

Sunday Reading.

The Schule-Maister's Burial.

Oh, but this is hard upon us, lads,' said Davie Danton, one of four boys who stood by the roadside and saw the coffin carried past which was to shut in the form of their beloved teacher.

'Ay, Davie, it is hard. Ye may weel say that it is hard. It isna twa weeks sin' he cam' to oor hoose an' helped me wi' me hard sums, an' noo he is cauld i' daith,' replied Georgie Harley.

'It is ane o' the ways o' Providence that are past findin' oot,' observed Jamie Struthers, with less sadness, but with becoming gravity.

'Mither was sayin' that verra thing th' morn,' said little Archie Greens.

'I wish we could do something to show our regard for the maister,' came from Davie, after a moment of silence.

The three lads began to think what they could do, and 'wee Archie' soon exclaimed: 'I hae it! We wull strew his grave wi' heather bells. Ye mind he likit them weel when he was leevin'. Or we micht pit bit bunches o' heather upon his coffin.'

'We wadna be let to do that,' said Georgie. 'They wad sune be brnsed awa, for Michael Halliday wadna thin' it seemly to pit heather upon the coffin; but upon the grave they wadna be disturbit. They wad jist lie upon it an' waste awa' like him that is buried aneath them.'

'He'll not waste awa' a'thegither,' said Jamie.

'Wha doesna ken that?' retorted Georgie, quickly.

'I wonder hoo sune the procession wull be comin'.'

'I canna jist say, Davie, when they'll be comin',' answered Jamie, 'but gin we wad get bonnie bells to deck his grave we maun set aboot it. They are gey fine at the foot o' the brae yonner. We wad do weel to seek them there.'

'Aye; let us awa,' or we wull be too late,' assented Georgie.

As the four lads started to pick the heather, they met Donald Mcmanus, who asked: 'What are ye after noo, lads?'

'Heather bells to pit upon the maister's grave,' they all replied.

'That is weel; he likit the heather, an' he wadna despise a thistle blaw, oor ain national emblem. He was a Scotsman frae and croon o' his heid to the sole o' his feet.'

When Donald was well out of hearing, Davie said: 'We'll hae nae thistles upon the maister's grave.'

'Ay; we wull hae thistles, an' nae mistake aboot it.' This from Georgie Harley.

'Then I'll hae naething to do wi' th' grave. Whaiver saw the maister wi' a thistle blaw i' his han', while a'budy kens that he aye plucked the bonnie heather.'

'Ye'll no be fechtin' aboon the grave o' oor maister, lads,' came from Archie, in a tone of reproof.

'I dinna ken but we wull, gin Georgie thinks to pit thistles upon it,' replied Davie. 'If they are on it at a', which I muckle doot, they wull no lie at the grave's heid, but at the foot.'

'We'll see aboot that, gin we meaeure airm's,' was Davie's threatening retort.

'Shame on you, lads!' said Jamie, for the first time taking part in the controversy. 'Gin yer peaceable, I'll stop here wi' ye; but gin ye arena, I'll strike oot for the kirk wi'oot ye.'

'I hae to laugh!' and Archie suited the action to the word. 'Here are Davie an' Georgie, heid an' shouthers aboon me, but I can correct them for a' that. Thistle isna richt awa. It is thistle ye maun say, an' no thistle. That wad was i' the spellin' lesson the last day o' schule.'

'Daur ye take us to task, ye wee toad?' asked Davie angrily.

'Ye are fine lads, to quarrel upon oor gude maister's funeral day!—an' yonner comes the procession noo,' and Jamie pointed to the road.

Slowly the procession wound around the brae, the wheels of the vehicles sinking deeply into the hot, dusty road. Those who were on foot experienced much discomfort, but they heeded it not. It was to them the last token of respect they could pay to their valued instructor and fellow-townsmen, and they were oblivious to both heat and dust.

The four lads had leaped over the gray tottering wall which outlined the road, and with uncovered heads they watched the approach of the slow-moving train. Their faces were scarcely less solemn than those of the mourners. A sight of the black hearse had silenced their dispute and filled them with awe. They held their bunches of heather bells behind their backs, lest some stern old man, or still sterner dame, should think ill of their offering and pronounced the plan 'fair fuleishness.'

