

In the Dakota Blizzard.

The sun shone far in the clear, crisp air -
Dakota at her best,
In winter days is cold, they say, if tried by
an Eastern test -

But Chambers was a Western man, on the
frontier used to roam,
And his boys went along with a laugh and
song, to help drive the cattle home.

The old man's eyes caught the gleam on high
of a sudden yellow cloud,
And lo, the light faded out from the sky,
and far on the prairie a loud,

Fierce roar was heard, and with never a
word save, "Home while the storm
allows!"

He sped one boy back, while he kept the
track with the other lad and the cows.

The air filled up like a frozen cup, each
drop had the point of a thorn,
Each gasp for breath seemed certain death;
it grew black, though the hour was
morn!

They staggered on with faces wan and cour-
age grown almost cold:

"Lie down, my son, my darling son, and
this coat about you fold,"

But the man in anguish walked up and down,
and tumbled at last to his knees—
For the coat that wrapped the boy so warm
left the father bare to freeze—

And he felt the cold hand at his heart, "Up,
up, my boy, I say:

Kneel for a moment by my side and let me
hear you pray."

Their prayers went straight to heaven's gate
and at dawn the faithful hound
Bayed for the rescue till the boy by tender
hands was found.

His father low in the drifted snow lay stiff,
and yet he smiled,
As though in death he seemed to know he
had died to save his child.

A POOR BARGAIN.

"Will you go down town and get
some Berlin wool for me, Roy?" asked
grandmother, coming into the room.

"Yes, ma'am," said Roy.

"Two ounces like sample," said the
man at the store. "Yes, that's right,"
as Roy laid down the money. "It's
twenty-five cents an ounce."

The man put the wool in a paper-
bag, which he shoved toward Roy,
and then turned to wait on another
customer.

Roy began looking at the marbles
which stood in the little round,
wooden boxes on the counter. He
had never seen so many in his life
before. There were chinies and pot-
teries and brancies and crystals and
agates, and if there is any other kind
of marble, it was there too. They
were all colours of the rainbow, plain
and streaked and spotted. He felt
almost like buying some of them.
But he had been for weeks saving up
his half-dollar to buy a fishing-rod,
which he could not do without; for
he was going home with grandmother,
and they always fished there. He
began to think it very unfair that Mr.
Pike, the storekeeper, should have so
many marbles and he so few. He
took one out to look at. What a
beauty it was with its red and white
stripes, with a delicate twist of blue

inside! His paper-bag of wool lay
near us he gave the marble a soft,
little roll on the counter. The paper
had become unfolded and the marble
rolled toward it. With another little
touch it actually rolled in—all of
itself! Roy was sure it was not of
his doing. He glanced quickly up to
see if Mr. Pike was looking; but no,
he was still busy with somebody else.
There were such lots of marbles, Roy
said to himself: "What harm could it
do to let it stay in the bag, as it would
roll there? Just one, when Mr. Pike
had so many." He had never taken
anything from a store before, and his
fingers—the fingers, alas! which his
mother thought good for so much
better work—trembled as he began
folding up the open bag.

"Let me see," said Mr. Pike, turn-
ing suddenly toward him. I wonder
if I got the right weight on that wool.
It was two ounces, wasn't it?"

"Ye-es, sir," stammered Roy. His
faced turned red, and he felt hot down
to his feet, as Mr. Pike took the bag
from his hand.

"Why, I have made a mistake!"
said Mr. Pike putting it on the scale.

"Sure as the world, I've given you
four ounces, I must take some out."

"Oh, no!" said Roy, in great
fright, taking hold of the bag.

How could he bear to see that
marble found there? In a moment it
flashed upon him that, by paying for
the extra two ounces, he could pre-
vent it.

"I—I believe grandmother would
just as lief have four ounces," he said.
He took his own half-dollar and offered
it to Mr. Pike.

"That'll be all right," said Mr.
Pike, dropping Roy's half-dollar in his
change drawer. The poor naughty
little boy set his lips tightly together
as he went out of the store, carrying
his paper-bag. His half-dollar was
gone, and with it his fishing-rod—the
beautiful bamboo rod with which he
had expected to astonish all the little
country boys, who had nothing but
saplings cut in the woods. He took
out the marble and looked at it as he
walked home. It was a finer one than
any of Johnny Pringle's, there was no
mistake about that; but he had paid
a half-dollar for it, and he knew it
was worth just about five cents. He
could not bear to look at it. He
carried the wool to grandmother, and
then went and hid the crystal in an
old box of rubbish standing in the
farthest corner of the tool-house.

"Hi, there!" called out a voice to
Roy a few days afterward. Roy was
walking along the street, having just
taken a sorrowful look at the window
inside of which were the fishing-rods,
and settled upon the one he would
have bought, if he would have bought
any. It was Mr. Pike who called;
and Roy went toward him, cheeks
again turning red, and wondering, as
he had wondered for the hundredth
time, if Mr. Pike knew.

