

LITERARY.

GO SLOW.

When you a pair of bright eyes meet,
That make your heart in rapture beat;
When one voice seems to you more sweet
Than any other voice you know—
Go slow, my friend, go slow!
For brightest eyes have oft betrayed,
And sweetest voice of youth and maid
The very falsest things have said,
And thereby wrought a deal of woe:
Go slow, my friend, go slow.

When you're convinced you are a poet,
And wishing all the world to know it,
Call on some editor to show it,
Your verses full of glow and blow,
Go slow, my friend, go slow!
For many a one has done the same,
And thought to grasp the hand of fame,
And yet has never seen his name
In print, and why—waste baskets know.
Go slow, my friend, go slow!

When you to greed for money yield,
And long the mighty power to wield
That's always found in golden field,
With senseless pomp and pride and show,
Go slow, my friend, go slow!
For thousands tempted by the glare
Of wealth have fallen in the snare
Set for the thief. And now despair,
Regret and shame have brought them low.
Go slow, my friend, go slow!
The good old earth is never wrong,
Each of her works takes just so long,
Months pass before a happy throng
Of daisies in the meadow grow.
Go slow, my friend, go slow!

And spring gives life to summer flowers,
And summer's sun and summer's showers,
Prepare the fruit for autumn crows,
And autumn frost brings winter snow,
Go slow, my friend, go slow!

The Draw-Bridge.

Polly Gardner had been spending her vacation with Aunt Mary in the country. She would have been perfectly happy but her father and mother were obliged to remain in the city. It was five weeks since she had seen them, and it seemed to Polly like five months.

One lovely afternoon Polly sat on the horse-block, idly kicking one foot backward and forward, watching Aunt Mary as she drove off on a visit to a sick neighbor. The birds were singing, bees were humming, and the slender branches of the great gray green willows that shadowed the road moved softly with every light puff of wind. Away off in the field over the hills, Polly could hear the ring of the mowers' scythes. Everything was so pleasant and so peaceful that she wished her parents were there to enjoy it with her.

Just as Aunt Mary was hidden from sight by a bend in the road, she heard the crunching of wheels in an opposite direction, and, on looking up, found that it was another wagon, driven by Mr. Ward, the grocer and postman of Willow Grove. He stopped his horse at the gate, and began fumbling slowly in his coat pocket for something.

After considerable searching he drew out a white envelope, and turning it first one way and then another, shook his head, and began feeling in his pockets again, brought forth his spectacles, adjusted them carefully on his nose, and once more began examining the letter. At last he read in a loud voice:

"Miss Polly Gardner, in care of Mrs. Mary West, Willow Grove. In haste." Then he peeped over his glasses severely at Polly, and asked sharply, "Who's Miss Polly Gardner? Do you know little girl?"

"Oh, that's me!" cried Polly, jumping from the horse block, "and Mrs. Mary West is aunt. Please give me my letter. It is from mamma. I am so glad!"

"Can you read?" asked Mr. Ward, still holding the letter far above Polly's reach.

"Yes, of course I can," cried Polly indignantly. "I am nine years old next week."

"Well, well, Miss Polly Gardner, here's your letter. But if your ma hadn't put 'in haste' on the outside of it, you would have had to come and

and fetch it yourself," said Mr. Ward, as he handed the letter down to Polly.

"Thank you ever so much," said Polly, tearing her letter open nervously. After reading it once, she said "Oh!" in a delighted voice.

"Nothing the matter?" inquired Mr. Ward, who still sat looking at Polly. "No; but father and mother are coming to-day, if this is the 24th of August."

"Yes, it's the 24th of August. But let's see your letter, and I can tell you what they mean."

Polly handed her letter back to Mr. Ward, who read it aloud:

"DEAREST POLLY.—Papa finds that he can leave his business for a short time, so we have concluded to spend the remainder of your vacation with you and Aunt Mary. We will take the train that reaches Willow Grove at 4:30 p. m., on the 24th. Tell Aunt Mary to meet us, if she has the time. Love to all and a thousand kisses from

"MAMMA AND PAPA."

"Well," said Mr. Ward, as he gave Polly back her letter, "they'll be here in about half an hour, for it's almost four now. I guess I'll be moving; it's time I was back to the store." So he chirped to his horse, turned his wagon and was soon out of sight.

As Aunt Mary would not return before five o'clock, Polly determined to walk down to the railroad station, and meet her father and mother alone. She had often been there with Aunt Mary to watch the trains come and go. It was a small station, and very few people stopped there.

Just before reaching the station the railroad crossed a draw-bridge. Polly liked to watch the boats in the river pass through. There was a footpath over this bridge, and Polly had once crossed with Aunt Mary. They had stopped to speak with the flagman, who was pleasant and good natured. He told Polly where she could find some beautiful white lilies in a pond not far away. That was more than a week ago, and the flowers were not then open, and now as Polly ran down the road she thought she would have time to gather some for her parents before the train arrived.

When Polly reached the station she found no one there, and on looking at the clock, saw that it was only ten minutes past four, so she had twenty minutes to wait. Then she ran on quickly.

The flagman stood by the draw, and Polly saw some distance down the river, a small vessel coming toward the bridge. She ran along rapidly and as she passed by the flagman he called out:

"Going for the pond lilies? The pond was all white with them when I passed by this morning."

"Yes sir, I want to pick some for mamma and papa. They wrote me a letter, and they said they were coming in the next train."

"You don't say so! Well, I guess you're glad. Look out for the locomotive, and don't take too long picking your flowers, and you'll have plenty of time to get back before the train gets in."

