

The Company Who Try.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Yes, I love the little winner
With the medal and the mark:
He has gained the prize he sought for,
He is joyous as a lark.
Every one will haste to praise him,
He is on the honour list;
I've a tender thought, my darlings,
For the one who tried, and missed.

One? Ah, me! They count by thou-
sands,
Those who have not gained the race,
Though they did their best and fairest,
Striving for the winner's place.
Only few can reach the laurel,
Many see their chance flit by,
I've a tender thought, my darlings,
For the earnest band who try.

'Tis the trying that is noble;
If you're made of sterner stuff
Than the laggards who are daunted
When the bit of road is rough,
All will praise the happy winners;
But, when they have hurried by,
I've a song to cheer, my darlings,
The great company who try.

BESSIE'S BRAVERY.

BY MRS. A. P. M'KISHNIE.

It was Saturday afternoon at the farm, and Bessie went to and fro singing over her work. No wonder she sang, for all nature seemed to rejoice. It was a bright October day; the woods and fields around glowed in their many-tinted colours, and the sun shone warmly down through the Indian summer haze.

Bessie Morris was an orphan, but she scarcely missed the tender, parental love, for her Aunt and Uncle Chandler were like mother and father to her, and were proud of their "bonnie daughter," as they called her.

They lived on a farm, in an, as yet, unsettled district, with their nearest market-town fifteen miles away, over a lonely bush road. To be sure there was a little village only two miles distant, where Bessie went to church on Sabbath mornings, and where the rough young farmers of the neighbourhood went to admire Bessie.

On this particular Saturday, Bessie and Mrs. Chandler had been alone since long ere daybreak, Mr. Chandler having gone to the market with a load of grain. Bessie sang as she tripped about her work, making the old house look as cosy and inviting as her tasty fingers were able for the return of the tired and hungry man in the evening. About five o'clock in the afternoon, a tall, slouching, tattered figure came up the gravel-walk and rapped loudly at the door. Bessie's pretty face looked out on him, but a quail of fear shadowed the bright eyes as she saw the evil face and down-cast head.

"The man to whom?" inquired a gruff voice.

"No," said Bessie, "my uncle has gone to market, but he will be home later in the evening. Did you wish to see him?"

"Yes, on business," answered the tramp, with an ugly leer. "I happens to know Dick Chandler, and Dick Chandler happens to know me, so I'm sure he wouldn't grudge me a bite to eat."

"Why, no," answered Bessie, again, though her heart sank within her at his ugly look and tone. "I will give you some supper if you are hungry; just sit down in the porch till I can get it ready."

The tramp seated himself and stared stolidly across the fields. Presently Bessie came back with a plateful of substantial food, and he took it eagerly with a grunt of thanks. Fifteen minutes passed in demolishing it, then he tapped on the door and handed in the plate.

"Bout what time d'ye think th' man 'll be whcam?" he questioned.

"Oh, we are expecting him at any time now; if you wish you may sit and wait for him or come inside."

"Naw, thank y', I'll not come in, but maybe ye'll tell me which road he comes."

Bessie was frightened, for she knew her uncle would have quite a sum of money home with him, but she would not stoop to lie.

"Yes, he comes by the road leading through the woods," she replied, "but surely you must be a stranger here if you do not know the road to town."

"Maybe I am, an' maybe I'm not," chuckled the tramp. "Thank y', miss; an' thank y' again for the bite," and the slouching figure went off down the road.

Bessie hastened to tell her aunt, who had been at work at the spring-house dairy, and the merry songs were hushed on her lips for the remainder of that day. She knew the tramp meant no good to her kind uncle by the tone of hatred

in his voice when he spoke of him, and she would sooner lay down her life than that any harm should come to him through her.

The early, autumn twilight darkened down, and still Mr. Chandler's cheery whistle was not heard on the road. Darkness and stillness settled over the land, yet no uncle came. Bessie's heart stood still with a sudden terror. What if the tramp could waylay him on the road, and in the attempt to get his money do him some bodily harm! The thought was torture, for her uncle would be all unaware of the rough's intention, and so would fall an easy victim.

"I will go and meet him," she said to herself, "and a wittle shall not know where I have gone."

Slipping out the back way, she whistled to the faithful collic, and the two struck across the fields to get to the road at the corner of the bush. It was quite dark; a few stars twinkled mistily in the sky, and the stillness made the girl's heart beat with fear; but she kept her hand on the dog's collar and went steadily on.

They were approaching the woods now, and Bessie paused to listen for the sound of wheels. Far away, at the other side of the wood, came the heavy rattle of the waggon, and her uncle's loud, cheery voice ever and anon urging on his tired horses. About the middle of the bush the waggon stopped.

