

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. RUTH'S LEGACY.

Ruth Fulton rolled up the towel which she had just finished hemming and placed it with a number of similar rolls on the table beside her, then turned with a sigh to a heap awaiting like treatment.

Through the open windows and door came in the rose-scented and honey-suckle laden air. The linden trees cast quivering shadows on the broad band of sunlight on the floor.

Her impatience increased as the sound of her mother's voice, softly singing a hymn as she moved about her kitchen tasks, reached her ears.

The girl raised her head, an impatient answer rising to her lips; but something in her mother's face, either its gentle patience or its tired lines, touched her. She replied briefly: "Not nearly."

"Well," said Mrs. Fulton, "you won't have any more for some time." "But there will be something else, though," said Ruth, sighing.

Her mother made no reply. She seated herself, and taking a pair of stockings from a well-filled basket on a table near her, began to darn. Presently she said: "If you wish, dear, you may put those towels away till to-morrow."

"Oh, no, I'll finish them to-day," returned Ruth. There would be no use in going out for the view she wanted. She worked on resolutely. Mrs. Fulton seemed thoughtful over her darning, and silence reigned. This was broken by the entrance of Mr. Fulton.

"Not out sketching, Ruth?" he asked. "Those towels had to be hemmed," explained his wife.

"Oh! I see! Well, little girl, there will be other mornings." "I hope so," sighed Ruth.

Her father seated himself by the open doorway. "I saw Mr. Lang in the village this morning," he said. "It is decided at last that Lena is to go to the city for a year at the Conservatory of Music."

"Oh!" exclaimed Ruth, breathlessly. "Why, how is that?" asked Mrs. Fulton in a surprised voice.

"They have sold that Western land and the price they received is so much greater than they expected that they are able to give Lena a few hundreds for her music."

"I am glad," said Mrs. Fulton, heartily. "When is she going, father?" asked Ruth.

"Next week, I believe." "How unexpectedly things come sometimes," said Mrs. Fulton.

"Yes," assented her husband, as he opened his newly arrived Farm Journal. Ruth's needle flew quickly in and out. Her thoughts were in a turmoil.

All the discontent which she had been striving for the last month to stifle was stirred up. Everyone was more fortunate than she. Edith Brown had gone to college. Mary Wells was going to the city twice a week for singing lessons, and now here was this news about Lena Lang. And she must go on with the commonplace routine of house-work.

She found this opportunity that evening after tea. The conversation had again turned upon Lena Lang and her approaching departure for the conservatory.

"I am sure that I could earn enough for a course at the Art Academy if you would let me," said Ruth, eagerly. "Earn it?" repeated her father.

"How do you mean, child?" Ruth unfolded her plan, which was to find a position in a dry goods or millinery establishment in the city, and remain in it until she could save enough to pay for lessons at the Art Academy.

Her parents listened attentively until she had finished, then her mother said, decidedly: "I cannot let you do that, Ruth."

"No," said Mr. Fulton, "it is not to be thought of."

"My dear," interrupted her mother, "you are too young and inexperienced to go to the city alone in that way."

"I am nearly seventeen, mother," urged Ruth. "You must give up all such plans, Ruth," said her father.

"Perhaps we shall be able to send you next year," said her mother, hopefully.

Ruth did not answer. "I might as well give up all thoughts of making anything of myself," she thought bitterly. "I've got to go on from day to day in this humdrum way."

"My child, it is a disappointment to us also that we cannot give you the advantages that you like to have," said her father sadly.

Ruth felt suddenly ashamed. A remembrance came to her of the many trials and disappointments which her father had had in life, some of them within her own knowledge, and others of which her mother had told her. And he was always so patient!

One day, in the latter part of summer, Mr. Fulton received a telegram from Boston calling him to the death-bed of an aunt. When he returned it was with news that took away Ruth's breath. Her aunt, after whom Ruth had been named, had left the latter \$1,000.

A thousand dollars! Why, it was too good to be true. It was just like the wonderful things that she had read in books. She could with difficulty realize it.

"Is it mine to do as I wish with?" she asked her father. "Yes," said Mr. Fulton, "you may use it as you please. There are no restrictions at all. It is in the bank for you."

"Oh, how splendid. Now," turning eagerly to his mother, "you will let me go and study at the Art Academy. That will surely be enough money."

