LOVING WORDS.

BY FANNY CROSBY.

Have we ever thought how often
Doth the fettered captive pine
For a genial ray of sunlight
On his dungeon walls to shine?
Have we ever thought how grateful
Would the weary traveler be,
If a well of sparkling water
In the desert he could see?

We forget, alas! too often,
While the path of life we tread,
Loving words are golden sunbeams,
And their light we all may shed.
We may fill to overflowing,
And our cups of gladness bring,
From the well of human kindness—
'Tis a never-failing spring.

DARE AND DO RIGHT

—OR THE—

ADVENTURES OF TOM, THE BOOTBLACK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ONLY AN IRISH BOY."

CHAPTER XX.

BAFFLED, BUT NOT DISCOURAGED.

The triumphant look on the face of James Grey faded, and was replaced by one of baffled rage and disappointment.

'It's a lie!' he exclaimed, speaking rather what he wished than what he believed.

'You are mistaken,' said Gilbert, in the same calm tone. 'The paper you have just torn up was in my own handwriting.'

'I have no doubt of that. I thought all the time, that it was an imposture which you had got up.'

'I made a copy of it from the original this morning,' said our hero.

'Why did you not bring the original, if there is one?'

'Because I was afraid you might be tempted to destroy it. It seems I was right,' added Gilbert, with a glance at the torn pieces of paper which littered the carpet at his feet.

James Grey was terribly provoked. He had 'shown his hand,' so to speak, and gained nothing by it. If his nephew's story was true, the dreaded paper was still in existence, and likely to be guarded more carefully than ever. Gilbert's calmness was a strong inclination of the correctness of his story. Were the real paper destroyed, he could not help showing agitation.

'Do you mean to say that you have another paper than this?' he demanded.

'I do,' said our hero.

'You must show me that, or I shall not believe you have it.'

'I am not quite a fool, Uncle James,' said Gilbert. 'I know as well as you how valuable that paper is, and I am not going to risk it.'

'You seem to be a remarkably prudent young man,' said Mr. Grey, with a sneer—'quite an old head upon young shoulders.'

'I ought to be,' said Gilbert. 'I was educated to the streets of New York. There I had to knock about for myself and earn my own living, at an age when most boys are carefully looked after by their parents. I learned to look out for my own interests there. I am indebted to you for that kind of training. You must not complain now if I use it against you.'

Mr. Grey sat for a moment in deep and troubled thought. This nephew of his turned out to be a decidedly formidable opponent. How could he cope with him?

'Have you told any one in the city about these false claims of yours?' he asked, after awhile.

'I have not spoken to any one about *false* claims,' said Gilbert, coldly.

'Call them what you will. Have you spoken of having any claims to my brother's property to any one here?'

'I have.'

'To whom?'

'To Mr. Ferguson.'

James Grey frowned. Mr. Ferguson was one of the last men to whom he would have wished the communication known.

'He must have laughed at your ridiculous story.'

'On the contrary, he fully believes it.'

'I did not think him so gullible. Have you spoken to him about my being in the city?'

'I have.'

'Did he know you were to call upon me this afternoon?'

'I told him before I came.'

Things were evidently getting more serious than Mr. Grey had supposed. Not only was Gilbert a young man who meant business, but he was backed by a merchant of standing, whose former connection with the Grey family made his co-operation and favor of no slight importance. James Grey saw that he must temporize. Had he followed out his inclination, he would have sprung upon his obdurate nephew and pounded him to a jelly. But unfortunately he was in a civilized city, where laws are supposed to afford some protection from personal assault, and this course, therefore, was not to be thought of. Since violence, then, was not practicable, he must have recourse to stratagem, and, to put Gilbert temporarily off his guard, he must play a part.

'Well, young man,' he said, at length, 'I am not prepared at present to pronounce a definite opinion upon your claim. Of course, if really convinced that you were my nephew, I would acknowledge you to be such.'

'I have some doubts as to that,' thought Gilbert.

'But it does not seem to me very probable that such is the case. Of course I objected to being duped by an impostor. You cannot blame me for that.'

'No.'

'At first your claim appeared to me preposterous, and I pronounced it to be so. Upon reflection, though I strongly doubt its genuineness, I am willing to take time to consider it.'

'That is fair,' said Gilbert.

'I shall consult with a lawyer on the subject, and institute some inquiries of my own. Then, besides, my time will be partly occupied with other business, on which I have come hither. You may come again, say in a week, and I shall perhaps be able to give you a definite answer.'