The boys waited to join their school companions who were in the rear of the retinue. In the thickest of the ranks Wullie Whistler was leading blind Alan McGregor, and lame Tammas Hughes was wearily dragging himself along upon crutches. At last the older people passed, and the lads took their places with the school. Some of the children were sobbing, and even those who had been the mischievous ones of the school, looked as if they could never smile again.

So large was the procession that it taxed the accommodations of the kirk. More than once Michael Halliday, the old sexton, lost his self-possession, and he apologized by saying, 'My wits hae ta'en leave o' me th' morn.'

At length all were seated, and the gray-haired minister stood up to conduct the funeral services. He and the master had been close friends, and many a tear trickled down the furrowed cheek of the man of God, as he dwelt upon the loss the community had sustained, but he smiled as he spoke of the rest that awaits the faithful.

At the close of his discourse the minister turned to the lads of the school, and said, 'I canna closs this discourse, without some words to the lads here. A mighty man has been taken from us; mighty in deeds, not of bloodshed, but valiant none the less. He has been bold to resist evil and forward in every good work. There isna an intemperate man here whom he has not warned as a brother. There isna a poor, weak body he hasna helped wi' his wise, strong counsel. There isna an indigent family in the town that his purse has been closed against. He had the good o' the whole parish upon his great, generous, sympathetic heart. You lads upon whose feet he has put shoes, I charge you to grow up into useful men. And you lads by whose sick-beds he has watched, be ye likewise self-sacrificing and helpful. And you who hae caused your kind maister great an' sair trouble by your stubbornness, idleness and inattention, recall his patient words an' the look o' his pleading face, and cease from evil and make men o' yourselves. I call upon every lad among you this day to emulate the virtues of him who is awa'. Be sober, be industrious, be studious and God-fearing, and you will be happy here; and when you are called to the other world it will amaise likely be that he on whom you look today for the last time in this life, will find you in heaven and say, 'Here are my ain laddies.'

Among all the school-children there was not a dry eye, and that day in the old kirk many firm resolves were made, never to be forgotten. In after years, scholars, ministers, merchants, sailors, farmers, and mechanics, looked back upon the day of the maister's burial as the time when they received impressions which had helped to mold their lives.

When the body was being lowered into the grave, Davie Danton sidled up to Georgie Harley, and whispered, 'Ye may scatter thistles upon the maister's grave if ye like; they may lie amang the heather.'

YISSABET'S JOURNEY.

How a Little Girl's First Journey Began and Ended.

Above all the country where Yissabet lives Mount Argens lifts its leafy summit, wreathed in mists. Sometimes, at sunrise, the mists will be withdrawn, and the mountain peak, crowned with light, will shine out for thousands of homes in Asia Minor. But a far brighter light for Yissabet was the girls' school of Cenearea at the base of the mountain. The morning when she was to leave her village home to begin her year at that school found her already dressed and waiting for kind Dr. Farnsworth, the missionary. She had worked all summer in the fields; the crops were gathered, and now, very proud of the carefully bound bundle that contained the outfit which her own hands had earned, she was to enter upon a wonderful experience.

Going away to school for the first time is a marked event in any girl's life, but in Turkey, where a few years ago men would as soon have thought of donkeys reading as girls, it makes an epoch. All her relatives had gathered and most of other villagers; many farewells were spoken, many tears were shed by her mother and kindred women; her father and brothers went two hours with her on the way; then they turned back, and she was alone, for the first time in her life, with strangers.

Ali, the Turk, was driver of the two horses that drew the foreign marvel, a double wagon, in which she rode with the missionary, in proud state, vain little peasant maiden! The city pastor was there too, and her little wool bed, with her precious bundle, was stored in the ample vehicle. She had already left the limited part of the world known to her, and was glad of the continued sight of the mountain far at the north. She passed fields where the grain was still waiting for the tax-gather-

er, and pitied the poor peasants who might find the fall rain upon them before their grain was housed. Once, the road lay along the border of a salt lake, and she saw the white crystals of salt piled on the bottom of the clay tank from which the water had evaporated. She had not experience enough to wonder at the wasteful government which was still content with the rude machinery of an old pump, and a clay tank, to secure the sure revenue that the salt lakes yielded.

