

THE HAPPY LAND.

By Frank Roe Butchelder.

In the Land of Steady Incomes,
Where they get their ten per cent.,
There is never need to worry
As to how to pay the rent;
There they never dodge the grocer,
And in winter never freeze,
In the Land of Steady Incomes,
Where the dollars grow on trees.

In the Land of Steady Incomes,
Where the cash is ready-made,
No one ever thinks of going
To the almoner for aid,
For the coal-bin is never empty,
And the Gray Wolf dare not lurk
In the Land of Steady Incomes,
Where the check-books do not work.

In the Land of Steady Incomes,
Where the watches all have fobs,
You will see no haggard father
Pleading, in despair, for jobs;
You will hear no hungry children
Crying, while their mothers pray,
In the Land of Steady Incomes,
Where there's dinner every day.

In the Land of Steady Incomes
It is easy to forget
All about that far-off country
Where are hunger, cold, and debt;
And the woes of other people
It is easy to dismiss
In the Land of Steady Incomes,
Where inheritance is bliss.

THE REBELLION OF
ST. TIMOTHY.

BY ISAAC ANDERSON.

This is the story of a good boy and a bad boy. The good boy's name was Timothy, and he was so very good indeed that no one ever thought of calling him Tim. He had other nicknames, however—"Sissy," "Mamma's Boy," and worst of all, "Saint Timothy." Just why this latter epithet was more hateful than the others it is hard to say; but it was, so much so that Timothy was tempted often times to commit some dreadful crime, such as whispering in school or playing marbles for keeps, in order to rid himself of the odious title. Had he been sure that a single lapse from virtue would have the desired effect, he probably would not have hesitated long, but something told him that he would succeed only in making himself ridiculous. Besides, there was his mother. She took great pride in the fact that her son was indisputably the best boy in town. To have him forfeit that distinction would break her heart.

The bad boy was different. If there was any crime in the calendar of boyhood which he had not committed, it was because he had never heard of it. He was held up as a warning example to all the other boys, who worshipped him in consequence. This boy's name was William, though on rare occasions, when no misdeed of his had come to light for the space of a whole day, his mother called him Willie. If he bore that name two days in succession, it was time to call in the doctor. The boys called him neither William nor Willie, but just plain Bill.

It was Friday afternoon, a time when schoolboys rejoice in their temporary release from bondage, but the boy's heart was sore within him. He had been whipped twice that day for the same offence—once at school and later on at home. He felt the need of someone upon whom he could wreak vengeance for the wrongs he had suffered. Then it was that fate led the good boy across his path.

"Hullo, Saint Timothy!" cried Bill jeeringly.

Timothy flushed, but made no reply. His mother had forbidden him to speak to Bill, and he was determined to obey, no matter what the cost.

"What's the matter, Saint? Can't you talk?"

Still no answer.

"You're afraid to say anything to me," taunted Bill, placing himself directly in the other's way. "I dare you to. You're a coward."

"I'm not," retorted Timothy. Any other boy would have said, "I ain't neither," but Timothy was painfully correct in his speech.

"Then fight," said Bill, squaring off.

"I won't," said Timothy steadfastly.

"You won't, hey? I'll make you." And Bill suddenly struck out with his clenched fist.

Timothy dodged the first blow, but the second one landed on his nose, causing the blood to flow. Even then he did not strike back, but simply tried to ward off the blows which were rained upon him. When it was all over, which was very soon, for Bill found no pleasure in a one-sided combat, Timothy went home.

"Why, Timothy Truman!" exclaimed his mother when she saw his bruised and bleeding face. "What under the sun have you been doing?"

"Nothing," replied the boy shortly. He was in no mood for explanations.

"Nothing!" You've been fighting."

"No, ma'am, I haven't. A boy hit me, but I didn't strike back."

"It was that wicked Collins boy, I just know," said Mrs. Truman. "But you must have done something to provoke him."

"No, ma'am, I didn't. He said I was a coward, and I said I wasn't, and then he hit me."

"There. I knew you had said or done something. It always takes two to quarrel.

And I've told you time and again that you should never speak to Willie Collins. Oh, Timothy, to think that you should disobey me. I shall have to punish you severely for this. You shall go straight to bed without any supper, and tomorrow you shall remain in the house all day."

