

Little Things.

It may not be ours to render  
The service our hearts would crave;  
God may give us no power to win a soul  
Or a life from destruction save.

But often along the wayside,  
As we journey life's rugged road,

We shall find some hearts in need of help,  
Down fainting 'neath their load,  
And though small the help we can offer,  
If it only be offered in love,  
It will carry a blessing to sad ones,  
And be known and remembered above.

That Common Looking Girl.

'What a shabby little place!' said Miss Gussie Armstrong, with a toss of her pretty head; 'and what a common-looking girl!'

In fact, the daughter of the superintendent of the Lockhammer railroad was not in the best of humor. Ever since leaving Clifton she had sat in her dainty chair in her father's handsomely decorated private car with a supercilious smile upon her otherwise pretty face, and hardly designed to notice the magnificent mountain scenery so plainly visible through the plate glass window.

The forest clad knobs and spurs, the rocks, ledges and fissures were nothing to her. She felt no enthusiasm in the triumph of engineering skill over antagonistic nature. The sturdy climb of the engine, pounding and flurrying its way up the long ascent, was to her only a wearisome incident of the journey.

After leaving Clifton the grade was level for two miles, and then for the next three miles the iron horse had had an almost continuous struggle with the ascent until it reached Apex—a station scarcely larger, it seemed, than its name.

'What a shabby little place!' repeated Miss Gussie, disapprovingly.

Yes, the weather-beaten station was a shabby little place; but, despite its dingy color and worn-out platform, there was more than a hint of homely comforts within.

Neat curtains hung at the small windows, and on the sill of one of them bloomed a modest geranium in a pudgy jar.

The day was mild and pleasant, and the open door afforded a glimpse of the room within—its floor covered with a cheap carpet and its walls adorned with bright lithographs of railroad advertisements. A shabby little place, truly; but a home, withal.

As the special came to its momentary stand, a quiet, grave-faced man stepped out to make his report to the superintendent.

This was John Orblitt, the station-master. The remaining occupants of the home sat side by side on a bench by the door—a small girl and a huge cat—Ruth and Bismarck.

The former gazed at the sumptuous car with undisguised admiration; the latter with calm contemplation.

'What a common-looking girl!'

Miss Gussie need not have spoken so loudly. One great window of the car was open, and little Ruth heard her distinctly.

The child flushed and then placed her brown hand on Bismarck's head, as if to shield her favorite from any chance criticism that might be made.

Paddy Hoolihan, the brakeman, heard the comment and saw the flush, and he muttered a growling protest. It was Paddy who, a year before, had dropped Bismarck—then a frowsy, squalling kitten—into little Ruth's arms, as the train rolled by. And the smile he received in return had amply repaid him for his trouble.

Bismarck, unconscious of the unkind criticism of his best friend, bunted his head against his hand and purred contentedly.

Paddy smiled at Ruth, and then screwed up his somewhat grimy face in a most horrible grimace at Miss Gussie, which, happily, the latter did not see.

The bell rang, and the special pulled away from the little station.

There was a suspicion of tears in Ruth's eyes. She had known but few little girls, and they had met on terms of equality.

John Orblitt had heard the sneer, too.

'Never mind, Ruthie,' he said. 'Things will be nicer by and by. The superintendent tells me that, as soon as the repair gang can reach us, the station will be fixed up. The roof will be reshingled, the platform replanked and the building painted as blue as the sky. How's that, little one?'

'That will be nice,' responded Ruth, her mouth losing its droop.

'I should say so,' agreed her father, cheerily. 'But, come; Bismarck wants his supper.'

And in a short while, ministering to the wants of the cat, Ruth, for the time being, forgot her trouble; but, as the autumn days passed on, she remembered it now and then.

It was a pitifully trivial thing, perhaps, but motherless little Ruth, who so seldom had a companion of her own age, was not like other children and did not forget so easily as many might have done.

The autumn had been a mild one, but winter shut down suddenly and tempestu-

ously. A month passed, and the repair gang would reach Apex in a day or two.

