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MUCH ADO.

When you think of it, friend, the worries,
The troubles that weigh you out,
Are often the veriest trifles;
That common sense would flout:
They write the forehead with wrinkles,
They bow the shoulder with care,
Yet a little patience would show you, friend,
Just how their weight to bear.

It's somebody late to breakfast
And the coffee growing cold;
It's a button that isn't fastened,
Or a string too slight to hold;
And time and temper are wasted,
And fun is driven away,
And all for the want of gentleness
The home is spoiled for a day.

And the children make a litter
Of toys upon the floor,
And Johnny forgets to wipe his feet,
And Susie to shut the door;
And who that hears you scolding,
Which after awhile you'll rue,
Would deem those heedless little ones
Just all the world to you?

'Tis well that God and the angels
Know better far than we,
That our conscience and our conduct,
Friends,

So seldom quite agree.
'Tis well that the Lord is patient,
And sees, not what we are,
But what, at our best, we are fain to be,
Unmoved by strife and jar.

Ah me! for the little trifles,
Of which our bitter grew,
Of sorrow and trouble is often mixed,
As weakly, with much ado,
We meet the smaller worries,
That are quickly out of sight,
When the sweep of a dark-winged angel
Obscures our lives with night.
—Margaret E. Sangster, in Ladies' Home Journal.

THE YANKEE TEACHER.

A Tale of Discipline That Ends Delightfully.

"A Yankee school-teacher, eh?" said Johnny Bligh. "You'll see how soon we'll pitch him out of doors! I'low Western men is good enough for us!"

"John, don't talk so," said his stepmother, a high-shouldered, freckled woman, with watery blue eyes and a chronic drawl.

But she smiled as she said it, and a minute or so later the boy heard her telling a neighbor who had "stepped in" to borrow a postage stamp and a sheet of paper, "what a fine spirit our Johnny has."

"I guess likely you behave yourself, Jack," said Gilbert, the big brother, who was mending harness out in the shed, when John began to air his boasts out there, "or else you'll get a first-class thrashing when you come back."

"We don't want no Yanks foolin' round here," said John, sullenly.

"Our folks was Yanks afore they was Westerners," sagely observed Gilbert.

"All the same, though, I wish Joe Holley'd got the place instead o' this Rhode Island fellow. Joe's a good neighbor, and he's got a right smart o' book learnin'."

"Gil," said John, leaning both elbows on the shed window, "why don't you go in for schoolin'?"

"Reckon I've got enough to pass in a crowd," said Gilbert, boring a series of holes in a check-strap.

"No great, though," retorted John. "You can read—and you can write—and that's about all."

"I've always had something else to think of when deestrick school was open," said Gilbert, composedly. "Times has been brisk since father died. But we've pretty nigh squared up the work now, and if this Yank is pretty middlin' smart, I may take turn at my books some time in the winter. I've always thought I should like to see into what they call geometry. Joe Holley can't teach that!"

"No more can the Yank, I don't reckon," said disaffected John.

Evidently his theories and those of the new teacher came into active conflict, for the next day, the first of the school quarter, he came blubbering home at noon.

"Teacher's took away my books, and won't let me hev' my dinner-basket," said he. "And I'm hun-n-a-gry!"

"The poor creature!" whimpered Mrs. Bligh, instinctively cutting a gigantic wedge of pumpkin pie, and looking around for the cheese.

"Don't stop for that now, mother," said Gilbert, setting his teeth together. "Come with me, John. We'll look into this business."

Never was mile more rapidly traversed than that expanse of dreary pines and sere grass that lay between the district school house and the Bligh farm. John, running with all his breathless might, could scarcely keep pace with his brother's long, swinging strides.

Gilbert's face was dark; his eyes sparkled ominously. John glanced at him now and then with scarcely subdued awe.

"Gil's proper mad," he said to himself. "And when Gil's mad it means suthin'."

Arrived at the little red brick building at the cross roads Bligh pushed the door open and strode fiercely in.

"Now, then," said he, "what's this about bullying little Jack Bligh? I'll know the reason of it, or I'll—"

He stopped abruptly. Instead of the tall, ungainly Yankee whom he had expected to see behind the desk, a trim, pretty young girl, with jet-black hair and a complexion like a ripe peach, rose from the pedagogical chair.

"Well," said she, composedly, "what is wanting? Do you know, young man, that it is the custom in civilized countries to knock at the door before you come in? Children," to the little flock, who, with one accord, had raised their heads, "all this does not in the least concern you. Mind your lessons. John Bligh, take your seat."

"I won't," blustered Johnny, emboldened by the presence of his tall brother.

"Gimme my dinner-basket. Lemme have my books."

