Don't kick and whine, Just get in line With the follows who've grit and pluck Don't frown and scowl,

Look glum and growl, Stop prating about ill luck.

Lift up your head, Don't seem half dead, Stop wearing a wrinkled face; Give smiling hope Sufficient scope, And joys will come apace.

Out on the man Whose little span Is tull of grief and gloom, Always dreary, Never cheery, From trundle-bed to tomb.

Give me the chap Who, whate'er may hap, Looks up and is cheerful still, Who meets a brunt With a smiling front, And nerve, and vim and will.

-Jay Bee, in April Success.

Too Great a Risk.

MARION HARLAND.

Some one-Mrs. Blount, I think -was speaking of the story current when Lady Jane Franklin was appealing to kings and councilors for assistance in prosecuting the search for her husband. According to this rumor, she was exceedingly averse to this last voyage of Sir John's. So st renuous was she in her opposition, and he so inflexible in his purpose, that they parted in coldness, if not anger.

We were wives-all six of us gathered about the tea table-and we discusted the piteous tale quietly each heart supplying its own comments and making its own application, unspoken until Mrs. Dana said, in a tone which sounded strained to my ears, tranquil though she looked:

Yet who of us has not known the secret bitterness of such useless repentance as poor Lady Franklin is said to have suffered? I think not a day passes in which I do not say to myself: If I had only known! If I had only known! was not twenty-one when I had the lesson which will last me all my days. The dearest friend I ever had, or ever shall have, a girl about my age, dropped in unexpectedly one evening when I was entertaining half a doz n fashionable visitors, men and women. Mary Allen's little finger was more to me than all of them put together, but I was mean enough to be mortified when she appeared. She was a very pretty girl, usually. On that night she was positively plain, without color and with haggard lines in her

thirty years old. She had been to town on a shop ping expedition and got caught in a shower. I can see her nowpassing her hand nervously over her closed eyes, then opening them with an effort. Her skirts were draggled and limp, all the curl was out of her hair, and the stray locks streaked her forehead antidily; her bonnet was not straight upon her head; her boots were muddy and her bands ungloved. As she stopped short in the drawing-room door, blinking in the glare of the chandelier and confused at sight of the gay party, I had but one thoughtto get her out of the way as quickly as possible. I said to myself afterwards that it was for her sake as much as for my own. I lied in saving it, and I knew it.

face which made her look at least

I was seated near the door, chat ting with a dashing young fellow, a so called wit with an unsparing

Ah, Mary! I said, without moving and in a civil, patronizing way, Please step into the library and wait for me there. She went with never a word.

heard her cross the hall and enter the library.

D'n't let us detain you, begged one of my visitors, supposing, as I meant she should, that the newcomer was a dress-maker, or maybe a servant come with a message.

Oh, she can wait as well as not, I answered and rattled on with our talk, the more gaily for a twinge in my conscience. We had some music and a great deal of badinage and much laughter. I rang for cake and coffee at 9 o'clock and the visitors stayed half an hour longer. I had a good time in spite of conscience. I could easily make it all right with Mary, who was no doubt, amusing herself with a book. She had the sweetest disposition in the world and was always reasonable. She would understand just how it had happened, being as much at home in our house as in her own. Had my mother been in, I should have sent Mary up to her. As it was what could I do but get her out of range of critical eyes?

Well, my fashionables took leave at last, and in the hall one of the ladies said to me: I am afraid we have been inconsiderate in keeping you all this time from your-I caught the metion to say friend

under her lips, then she changed the form and said, your visitor. I answered more loudly than

That is all right! My motto 18,

Pleasure before business. Mary met me in the library door when they had gone. She had had commissions to do for m/ . . wn, and she held my memolandum in one hand with some money. She was very pale and spoke fast, breathing short and irregularly.

I got everything you ordered, Carrie, and here is your change. Everything will be sent by express except this, giving me a small box. As you wanted that in time for your mother's birthday, day after to-morrow, I thought it better to bring it to you myself. No. I can't sit down. I wish you could have seen me when I came in. I have waited a long time. I ought to have been at home an hour ago. I came by purposely to give you the box. Then, with the strangest lock I had ever seen on her face, she said: But, you see, with me business came before rest and hed.

I felt the color flash to my forehead. It is always exasperating to have your own words flung into your teeth.

I am sorry you put yourself to s much trouble, I said, stiffly. There was no necessity for it. I could have sent for the box in the morn ing just as well.

Then something pushed me on to add: Of course, I am greatly obliged to you. But while we are speaking frankly, let me repeat a clever thing you said the other day He who reminds me of favor can-

She laughed as queerly as she had

So be it! We will consider all favors done and received canceled up to date—and forever! Good night!

I was too angry to stop her as she went away at that. I stayed angry all night and the next day, and on the evening of the second day my father asked me at supper time if I knew that Mary Allen was dangerously ill. He had met her father on the street. She had had a chill on the train coming home, after getting soaked in a shower, had kept on her wet clothes for hours and arrived at home after 10 o'clock, delirious. Pneumonia of the gravest type had set in that night.

I rushed around to Mrs Allen's like a mad creature. Mary was too ill to be seen by anybody. Mrs. Allen was very kind, but would not let me go upstairs.