The punishment seemed to Timothy to be cruelly unjust. He had tried to be good, to live up to the principles his mother had taught him, and now, merely because he had forgotten himself and answered back when he was called a coward—an epithet that even an angel would resent—he was sent to bed hungry, and deprived of his liberty for one long summer day. The injustice of it rankled within him, and he brooded over it until he cried himself to sleep.

The next morning he ate breakfast in silence, and then retired to a corner of the sitting-room with a book from the Sunday-school library. But the reading was a mere pretence. He was in no mood to sympathize with the good little boy whose wicked stepfather beat him because he would not steal. That boy had at least the consolation that he was a martyr in a good cause. But Timothy was being punished for trying his very best to obey. The thought of his wrongs was too much for the boy, and he threw himself face downward on the sofa and wept bitter, scalding tears of rage. His mother, hearing the sobs, interpreted them differently. "Timothy," she said impressively, "I am glad to see that you repent of your wickedness. I hope this will be a lesson to you, and that you will never disobey me again."

This was the last straw. Wickedness, indeed! He would show her what real wickedness was. And as soon as his mother had left the room, Timothy threw the Sunday-school book into the corner, slipped quietly out at the front door, and bolted.

He went directly to the vacant lot where the boys played ball. He knew that he would find his enemy there. The boys saw him coming and laughed derisively. "Here comes Saint Timothy," they cried. "He's going to turn the other cheek and ask Bill to hit him again."

But Timothy paid no heed. He walked straight up to where Bill was standing. "I'm going to lick you, Bill Collins," he said quietly.

"Ho, ho!" laughed Bill. "Hear that, fellows? Saint Timothy says he's going to lick me. Don't you know it's very wrong to fight?" he added with mock gravity.

"Yes, I do know it, and I don't care a darn." He had never said "darn" before, but no sin was too black for him now.

Seeing that Timothy was really in earnest, Bill stripped for the fray, while the other boys crowded eagerly around.

It was a hard fought battle. Bill, by virtue of long experience, was the better fighter, but Timothy was animated by a wild Berserker rage which lent force to his blows and made him insensible to those of his adversary. In the end, Bill was obliged to cry, "Enough," though not until both the combatants had been severely bruised and beaten.

The defeated champion insisted upon shaking hands with the victor. "Tim," he said, "you're a good feller, and I'm sorry I hit you yesterday, when you didn't want to fight. If anybody ever calls you Saint Timothy after this, I'll lick 'em myself, if you don't want to."

Timothy walked in upon his father and mother as they were sitting down to their midday meal. His appearance was anything but prepossessing. His left eye was rapidly taking on a tinge of greenish-blue, his lip was split, and his clothes were torn and stained with blood and dirt. But upon his face was a look of supreme happiness.

"Oh, you wicked boy," cried his mother. "Have you been fighting again?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Timothy calmly. "I've licked Bill Collins, and I'm glad of it."

At this the boy's father suddenly found it necessary to bury his face in a napkin and indulge in a violent fit of coughing. But the mother was shocked. Could this be her little Timothy, who had always been so gentle and obedient? Was it possible that all her careful training had been in vain?

"There," she said, turning to her husband, "what do you say now? Do you still think I was too harsh with him last night? If I had whipped him then, as I ought to have done, this wouldn't have happened. Now you may punish him." And putting her handkerchief to her eyes, the poor woman retired to her bedroom to weep over the depravity of her son.

"Timothy," said Mr. Truman sternly, "come with me." And he led the way to the kitchen.

Timothy followed immediately. What did he care for a whipping? Had he not beaten the best fighter in town? He would show his father that he could take his punishment like a man.

"So you licked Bill Collins, did you?" said Mr. Truman after he had closed the kitchen door behind him.

"Yes, I did," replied Timothy defiantly. "I hope you didn't lick him any worse than he licked you."

"He didn't lick me at all," retorted the boy. "I made him holler 'nuff, and I guess that's what counts, even if he did give me a black eye."

