



AND LAST CAME THE "NAMELESS."

FOUR SIDES TO A TRIANGLE.

(By Charles R. Talbot, in St. Nicholas.)

(Concluded.)

At the "finish" of the race, the "Flash" came in first, still making good her claim to being the best boat in the club. Commodore Caldwell proudly kissed his hand, as amid plaudits from the shore and the waving of gay-hued parasols and handkerchiefs he shot across the line and his time was taken.

The "Prancer" came next, not so very far behind, winner of second place. Then followed, one after the other, the "Winsome," the "Jolie," and the "Black-Eyed Susan."

And last, with her colors union down, in comic token of distress, came the "Nameless." Phil's friends greeted him laughingly as he and Horace came up the steps of the wharf.

"Hallo, Phil," they cried, "brought 'em all back with you this time, eh?"

"Yes," answered Phil laughing. "We carried everything before us this time."

Then, with the cat under his arm, he went up to the bishop's to get his tin watch. Phil had no notion of being ashamed of himself because he had been beaten. He was not sorry for what he had done.

There was a gathering of the guests on the bishop's lawn, where there were to be refreshments, and the awarding of the prizes.

Miss Maitland herself conferred the first two prizes, speaking a few appropriate words to the winners as she did so. Phil Carr's heart throbbed rebelliously as he saw Clarence Caldwell receive and bear away the yachting ensign. Phil had wanted that ensign dreadfully, and he knew that "by good rights" he ought to have it. But he was glad that Dave Comstock took the second prize, which Dave could not have done had the "Nameless" kept her course.

Then, after a moment, Mr. Poindexter, Miss Maitland's uncle, came forward holding a pasteboard box. Mr. Poindexter was a quaint, wiry little gentleman with a nervous manner and a quick, jerky way of speaking. His jokes always sounded funny whether they were so or not. Phil bit his lip and felt that his time had come.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Mr. Poindexter began in a comically impressive tone, "I believe that watches or chronometers are generally considered indispensable on board ship."

Then he took the tin watch from the box and held it up to view. There was a burst of good-natured merriment from the audience. They understood that this was the booby prize.

"I suppose they are needed," continued the speaker, "to keep the ship from being behind time." At this there was more merriment. Then he added facetiously, "I don't know whether this is the starboard watch or the port watch or the dog watch. Perhaps it is the anchor watch." Whereupon those who were listening laughed more than ever; all except Phil, who did not feel like seeing anything funny about it at all.

Then Mr. Poindexter's manner suddenly became graver.

"But before I call upon the young gentleman who has won this valuable prize to come forward and receive it, I wish to show you its works," said he, "and to tell you a little story about it."

Mr. Poindexter, as he spoke these words, touched a spring in the case of the watch, which, flying open, disclosed a bright object within. This object he took out and held up to view by itself. It was a beautiful gold watch and chain. The audience gazed at it in silent wonder, Phil Carr more amazed and mystified than all the rest.

"You all know," continued Mr. Poindexter, smiling, "that I am a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. That is my hobby, people say, and I am quite content that they should call it so, if they like. Certainly, the objects which that society has in view commend themselves to me, and I think so well of them that I do everything I can to forward them wherever I am. When I came down here yesterday and learned about the boat race, I immediately concocted a little plan of my own in connection with it, which had to do directly with this hobby of mine. I resolved to test these boys, while they were racing their boats and striving for their prizes, in a new way—to find out how much kindness of heart they could feel and show for a dumb animal in distress.

"This was the way I did it. This morning, as soon as the boats started in the race, I had a man take a steam launch and go down to what you know as Highwater Rock and leave there, on the rock, a cat that I had borrowed. I did not mean to leave her there for any length of time, of course, or that she should be in danger. The man had instructions to wait until the boats were in sight before he left her; and he was to run over to Wood Island until the boats went by, and then go back and take her off again. I had an object in view which I thought warranted me in subjecting her to so much of anxiety. I knew that the boats, in sailing the last stretch of the race, would pass in full view of the rock and must see the cat. And I knew that each of those boys would know that if the poor creature were left there the tide would certainly come up before long and drown her. My object was to see if any of the boys would turn aside from the race to pick her up. I hoped that some one of them would be humane enough to do so even though he should thereby seriously damage his prospects in the race. I am glad to tell you, ladies and gentlemen, that the plan succeeded admirably.

"The captain of one of the boats had the race practically in his hands. Four of the boats were well behind him, and he was rapidly overhauling the only one that was ahead. And yet, in spite of this, when he saw that none of the others would do it, he himself stood over to Highwater Rock and rescued the cat from her perilous position. I saw the whole race through a spy-glass from the bishop's cupola, as plainly as if I myself had been in the boat. It was a noble act. I honor and praise that young gentleman for it. And in the name of the Society, which in some sense I represent, I thank him for it, and beg him to

accept this watch as a tribute to his real manliness of character. Will Master Philip Carr please come to the platform?"

Then Phil, confused and blushing, went forward, and presently found himself, cat and all, standing before the audience while a perfect storm of applause burst upon him from the hundred true friends of his that were present. Everybody liked Phil Carr; but they liked him that day as they had never liked him before. And when he received his new gold watch everybody was as glad and happy over it as he was himself.

"Ah, Phil!" said the bishop's daughter as she took his hand to congratulate him, "this is better than beating the 'Flash,' is it not?"

"Yes, indeed!" cried Phil. And then he added confidentially, "But I mean to beat the 'Flash' yet, Miss Maitland."

THE LITTLE GIRL'S CRUSADE.

