

## The Fireside.

### AN OLD-FASHIONED WOMAN.

No clever, brilliant thinker, she,  
With college record and degree,  
She has not known the paths of fame;  
The world has never heard her name;  
She walks on old, untrodden ways—  
The valleys of the yesterdays.

Home is her kingdom; love is her  
dower;  
She seeks no other wand of power  
To make home sweet, bring heaven  
near,  
To win a smile and wipe a tear,  
And do her duty day by day  
In her own quiet place and way.

Around her childish hearts are twin-  
ed,  
As round with some reverent saint  
enshrined,  
And following hers the childish feet  
Are led to ideals true and sweet,  
And find all purity and good  
In her divinest motherhood.

She keeps her faith unshadowed still,  
God rules the world in good and ill;  
Men in her creed are brave and true,  
And women pure as pearls of dew.  
And life for her is high and grand,  
By work and glad endeavor spanned.

This sad old earth's a brighter place  
All for the sunshine of her face;  
Her very smile a blessing throws,  
And hearts are happier where she  
goes.

A gentle, clear-eyed messenger,  
To whisper love—thank God for her!  
*Congregationalist.*

### THREE POINTS OF VIEW.

BY SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

"Yes, I believe I'll take 'em," so-  
liloquized Mrs. Busk, as she rubbed  
the clothes up and down on the wash-  
board stopping now and then to give  
them a souse in the suds. "It will  
cost me all of a dollar and a half, but  
I'll take 'em."

A great agitation in the wash boil-  
er interrupted Mrs. Busk, and the  
way she lifted off the cover and  
punched the refractory clothes lent  
vigor to her further utterance:

"Some folks will talk about it, but  
I earn my own money and earn it  
hard too, an' if I choose to take my  
children to the fair I'll do it. They  
have been so good all summer to  
fetch and carry the clothes, and Jen-  
nie has been so helpful about the  
house, that they deserve to go and  
see the show just as much as other  
folks' children. If I'm a mind to take  
an extra washing and do it at night  
to earn that dollar and a half, it  
isn't anybody's business. I'll take  
em."

Mrs. Busk's husband had left her  
and upon her none too broad shoul-  
ders had fallen the burden of bread-  
winning for four children. It had  
been a hard struggle, but she had  
succeeded wonderfully well. Some  
of the neighbors who had seen her  
courage and industry, had helped her  
in little ways.

There was a flash of joy on the  
children's faces when they came home  
from school and the mother told them  
that she would take them to the Fair.

"Well, if that doesn't beat all!"  
said Mrs. Henry to her neighbors,  
as they met on the Fair grounds.  
"There's Mrs. Busk and her four  
children looking at the poultry ex-  
hibit—must have plenty of money. I  
don't think you and I need to trouble  
ourselves about trying to help her any  
more. Poor people are so improvident.  
She won't get out of this place with-  
out its costing her every bit of two  
dollars."

Mrs. Henry and her neighbor call-  
ed their children to look at the curi-  
ous marking of some Guinea fowls.  
It was an education for children—this  
autumn exhibit at the Agricultural  
Fair. They made a point of taking  
their boys and girls and showing them  
everything worth seeing; but then  
their husbands had not left them and  
they did not have to do washing for  
a living.

"What do you think!" was Mrs.  
Henry's salutation to her friends and  
neighbors when she met them, "Mrs.  
Busk is here with all her children.  
She must have money to spare. I'm  
through troubling myself about them.  
One day way and another I have done  
considerable to help them along."

But she was hungry and the chil-  
dren were hungry and she went into  
one of the tents and ordered a dinner  
of the best food that had been pro-  
vided. Mrs. Busk and her children  
sat down on the steps of the Horti-  
cultural building and ate a luncheon  
of crackers out of a paper bag.

"I wonder what is the matter with  
Mrs. Henry," thought the mother, as  
she divided the crackers among the  
children: "she passed me by without  
speaking to me and acted as if she  
didn't see me."

"I saw Mrs. Busk at the Fair  
grounds today with all her children,  
and I was so glad she could take  
them," said Deacon Brown, as he sat  
down to the supper table.

Mrs. Henry was very much upset  
over Mrs. Busk's spending her hard-  
earned money that way. She said  
she guessed her children could live  
if they didn't see the Fair," replied  
his wife.

"Why shouldn't Mrs. Busk's chil-  
dren have such a pleasure as well as  
Mrs. Henry's, I should like to know?  
Because their father is a scamp and  
ran away and left them is no reason  
they should be deprived of pleasures.  
Doesn't their mother honestly earn  
every cent she gets and hasn't she a  
right to spend it in that way?"

"She will have to work harder to  
make up for it," replied the deacon's  
wife.

"Got a roll of butter to spare to-  
night, wife, and a couple dozen of  
eggs? Guess we better lend a hand  
and help her out of the extra time at  
the wash tub."

