

As the Dusantes and Ruth expressed a desire to see something of Chicago, where they had never been before, we remained in the city for two days, feeling that as Mr. Ederton would wait for our coming, there was no necessity for haste.

On our journey from Chicago to the little country town in the interior of Pennsylvania we made a few stops at points of interest for the sake of Ruth and the Dusante ladies, Mrs. Leeks and Mrs. Aleshine generously consenting to these delays, although I knew they felt impatient to reach their homes. They were now on most social terms with Mrs. Dusante, and the three chatted together like old friends.

We arrived at Meadowville early in the afternoon, and when our party alighted from the train we were surprised not to see Mr. Ederton on the platform of the little station. Instead of him, there stood three persons whose appearance amazed and delighted us. They were the red-bearded coxswain and the two sailor men, all in neat new clothes and with their hands raised in maritime salute.

There was a cry of joy. Mrs. Aleshine dropped her bag and umbrella, and rushed towards them with outstretched hands. In a moment Mrs. Leeks, Ruth, and myself joined the group, and greeted warmly our nautical companions of the island.

The Dusante party, when they were made acquainted with the mariners, were almost as much delighted as we were, and Mr. Dusante expressed in cordial words his pleasure in meeting the other members of the party to whom his island had given refuge.

"I am so glad to see you," said Mrs. Aleshine, "that I don't know my bonnet from my shoes! But how, in the name of all that's wonderful, did you get here?"

"I ain't much of a story," said the coxswain, "an' this is just the whole of it. When you left us at Frisco we felt pretty downsome, an' the more that way because we couldn't find no vessel that we cared to ship on; an' then there come to town the agent of the house that owned our brig, and we was paid off for our last voyage. Then, when we had fitted ourselves out with new togs, we began to think different about this shippin' on board a merchant vessel, an' gettin' cussed at an' livin' on hard-tack an' salt prog, an' jus' as like as not the ship springin' a leak an' all hands pumpin' night an' day, an' goin' to Davy Jones after all. An' after talkin' this over, we was struck hard on the weather bow with a feelin' that it was a blamed sight better—beggin' your pardon, ma'am—to dig garden-beds in nice soft dirt, an' plant peas, an' ketch fish, an' all kinds of shore work, an' eatin' them good things you used to cook for us, Mrs. Aleshine, and dancin' hornpipes for ye, an' tamin' birds when our watch was off. Wasn't that so, Jim an' Bill?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" said the black-bearded sailor men.

"Then says I, 'Now look here, mates, don't let's go and lark away all this money, but take it an' make a land trip to where Mrs. Aleshine lives,' which port I had the name of on a piece of paper which you give me, ma'am."

And here Mrs. Aleshine nodded vigorously, not being willing to interrupt this entrancing story.

"An' if she's got another garden, an' wants it dug in, an' things planted, an' fish caught, an' any other kind of shore work done, why, we're the men for her; an' we'll sign the papers for as long a voyage as she likes, an' stick by her in fair weather or foul, bein' good for day work an' night work, an' allus ready to fall in when she passes the word. Ain't that so, Jim and Bill?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" returned the sailor men with sonorous earnestness.

"Upon my word!" cried Mrs. Aleshine, tears of joy running down her cheeks, "them papers shall be signed if I have to work night an' day to find something for you to do. I've got a man takin' keer of my place now; but many a time have I said to myself that, if I had anybody I could trust to do the work right, I'd buy them two fields of Squire Ramsey's an' go into the onion business. An' now you sailor men has come like three sea angels, an' if it suits you we'll go into the onion business on sheers."

"That suits us tip-top, ma'am," said the coxswain; "an' we'll plant inya for ye on the shears, on the stocks, or in the dry-dock. It don't make no difference to us where you have 'em; jess pass the word."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Leeks, "I don't know how that's goin' to work, but we won't talk about it now. An' so you come straight on to this place."

"That did we, ma'am," said the coxswain. "An' when we got here we found the parson, but none of you folks. That took us aback a little at first, but he said he didn't live here, and you was comin' pretty soon. An' so we took lodgin's at the tavern, an' for three days we've been down here to meet every train, expectin' you might be on it."

There was but one small vehicle to hire at the station. This would hold but two persons, and in it I placed Mrs. Dusante and Ruth, the first not being accustomed to walking, and the latter very anxious to meet her father. I ordered the man to drive them to the inn, which was about a mile from the station, where we would stay until Mrs. Leeks and Mrs. Aleshine should get their houses properly aired and ready for our reception.