A flat car, loaded with heavy planing for the new platform and shingles for the roof, was sidetracked there one bustling afternoon.

'It will storm before 8 o'clock,' predicted Rollins, the freight conductor, who had stepped into the station while the car was being sidetracked.

He had brought a bundle of newspapers that some of the men down at Clifton had saved for Ruth and her father.

'Anything new, Orblitt?'

'Not that I know of, Billy,' was the reply. 'Who takes the special through to night?'

'Temple and Dwyer—No. 28, I believe.'

This was the same engine and 'crew' that had taken the special through a month before, when Miss Gussie Armstrong had been aboard; so, of course, Ruth knew the brakeman would be Paddy Hoolihan.

'There'll be a full safe on board,' continued Rollins. 'The bridge and track gangs out in the Nettle Range are to be paid. There are several hundred of them, and as the most of them are good for nearly thirty days' pay, it's a big lump. Well, I'd just as soon be taking my freight through. It never carries anything to tempt anybody but so long, Orblitt! Good-bye, Ruth. You must let me take you down to spend a day with my little girls.'

And a moment afterward Rollins had swung himself into the steps of his caboose and was gone.

The storm that he had prophesied came. It was not the common storm of winter, for the cold was not intense, although it was sufficiently so to make the rain trez as it fell, spreading the platform with a glassy, slippery coat. Outside the telegraph wires sagged with twice their own weight, and the air was surcharged with electricity, a peculiar but not rare phenomenon in that region, even though the time was winter.

The telegraph instruments on the table before the window clicked in an unusual tone, and occasionally points of blue flame flickered on them and crackled like the breaking of tiny sticks.

There was no thunder. The electricity seemed gathered at no particular spot, but to permeate the whole atmosphere. But the inmates of the station house cared not for this disturbance of the elements—no novelty to them—and the evening was spent in cozy comfort, Mr. Orblitt reading aloud the news in the papers, while Ruth cuddled Bismarck as she listened.

Ten o'clock arrived. The child's regular bedtime had long since passed, but the enjoyment of the reading had kept her awake.

'Better go to bed now, Ruthie,' said Mr. Orblitt. 'It's getting late. I'll turn in as soon as the special passes. She's due at 11 O5.'

So Ruth kissed her father, called to Bismarck, and retired to her little room beside the office, leaving the door slightly open to admit the lamp-light.

But Bismarck did not follow. He felt comfortable where he was.

Meantime, Ruth went on with her preparations for going to bed. A refractory knot delayed her, and, by the time her shoes were off, there came a clumping of heavy boots on the platform outside. Then the office door was jerked open and two men entered.

'Throw up your hands!' the child heard a hoarse voice demand.

An instant she stood still, possessed with a sickening fear, and then tiptoed to the door and peeped through the crack into the office.

Two roughly dressed men, whose faces were masked with big red handkerchiefs, stood confronting her father, with revolvers leveled at his head.

'Git away from that instrument!' one of them ordered.

Mr. Orblitt's face was white, but he did not flinch before the weapons.

'What do you want?' he asked.

'Git away from that instrument! One thing we don't want is to have you clikin' word down to Clifton. Git back, I say!'

The other intruder grasped the chair in which the stationmaster sat and pulled both out of reach of the instrument. Then, with a few dett turns of a cord, he bound Mr. Orblitt fast to the chair.

'Is the special on time?' asked the first and heavier man.

'Yes,' answered Ruth's father, doggedly.

'Will it stop here?'

'It'll signal it to do so.'

'Well, you needn't take the trouble.'  
Bismarck had hopped on the table near the robber, to receive the caress that he deemed his due. The man's hand met him with a cuff that sent the cat half way across the room and scuttling into Ruth's apartment.

'What's that?' asked the second intruder, presently, as a slight noise came from the bedroom.

'That blamed cat! returned his accomplice.