Polly thanked him and ran on. In about five minutes she reached the pond. How lovely the lilies looked with their snowy cups resting on the dark water! But their stems were long and tough, and most of them grew beyond her reach. She contrived to secure four. Polly was sorry to leave so many behind, but she was afraid if she lingered too long she would miss the train. So, gathering up the blossoms, she pinned them into her belt and scampered back toward the bridge.

The boat had just sailed through the draw, and the man stood ready to close the bridge when Polly came up. He looked over at her from the centre of the bridge, and called out with a smile.

"Couldn't you get any more flowers

than these? If I had time to go to the pond, you should have as many as you could carry."

Polly smiled back at him and then began to watch him as he made ready to turn the great bridge back into place for the train to pass over. His hand was already on the crank, when a rope dangling over the railing of the bridge attracted his attention. As he tried to pull it in, it seemed to be caught underneath. Polly watched him lean over to get a better hold, when, to her great horror, the piece of railing to which he held gave way.

There was a sudden scream, and a great splash in the water. But before the waves of the swiftly-flowing river closed over him, Polly heard the cry—"The train—the flag!"

Poor little Polly! She was so alarmed for the poor man's safety that for some moments she could think of nothing else, and ran backward and forward, wringing her hands in despair. As he rose to the surface she saw that he made frantic gestures to her, and pointed up the road from which the train was to come. He seemed to be able to keep himself above water with very little effort, and Polly saw with joy that the accident had been observed by the occupants of the vessel. The man in the water struck out toward the boat, and Polly could hear shouts and cheers from the men on board.

All at once she was startled by the whistle of the far-off locomotive. In a moment she understood the meaning of the flagman's gestures. She looked at the open space and then at the bridge. In five minutes or less the train would come dashing into that terrible chasm. Polly's hair almost rose on her head with horror. It was as much as she could do now to keep her senses.

There must be some way to avert the awful calamity. She ran swiftly along toward the rapidly-approaching train. Lying on the ground just by the small wooden house where the flagman usually sat, Polly saw a red flag. She remembered having heard that this flag was used in case of danger, or when there was any reason for stopping the cars. She did not know whether there was yet time, but she flew wildly up the track.

"Oh, my papa! oh, my mamma!" she cried, "they will fall into the river and be drowned! What shall I do?" and she waved the flag backward and forward as she ran.

Then came the train around the curve. She could see the white steam puffing from the pipe, and could hear the panting of the engine.

"I knew they'll run over me, but if papa and mamma are killed I don't care to live," she said to herself, as she approached the great black noisy engine.

When it was about three hundred feet away from her, she saw a head thrust out of the little window by the locomotive, and then, with a great puffing, snorting and whistling, it began to move slower and slower, until at last when it was almost upon her, it stopped entirely.

All the windows were alive with heads and hands. The passengers screamed and waved her off the track. She stepped off and ran close up to the side of the engine, and gasped out:

"The bridge is open, and the man has fallen into the river. Please stop the train, or you'll be drowned."

The engineer stared in amazement, as well he might, to see a small girl with a flushed face, hair blown wildly about and four lilies pinned in her belt, waving the red flag as though she had been used to flagging trains all her life.

At that moment another remarkable figure presented itself to the astonished eyes of the passengers. A man, dripping wet, bruised and scratched as though he had been drawn through

briers, came tearing toward the cars, stumbling and almost falling at every jump. As he reached little Polly, he snatched her up and covered her face with kisses.

"You little darling!" he cried, "do you know what you've done? You've saved the lives of more than a hundred people."

Polly, nervous and excited, began to cry. One after another the passengers came hurrying out of the train, and crowding around her, praising and kissing her, until she was quite ashamed, and hid her head on the kind flagman's shoulder, and whispering, "Please take me away, and find papa and mamma."

Almost the last to alight were Polly's parents.

"Why, it's our Polly!" they both exclaimed at once.

The draw was now being closed again, and the conductor cried, "All aboard!" The passengers scrambled to their seats again. Polly's father took her into the car with him, and now she looked calmly at the people as they gathered around, and answered politely all questions put to her, but refused the rings, chains, bracelets and watches, that the grateful passengers pressed her to accept as tokens of their gratitude for saving their lives.

At last Polly grew tired of so much praise, and spoke out:

"Really I don't deserve your thanks for I never once thought of any one but my papa and mamma; so keep your presents for your own little girls. Thank you all the same."

When Polly was lifted out of the car, and stood upon the steps of the platform while her father looked after the luggage, the passengers threw kisses, and waved their handkerchiefs to her until they were out of sight.

A few days afterward Polly was astonished at receiving a beautiful ivory box, containing an exquisitely enameled medal, with these words engraved on it:

"Presented to Polly Gardner, whose courage and presence of mind saved a hundred lives."

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City. 996.

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GOLD—Is excellent for filling decayed Teeth; but "TEABERRY" prevents the decay, makes them white, and makes people lovable. 5 cent samples.

Eleven steamship companies have agreed to pay the 50 cent. immigrant tax to the authorities at Castle Garden.

EPITAPH.

Here lies one who lately died, nobody sorrowed, nobody cried;
Where he's gone or how he fares, nobody knows and nobody cares.
His Bilious Fever might have been cured,
If he Spring Blossom had procured.

It is easy to tell the perfect gentleman. He makes sure no one is looking before wiping his mouth on the table-cloth.

CHANGEABLE weather is trying to the system, rendering it more liable to disease. As a preventative of sickness use Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters. They purify the blood, cure all Bilious Stomach and Liver disorders, and give tone and strength to the system. Price 50 cents. For sale by all Druggists.