

Dye Stuff.

BY MRS. DORA MULL.

Big Ted once said to his own little brother:
"Something good I will give you,
But don't you tell mother."
So out of his pocket he took some brown stuff,
And said: "For the first,
I guess there's enough."

Davy opened his mouth and popped it right in,
But it did not taste good,
This first taste of sin.
Nevertheless, he chewed it with care,
To get at the juice,
Which Ted told him was rare.

Indeed, it was rare; the poor little fellow
Began to turn white,
And then to turn yellow.
Big Ted, standing by, began to look green,
For his poor little brother
So sick he'd ne'er seen.

Getting frightened at last, he called to his mother,
Who quickly came running,
And saying, "What bother!"
But when she saw Davy, so pale and so sick,
She cried out, "Oh, Ted,
For the doctor go, quick!"

Ted turned very red,
Saying: "Him you'll not need;
I did but give Davy
A bit of the weed."

Moral:
This lovely brown stuff,
Dying both the boys' faces,
Is causing to-day
Dying out of the races.

A Methodist Soldier

BY

ALLAN-A-DALE.

CHAPTER III.

WHO DID IT?

Leaving the dead sheep where it had fallen, I gathered the rest together, and



slowly continued my way back to the farm.

With a half-defiant, half-despondent air, I pushed open the gate leading to the pen where the sheep were kept during the night, and as I did so, saw Squire Erling walking towards me with no pleasant look on his face. He was a hard man to cross, and when things went wrong showed it plainly. Something had already occurred to vex him.

While the sheep passed through the gate, the Squire stood on one side, counting them. When the last had entered he turned savagely towards me.

"Where are the rest?" he said.

"They're all there but one," I replied, not daring to look him in the face.

"All but one, eh?"—echoing my words—"and that the best of the lot. What have you done with it? Tell me quick, or I'll—"

He held the whip threateningly. "I left it down the lane," I blurted out, seeing that concealment was impossible. Then I hesitated.

"Well?"

"And I'm thinking you'll find it dead." The whip fell across my back with a force that well-nigh broke it, and Erling caught hold of my collar. "Dead, is it? And it's dead you'll be, and hanged for sheep-stealing, if I don't find out how that happened. Come, show me where it is."

Down the road we went, I like a whipped cur, and he with his hand on my collar. I could have bitten my tongue off, knowing the whip should have fallen across another back than mine. Still, for the word I had given to the little

girl, I resolved to take it all and tell nothing.

When we reached the spot where the sheep lay, the Squire stooped and turned the animal over. It was still warm, but quite dead. Then he caught me by the collar again. "This is some of your work, you clumsy lout," he said, and shook me, big as I was, like a child. He was a tall man, and when in a passion had the strength of three.

"It is not," was all I could say, and that in a sulfer manner which carried no conviction with it.

"You tell me that, and here is the stick with which you were beating them!"

He picked up the stick as he spoke; and against such evidence I could say nothing. For a moment I thought he would strike me with it; but instead he shook me again.

"Now get home," he said, "and see that you come to-morrow early. Bring your father with you. We'll see if we can't get some explanation of this out of your thick head."

With that he turned back towards the farm, and I went over the hedge as a short cut to the village, wondering whether my father's reception of the news would be any less rough than the Squire's.

"What's come over the boy?" said my mother as I pushed open the cottage door and took a seat moodily, without a word of my usual greeting.

"Where's father?" I said.

"He's in the garden—but what's the matter. You look as if some one had been ill-using you."

"The Squire says I killed one of his sheep."

"And did you?"

"Not I."

"Then that's all right," said my mother, her face, which had been anxious for a moment, brightening up again.

"Of course the Squire will believe you."

"That he won't."

"And why?"

"Because the sheep is dead."

"Dead! Then who killed it?"

"I will not say."

"Do you know who did it?"

"Mother," I said, "don't ask me any questions. I have told you all I can tell any one."

