

A LIFE'S SACRIFICE.

AT sunset in the month of October, a young man, with a wan face and ragged boots, with clothes covered with the dust of the road and utterly empty pockets, paused at a lone stone gate and looked across a green lawn towards the porch of a pretty cottage. In this porch sat a lady in creamy white. At her side stood a boy of four years or more, dressed in a grey costume with crimson stockings and polo cap. Near them lay a great bull dog chained to a post near the door. The man looked, hesitated, opened the gate and entered.

"Madam, I only wanted to ask you if you would be kind enough to give me something to eat. I am really very hungry. I am travelling to Sheffield to get work and I have used every farthing I had. It would be a great kindness if you could let me have a little food."

The lady rose. "Go away!" she cried briskly. "We allow no tramps here. The dog is dangerous. Come one step further and I shall unfasten him. Go away!"

Such a pretty fairy-like little woman; had she no charity in her soul? It was strange to hear her.

The little boy, too, in his artistic dress, ran down the steps, picked a pebble from the path, and threw it with all his baby might toward the man at the gate. And the great bull-dog growled and strained his chain in a way to prove that he deserved the character given to him. The lady had advanced to the dog, and stood ready to unfasten the chain.

"I give you two minutes!" she said, in her high, sweet, young voice. "We make short work with tramps here."

The man answered nothing. He merely turned and hurried out of the gate, and as he went he muttered cries, not loud, but deep. It was under his breath that he said:

"May you need help and get none," he said, with an oath. "May you need it as I do this night; but he meant it, every word. Then he sat down and buried his face in his hands. "A tramp," he repeated. "Heaven knows I told her the truth, and she called me a tramp. And this is a Christian country, and that woman calls herself a Christian lady, no doubt."

From the kitchen of the house the wind blew the appetizing smell of coffee to the hungry man; and the odor of some dainty hot cake came with it.

A cup of that coffee and a crust of dry bread would have helped him on his way with a lighter heart.

He had never in his life begged before. He swore he never would again if he starved on the road. He had worked for good wages since he learned his trade. He liked to read, and had the poetical justice of many a good novel treasured in his heart. He had always been to church and been respectable; and he had never felt it his duty to refuse a beggar when he had it to give.

He had not saved, for excellent reasons—he spent all he had in keeping a plain little home comfortable for parents who depended only on him.

Both were now dead. Then came the hard times—the shutting down of furnaces and closing of mills.

He had heard of work in Sheffield, and was on his way there on foot. His clothes were good when he started, now they were covered with dust, and his shoes had worn out.

He had slept often in barns, eaten up his small capital, sold his portmanteau in one town where a lodging under a roof was necessary, and parted with all its contents in an old clothes shop.

He had done everything to keep from asking for help, and he was still the respectable man he had always considered himself.

The lady went back to her parlor shuddering. She was quite alone in the house, save for a little maid-servant, who shrieked and ran away in the face of any danger, such as a mouse in the pantry, or mysterious noises in the cellar; and there had been one or two tragedies in the neighborhood, in which the tramp proper had figured most ferociously.

"If it really was an honest poor person," she thought, "how cruel I have been!"

Then she recalled the fact that the man who murdered the two old ladies in the next village had said he was a shoemaker out of work; and while Miss Letty was dishing him some soup, and Miss Betty crossing the room with a bowl of tea for him, he had struck them down with a hatchet, and gone off with their three little silver watches, some money and poor Miss

Letty's engagement ring, never taken from her finger since her lover died upon his bridal eve. Besides, she had promised her husband not to let any idea of being good to the poor put her into danger of death, or worse, at a tramp's hands.

With all these excuses, Mrs. Howard, having a Christian soul under her fashionable bodice was still uneasy. The little maid was busy in the cottage kitchen. It was all bright and comfortable, and now she must drive to the station for her husband.

Away they went, gay tray, frisky pony, pretty child and beautiful woman, making such a pretty picture in the twilight that Mrs. Stone, the artistic lady in the next house, called out to her husband:

Another pair of eyes saw the picture also. The man who had begged for bread and received a stone. He was making his way wearily along toward the railway. He might make his destination: he might not.

No one should call him tramp again. He was weak with hunger already, but he took his oath to that. And as he swore this Mrs. Howard's carriage rolled past him, covering him with dust from its red wheels.

Paradise on the Hill has a long carriage drive to the railway station. There is one spot which is very picturesque and beautiful. It is where the carriage road crossed a cut through which the railway runs between natural stone walls. The trains cannot be seen by drivers because of the tall rocks and great trees, until they are just across the aperture.