Ruth, pale and frightened, listened beyond the slightly opened door. The special—the creek! She understood their dastardly purpose. Her father's life! It, too, was in danger. What could she do?

Ab, fyes! she had a plan—a desperate chance it seemed to her, but still a chance. Tiptoeing to the window, she softly raised it, set her shoes outside and slipped noiselessly out. Bismarck attempted to follow, but she pushed him back.

The rain was falling steadily, freezing as it fell, but the child scarcely heeded it, as she put on her shoes with trembling fingers and ran swiftly along the switch-track.

Five miles it was to Clifton—five miles down a rock-blasted roadbed; over more than one open trestle; through a short, black tunnel, and along deep ledges and many jagged fissures.

She could not hope to have run half the distance before the special would have left Clifton, but here before her now loomed up the dark outline of the flat car, loaded with its lumber and shingles. Its presence served as a happy incentive to Ruth's active brain.

She ran to the switch. It was one of the old-fashioned kind, still employed in place of more costly and complicated affairs at little used side tracks. There were no locks or signals; simply a long bar, which lifted upright.

Exerting all her strength, she strove to lift the bar. It moved heavily and slowly, with much grating of rust and crackling of ice.

Then, when it stood upright, the girl blocked it with the iron pin that was chained to it, and hurried back to the car. A long stick placed in the brake wheel gave her leverage, and, as she loosed it, the car began to move.

Slowly it gained headway, then faster and faster. It rattled as it passed the switch, and she wondered if the scoundrels at the station heard it.

Rapidly the momentum increased. Faster! Around a curve and on down the incline—faster, faster!

Space had been left at the front end of the car where the brake was and here, with the pile of lumber towering above her, Ruth crouched.

She hardly noticed the cold yet, though her garments were icy and her unbound hair soaked and freezing, and her hands numb. The rush of the swaying car made it seem as if the rain was being blown horizontally, and the wind fiercely whipped her sodden dress. But, full of her heroic purpose, she had no time to think of these things.

Would she be in time? She could only pray and hope.

A mile was passed. The car creaked and groaned and toppled frightfully under the strain of its tremendous speed. Roar-r-r! Another trestle, zum-m-m-m! Through the tunnel, no blacker, seemingly than the inky night all about. Whiz-z-z! Around a sharp curve! Faster, faster! It seemed as if the car must leave the rails at every turn. The pile of lumber and shingles tottered dangerously.

How far they had gone now Ruth could not tell. The incessant roar, and the lumber topped as if to plunge overboard. Ruth clung tighter to the brake. The next instant the car whirled around a bend in the opposite direction.

The lumber had not been loaded to withstand such terrible rockings, and the stakes that confined it broke short off, and the whole pile plunged over into the deep gorge a regular avalanche of boards and shingles.

But the crash was barely audible to little Ruth, clinging to the brake. It almost seemed as if the on-rushing car had outstripped the sound.

And so they dashed on, the car escaping numerous times from apparent destruction in a miraculous manner.

Ruth strained her eyes ahead. At length the car whizzed around another turn, and then struck the level track, and tar ahead gleamed a light—it was Clifton station.

Soon the single light grew into separate fragments—the gleam from the depot, the switch signals, and the red and green lanterns on a side-tracked caboose.

The brake! Ruth made a desperate effort to set it. Her strength was not great, but the stress of the situation doubled it and little by little she managed to tighten it. The furious speed of the car moderated every moment.

She brought it to a standstill just in front of the station, though it cost her her last ounce of strength to do so. At the same moment a far off whistle announced the approach of the special.

Ruth was quickly surrounded by a small group of excited men, and in a few gasps panted out the situation. Then she was carried into the warm fire, half fainting, while the man with the lantern went charging down the track and the special was saved.

When the special fought its way up the ascent towards Apex, that 'common-looking girl' was in the sumptuous parlor car. Miss Gussie with repentant tears in her eyes, supported her and Paddy Hoolihan and Superintendent Armstrong were standing close by.

