

## Her Treasures.

She had put her little children to bed,  
And was sitting before the fire,  
Watching the sparks from the back loga fly,  
Then fall on the hearth and expire.

She was sitting alone, for her husband was late,  
Detained at the little store  
Which he kept in the mining-camp. But—hark!  
Is not that his step on the floor?

She turned with a smile; then her face grew pale;  
For she saw in the lamplight's glare  
Two men, with fierce and menacing looks,  
Who were standing behind her chair.

She did not scream, but she paused to think;  
Then she prayed to heaven for aid;  
When one of the men, in a rough voice, said:  
"Well, you don't seem much afraid."

"You're a sensible woman. Just show us the place  
Where you keep your silver and gold,  
And no harm shall befall you; but if you refuse  
No power our wrath shall withhold."

"Come show us your treasures," the other said.  
Then a sudden smile lighted her face.  
"I will," she replied, as she took up the lamp,  
"Follow me; I will show you the place."

She led the way to the children's room,  
And there pointed to the bed  
Where, nestling on either pillow, lay  
A beautiful curly head.

"These are my treasures; I have no more,"  
She said, "neither silver nor gold."  
As she spake, down the foremost robber's cheek  
A glistening tear-drop rolled.

"I cannot stand this, let us go," he said;  
"Little woman, you put us to shame.  
Your treasures are safe." And they stole away  
As quietly as they came.

## What John Tuck's Smoke Cost.

OLD SQUIRE TUCK—so the people called him—  
sat on a bench in the kitchen, smoking his pipe.  
He had been a hard-working farmer, and hard  
workers are apt to be money-getters, and Jeremiah  
Tuck had reaped this reward of hard work. Then  
he had been a justice of the peace, and would try  
small, unimportant cases, and this gained for him  
the titles of "Judge" and "Squire."

It was the latter that stuck to him, and far and  
near he was known as "Old Squire Tuck." One  
other thing stuck to him as if glued to him, and  
that was a pipe—an old, black pipe. What charm  
there can be in this only those who love dirty  
tobacco can say.

Old Squire Tuck sat on the kitchen bench one  
day, and smoked and smoked. His face was  
wrinkled and brown, as if the smoke and heat of  
his old tobacco-pipe had affected his very skin.  
His three grandchildren—Susie and Ben and Tom  
—had come to see him, and were now clustered  
about the table in the kitchen. Tom was clustered  
upon the table. Susie had found Squire Tuck's  
account-book. It was a funny document. On one  
page would be the figures that represented so many  
pounds of sugar and tea, so many gallons of oil  
and molasses, so many bushels of potatoes and  
wheat. On the next page might be a picture that  
pleased the Squire's fancy, and which he had here  
preserved, so that the volume was alternately a  
scraps-book and an account-book. When the chil-  
dren reached one picture, it was Susie who ex-  
claimed: "What's that underneath?"

Old Squire Tuck, his black felt hat on his head,  
had been serenely smoking, silently watching the  
children. He now pulled the pipe out of his mouth  
and replied: "That is my tobacco-bill. I thought  
I would see one day what it was a-costing me; but

I got tired of it, and stopped. I don't think it did  
me any particular harm."

Two small boys at the table were glad to hear  
that; for, little as they were, they imagined it  
would be nice to be like Grandpa Tuck, and shove  
round a pipe in the mouth all day long. And then  
there was a stout boy, aged fourteen, John Tuck,  
who was passing by the open kitchen-door at that  
time, and he heard Grandpa Tuck's remark.

"Grandpa say that?" thought John; "then  
why can't I smoke? If an old man like that says  
it, guess I'll smoke. I'll get a pipe to day—see if  
I don't!"

In a little while John appeared behind the barn,  
equipped with a pipe he had lately purchased for  
one cent, and with tobacco, for which he had paid  
five cents. Then he crept slyly through the long,  
low barn, filled and lighted his pipe, and began to  
smoke.

"Who's that?" he asked, hearing a step, and  
then a whistle.

He had hardly asked himself the question when  
around the corner of the barn came Zebulon Price.  
Zebulon was the hired man, a person of strict prin-  
ciples; a sturdy foe of dram-drinking, tobacco-  
chewing, and tobacco-smoking.

"He shan't see me!" exclaimed John. "I'd  
rather anybody would see me than Zebulon. I'll  
run into the barn."

Zebulon was carrying a bushel of red, rosy  
Baldwins on his back, and he stooped so low that  
he could not distinctly see this young disciple of  
Smoke. He was conscious that a grayish cloud  
was hovering around the barn-door, and through  
the cloud suddenly wriggled a form. That was all  
he saw.

"Pooh!" exclaimed Zebulon, "who's been  
smoking?"

He looked into the barn, but seeing no one,  
turned away, and resumed his journey through the  
orchard, and reached the apple bins, which were in  
a dry, warm cellar under the tool-house.