'Very well,' said Gilbert. 'Good morning.'

'Good morning,' responded his uncle, following him to the door. 'I'd like to kick you down stairs, you young villain,' he added, *sotto voce*.

James Grey shut the door of his chamber, and sat down to think. It was certainly an emergency that called for serious thought. Gilbert's claim would strip him of four-fifths of his fortune, and reduce him from a rich man to a comparatively poor one.

'I am not safe as long as that paper exists,' he concluded. 'It must be stolen from the boy, in some way. But how? He felt that he wanted an unscrupulous tool through whose agency he might get possession of old Jacob's confession. That destroyed, he could snap his fingers at Gilbert, and live undisturbed in the possession of the fortune he wrongfully withheld from him.

Sometimes the devil sends to evil men precisely what they most want, and so it turned out in this particular instance.

That evening Mr. Grey was walking thoughtfully in the street, reflecting upon his difficult situation, when his sharp ears caught the sound of his nephew's name, pronounced by two boys, or young men, in front of him. Not to keep the reader in suspense, they were Maurice Walton and a friend of his, named Isaac Baker.

'I tell you, Baker,' said Maurice warmly, 'it's the greatest piece of injustice my being paid only half the salary of that sneak, Gilbert Grey.'

'I suppose he's a favorite with Ferguson, isn't he?'

'That's just it. I'm as good a clerk as he is, any day, yet he gets twenty dollars a week, while I only get ten. It's enough to make a fellow swear.'

'Did you ever speak to Ferguson about it?'

'Yes, but that was all the good it did. He seems to think there's nobody like Grey.'

'How did Grey get in with him?'

'I believe he's a nephew of the man Ferguson used to work for. Besides, he's got a way of getting round people. He's a humbug and a hypocrite.'

Maurice spoke with bitterness, and evidently felt strongly on the subject. He had another grievance, which he did not choose to speak of, of which our readers have already had a glimpse. His cousin, Bessie Benton, persisted in the bad taste of preferring Gilbert to him. Of course they were too young for anything serious; but in the social gatherings to which all three were invited, Bessie was, of course, the recipient of attentions from both, and she had, on more than one occasion, shown unmistakably her preference for Gilbert Grey. Only two evenings previous she had danced with Gilbert, but when Maurice applied, had told him her card was full. It was not an intentional slight, and, had he come up earlier, he would have been successful in securing her. But he chose to regard it as a slight, and this naturally embittered him still more, partly against his cousin, but most of all against Gilbert, who, both in business and with the fair sex, seemed to have eclipsed him.

'I suppose, under the circumstances, you don't like Grey much?' said his companion.

'Like him!' returned Maurice, with bitter emphasis. 'I should think not. He's a mean, grasping fellow, and I hate him. He's got the inside track now, but my turn may come some time.'

James Grey listened to this conversation with increasing interest. It seemed to open a way for him to success.

'Come,' thought he, 'here is just the fellow I want. He hates my dangerous nephew, and can easily be moulded to my purposes. I will follow him, and, as soon as I can speak to him alone, I will see if I cannot win him to my side.'

CHAPTER XXI.

A CONSPIRACY.

James Grey continued to follow Maurice Walton, and his companion until his patience was nearly exhausted. At length, just as the city clocks were striking ten, Bates said:

'Well, Walton, I must bid you good-night.'

'Won't you walk home with me? It isn't far out of your way.'

'Can't do it to-night. The fact is, I want to see the governor before he retires. I'm hard-up, and shall try to get a ten-dollar bill out of him.'

'I wish you success. As to being hard up' I can sympathize with you. Couldn't you ask him for an extra ten for me?'

'I would if there was any chance of getting it, but I'm afraid my own chance is slim enough.'

'If I only got Grey's salary I wouldn't ask favors of anybody; but how is a fellow to get along on ten dollars a week?'

'Just so. Well, good-night.'

'Good-night.'

Baker walked off, and Maurice Walton walked on by himself. He had taken but a few steps when Mr. Grey, quickening his pace, laid his hand upon his shoulder.

'Mr. Walton,' said he.

Maurice turned quickly.

'You must excuse the liberty I have taken in addressing you, being a stranger, but I heard you when in conversation with the young man who has just left you mention the name of Gilbert Grey.'

'Yes, sir, I mentioned his name,' said Maurice. 'Do you know him?'

'I have spoken with him, but I know very little about him. I judge that you do.'