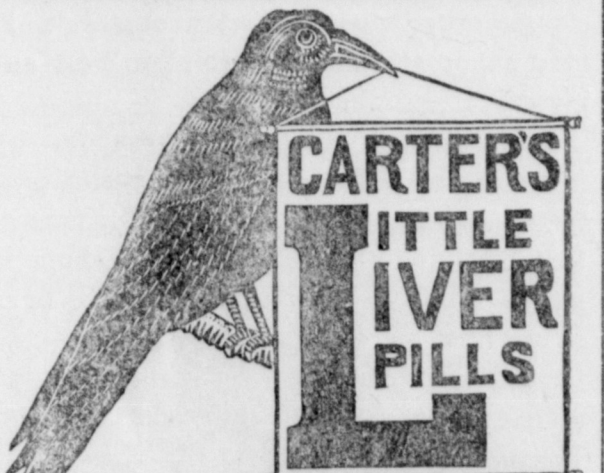
She saw the familiar flocks and herds of the country and, on the hill slopes, the black tents of the wandering Koordish shepherds. The herbage was very scant; the hill slopes, bare of verdure, showed the long lines of clay strata, in all the colors of the rainbow. The afternoon was well along when the wagon stopped at a village for the night. There, the already homesick girl was glad to find the low brown houses of unburnt brick with which she was familiar, and to meet with friends of her mother's acquaintance who gave her lodging, the best at command, in the warm corner of the stable.

The stirring of the cattle, and even the hideous bray of the donkeys, which would have made a restless night for you, were accustomed sounds for Yissabet, and lulled her slumbers. At early morning, as before, they were on the road. Travel in turkey is always in the first hours of the day. Sometimes in hot seasons there is a noon rest, but the natives prefer to reach the night's station early. After dark the wayfarer who comes to town is sure of a cold welcome; he is a suspected man.

To-day Yissabet would reach her school and the wonder of what it would be like had driven away her homesick feeling when the driver Ali suddenly called out: 'Tcheekess var!' (There are Circassians.)

They were passing alone a rising piece of road, and before them on the ridge of the hill Yissabet saw a single horseman. He appeared to be very tall, his high sheepskin cap adding to the impression made by this man of more than ordinary stature, clad in a long gray robe and sitting upon a tall horse. Across his breast were the usual rows of cartridge-boxes; his belt was stuck full of knives and pistols, and a long gun rested across his shoulder. He was a formidable-looking object, sitting there framed against the sky and waiting for them. When the wagon was nearly up to him he rode forward, and and, one by one, five more horsemen like him came over the hill.

Before Yissabet could explain what followed, she and all the rest of the missionary party were lying on the ground, while the, fierce robbers were beating them with their whips. Their blows were not very severe, and were meant more to frighten than hurt the travellers. The wild robbers soon had everything that the wagon contained scattered on the road. They ripped open every article that could serve to conceal any valuables, and poor Yissabet saw her new wool bed torn to pieces and all the wool strewn in the ditch. Watches and money were stripped from the preacher and missionary; bags and valises cut open, and anything of possible use to the robbers taken. What they did not want they ruined without remorse. A Turkish soldier peered while the Circassians were about their lawless work. But he could not help the victims. The robbers caught him and seated him upon the ground beside them while they gathered up their plunder.



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When they rode away Yissabet saw her bundle of clothing disappear with them.

Poor little school-girl! Her whole year's outfit was gone! While she was trying to recover from her terror, for the robbers had fearfully frightened her as they roughly searched her for money, and while the bitter tears began to fall, she heard the venerable missionary say to the disconsolate pastor:

'Let us thank God that we have been left alive, and with our good horses to carry us home!'

Thereupon were gathered up with speed, and the badly used party made good progress the rest of the day homeward. To the missionary the loss from the robbery was very large. Perhaps friends in America would supply that loss. But who would restore the lost outfit to the little, unknown Yissabet? When I see any missionary from the shadow of Mount Argens again I am going to ask how the little maid got clothes for the winter and how she fares at school.

UNKNOWN HEROES.

A Soldier's Courage Under Most Trying Circumstances.

The story recently told in the Companion of Lord Nelson's heroism in submitting to a surgical operation has brought to us a very interesting letter from Dr. R. S. Dana of Morrisville, Pennsylvania, who was a surgeon in the 107th Pennsylvania Volunteers during the Civil War. Dr. Dana adduces several incidents from his own experience to prove that instances of extreme heroism in enduring wounds were almost of everyday occurrence during our great conflict.

