

I WOULDN'T BE CROSS.

I wouldn't be cross, dear, it never worth while, blame the situation by making a mistake. Let him be a disaster, a trouble, a loss, just meet the thing boldly, and never be cross. I wouldn't be cross, dear, with people at home. They love you so fondly, whatever may come, you may count on the kindness of your friends. Oh, loyalty true in a breath, fly hands, do, since the one gold fit, smooth the door, I wouldn't be cross, dear, I wouldn't be cross. I wouldn't be cross with a stranger, al no. To the pilgrims we meet on the life path we owe this kindness to give them good cheer as they pass, to cheer on the faint-hearted, and plant the soft grass, be, dear, with a stranger, in trial, or loss, I peckish might be silent, I wouldn't be cross. No bitterness sweeter, no sharpness may heal. The wound which the soul is torn to reveal. No envy hath peace, by a fret and a fidget. The beautiful work of your hands we may mar. Let happen what may, dear, of trouble and loss, I wouldn't be cross, love, I wouldn't be cross. —M. R. BARBER, in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

CAUGHT ON THE CLIFF.

Oh, how the blue mountain tops rose up about the valley in which nestled the little red school house! And back of the building—this educational sugar-box—sat on a little rise of ground two boys. School was out, and they were at liberty. Mill Janvyn and Arthur Hamilton. So they watched the calm, shadowy mountain-tops, and waited for Job Dennett, a third boy, who was expected to come along a path leading round Gray Mountain and along the side of the cliff, and then down to the school house. It was Mill Janvyn who had an appointment with Job Dennett, but he had not yet told Arthur the nature of the expected interview. The two watched patiently eyed the coming of Gray Mountain, and one might occasionally say, "Do you see that Job Dennett yet?" The other might reply, "Not a sign of him yet."

Mill Janvyn had a singular interest in Arthur Hamilton. Mill was a warm-hearted boy, but his manners had needed refining, his dress was untidy, his spirit without ambition, when one Monday morning Arthur Hamilton appeared at the little red building as a scholar. He had come from the outside world to pass a few months with his uncle, the miller in this little mountain world. Arthur was a new and fascinating leaf in the book of life, and his pages had been turning. He was a handsome boy, gentlemanly, neat, generous. "I like that boy," Mill told himself. Why, he could not say. It is the hardest thing in the world at times to say why we like some people, while others attract us as little as icebergs. They may interest us; we never love them.

It was singular to notice how Arthur had a set of not at all unbecoming neckties, very soon Mill's bare red throat blossomed out in a brilliant bow. Mill's hair sometimes had suggested a haystack just turned up by a pitchfork; one morning he showed a head that was in as tidy a condition as Arthur's carefully brushed locks. Arthur wore shoes brightly polished. Mill got down to work reforming finally, having begun with what one boy called his "upper works," and Mill's shoes were as bright as the black. Mill's changes that began on the outside worked within. He saw that Arthur sometimes read his Bible in school; it was not very long before Mill slyly began to look within the dusty covers of his Testament. Singular, is it not, how silently we influence one another?

There was a boy in school, though, who was very differently influenced by Arthur—Job Dennett, the boy now expected any moment by way of that path along the crest of the cliff. "The upstart!" said Job, eyeing Arthur. "Dandy!" "Bistered!" "Chap in store clothes!" were some of the titles with which Arthur was labeled by Job. Criticism did not stop here. It became very annoying. Arthur, though, kept something which is best very easily in his temper. He took it all in and answered good naturedly, and sometimes turned the laugh on Job very dexterously.

Milton Janvyn—did I say that his first name in full was Milton? He always had written it "Mill Janvyn," but since knowing Arthur Hamilton he would sometimes write it out "Milton." Then he remembered that this had a preface, "John," and how grand that looked. "John Milton Janvyn," carefully expanded on the old school slate. I loam feeling the influence of Arthur, and let me say Milton.

Milton was indignant to see and hear Job and his treatment of Arthur. "I'll tell you what, Arthur," give that boy a thrashing! It will take the nonsense out of him," declared Milton, "and make him behave." Arthur only laughed. "Never mind, Mill. I will get ahead of him yet, and it will be better than a thrashing."