She made as if she would ask me more. However, three or four of the younger children running in at the moment and loudly clamouring for supper, she went about the kitchen preparing it, but with a puzzled look on her face.

When supper was ready my father came in.

"Well, Jim," he said to me, "how goes it? I've heard that the Squire's new sheep are doing mighty well, and likely to fetch big prices from the butchers in Winchester."

At the mention of the ill-fated sheep my mother started, and almost dropped the pan containing the family supper.

"I'm in trouble with the Squire about those same sheep," I said.

"What?" my father exclaimed, his voice and whole manner changing.

Then I told him as much of the story as I could, including the Squire's order that he should go with me to the farm the next day.

He pressed me hard for further explanation, but I remained proof against all his arguments, even when he went so far as to doubt the truth of what I was saying. It was plain that his simple mind could not imagine any situation in which the truth about such a serious matter as sheep-killing could be concealed, and though it went very hard with him to do it, I could not help seeing that he was half-persuaded that I had done it myself.

At last he ceased questioning me, and we ate our supper that evening in a strange, because unusual, silence.

"Whether you did it or not, it will be an expensive matter for us, my lad," was the last thing he said that night.

And an expensive matter it proved in more ways than one.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW WE SETTLED IT.

The next morning my father and I walked up to the big farm. As we did so we met Joe Harter stumbling along the road on his way to "The George" for his morning dram. He leered at me as he passed, and gave a loud chuckle. "Who killed the sheep?" he called out, when he was a safe distance ahead. I flushed and bit my lip. My father looked sternly ahead and said nothing. It was not the last time I was to hear that taunt.

Squire Erling was ready for us at the farm, and with a gruff "Good morning to you, Barber," addressed to my father, led the way into a room that was but rarely used.

He seated himself at a table, whilst

my father and I, as befitting our position, stood respectfully before him. He looked quite magisterial, and I am free to confess that I quaked in my boots.

"Now, Barber," he said, "this is a serious matter that your lad has been up to. I don't want to be hard on him, and I believe he has a good name in the



village, but I must know all about it. Has he thought better of it, and told you how it happened?"

My father shook his head.

"He tells me nothing, except that he did not do it."

The Squire looked sharply at me, and I returned his gaze with a straightforward stare. I was beginning to grow accustomed to my unfortunate position.

"I'll give you another chance"—he spoke this time to me; "what if I say you were seen to do it?"

"And who says that?" I asked.

"Never mind that. Tell me again, did you do it?"

"I did not, and 'tis a lie if any man says he saw me do it."

The Squire shrugged his shoulders, and said, "Very well, you can leave us. Your father and I will settle this matter. You can wait in the house-place."

I did as I was bid, and sat down at the window of the house-place. Suddenly in the orchard to my right I caught a glimpse of a white dress and sun-bonnet, and my heart leaped into my throat, for I recognized the dainty summer garb of the little girl.

She must have seen me, for she came tripping across the grass, eager and flushed. But I could see that already she had been crying, and I wondered what new thing had occurred to wound her tender feelings.

"What is it, Ellen?" I said, as I leaned out of the open window, and caught the little hand held up to me.

"Oh, Jim," she sobbed, "have you seen the Squire yet?"

"Yes, I have, and my father is with him now."

"I wanted to tell you—oh, how can I tell you?—Michael, that wicked boy"—she sobbed again "I heard him tell that dreadful man, Harter, to say that he saw you kill the sheep yesterday. And he went straight and told my father."

"I was afraid he had," I said.

"Now, you must tell the Squire just how it happened. I don't care what happens to Michael now."

But I saw that she did care—now perhaps more than ever, and as I thought of the cruel manner in which Michael Erling and Harter were trying to put the trouble on my shoulders, I grew more set than ever in my determination to carry it all.

"Don't fret, Ellen," I said. "My shoulders are broad enough, and I don't think that the Squire will ever really believe I did it. I am sure my father and mother will not. But, quick—run away. Here they come!"

She slipped away as quickly as she had come, and the two men entered the house-place.

