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I am stronger now than I have been for years and can do my work without fatigue or hesitation. To anyone suffering from weakness or exhaustion I heartily commend it as a most valuable Restorative Tonic, as it restores me to health and strength, after all other remedies had failed.

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HAWKER'S LIVER PILLS cure Biliousness.

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F. J. PORTER.

POETRY.

The Crank.

It was an unkempt fellow, with a shock of Auburn hair,
Who came to board me as I sat defenceless in my chair;
He had a satchel in one hand, plumb full of dynamite,
And in his hinder pocket was a box of melinite.

His other hand held firmly a right ugly looking stick,
With poisoned prickers on it that would make a cobra sick;
And 'twixt his teeth he held a knife—its edge was very keen.
In short, his aspect it was such as turned my visage green.

I asked him what his business was. He modestly replied,
He wanted me to let him have my daughter for his bride.
And sixty million dollars, and a two-four trotting horse.

And did I run? I didn't! I just answered him, "Of course I'll let you wed my daughter and my cousin and my aunt!"
I had no female relatives and so could take the chance—
"And 'stead of sixty millions, since the sum, my friend, for you, suppose we make it more; let's say an even eighty-two!"

"A nickel on account to bind the bargain is the thing,
And you can have the lady when you've bought the wedding-ring;
And while we're getting in the gold from brokers and from banks,
I'll draw a draft on Bunker for his trotter Nancy Hanks."

The fellow looked me in the eye, and laid his weapons down;
He hit the nickel victoriously, as cockneys bite a crown,
To see if it was genuine and not a counterfeit,
And then passed gaily down the stairs and out into the street.

And I am now possessor of a bag of dynamite,
A poisoned club, a bowie, and a box of melinite,
Which cost a nickel only, so that, as far as I can see,
The crank is not so profitless as he is thought to be.

And I would say to millionaires, and others who are scared,
In days like these 'tis well that all for cranks should be prepared.
Lay out your stores of plate; for the case they rarely serve,
So well as does one nickel and a little bit of nerve.

—John Kendrick Bangs.

SELECT STORY.

HIS OPPORTUNITY.

BY HENRY OLDMEN PEARSON.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The afternoon sun slanting in through the staring windows of the factory buildings, shone full on Chamberlain's back, making him even more uncomfortable than did the heat of the room. He was dead in earnest and was not cognizant of what was going on near him, till a pleasant, cultured voice said—

"Is this Mr Chamberlain?"
Glancing up, he saw Mr Whitney regarding him with an expression that was far from hostile.

"Yes, sir," he replied.
"I have been looking for you, but fear I should not have succeeded in finding you, had I not been directed by the men. Are you at leisure for a few minutes?"

"Certainly, sir."

Leading the way to a part of the room that was less noisy and not quite so hot, Chamberlain seated himself on a bench by the side of his visitor, and waited for him to open the conversation. After speaking of the weather and general topics, he said—

"I never have had the pleasure of greeting you before, Mr Chamberlain, although I have often seen you. My life among business men has led me to decide quickly as to a man's capacity or attainments. I must say, that it has been a surprise to me, that you were here in these works among the lowest class of laborers. You must know that you are fitted for something better. Are you anxious to leave this place?"

Chamberlain hesitated, for he at once guessed the kindly errand upon which the gentleman came. His questioner was Miriam's father. It would be a most awkward thing for him to refuse aid, or to accept it. How could he explain?

"The surroundings are not as pleasant as I could wish, yet I think my duty bids me stay here," was his answer.
Mr Whitney pondered. At length, he said—
"Mr Chamberlain, I wish that I could in some way serve you. There

are numbers of young men from Steelville, for whom I have been instrumental in securing good positions in the city. My business relations are large. I enjoy giving a young man, who is worthy, a lift. Is there anything that I can do?"

There was a sincerity in the tone that could not be doubted. Chamberlain wished that he were in a position to be helped, but there was no need of personal assistance.

"There is abundant opportunity for any help that Christians can offer, in the line in which I am working," replied he.