"I want to know," began Gilbert Bligh, "what right you have—"

Miss Root—"Emma Abigail Root!" it was in the school certificate—raised a warning finger.

"Silence!" she cried. "Leave this room at once! I will not have my discipline interfered with!"

"I—won't!" again bawled the belligerent Johnny.

The children held their breath.

Miss Root took in the situation at once, and briskly seizing the young rebel by the coat-collar, walked him into the book-closet and turned the key in the door.

Gilbert advanced to rescue him, but while he stood chivalrously unwilling to lay violent hands on a woman, Miss Root turned upon him and took him by the wrist, as if he had been a child.

"Did you hear me tell you to go?" said

she, and put him out at the door without further ceremony.

A thrill ran through the little audience. The school-ma'am had triumphed over lawless Johnny Bligh, and afterward conquered his big brother. Her rule was thoroughly established now; there would be no further fear of revolt.

Calmly Miss Root returned to the little wooden platform upon which stood her chair and desk.

"Now, Peter Dorsey," said she, "you may give me the boundaries of South Carolina over again."

And business went on just as it had done before.

"By George!" muttered Gilbert Bligh, outside, "ain't she a plucky little thing! Well, I suppose I may as well go home. I reckon Jack will have to work out his own salvation for all of me. How those black eyes did snap, though!"

To Gilbert's infinite amusement—something to his discomfiture—when he came in at night from a horseback ride to the six-mile post-office, he found Miss Root sitting at the domestic fireside.

"Gil," said Mrs. Bligh, uneasily, "here's the school-ma'am—come to board out her week. It was Widow Dunn's week by rights, but they've got the dumb-ager over there, and lowd they'd rather she'd come here first. School-ma'am, this is my eldest son—or leastways my husband's son. I never had none o' my own, but I set a deal o' store by Gilbert and John."

Gilbert Bligh bowed rather awkwardly.

Miss Root rose up and dropped a dainty little courtesy, like aslim young hazel-bush swayed by the wind.

"I hope you don't bear malice," said she, half smiling, while a soft pink flush rose to her cheek. "You see it was absolutely necessary for me to enforce discipline, and really you were sailing under piratical colors—now, were you not?"

"I was altogether wrong," said Gilbert, reddening also. "I beg your pardon."

"Which John has already done," said Miss Root, resuming her seat and her knitting work. "John's not a bad fellow, after all, when once you appeal to his reason and common sense. We shall get along capitally after this."

"He hadn't no business to sass the school-ma'am," said Mrs. Bligh, who was bustling around to get out the best china for tea. "She sarved him right when she shet him up in the pantry where the slates and the big dictionary was kep'. And he won't do it again; if he does, he'll get a good latherin' to hum, that I can tell him!"

John, who was roasting red apples in the hot ashes, chuckled. He knew well, from long experience, that his step-mother's bark was many degrees worse than her bite.

"Me and the schoolma'am are good friends now," said he. "I axed pardon afore all the boys, and she promised to lend me 'Masterman Ready' to read arter I'm done my sums at night. And, Gil, she knows geometry and them things like a book. And she says she'll show you without your goin' to school and settin' among the boys that is littler than you be."

Once more Gilbert colored, but Miss Root knitted quietly on.

"I shall be glad to be of use," said she.

"I wonder where you learned all this!" remarked the young man, awkwardly.

"I am a graduate of Tassel College, in Rhode Island," said Miss Root. "They lay special stress on mathematics there."

Gilbert sat down, staring moodily at the fire. Here was he, a strong, muscular giant, six feet high, and broad shouldered to correspond—there she sat, round, rosy and dimpled, a mere dot of a woman, yet how much more she knew than he did!

"She must despise me," he thought, uneasily tugging at his rich brown mustache. "She can't help it! Such a dumb-head as I must seem to her. Yet how pretty and soft-spoken she is."

Poor Gilbert! He was very wretched that night, because Miss Root knew geometry and he did not.

Yet what a vague happiness it was to be under the same roof with her!

If Gilbert had only known it, he was falling in love with Emma Root.

The schoolma'am stayed two weeks at the Bligh farm, because the Widow Dunn's "ager" stubbornly held on, and toward the end of her sojourn there came out one of those terrific rain-storms that sometimes sweep the Western slopes.

"I am going to hitch up old Sorrel and go after Miss Root," said Gilbert, at noon.

"The red bridge foundations are pretty nigh washed away, and I'll have to bring her around by Pine Point."

"I low it's a good idear," said Mrs. Bligh, scratching her head with a knitting needle. "I'm glad you thought o' it."

