

Reuben was downe hall, ready for the Mr. Barrows drove jumped out, leaving Reuben.

"Horse, sir?" asked Reuben, glancing on the me fellow.

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VI.

SAMSON.

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in the cheeriest where near the ough! Reuben pring for noth- monkey to the s hard at work to unfasten the ked, he kept up Grace Barrows. Gracie; I'll be ch hold of the ll stop."

trembling lips. r down at the ou mind; this w; in another get the reins." ppose you can

see how quick

hen Watson ighted little twitch to the sed over the e dash-board king to Sam-

low, don't be r; it is just a t's go so fast scaring your n of you!" thered firmly ds, and had

climbed to a seat, and pressed his two stout feet firmly against the dash-board. Then his tones suddenly changed, and Samson was greeted with a loud firm "Whoa!" at the same time the pull on the reins was steady and strong.

"Whew!" said Samson to himself. "That means business! A minute ago I was my own master and was flying away from that awful white thing that came up to swallow me, and here I am being jerked at in the same old fashion. I wonder if I've got to stop! How he does jerk! I don't know his voice; it isn't my master's. I don't believe I'll stop. It is rather pleasant, this running away; I never tried it before."

"Whoa!" said the firm voice again, and the pull on the reins was steady and strong. "I do believe I've got to stop going like the wind," said Samson.

To be sure I did not hear him say all this, but don't you know that actions speak louder than words? By the time they had reached the corner of the long square around which the town was built, Samson's wild run had staidied into a most respectable trot, and the people who looked saw only a little boy and girl taking a ride. To be sure the boy had no hat on, and the girl a light jacket for such a frosty morning; but that, of course, concerned only himself.

"Has he truly stopped running away?" asked Gracie, coming out of her little huddle in the corner.

"Of course he has; no danger of his doing any more of it very soon; he is beginning to feel real ashamed of himself now; he feels mean. He wasn't exactly running away, only making up his mind he would. Now he is sorry that he didn't behave better, so he could be trusted. I see by his ears that he is sorry."

"He ought to be," said Gracie, drawing a long breath and speaking in a voice that trembled. "He never did such a thing before; papa has left me in the carriage lots of times and not tied him, and he always stood just as still!"

"Well, you see he thought that piece of newspaper was a great white elephant come to swallow him. He isn't a literary horse, and so he didn't recognize the morning paper." And Reuben fumbled in his pocket as he added: "I wonder if I've got that other paper safe! Yes, here it is. What a pity it isn't anything but a paper! It deserves a New Year's dinner or something for blowing out of the door just in the nick of time."

Whereupon he explained to Gracie how the little piece of paper with a few words written on it had suddenly started up and gone down to the carriage, and how he had been sent for it and had just taken hold of the carriage to pick it up when Samson made up his mind to leave.

"Says I to myself, I'll hold on to the paper and you too, old fellow. I'm fond of riding myself, and if you won't wait for me to get my hat, why I can go without it. See here, Gracie, if I turn at this corner will I get to the factory sooner? I'm in a hurry to see your father; or, at least, I guess he is in a hurry to see you."

Do you expect me to try to tell you how Mr. Barrows felt as he saw that wicked horse whisking around the corner with his only little daughter alone in the carriage? It seemed to him that he fairly flew through the street, but Samson flew faster. However, he remembered the cross street also, and with a wild hope that he might in some way head the horse off, he dashed across lots and reached the farther corner just as Reuben guided Samson skilfully around it, neck Samson, obedient to every touch of the harness.

"Whoa!" said Reuben again, and Samson stopped.

"Here we are, Mr. Barrows," said Reuben. "It's pretty cold this morning for riding, still we had a nice time."

"My little darling!" this was every word Mr. Barrows said, and he had his arms around Gracie.

"I'm not hurt a bit, papa, not a bit," she assured him. "Reuben tugged at the straps and got them loose and climbed in, and Samson minded him right away after a minute. O papa, aren't you glad you brought Reuben home with you?"

"Shall I drive on, sir?" asked Reuben, who had slipped into the front of the carriage and who seemed to think the talk was getting too personal.

"Yes," said Mr. Barrows, his voice very gentle and tremulous. He did not speak

again, only to ask Gracie if she was very much afraid, and if she was quite warm now, and over her fright; but after he had lifted her tenderly to the ground and watched her into the house, he turned to Reuben who stood at Samson's bridle awaiting orders and said: "I shall never forget this morning, my boy."

Perhaps you think it was not much to say, but it sent the blood dancing through Reuben's veins and rollicking all over his face.

"Will you take the horse around to the stable for me, and unharness him?"

This was Mr. Barrows' next sentence, and almost before it was finished, Reuben had bounded back again into the carriage with a delighted "Yes, sir."

"What a lark this is!" he told himself as he drove through the avenue. "I shouldn't wonder if it would get me the chance of taking care of this great big splendid horse now and then. Clarke Potter said he wouldn't let one of the factory boys look at his old horse, but I've looked at him several times to-day, I'm thinking."

