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To the Loser.

lo you've lost your race, lad? Ran it clean and fast? Beaten at the tape, lad? Rough? Yes, but 'tis past. Vever mind the losing-Think of how you ran; Smile and shut your te-th, lad-Take it like a man.

Not the winning counts, lad, But the winning fair; Not the losing shames, lad, But the weak despair; when failure stuns you. Don't forget your plan-Take it like a man!

Diamonds turned to paste, lad? Night instead of morn? overed wi where you'd pluck a rose, lad, Oft you'd grasp a thorn? Time will heal the bleeding-Take it like a man!

n the spor Then when sunset comes, lad, When your fighting's through, And the Si ent Guest, lad, eshy agai Fil's his cup for you. Shrink not-clasp it coolly-B. the best End as you began; Smile and close your eyes, lad, And take it like a man. --C. F. Lester.

The First Ploughman.

great event was taking place in back yard. Up through the 3.45 o'clock (st tom of the well which the Twins oston every M dug a large Earthworm was slowly

at Eastport wi Calais and St There, it's all out at last,' said Tom, daily up to 50 thlessly. Where is its head?' asked Tess.

thasn't any.' Why, yes, it must have,' returned positively. 'Everything has a

Well, it's a queer head that you ttell from the tail,' said Tim. 'It like bees' or mosquitoes' or cateren you have ars' heads, anyway. Let's ask

He'll know. to, said Jack, their young neighwhen they appealed to him, 'an thworm has no separate head like insect. But can't you see any dif-

and Westmor No,' said Tim. 'They're both tails all I can see.

> les, said Tess. 'One end is emore pointed than the other.' less has good eyes. See how it ays moves that end first, feeling ut here and there with it. That sted end is its head. You can't see mouth because it is on the under e, and covered with a large lip, and as no eyes. It uses its head as w, when it wants to burrow. selects a loose spot in the earth. sits head down, and draws its yafter, then thrusts its head in a edeeper, and again draws down its

How does it crawl, Jack?' asked ; 'it hasn't any feet.'

Not so fast, my young man. Run get my magnifying glass, while mall the particles of soil from the m. You see, the body is made up ngs or segments. Run your fingers thumb over his body, from the down to the tail, and back again. at do you notice ?"

Its body is smooth and slimy, going ards the tail, but rough coming

ow, look through the glass. You see eight small, stiff bristles on ring, four in a row, upon the er surface, and two at each side, nting backwards. These little stles are used as feet when the worm ances. When it wants to move it s the head and front part of its body, etches it forward, holds firmly with se bristles, and pulls the remainder Its body forward. The slime oozing m the body keeps the earth from king to it, and helps it to pass ough the soil easily when boring Are Earthworms any use, Jack?

great deal of use,' he returned. Earthworm was the first Plough-By constartly tunnelling through ay, he brings air to the roots of nd plants, which would die with-

esides, he keeps continually up fresh earth from beneath, cing it on the surface, so that soil is constantly being changed, does not become worn out. This h is very rich, for the Earthworm ds on soil and leaves, which pass ough his body, and are cast off as which forms a very strong These worms are drain ers, too, for their holes form little ural ditches, through which the

ter flows away. ay, Jack, is it true that earthworms with their tails in their holes, the rest of their bodies above

pose you come out some moist, night, with a lantern, and look to feel the light and the sound of him. It's nice to have people listen I footsteps, and will disappear very to you.

quickly. But you seldom see an earth worm far from or wholly out of its big enough to preach now,' she said. hole. Too many other creatures consider them a dainty tit-bit for break- the little boy eagerly. fast to allow them to venture far.

'Did you ever see a robin breakfas' There was a rose-bush on our lawn this spring, with loose soil about its roots. Mr. Robin used to hop cauti ously up to it very early every morning. If he discovered a worm nearly it. I can't do that.' out of its burrow, he would pounce upon it, and with a sudden, swift jerk, toss it clear of the ground. If on'y a explain: 'Be kind to one another.' little bit of it were exposed, he nipped it firmly in his bill, and just hek it struggling, for the rascal knew that if of it. he jerked too roughly or pulled too hard, it would snap in two, and he would get only part of his breaktast. When the woman at last relaxed its hold, he whipped it deftly out, gave it two or three smart pecks, gulped it down, and flew into the tree above, where he triumphantly poured forth his spring song as if nothing had hap-

The Boy Who Specialized.

BY FREDERICK E. BURNHAM.

Several years since, there appeared in one of the Boston newspapers an advertisement calling for a grammarschool graduate who was 'master of some branch-arithmetic, geography, history or grammar.'

Half a dozen boys, whose ages ranged from fourteen to seventeen years, presented themselves at the appointed hour. They all appeared to be bright boys, and it would have seemed difficult to choose the most promising one. The head of the firm, however, had solved that problem before the advertisement appeared in print. Assisted by a schoolmaster whose services he had secured, he was confident that there would be little trouble along that line.

All the applicants for the position, save one, were sure that they could make a satisfactory showing in any of the branches named, intimating their willingness to pass an immediate examination.

'There is only one study that I feel sure of, said the sixth boy, looking fearlessly into the merchant's eyes; 'I made arithmetic a special study, and led my class in it.'

The merchant's eyes brightened as the lad spoke; if the boy was successful in passing the searching examination that had been prepared, he knew that before him was the one for whom he had advertised. A positive master of something-that was the boy for whom he was looking.