But how, when, where? The days slipped by. Arthur was not "getting ahead," apparently. Milton told himself, "I'll lick that boy, and it will do him good." He had therefore invited Job Dennett to a fight at night behind the school house. "I'll come," promised Job. I must go up to the pasture first to start the cows home. "I'll wait for you. It is all on account of Arthur Hamilton, the way you've treated him," said Job, grinning. "But why did not Job appear? It was tiresome, this waiting behind the school house. Milton preferred to wait alone, but he could not seem to get rid of Arthur. He wondered if Arthur could possibly know of the intended "fight."

"Any way, he shan't stop it," resolved Milton. The two boys were sitting on the thick grass with which the ground was upholstered, when Arthur suddenly sprang to his feet, and shouted: "Look, look! Over there on the side of the cliff! Then he leaped away, and was soon crossing the road, beyond which was a pasture stretching up to the cliff. "Oh! I see," said Milton, looking one moment at the cliff, and then he is below the top of the cliff, and he is waving his red cap. Yes, that is Job. He wants us. What is to pay. I can't look him up there."

A Brave School Mistress.

When Natalie Holmes left her pleasant home in the Muskogean Valley to take charge of a country school in far away Dakota, she had not the remotest idea of coming back the heroine of a real drama, in which she had been one of the principal actors. True, there was something romantic in her determination to brave the hardships of a frontier life, when she had the opportunity of retaining her position as teacher in the village where two very pleasant terms had been spent, but she was full of life, and like all young people, longed to see something of the world outside of the home nest.

Up to the middle of November the weather had continued warm and very dry, and although she had nearly two miles to walk from her uncle's to the little district school-house on the west prairie, she had as yet experienced no inconvenience in keeping her appointments and fulfilling her daily tasks. But on that memorable day of which I write, there was something in the appearance of the school-house on the west prairie, she had as yet experienced no inconvenience in keeping her appointments and fulfilling her daily tasks. But on that memorable day of which I write, there was something in the appearance of the school-house on the west prairie, she had as yet experienced no inconvenience in keeping her appointments and fulfilling her daily tasks.

"It's but a steady blow that will last two or three days, Natalie," said her uncle, who was coming to increase and abate her eyes with her head to survey the outlook. "Tornadoes are more frequent in these parts than cyclones, though there is no call for anxiety from that source to-day either. It is not a cyclone, but a steady blow, comes to the worst, you can take refuge in that dug out that we mothers insisted on having prepared for just such emergencies."

"They do use it for that purpose in winter, but it is much larger than it looks, and if necessary, quite a respectable number of children could be crowded into it, even when half full of coal and kindling."

Regardless of her brave words, when school time approached, Mrs. Holmes deemed it wise to keep the small children at home, so she and her husband, on the morning's journey accompanied only by her cousin Jack and Nellie White, a neighbor's daughter. Many other mothers had kept the wee ones in the house, and when the roll was called, only twenty-five pupils responded to their names, instead of the usual number, something over forty.

The forenoon passed away much as other mornings had done, and except that the wind came to increase in violence as the day advanced, no perceptible change took place in the aspect without. But shortly after the noon-tide hour, Natalie was seized with such a sense of foreboding that she could scarcely sit at her desk; the bank of red clouds along the distant horizon troubled her. It seemed to grow higher and higher, and to deepen in color as she watched it through the dusty pane of the window. At one point, she detected little tongues of flame shooting upward from a hundred different places.

With blanching countenance, she now realized that an awful prairie fire was bearing down upon them, and that the little school house was surely doomed to destruction. They were two miles from the river, and there was no use in trying to outrun the devouring flames that were leaping like fiery demons from earth to heaven. For a few moments she stood as if transfixed, her eyes riveted on the wall of fire moving majestically forward, then the cries of the children aroused her, and with a desperate effort to control herself, she spoke calmly and firmly to them. "That sod-covered dug-out that we have here now, and as at once began preparations to lead her little flock thither. She had found out its use just in time."

