

Friday morning, his plan is failed; and I think he'll not. He'll not have a suspicion but that the next morning will do just as well. I'm going to the city to-morrow, and I'll engage contractors to come up and look over the situation. In the meantime I'll see your mother, and have the Bean case settled in case he shouldn't keep the appointment.'

All Thursday afternoon Nan anxiously watched the village road. The gathering darkness came on and still Squire Bean did not appear. While the clock was striking eight, the rumble of wheels was heard on the rocky hill. Nan shaded her eyes with her trembling hands and peered out.

'If it's he—'

No; the team went up toward Hebron.

Nan watched till ten, then blew out the flickering light.

'It—it's saved now—Father's surprise is saved!'

Three months later there was such digging and blasting down the run as the rocky Tubbs place never dreamed of experiencing; and before the next autumn the joint stock company, controlling the Lennox Water Works, declared its first dividend—and the largest cheque bore the Holman name.

Frank's Opportunity.

(Mary C. Farnsworth, in Washington 'Advocate'.)

'This five-cent piece has been plugged—we don't take them,' said the clerk, decisively, as he handed back the offending coin.

'That so?' queried Frank. 'Fact. Must have got it over at the drug store. How's this one?' he asked, placing on the counter another coin which had not been mutilated.

'I remember now,' said Frank to his friend Joe, as they passed out of the store together, 'just how it happened. The clerk in at Jackson's gave me two five-cent pieces in change—held the two pieces together so I wouldn't see there was anything wrong. Mighty mean way of doing, I say. There's one thing sure, though. Don't think I'll trade at Jackson's again, right away.'

One would have thought from the dignity and satisfaction with which Frank spoke that Mr. Jackson's success in business was largely dependent on the keeping of his boy customers.

'Oh, well, never mind,' said Joe, consolingly. 'May be you can pass it off on some one else.'

'Ye-es,' assented Frank, thoughtfully, 'I might. Don't know as I'll want to, though. It ain't the loss of the nickel that I care about. Don't think I will,' he continued, dropping the five-cent piece, the last of his week's earnings as errand boy, through a grating in the pavement.

'Oh, say,' protested Joe, 'that's a great way to do. Why didn't you give it to me? I don't think I'd have had it very long.'

'Too late. It's gone now,' said Frank, 'and I'm glad of it. When I get to be storekeeper I don't think there'll be any bad nickels passed over my counters, either way.'

'How long before you intend to set up? May be we'll have time for one or two more ball games before you do—one this afternoon, say,' suggested Joe.

'Why, yes. Going over to the grounds now?'

'Yes,' Joe replied, and turning the corner the two boys disappeared down the street.

That evening at the tea table Joe related some of the afternoon's occurrences, including an account of the foolish way, as it seemed to him, in which Frank had disposed of the mutilated coin that had been passed off on him. The family agreed, however, that Frank's way of doing was certainly more

honorable than to try to make up his loss by deceiving some one else. Joe's uncle, who happened to be present, thought Frank must be a remarkably honest and upright boy, 'for,' said he, 'there are many people who would not be found guilty of large thefts and deception, but who do not feel above resorting to those of a trifling nature. They forget that small acts of dishonesty lead to larger ones.'

A year later Joe was sent away to school, but Frank's widowed mother found it impossible to give her boy any further education, and it was decided that he must enter into some kind of business as soon as an opportunity offered itself. Opportunities, however, seemed to be very scarce in the town in which Frank lived. But one day the firm of which Joe's uncle was the junior partner found themselves without a chore-boy, being also minus about ten dollars in cash which it had been proven he had taken from the money-drawer. Where to find another boy to take his place was the question. The senior member of the firm in desperation suggested 'anybody that's honest,' and the junior member at once bethought himself of Joe's chum.

Frank was given a trial in the store, and it is needless to say kept his place, and proved himself worthy of the confidence placed in him. The firm on their part were not unappreciative of his sterling integrity and honesty in little things, which Frank will probably never know was first brought to their knowledge by a worthless coin. In the affairs of this world who shall say which are the great events and which the small ones? People are often judged when they least suspect it, and, in the words of King Solomon, 'Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right.'

