

defeat for the future.

'Hello, Gordon! Dreaming on your way home?' asked Mr. Lamar, as his nephew would have passed without speaking to him. 'Have you time to take another drive for me this evening?'

'No, indeed, uncle. What do you think? Some mean sneak told Mr. Forest of our plan of exchanging work, and now the board has decided to abolish the merit system. We had history this afternoon, and I'm sure I didn't get over sixty. It must have been because I was angry that I did so poorly, for I have been getting one hundred right along. I know it was Harry Miner who told, for he never would have anything to do with our scheme. I'd like to punch his head for him.'

'Before you undertake that job, Gordon, you better find out if he really told your teacher. I think all of you had a hand in the telling.'

'Why, Uncle Luther, that is impossible! We were just as careful as could be about exchanging, and never told it where Mr. Forest could hear the least word.'

'Actions speak louder than words,' said Mr. Lamar, sagely. 'What do you suppose your teacher was thinking of when he saw you at all the ball games and the skating parties this winter, and yet you were able to hand in fine papers every day? The trouble was, you thought yourselves too shrewd for him, but you found out your mistake. Do you remember poor Jim Lane's shed? He put one prop after another under it, till it rested entirely on the supports, and not on the foundation. That was the way with your lessons. You began by putting a small prop under your arithmetic, intending to straighten it all up when the fall games were over—'

'And I got so many props under everything that my school work will be like the wreck of Jim's shed when this examination is over,' interrupted Gordon. 'But why didn't you warn me, uncle, in the beginning of the term?'

'Because you didn't need any warning. The fact that you did not tell your parents about your wonderful scheme, and kept Mr. Forest ignorant, or thought you did, proves that every one of you knew it was wrong. You criticized Jim Lane so sharply for neglecting his work, and I told you then that none but honest effort ever paid, but you did not think my little sermon applied to you. By the way, Jim has turned over a new leaf. Even in this short time he has made wonderful improvements in his shabby place, and I believe he'll come out all right.'

Gordon brought his miserable report of examination to his father and mother, and in manly fashion confessed his fault. 'There are two and a half months till the final examination, and, if possible, I will make up enough of this failure to go into the higher class; but if not, I'll stay with Mr. Forest another year, for I deserve it.'

'Your mother and I saw long ago how things were going, and hoped you might see your mistake before losing a whole year's work, and you have. By hard work, I am sure you can be promoted,' said his father.

One bright June day a very happy boy put his record of promotion in his pocket and went out to beg Jim Lane's pardon for his hasty words. 'I'm sorry I said what I did about your shed, Mr. Lane,' he began, looking with astonished eyes at the

trim place, where once rubbish had reigned supreme. 'I was propping my work in school a good deal more than your shed, but I was too blind to see it.'

'No harm done,' laughed the young farmer. 'No more propping for me. See my crops,' waving his hand toward a field of corn. 'Molly says the old shed ought to have fallen long ago.'

'It would have been better for me if my props had given way earlier in the year, too,' said Gordon, thoughtfully; 'but I'm not going to worry about the past. I've had a lesson to last a long time.'

'So have I. If ever you see a prop on this place while I live here, come in and knock it down, will you?' and Jim turned resolutely back to his work.

'All right, and you do the same for me,' laughed Gordon, turning Polly toward the pike. 'Good-by.'

All public speakers, ministers included, are prone to use pet expressions which after a while weary the ears of their hearers. We have read of a pastor who made such frequent use of the word 'thus' that one of his laymen, wishing to teach the parson a kindly lesson, kept tally, one Sabbath, and found that the preacher employed 'thus' sixty-seven times during the course of that one sermon. Repetitiousness of this sort is tedious. And it is not fair to any word in the English language to work it over-hours in such a fashion.—'N.Y. Observer.'

Saved in a Basket, or Daph and Her Charge.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

General Latourette's first suspicion of danger was roused by finding that they had been driven in the wrong direction, while he in careless confidence had been chatting with his wife. In the moonlight, he could see the flashing of the waves and hear the murmur of the waters, and yet he knew he was not near his home, but at some less familiar part of the coast.

Calling out hastily to the coachman, the carriage came to a stand. General Latourette became aware that the horses had been cut loose, and he saw the fellow, pistol in hand, seated upon one of them.

In a few hurried words the negro told the danger of the moment, and pointed to a boat at the water-side, which offered to his master and mistress some hope of escape.

Did Mrs. Latourette forget her little ones in that hour of peril? No! She pleaded to go to them, if but to mingle her blood with theirs. The negro assured her they were already sleeping the sleep of death, and implored her to fly with her husband, while yet their lives might be saved.

Thus urged, they entered the little boat, and while the strong arms of the husband sustained the drooping wife, and guided the little skiff over the dark waters, the negro went his way to show the contents of the rided trunks, as proofs of the crime he had in reality shrunk from committing.

General Latourette and his wife reached a neighboring island in safety, but exiled for ever from their own dear home.

Sorrowful as the childless only can be, the world seemed to them suddenly robbed of its brightness; they could not have borne the trials of their lot but for the

sustaining hand of the Father in heaven, in whom they had in the days of their prosperity learned to trust.

Several years of foreign travel in some measure recruited the failing health of General Latourette, and time had calmed the poignant grief of his wife. They had come to New York, hoping to have once more a home of their own, sorrowful though that home must be.

Bereaved and childless no more, with deep thankfulness they praised the God of heaven for his most unexpected mercies, and devoted themselves anew to his services.

As for Daph, their gratitude to her knew no bounds, and they felt that for her faithful services they could find no adequate reward on earth.

CHAPTER XV.

THE END.

General Latourette and his wife had once more a home of their own, made bright by the smiles of their affectionate children. At that home Rose Stuyvesant was received as a loved friend, and made a sharer in the pure joy she had assisted in laying up for the happy parents. There Diedrich Stuyvesant had been welcomed as an honored guest, and there Captain Jones had seen, in the united family, something which gave his kind heart more joy than did the warm expressions of great gratitude that were lavished upon him, or the more substantial favors that were bestowed with no stinted hand on the honest sailor. Even Mary Ray and her invalid, suffering mother experienced the cheering influence that flowed from that happy home, and felt that, although their lodgers were gone, they had in them still warm and powerful friends. In the midst of this grateful rejoicing was Daph forgotten? No. Among the loved and honored she was best loved and most cared for. In the neat room assigned to her was clustered every comfort that could smooth the declining years or cheer the humble spirit of the faithful negress. She prized each remembrance that made that room beautiful in her eyes; but dearest to her was the Bible with the golden clasps which lay on her table, placed there by her mistress, with words which filled the heart of Daph with tearful joy.

'Where is Daph this morning?' asked General Latourette at the breakfast table; 'I did not see her dear old face in the hall as I came down.'

'She is not awake yet,' said the wife. 'I told the children they must not arouse her. She must take her rest; her days of labor are over.'

'God grant that our work may be as well done,' said the father, solemnly.

Later in the day the children could not be kept from 'just looking at dear Daffy, even if she were asleep.'

The family party entered the quiet room.

The sunbeams shone across the floor with cheerful light; but they were dark to the gaze of Daph, for she was beholding the unveiled glory of the Sun of Righteousness. The voice of earthly affection could wake her no more, for she had listened to the welcome of angels and heard the voice of her Saviour declare, 'Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of the Lord.'

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