That Wednesday night the deacon  
was late for meeting. He had never  
missed a Wednesday evening meet-  
ing, although he lived two miles from  
church, and he always came on ahead  
of time. The faithful few who came  
together to pray for the unfaithful  
many began to be anxious for fear  
something serious had happened to  
the deacon. They never knew why

he was late that night and he never  
told. He had simply been a little  
hindered putting up a load of apples  
and potatoes and other farm products  
to leave at Mrs. Busk's on his way.—  
*The Evangelist.*

### "I CAN'T FIND THE BRAKE."

The following article is taken from  
*On Guard*, a monthly published by  
the Royal Army Temperance Associ-  
ation:

I was visiting a doctor; he had  
fallen down the ship's hold, and was  
badly hurt.

The next bed to his, on the left,  
had a screen round it; that meant  
critical. "Poor fellow," said my  
friend, the doctor, "he won't last  
much longer. Hush! listen, sir," and  
a cry came from the bed behind the  
screen,—

"Get hold of the leaders' heads,  
somebody; we're going down the hill,  
and I can't find the brake. I tell you  
I'm going down to hell, and I can't  
find the brake."

I stepped quietly behind the screen,  
and stood silently by the nurse, who  
was trying to soothe the poor fellow.  
He was a man about sixty; looked  
as if he had been a gentleman. On  
his face was a look of unutterable  
anguish, and beneath the bed-clothes  
you could see his right leg and foot  
moving restlessly—ever and anon—  
trying to find the brake. Presently the  
delirium passed, and consciousness re-  
turned, and with a great sigh of relief  
he looked up. I wiped the cold sweat  
from his forehead, and said some-  
thing about a bad dream.

"Oh, no,"—and the voice was the  
voice of a man of culture—"Oh, no;  
it's no dream, it's perfectly true. I  
am going down to hell, and I can't  
find the brake. It's obviously real.  
Thanks very much; but don't call the  
chaplain. I detest your death-bed  
repentance. To go whining to God  
at the last moment. It's so horribly  
mean. No; I shall face the music,  
and take my sentence like a gentle-  
man. You could tell I was a gentle-  
man!"

"Oh, yes, breeding sticks somehow.  
Has it been drink?"

"Mostly that; not altogether. By  
jove, what an awful waste my life  
has been. Well-born—public school  
boy—Rugby—Oxford—honors. Mag-  
nificent fortune at twenty-one—all  
gone at forty—dying alone—uncared  
for in a London hospital at sixty. Do  
you know what ruined me? Driving  
four-in-hand. I tried to drive drink,  
gambling, extravagance, and idleness.  
Costs a lot to keep up that team;  
and then they bolted one day, and  
the brake broke, and I could not hold  
them. You have seen at the top of  
some hills, 'Cyclists beware. This  
hill is dangerous.' That notice should  
be placed up over every gin palace  
and every gambling club. Perhaps  
over strong drink altogether. 'This  
hill is dangerous.' You see I inher-  
ited the drink crave. My grandfather  
died in d't's; it missed my father,  
and came out in me. Married! No,  
sir, thank heaven, I never committed  
that sin; I gave up the best woman  
the world ever saw rather than let  
her sit on the box-seat of that coach.  
By the way, do you remember that  
accident to the Reigate coach some  
years back, when the bar-pin broke,  
and the horses bolted, and dashed  
into the hotel at the bottom of the  
hill? I was driving that coach, and

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believe to this day I could have stop-  
ped them if the drag-chain had not  
stopped. It was an awful smash—  
three killed, four injured." And then  
the delirium came on again, and the  
look of agony in his eyes and the  
restless moving of the leg, and the  
cry for some one to "hold the lead-  
ers."

It only lasted a few moments. He  
was very weak, and the end was  
drawing near. I kneeled by his side,  
and quoted those comforting words,  
"He knoweth our frame." "He re-  
membereth that we are dust." "The  
very hairs of your head are number-  
ed." I felt the hand grip tighter hold  
of mine, and he whispered, "Knoweth  
our frame. Maybe He knows. I  
started handicapped. I inherited the  
craving. He will remember that. We  
are but dust. It's getting dark; and,  
but somebody's got hold of the lead-  
ers." And then the death-shadow  
crept about the face, and the foot  
stopped moving; but it was put  
straight out as if he had found the  
brake.

There is danger in neglecting a cold.  
Many who have died of consumption  
dated their troubles from exposure, fol-  
lowed by a cold which settled on their  
lungs, and in a short time they were  
beyond the skill of the best physician.  
Had they used Bickle's Anti-Consump-  
tive Syrup, before it was too late, their  
lives would have been spared. This  
medicine has no equal for curing coughs,  
colds, and all affections of the throat  
and lungs.

When washing dishes which have held  
milk, rinse them out with cold water  
before placing them in hot water.