Zebulon's course had been without misfortune,  
but John's record was different. In his haste to  
escape from Zebulon he had run behind a row of  
barrels of round, golden pumpkins, ranged along  
the barn-floor. Stumbling over the uneven floor,  
he had fallen, dropping his pipe.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed John, "there go the  
ashes out of my pipe!"

Sparks, too—bright, sharp—flashing out of the  
hot, gray ashes!

"Let me put them out!" exclaimed John, trying  
to extinguish every sign of a spark, and badly  
singeing his hands in the attempt. He succeeded,  
apparently, in putting to death all the fire dropped  
from his pipe; but how he tired himself behind  
those barrels, twisting himself out of shape as he  
tried to hide away from Zebulon, and then scorch-  
ing his hands, as he covered and extinguished the  
fire. It was a relief to hear a loud slam, of which  
he knew Zebulon was the cause, when he opened  
and then closed the door of the tool-house cellar.

"Good! He's gone!" said John, creeping out  
from his retreat. "Oh! oh! oh!" What was the  
matter? Tobacco is not a healthy article of diet,  
and John began to be sick. He was so sick! He  
could now hardly crawl out of that barn into which  
he had so hastily run. On his hands and his knees  
he crept out on the withered grass of autumn, and  
rolled over in agony. "Oh, dear!" he exclaimed,  
"I didn't know it would feel like this! Oh!—oh!  
—oh!"

If Zebulon could have seen that white, pitiful  
face—that twisted, rolling form on the grass—and  
heard these miserable groans, although he hated  
tobacco, he would have pitied the tobacco-smoker.

"Somebody come and help me!" moaned John.  
"Grandpa, come! Mother, come! Tommy, oh,  
come!"

He even invited Zebulon to come. He would  
have been thankful for pity from the hens, even, as  
they passed him on their way to the hen-house, but  
their stupid little brains could not appreciate his  
need, and they obediently followed Old Billy, the  
rooster, and left him.

It was the latter part of the afternoon, and  
everybody was busy about the duties that on a  
farm precede the shutting down for the night.  
John had engaged to pick some apples for a neigh-  
bour, for which he expected to receive twenty-five  
cents; but all apple-picking must now be post-  
poned. He remained a while in the rear of the  
barn, and then— Did any one see a pale-faced boy  
stealing round the corner of the barn, through the  
yard, into the house, up the back-stairs, and so to  
the bed which John Tuck nightly occupied? No  
one noticed him. He dropped on the bed, and  
staid there.

"Where's John?" asked his mother, at the  
supper-table.

"I guess, mum, he was a-tired out," said Bridget,  
the servant. "I saw him a-lyin' on his bed, fast  
asleep."

"He probably went to pick those apples that  
Mr. Smith spoke to him about, and I guess it  
tuckered him out," said his mother.

"Seems to me," remarked his father, "it used  
him up more than it commonly does."

Old Squire Tuck had no observation to make,  
for he was fast asleep in his chair before the fire.  
He had applied himself so vigorously to his pipe that  
it might well be supposed to have exhausted him,  
and sent him off into a profound nap.

By nine o'clock that evening all at the farm-  
house had retired. Old Squire Tuck was in his  
bed. Zebulon Price was in his bed. John, aroused  
by his mother, had kept awake long enough to re-  
treat from the outside to the inside of his couch.  
All the others had finally gone to bed. One little  
word, shouted under the window, sent everybody  
out of bed speedily: "Fire!"

It was Phineas Staples who raised that fearful  
cry, making every heart tremble at night, and in  
the day-time also. Returning to his home in that  
neighbourhood, he had concluded to shorten his  
journey, by taking a path that left the road near  
the Tuck farm, and traversed the orchard in the  
rear of the Tuck barn, and then stretched off into  
the Staples' fields. Nearing the barn, he saw the  
sharp-tongued flames hissing out through the cracks  
in the walls. He swiftly ran to the house, rattled  
the doors, shouted "Fire!" on every side, and  
quickly roused the family. The alarm was given  
in the town. The church-bells rung. The people  
gathered. An engine came rattling and thumping  
down the road. But the cry of "Fire!" the ring-  
ing of church-bells, the water thrown by the en-  
gine, availed nothing. The barn crumbled away  
in the flames as if it had been a building of paper.

The next day there was a lad with a sorrowful  
face, who sat down to write this:

"I smoked tobacco. I lost the money I paid for  
it and for my pipe. I lost my time when I was  
going to pick apples. I lost my comfort and  
health, for I was so sick! And,—oh, dear!—  
grandpa lost his barn! Catch me smoking again!  
"John Tuck."

I wish grandpa—the old squire—could have had  
this memorandum, and pasted it in his account  
book. He knew, though, of the reason of his dis-  
aster, and in some way it leaked out that his  
grandson had heard his remarks about smoking,  
and had followed his poor example. He went to