie still, Harry, and I'll talk;" for the orphan had started from his thin and tattered bed, in his anxiety about Archie.

The two lads stood talking a long while, the moon all the while sailing through the thin fleecy clouds. Archie hung down his head sadly, as Harry seemed pressing some point of view he had been placing before him.

"You remember all you felt and said about your First Communion. Oh, Archie, Archie, you were getting ready for it, and your heart was set on better things; and I shall kneel alone at the Confirmation, and alone at the holy Altar, and you'll be away who should have been at my side."

Archie was evidently hesitating. He had many a good feeling in him, and loved Harry.

The orphan's thin cold hand pressed Archie's in his, and his full blue eye looked him earnestly in the face. "You'll give this up—say you will—won't you, Archie? just say it, for I know you won't break your word. I'll kneel down by my bedside and pray for help for you for a better purpose." And Harry dragged Archie on his knees.

For hours, till day had fully broken, Harry talk-

ed with Archie, pleaded with him, and entreated him. Archie listened attentively. He did love his orphan companion; and while he looked in Harry's face and earnest eyes, he thought he could not go against what he wished. He thought of all they had talked of together about their Confirmation and First Communion, and his better feelings woke up in him.

His first impulse was to open all his heart to Harry. His tale was full of alarm. The next night it had been agreed by a hundred of the more desperate factory-men to set fire to the factory at different parts; they had trapped Archie into their number. His gay thoughtless spirit and pliable disposition had made him an easy victim. They had laid, and so far carried out, their plot so quietly, that no knowledge of it had got abroad, and the owner, as well as the master of the factory, was in utter ignorance of it all. A signal was to be given at a settled moment, which all engaged would understand, and the place for meeting was appointed.

"What shall I do?" said Archie, in despair. "They would kill me if they thought I would say a word."

"What do?" cried Harry, starting from his bed. "Why, come with me, and tell all you know to the owner. What do? why save life, Archie, and make amends for all you meant to do wrong by doing right."

"But I say they will kill me," said the other. "And better die than do wrong," said Harry. "No, no, Archie, follow me;" and the boy had already crossed the doorway in his eagerness to save Archie's taking another step in the direction of ruin and sin.

"Stay a moment," said Archie, in perplexity. "Not a moment," said Harry; "if you do not come I'll go and tell all."

"You will, will you, young man?" said a voice in the dark doorway, and at the same time a heavy blow on his head stunned Harry, and stretched him senseless on the ground. "Dead men tell no tales."

Archie started back. "What have you done to Harry?" cried he. "Shame on you, what have you done to the poor boy?"

"What I'll do to you next, if you don't hold your tongue and keep secrets."

Archie followed the man out of the house into the short lane which ran up outside, towards the open fields.

The Cause of Rheumatism.

An acid which exists in sour milk and cider, called lactic acid, is believed by physicians to be the cause of rheumatism. Accumulating in the blood, it attacks the fibrous tissues in the joints, and causes agonizing pains. What is needed is a remedy to neutralize the acid, and to so invigorate the kidneys and liver that all waste will be carried off. Hood's Sarsaparilla is heartily recommended by many whom it has cured of rheumatism. It possesses just the desired qualities, and so thoroughly purifies the blood as to prevent occurrence of rheumatic attacks. We suggest a trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla by all who suffer from rheumatism.

Ancient Punishments of Drunkenness.

The offence of drunkenness was a source of great perplexity to the ancients, who tried every possible way of dealing with it. If none succeeded, probably it was because they did not begin early enough. Intercepting some of the ways and means by which the insidious vice is incited and propagated, severe treatment was often tried to little effect. The Locrians, under Zaleucus, made it a capital offence to drink wine, if it was not mixed with water; even an invalid was not exempted from punishment, unless by order of a physician. Pittacus, of Mitylene, made a law that he who, when drunk, committed an offence, should suffer double the punishment which he would do if sober; and Plato, Aristotle, and Plutarch applauded this as the height of wisdom. The Roman censors could expel a senator for being drunk and take away his horse. Mahomet ordered drunkards to be bastinadoed with eighty blows. Other nations thought of limiting the quantity to be drunk at one time, or at one sitting. The Egyptians put some limit, though what it was is not stated. The Spartans also had some limit,

Arabians fixed the quantity at twelve glasses a man; but the size of the glasses was, unfortunately, not clearly defined by the historians. The Anglo-Saxons went no further than to order silver nails to be fixed on the side of drinking cups, so that each might know the proper measure. And it is said that this was done by King Edgar after noticing the drunken habits of the Danes. Lycurgus, of Thrace, went to the root of the matter by ordering the vines to be cut down. And his conduct was imitated in 704 by Terbulus of Bulgaria. The Suevi prohibited wine to be imported. And the Spartans tried to turn the vice into contempt by systematically making their slaves drunk once a year, to show their children how foolish and contemptible men look in that state. Drunkenness was deemed much more vicious in some classes of persons than in others. The ancient Indians held it lawful to kill a king when he was drunk. The Athenians made it a capital offence for a magistrate to be drunk, and Charlemagne imitated this by a law that judges on the bench and pleaders should do their business fasting. The Carthagians prohibited magistrates, governors, soldiers, and servants from any drinking. The Scots, in the second century, made it a capital offence for magistrates to be drunk; and Constantine II., of Scotland, 861, extended a like punishment to young people. Again, some laws have absolutely prohibited wine from being drunk by women. The Massilians so decreed. The Romans did the same, and extended the prohibition to young men under thirty or thirty-five. And the husband and wife's relations could scourge the wife for offending, and the husband himself might scourge her to death.—*Temperance Chronicle.*

The Plain Truth

Is good enough for Hood's Sarsaparilla—there is no need of embellishment or sensationalism. Simply what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. If you have never realized its benefits a single bottle will convince you it is a good medicine.

The highest praise has been won by Hood's PILLS for their easy, yet efficient action. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents.

The True Circle of Friendship.

The test of friendship is frankness. To be able to be one's self absolutely; to never doubt the underlying affection that moods never touch; to have the freedom of expression that knows no doubt; to have a refuge in joy as well as in sorrow—this it is to be rich in friendship. To have one such friend makes poverty bearable, and causes sorrow never to go beyond endurance. Thrice blest is the one who has such a friend in his own family. How little the art of friendship is cultivated in the family circle! In many homes all confidential relations are outside of the family circle.

This is accountable for a breaking of family circles that introduces a sense of desolation which death itself does not leave.

It is the office of the family to create confidence and interdependence among its members. The family should represent a community of intellectual, affectional, and spiritual interests. Marriage sometimes separates a family more thoroughly than death. Every stranger entering a family should seek to cement it closer, should endeavor to bring his own life in harmony socially with that of the one to whom his marriage ties him. This can be done without sacrificing either dignity or individuality. More families drift apart because the elementary laws of social intercourse are ignored than for any other cause. Just so friendships are broken for the same reason, and life, instead of growing richer in love and friendship, grows more barren, has fewer interests, and old age finds a cynic waiting for release.

Hold fast to every love that makes life better, and keep a heart ever open for admission of a friend; but cultivate as friends, most of all, those in the family circle with whom there is a possibility of spiritual exchange.

A FASHIONABLE DRINK.—Menier Chocolate is a fashionable drink. Did you ever try it? Send postal card for samples and directions to C. Alfred Chouillou, Montreal.