"There was a little danger, Natalie," said her cousin Jack, in a very important tone. "You Eastern women are easily scared. We can manage the fire without the last difficulty. Just look at the fire-brake plowed all around the school house, and if that does not do the trick, we will start back here. Give me a handful of matches, and let me begin work in earnest."

"But, Jack, there is not a match in the house, and the fire is not," insisted Natalie, "and as for the fire-brake, it is utterly useless, for the flames as it is sweeping down valley."

"We'd better leg it to the river, then," said Jack, much of his bravado gone. "I cannot outrun the fire, Jack, and we must try and keep together," said Natalie. "Take the water pail and the dinner pails, and carry water from the spring to thoroughly drench that sod-house, both inside and out, then leave the children to take care of themselves. You large boys are at work, I'll try to get the children all packed into the only place that promises us the least protection."

By this time the children had become pale-stricken, and their faces were the firmness and self-possession could have controlled the restless spirits and brought order out of such dire confusion. As it was, some of the little ones clung to the teacher, and some to their parents, and were fairly torn from their dangerous places and carried, shrieking and fighting, to the refuge that had been provided for them.

The roaring and crackling flames drew nearer, and over them. They heard the school house fall in, with a mighty crash, but they dared not open the iron door, for a breath even of the heated air, for fear of the flames being communicated to the dry fuel that lay in dangerous proximity to the mouth of the cave.

"Oh, teacher, I am choking to death," "I can't breathe," and "I am dying of fright," were specimens of the cries that continually distressed the poor Natalie, until, finally, seeing self safe, she went bravely to soothe and quiet them. Gently she bathed the burning faces of the little ones, tearing up her cambric apron to secure soft cloths with which to apply the cool water that her thoughtful uncle had provided. Many of the children would undoubtedly have been suffocated but for this wise foresight. In

less than an hour the danger was over, and then the prisoners ventured out of their living tomb, not a hair of their heads singed by the fire that had swept over and around them. Everywhere destruction was visible. Nothing had escaped the fury of the flames; even the brown earth itself seemed nothing but a barren, smoking waste.

"Well, Maris," said her aunt, as the young woman entered, "how are you, and how is Ben?" "Ben has gone off mad," said Maris, losing off her sun-bonnet. "He grows more and more cross every day. I begin to think I must leave him. I replied her aunt, "Leave him, indeed! He is your husband, remember, and a smart, good-principled man he is, too, and he was a quiet, pleasant-tempered man when he lived with us. What ails him now, my dear?"

"He said he didn't know when he married me that he married a sloven," the young woman sobbed, then added spitefully, "and I didn't know that I married a scold. He is just hateful, and I will never see him again." "Maris," said her aunt gravely, "I want you to listen to me. You have complained that I seldom come to see you, to make any stop. I will now tell you why I have not come. When I stayed with you, while your uncle was away, I saw how you kept your house, and I wondered how Ben, brought up to such very different ways, could bear it. But at that time, he was just too weak-minded to see the right face to mind other things. I was sure, though, that this could not always last. Your uncle and I have often worried about you, for we saw trouble was in your future. It has begun to come, but if you will bravely and faithfully do your duty, you can escape the worst of it."

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean, auntie. I've tried to be a good, true wife, I assure you. You shall be credited with that, but you must become a good, neat house-keeper, too, if you would have the respect and love of your husband. Now let me tell you how you keep house, even, cannot cause to grow hot-house or garden. And this is the legend as told me of the origin or creation of the arbutus:

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The old man said: "My daughter, I am glad to see you; my lodge is cold and cheerless, but it will abide you from the tempest of the night; do tell me who you are, that you dare to come to my lodge in such strange clothing? Come sit here and tell me of your country and victories, and I will tell thee my exploits, for I am Manito." He then filled two pipes with tobacco that they might smoke as they talked, and when the smoke had warmed the old man's lungs he said to the girl: "I am Manito. I blow my breath and the waters of the river stand still." The maiden said: "I breathe, and flowers spring up on all the hillsides, and the river flows on."

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Intercolonial Railway.

1892. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1893

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 17th October, 1892, the trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Pictou, and Halifax, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 10:30 a. m. Express for St. John, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 10:30 a. m. Express for St. John, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 10:30 a. m.

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