"Get up, nags! only a little further and you will be home." Then, indeed, Bessie's heart did leap into her throat, for in a louder voice her uncle said: "What's this? Who are you, and what do you mean by stopping my horses in this way? Get out of the road, or I will drive over you."

"Not so fast, neighbour. Give me a lift, won't you? I believe I'm goin' your way."

Bessie fancied she recognized the tramp's voice.

"All right; pile in; but be quick, for I'm late enough now," came through the woods in her uncle's voice.

Bessie was quite near them now, using all her power of persuasion to keep the dog in check, for he, too, had recognized his master's voice and was eager to be away to welcome him. On she went, striving only to get near enough to make her voice heard above the rattle of the waggon before she called to her uncle. But ere it had gone a dozen yards, the waggon stopped again, and these words came floating across the night:

"What do you mean, you rascal? Hands off!" Then in a choked voice, "Help! Help!"

Bessie waited to hear no more. "Come, Major," she cried to the dog, and sprang up the road as fast as her feet would carry her, only waiting to grasp in her hands a good, stout stick.

"Help! Help!" Again the words were borne to her as she flew along, this time in a feebler voice.

"Yes, neighbour," she called, pitching her voice to sound like a man's, "I'll be with you in a minute; what's the row? Go for him, Maj!"

The tramp heard the approaching footsteps, saw the dog, and with a fearful oath loosed his grip on his victim's throat, sprang from the waggon, over the fence and into the wood, the dog after him.

"Here, Major," called Bessie, as she climbed into the waggon, seized the lines, and struck the horses with the whip. Her uncle was lying on the bottom of the waggon, but she could not wait to attend to him now; her one thought was to get safely home.

The horses, all unused to such treatment, sprang into a gallop, and away they went over the remaining mile and a half of distance that lay between them and home. The jolting of the waggon brought Mr. Chandler back to consciousness, and as they halted at the gate he drew himself up to a sitting posture by the seat.

"Why, Bess," he began, "how's this? What's happened?"

Then memory came back to him, and he took the girl in his arms and kissed her quivering lips. "God bless you, my own brave Bess! You came just in time to save me."

But Bessie's bravery had all deserted her now, and she could only cling sobbing to her uncle.

Inside, when Mr. Chandler opened the door with the girl's trembling figure in his arms, Mrs. Chandler was pacing to and fro in an agony of fear. She quickly sprang to meet them, and the tired horses had to wait while the whole story was gone over. But Bessie thought the scare she had received was quite worth while when she felt her aunt's tears on her cheek, and heard her uncle's voice, husky with feeling, say:

"Dear little girl! She does love her old uncle pretty well, after all."
Cecar Springs, Ont.

A LONG SLEEP.

All animals have their time for sleeping. We sleep at night; so do most of the insects and birds. But there are some little creatures that take such very long sleeps! When they are all through their summer work they crawl into winter-quarters. There they stay until the cold weather is over. Large numbers of frogs, bats, flies, and spiders do this.

If they were only to sleep for the night the blood would keep moving in their veins, and they would breathe. But in this winter-sleep they do not appear to breathe, or the blood to move. Yet they are alive, only in such a "dead sleep."

But wait until the spring-time. The warm sun will wake them all up again. They will come out one by one from their hiding-places.

I have told you that this sleep lasts all winter, but it often lasts much longer than that. Frogs have been known to sleep several years. When they were brought into the warm air they came to life, and hopped about as lively as ever.

I have read of a toad that was found in the middle of a tree, fast asleep. No one knew how he came there. The tree had kept on growing until there were over sixty rings in the trunk. The tree adds a ring every year, and the poor creature had been there all that time! What do you think of that for a long sleep? And yet he woke up all right, and acted just like any other toad!

LUOY'S NEW SHOES.

One day Lucy's papa brought her home a pair of beautiful new shoes, with patent leather tips that shone so brightly Lucy could almost see her face in them. Lucy was very proud of them. She put them on and tip-toed all around the room. While she was admiring them in this way, her mamma said, "Lucy, if you go out to play, put on your old shoes."

"Yes'm," replied Lucy, and she really meant to; but her brother Harry called her to come to the brook with him to sail his boat. She forgot about her shoes till something dreadful happened!

When they reached the brook Harry wanted to cross to the other side, where it was shady. He found some stones, which he placed in the water for Lucy and him to step on. Harry skipped over, and Lucy was following, when slip went one of the stones, and splash went Lucy into the water.

"Oh, Harry, I've ruined my new shoes!" And coming out of the water, she sat upon the bank and cried.

"It's all my fault," said Harry; "I ought to have helped you across."

"No, it's my fault," said Lucy; "I ought to have remembered what mamma told me."

