

The ravenous beasts, disappointed of their prey, sped away, yelping with rage, to the forest, and during the night their long-drawn howls were borne fitfully upon the wind.

After light refreshment—for he had lost all relish for food—Lawrence went to bed, to start up often through the night under the glare of those terrible eyes, and to renew the horror he had undergone.

In the morning, returning with a number of the men to look for the money, he found the feet, tail, muzzle, and scalp of the wolf in the midst of a patch of gory snow; also the skull and part of the larger bones, but gnawed and split in order to get at the marrow. They found, also, some distance back, the straps and buckles of the money bags, and the silver coins scattered on the ground and partially covered by the snow.

The Drinking House Over the Way.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

THE room was so cold, so cheerless and bare, With its rickety table and one broken chair, And its curtainless window with hardly a pane To keep out the snow, the wind and the rain.

A cradle stood empty, pushed up to the wall, And somehow that seemed the saddest of all; In the old rusty stove the fire was dead, There was snow on the floor at the foot of the bed.

And there all alone a pale woman was lying, You need not look twice to see she was dying; Dying of want, of hunger and cold, Shall I tell you her story—the story she told?

"No, ma'am, I'm no better, my cough is so bad; It's wearing me out though, and that makes me glad, For it's wearisome living when one's all alone, And heaven, they tell me, is just like a home.

"Yes, ma'am, I've a husband, he's somewhere about, I hoped he'd come in 'fore the fire went out; But I guess he has gone where he's likely to stay, I mean to the drinking-house over the way.

"It was not so always; I hope you won't think too hard of him, lady, it's only the drink. I know he's kind-hearted, for oh, how he cried For our poor little baby the morning it died.

"You see he took sudden and grew very bad, And we had no doctor—my poor little lad, For his father had gone—never meaning to stay I am sure—to the drinking-house over the way.

"And when he came back 'twas far in the night, And I was so tired, and sick with the fright Of staying so long with my baby alone, And it cutting my heart with its pitiful moan.

"He was cross with the drink, poor fellow, I know It was that, not his baby, that bothered him so;

But he swore at the child as panting it lay, And went back to the drinking-house over the way.

"I heard the gate slam, and my heart seemed to freeze Like ice in my bosom, and there on my knees

By the side of the cradle, all shivering I stayed; I wanted my mother, I cried and I prayed.

"The clock it struck two 'fore my baby was still, And my thoughts they went back to the home on the hill, Where my happy girlhood had spent its short day, Far, far from that drinking-house over the way.

"Could I be that girl? I, the heart-broken wife There watching alone, while that dear little life

Was going so fast, that I had to bend low To hear if he breathed, 'twas so faint and so slow.

"Yes, it was easy his dying, he just grew more white, And his eyes opened wider to look for the light As his father came in, 'twas just break of day— Came in from the drinking-house over the way.

"Yes, ma'am, he was sober, at least meekly, I think, He often stayed that way to wear off the drink, And I know he was sorry for what he had done, For he set a great store by our first little son.

"And straight did he come to the cradle-bed, where Our baby lay dead, so pretty and fair; I wondered that I could have wished him to stay, When there was a drinking-house over the way.

"He stood quite awhile, did not understand, You see, ma'am, till he touched the little cold hand; Oh, then came the tears, and he shook like a leaf, And said, 'twas the drinking had made all the grief.

"The neighbours were kind, and the minister came, And he talked of my seeing the baby again, And of the bright angels—I wondered if they Could see into that drinking-house over the way.

"And I thought when my baby was put in the ground, And the man with the spade was shaping the mound, If somebody only would help me to save My husband, who stood by my side at the grave.

"If only it were not so handy, the drink! The men that make laws, ma'am, sure, didn't think Of the hearts that would break, of the souls they would slay, When they licensed that drinking-house over the way.

"I've been sick ever since, it cannot be long; Be pitiful, lady, to him when I'm gone; He wants to do right, but you never would think How weak a man grows when he's fond of the drink.

"And it's tempting him here, and it's tempting him there;

Four places I've counted in this very square, Where men can get whiskey by night and by day, Not to reckon the drinking-house over the way.

