

The Fireside.

HOW MISS MARGARET WAS KEPT.

BY JENNIE M. BINGHAM.

Madam, you are on the wrong train. The young woman looked up from her little volume of Browning very suddenly, felt a shiver go down her spinal column.

"What shall I do?"

"Get off at the next crossing and walk over to the other station and get a train back."

"Is it near?"

"No."

"In what direction?"

"I don't know."

He pulled the rope-bell and this pretty girl in the neat shirt-waist suit was put off. It is a very disagreeable sensation to be "put off."

Miss Margaret Leonard stood by the track with her trim umbrella and heavy shopping-bag and looked after the vanishing rear car. Her dainty boots looked out of place on the dusty road. Curiously enough her verse that morning had been, "He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways."

Strange sort of "keeping" to be dumped in the ditch in a strange country late in the afternoon of a June day. One person was in sight, and toward him Margaret move gratefully. He was the gateman, smoking an old clay pipe. She smiled on him so brightly that he could not answer her question for a full minute, but took out his pipe and stared hard at the sweet face.

"Will you please direct me to the Cross Valley station?"

"Do you see that yaller house?"

Margaret shaded her eyes and saw it, far away across the fields.

"When ye git there, ye'll see the station."

She was going on with a "Thank you, sir," when she stopped with a sudden thought. Perhaps it might be an opportunity to say a word for her Master. Oh, no; after all it would be out of place, and she did not want to pass for a preacher. But still she hesitated. "I remember one time," she said pleasantly, "when I asked some one the way to heaven, and the answer was just as easy to understand as your answer to-day. It was my Sunday-school teacher, and she told me to take Jesus Christ for my best friend, and obey his word. That was simple, wasn't it? And I've been a pilgrim toward heaven ever since."

"Huh," grunted the old man not unpleasantly, looking at her admiringly, "and I reckon ye'll git there; it's made for sech-like folks as ye."

"It is made especially for you, I think," she said gently, looking at the wrinkled face and bent shoulders and scarred hands, "because you have worked so hard and grown so tired, and have found that this world has lots of trouble in it, and isn't a good place to stay in for ever, and so you need the rest and comfort of heaven, don't you, truly, now?"

The old man had laid his pipe down on the stool and was blowing his nose vigorously with his old bandanna handkerchief, as the sweet voice talked on.

But he only said:

"You'll lose your train, miss, an' if I could git away, I'd carry that thar bundle over for you."

He was thinking to himself: "Well, now, if she ain't a queer sort o' per-

son. I'd like to go long to the good place with her. I'm going to think more about it. Wish I'd lived better."

"Oh, that train, to be sure. Thank you. Good-bye," and the young woman grasped her bag, hoisted her umbrella, and with a little prayer for the old gateman in her heart, started down the cinder path.

Miss Margaret Leonard could not help noticing that it was a rare June day.

"Then if ever come perfect days," she murmured, "even if one does get put off," and as a sweet song-bird above her warbled forth rapturously, and sang itself away up into the infinite blue of heaven, she thought of Browning's bird, of which she was reading when the conductor startled her so, the bird which "wings and sings," and shows us how body helps soul and soul helps body. She was sure that Browning was true, and that the singing of her soul was helping her body "to wing" that afternoon, else she would be more tired with her heavy bag along that dusty path.

The "yaller house" looked still far off and unattainable, like the pictures of the Celestial City in "Pilgrim's Progress." However a sudden turn brought it near, and there, set out in the middle of the field, stood a little dry goods box of a station. It actually contained two rooms, a tiny ticket-agent's room and a waiting-room.

There was one other passenger, a young man with fine clothes and a dreadful cough. When she went in, he was studying a railway map on the wall, probably trying to find some country where he might get a new pair of lungs. When he had finished tracing his railway line on the western map he lay down on the bench and covered his face with his hat.

Margaret noticed the fine lines of culture and the high-born air, although the face was thin and sunken and anxious.

The ticket-agent was a girl who did not have a large business, and so she ventured to solicit Miss Margaret's patronage.

"I have a ticket, thank you," answered Miss Margaret, not feeling a bit sociable on the ticket question, and wondering if she looked as though she had been "put off" a train that day. Soon an old lady came in with her cap-basket and bouquet and bundle. She looked about the room in a very sociable way and evidently wanted to visit, but the young man had covered his face, and the young woman was reading her book.

She seemed attracted by some reading matter tacked on the wall, and soon she appeared at the ticket-window.