Lucy went to the house and told her mamma her trouble. Her mamma didn't scold her, but she said, "I'm very sorry my little girl's memory is so poor. She has spoiled her new shoes in consequence. But I'm glad she has come straight to mamma with her trouble. Now, it's no use to cry over what it done, your crying won't make your shoes new again. Put on your old ones and go back to Harry and sail your boat."

Lucy put her arms around her mamma's neck, and said, "You're the dearest mamma in the world!" And I think she was very sweet.

PRESERVING THE HONEY.

At a recent meeting of learned men in Berlin it was said, as a fact, that when a bee has filled her cell with honey and has completed the lid she adds a drop of formic acid, which she gets from the poison-bag connected with the sting. To do this, she perforates the lid with her sting. The acid preserves the honey.

BOBBY'S COMPOSITION ON PARENTS.

Parents are things that most boys have to look after. Most girls also have parents. Parents consist of Pa and Ma. Pa's talk a good deal about what they are going to do, but mostly it's Ma that make you mind. Sometimes it is different, though. Once there was a boy came home from college on vacation. His parents lived on a farm. There was work to be done on the farm. Work on the farm always had to be done early in the morning. The boy didn't get up. His sister goes to the stairway and calls: "Willie, 'tis a beautiful mornin'. Rise and list to the lark." The boy didn't say anything. Then his ma calls: "William, it is time to get up. Your breakfast is getting cold." The boy kept right on not saying anything. Then his pa puts his head in the stair-

way, and says: "Bill!" "Coming, air!" says the boy. I know a boy that hasn't got any parents. He goes in swimming whenever he pleases. But I am going to stick to my parents. However, I don't tell them so, 'cause they might get it into their heads that I couldn't get along without them. Says this boy to me: "Parents are a nuisance. They aren't what they're cracked up to be." Says I to him: "Just the same, I find 'em handy to have. Parents have their failings, of course, like all of us, but on the whole I approve of 'em." Once a man says to me: "Bobby, do you love your parents?" "Well," says I, "I'm not quarrelling with 'em." Once a boy at boarding-school went to calling his pa the Governor, and got his allowance cut down to one-half. His pa said that he ought to have waited till he was going to college. Much more might be written about parents, showing their habits and so forth, but I will leave the task to abler pens.—Harper's Round Table.

HOW IT IS NOT DONE.

There are some trustworthy courts that will enforce conscientiously the laws against the liquor business, but in very many instances—indeed, usually—saloon-keepers find easy escape from serious punishment. Here is an illustration showing how it is often not done:

"This incident, it is said, occurred in an American court-room. The lawyer began the prosecution as follows: 'Mr. S—, where is your place of business?'"

"What for you ask me such foolish things? You drinks at my place more as a hundred times."

"That has nothing to do with the case. Mr. S—, state to the jury where your place of business is."

"De shury! de shury! Oh, ahiminy! Every shentleman on us shury has a shdring of marks on my cellar door shust like a rail fence!"

"His Honor here interceded in behalf of the counsel, and in a calm, dignified manner requested the witness to state the place of his business."

"Oh, excuse me, your Honor; you drinks at my place so many times. I dinks you knows fery well were I keeps mine place."

CURIOUS FACTS OF MANY LANDS.

The children of the poor in Japan are nearly always labelled in case that they should stray from their homes whilst their mothers are engaged in domestic duties.

Paper houses, for the use of travellers in Africa and Australia, have been manufactured. They are made in sections, and can be put together or taken apart in a few moments.

There are no undertakers in Japan. When a person dies his nearest relatives put him in a coffin and bury him. The mourning does not begin till after burial.

The earliest library in the world was that of Nebuchadnezzar. Each book was a brick, and on it were engraved the strange characters of the language of that country.—Little Worker.

THE VALUE OF TRIFLES.

BY WM. MATHEWS.

In the United States Mint at Philadelphia the visitor to the gold room notices a rack placed over the floor for him to walk on; on inquiring its purpose, he is told that it is to prevent the visitor from carrying away with the dust of his feet the minute particles of precious metals which, in spite of the utmost care, will fall upon the floor when the rougher edges of the bars are filed, and that the sweepings of the building save thousands of dollars yearly. How much more precious are the minute fragments of time which are wasted by the young, especially those who are toiling in the mints of knowledge! Who can estimate the value to a college student of this golden dust, these raspings and parings of life, these leavings of days and remnants of hours so valueless singly, so inestimable in the aggregate, could they be gleaned up and turned to mental improvement?

He was a countryman, and he talked along a busy thoroughfare and read a sign over the door of a manufacturing establishment, "Cast Iron Sinks." It made him mad. He said that any fool ought to know that.

A kindly young lady met her lady friend who had just got married and said: "I would hate to be in your shoes." The little married woman looked at the feet of the larger woman and said: "You could not get into them if you tried."