

the house, opened the door, and, closing it quickly after me, stood outside. Holding to the outside storm door, I called and called, again and again, but my, I could scarcely hear my own voice, so I came in, and we huddled down, miserably frightened, to wait.

It seemed hours that we heard only the rattling of the wind. Then there was a stamping on the porch, and father opened the door, out of breath, and white with powdery snow.

'Where's auntie?' he asked, looking wonderingly at us.

'Oh, father!' I exclaimed, breathlessly, 'she took your comforter out to you. Before I could stop her she opened the door and ran out, and that was long ago, and I've called and called, and the wind blew my voice away, and—and—'

Here I broke down and commenced to cry for the first time. Father stood perfectly still for moment, and though the wind had reddened his cheeks his face turned white.

Then he began to act. Getting his lantern and a wrap, and telling me to have hot water and blankets ready when he came back, though I knew by the sound of his voice that he was hopeless, he went out, to explore

had to reach as far as he could to touch the dog and hold the rope, too.

Aunt Calista lay, almost unconscious, on the ground beside the dog, with her hand tight in his collar. Father loosened her hold and, picking her up, started for the house, Jack following. It was hard work to carry her and take in the rope, too, and he was almost exhausted by the time he reached the door. There Jack, in memory of sundry rebuffs, started to slink away, but father called him in, and even Aunt Calista feebly motioned her hand to have him come.

Such a busy, joyful time as we had over the rescued and the rescuers. And no one was happier than Jack, and he wriggled himself about the room, in every one's way, but not scolded. Aunt Calista soon recovered from her numbness, for, though it had seemed hours to us, she had really been out but a short time and had kept moving, and then she told us her story.

Jack had been sitting in front of her as she talked, listening attentively, with his head on one side, and when she had finished she leaned forward, took his homely yellow head in her hands and kissed him between his honest, brown eyes.

erage, and if a stone is in his way, he can do much toward removing it; and if he needs a stone, he finds it somewhere, and he can turn it up and roll it over until it serves his purpose.

Why is it that our neighbor, crippled-handed Jim Tanner, always has something to do? And why is Mick Dawson always busy, serving some one, and helping himself? Why don't you find something to do? Young Doless there lets the weeds grow all over his yard, and all along his sidewalk, and never seems to notice that pales are missing from his front fence. Do you suppose anyone is anxious to take him in as a partner? Will they be likely to help to set him up in business?

Tom Painter has nothing to do, and his large family is in want. He has just lately refused several jobs because he could not get a price sufficient to yield him three or four dollars a day. But his neighbor, Ridgeway, a hard-handed, common sort of man, has taken the same jobs and is making a dollar a day. That may not seem to be big wages, but it is a hundred cents better than nothing.

These are mighty hard times, and men's muscles are becoming flabby, and their nerve is failing, while they neglect their own native leverage and wait for something to turn up. There is much coal in the hills yet, and there are many precious stones hid away in God's earth. And there is many an enterprise lying dormant in the sluggish lives of some men who are pressing the store boxes, and courting the sympathy of their neighbors who are like themselves. I pity them. My heart goes out to them. But, my brother, there is something that you can do. Go down there and rake the leaves from your yard. Burn off the brush and rubbish. Trim up the trees and bushes. Tack on the pales. Make your premises clean and neat. You can attract the attention of neighbors and passers-by. And the world needs the man who writes industry all over his home, or the place in which he dwells.

'I am looking for a man,' said a merchant.