Everyone is cautious here. Mrs. Howard particularly so. She droye so slowly down the hill that the man she called a tramp outwalked her.

The shriek of the coming train was a fearful one—a warning not desirable in a region where old residents quietly drove their slow teams before rushing express trains every day, and where an accident to our "esteemed neighbor So-and-So" was one of the regular items of the newspaper in consequence.

But Mrs. Howard's horse bethought himself to be terribly alarmed at the sound, and with a plunge and a cry as alarming in itself as that uttered by the iron monster in the cut, the animal started off at full speed.

The man who watched him knew that he would reach the track just in time to drag the wagon before the engine. He saw the woman holding her child fast and clinging to the light rail which surrounded the seat.

They needed help, and suddenly the demon in his soul fled from it. The angel of pity took its place, and he stood fit for Heaven. They needed help, and he would give it—what help he could. It might be of no avail.

"Heaven grant it may!" he prayed; and he sprang forward.

He was in time. He seized the mad horse's bridle. He held it, feeling most sorely that he had not his usual strength.

"Jump while you can!" he shouted. "I cannot hold the creature long!"

Mrs. Howard obeyed. Her foot was light, her action swift, or she had not succeeded. As it was, she tottered and fell as she touched the ground, and got to her feet giddy and faint, but holding her child's warm little hand safe in hers.

But where was the carriage, where was the horse, where was the man who had save their lives—the man she would reward with full heaped hands as well as with thanks and blessings—the man she had turned hungry from her door, and had paid her ill-doing with such a deed as this—where was he? The whistle shrieked, the cars backed, slowed, stopped; passengers alighted; her husband was there. His arms were about her, his pale face was covered with tears, as he sobbed:

"You are not hurt, darling? It is a miracle!"

But still her eyes strained themselves to see that shabby figure, dusty and mud-stained, but such a hero to her now—only to say to him—

"I know you are not a tramp. Forgive me. Let me help you; let me pay a little of my great debt to you."

She would never be happy in this world unless this was given her. So she stood, her head on her husband's shoulder, waiting until he should come. But the others gathered slowly, silently, toward one spot, where up from the cut came two men, bearing something between them.

"He is dead!" they said. "The horse threw him before the engine."

Universal step-father—The dancing-master.

WHERE THE APOSTLES ARE BURIED.

AN exchange gives the following as the burial places on the apostles: Seven are sleeping the sleep of the just in Rome, viz., Peter, Phillip, James, the Lesser, Jude, Bartholomew, Matthias and Simon. The remains of three lie in the kingdom of Naples—Matthew at Salerno, Andrew at A malfi and Thomas at Ortona. James the Greater, was buried in Spain, at St. Jago de Compostella. Of the exact whereabouts of the remains of St. John the Evangelist there is much dispute.

Mark and Luke are buried in Italy, the former in Venice and the latter at Padua. St. Paul's remains are also believed to be in Italy. Peter is buried in Rome, in the church which bears his name; so, too, are Simon and Jude. James and Lesser is buried in the church of the Holy Apostles. Bartholomew in the church on that island in the Tiber which bears his name. The "Legends of the Apostles" places the remains of Matthias under the altar of the renowned Basilica.

Who will be the lucky winners of the first grand prizes, is the question troubling the little readers of THE SUNBEAM to-day.

DRUG STORE NAMES.

Milk of lime has no milk.
Oil of vitriol is not an oil.
Quicksilver is pure mercury.
Soda water contains no soda.
Sulphuric ether contains no sulphur.
Wormseed is unexpanded flower buds.
Copperas is an iron salt and contains no copper.
German silver contains no silver, and black lead contains no lead.
Sugar o' lead has nothing to do with sugar, nor has cream of tartar anything to do with cream.
Salt of lemon has nothing to do with a lemon, but is a salt of the extremely poisonous oxalic acid.

Little Charley O'B., St. Famille street, handed in a good lot of new names, Well done, Charley.

Answers to the Puzzles in October Number.

SQUARE.—

C L A S S
L A D E N
A D O R E
S E R G E
S N E E R

MUDDLE.—

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

CROSSWORD.—Columbus.

HOUR-GLASS.—

N U M E R I C A L L Y
O V E R M A T C H
D I S P A I R
M I R T H
G U N
D
W E D
R A N C H
P A S T U R E
A M B U L A N C E
P A R A L Y T I C A L

ENIGMA.—A Watch.

SQUARE.—

P A P A
A R A B
P A I L
A B L E

Photographs of the boys and girls winning the grand prizes will be published in THE SUNBEAM.

Molly: My little sister has got the measles.
Jimmie: Ho! So has mine. Molly: Well, I'll bet you my little sister's got more measles than your's has.