Mrs. Fulton smiled. "I knew what you would do with it," she said. "Yes, you may go now."

"Yes," added Mr. Fulton, "I was going to suggest that you use the money for that."

"When?" asked Ruth, eagerly. "Just as soon as I can find a suitable boarding place for you," returned her father.

"I feel as though it were all a dream," said Ruth, after her going had been discussed at length. "A very substantial dream," smiled her mother.

And when her father had written to friends in the city in regard to a suitable boarding place for her, and her mother was preparing her clothes, Ruth felt that it was indeed a reality. Her great desire was to be fulfilled at last.

One morning she went with some work to the house of a Mrs. Smith, near the village, who sometimes did sewing for her mother. She found her very sick in bed, and old Sally West, a neighbor, in attendance. The latter accompanied Ruth to the gate when she left to go home.

"I am so sorry for Mrs. Smith. She does look very sick," said Ruth. "It's hard work that has done it," said Sally, sharply. "And that son of hers away off. Farmin' wasn't good enough for him. Here's his poor old mother a dependin' on strangers."

"Doesn't he do anything for her?" asked Ruth. She remembered Thos. Smith as an ambitious young man who had gone to New York two years before to "make something of himself."

"Not a thing. He's as much as he can do to take care of himself. He'd a sight better have stayed here and worked as his father did before him. Seems like children don't think of their parents these days—only of their own notions. If his mother dies now, I wonder how he will feel?"

At sunset that evening Ruth strolled down to the stile that gave communication between the garden and a piece of meadow land. It was a favorite spot of hers, and she had spent many hours there constructing "Castles in Spain." Never, she thought, had the view been lovelier than this evening—the long line of distant hills bathed in golden light, the river winding among them like a thread of silver, the deep hush of the evening hour broken only by the far-off tinkling of a bell.

But other things than the beauty of the landscape filled her thoughts as she sat there. She found it impossible to throw off a vague feeling of uneasiness which had taken possession of her. Sally West's words that morning had awakened it. Was it right for her to leave home as she was about to do? Certainly her parents were willing to let her go, but they were always ready to sacrifice themselves for her. Her father's affairs were not in a flourishing condition. How much \$1,000 would do for him! And, after all, she might fail! Others with even greater talent had done so. Her mother was not strong. What if she should be sick—or die? Ruth caught her breath sharply at the thought.

Just then her father crossed the yard from the barn to the house. The distance was not too great for Ruth to see how tired he looked. She noticed also how stooped his form was getting. He worked hard. How lonesome it would be for them when she was gone!

Ruth sat on the stile until the twilight came down around her, then she walked slowly to the house.

She found her mother sitting on the veranda alone. "Where is father?" asked Ruth. "He has gone to bed. He was very tired. If you will light the lamp, dear, I'll come in and cut out that waist."

"You are not going to sew any more, mother—I am not going," said Ruth, softly, as she knelt down by her mother's side and twined her arms about her neck.

"Not going? Why, Ruth? What—" "How horribly selfish you must have thought me, mother!"

"But, my dear—" "Wait, mother, let me tell you. I am going to stay at home with you and father always. I don't want to be an artist even if I have talent enough, which, I think, is doubtful. We are going to take that money and—well, we'll do lots of things with it. The first thing is that father is going to help him, and I am going to send you off on a visit to Aunt Margaret. You know that she has been wanting you for so long, and, oh! there are lots of things I want to do."

"But, my dear," expostulated Mrs. Fulton, "have you thought well of this change of decision? And, dear, we cannot spend your money. I—" "You are not going to spend it," interrupted Ruth. "I am and for the things I want most. Now you must not say another word about it. Aren't you glad to keep me with you?"

And the tender folds of her mother's arms about her answered her question. Emily S Windsor, in the Advance.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Gentle words, quiet words, are, after all, the most powerful words. They are more convincing, more compelling, more prevailing.—Washington Gladden.

Rules for Young Athletes. Moderation is the keynote of athletic success. These few principles used by well-known athletes will be followed with profit:

1. Do not try to do too much. 2. Begin with simple and gentle exercise. 3. Never attempt work directly after a meal.

4. Food should never be taken immediately after exercise. At least a half hour should elapse before eating. 5. Light exercise before breakfast may be taken with advantage, but a dry biscuit or crust of bread should be eaten before beginning.

