

Poetry.

THE SHADOW.

BY MRS. J. S. JAYNE.

In a bleak land and desolate,
Beyond the earth somewhere,
Went wandering through Death's dark gate
A soul into the air.

And still, as on and on it fled,
A wail, with region through,
Behind her fell the steady tread
Of one that did pursue.

At last, it paused and looked back,
And then it was aware
A hideous wretch stood in its track,
Deferring and covering there.

"And who art thou?" it shrieked, with fright,
"That dost my steps pursue?"
Go hide thy shapeless shape from sight,
Nor thus pollute my view!"

The foul form answered him: "Alway
Along thy path I move."
I'm thine own actions. Night and day
Still must I follow thee."

Boston, Mass.

The Fireside.

FOL-DE-ROLS.

BY ELIZABETH KIRK.

"I haven't the least bit of patience with the girls of the present generation. They are a vain, frivolous and generally variable set."

Aunt Eunice Thorburn had been talking some time, and stopped now ostensibly to disentangle a ball of yarn from which she had been vigorously knitting, but really, her companion thought, to recover breath for another attack.

"You always defend the girls, I take notice."

"You had reference to a young lady who sat by the window sketching, evidently very much absorbed, and not altogether heedful of her companion's scolding. 'I don't know what would become of them if I didn't,' she replied laughingly, 'for, Auntie, to use a bit of slang, you do for them so.'"

"Somebody ought to go for 'em with authority," Aunt Eunice responded. "Now for example, Huldah, what do you think of Amy Hossford's behaviour?"

"In the matter of housework do you mean?"

"Yes, that's just what I mean. There are her folks as poor as poverty, and she is too proud to help them in the only way she can. Housework is drudgery, and drudgery is beneath her, but it isn't beneath her to talk about her poverty, and complain that there isn't anything a lady can do."

A lady! a lady in her position would make herself some cooking aprons and a gingham dress or two, and start off without a care or a thought to degradation, or any other fol-de-rol. Those folks are fools of course to offer twenty-five dollars a month for the service they want, but that's none of your business. If Amy had an ounce of principle she would take the position, and pay off some of her debts she sniffs about so much. Huldah, as you and now Aunt Eunice suddenly stopped knitting, "what would you do if you were Amy Hossford?"

"Why! why, Auntie, I suppose I should do just as she does. Look at this hand, please, and see if I'm not improving, and the young lady held up the study she was finishing, in the hope of changing the subject. It was the worst thing she could have done, and this Huldah realized before her companion had time to speak.

"You know very well I don't know anything about it," she replied with a hasty glance at the well drawn hand. "I know that the fol-de-rol counts enough though."

Huldah smiled—it was always so whenever she attempted to divert the current of her Aunt's thoughts; but she blushed as she smiled, and wished that she had not made the effort. Aunt Eunice was Huldah's nearest relative. At the death of her parents, the old lady had offered her a home, and was now defraying the expenses of her education. After such talks as these, Huldah, as you are easily imagined, felt very uncomfortable.

Two weeks later Huldah and Aunt Eunice sat together in their cozy home, while Amy Hossford, contented and well, had her best to fill Huldah's place at Mrs. Gregory's.

"Good morning, ma'am," she said, "I've come after my niece."

"I expected you before this," was the lady's smiling answer. "I knew of course that you couldn't get along without Huldah."

"I must say my mouth out, Auntie dear," Huldah remarked, "and help Mrs. Gregory make Amy acquainted with the work."

"Any," said Auntie, "you don't mean that Amy is coming here?"

"Mrs. Gregory saw her yesterday, and she has suggested to come. You are right, Auntie, my influence did help to keep Amy away, and I've tried to make up for it in the only way I could."

"All right," and Aunt Eunice wiped a tear away. "When you come home there are any other fol-de-rols that you want to take up, all you've got to do is to say so. I want you with me, Huldah."

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You with your aristocratic ideas and hot-house bringing-up, and your taste for fol-de-rols."