(To be Continued.)

CARDS AND DRINK.

"Cards and wine, the two great breakers That have wrecked so many souls. Wrecked and shattered, lost to heaven, At the table, in the bowls."

In the winter of 1870 I had occasion to go from Green Bay to Chicago, on the N. W. Railway.

I noticed an old lady who had got on board at Menasha, I believe. Gray and bent with age, she had sat abashed, and with eyes closed, seemed asleep most of the time till the train, stopping at Oshkosh, took on board a company of lawyers. Her manner then changed and she became greatly interested in the company, looking often from one to the other as if she recognized them all, or was trying to recall the faces. When the game of cards was started she became very restless; she hitched uneasily about in her seat, took up the hem of her faded apron and nervously bit the threads. She got up after a time and tottered forward, holding the seats as she passed. Reaching the players, she paused directly in front of them, and looked around the company. Her action at once arrested their attention and they all looked up inquiringly.

Gazing directly into the face of Judge—, she said, in a tremulous voice; "Do you know me, Judge—?"

"No, mother, I don't remember you," said the Judge pleasantly. "Where have we met?"

"My name is Smith," said she; "I was with my poor boy three days, off and on, in the court room in Oshkosh, when he was tried for— for robbing somebody, and you are the same man that sent him to prison for ten years, and he died there last June."

All faces were now sobered, and the passengers began to gather around and stand up all over the car to listen and see what was going on. "He was a good boy if you did send him to jail. He helped us to clear the farm, and when father was sick and tied he done all the work, and we was gedin' along right smart till he took to goin' to town, and keards and drinkin', and then, somehow, he didn't like to work after that, but used to stay out open till 'most mornin', and then he'd sleep late. And then the farm kinder run down, and then we lost the team; one of 'em got killed when he'd been to town late at night. And so after a while he coaxed me to let him sell the farm and buy a house and lot in the village, and he'd work at carpenter work. And so I did, as we couldn't do nothin' on the farm. But he grew worse than ever, and after a while he couldn't git any work and wouldn't do anythin' but gamble and drink all the time. I used to do everythin' I could to get him to quit and be a good, and industrious boy agin, but he used to get mad after a while, and once he struck me, and then in the mornin' I found he had got what little money there was left of the farm, and he had run off. After that I got along as well as I could, cleanin' house for folks and washin', but I didn't hear nothin' of him for four or five years. When he got arrested and took up to Oshkosh for trial he writ to me."

By this time there was not a dry eye in the car, and the cards had disappeared. The old lady herself was weeping silently and

speaking in snatches. But, recovering herself, she went on:

"But what could I do? I sold the house and lot to get money to hire a lawyer, and I believe he is here somewhere," looking around. "Oh, yes, there he is, Mr.—, pointing to Lawyer— who had not taken part in the play. "And this is the man, I am sure, who argued agin him," pointing to Mr.—, the district attorney. "And you, Judge—, sent him to prison for ten years. I s'pose it was right, for the poor boy told me that he really did rob the bank, but he said he must have been drunk, for they had all been playin' keards' most all night and drinkin'. But, oh, dear! it seems to me kinder as though if he hadn't got to playin' keards he might a-been alive now. But when I used to tell him it was wrong and had to play, he would say: 'Why mother, everybody plays now. I never bet only for the candy or the cigars, or somethin' like that.' And when we heard that the young folks played keards down to Mr. Culver's donation party, and that 'Squire Ring was going to play a billiard table for his young folks to play on at home, I couldn't do nothin' all with him. We used to think it was awful to do that way, when I was young, but it jist seems to me, as if everybody nowadays was goin' wrong into something or other. But maybe it isn't right for me to talk to you, Judge, in this way, but it jist seems to me as if the very sight of them keards would kill me, and I thought if you only knew how I felt, you wouldn't play on so, and then to think, right here afore all these young folks. Maybe, Judge, you don't know how young folks, especially boys, look up to such a you, and then I can't help thinkin' that maybe if them as ought to know better than to do so, and them as are higher larnt, and all that, wouldn't set sich examples, my poor Tom would be alive and carin' for his poor old mother; but now there ain't any of my family left, only me and my poor little gran'chile, my dear darter's little gal, and we are going down to stop with my brotner in Illinois."

Tongue of man or angel never preached a more eloquent sermon than did the gray, withered old lady, trembling with age, excitement, and fear that she was doing wrong. I can't recall the half she said as she, poor, beggared widow, stood before those noble-looking men, and pleaded the cause of the rising generation. To say they looked like criminals at the bar would be a faint description. I can imagine how they felt. The old lady tottered to her seat, and taking her little grandchild in her lap, hid her face on her neck. The little one stroked her gray hair with one hand, and said, "Don't cry, ganma, don't cry, ganma." Eyes unused to weeping were red for many a mile on that journey. And I can hardly believe that any one who witnessed that scene ever touched a card again. It is but just to say that the passengers generously responded to the Judge, when he, hat in hand, silently passed through the little audience and made a collection for the poor widow—*Leaflets for Young People.*

A FEW HINTS TO OUR YOUNG FRIENDS JUST OUT OF SCHOOL.