'We are in the same store,' said Maurice; 'but we are not intimate friends.'

'I infer that you do not like him?'

'No, I don't.'

'Nor do I.'

Probably Mr. Grey could not have said anything more likely to win young Walton's confidence than this frank expression of dislike.

'The fact is,' continued Mr. Grey, 'I suppose I may speak to you in confidence?'

'Oh, certainly, sir,' said Maurice, eagerly, for he anticipated hearing something to Gilbert's disadvantage.

'Then,' said Mr. Grey, in a low voice, 'I look upon him as an impostor.'

'You do?' repeated young Walton. 'What makes you think so?'

'I don't like to speak openly in the street. Can you give me an hour, or even half-an-hour of your time, or is it necessary for you to go home at once?'

'Where are you stopping, sir?'

'At the Burnet House.'

'I think I can spare half-an-hour. It is near by.'

'Thank you. I will endeavor to make the interview a profitable one for you. I am going to ask a service of you, and I am willing to pay handsomely for it.'

Upon a young man 'hard up' as Maurice was, this suggestion was not thrown away.

'I shall be glad to help you sir,' he said, quickly.

'Come with me, then. I will defer saying more till we are seated in my room at the hotel.'

In less than five minutes they were so seated. By the gaslight Maurice got a fair view of his companion, and was led to wonder who he was.

'Mr. Walton,' said the older man, 'it is only fair that I should give you an equal advantage with myself. I know your name. You do not know mine. Let me introduce myself as James Grey.'

'Formerly in busines in this city?'

'The same.'

'The uncle of Gilbert Grey?'

'So he says.'

It was impossible to mistake the tone in which these words were spoken.

'Is he not really your nephew?' asked Maurice, in surprise.

James Grey shrugged his shoulders.

'He pretends to be, but I believe him to be an impostor.'

'What makes you think so? Why should he pretend to be related to you?' asked Maurice, excited and eager.

'Because I am rich, and he has entered into a plot to extort money from me. I can make clear his design very briefly. He pretends that he is the son of my elder brother. If this be true, then the property which I possess, or a large part of it, properly belongs to him.'

'But if it isn't true, how can he make such a claim?'

'My brother's only son disappeared, when a mere boy, and though his body was not found, there is reason to believe that he fell into the Ohio river and was drowned. At about the same time a clerk in my employ purloined a sum of money and fled. This boy has heard of these two incidents and cunningly putting them together, comes forward with a trumped-up story to the effect that this clerk, Jacob Morton, was hired to carry off my nephew in order that, the true heir being out of the way, I might succeed to my brother's money. It is ridiculous, and yet it is cunningly devised.'

'I always thought he was artful,' said Maurice.

'You are quite right there. He has an astonishing amount of artfulness and unblushing impudence. But I have not told you all. He produces a paper professing to be written by this Jacob Morton, who, he says, is dead, asserting all that he claims.'

'Do you think he wrote it himself?'

'Either that, or he has met this clerk, somewhere, and they have devised a plan for jointly enriching themselves at my expense. If this is the case, and the paper was really written by Jacob Morton, the man is probably still alive, but keeping himself somewhere in concealment.'

'What a bold attempt at fraud!' exclaimed Maurice, who was completely duped by his companion's plausible statements.

'Is it not? Now I want to ask you, who know him well, what your opinion of him is. Do you look upon him as honest and straightforward?'

'No, I don't. He's just artful enough to be up to some such game. He's deceived Mr. Ferguson, and made him think there is no one like him, so that there is no chance for me. He gets twice the salary that I do, although I have been in the business as long as he.'

'And yet you look as if you had a good business turn,' said Mr. Grey, with skilful flattery.

'I know as much of business as he does. I am sure of that.'

'Mr. Ferguson must be a weak man to be so easily duped. If it were my case, he wouldn't find it so easy to impose upon me.'

'I don't know how he does it, but he has cut me out entirely. Mr. Ferguson won't hear a word against his favorite.'

'You are unfortunate, but we are in the same position there. He has conspired to keep you down, and he is now plotting to extort money from me by his preposterous claims.'

'Do you think he stands any chance?'

'No; but if he produces this paper of his, he might bring a suit against me which would be annoying. You know there are some people who are always ready to believe the worst, and I dare say he would convince some that his claims were just, and that I had acted fraudulently. Now that would be unpleasant to me, though I should be certain to win at law.'