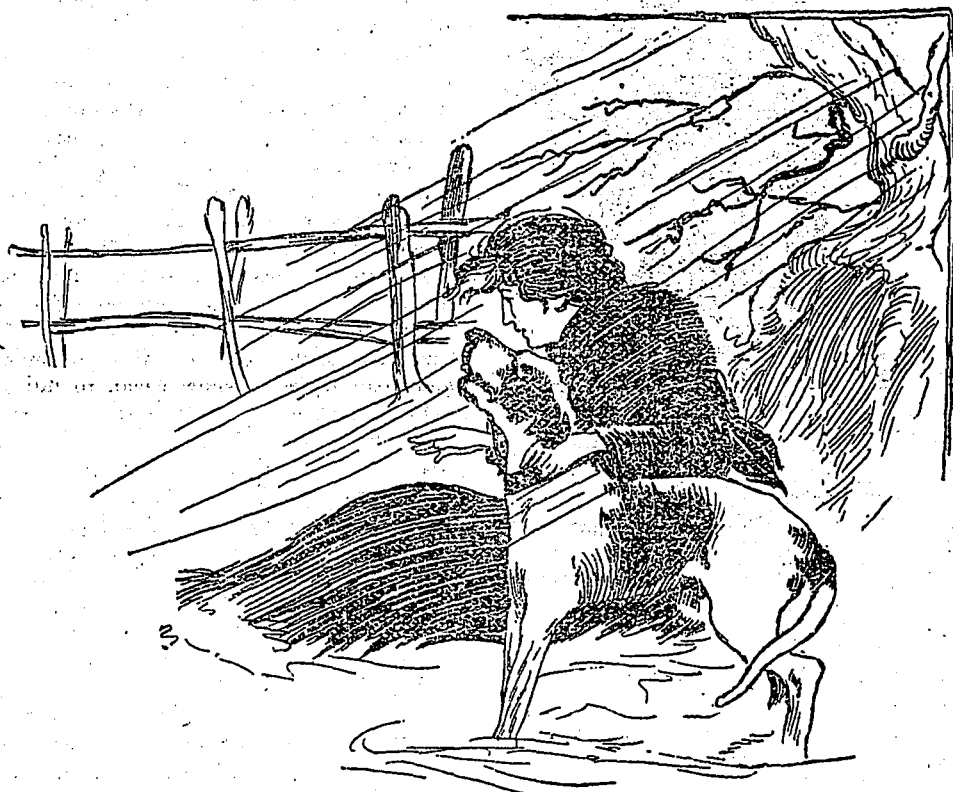
'I'll tell you where to find him,' said I. 'He lives in your part of the town. Sid—'

'Oh, I know him. I don't want him. He's no account. He won't work. His gate has been off its hinges all year, and every other board of his walk is either gone or loose. He won't suit me.'

Sid is waiting for something to turn up. And it won't be very much that will turn up for him.

Apply your leverage. That is what Jim Tanner does. He has not had as much education as you, his boyhood training was not in his favor, but he finds plenty to do, and keeps his family comfortable. You can hardly expect anything of real worth to turn to your hand, if you do not turn your hand to something as the farmer applies his crowbar to the stone that is either in his way, or may be used to better advantage elsewhere.

Be 'diligent in business.' You 'have no business?' Then make some. Take your hands out of your pockets and move with a business air at least. If you are a stranger, just come to town to live and find something to do (not as a tramp) they will say: Who is that? He seems to have some respect for himself. He looks as if he might amount to something. Or, if you are an 'old citizen,' well known, they will say, 'Jim means to do better. We'll help him.' You never tried that. If you did, you quit it too soon, if to-day you are at the same old task, 'waiting for something to turn up.'—R. S. Stevenson in New York 'Observer.'



I REMEMBER LOCKING MY FINGERS IN HIS COLLAR.'

the yard as far as his rope would reach. The light of his lantern could only be seen a few minutes, and we were alone again.

He went over every step of the yard, and then spliced his rope, and went farther out, but it did no good. He couldn't drop the rope, for then he, too, would be lost and perhaps we would all perish.

After a long time he came to the door again. I never saw any one look so terrible as he did when I met him at the door. He seemed ten years older than when he had started out.

'Lida,' he began brokenly, when there came a sudden little lull in the wind, and we heard a faint sound that was not of the storm. It was a dog's high-keyed, long-drawn howl, and though it was in the opposite direction from Jack's kennel, we both knew it was Jack.

Father took the rope and hurried as best he could in the direction of the sound. A lull came while he was on his way, and he shouted to Jack, who answered 'Row-row-w-w!' with a joyful howl. He went to the end of his rope and called again, and again Jack answered, right beside him. He

'Jack,' said she, 'if you will only forgive me for my crossness and let us be friends; it shall be for always, you dear, good dog.'

And Jack told her, by wagging his tail and licking her hands, that he accepted the apology in the spirit in which it was given.

Waiting For Something to Turn Up.

It seems strange that in this big and needy world any man should say: 'I can't find anything to do.' There is certainly enough to do, and not too many to do it. The difficulty lies somewhere between the man without work and the thing that needs to be done, and it lies nearer to him than to the object that is waiting to be used.

I have seen great stones in a field, too great to be moved with the ordinary strength of the hand, and too stubborn to move themselves. Always one of two conditions exist, if not both; the stones are in the way, or they are needed somewhere else. I hitch the old bays to the stone-boat and arm myself with the crowbar and go after those stones. Every man has a crowbar, a God-given lev-