

"Ma'amselle no fear," said a huge Senegal negro, emerging from the hatchway at that moment; "old Achille and Pierrot take care of her and Monsieur Henri too.—Monsieur Henri, come to Achille?"

He took the child in his arms as he spoke, while a second negro came up to help the Captain in lowering Madame Lachaux into the boat, which was so fiercely tossed by the surging waves that it was no easy matter to reach it.

At last the boat was full, and they shoved off. Hardly had they got clear of the ship when she gave a violent roll, plunged forward, rose again, and then, with a sound like distant thunder, the in-rushing water blew up the decks, and down went the doomed ship head-foremost.

But those in the overloaded boat soon found that they had only exchanged one danger for another. The huge waves that broke over her every moment, drenching them all to the skin, filled the boat faster than they could bale her out, and crowded together as they were, they had no room either to row or to make sail. The sailors whispered together and looked gloomily at the lady and her party, and at last one was heard to mutter:

"Better get rid of them that can't work than of them that can, anyhow."

"Our lives are as precious to us as theirs are to them," growled another. "If the boat's got to be lightened, *they're* the ones to go."

The Captain, who had heard and understood, felt for his pistol, but it was gone. Several sailors were already on their feet to fling the helpless mother and child overboard, when the two gigantic negroes stepped between.

"Look, see, you men," cried Achille; "you want lighten boat. Black man heavier than white lady. Suppose you swear let madame and Monsieur Henri live, I and Pierrot jump overboard!"

It was all over in a moment. Scarcely had the savage crew, moved in spite of themselves, given the required pledge, than the brave fellows, kissing their mistress's hand and embracing little Henri with a quiet "Good-bye, little master," plunged headlong into the sea.

The heroic sacrifice was not made in vain. The boat, thus lightened, could be more easily managed, while the gale began at length to show signs of abating. On the following afternoon they were seen and picked up by an English schooner, and a few weeks more saw Madame Lachaux safe in her husband's house at Lyons.

Three months later, madame and her sick husband were on a visit to Saint-Malo, the fresh sea air of which was thought better for little Henri at that season than hot dusty Lyons. The child and his mother (this time accompanied by Monsieur Lachaux himself) were sitting on a bench under the trees of the boulevard facing the harbour, when the lady's attention was attracted by a few words that fell from a rough-looking man in a well-worn pilot coat, who was talking to a friend a few yards off.

"And now that they *are* here," said he, as if finishing a story, "I don't know what to do with them, for they don't know even where their mistress lives."

"Where did you say you picked them up?" asked his companion.

"A bit to the sou'west of the Cape, hanging on to some broken spars that must have floated off from their vessel when she foundered. When I found out that they were Senegal negroes I offered to put 'em ashore there on the way to France; but no, they must come home to find their mistress, and I can tell you they worked their passage like men. But how they're to find her, I can't think, for they know nothing except that her name's Madame Lachaux."

"And here she is," broke in the lady herself, stepping up to him.

A few minutes later the faithful negroes (thus rescued as if by miracle from the death to which they had devoted themselves) were embracing their "little Monsieur Henri" with uproarious cries of joy; and from that day until their death, thirty years later, they were the happiest as well as the best-cared-for servants in the whole south of France.—*Harper's Young People.*

## WHOSE WAS IT?

### A TRUE STORY.

A crowd of schoolboys chatted very fast as they half ran, half walked the planked sidewalks of a Pennsylvania city street. Just as they turned a corner several started, for in the path near by glistened a silver half-dollar. Three boys saw it at once, and each claimed it as his own. Loud words followed, a few fists were clinched, but Peter McCarthy held the money in his strong palm, and would not even show it to the rest. Peter was very fleet of foot, so he made good

use of his limbs in trying to get beyond the reach of his pursuers. But run as he would, some one seemed to keep pace with him at every step, and so in despair he bounded into the open schoolroom door, threw his cap towards its nail, and took his seat before school-time. Once in he could not retreat, for the principal sat at her desk, and her rules were never to be broken. The boys all entered—half the school, perhaps—all who were near, at least, to watch the lad who meant to keep the whole. Several hands were raised. "Please Peter McCarthy has found a big piece of money," said one. "Please three of us found it at once, but he got it first." "Please, and he won't share it with us at all." "Yes, ma'am, and he won't treat, nor nothing."

The teacher closed the register, placed it in her drawer, and called the lads to the recitation seats. Peter came with a flushed, excited face, while some of the rest looked daggers at him slyly. "Do you think some one threw the money away?" she asked. Every one smiled. "I suppose it really belongs to some one person, and that that person, whoever it may prove to be, has lost it, and feels sad about it. I should be sorry if it proved to belong to some poor child who had been sent of an errand for his mother." Peter and several others wiped their eyes. "We might get a lot of cherries and treat," said one. "Yes, or peanuts, or candies," said another. "We might try to find the owner," said a third. Just then the school-bell rang. "Which would be the nearest right?" said the teacher. "The last," said Peter, as he placed the money on the teacher's desk. "Perhaps I shall not find an owner in school," she said; "in that case it will have to be decided hereafter."

Just as the moment for opening the school came, the bell at the desk waited, the pupils folded their hands, one hundred and twenty or thirty pair of them, while the teacher held up the shining silver. No one in her room claimed it. She opened the primary department door. The teacher sat on the platform trying to comfort a little girl of seven years, who was sobbing violently. All she could make out of her broken words were these. "All—she'd—got—Benny—sick—medicine."

"Well," said Miss Whitman, "did you wish to go for medicine now?" But the child only screamed the louder, "Can't! O dear! O dear!"

"I've something to tell you," said the lady who entered. "All look at me. I wish that little girl who is crying to look at what I hold up, and tell me if she knows whose half-dollar this is."

The child gave a loud exclamation of delight, and rushed up to the lady to snatch it from her hand.

"Not yet," she said gently; "come with me."

"She led the sobbing, broken-hearted little child to the desk in her room, wiped the fevered brow, and asked if the boys who found a half-dollar lying in the street would keep this child's little brother from the medicine she was to take to him after school.

"No, indeed!" they responded.

"Boys," said she, "do you know this child? she is a stranger to me."

Many hands were raised.

"She is Mrs. Maloney's girl, Bridget," said one.

"Her mother washes for a living," said another.

"Her father's dead, and there's four children besides her, younger," said a third.

"Will you treat with cherries and peanuts, boys," she said. But only one response came, it was Peter McCarthy who spoke.

"Will you please forgive us," he said, "for just thinking so, selfish as it was, and give Bridget the money?"

And so the little red face was lifted and kissed, and the money placed in the child's hand; and she faltered out, "Thank you, lady; I'm sure it's bound to make Benny well again," and she passed into her room.

From every action of our lives there is a result. Nothing comes by chance. The loss to little Bridget resulted in a lesson that can never be forgotten by those schoolboys. It will also be remembered by many more in the impression it has left upon the understanding.—*Child's Paper.*

Mr. Henry Marshall, Reeve of Dunn, writes "Some time ago I got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery from Mr. Harriston, and I consider it the very best medicine extant for Dyspepsia. This medicine is making marvellous cures in Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, etc., in purifying the blood and restoring manhood to full vigor.

Leading druggists on this continent testify to the large and constantly increasing sales of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and report its beneficent effects upon their customers troubled with Liver Complaint, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Impurity of the Blood, and other physical infirmities.—It has accomplished remarkable cures.