Be punctual. It is not only a duty to keep our engagements for our own sakes but we must avoid trespassing on the time and patience of others. It does very well for grand people, kings, queens, public speakers, etc., to show their consequence by ignoring the rights and convenience of their suitors, but for us who are ordinary everyday links in the chain of society, it is best to do as we would be done by. Do not be known, like my friend, as "the late Mrs. B." She makes an appointment to join a party, and you may be sure to see her coming panting in a minute or two before the starting time, or the party have started without her if they do not care to be disappointed, and she either comes in later or returns. The other day Mr. Z. was expecting her to come and attend to some important business; he had postponed his own affairs and sat waiting for her arrival. The quarter grew to a half, and the half to a whole hour before she appeared all in a flutter, apologizing, of course. Mr. Z. hurried to get off, when it was discovered that Madame B. had in her haste, left an important paper at home. She fell into this habit when young, and now and ever shall she be known by that posthumous title—"the late Mrs. B.," *Christian Intelligencer.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubat's Select Notes.)

Sept. 28.—Review.

SUBJECT: THE LIFE AND WORKS OF A GREAT AND GOOD MAN.

I. Early life. David born, B.C. 1086. At Bethlehem—a shepherd. Early feats of prowess. Sent to Saul. Slew Goliath, B.C. 1063. Called to court, persecuted, and in exile for seven or eight years, 1063-1056. Thus preparing to be a better ruler by all his experiences. A poet, a musician, skilled with the sling, brave, wise, attractive, religious, a firm and loving friend.

II. The soldier. Battles in early life. Conquered the whole country when a king, fought many successful battles, organized the army (1 Chron. 27.) conquered people from the surrounding nations.

III. The king. Began to reign, B.C. 1056. Reigned over Judah seven and one-half years at Hebron. Made king of all Israel, B.C. 1048. Capital at Jerusalem. Reigned 40 years in all. The kingdom much enlarged; made rich and prosperous; well organized (1 Chron. 23-27.) The whole kingdom really placed on a new basis.

IV. The poet. Wrote many of the Psalms. Marvellously beautiful hymns, the highest poetry, enduring to the end of time. Organized a large choir of singers with leaders. An orchestra of musical instruments for the public worship of God (see 1 Chron. 25.)

V. Varied experiences. David's trials in youth: troubles which did not grow out of his own fault, but were a part of his training. Troubles in later life growing out of his sin. He sinned and bitterly repented. On the whole, he was prosperous and happy. He sings much of joy and peace, and faith in God. He died aged about 70, "full of days, riches and honor" (1 Chron. 29: 28). The most honored king Israel ever had. In spite of his trials his "life was worth the living," and has been a blessing all down the ages.

VI. Religious life. A devoted servant of God, deeply religious, moral far beyond his age, full of virtues, many very noble qualities, which his few failings never hide or obscure. He sinned greatly, especially in one act; but his repentance was deep, his confession public, his renunciation of sin complete. He was trustful and happy in his religious experience, and did much to cultivate piety among the people. The Lord repeatedly praises him, and calls him a man after his own heart. Who of us have as few faults and as many virtues?

APPLE MERINGUE PUDDING.—Prepar eight large tart apples as for sauce, and drop in them while hot one-fourth of a teaspoon of fresh butter. When cold, add the well beaten yolks of four eggs, one pint of cracker or bread crumbs, sweet milk sufficient to convert this mixture into a thin batter, and sugar to suit the taste. Pour into a baking dish lined with nice pastry rolled out quite thin, and place in a hot oven. Have ready the whites of four eggs beaten to a froth, and mixed with one teaspoon of white sugar, and a few drops of lemon extract. When the pudding begins to brown heap the beaten whites, flavored and sweetened as already mentioned, upon the top of it, return it to the stove, and bake to a light brown.

HARD TIMES PUDDING.—One-half pint of molasses or syrup, one-half pint of water, two small teaspoonfuls of soda, and one teaspoonful of salt. Thicken with sifted flour until the pudding batter becomes as thick as cup cake batter. Pour the pudding batter into a mould or pudding boiler, half full, to allow for enlargement; Boil three hours, and serve with or without sauce. It tastes nicer dressed with butter or cream sauce.

BOILED CURTARD.—Eight eggs, yolks and whites beaten together, two quarts of fresh sweet milk, and one-half pound of sugar. Flavor to suit the taste with essence of lemon or some other flavoring extract. Boil, and stir all the time to prevent coagulation.

IF GREASE OR OIL is spilled on a carpet sprinkle flour or fine meal over the spot as soon as possible; let it lie for several hours, and it will absorb the grease.

IF THE BRASS TOP of a kerosene lamp has come off, it may be repaired with plaster of paris wet with a little water, and will be as strong as ever.