"Mrs. Craig will be glad to get to the tavern and see her father," said Mrs. Aleshine. "I expect he forgot all about its bein' time for the train to come."

"Bless you, ma'am!" exclaimed the coxswain, "is she gone to the tavern? The parson's not there!"

"Where is he, then?" asked Mrs. Aleshine.

"He's at you house, ma'am," replied the coxswain.

"An' what in the name of common sense is he doin' at my house?" exclaimed Mrs. Aleshine, her eyes sparkling with amazement and indignation.

"Well, ma'am, for one thing," said the coxswain, "he's had the front door painted."

"What!" cried Mrs. Leeks and Mrs. Aleshine in one breath.

"Yes, continued the coxswain; "the parson said he hated to see, an' he didn't want nothin'. An' then he looked about an' said the paint was all wore off the front door, an' we might as well go to work an' paint that, an' he sent Jim to a shop to git the paint an' brushes—"

"An' have 'em charged to me!" cried Mrs. Aleshine.

"Yes, ma'am," continued the coxswain. "An' Jim an' Bill holy-stoned all the old paint off the door an' I painted it, havin' done lots of that sort of thing on shipboard; an' I think it's a pretty good job, ma'am—red at top and bottom an' white in the middle, like a steamer's smoke-stack."

Mrs. Leeks and Mrs. Aleshine looked at each other. "An' he told you to do that?" said Mrs. Leeks.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the coxswain. "The parson said he never liked to be nowhere without doin' what good he could. An' there was some other paintin' he talked of havin' done, but we ain't got at it yet. I s'posed he was actin' under your orders, an' I hope I haven't done no wrong, ma'am."

"You're not a bit to blame," said Mrs. Aleshine; "but I'll look into this thing. No fear about that! An' how did he come to go to my house? An' how did he get in, I'd like to know?"

"All I know about that," said the coxswain, "is what the gal that's livin' there told me, which she did along of askin' us if we was comin' to live there too, and if she should rig up beds for us somewhere in the top-loft, but we told her no, not havin' no orders, an' payin' our own way at the tavern. She said, said she, that the parson come there an' lowed he was a friend of Mrs. Aleshine's and travellin' with her, an' that if she was at home she wouldn't let him stay at no tavern; an' that knowin' her wishes he'd come right there, an' s'pected an' took care of till she come. She said she felt on certain about it, but she tuck him in till she could think it over, an' then we come an' certified that he was the parson who'd been along with Mrs. Aleshine an' the rest of us. Arter that she thought it was all right, an' beggin' your pardon if we was wrong, so did Jim an' Bill an' me, ma'am."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE QUIET HOUR.

Let the Good Prevail.

Oh, fellow-men, through storm and shower,
Through mist and snowdrift, sleet and hail,
Brace up the strong right arm of power,
And—Let the good prevail.

Let never selfish thought intrude,
Nor selfish fear your heart assail;
Work bravely for the common good,
And—Let the good prevail.

True brothers in the race of life,
Rejoice not if a brother fall;
We all may conquer in the strife,
And—Let the good prevail.

Men are not units, one and one;
One body all, we stand or fall;
The common good must aye be won,
So—Let the good prevail.

Go, take your Bible from its shelf,
And read the ancient hallowed tale:
"Love thou thy neighbor as thyself,"
So shall the good prevail.

"Make the Best of One Another."

We may, if we choose, make the worst of one another. Every one has his weak points; every one his faults. We may fix our attention constantly upon these. It is a very easy task, and by so doing we shall make the burden of life much heavier, turn friends into enemies, and provoke strife and heartburnings wherever we go.

But we may also make the best of one another, and by so doing we bring out the best that is in our friends.

"She never found fault with you, never implied
Your wrong by her right; and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer, while through the whole town
The children were gladder that plucked at her gown."



JOAN OF ARC, LISTENING TO THE HEAVENLY VOICES.

By loving whatever is lovable in those about us love will flow back from them in return, and life will become a pleasure instead of a pain, and earth will be a shadow of heaven.

Self-sacrifice is the law of life. You can only truly bless when you have done with the pursuit of personal happiness. "He saved others, Himself He cannot save."

"Thy Saviour's pattern wouldst thou mark?"

Then hear the witness of His foes:

The bitter scoff O Christian, hark,

Which 'mid that cruel throng arose,

Blaspheming Him Who loved them so

That e'en for them His life He gave—

'He 'scapes not Who saved others; lo!

This Christ—Himself He cannot save!'

He could not, for He loved them still;

He could not, all He held in mind:

Could not: He will His Father's will.