We have heard from a friend who was on the train with her on Tuesday evening that she had a chill on the way out. She made light of it and said she would be all right next day. She reached the station at 8 o'clock. Delirium must have come on at once, for she did not get home until 10.

The narrator's face worked convulsively and I put a deprecating hand upon hers.

Don't go on! I pleaded. But we thank you for the solemn lesson.

She rallied voice and composure. There is little else to tell. She died four days from the evening of her call upon me. She never recovered consciousness. That was thirty years ago.

Mrs. Sargeant's voice never breaks up a silence. It stole out of it presently into gentlest speech:

I am literally afraid to part in anger from anybody. The risk is

And Mrs. Blount-in something betwixt a sob and a laugh.

I needn't be ashamed, then, to tell that I have, again and again, called my husband back from the front door-and even from the corner of the street-to ask forgiveness for a hasty word. I always say to myself, by the time his back is turned: What if he should tion to young men and women. And never come home alive! As Mrs. Sargeant says, I can't take the risk.

1s it coincidental—or providential -that I should have clipped this from a paper today and put it into my pocket-book for future reference? said Mrs. Sterling, in grave tender-

I wish I could convey to the reader's ears, with the lines, the cadences of the voice which rendered them for us:

"I might have said a word of cheer Before I let him go: His haggard visage haunts me yet,

But how could I foreknow That slighted chance would be the last To me in mercy given? My utmost yearning cannot send That word from earth to heaven.

I might leve I felt My brown had sore need Of that for which too shy and proud He had no words to plead. But self is near, and self is strong,

And I was blind that day;

'I might have held in closer clasp The hand he laid in mine: My full, rich life to his sad soul Had been like generous wine, Warming a heart whose strains e'en

He sought within my careless eyes,

And thirsting, turned away.

Were ebbing faint and low; Mine might have been (God knows) To stem the fatal flow.

'Ah, word and look and touch with-

Ah, brother heart now stilled! Dear life, forever out of reach, I might have cheered and filled! Talents misused and chances lost, O'er which I mourn in vain, A waste as barren to my tears As desert sands to rain!

'Ah, friends, whose eyes to-day may

Love in living eyes, Whose word and look perchance may Sad hearts with sweet surprise,

Be instant, like your Lord in love, And constant as His grace, With light and dew and manna fall-The night comes on apace! —The Housewife.

Do You Know | Am a Gambler?

A pastor of one of our city churches told us of an incident in which the question at the head of this editorial was asked. He had in his congregation a bright, popuer young woman. Her home was an attractive place for the leading young men of her acquaintance. She made it exceedingly delightful for them and their visits were frequent and pleasant. One of the leading features in her methods of entertaining them was card playing But one day she said to the pastor: I am done with card-playing in our hone. I never intend to have another game of that sort under our roof.

She was asked the reason, and she proceeded: The other night one of my young gentleman friends called as usual, and in the course of our pleasant entertainment at the card table, he said to me, Do you know that I am a gambler? The emark horrified me, and I asked him what he meant. He replied, I mean exactly what I say, I am a gambler. I visit the leading places of this sort in the city and play as a matter of business, and make and lose money at it, too. It has become a mania with me, and I learned it here in your house and in the homes of the leading society people in this city. That was enough for me, and from henceforth card-playing will have no place in our home.

This was an eye opener to that y ung woman, and she was startled to learn that she had helped to train a young man in the art of gambling. But her experience is not exceptional. Card-playing is one of the most fascinating entertainments in which the average man can engage. When you once teach him the tricks of the game, he is liable to try his skill and expert knowledge where it will have some opportunity to remunerace him. He will betake himself to the gilded resort with other young men of his acquaintance and play for something more than amusement. And when he once gets his hand in, he develops a mania for it as all absorbing as the

appetite of the toper for liquor. As a matter of fact, there is but one step from the habit of cardplaying in the popular home to professional gambling in the resorts of the city. And the card-playing home is the incipient school for teaching expert gambling. There is where the most of our young gamblers in the cities learn their first lessons and get their first instructions. Therefore, society young women are largely responsible for the ruin of many of the young men of the community. They open to them their first door of tempta tion and entangle them with the attractions and infatuations of the card table. It is our candid judgment that a game of cards has n more place in a Christian home than a den of rattlesnakes. The parents who encourage such thing are actually criminal in their relain view of the widespread evil of gambling among them, all Christian people ought in every way possible to discourage the social game in the

Card-playing and wine-drinking in the home make up a pair of the growth.—Philips Brooks. most insidious sins that can invade the domestic real. They lead to through adversity. gambling and drunkenness oftener than to any other result .- Texas Christian Advocate.

Gone on & Journey.

incident of the way in which children may be trained so as not to regard death as the king of terrors That night, before they went to bed, they were allowed to go in and kiss their mother good night. This privilege had been denied them lately, and their hearts responded nourish and strengthen the roots and with joy to the invitation. Mamma was better, or she could not see them. The doctor had cured her. They would love him for it all their lives! She was very pale, but smiling, and her first words to them were: I am going on a

journey. Will you take us with you?