BY EMMA STEWART.

Mrs. Avery was very sorry indeed when she could no longer put off sending Belle to the public school. She had attended it herself, and knew there were usually some little girls, and big ones too, for that matter, who used vulgar language and told improper stories, and she feared Belle might become contaminated, or in other words, not continue to be the pure little girl she hoped she was then. She thought about it for some time, and then decided on a plan.

She painted a little text in blue and gold on a card, and fastened it in Belle's spelling book, and also did one in red and gold for Artie. Then she took Belle into her own little room, and after showing her the card, told her she did not wish her to listen to anything at school which she would hesitate or blush to repeat to her when she came home. Belle promised, and was much pleased with the pretty card which was to serve as a reminder.

That very day at recess, the girls were all sitting on some benches on the sunny-side of the school-house, eating their lunch, when one of the large girls began to tell a story Belle knew she should not listen to; so although she wanted to hear it, she took her basket and slipped off.

"What's she gone for?" asked Anne Brian, stopping in the midst of her unsavory story.

"Her mother wants her to tell her everything she hears when she gets home," replied Bessie Clayton.

"Little prig," said Anne, contemptuously.

"She ain't a prig at all; she's a real nice girl, nicer'n you are," replied Bessie, indignantly, and with the frankness of school girls; and with this Parthian shot, Bessy and Edith Gray ran to join Belle.

"We'd rather be with you, Belle, than to stay there with those girls," said Edith. "S'pose," she continued, "s'pose we have a little 'society' all to ourselves," but before she could tell her idea, clang! clang! went the school-bell, so they decided to walk home together, and talk it over.

Belle and Bessy could hardly wait until school was out, they wanted so much to hear about the "society." When they had started for home Edith told them about a White Cross 'Society, which a little cousin of hers had started for boys. No one could belong unless he would vow not to say bad, vulgar, or slangy words, and every time any one did so, he must pay a fine of one cent.

"I think," said Edith, "we girls might have a White Cross 'Society, too, just like the boys."

They all agreed, and Bessy said it would be nice if Mrs. Avery would paint a card for each of them. They were all so excited and out of breath they could hardly tell Mrs. Avery what they wanted, but at last she understood, liked the plan, and asked them to come the next evening and talk it over. Do you know there were two fines to be paid before those girls got out of the house! Belle said, "Gracious! how hot it is!" And Bessy exclaimed, "My land! but these grapes are good!" They meant no harm, but Mrs. Avery told them they must "set a watch over their lips," and avoid all such expressions even. She also told them that she had written "Blessed are the pure in heart," on Belle's card, because, if the heart is pure, all our words and deeds will be pure. The little girls promised to come right

after school the next day if their mothers were willing, as they were sure they would be. The following afternoon Belle hurried home from school, and changed her blue gingham apron for a white one, had her hair curled, and was just setting the table, with her own little taset, when Artie brought the girls in. Then what a delightful time they had, eating little biscuit and marmalade, and drinking "content," (milk, water, and sugar) out of their tiny tea-cups, and arranging all the dolls around the tea-table.

Mrs. Avery brought down the pretty cards she had painted for them, and talked quire seriously about the nature of a vow. If they made any promise or resolution, it would surely be broken if God's help were not asked. Then they decided to fine each other for any vulgar, improper, or slangy language or actions, either at home or at school.

At last accounts the crusade was still flourishing, though nurtured by many tea parties, and often needing Mrs. Avery's watchful care and encouragement. Several other little girls had joined, and although the treasury is never empty, Mrs. Avery still regards the "'society'" a success.—*Presbyterian Observer.*

THE ANGEL OF LITTLE SACRIFICES

Have you ever seen her work? Have you never, at least, felt her influence? In every Christian family God has placed the angel of little sacrifices, trying to remove all thorns, to lighten all the burdens, to share all the fatigues. We feel that she is with us, because we no longer experience that misunderstanding of heretofore, those deliberate coolnesses which spoil family life, because we no longer hear those sharp, rude words which wound so deeply, and life is sweeter.

The angel of little sacrifices has received from heaven the mission of those angels of whom the prophet speaks, who remove the stones from the road, lest they should bruise the feet of travellers.

There is a place less commodious than another—she chooses it, saying with a smile, "How comfortable I am here!"

There is some work to be done, and she presents herself for it, simply, with the joyous manner of one who finds her happiness in so doing.

How many oversights repaid by this one unknown hand! How many little joys produced for another, without her ever having mentioned to any one the happiness which they would give her!

Does a dispute arise? She knows how to settle it by a pleasant word that wounds no one and falls upon the slight disturbance like a ray of sunlight upon a cloud.

Should she hear of two hearts estranged, she has always new means of reuniting them without their being able to show her any gratitude, so sweet, simple and natural is what she does. But who will tell the thorns that have torn her hand, the pain her heart has endured? And yet she is always smiling.

Have you never seen her at work, the angel of little sacrifices?

On earth she is called a mother, a friend, a sister, a wife. In heaven she is called a saint.—*French Writer.*

TOBACCO AND HEALTH.

The *Independent* says, "Users of tobacco ought to know what a disinterested authority says about the effect of the weed on health. The authority is Dr. J. W. Seaver, college physician and instructor in athletics at Yale. As the result of his observations for four years he shows that of the members of the senior class, the increase of the lung capacity of non-users of tobacco is ten percent greater than that of users; and that the percentage of increase in height and weight is also in favor of the non-users. It is so clear that the habit is harmful that young men who contract it do a very foolish as well as sinful thing."