6. If the muscles become lame or exhausted give them a good rub down with witch hazel or liniment. 7. Regular and thorough exercise with dumb bells or Indian clubs for ten minutes, morning and evening, will gradually increase the strength and health of the entire body to a surprising extent.

8. Do not drink water when overheated.

For All Laymen. Catholic laymen the world over have something to learn from the life of the late Lord Chief Justice of England. He was acknowledged to be "the greatest Catholic who has taken a part in the public life of England since the days of the blessed Thomas Moore."

And English Catholics who knew him could intimately write of him: "It is unnecessary to dwell upon the active interest which he took, and the powerful assistance which he was always ready to give in the promotion of Catholic interests. There was nothing which he had more at heart than the strengthening and tightening of the bonds of brotherhood and unity amongst the Catholics of this country of every class and of every nationality. It was his nature to speak plainly, directly, and to the point; and when he felt called upon to speak, he never shrank from saying what he thought. But no one in listening to the most outspoken utterances of Lord Russell even for one moment doubted his genuine devotion to the faith of his fathers or his unwavering loyalty to the Church. How much have we Catholics lost by his death! How much have we all from the highest to the lowest, gained by the fact that a Catholic has once more held the great place of Lord Chief Justice of England, and so filled it as by universal acknowledgement to do honor even to that high office! He was a kind, generous and faithful friend."

Golden Silence. Did you ever try to keep silence while a volley of angry words was being fired at you? Ah! then, you know it is not an easy thing to do, and you have also learned that there is a great satisfaction in being able, at such a moment, to control that spirit of self-justification that will arise in each one of us, but which often urges us to say more than is wise. It is easy, indeed, to attempt to vindicate oneself, but it is not so easy to recall the bitter words that are almost sure to escape us.

There is scarcely a victory so well worth the winning as a perfect control of the tongue. First, because the struggle within us is so great that we may be rightly proud when we have conquered, and, again, because of the fruits of victory. The momentary triumph of having met one's enemy with his own weapons is not worth putting up against the sweet satisfaction this bit of self-control will give. The first is transient, the second is eternal. Our silence is a sword thrust that never misses the mark, and its work is most effective when the one at whom it is aimed has become calm and begun to wonder what weapon has so seriously wounded. No matter what the offense, remember that words spoken in anger

will never mend a cause. Wait until the heat of resentment is spent, then, rebuke, if necessary; you will do it more effectively thus than with a host of angry words. It is by silence, or the "mild answer" which "turneth away wrath" that one commands the greatest respect and obedience.

Why Some Boys Fall. Standing, says a journalist, by the desk of a business man who employs quite a number of lads, I saw a boy of about fifteen come in and apply for a situation. The boy was well dressed, and in demeanor and accent indicated that he belonged to a good school. Without taking off his hat or appearing to notice anybody who was present, he demanded, in a sharp, unpleasant voice: "Say, mister, are you advertising for a boy?"

The business man looked at him for a second and answered: "I want an older boy than you." "What?" "I want an older boy than you," answered the merchant in a somewhat louder voice. "Oh!" answered the lad, as he swung around and walked out.

"That," said the merchant to me, "is a sample of the manner of the modern school-boy. In my business, you know, we depend almost entirely upon the politeness, quickness and adaptability of the young fellows we have behind the counter. My customers ask me why I change my boys so often. Certainly it is not to save money, for I would be willing to keep them if they were worth keeping. The first thing they ask me is what wages I pay, and the next what hours they will have to work. They never think about me or my business; all they want to know is how much they can get out of me. Apparently they give me no credit for being able to teach them a profitable trade; they only regard me as a task-master, who is to be made to pay the highest price, give the shortest hours and accept the lowest quality of service."—Christian Youth.

The Single Aim Wins. Many a man who has failed would have succeeded had he concentrated his fragmentary and futile efforts upon a single thing. One of the principal causes of his shipwreck of endeavor is "scatteredness"—a habit of desultory, disconnected, fitful, spasmodic effort. In this age of sharp competition, the only way in which it is possible for a young man to succeed is to focus all his powers at one point. He must resolve, with an energy that knows no restraint, upon the accomplishment of some definite thing in life, and then never turn a hair's breadth from his purpose, under any consideration. The moment you divide a man's attention, you break his force. It is in the union of all his faculties that he becomes invincible. This was the secret of Napoleon's power. He had a masterly habit of massing all his forces on the weak point of the enemy. He used to say that when his resolution was fixed, everything else was forgotten, and nothing could turn him from his aim.