Upon reaching Apex Mr. Orblitt was released from the bonds that still confined him to the chair, and the two would-be robbers were captured further up the road where they were impatiently awaiting the special's arrival.

They were recognized as former employes of the superintendent who had been discharged for grave causes, and had sought to obtain a deadly revenge and a fortune at the same stroke.



**SEE THAT LINE**  
It's the wash, out early, done quickly, cleanly, white.  
**Pure Soap did it**  
**SURPRISE SOAP**  
with power to clean without too hard rubbing, without injury to fabrics.  
**SURPRISE**  
is the name, don't forget it.

On the return little Ruth was the centre of an admiring crowd and Superintendent Armstrong gratefully promised a reward in behalf of the railroad, which made the child's eyes fairly dance.

'And we'll not forget this night's work, either,' said Larry Temple, chokingly.

'That we won't!' chimed in the others.

And later, when the promises of all were fulfilled, I verily believe little Ruth more fully appreciated the gift of the toilers than that of the wealthy corporation.

As they went away Paddy Hoolihan lingered behind a moment.

'O'll bet he wishes he had a girl like ye, Ruthie!' he whispered.

And Bismarck purred a loud 'zum-m-m,' as if he quite agreed with him.—Detroit Free Press.

**A CANADIAN VICTORY.**

A Wrestling Match in Which the Victor was Hard won.

An athletic victory may be a Canadian victory—that, is one in which the victor suffers as much as his opponent. A New England scholar, the late David A. Wasson, suffered through most of his life from an injury to the spine received in a wrestling match in which he was victorious.

The incident, as related by Prof. J. H. Allen in his 'Sequel to our Liberal Movement,' illustrates both the danger of wrestling and the folly of yielding up a good resolution to the taunts of a crowd. At the age of seventeen young Wasson, though not large in person, was vigorous and athletic, and in particular, an alert and powerful wrestler.

At a local gathering in the presidential campaign of 1840, he was challenged to 'ty & fall' by a powerful young fellow over six feet tall, of a quarrelsome clan. Knowing the folly of such a contest, Wasson at first refused. Under great pressure, he at length consented, on condition of having the usual advantage yielded to the smaller man,—putting both arms below those of his antagonist,—which was however, denied. Then for more than an hour he submitted manfully to the taunts of the crowd, till it was proposed that the two should stand a champions of their respective parties, when, in an evil moment, his better resolution gave way. Two falls out of three would give the victory. His opponent at first as he expected, tried by leaping on him to crush him by sheer weight; but Wasson 'knew a trick worth two of that,' and brought him in an instant to the ground. Then they grappled; and clasping his hands behind Wasson's back, the other tried to bend him double. It was a hard struggle. But by a violent effort our young David foiled his big antagonist, and threw him a second time to the ground—as he believed at the time, at the cost of his own life; and indeed, for a fortnight after he could not so much as turn himself in bed. The consequences of this terrible wrench were lifelong. It he wrote three hours a day for three days in succession, he was utterly prostrated. For every hour of work or play he paid with more than one hour of pain. But mind triumphed over matter. In spite of suffering he thought and wrote, and made a sturdy display in the exacting labors of public oratory.

**ANTIQUES VALUED GOLD.**

Antique Mining Implements Discovered Near the Red Sea.

Gold was probably the first metal observed and collected, because of the instinctive understanding of its intrinsic value. About it superstitions grew, religious and ceremonious rites and strange crimes were committed for its possession in the days when it was believed that it was of such stuff that the sun itself was made and halls of Valhalla paved. Rock paintings and carvings of Egyptian tombs earlier than the days of Joseph indicate the operation of washing auriferous sand, and a subsequent melting in furnaces by the aid of blow pipes. Less than twenty years ago the old mines of Nubia, so graphically described by Diodorus, were rediscovered on the shores of the Red Sea, together with a line of ancient wells across the desert; the underground workings where ore veins had been followed with the pick, the rude cupelling furnaces for assaying, picks, oil lamps, stone mills, mortars and pestles, inclined warming tables of stone, crucibles and retorting furnaces of burned tile, by which the entire process could be traced.