His caller made no reply, asked no question. Possibly he did not understand the allusion to the mission work. There was a moment of silence, during which each was busy with his own thoughts. The young man, in some perplexity, wondered at the proud man's coming to see him, when he had so lately opposed him in the debate at the church meeting. Could he have looked into the other's heart, he would have seen that, while he was keen and quick in any business matter, and lordly in his bearing, there was at the same time an absence of vanity that was admirable.

Mr Whitney was in many respects a remarkable man. Very pronounced in his conclusions, full of the quickest insight into practical matters, he had the rare quality of bearing no enmity toward those who opposed his opinions. He was possessed of a shrewd, business-like charity, that was as sweet and wholesome as it was original. People often misunderstood him. They thought him proud while, in truth, he thought of himself but rarely. They called him close,—"saug," the countrymen termed it,—because he refused to talk more than an article was worth, yet he gave largely to various charities, and had done more for the young men of the place and vicinity, than any other man of his time.

A rich man's son, of great natural ability, he had been successful in whatever he undertook, and this fact was possibly, the chief grievance that his neighbors had against him. He had been brought up to use wine, and without investigation believed it to be right. Very rarely was he befogged by it as Chamberlain had seen him, and he doubtless tried to think that he was only a trifle excited.

"Is there no way in which I can help you?" he asked. "We have a situation in our counting-house, that I should be glad to see you fill. It would put you among people of your own kind, and give you an excellent opportunity to improve. You should be where you can grow. You certainly are not satisfied with your progress here?"

"No, sir, I am not," was the honest answer. "But if I went away, what help should I be to Steep Street? It is my ambition to be liquor-selling and liquor-drinking entirely banished from this settlement. I wish to see, instead of the drunken, brawling, Sabbath-breaking workman, a peaceable, honest, temperate man, who will serve the Lord instead of the Devil."

"That is a most commendable ambition," said Mr Whitney, approvingly, "but one, I fear, that cannot be realized. Now, I take it, that it is for the interest of the manufacturer to keep the help down. That is one reason I should never wish to be a mill-owner. There can be no money made where the help have everything at their command. A drinking man will work for less wages than a sober man. He is more under the thumb of his employer. While this is so, there will be no reform in the file-works, at least while Lamson is at the head of it."

Surprised at this view of the question, Chamberlain stopped and thought for a moment.

"There is truth in what you say," he replied, "and yet, I cannot see that it is an advantage to the mill-owner to employ degraded help. More work is spoiled by the drunkards in the mill in a year, than would suffice to pay them half a dollar a day more for wages. The last fire, that cost nearly ten thousand dollars, was the result of a spree."

"I have not studied the question with any great care, as I am not specially interested in it, but to my knowledge, the little tumble-down mill, knee-deep in dirt, in which work is not done as well as in the new one, is a

file-men, pay the best dividends, while the handsomely furnished mills with the neat tenements and nicely tilled gardens and genteel help pay the smallest. While this is so, the money-makers will fight all reform."

"For nearly two years I have studied this subject, having been daily among the men, and I am convinced that your deductions are wrong," was the respectful answer. "Let us look at it from a business standpoint. One family of drinkers use, say, fifty cents' worth of liquor a day, and that is a small estimate. In a year they would consume one hundred and eighty-seven dollars and fifty cents' worth. Three hundred such families would be fifty-six thousand, two hundred and fifty dollars a year. Now, that is what Steep Street pays for liquor. It is, of course, a damage. It neither feeds nor clothes the operatives. It renders them unfit for work; after a drunk the work is slighted in a manner that an outsider would hardly credit. The mill pays out that money for the hands to throw away, and then is obliged to pay them for food, clothing, and all the costs of living besides. How does that help the dividends?"

"To tell the truth, I have only repeated what some mill-owners have told me," was the reply. "I am not specially interested in the subject, yet I should think that a sober man, who saves his money, would be more independent, and more likely to leave, under a forced reduction of wages, than the improvident, hand-to-mouth sort."

