

The Used-to-Be.

BY JAMES WHITCOMBE RILEY.

Beyond the purple, hazy trees,
Of summer's utmost boundaries;
Beyond the sands—beyond the seas—
Beyond the range of eyes like these,
And only in the reach of the
Enraptured gaze of Memory,
There lies a land, long lost to me,—
The land of Used-to-be!

A land enchanted—such as awning
In golden seas when sirens clung
Along their dripping brinks, and sung
To Jason in that mystic tongue,
That dazed men with its melody—
Oh, such a land, with such a sea,
Kissing its shores eternally,
Is the fair Used-to-be.

A land where music over girls
The air with bolts of singing birds,
And sows all sounds with such sweet
words,
That even in the low of herds,
A meaning lives so sweet to me,
Lost laughter ripples limpidly
From lips brimmed over with the glee
Of rare old Used-to-be.

Lost laughter, and the whistled tunes
Of boyhood's mouth of crescent runes,
That rounded, through long afternoons,
To serenading plenilunes—
When starlight fell so mistily,
That, peering up from bended knee,
I dreamed 'twas bridal drapery,
Snowed over Used-to-be.

O land of love and dreamy thoughts,
And shining fields, and shady spots,
Of coolest, greenest grassy plots,
Embossed with wild forget-me-nots!—
And all ye blooms that longingly
Lift your fair faces up to me
Out of the past, I kiss in ye,
The lips of Used-to-be.

On Schedule Time

BY

JAMES OTIS.

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CHAPTER III.

A CRIPPLE.

Many times during the previous day had Aunt Lois predicted that "something would happen," and now, when something had happened, it was as if the disaster overwhelmed her with astonishment.

She remained with her eyes fixed upon the huge tree which completely blocked the roadway, her hands clasped as if in entreaty and her lips moving, but yet no sound escaped them.

"Don't look so frightened, Aunt Lois," Gladys said, alarmed by the expression on the little woman's face. "If the boys can't clear the tree away we will go back. It isn't such a terribly serious matter that you need to be distressed."

"You don't realize how disastrous it may be for your father, my child, if we fall in our mission."

"If we do the best we can, Aunt Lois," Alice said gently, "and then fall, we have no reason to reproach ourselves."

"And we shall do the best we can," Phil cried cheerily, as he and Dick overhauled the load on the baggage-waggon in search of the axe. "Even if this job requires the entire day, it isn't certain our mission has failed."

"How many axes have you here?" Aunt Lois asked.

"Only one."

"And even if there were two, inexperienced as you boys are in such work, the task would be both long and difficult."

"You are right, Aunt Lois; but giving up entirely and insisting that the thing can't be done won't mend matters, while one axe, even in the hands of amateurs like Dick and me, will effect something if it is worked with a will. Suppose you girls get out the blankets and cover the horses."

Gladys leaped from the surrey in obedience to this suggestion, asking as she did so:

"Isn't there anything else we can do toward helping?"

"There will be later, perhaps, but just now you can attend to Aunt Lois, and try to make her appear more human-like."

Then Phil began the task before him, realizing fully of what magnitude it was, but determined his companions should not know how seriously he regarded it. "We'll hew through the trunk here," he said to Dick, striking the tree near the

butt, "and then perhaps all of us may be able to pull it around. If not, we must then tackle the other end, and that won't be so difficult a job."

He began to work as he ceased speaking, striking vigorous blows which sent the chips flying in every direction, while Dick perforce stood by, waiting until it should be his turn to play the part of chopper.

Not long after the task was begun Aunt Lois "found her tongue," as Dick whispered to Phil, and during nearly all the time the boys worked they were forced to listen to her forebodings of evil, until Gladys finally said with a quiet smile:

"If you really believe it is impossible for us to find Mr. Benner in time, and that the dangers to be encountered will be so very terrible, why not turn back now? The boys can go on without us, although I should be sorry if they did so."

"I shall remain with them, Gladys, because I have said I would; but something tells me we will have a truly awful journey, however short it may promise to be."

"Well, 'something tells me' that we'll finish this job considerably sooner than

when we can no longer see the pitfalls!"

"What is the matter?" Dick cried from his perch on the baggage-waggon. "Has Aunt Lois broken loose again?"

"Not exactly; but she threatens to unless everything goes smoothly," Phil replied with a merry laugh, and the girls joined in it so heartily that the timid little woman's face flushed crimson with vexation.

"It is all very well for you young folks to laugh and be merry, now that our troubles are over for the time being; but it will be different when we meet with a truly terrible disaster. Something tells me—"

"Keep it a secret, Aunt Lois!" Alice cried, in mock dismay. "We must not lose courage; and if you reveal all that 'something' tells you, we shall be overwhelmed with horror."

During the next hour Phil expected each instant to see evidences of the mischief-makers at every turn in the road; but as the time wore on, and nothing occurred to cause another halt, he grew less disturbed in mind, and began to fancy the day's task might be concluded without further interruption.

Then Dick called out to him to give

likely we shall see them, and will only know of their having been in advance when some fresh mischief appears."

"Surely you don't count on pushing meekly along, taking without a murmur whatever they may choose to inflict upon us?"

"Look here, Dick, if you have any plan which will aid in preventing mischief, tell it straight out!"

"But I haven't," Dick replied dejectedly. "I asked you to ride with me, in the hope that we might hit upon something."