The day after the battle of Antietam Doctor Dana and another surgeon were in sole charge of a hospital in a barn on the road from Keedysville and Smoketown in Maryland, and near the famous long-contested corn-field. A soldier was brought from that field with his knee shattered by a musket-ball.

Amputation was necessary, and anaesthetics were prepared. 'No,' exclaimed the soldier, 'don't give me any of that! I want to see the thing done. Give me a piece of hardtack to munch.' The square of hardtack was given him; his head was propped up so that he could see the operation; and there nibbling his cracker, he bore the whole amputation without a murmur, and with scarcely a wrinkle of his brows.

Such stoicism in a great general would have become memorable; this private soldier's name is unknown.

At the battle of Five Forks, April 1, 1865, just after Anderson's Confederate corps had been forced from their entrenchments and were being closely followed up, a mounted colonel rode up to Doctor Dana. His name the doctor did not ask, because such details were of minor importance then. The colonel's left shoulder had been struck by a piece of shell, which, falling edgewise, had taken from the flesh over a strip about two and a half inches wide and four inches long, leaving a bridge of skin over the wound.

The colonel was all questions. 'I've been hit; is it bad? Do it up as quickly as you can. Is it dangerous? May I go on with my regiment? I would not leave the regiment now for anything, unless I must.'

Doctor Dana made an examination and reported no immediate danger, but a serious wound that would give trouble in the future, and great inconvenience, to say the least, by the morrow.

'Never mind to-morrow,' said the colonel.

'I don't care anything about that if I can get along to-day!'

Meantime the surgeon was dressing the wound; he made the colonel as comfortable as possible, removing the coat and sleeve from the left arm and shoulder, and carrying them under the arm around to the other side of the coat in front, so as to keep the coat on the well side. The surgeon assisted him to mount; and with his left arm and shoulder in his shirt sleeve only, he spurred on to the fray.

'I have neither seen nor heard of him since,' writes Doctor Dana; 'there were many others like him.'

One such, exactly like him, but happily not unknown, was Gen. Charles Russell Lowell, nephew of the poet. Mortally wounded at Winchester, he was helped upon his horse, led another charge, was hit again, and died the next day. He was one of the poet's three nephews. All of them were killed in the war, and it was of them that Lowell wrote in 'The Biglow Papers':

Why, baint I he'd 'em on my knee?
Didn't I love to see 'em growin'!
Three jakey lads, ez wai could be,
Hail me an' 'ave, an' 'ot in knowin'?

—Youths' Companion.

'IS THAT STONEWALL JACKSON?'

The Visitor Thought old Stonewall Was Right There.

The New York Sun prints an account of some concerts given at the Windsor Hotel by the Stonewall Jackson Band of Staunton, Virginia, while it was in New York participating in the Grant Day ceremonies. In connection with one of them, a strange and amusing occurrence is reported:

The first concert was held on Monday evening, when President McKinley arrived. It was a big success, and afterward the members of the band crowded around General Gordon and shook hands with him. A well-dressed man with a sandy mustache sidled up to one of the spectators, and pointing to General Gordon, said:

'Is that Stonewall Jackson?'

The spectator turned toward the questioner with a quizzical look, but noticing that the man was apparently in earnest, said with a smile:

'No. I'm trying to find out who he is.'

Congressman Tate, who was talking with General Gordon, left him for a moment, and was buttonholed immediately by the sandy-mustached man.

'Excuse me, sir, was that gentleman Stonewall Jackson that you were talking to?'

The Congressman glared at the sandy-mustached man, apparently undecided whether he was the subject of a Northern affront or not.

'No, sir; it was not,' said the Congressman.

'Well, when will he arrive?' queried the sandy-mustached man.

The guileless expression of the questioner caused the Congressman to smile as he said:

'My dear sir, a short course of United States history would do you a world of good.'

The Congressman then walked off. The sandy-mustached man was last seen receiving an explanation from the hotel clerk.

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Patrick's Economy.

In the days of expensive postage, a young Irishman wrote a long letter from America to his mother in Ireland, and closed it as follows:

'Well, well! Here I am with eight pages entirely full, and not one of the things said that I laid out to say. But sure, there'll be double postage to pay if I say 'em here; so to save that I'll write ye another letter tomorrow.'

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