But either he had miscalculated old Sorrel's rate of speed over the muddy roads, or else the family clock was wrong; for when he reached the red school-house it was closed and locked and Miss Root was gone.

He drove at railroad rate to overtake her, but just on the edge of the river he saw that he was too late.

The flimsy timbers of the bridge had given way beneath her weight, and she was struggling in the black waters!

"Gilbert—oh, Gilbert—save me!"

Through the rush of the swollen stream, the roaring of the wind, her frenzied cry reached his ears.

He flung off his heavy boots, his clinging coat and jumped into the river. And as he did so an odd fancy eddied across his brain.

Geometry was of no use here. Mathematics could be of no avail. It was a man's strength, an expert's skill, a hero's heart that counted now. Yes, he was her equal—more than her equal—at last!

"Is she dead? Emma! For Heaven's sake, speak!"

"Dead!" grumbled old Abraham Gaylor. "No more'n you be. Look at the color comin' back into her lips. But I say, though, it was a narrow squeeze of it, one time. That current's powerful strong, and the bridge timbers was sweeping down on ye like a thousand o' brick. It's a good thing ye knowed how to swim like an otter, Gil Bligh. Yes, you're safe at home! I bring ye both back wrapped in all the blankets my ole woman had. That's your own firelight you're starin' at."

"After all, it was only a drenching, a fright and a chill," said Gilbert, that dusk, as they sat by the fire, when Mrs. Bligh had gone out to feed the late brood of chickens, and Johnny was in the shed trying to build a ship that should be like the one described in "Masterman Ready's" fascinating pages.

Emma shuddered.

"I have been rescued from the very verge of the grave," said she, "and by you, Gilbert. Gilbert!" looking wistfully up into his face.

"Well?"

"Will—will you teach me to swim? You are so strong, so noble, and I am so weak

and ignorant. Oh, Gilbert, after this you will be my prince among men!"

"Emma, my love, my darling!"

That was how it happened. There was no formal proposal nor acceptance—only these words—only a lover's kiss, a shy girl's joyful nestling to the side of him whom she had regarded as her heart's master; and so they were engaged.

The people of Red Hollow expressed themselves differently on the subject.

"Gilbert Bligh hasn't no book-learnin'," said Squire Peters, "and this young woman's a graduate of Tassel College. Don't see how she came to fancy him."

"That don't signify," said Widow Dunn. "He's mortal smart, and owns a good patch o' land right on the farmin'-flats; but I only hope they'll live happy together. If I was a man, I wouldn't dare to marry a gal that had put me outter the school-us. She must hev' a temper."

But neither Gilbert nor Emma had any misgivings—and, after all, they were the chief persons concerned.—Saturday Night.

ONE IN A MILLION.

But the Man Afraid to Die Took It and Saved Monte.

As we got down in the neighborhood of Cape Hatteras, writes a New York Sun man, it came on to blow great guns, and the seas were tremendous. The steamer pitched and tossed and rolled in a way to frighten every body, and about mid-afternoon a sleek-looking young man pitched across the cabin to the sofa on which I was sitting and asked:

"Do you think we can pull through?"

"It's doubtful."

"Good chance of going down, eh?"

"Best in the world."

"Well, I have a few dollars in counterfeit money with me—some that was passed on me—and I guess I'll throw it overboard."

He pitched across to his stateroom and probably got rid of it. In about half an hour he came for me again and asked:

"What do you think of it now?"

"She seems to be laboring heavily, and I'm expecting to hear that she has sprung a leak."

"Is that so? I have two or three packs of cards in my valise. That might count against me in the other world, and I guess I'll leave 'em out."

He was gone about a quarter of an hour this time, and as he staggered up to the sofa again the steamer almost stood on end.

"It's growing worse, isn't it?" he inquired.

"Much worse."

"And we ought to prepare for death?"

"We had."

"I—I believe I have two or three bogus bonds with me belonging to a friend who sometimes works a confidence racket. I guess they'll have to go, too."

While he was gone I shifted my position, and it was half an hour before he found me again. The steamer was rolling and pitching, and he was very white as he inquired:

"What are the chances now?"

"One in a million."

I did not see him again until we were nearing Wilmington. Then I caught him trying to work the three-card-racket on a South Carolina planter, and I called him aside:

"You seem to have recovered all your lost cheek, my friend."

"I have—yes."

"While you thought there was danger of our going down, you were very penitent."

"Just so."

"I thought you threw overboard every thing belonging to your profession?"

"Not quite. I was going to, but when you said we had one chance in a million, I took it and saved monte, and if you'll let me alone I'll pull fifty dollars out of that old cottonseed before we make the wharf."

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For further particulars address the President for a Catalogue.
Sackville, Aug. 10, 1889.