

Our Boys and Girls.

STEADY AND STICK.

A rush is good in its place, lad,
But not at the start, I say,
For life's a very long race, lad,
And never was won that way.
It's the stay that tells—the stay boy,
And the heart that never says die;
A spurt may do, with the goal in view,
But steady's the word, say I;
Steady's the word that wins, lad,
Grit and sturdy grain;
It's sticking to it will carry you through
it—
Roll up your sleeves again!

O! Snap is a very good cur, lad,
To frighten the tramps, I trow,
But Holdfast sticks like a burr, lad—
Brave Holdfast never lets go.
And Clever's a pretty nag, boy,
But stumbles and shies, they say;
So Steady I count the safer mount
To carry you all the way.

The iron bar will smile, lad,
At straining muscle and thew,
Put the patient teeth of the file, lad,
I warrant will gnaw it through.
A snap may come at the end, boy,
And a bout of might and main,
But Steady and Stick must do the
trick,—
Roll up your sleeves again!

RUBY'S OED RED DRESS.

BY JULIET OLDER CARLTON.

"Come Ruby," said Mrs. Ward to her little daughter, "the rain last night ripened the blackberries on Lone Pine hill, and I want you and Roy to gather as many of them as you can."

"Oh, goody, goody!" cried Ruby, dancing around; "where's my sunbonnet and a basket?"

"You'll have to take more than one basket," said her mother from the pantry. "It's going to be a pretty good day's work to fill all the things I shall give you. Now, you run and change your dress,—put on that old red one."

"Why do I have to change my dress?" asked Ruby. "That old red thing 's ragged, and, besides, it's too short."

"Well, what if it is?" answered her mother. "It's good enough to pick berries in. Run along now, and do as mother tells you. You won't be ready by the time Roy is, and I want you to hurry, so as to cross the track before the eight o'clock passenger comes along."

"All aboard!" shouted Roy, as he rattled up with his little express-wagon. His mother gave him the baskets and pails, and went to look after Ruby, who stood, pouting, by the bedroom window.

"Why, Ruby Ward!" said her mother, "do you want your brother to go alone to pick berries?"

"No, mamma," wailed Ruby, tugging at her buttons. Mamma pinned the curly brown hair into a "knob" on top of her little girl's head, gave her a waterproof cape in case it should rain, and some old stocking-legs to keep the fat little arms from sunburn and scratches.

At last they were ready, and so eager were they that they ran nearly all the way up a hill, and then, after a short rest, Roy proposed that they coast down.

Baskets and pails were tied fast to the wagon, and, with Roy as steersman, they fairly flew down the slope and across the track at the base of old Lone

Pine, where the huge tree that had given the hill its name lay prostrate, shattered by lightning.

A large boulder, dislodged by the fallen tree, had plowed its way down the hillside, and with the broken tree-top jay across the track, just beyond a sharp curve.

"I believe that loud clap of thunder we heard last night busted the old pine," said Roy. "Hark!" he exclaimed, listening. "There's the whistle for Burnham's Station. In ten minutes she'll be down here and go smash!"

The boy knelt beside the boulder, and squinted over it at the track beyond.

"No, sir, Ruby!" he exclaimed, "the engineer can't ever see this in time to stop 'er."

"O Ruby, your dress!" he cried. And seizing the garment in both hands he fairly tore it from his astonished sister and was off with it, leaving her standing with bare neck and arms.

Ruby drew the wagon into the shade of some roadside bushes, put on the cape, and scrambled up to a point from which she could see her brother and the advancing train.

Now she could see the black smoke row the engine, and now it was on the down grade; and there was Roy, bravely waving his tattered signal.

Ruby's heart beat wildly as the great black thing drew near, and came to a halt just as it reached Lone Pine curve. How the engineer thanked Roy again and again! And how the passengers cheered when they saw the boy!

The track was soon cleared, and the train, after cautiously feeling its way over the damaged places, sped on and away.