The examinations were attempted, but in less than an hour most of those who had spoken so hopefully looked worried. The questions were worded differently from what had been expected, and evidently all was not going as smoothly as they had anticipated. There was one exception to this, however; for the young man who was sure of only one study wrote rapidly and decisively, as though he knew just what he was doing, and had not been disconcerted by the peculiar wording of the problems. Long before his companions were half through with their papers, his was handed in, and as he returned to the office of the business man, he was asked to call next morning.

'We have decided to give you a trial, young man,' said the head of the firm, greeting warmly the next morning the boy who had handed in his paper first; the pay will be small at the start, four dollars a week, but if you fulfi lour expectations you will be advanced from time to time.

This was ten years ago; to-day that young man is a confidential clerk, drawing a salary of two thousand dollars, with every prospect of becoming one of the firm.

'Hard times!' says one ; you can't get a living these days; the average young man doesn't stand any show.'

True, in a measure. Hard times for the young man or young woman who is master of nothing. The choice positions are for the few, those who have entered the race intending to win.

Am I master of something? That is a question which no boy or girl can afford to ignore. If not, and you aim to succeed in life, set about the mastering of some study, some vocation, some profession, for such a course can terminate in but one thing-success. Sunday School Visitor.

How Eddie Preached.

'When I get big enough I'm going to be a preacher,' said Eddie one day.

'What is a preacher?' asked grandma. Eddie looked surprised. 'Don't you know what a preacher is? A preacher is a man that tells the people what the heart to be a nest of vipers; and every eful, though, for these little fellows, Bible means. And he says, 'Thirdly, time he swears one of them thrusts though they have no eyes, seem my brethren,' and everybody listens to itself out from his head.

Grandma smiled. 'I think you are 'Really and truly, grandma?' asked

"Yes, really and truly."

'I'm afraid not,' said Eddie after a off one? He is very clever about it. few moments of thought, 'or I'd know how, and I don't.'

'What does the preacher do first?' asked grandma.

'He takes a text, and then he 'splains | All druggists.

'Oh, yes you can, Eddie,' said grandma. 'Here's a good text for you to

'There's nothing to 'splain about that,' said Eddie. 'You just be kind there until the poor worm was tired to everybody and that's all there is Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney Com-

preacher's first sermon. I should like

to have him preach from it for a week.' 'Preach a week! Why, grandma, I can't,' exclaimed Eddie.

'Can't be kind to everybody you meet for one week?' Eddie looked thoughtful. 'Would

that be preaching?' 'It would, and the very best kind. A good preacher has to preach in that way, or people will not listen to what

he says in the pulpit.' 'Well,' said Eddie, with a sigh, 'I suppose I can try; but I wasn't think-

ing of that kind of preaching.' 'You will be showing everybody what that verse in the Bible means,

you know,' said grandma. 'It is not kind to the teacher to whisper in school,' said Eddie the very next day; and he did not whisper

'It is not kind to Bridget to play along the road and keep my dinner waiting, either,' and he hurried home from school.

'It's not kind to mamma when I don't do errands promptly,' and he did quickly and well whatever he was bid. Every day and all day he thought about what was kind, and tried to do it. The end of the week came.

'How do you like preaching?' asked

'Why, I like it; but, grandma, I guess everybody must have been preaching about that text, for everybody has been so kind to me.'- Ex-

Who Was Generous?

The baby lifted the saucer in two fat hands. 'Mo' pud'—mo' pud'!' he said. 'There isn't any more dear,' mamma inswered, gently.

'He can have mine,' Alec cried, generously: 'all of it.'

'An' mine, too,' cried Beth.

Two saucers of rice pudding slid over the table toward baby's high chair, and two small, round faces beamed with conscious liberality.

'He can have half o' mine,' little Elsie said, slowly, pushing her saucer

'That will be just about enough, Elsie,' said mamma dividing the pudding and giving baby half. 'Thank you, dear; I'll say it for baby, because he can't.

After dinner, Beth and Alec talked it over out in the hammock. 'She didn't say 'Thank you', to us

an' we gave baby the whole o' ours, remarked Alec in a dissatisfied tone. 'No, she never! I think 'twas most

mean,' cried Beth. 'Elsie gave just half an' she ate up

the rest-so there. 'Well, anyhow, I 'spise rice puddin' didn't want a single bite of mine.'

'Nor me, either—I 'spise it.' Mamma was at the nursery window putting baby to sleep. 'She heard the scornful little voices and smiled. You see, she had known all the time Alec and Beth ''spised' rice pudding, and she'd known, too, how much - how very much-little Elsie liked it. That was why she thanked Elsie.

Never Swear.

1. It is mean. A boy of high moral stancing would almost as soon steal a

2. It is vulgar—altogether too low A.F.Randolph & Son for a decent boy.

3. It is cowardly-implying a fear of not being believed or obeyed. 4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentle-

man, according to Webster, is a genteel man-well bred, refined. Such a one will no more swear than go into the street to throw mud with a chim

5. It is indecent - offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human

6. It is foolish. 'Want of decency is want of sense.

7. It is abusive—to the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongue which utters it, and to the person at whom it 8. It is venomous—showing a boy's

9. It is contemptible - forfeiting the espect of all the wise and good

10. It is wicked - violating the divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who takes his name in vain .- Selected

GOOD HEALTH IS IMPOSSIBLE without regular action of the bowels. Laxa Liver Pills regulate the bowels, cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache and all affections of the organs of digestion. Price 25 cents.

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