"Miss, what are these verses out here? I declare I left my specs in the stand-drawer, an' I can't read a word of 'em."

The ticket-girl looked out and frowned and turned away, as though she did not hear, or was too busy to stop and read placards for an old lady who had left her spectacles in the stand-drawer. Margaret put by her book hastily, as the old lady faced about with a disappointed air.

"Oh, may I read them for you?" said the kind voice.

"Yes, yes, read on," said the old lady, brightening, and looking Miss Margaret over curiously.

They were Scripture verses which

some benevolent society had tacked up on the wall. And Miss Margaret began reading in her sweet, clear voice:—

"Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off. And the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick; the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him. And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever."

Very early in the reading the hat was slowly raised, and the big sunken eyes opened. What sort of girl was this, reading the Bible in a public place to an old woman who had forgotten her spectacles? He listened and looked. Not a syllable of all the blessed words escaped him. If he had ever known them, it was so long ago that he had forgotten them entirely. He noticed the neat, fine figure and the dainty boot and beautiful face, and wondered if that was the sort of girl who read the Bible, and was familiar with such things as these.

He was glad there were several verses and that she read them slowly. He confessed that it was not a bit disagreeable, and then the voice was so musical.

The old lady sat down on the seat and was looking straight up into the young woman's face, while two fugitive tears rolled down from the faded blue eyes. And when the sweet voice read the last verse, she murmured:

"Yes, yes, to be sure," and wiped her eyes meditatively. "Them's blessed verses, young woman, an' I'm a-goin' there," and she settled back on the old bench with a look of sweet content.

"Yes, indeed," answered Miss Margaret, as she took her seat and opened her book, "the best of all is,—it's true."

Just here the train whistled, and the depot trio boarded it.

The young man took a chair in the parlor-car, and in a few days was landed in a far Colorado city, where he failed to find the strength he sought, but where he opened the old, old Book, new to him, and read again and again the blessed words which the sweet voice had brought to him that June day in the dingy little station at Cross Valley.

And Miss Margaret went back to the city to start her journey again next day, never knowing how safely and divinely she had been kept in all her ways.—*The Onward.*



Some Big Words That Have been Called In

The number of obsolete words that are to be found in a complete dictionary of the English language is considerably larger than the people have any idea of. The following letter, written by an alleged poet to an editor who had treated his poetry with derision, furnishes some idea of them:

"Sir: You have behaved like an impetiginous scrogle! Like those who, envious of any moral celsitude, carry their ungllicity to the height of creating symposically the fecund words which my polymathic genius uses with uberity to abligate the tongues of the weetless! Sir, you have crassly parodied my own pet words, though they were transgrams!

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

will positively cure deep-seated
**COUGHS,
COLDS,
CROUP.**

A 25c. Bottle for a Simple Cold.
A 50c. Bottle for a Heavy Cold.
A \$1.00 BOTTLE for a Deep-seated Cough.
Sold by all Druggists.

STRONG AND VIGOROUS.

Every Organ of the Body Toned
up and invigorated by



Mr. F. W. Meyers, King St. E., Berlin, Ont., says: "I suffered for five years with palpitation, shortness of breath, sleeplessness and pain in the heart, but one box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills completely removed all these distressing symptoms. I have not suffered since taking them, and now sleep well and feel strong and vigorous."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure all diseases arising from weak heart, worn out nerve tissues, or watery blood.

"I will not coarservate reproaches. I will oduce a veil over the atramental ingratitude which has chamfered even my indiscrptible heart. I am silent on the focillation which my coadjuvancy must have given when I offered to become your fantor and adminicle. I will not speak of the lipitude, the oblepsy you have shown in exacerbating me, one whose genius you should have approached with mental disalceation. So I tell you, without supervacaneous words, nothing will render ignoscible your conduct to me.

"I warn you that I would vellicate your nose if I thought that any moral diarthrosis thereby could be performed—if I thought I should not impignorate my reputation. Go, tachygraphic scrogle, hand with your crass, inquisite fantors! Draw oblectations from the thought, if you can, of having synchronically lost the existimation of the greatest poet since Milton."

And yet all these words are to found in the dictionary.—*Tid Bits.*

"The D.D." Emulsion

Trade-mark.

Prevents Emaciation
Increases the Weight
Builds up Solid Flesh
Sweet and Palatable as Cream
Does not Derange Digestion.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR
Nervous Exhaustion,
La Grippe, Anaemia,
General Debility and
Pulmonary Diseases.