



## LITTLE GOLD-HUNTERS.

BY ANNIE H. DONNELL.

"Children!"

Mamma's clear, sweet voice rang out pleasantly.

"Children! Children!"

But only the comical game chickens were scurrying around the yard on their long stilts of legs. No children. Mamma went back into the breakfast-room.

"Where can the children be?" she said.

"Gone to Klondyke, I believe," papa said, calmly, without looking up from his paper.

"Oh!"

"Yes, I saw them equipping out in the barn just after breakfast. They were nicely provisioned—"

"Oh," said mamma again. "That's why they all begged to carry their breakfasts out-of-doors—why, yes."

Papa turned his paper, but what mamma heard wasn't the rustle of it. It was papa's little "baby laugh," as Ferris called it.

"They've sailed in the 'Briny' down round Cape Horn. Ferris carried the game rooster 'Stilts,' and Molly Mavourneen had both lop-eared rabbits, and little Toots took the rubber cow. They said it was well to carry a lot of live stock along with you. They all had shovels and rakes."

Papa smiled over the paper's edge, and mamma smiled back.

"You needn't be worried about them, mamma. They took Uncle Lisha along, and he was a forty-niner."

"Oh, if Uncle Lisha went!" mamma said, resignedly. Then she went on, thinking aloud. "I suppose, then, that long trench they were digging yesterday across the old potato-patch had some thing to do with it."

"Certainly, ma'am. That's the Yukon River. They applied the hose this morning. And if you will observe that toilsome path through Mike's rock-pile you will see the famous 'hilkoot Pass.'"

Mamma "Observed." She took her sewing to the back window, and prepared to watch proceedings. "What children!" she murmured.

By and by the old east-side dory on trucks hove in sight round the barn. Uncle Lisha was pushing to pay his passage.

"They're round the Horn," said mamma, with a sigh of relief.

"Dawson City! Dawson City! All ashore for Dawson City!" shouted Ferris, and there was a scramble and loading up with shovels and packs. Then mamma watched the little procession more slowly through the "Pass" toward the land of gold. Uncle Lisha's tall frame loomed above the rest singly. Even his broad blue-jeans back seemed to be enjoying itself.

It was an hour or two before dinner when the miners came back and appeared before mamma in the kitchen. They were loaded down with big yellow pumpkins.

"Nuggets," said Ferris, briefly.

"But why did you come back so soon--what in the world!" exclaimed mamma.

Ferris's eyes shone with fun, but there was a hint in his tone broader than the Yukon River.

"We--we were starved out, ma'am," he murmured. Outlook.

## NO MONEY IN IT.

Boys, and girls too, may take a hint from an incident that teaches a lesson much needed in some homes. An unselfish mother cares little whether "there's money in it" or not; what she wants is loving appreciation.

"My mother gets me up, builds the fire, gets my breakfast, and sends me off," said a bright youth. "Then she gets my father up, and gets his breakfast, and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast, and sends them off to school, and then she and the baby have their breakfast."

"How old is the baby?" asked the friend.

"Oh, she is nearly two, but she can talk and walk as well as any of us."

"Are you well paid?"

"I get eight shillings a week, and father gets eight shillings a day."

"How much does your mother get?"

With a bewildered look the boy said:

"Mother? Why, she doesn't work for anybody."

"I thought you said she worked for all of you."

"Oh yes! for us she does; but there's no money in it."

## SAVING THE TRAIN.

One of the brightest and best-educated girls in Millsboro' was employed as a telegraph operator on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

One evening, during a terrible thunder-storm, on going to her office door, she noticed about a hundred yards away a large tree uprooted and blown directly across the track. At once she realized the danger of the situation. An express train was due in a few minutes.

Seizing the red signal light, this frail, yet brave and determined girl flew through the fearful storm up the track, and avung her lantern, until at length she heard the engineer whistle "down brakes," and she knew the train was saved.

Meantime, though the speed of the train had been checked, the engine truck the tree with sufficient force to hurl a heavy limb against the shoulder of the brave girl, and she plunged headlong down the steep embankment into a ditch, inflicting several painful and serious injuries.

The passengers, as would naturally be expected, were profuse in their expressions of gratitude to the resolute girl, and a handsome sum of money was made up and handed to her. This, however, she modestly declined, and returning to her office, she remained on duty all night.

The injury, however, which the young operator received ultimately proved fatal. From the effects of that blow on the shoulder she never recovered; consumption finally claimed her as a victim, and one beautiful summer day the young girl who so bravely risked her life to save others was laid to rest in the village churchyard.