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HER HUSBAND

WAS A DRUNKARD

A Lady who cures her husband of his Drinking Habits writes of her struggle to save her home

A PATHETIC LETTER



"I had for a long time been thinking of trying the Tasteless Samaria Prescription treatment on my husband for his drinking habits, but I was afraid he would discover that I was giving him medicine, and the thought unnerved me. I hesitated for nearly a week, but one day when he came home very much intoxicated and his week's salary nearly all spent, I threw off all fear and determined to make an effort to save our home from the ruin I saw coming, at all hazards. I sent for your Tasteless Samaria Prescription, and put it in his coffee as directed next morning and watched and prayed for the result. At noon I gave him more and also at supper. He never suspected a thing, and I then boldly kept right on giving it regularly, as I had discovered something that set every nerve in my body tingling with hope and happiness, and I could see a bright future spread out before me—a peaceful, happy home, a share in the good things of life, an attentive, loving husband, comforts and everything else dear to a woman's heart; for my husband had told me that whiskey was vile stuff and he was taking a dislike to it. It was only too true, for before I had given him the full course he had stopped drinking altogether, but I kept giving him the medicine till it was gone, and then sent for another lot, to have on hand if he should relapse, as he had done from promises before. He never has and I am writing you this letter to tell you how thankful I am. I honestly believe it will cure the worst cases."

HER FATHER

WAS A DRUNKARD

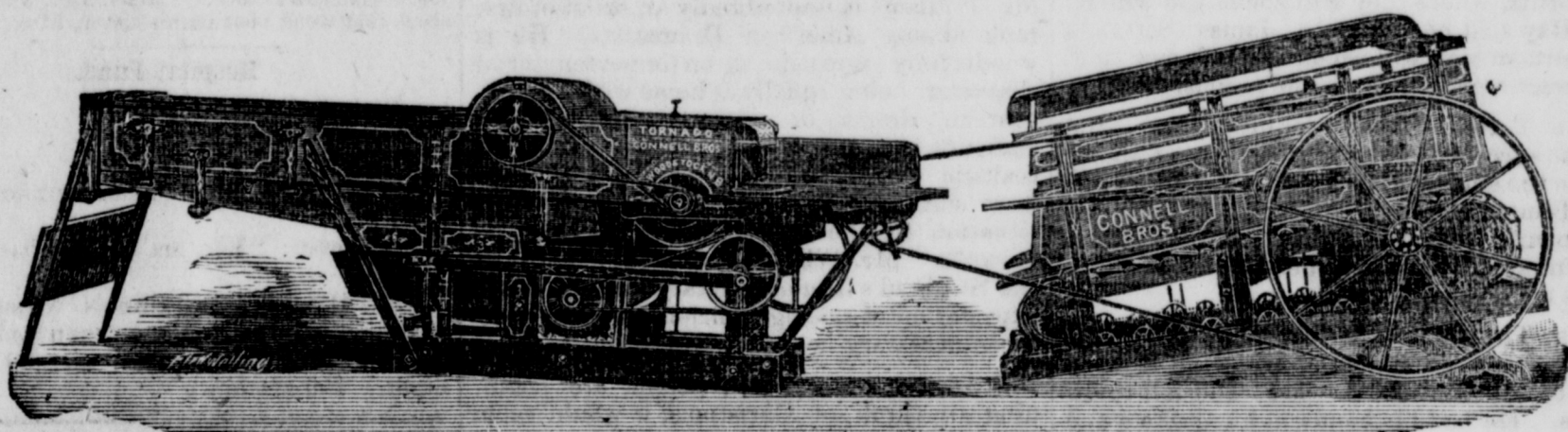
A Plucky Young Lady takes on Herself to Cure her Father of the Liquor Habit.

STORY OF HER SUCCESS.



A portion of her letter reads as follows:—"My father had often promised mother to stop drinking, and would do so for a time but then returned to it stronger than ever. One day after a terrible spree, he said to us: 'It's no use, I can't stop drinking.' Our hearts seemed to turn to stone, and we decided to try the Tasteless Samaria Prescription, which we had read about in the papers. We gave him the remedy, entirely without his knowledge, in his tea, coffee, or food regularly, according to directions, and he never knew he was taking it. One package removed all his desire for liquor, and he says it is now distasteful to him. His health and appetite are also wonderfully improved, and no one would know him for the same man. It is now fifteen months since we gave it to him and we feel sure that the change is for good. Please send me one of your little books, as I want to give it to a friend."

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"It is pretty black, isn't it?" said his father critically. "Let me see if I can't do something for it." And Mr. Truman disappeared into the pantry, returning presently with a piece of raw beef and a folded napkin. "Tim, my boy," he said gently, as he applied the bandage, "if you insist upon going in for the strenuous life, it's time you learned that the best thing in the world for a black eye is raw beef."

The boy wept, but they were tears of joy. It was the second time in his life that he had been called Tim.

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