No; it is a long, long journey. Mamma is going to the South, eaid Katy; the doctor had o dered her to. See will get well in the orange groves of Florida.

I am going to a far d stant country, more beautiful than even Words. O, he said, I'm going the lovely South, said the mother, to the meeting to hear about the faintly, and I will not come back. missionaries. Missionaries! said the

ask-d Katy. me good-bye, my dear ones, for in | Every child should feel that he is the morning before you are awake | part of the concern, and that his work I shall go You will come to me is just as important as th t of must make the journey alone.

country at which mother had every child should be able to sav, saf-ly arrived whi e she slept.

for her? they asked, amid their

The chariot of Israel and the von can always lighten a little somhorsemen thereof! their father told other burden. At the times when them solemply.

happiness expressed in the faces of these motherless children. When then stay with you; there may be asked about their mother they say, She has gone on a journey, and but there is no time when you canin her Guide-book of that land where she now lives, whose inhabitant shall no more say, I am sick, and where God shall wipe all tears from their eyes .- Detroit Free Press.

Saved by a Contribution-Box.

The conduct of American privateersmen in the early wars hetween this country and England was often daring. Their deeds were done mainly in the cause of liberty, but were not always characterized by the spirit which makes a story found in a London newspaper of 1814 worthy of

A trading-vessel laden with wheat from Carcigan, Wales, was taken in the Channel by an American privatee. When the captain of the latter entered the cabin to look over his prize he saw a small box, with a hole in the top, on which the words Missionary-Box were inscribed. On this the American said to the Welshman: Captain, what is this? pointing

to the box with his stick. Oh, replied the honest Cambrian, leaving a sigh, 'tis all over now What? said the American

aptain. Why, the truth is, said the Welshman, that I and my poor

fellows have been accustomed every Monday morning to drop a penny each into that box for the purpose of sending out missionaries to preach the gospel to the heathen; but it is all over now.

Indeed, answered the American captain, that is very good.

After pausing a few minutes he said: Captain, I'll not hurt a hair of your head nor touch your vessel, and he immediately departed leaving the owner to pursue his course to his destined port.

The First Twenty Years.

Live as long as you may, the first twenty years form the larger part of your life. They appear so when they are passing; they seem so when we look back on them; and they take up more room in our memory than all the years that come after them.

Take good care of the first twenty years of your life. On the use which you make of them your happiness and usefulness in after years will very largely depend. See that they are spent in learning right habits and cultivating good tastes. --Selected

Truths are the roots of duties. A rootless duty, one that has no truth below it out of which it grows, has no life, and will have no

People seldom suffer spiritually

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief For coughs colds and all affections of There is a hint in the following the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby amoving the phlegm, and gives the aiseased parts a chance to heal.

> A stimulant is often needed to to keep the hair a natural color. Hall's Hair Renewer is the best tonic for the

IF TAKEN IN TIME The D. & L. Emulsion will surely cure the most serious affections of the lungs. That "run down" condition, and after et-A journey! cried the children, fects of a heavy cold is quickly counteracted. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

I'm Part of the Concern."

A clergyman on his way to mi sionary meeting overtook a boy and asked him about the road and where he was going, says Good You are going alone, wamma? minister. What do you know about missionaries? Why, said the boy No, said the mother, in a low, I'm part of the concern. I've got sweet voice, I am not going alone. | a mission ry box and I always go to My physician goes with me. Kiss | the missionary meeting. I belong when you are made ready, but each any one else. Linchpins are very little things, but if they drop out In the morning she was gone. the wagon is likely to come to a When the children awoke their standstill. Every pin and screw father told them of the beautiful should be in working order, and I always go to the missionary man How did she go? Who came ing. Why, I'm part of the concern

When your burden is bearist, you cannot see Gcd there is still People wonder at the peace and open to you this sacred possibility -to show God. Let this thought times when you cannot find help, every night and morning they read | not give help.—George S. Merriam.

Every duty omitted obscures

some truth that we should know,



The dial of the punching machine won't answer that question. Strength depends on nutrition. When the

stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition are diseased, the body fails to receive its full supply of nourishment and hence grows weak. That is why no man is stronger than his stomach. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

cures diseases of the stomach and the allied organs of digestion and nutrition. The food eaten is then perfectly digested and assimilated and the body is made strong in the only possible way-by nu-"I was troubled with indigestion for about two

years," writes Wm. Bowker, Esq., of Juliaetta, Latah Co., Idaho. "I tried different doctors and remedies but to no avail, until I wrote to you in my stomach and left side and thought that it would kill me. Now I am glad to write this and let you know that I am all right. I can do my work now without pain and I don't have that tired feeling that I used to have. Five bot-tles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and two vials of his 'Pleasant Pellets' cured

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Dear Sirs, -I wish to let you k the benefit I have derived by using I am a widow with a family tos

and have to work hard, which trying on my nerves. At night I was unable to sleep fe after going to bed, and it seeme every nerve in my body was on the I had a smothering, choking sen

and had to spring out of bed to c Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pi done me so much good that I can mend them highly to any person with heart and nerve troubles like Yours, with gratitude,

MRS. WM. H

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