'Of course. What are you going to do about it, Mr. Grey?'

'To ask your assistance, for which I shall be ready to pay.'

'But what can I do?' asked Maurice, in some astonishment.

'I will tell you,' said James Grey, hitching his chair nearer that of his young visitor; 'but of course you will keep my confidence.'

'Certainly.'

'The whole strength of his case lies in this forged paper. Let me get possession of that, and he can do nothing.'

'I see.'

'Now you know where he boards probably?'

'Yes.'

'Can't you contrive to get access to his room, search for the paper—very likely it is in his trunk—and when obtained bring it to me? I am ready to give a hundred dollars for it.'

'I don't know,' said Maurice, slowly. 'I am afraid it would be difficult.'

'But by no means impossible.'

'I will give you ten dollars now, and that you may keep whether you succeed or not. If you succeed, you shall have a hundred dollars besides. Do you agree?'

As he spoke, he held a ten dollar out temptingly. It was a temptation that Maurice Walton, with but fifty cents in his pocket, could not resist. He wanted money sorely. Besides he had a chance to win a hundred besides, and this would enable him to gratify several wishes which had hitherto seemed unattainable.

'I will do my best,' he said, holding out his hand for the money.

There was a quiet flash of triumph in the cold gray eye of his older companion as he placed the bill in Maurice's hands.

'I need not caution you to be secret,' he said.

'I shall not say a word to any one,' answered young Walton.

James Grey rubbed his hands gleefully as Walton left the room.

'The scheme promises well!' he soliloquized. 'My worthy nephew, I may checkmate you yet!'

CHAPTER XXII.

THE THEFT OF THE PAPER.

Had Maurice Walton been a youth of strict honor, he could not have been induced to undertake the theft of the paper, however large the sum offered him. But his principles were not strict enough to interfere, and the hope of injuring Gilbert, whom he envied and therefore hated, made him the more willing to engage in the enterprise.

'A hundred dollars will be very acceptable,' he said to himself complacently. 'They couldn't be more easily earned. Now how shall I set about it?'

Maurice came to the conclusion that Gilbert kept the paper in his trunk. This seemed to be the most natural depository to be selected. Of course, then, he must contrive some means of opening the trunk. He thought of pretending that he had lost the key of his own trunk, and asking Gilbert for the loan of his. But that would draw suspicion upon him when the paper was missed. Another plan, which he finally adopted was to go to a locksmith, and ask for a variety of trunk keys, in order to try, with the liberty of returning those that didn't suit. This and other points necessary to success in his scheme were determined upon by Maurice, and will be made known to the reader as he proceeds.

A little before ten the next morning, Maurice left his place in the store, and going to Mr. Ferguson, asked permission to go home.

'For what reason?' asked his employer.

'I have a terrible headache,' said Maurice, looking as miserable as possible.

'Certainly you may go,' said Mr. Ferguson, who was a kind-hearted man, and who didn't doubt the statement.

'If I feel better I will come back in the afternoon,' said Maurice.

'Don't come unless you feel able. I know what the headache is, and I don't want you to come unless you feel quite able to attend to business.'

'Thank you, sir.'

'Now for business,' said Maurice, as he found himself in the street. 'I'll rest my poor head by a ride on the horse-cars.'

First, however, he entered a small shop near by, over which was a sign, M. FRINK, Locksmith.

The locksmith, wearing a dirty apron looked up from his work.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Golden Rule.

There is a very common mistake about the meaning of the precept. It is sometimes taken as though it required us to rule our conduct towards other men by their wishes; to do this would often be a folly and a sin. It really requires us to rule our conduct towards others by what our wishes would be if we were in their place; and this is a very different matter. In other words, we are to make what we see are their real interests our own. I have heard of a foolish father who, when one of his girls was fourteen or fifteen years old, gave her the choice of a pony or of remaining another year or two at school. The child naturally elected to have the pony, and most children of her age would do the same. The father's conduct was ruled by the child's wishes, and he inflicted on her a grave injustice. * * * A man appeals to me for a testimonial, and I may have reason to believe that if I give it to him he will have a good chance of securing an excellent appointment. He is in urgent need of it, for he has a great deal of trouble. There is no harm in him, and I should be glad to help him. But I am doubtful, and more than doubtful, whether he would discharge the duties of the position satisfactorily. He says that if I were in his position and he in mine, I should plead hard for his recommendation. But I have to think not only of the man himself, but of the people to whom he wishes me to recommend him. If I had to make the appointment myself, should I like them to recommend me a man about whose fitness they were uncertain? Should I like them to tell me of his merits, and not even to hint at his disqualifications? Is it just even to the applicant himself to give him the support he asks for? If I were in his position should I—if I were a wise and honest man—wish to be recommended to a position, the duties of which I was unable to discharge? Apart altogether from the obligation of veracity, this "golden rule" may require me to refuse to support his application. This Christian law would diminish the immorality of testimonials.—*Good Words.*

Mathematical Puzzle.