The same is true of all the great leaders of men. Having arrived at a decision, Grant could not be turned from his purpose, and in his military operations he was determined to fight it out on the line selected, if it took all summer. It did not matter to him that he was severely criticised in Washington, and by the other generals of the army. His purpose was fixed; he had a definite plan, and no power could deflect him from it. Had even Lincoln attempted this seriously, Grant would have resigned. It is said that when Hagitz began his day's work he would stick a little red wafer on his forehead, and no one who knew him would interrupt him when this sign was in place. It was a signal of danger to all intruders. His housekeeper did not venture to speak to him, even if the prince called to see him.

All who have accomplished great things have had a purpose running through their lives. Each has had the single eye which sees but one thing; the undaunted will which can not be bent from its course. Whatever else they have lacked, men of achievement have ever had this characteristic of being able to throw themselves with undivided earnestness upon the work in hand. No young man can hope to accomplish much until he acquires such power, and he must be content to be ignorant of many things. When Aogossiz was asked for his opinion touching a matter which bore upon the chemical analysis of a plant, he replied: "I know nothing about chemistry." He was a naturalist, not a chemist; and he was great enough not to be afraid to be found ignorant on many things out of his line. The mind can retain only so much. If the eye is single, the whole body is full of light; if not, there is nothing but darkness. This explains why many mediocre men, commonplace plodders, men of one talent, have succeeded; while the so-called geniuses, many-sided men have failed.

Don't be afraid of being known as a man of one idea. The men who have moved the world have been of this kind. It is ever the single aim that wins. It is the man who has his purpose burned into every fiber of his being, who never loses sight of his goal, and who has the faculty of focusing, like a burning glass, all his scattered rays, that succeeds.

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The Story of Mrs. Agnes Foran, of Halifax.

FOLLOWING INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS A SEVERE COUGH SET IN AND AND HER DOCTOR SAID HER CASE WAS HOPELESS—DR WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS HAVE RESTORED HER HEALTH.

From the Recorder, Halifax, N. S.

Mrs. Agnes Foran, who resides at 21 Agricola street, Halifax, N. S., tells a wonderful story of her complete restoration to health, after a protracted and distressing period of extreme illness, and she attributes her present happy condition, under Providence, to the marvelous qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When Mrs. Foran was called upon by a representative of the Acadien Recorder, who stated his mission, she cordially welcomed him to her pleasant home, where in the presence of her mother and sister, she freely told the story of her sickness and recovery. She said: "A few years ago I suffered a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs, and was attended by one of the best physicians in the city. I pulled through but was left a complete wreck, so that I could not do any work, suffering all the time from palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration and a ringing sound in my head. I also had a distressing cough and for months I never knew what it was to have a good night's rest. For two years my life was a perfect misery to me, and under the doctor's orders I took emulsion till I was nauseated with the sight of it, but all to no purpose. My life was despaired of by all my friends who were assured by the doctor that my case was beyond the reach of human skill. I was visited by the clergy of my church and Sisters of Charity, who were very kind and sympathetic and looked upon me as one whose earthly race was about run. I experimented with all sorts of remedies for my cough, but without avail. My druggist at last advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Being fairly discouraged, nevertheless I was persuaded to make the trial, when to the surprise and joy of myself, family and friends, I began to get better, and by the time I had taken seven or eight boxes I was as well as you see me now, and she laughingly added, "I think you will admit that I don't look much like a sick woman." Her mother, who had been listening to the tale of her daughter's long illness, added: "It just seems like a dream to us all that we once despaired of her life, when we now see her the pink of health."

Mrs. Foran said that when on a visit to England about a year ago she contracted a heavy cold and was threatened with a return of her cough, but she at once got some of the pills and by the time she had reached New York she was as well as ever again. She related a number of instances in which she had advised persons suffering from chronic complaints to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and always with the best results. She mentioned particularly a niece of hers living in Boston who was run down and in a wretched condition of health, but was now a healthy young woman who owed the fact to the use of the pills. When the reporter was taking his leave Mrs. Foran said: "I am very glad to have the opportunity to testify what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me and you can say that I shall never cease to sound their praises, and I bless the good Lord that they were placed in my way at a time when I had not the hope that I could live."

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