May's Comfort.

(By May Joanna Porter.)

It was Saturday afternoon and the students of the Normal School were enjoying a few hours of well earned rest. Some of them, considered most fortunate, had-gone to easily accessible homes. Others were playing tennis on the campus. Still others were finding hidden treasures in neighboring woods, or hunting for specimens which should be useful in studying mineralogy or geology. Nearly all were out of doors enjoying to the utmost the bright sunshine of the mild winter day.

Not so May Stanley. She sat in a listless attitude, leaning her head against the back of her Shaker rocker, with her hands resting upon its arms. The room which she occupied in common with her classmate, Sarah Hunter, was a very pretty one. It contained a sufficiency of simple furniture. The two large windows were gracefully draped with white curtains, and brightly colored rugs lay on the hard wood floor. Photographs and other souvenirs of friends were tastefully arranged on the walls and the shelves. One would have thought that May might have taken much satisfaction in glancing around the apartment. Yet, as she did so, she only sighed and thought how lonely she was. Truth to tell, May was home-sick. Any one who has ever had that experience knows what a miserable thing it is.

At that hour May would have given anything in her possession for one hug and kiss from her baby sister, Lou; or for a chance to tell a story to her little brothers, Fred and Frank. But no. She must wait for long months to pass before she might hope for a sight of the dear ones at home.

How could she ever bear the dreary separation?

Her reflections were disturbed by a knock at the door, and a subsequent rush of girls into the room.

'May Stanley, where are you? Not moping on a day like this! We've come to take you with us to see blind Annie. We're going to sing for her. Come along.'

There was no resisting this importunate invitation. May hastily donned hat and wrap and went with her school mates. As they walked she inquired, 'Who is blind Annie?'

'Haven't you heard of her? It must be because you've been sitting alone in your room so much. She is an inheritance left to us from the last graduating class.' It was Grace Wilson who gave this reply. She was the best soprano singer in the school. In looking around among her companions May noticed that they were all girls who were gifted with good voices.

Grace, keeping step with her in the path, went on to say, 'Annie is a young woman who has been hopelessly blind for several years. She lives with a very old mother who is a marvel of energy for one of her age, and who cares untiringly for her blind daughter. Some one who visited them a couple of years ago gave Annie a copy of the Book of Psalms and also the Gospel of St. John printed in raised letters. She read these for a time, but lately has been too nervous to do so. One of the students found out a while ago that she was extremely fond of music, and since then a sort of choir has been visiting her every Saturday. Then on Sunday one or two of the Normals go to read to her. There is the house on the hill yonder.'

It was a most hearty welcome that the girls received. Annie found a great pleasure in recognizing those whom she knew, either through the sense of touch or by the sound of their voices. It delighted her also to receive a new visitor.

The girls remained about half an hour, singing one after another of the sweet songs of Zion. Annie and her mother listened in ecstasy. Evidently the beautiful hymns gave them great happiness. After leaving the cottage the students went 'the longest way round' back to school. Grace politely told May that her voice had been a valuable addition to the chorus.

'Don't speak of it,' May replied. 'I can't tell you how glad I am that you have let me help. It's been the greatest comfort imaginable. I was feeling so lonely when you came to my room. It seemed as though I could never be happy away from home; but I believe that what I really wanted was some one to do something for. I thank you ever so much for coming after me.'

When Mary entered her room it was as quiet as before. Sarah had not yet returned from watching a game of tennis, and May again sat down alone.

But now the room had become a pleasant place and many mercies seemed to call for thankfulness. May had found comfort in giving it to another.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

So long as the leading churchmen are timorous and hesitating in their attitude toward the liquor traffic, so long as the politician can win by the favor of the saloon and enjoy the plaudits of the church, so long as no man true to his noblest convictions can command the united support of Christian men in politics, so long will the saloon be a dominant force in our government and the church continue to lose her influence over the masses.