"The men who leave suddenly, unreasonably, when the work is going to rack and ruin for need of their help, are the drinkers," returned Chamberlain. "If they have no money, no credit, no hope for future employment, they plunge ahead, when a sober man would be thoughtful and prudent. Your friends argue that they dare not leave, being drunkards, because they can get work nowhere else; but do they find the hard drinkers very loth to go to the poor-house? And are not the mills, in their taxes, obliged to support a set of thriftless, useless creatures, that otherwise would be self-supporting?"

"Do you believe, Mr Chamberlain, that the file-works would be benefited if they constructed new tenements, stopped the sale of liquor, and hired only sober men?"

"I am sure of it. My experience has shown that the drinkers are continually damaging work, stopping important jobs, and making themselves most unreliable just when they are most needed. And there is another way to look at this matter. No Christian has, I believe, a right to tolerate any evil among his help, that he can in any manner remove. A fellow of Christ, who hires drunkards because they are cheap, puts a premium on sin and disgraces his profession. An employer should feel great responsibility concerning his help. If the bosses of the mills only took an interest in the young men, and aided them in doing right, and removed opportunities for doing wrong, there would be a change in the laboring classes that would make the whole nation smile with prosperity and peace."

"You are eloquent," laughed the other.

"I am in earnest. There are in the works men from all parts of the country, who have worked in most of the large mills,—not alone file-workers, but in cotton, rubber, woolen and other manufacturing and foundries. I have frequently questioned them about things in these places, and find that the works here are a fair average of what may be found throughout the Union. People of the better class, even if they saw it with their own eyes, would contradict it, because they cannot see, as do those who are inside of the lines."

"Really, I am getting interested. Do you intend, single-handed, to combat this state of affairs?"

"I intend," answered Chamberlain, slowly, "one day to be a manufacturer. My mill shall be run carefully, frugally. Every man shall be required to do his duty if he can do it. No drunkard shall find lodgement within the gates of the mill-yard, and no drop of liquor shall be brought into the mill settlement. As far as feasible, I shall know what my men do evenings, and shall give them plenty of opportunity to

indulge in pleasant and profitable amusements. The whole place shall be run in the fear of the Lord."

"Do you think it practicable?"
"I believe that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of all wisdom, whether it be running a mill or a Sunday-school."

"So do I," assented Mr Whitney. "By the way," continued he, "you have not yet told me what I can do to help you out in this?"

Then came the moment of trial: Rather would he have been silent; but a voice within him gave him no choice but to obey, so he said respectfully—
"Mr Whitney, I staid last night with a man who has been a very hard drinker, and who was hurt in the mill. For some time he has been willing to lead a better life. He hates the thought of 'giving up his liberty'—as he terms it. Even on the verge of delirium tremens he will urge that the aristocrats have their wine, and why should not he have an equal liberty with whiskey?"

"But he should know that he cannot control himself."

"Exactly; but such men reason queerly. He says, when I plead with him, that when a certain man in the upper town is willing to give up his wine, he will leave off drinking, and not until then."

"Who is the wine-drinker?"
"Mr Whitney," said Chamberlain, growing a trifle pale; "the man who is going to destruction, for the sake of this whim, is Swinert, the drunkard; and the gentleman, whom he daily quotes and glories over as being a moderate drinker, and able to hold his own, and stay in the church, to serve the Lord and drink fine wines at the same time,—is yourself."

CHAPTER XXIX.

"It's a mighty good man whose place can't be filled by somebody," Gaffney remarked, as one after another of his friends had dropped into the little bedroom, and told him of Lamson's flight, and the uneasy feeling that pervaded in the village.

Among those who most enjoyed Lamson's absence, and hoped it might be indefinitely prolonged, was Chamberlain. He was at once sorry and glad, for he looked ahead of the avalanche of cares with no little anxiety. After the fight, he had received a call from another lawyer of the town, who announced himself as one of the gentlemen who were to assure themselves that Chamberlain's part of the contract was carried out. He was pleased at this, as he could not but worry a little over his approaching trial, when he knew that the one to whom in particular his uncle had entrusted the management of the plan had so signally failed in his duty.