"There's a verse in the Bible the minister read: No drunkard shall enter in heaven, it said, And he is my husband, and I love him so, And where I am going I want he should go.

"Our baby and I will both want him there; Don't you think the dear Jesus will hear to my prayer? And please, when I'm gone, ask some one to pray For him at the drinking-house over the way."

MRS. NETTING, in the *Union Signal*.

CURING A STINGY BOY.

JIMMY was the stingiest little boy you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a cent, nor a bite of an apple, nor a crumb of a candy.

He couldn't even bear to lend his sled or his knife, or his hoop or skates.

All his friends were very sorry he was so stingy, and talked to him a great deal about it. But he couldn't see any reason why he should give away what he wanted himself.

"If I didn't want it," he would say, "p'raps I would give it away; but why should I give it away when I want it myself?"

"Because it is nice to be generous," said his mother, "and think about the happiness of other people. It makes you feel better and happier yourself. If you give your sled to little ragged Johnny, who never had one in his life, you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than you would if you had kept it yourself."

"Well," said Jimmy, "I'll try it." The sled was sent off. Jimmy looked on as if he were taking a dose of rhubarb. "How soon shall I feel better?" he asked, by-and-by. "I don't feel as well as when I had the sled. Are you sure I shall feel better?"

"Certainly," answered his mother; "but if you should keep on giving something away you would feel better all the sooner."

Then he gave away a kite, and thought he didn't feel quite as well as before. He gave away a silver piece that he had meant to spend for taffy.

Then he said: "I don't like this giving away things; it don't agree with me. I don't feel any better. I like being stingy best."

Just then ragged Johnny came up the street, dragging the sled, looking as proud as a prince, and asking one of the boys to take a slide with him. Jimmy began to smile as he watched him and said: "You might give Johnny my old overcoat; he's littler than I am, and he doesn't seem to have one. I think—I guess—I know I'm beginning to feel ever so much better. I'm glad I gave Johnny the sled. I'll give away something else."

And Jimmy has been feeling better ever since that hour.

SOUND ASLEEP.

It was Sancho Panza that said, "God bless the man that invented sleep." But One who knew far more than Sancho has said, "He giveth his beloved sleep." Sleep is one of the best gifts that God has given to the creatures he has made. Under its blessed influence their tired bodies not only rest, but gather new strength and vigour for the wakeful hours that follow. If we are deprived of sleep for any great length of time the mind becomes unbalanced, the bodily frame breaks down, and death ensues. And yet how little we appreciate these common mercies upon which our very life and happiness depend, simply because, like air and light and water, they are so common to us all. And how far-reaching and universal that fatherly care which embraces within its scope, not only man, but every living creature he has made. What more perfect than the love and protection that environs its sleeping hours? As we close our eyes in sleep, our last lingering thought should be of him at whose gentle touch we shall awaken, refreshed and strengthened, to renewed life.

INTERESTING TO ALL.

LIGHT moves 186,000 miles per second. One firkin of butter weighs fifty-six pounds. A hand (horse measure) is four inches. Rapid rivers flow seven miles per hour. Moderate winds blow seven miles per hour. The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1829. The first almanac was printed by George von Purbach in 1460. The first steam engine was brought from England in 1753. Until 1776 cotton-spinning was done by the hand spinning-wheel. The first printing-press in the United States was introduced in 1639. Two hundred and nine feet on each side make a square acre within an inch.—*Selected*.

A Boston policeman found a little newsboy one evening, in the recent cold term, so nearly frozen that he was almost stupid, but still trying to say in a faint voice: "Evening papers!" He was taken to the police-station and found to be without stockings. Through the holes in his boots the snow had come in, and on it could be seen the prints of his little bare feet. The kind-hearted patrolman made a subscription at once and got him a warm overcoat and a pair of boots. They also visited his home and found that his mother, who was a widow, had six small children besides the newsboy, all living in two small rooms. When we hear the newsboys crying out, on a cold, windy night, "Evening papers, all about the great robbery!" we can remember that they probably come from homes of poverty and are bravely working to help support mother and brothers and sisters.

Keep good company or none at all.