

ROOM AT THE TOP.

They say the professions are crowded,
 By seekers for bread and for fame;
 That many a doctor or lawyer
 Can make for himself scarce a name.
 But however people are talking,
 Never mind, never mind and don't stop,
 What if the low rounds are crowded,
 There is always room at the top.

Our country needs Websters and Lincolns,
 Longfellow, Greeleys and Grants;
 Some of our young men will be such,
 If only we give them a chance.
 Do you think that Webster would faltered,
 At aught which idlers might drop?
 No! No! he ever kept climbing
 Till he reached his place at the top.

In this life those only are leaders,
 Who have that indomitable "pluck,"
 Which people everywhere worship,
 And say "what a fellow for luck."
 But luck has naught to do with it:
 It is this—work, work, never stop;
 If you only have heart in your labor,
 You will surely come out at the top.

Work, work from dawn until evening,
 Improve every moment of time;
 Don't stay on life's lower flooring,
 But onward and upward e'er climb.
 If someone does feel above you,
 Don't let this your endeavors stop;
 For if they do practice off-showing
 And have of fine airs a large stock,
 They'll find e'er they die I'm thinking,
 It is brains which find room at the top.
 B. H. ALBEE.

A REMEMBRANCE.

A man never feels more lonesome and forgotten anywhere on the face of the earth than in the land of his boyhood after an absence of fifteen or twenty years. He goes back with a sort of half belief that he will find everything just about as he left it, and is startled to see the little red-headed girl he was wont to help at mud pie baking, the mother of a growing family, and the cherry tree of his childhood's happy hour full of the sons of the boys he used to play with.

About a year ago I went over to the land of my boyhood, where I was wont to chase the bright hours hunting the amusing bumble-bee in his native lair. I had been away from the locality about eighteen years, and it was half a day's work to find a person I could call by name. It seemed to me that everybody I knew when a boy and lived

there, had died or moved away. The cherry trees I used to climb, the streams I used to dam for water power to run miniature saw mills, the hills I used to coast upon, the great chestnut trees I used to shake till they showered down their nuts—all were there looking very much the same as they looked nearly a score of years before; but the people had all changed.

Near the old house in which I was a happy boy with a great longing for pie and a marked distaste for work between meals, I found a solitary, white-haired man leaning against a fence. He was apparently occupied with his thoughts and a large chew of tobacco. He was an old inhabitant. I had stolen apples from him twenty years before. I knew him at once. I recognized him by a strawberry mark on his nose. I thought I would question him and see if he remembered me, and approaching him I asked in a kindly and reverent tone of voice.

"My good sir, do you remember a fair, bright youth with a thoughtful, pious air, who was the light and joy of a family who lived in yonder house, some eighteen or twenty years ago?"

"No, I never knew any such boy in this quarter," said the old inhabitant, slowly, and in a dry, husky tone of voice.

"But I used to know a tow-headed, freckled-faced youngster who lived over there about as long ago as you speak of. I can't forget him well, for he was the worst boy in the community, a boy who was as frisky and chipper as he could be when there was water to be carried to harvest hands, firewood to be fetched in, or the cows to be hunted: a boy who was always at work at a rabbit trap or a machine to hull walnuts, or a saw-mill, or something not wanted; a boy who had a dam across every run in this section, and a flutter wheel agoin' at every dam. That's the only boy I ever knew to live over there in that house on the hill."

I saw that he hadn't entirely forgotten me.

"What do you suppose that boy is doing now?" I asked.

"I don't know," he answered in a meditative way; "but I expect he is in jail. He ought to be anyway, if he is still alive and hasn't reformed."

"No, he is not in jail," I said, thinking I