

Heads Up.

Don't kick and whine, Just get in line With the fellows who've grit and pluck;

Lift up your head, Don't seem half dead, Stop wearing a wrinkled face;

Out on the man Whose little span Is full of grief and gloom,

Give me the chap Who, what'er may hap, Looks up and is cheerful still,

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.

We were wives—all six of us gathered about the tea table—and we discussed the piteous tale quietly each heart supplying its own comments.

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!

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 had been to town on a shopping expedition and got caught in a shower. I can see her now—passing her hand nervously over her closed eyes, then opening them with an effort.

Oh, 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. I heard her cross the hall and enter the library.

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.

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

That is all right! My motto is, Pleasure before business. Mary met me in the library door when they had gone.

I got everything you ordered, Carrie, and here is your change. Everything will be sent by express except this, giving me a small box.

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 so much trouble, I said, stiffly. There was no necessity for it.

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.

She laughed as queerly as she had smiled.

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

I rushed around to Mrs. Allen's like a mad creature. Mary was too ill to be seen by anybody.

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.

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.

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 too great.

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.

It is coincidental—or providential—that I should have clipped this from a paper today and put it into my pocket-book for future reference!

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 have looked the love I felt; My brood 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; He sought within my careless eyes, And thirsting, turned away."

"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 then

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

"Ah, word and look and touch withheld! 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 look Love in living eyes, Whose word and look perchance may thrill 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!"

Do You Know I 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, popular young woman.

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?

This was an eye opener to that young woman, and she was startled to learn that she had helped to train a young man in the art of gambling.

As a matter of fact, there is but one step from the habit of card-playing in the popular home to professional gambling in the resorts of the city.

Live as long as you may, the first twenty years form the larger part of your life.

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 growth.

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.

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Go on a Journey.

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No; it is a long, long journey. Mamma is going to the South, said Katy; the doctor had ordered her to. She will get well in the orange groves of Florida.

No, said the mother, in a low, sweet voice, I am not going alone. My physician goes with me.

The chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof! their father told them solemnly.

People wonder at the peace and happiness expressed in the faces of these motherless children.

The conduct of American privateers in the early wars between this country and England was often daring.

Oh, replied the honest Cambrian, heaving a sigh, 'tis all over now!

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;

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.

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I'm Part of the Concern."

A clergyman on his way to a missionary meeting overtook a boy and asked him about the road and where he was going, says Good Words.

Every child should feel that he is part of the concern, and that his work is just as important as that of any one else.

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Benefit Derived From Using Milburn's Pills For Nervousness

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Dear Sirs,—I wish to let you know the benefit I have derived by using Milburn's Pills.

I am a widow with a family to support and have to work hard, which is trying on my nerves.

At night I was unable to sleep, after going to bed, and it seemed every nerve in my body was on edge.

I had a smothering, choking sensation and had to spring out of bed to breathe.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills done me so much good that I cannot mention them highly to any person with heart and nerve troubles like mine.

Yours, with gratitude, MRS. W. M. MILBURN.

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Returnings, leave Boston every WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY 8 o'clock, and Portland at 6 p.m. Connection made at Eastport for St. Andrews, Galois and St. John's. Freight received daily up to 5 p.m.

C. E. LAECHLE

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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.

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 nutrition.

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Our Experience Has shown beyond a doubt that Abstainers are better risks than Non-Abstainers.

The Temperance and General Life Insurance Co. of New York.

Therefore, offers total abstainers Special terms that are of great advantage to them. They should invariably consult an Agent of the Company before insuring their lives.

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IN Military Red, Cardinal Navy, Black and Red Striped, Royal Blue and White Stripe, Navy Striped, White Stripe, Old Rose and Green and Black and Red Mottled Pattern

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.

A stimulant is often needed to nourish and strengthen the roots and to keep the hair a natural color.

If TAKEN IN TIME The D. & L. Emulsion will surely cure the most serious affections of the lungs.

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JOHN J. WEDDALL