They were talking as they came. "Then the boy can go back to his shepherding, Barber," I heard the Squire say, and my heart leaped again, for I knew that some settlement had been made.

"And look here, my lad. I tell you I'm not too well pleased; but your father has said a good word for you, and I agree with him that you will be more careful with my sheep in future."

I started to thank him.

"Not a word," he said. "I would like you to have told me how it happened. You can thank your father. I don't want another word from you until I hear the true story of yesterday's mischief."

With that he turned on his heel and walked off, leaving the two of us gazing on the ground. No sooner had he disappeared within the house than my father called to me to follow, and started down the hill.

As we walked I heard all that had passed. My father, while quite unable to explain my silence, and almost inclined to agree with the Squire that it was due to fear of punishment, had yet pleaded successfully. The Squire had accepted the suggestion, made with great diffidence, that I should continue to work for him without wage until my scanty earnings reached the value of the dead sheep. This was a decision in keeping with my father's belief in my honesty, and his strong, Puritan determination that justice should be done.

Before an hour had passed I was again with the sheep on the hill.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW SKATES.

"Oh, ho!" shouted Tom Slade as he balanced himself on his heels, and came up standing to the bank where Ned was buckling on his sister Clara's skates. Just then he spied a new pair on Ned's feet. "Oh, ho! Now skates the last of January! Why didn't you wait till June?"

"I should I s'pose, if I hadn't got money enough before," said Ned smiling. "My! aren't they beauties," said Tom. "Be't six of mine any day. But I say, Ned, why didn't you get them in some season? Here you've been sliding around on your boots all winter, and now the ice will break up in three weeks."

"They'll be just as good for next winter. I hadn't the money of my own to buy them any sooner, and father don't allow me to go into debt for anything, and that's the reason I've been without all winter."

"Isn't all the reason, Ned Devitt," said Clara. "You had money enough before Christmas, if you hadn't done something else with it."

"What else could he do to give up skates?" cried Tom.

"No matter what I did," said Ned.

"Yes, it is," persisted Clara, "and I shall tell. He had the money all ready, and was just going to buy them, when our washerwoman's boy came with his toes all out of his shoes, and couldn't go to school, and Ned said he guessed shoes were more needed than skates, and he went off and got that boy a pair of shoes, and that's why he didn't have them sooner!"

"Jingo!" said Tom with shining eyes. "I couldn't have done it; but it was awful good in you."

By that time Clara's skates were adjusted and the merry trio darted down the pond as swift as an arrow.

I think Ned enjoyed his skates all the more that day, and for all the rest of the winter, from the fact that they were truly his own. Skates that are not paid for do not belong to the skater, but to the merchant, or to the one who lent the money to purchase them. Debt is a bad thing, and it would be better never to skate than to use skates covered with debt.

There is another thing, too, of which I wish to make mention. Ned was something of a hero in the eyes of his companions all the rest of the winter. While, as Tom said, they might not have been equal to the task of making the sacrifice that Ned made, they were all able to see that it was a noble thing to do, and they admired him for the unselfish deed.

EUGENIE'S VALOUR.

The cholera scare that has afflicted Europe to a degree has recalled an incident of the time when Napoleon III. was at the height of his power. The cholera prevailed to a frightful extent at Amiens, yet never a day passed that the Empress did not visit the hospitals to superintend, as far as she could, the noble work of allaying the sufferings of the stricken. One morning a cure rushed into the ward where the Empress was consoling a dying man.

"Oh, your Majesty," cried the cure, "two hours ago my vicar was breakfasting with me, and now he is dead."

Eugenie smiled placidly.

"That is well."

"Well?" replied the cure in amazement.

"Yes, it is well," she answered.

"When once the cholera becomes as violent as that it ceases."

The Empress was right: from that day the plague abated. Eugenie's valour did much to fortify the people against the epidemic to which very many fell victims through sheer fright alone.

Beauties of Education Pretty School Teacher "Thomas, state some of the beauties of education." Thomas (oldest boy in the class)—"School-mistresses."