It was not so easy, after this excitement, for the two children to settle down to steady work; but they did work, and so well that they returned in time for supper with every dish full.

The story of their adventure had gone before them, so that they missed the joy of its first telling, but their proud family gave them a warm greeting. Mother had some special nice tea-cakes for supper, while father beamed down upon his little son, and asked him if he was not afraid when the engine came down at him.

"Fraid! No, sir," said Roy. "Did the engineer think I acted 'fraid?"

"No," answered his father, smiling; "he said you seemed quite cool."

"Anyway," remarked Ruby, between mouthfuls, "I'm glad I minded mamma, and wore my old red dress."—*S. S. Times.*

PLUCK'S COLLEGE COURSE.

A little hut in Bulgaria, made of mud and stone, was Pluck's home, and his father was so poor that he could hardly get food enough for his large family. Their clothes cost little, as they all wore sheepskins, made up with the wool outside.

Pluck was a bright, ambitious boy, with a great desire for study, and when he heard of Roberts College, at Constantinople, he determined to go there. He told his father one day, when they were away together tending sheep, that he had decided to go to college. The poor shepherd looked at his son in amazement, and said: "You can't go to college; it's all I can do to feed you children; I can't give you a piaster."

"I don't want a piaster," Pluck replied. "but I do want to go to college."

"Besides," the shepherd continued, "you can't go to college in sheepskins,"

But Pluck made up his mind, and he went—in sheepskins and without a piaster.

He trudged sturdily on day after day until he reached Constantinople. He soon found his way to the college and inquired for the president.

Pluck asked for work, but the president kindly told him that there was none, and that he must go away.

"Oh, no," said Pluck; "I can't do that. I didn't come here to go away."

When the president insisted, Pluck's answer was the same—"I didn't come here to go away."

He had no idea of giving up. "The King of France, with forty thousand men, went up a hill and then came down again," but it was no part of Pluck's plan to go marching home again; and three hours later the president saw him in the yard, patiently waiting.

Some of the students advised Pluck to see Professor Long. "He knows all about you Bulgarian fellows," they said.

The professor, like the president, said there was no work for him, and he had better go away. But Pluck bravely stuck to his text, "I didn't come here to go away."

The boy's courage and perseverance pleased the professor so much that he urged the president to give Pluck a trial. So it was decided that he should take care of the fires. That meant carrying wood, and a great deal of it, up three or four flights of stairs, taking away the ashes and keeping all the things neat and in order.

After a few days, as Pluck showed no signs of weakening, the president went to him and said: "My poor boy, you cannot stay here this winter. This room is not comfortable, and I have no other to give you."

"Oh, I'm perfectly satisfied," Pluck replied. "It's the best room I ever had in my life. I didn't come here to go away."

Evidently there was no getting rid of Pluck, and he was allowed to stay. After he had gained his point, he settled down to business and asked some of the students to help him with his lessons in the evenings. They formed a party of six, so none of the boys found it a burden to help Pluck one evening in a week.

After some weeks, he asked to be examined to enter the preparatory class.

"Do you expect," asked the president, "to compete with those boys who have many weeks' start of you? And," he continued, "you can't go into a class in sheepskins—all the boys would cry 'baa.'"

"Yes, sir, I know," Pluck said; "but the boys have promised to help me out. One will give me a coat, another a pair of trousers, and so on."

Although Pluck had passed the examination, he had no money, and the rules of the college required each student to pay two hundred dollars a year.

"I wish," said Professor Long, "that this college would hire Pluck to help me in the laboratory, and give him a hundred dollars a year."

Pluck became the professor's assistant. But where was the other hundred coming from?

President Washburn sent an account of Pluck's poverty and great desire for an education to Dr. Hamlin, the ex-president of Roberts College, who was in America. The doctor told the story to a friend one day, and she was so interested that she said, "I would like to give the other hundred."

A boy who had so strong a will, was sure to find a way.—*Child's Companion.*

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A heart may heal or break.

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