Several days after this, Chamberlain was walking rapidly away from the hamlet toward the distant hills. It was the last day of his trial as laborer. Suddenly he heard his name called. He had reached a considerable elevation where he could look back, even on Steep Street. For an instant he was puzzled to know from what direction the voice came; it had a familiar sound that made his heart leap with joy. How well he had learned the varied music of that voice! Scanning the roadside with rapid glances, he saw beneath the bending branches of an apple-tree that had managed to live its whole life outside of the civilized restraints of stone walls, a pony phaeton; in it sat Miss Whitney. Her black horse was contentedly eating the leaves from the tree, and switching flies at the same time.

"I am afraid I did wrong in speaking, you looked so preoccupied; but I wished so much to tell you some good news," she said, with a deep blush.

"I am very glad you did speak; and good news is always welcome," replied Chamberlain, coming under the canopy of leaves.

"Do you remember—of course you do—that quon Swinert, whom you wished some of the teachers in the mission-school, myself among the number, to call upon?"

"I do."

"He said that he would give up his liquor when my father gave up wine. Father, at first, after you told him of it, was quite disturbed. He thought the man insufferably impudent, and I doubt not, still thinks so; but he reasoned with himself about it, and what

do you think he did?"
"I guess—"

"After some little debating with himself, like the grandly upright man that he is, he wrote Swinert, telling him that if his drinking wine caused him to stumble, he would never drink another drop. I saw the letter; it was courteous, polite, splendid. Oh, it made me so happy! I don't know of another man in the world who would have been so considerate of the feelings of that poor wretch, whom he had never seen, as my dear, old father. I am proud of him."

"That is indeed glorious news. Now, if Swinert will only keep to his promise, your father will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has saved at least one from a drunkard's grave."

"Swinert answered at once, signing a queer pledge that he himself had drawn up. To it he promised several things; among others, to give the mission school, 'God bless it,' a good, solid lift by his weekly presence."

"I am very glad," replied Chamberlain.

"Do you know, Mr Chamberlain, that there is altogether a different atmosphere in this village than what there was before you came? Father remarked it. It should make you very happy to feel that you can do so much good among the workmen."

"As I look back over the two years spent here, I am filled with wonder. Certainly, God uses any willing instrument. I have prayed and struggled in a poor way, and he has given his blessing. But the prayers of Pastor Snow, and your Aunt Whittier, were not unheard. It seems to me, as I think of it, that one who doubts the efficacy of prayer, after having seen what it has accomplished in Steep Street, must indeed be blind."

"You are right. I would that I had more faith. I believe I see a work opening among my boys that leads me to covet power in prayer. I cannot tell you, Mr Chamberlain, how much happier I am since I have tried to do a little for the factory people. Why, before I knew them, I actually despised them. I am sorry and ashamed that I ever entertained such feelings, but I think it was the prejudice arising from ignorance."

"The future of Steep Street depends on the people of the upper settlement and the owners of the file-works," said Chamberlain.

"And Sam Putnam."

"Yes. There is another signal answer to our prayers,—the conversion of Putnam. His influence with the men is unbounded. There is little doubt, so I hear, that the engine company will really become a temperance organization."

Chamberlain stood for an instant in silence, looking into the face before him. He saw reflected in it his own enthusiasm, and, as the brown eyes fell beneath his gaze, he hoped he read something more.

"Could man or woman have a grander life-work than raising such a village as this from its sin and ignorance into the marvelous light of the Gospel?" asked Chamberlain.

"I think not," was the low reply.

"And even though a man labor with his hands, when he is striving to win souls, it does not degrade him?" said he, with tremulous voice.

"Saint Paul was a tent-maker, and a greater than he,—the Lord,—was a carpenter," was the gentle response.

Chamberlain reached over the wheel and clasped the little hand that fluttered for an instant, and then lay still in his firm clasp.

"Can we not join hands for life in this work?" he said.

The brown eyes were raised to his face with a grave, earnest expression, as she said, simply and without a falter—
"Yes."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

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DIPHTHERIA, QUINSY, COLDS AND COUGHS.

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