The *Popular Science News* presents the following:—To our young readers: The following problem or mathematical puzzle may be of interest to our young readers: Two boys together sell sixty apples, each one selling 30. One boy sells his 2 for 1 cent. The other boy sells his 3 for 1 cent. The first boy receives 15 cents. The second boy received 10 cents, making in all 25 cents. Next day one boy says he alone will sell all sixty apples at the same rate as they both did the day before, viz., 5 for 2 cents, and he does so, but receives only 24 cents. What becomes of the missing cent?

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Yours truly, DR. D. McLACHLAN.

PERTH, ONT., June, 1883.

MR. NORMAN:
DEAR SIR,—I have been wearing your Electric Insoles for about six months, and have been greatly benefitted by them. I recommend them to all who suffer from Rheumatism.
Yours truly, MRS. J. GUTHRIE.

OTTAWA, September 3rd, 1883.

A. NORMAN, ESQ.,
DEAR SIR,—I have experienced considerable benefit from your Appliances. I feel stronger and better every way.
Yours truly, R. E. HALIBURTON.

PETERBOROUGH, October 15th, 1883.

A. NORMAN, ESQ.,
DEAR SIR,—Soon after I commenced to use your Electric Appliances, they opened my bowels, cured my cough and cold, relieved my head, and considerably relieved my catarrh in consequence. The discharges from my head and chest are now easy, and I feel altogether better. My digestion has improved, my stomach is less sour and windy, and I am less troubled with lascivious and vivid dreams. I had previously tried almost all the advertised patent medicines without deriving any good.
Yours truly, J. GREEN.

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J. QUIRK.
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Kensington, July 5th, 1884.—tf

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Kensington, Feb. 20, 1884—1yr

[COPY.]

YARMOUTH, N. S., April 12th, 1884.

DR. BENNETT.

DEAR SIR,—Words cannot express the deep gratitude I feel for all you have been the means in God's hands of doing for me. I have not been as well as I am at present for nearly seven years. During that time I have been carried to Boston twice, in order to receive medical treatment, and whilst there employed three of the best doctors I could get. I would rally for a short time and then find myself as bad as ever again. After my return from Boston the last time, I should have given up in despair and said it was no use. I shall never get well, had it not been for my faith in God. But I felt that it was in accordance with our Heavenly Father's will that I should yet walk. I felt also that something more was required in order to restore me to health, than had already been done. So I prayed that God would bring about the right means for my restoration to health. As it was in the days when our Saviour was on earth, so it is now, according to our faith it shall be done unto us. God heard and answered my prayers by sending you to me, and with His blessing resting upon the means used by you, I am now able to do light work, walk a mile, and feel I am gaining my strength all the time. The weakness that held me down and prevented me either sitting up or walking for nearly five years, you have entirely cured, which no other doctor I have ever employed could do. It gives me great pleasure to be able, conscientiously, to give this testimonial, feeling that under God I owe my health to you. May your life long be spared for the sake of poor suffering humanity.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. LOIS B. KILLAM.

The following is correspondence to the "Lunenburg Progress."

MR. EDITOR,—I desire, through the columns of your valuable paper, to express my gratitude to Dr. J. G. Bennett, of Halifax, who, under God, has been the means of restoring me from a bed-ridden invalid to comparative health. I was confined to my bed for upwards of two years, being completely prostrated with general debility. In February last Dr. Bennett took me under his treatment, and in May I was sufficiently recovered to go to work, and have been at work ever since. Feeling that Dr. Bennett is worthy of my everlasting gratitude, I would ask you to publish this testimonial.

Yours, etc.,
LORENZO PARKS.
Park's Creek

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June 16, 1884—1yr

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And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them for the cure of LIVER and KIDNEY diseases. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (for Internal and External Use) will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.

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Charlottetown, July 23, 1884. tf sep 1st.

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BEER & GOFF'S FOR TEA.

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March 26, 1884—1y