Here slaves and hapless prisoners of war exchanged their life blood for glittering

dust to fill the treasuries of their captors. In India and Asia Minor the powdered ore was washed down over smooth, sloping rocks and gold caught in the fleeces of sheepskins sunk in the stream. It was literally a golden fleece that Jason brought back from the Cauesas. Further north and following the [eastern foot-hills of Mount Ararat to the southern slope of the Ural mountains in Russian Siberia, where last year millions were taken out of the old mines, the ancient Scythians broke up rock and gravel with copper implements, scraped out the glittering dust and nuggets with the fangs of wild boars, and carried their gain away in bags of leather. All through this region miners of today know that one of the chief dangers to be avoided are the Scythian pits, sixty feet deep in the gravel, and shaped like a well. The remains of thousands of small furnaces of burned clay testify to the long period over which the workings of the mines extended.—Modern Machinery.

A Corn Photographed by X Rays.

Shows a small hard kernel, covered by layers of hard skin. This tiny corn causes keen pain. The only sure means of extracting it, without pain, in a day, is Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure? Yes. Painless? Yes. Cheap? Yes, indeed! Try it.

**ALPHABETICAL BURGLARY.**

The Proprietor's Lip Led to a Very Amusing Explanation.

Something like the following, from the Boston Transcript, we remember to have seen before, but humor, like history, repeats itself.

'We are thorry to thsy,' explained the editor of the Skedunk Weekly News, 'that our comphothing-room wath entered lath night by thome unknown thoundrel, who thtole every 'eth' [s] in the etthabliment, and thudceded in making hith etthcape undetected.'

'It hath been impthible of courthe to procure a new thupply of ettheth [s] in time for thith etthne, and we are thuth compelled to go to preth in a thutuatum moth ettharrating and dithretthing, but we can thee no other courthe to purthue than to make the bath thttager we can to get along without the mithing letter, and we therefore print the Newth on time, repardleth of the loth we hath thutuainted.'

'The motive of the mithereant douthleth wath revenge for thome thupthopped inthult.'

'It thall never be thaid thut petty thptite of any thmalth-thouled villain hath dithabled the Newth, and if thith meet the eye of the detethable ratheth, we beg to athure him that he undereathmstheth the rethourceeth of a fir-h-clath netwper when he thinketh, he can cripple it hopelethly by breaking into the alphabeth. We take ocaethion to thay to him furthermore, thut before next Thurtthday we thall have threeth ettheth ath many ettheth ath he thtrole.'

'We have reathon to thuthpect thut we know the cowardly ththunk who comthitted thith act of vandalthism, and if he ith ever thheen prowling about thith etthabliment again, by day or by night, nothing will give us more thathitthaction than to ththoot hith hith full of holeth.'

**DYSPEPSIA**

CURED BY DR. CHASE.

FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS W.W.HODGES SUFFERED—DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS EFFECTED AN ALMOST MIRACULOUS CURE.

Messrs. EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

DEAR SIRS,—I take the liberty of writing to you regarding my experience with DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS, and the wonderful cure of dyspepsia of 18 years' standing effected by them with three boxes. I am as well as I ever was, and am a man of 64 years of age. I have recommended DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS to a great number of people and they all say they are worth their weight in gold. If you desire any further statement or certificate of my case, I will be pleased to furnish one.

Yours truly, W. W. HODGES, Holland Landing, Ont.

**Old age**

comes early to the clothes that are dragged up and down over the wash-board. It's ruinous. Nothing else uses them up so thoroughly and so quickly.

This wear and tear, that tells so on your pocket, ought to be stopped. Get some Pearl-line—use it just as directed—no soap with it—and see how much longer the clothes last, and how much easier and quicker the work is. Pearl-line saves the rubbing.

Send it Back. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearl-line." IT'S FALSE—Pearl-line is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearl-line, be honest—send it back. JAMES PYLE, New York.