Wouldst thou, though in thy small degree,

Bless so others, since He doth thee bless?

Thy law the good of others be:

Cease quest of thine own happiness.

Give up thyself, and freely give

Self sympathy, and all thou mayst:

Thy store shall grow while thou dost live.

This is Christ's 'thrill,' the worldling's 'waste.'"

"Do You."

It is strange the persistency with which one will touch upon the weak point of one's companion. To the thoughtful person it is often a matter of surprise how often we hurt each other's feelings in our daily intercourse.

To make a person conscious at every turn of some personal fault or deficiency, is to bring unnecessary pain to this person.

Riches and splendor, wisdom and honor, cannot bring perfect harmony into a family circle. There

must be that peculiar adjustment of natures contributed by each member so as to form a connected harmoniousness that cannot be obtained where brother and sister, father and mother, are constantly "nagging," and casting hurtful slurs upon one another.

As the kindergarten is a preliminary step to the primary department of our education, so is the home a fitting school for the larger fields of action which are to follow in the outer world.

If the home be a fountain-head for the best thoughts and the best words of a family, there will be little fear that one of its members will turn from its teachings of love and sympathy, and cast sorrow and regret upon a friend by unkind or thoughtless words.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung!"

UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,—

The festival of Thanksgiving is almost here again, when the scattered members of every family rally around the old home fireside for their annual reunion. On this occasion the thrifty housewife proudly produces the choicest fruits of her culinary skill, to all of which full justice is done amid many a sally of mirth and wit. The curtains are closely drawn, the fire burns brightly, and song and story circle around the joyous group, who care little for the fast-approaching reign of the frost king.

It is good for the old and young thus to mingle together—good especially for the time-worn travelers on life's journey to forget their cares in the innocent mirth of the children. Hawthorne says: "When our infancy is almost forgotten and our boyhood long departed, though it seems but yesterday; when life settles darkly down upon us and we doubt whether to call ourselves young any more, then it is good to steal away from the society of bearded men and of even gentler woman, and spend an hour or two with the children. After drinking from those fountains of still fresh existence, we shall return into the crowd . . . with a kinder and purer heart and a spirit more lightly wise."

Master Jack has been busy during the last month, and a clever old fellow he is, even if he did spoil our gardens. Was it not his touch that dropped the crisp, sweet nuts within our reach and painted the woodlands in all their glorious hues? Not long, however, have we been allowed to enjoy the charming scene, for, too often held in his chilling embrace, one by one the bright leaves faded, and fell an easy prey to every passing breeze.

Before my window stands a pair of maples; when last I wrote to you they were in their full emerald glory. Day by day they changed to yellow and crimson, and now even their wealth of golden beauty has passed away and only the bare branches stand out against the sky. "What a pity!" my friends exclaimed. "Nonsense," I replied, "can I not see more of Heaven's own blue?" And do I not also know that spring will again clothe them in all their pristine loveliness? What though other eyes than mine may gaze upon them, some heart they will surely gladden, and doing so will fulfill their mission, which is all even we—God's masterpieces—can ever hope to do.

Yes, to fulfill our earthly mission is the acme of real success. But we are prone to think that success means the doing of great deeds, and while waiting to achieve such, many of our best opportunities pass by unheeded. "The golden moments in the stream of Time slip past us and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us and we only know them when they are gone." Let us guard against such delusions, and remember that the lowliest office faithfully filled is as honorable as the governing of a kingdom, and that we may "elevate our meanest task by the manner in which we perform it." Ever your loving—

UNCLE TOM.

A Word of Warning.

What would you think of a farmer who deliberately tore down his fences and allowed his fields to be left exposed to certain destruction? You would think he was crazy, would you not? And yet are not you doing much the same thing, you women, who—whether you are farmer's wives or not—would certainly starve if the crops were to fail. The only fences which can protect them from destructive insects are birds. If you will read the following clipping from "Progressive Age," you will see how you are keeping these fences in repair:

FASHION'S SLAUGHTER OF BIRDS.

The women's demand for the plumage of birds with which to decorate their hats is a sure sign that they are mentally inconsiderate or cruel in disposition. It would be unjust to charge that all who follow this fashion are organically or habitually cruel. I believe that if a majority of these women could witness the killing of these birds, while singing their melodies, or mating, or vigilantly caring for their unfledged offspring, and could hear the cries of the bereft ones, shivering and starving in their nests, they would weep with the little mourners, sternly rebuke the slayers of the innocent, and, morally shocked at the fact that by their example they have aided