"Here's your half-dollar," said Mr.
Pike. "Did you think I meant to
make you pay it for one marble?"

Roy hung his head, and held back
his hands.

"Take it," insisted Mr. Pike, grasp-
ing the small hand and putting the
coin into it. "But let me tell you,
my little man," he added, in a more
serious tone, "you'd better face right
about in this matter of being sneaky
and deceitful. You've got a long life
ahead of you, and if you go through it
paying away truth and honour and
manliness for every trifle you want, it
will be a much worse bargain than
paying fifty cents for a marble."—Sel.

THE SCIENCE OF BRIDGE-
BUILDING.

It is sometimes a very nice problem
to plan a bridge so that the weight of
the stones will make it stronger, and
not weaker. In order to be strong,
an arch must have something immov-
able to brace its feet against, and
its crown must be so heavy that it
will not be pushed up into the air by
the pressure of the sides.

Suppose two boys stand back to back,
and spread out their feet, so that to-
gether they make a sort of letter A, or
arch. Suppose they are near the side
of a large room, where the first boy can
brace his feet against the wall. He will
now find it very easy to maintain his
position so long as the second boy can
maintain his. But the second boy,
with nothing to brace his feet against,
will find it very tiresome; no matter
how hard he digs them into the carpet,
they will be in constant danger of slip-
ping away. But now we will put two
more boys in a similar position, and
place them so that the feet of the
second and the feet of the third
will come together and brace against
each other. This makes all the boys
comfortable except the fourth. We will
add another arch to our bridge by put-
ting in two more boys, and now they
are all smiling except the sixth, who
bites his lips and digs his heels into the
carpet, and wishes we would hurry
up with the next arch. So we put in
two more boys, and then two more,
till we have extended our bridge en-
tirely across the room, and the last
boy can brace his feet against the wall.
This makes everything secure.

But suppose one of these arches is
made of two small, light boys, and on
each side of it is an arch of large,
heavy boys. What will happen?
Why, pretty soon the feet of the small
boys will begin to give way and be
pushed back by the feet of the large
boys pressed against them, till the
small boys are brought up standing,
with their heels together as well as
their backs, and the two arches of
large boys will have settled down in the
same proportion.

This will enable you to understand a
difficulty that is sometimes met in
building a stone bridge of several
arches. Of course the two end arches

will each brace one foot against the
bank, which we may consider immov-
able. The piers may be so thick and
heavy that of themselves they will sus-
tain the pressure or "thrust," as it is
called, of the other sides of the arches.
But sometimes it is necessary to make
the piers so high and narrow that they
cannot do this; and if one arch were
built at a time, its pressure would push
over the pier. If the arches are all of
the same size and form, and we build
them all at once, they can brace their
feet against each other and be just
balanced. But sometimes the forma-
tion of the bed of the stream is such
that the piers cannot be placed at
equal distances apart, and so the arches
cannot be all alike. Sometimes the bal-
ance is maintained by making the short
spans lower arches than the long spans.
In a low arch the pressure is more out-
ward than downward; in a high arch
it is more downward than outward.
In our bridge of boys you will find
that if two large boys forming an arch
stand nearly straight, spreading their
feet apart only a little way, while the
small boys forming the next arch have
spread their feet far apart and brought
their bodies nearer to the floor, the two
arches will balance just as well as two
would equal arches of equal-sized boys.
You see every one of these boys is
sustained by two things: the floor,
and whatever he braces his feet against.
The straighter he stands, the more he
is sustained by the floor and the less
by the wall or the feet of the next boy;
the lower he gets the less he is sus-
tained by the floor and the more by
the wall or the feet of the next boy.
In other words the straighter he stands
(and consequently the higher arch he
makes), the more the thrust of that
arch is downward; while the lower he
gets, the more its thrust is outward.—
Rossiter Johnson.

OUR MILLY.

SHE isn't cross; she is "finking."
She has studied and studied, and she
can't "fink" of her verse. It is a
hard verse for little Milly to remember.
Yet she always has her lessons, and is
dressed about it. "Seest thou a man
diligent in business, he shall stand
before kings." That is the
verse, all full of Ss, and try as she
will, Milly's tongue trips. At last
papa explained the meaning of each
word, and Milly's face brightened;
she believed she could remember it.

Sunday came, and Milly went to
church; the teacher was passing down
the aisle; very soon she would be at
Milly's seat. The older sister waited
in anxiety to see how her little darling
would fare, and grew redder-cheeked
than ever as Milly, half turning away
her face to hide her embarrassment,
hurriedly said, "If you see a man
tending to his work, he shall stand
wiv kings."

It was a great relief when Milly
was said by the teacher to have a very
good lesson. She had not only recited
it, but explained it.—The Pansy.