"Then you'll be disappointed. While the men or men keep in advance, I don't see how we can do anything save take what comes with the best possible grace. I am going through to Bonner within the six days, though, even if I am forced to walk."

"And I shall stay by your side; but it seems as if we might contrive some scheme to outwit the fellows."

"It is certain I can't; but if you succeed in conjuring up anything which promises the slightest show of success let me know, and I'll play my part. It isn't well for us to ride together any longer. I can tell by the way Aunt Lois twists her head she fancies we are talking secrets, and if she once mistrusts that we really expect to find more obstacles, she'll insist on our turning back at once."

"Would you do that if she urged it?" "Not if she should demand it! The agreement with father was that she and the girls were to be left behind in case we found it was not possible to go on as fast with them, and Aunt Lois would soon find herself in possession of the outfit, if she became obstinate."

Then, slipping down from the heavily-loaded waggon, Phil ran ahead to the surrey, and was as soon talking as gaily with Alice and Gladys as if he had no fear regarding the future; but his brief conversation with Dick rendered him more apprehensive of evil than he had been, even when the first knowledge of a concerted interference with his movements was forced upon him.

During the remainder of the forenoon nothing was seen to cause alarm or excite suspicion.

The roadway was rough, and since the tree was removed from the path the horses had made only about two miles an hour; but it had been at the expense of considerable exertion, and they gave more evidence of weariness than at the end of the first day's journey.

(To be continued.)

LEGEND OF THE WANDERING JEW.

BY R. W. RAYMOND.

Ahasuerus, a shoemaker of Jerusalem as he opened his shop one morning, saw the story runs, saw a crowd passing.

There were Roman soldiers escorting a prisoner to execution, and followed by a noisy mob. The prisoner was Jesus Christ, whom Ahasuerus had seen in the temple but the day before, and whom he knew to be a lover of God and man and innocent of crime. But, beholding him now, borne down by the weight of the cross on which he was to die, and being anxious to win the favour of the mob, Ahasuerus stole his heart against the Saviour; and when Jesus, fainting under the cross, paused for a moment to rest at his door, the shoemaker struck him in the face and bade him harshly "Move on!" Then it was, according to the story, that the Lord turned upon him those eyes whose look none ever bore unmoved, and said, "I shall rest, but thou shalt move on until I come."

The tale goes on to say that, through all the years and centuries thereafter, Ahasuerus wandered restlessly through the world, and wanders yet, full of unavailing remorse, and burdened with intolerable memories of innumerable disappointments. For he cannot die, like other men, and escape to a region in which the mistakes and losses of this world may be repaired. That joy will be his only when Christ has come again and the world has been won to God.

Yet he does not grow older and older without interruption. On the contrary, starting with thirty years, the age at which he smote the Lord, he continues until he is one hundred years old. Then he falls into a brief swoon, and awakes to find himself once more a man of thirty. For it is part of his fearful punishment that he cannot be born again as a child, and so live his life anew.

Moreover, though he periodically gets rid of old age, he cannot escape from memory, and through every successive life he carries all the sorrow of all the lives before it. And so, they say, he wanders through all lands, looking and waiting for Christ to come again that he may be released from his doom.



WORKING AT THE FALLEN TREE.

I expected," Phil cried cheerily, yielding the axe to Dick, who in turn attacked the barrier energetically.

"It is labour in vain, my dear boy," Aunt Lois said, with a long-drawn sigh. "Those terrible men are in advance of us, and this is not the only obstruction we shall find on the way."

"Unfortunately you are right, my dear aunt, and that is troubling me not a little. However, all we can do is to fight our way through as long as possible, and never say 'die' until we are obliged to admit ourselves beaten."

After two hours of most fatiguing work the fallen tree was so far cleared from the roadway that it was possible for the teams to pass, and Phil led the way once more, saying, as he wiped the big drops of perspiration from his face:

"We're no longer ahead of schedule time, but I fancy we are not much behind."

"Do you expect to reach the second camping-place father spoke of, before sunset?" Gladys asked.

"If not, we must keep on until we get there. The horses can stand the work, and it won't be very dark this evening."

"But surely, Phillip, you are not thinking of riding in the night?" and once more Aunt Lois looked alarmed.

"If we must, there is no use in discussing the matter. I shall keep to the route and time laid down by father as long as possible."

"But I will never consent to anything of the kind! This road is dangerous enough in the daytime, without our tempting Providence by continuing on it

the reins to one of the girls and join him on the baggage-waggon for a while.

Gladys could safely be trusted with Bessie, and cautioning her to keep a sharp lookout on the road because of the holes and quagmires which threatened destruction to the vehicles, he did as his cousin suggested.

When Dick had reined Jack in until there was such a distance between the waggons that their conversation could not be overheard, he said in a cautious whisper:

"Do you know, Phil, we haven't seen the last of those fellows."

"You mean the ones who felled the tree?"

"Certainly. Who else should I mean?"

"And you think they will do more mischief?"

"Of course I do! If, in order to delay us, they have followed from Milo to first steal our traces and then block the road, do you think they will be content to see us pushing ahead with comparatively little delay?"

"I had begun to fancy that perhaps the mischief was not done by those who wished to prevent us from seeing Benner."

"No one else would have taken so much trouble to steal a pair of traces, when there were articles of more value ready at hand."

"You are right, of course."

"And we shall hear from them again."

Phil nodded sorrowfully.

"Then it is necessary we should decide upon some course of action."

"I don't understand what we can do," Phil replied thoughtfully. "It isn't