Huldah was too hurt to speak, and after a moment spent in picking up her drawing utensils, she silently left the room. All that day Huldah was very busy thinking. She knew that she was neither "vain, frivolous, unreliable or lazy." Could it be, she asked herself, that she was responsible in any degree for Amy Hossford's behaviour at this critical time? True, she had sympathized with her in her contempt of this menial employment, and that, of course, she ought not to have done. Aunt Eunice was right so far. That Aunt Eunice was granite about some things, everybody knew; but she was sensible, and though wealthy and able to choose her own society, was always on friendly terms with the workers of the world. Huldah thought and thought, and the result of twenty-four hours' consideration was a call on the lady who had been generous enough to offer twenty-five dollars a month for intelligent services.

Huldah looked very sweet and pretty in her tasteful working suit and hat, and gloves to match, and her bright face was brighter than ever as she found herself face to face with the much-talked-of Mrs. Gregory.

"And you are willing to come and do my housework, the lady inquired after Huldah had stated her errand."

"I am willing to try," she answered. "I know how to cook and keep a house in order. I can iron very nicely—and now Huldah's countenance fell—"but I know literally nothing about washing, but perhaps I can learn."

"The washing need not trouble you," the lady answered with a quiet smile.

"We want but one assistant," she continued—Huldah wondered why she didn't say servant—"and we live very simply. We do not want our china broken and destroyed, and we do not prefer to have our breakfast burned; and we do not want to feel as if our house was safe when we go away. In short Mr. Gregory and I—Mr. Gregory and I composed the family, Huldah discovered—"desire the assistance of a lady."

Mrs. Gregory could not help a little start of surprise when Huldah named her Aunt as reference but she merely said that she was acquainted with the lady, and had heard of her niece.

"When can you come?" the lady inquired.

"Tomorrow if you like," and so the matter was settled.

The next morning Huldah left her Aunt's house, and a few moments afterward, the old lady received the following message:

"My Dear Auntie:

"I have engaged to do Mrs. Gregory's housework. I hope you will keep well and not be a bit lonesome. I shall come to see you my very first day out. Your loving

"HULDAB."

No pen can do justice to the old lady's state of mind after reading this communication. She smiled, laughed and cried—all in one breath. She could get that very minute and bring Huldah back. Huldah ought to be ashamed of herself. Mrs. Gregory ought to be ashamed of herself. The idea of her niece in the capacity of servant to one of her old friends! When Aunt Eunice recalled the conversation of a few days before, and wondered how she could have been so stupid—of course a girl of any spirit would do just as Huldah had.

Who would make the bread, and the cake, and keep the house shining now? No servant had ever made bread for Aunt Eunice, and no servant ever would. What would become of her if she was ill? She had twitted Huldah on her dependence, when it was she who was dependent upon Huldah.

In the meantime, her niece was being introduced to her new duties. She realized that this was indeed an undertaking, and that there was a possibility of failure. She kept awake the greater part of the first night in her anxiety to be up at the proper time in the morning. After a few days spent in becoming acquainted with her new duties, systematizing her work, she found that the domestic machinery ran on smoothly as in her Aunt's house.

One day Amy Hossford called to see her, apparently with no other motive than to express her surprise at Huldah's behaviour, and to find out what induced her to degrade herself in such a manner. She found Huldah in the sitting room, drawing, and Huldah's mistress watching her work with the greatest interest. Amy remained to luncheon, and Mrs. Gregory poured the tea for her servant and her servant's friend. It was a strange state of affairs, and Amy went home bewildered.

Not long afterward, Aunt Eunice made her appearance. Her salute to Mrs. Gregory was characteristic.

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"I wish it was time for the Lord to take me; don't you, mother?"

"Well, no; I cannot say that I do. I should like to live here a little longer, but I want to be ready when he does take me."

"Well, I guess I'd rather stay here a little longer, too," assented Willie.

"And what does my little son think now about pounding Harry?"

"I wouldn't do it myself, mamma, but I'd like to get the boy."

"Willie, this same Jesus who died for us said, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.'"

"What is an enemy, mamma?"

"A little boy who steals your marbles."

"And that is heaping coals of fire?"

"Heaping coals of fire on his head is being as kind as possible to him the very first chance you get."

"I believe I'll do it, mamma."

Then his mother kissed him, and called him her good little boy, and the bell rang, and they went down to supper.

It rained for two days, and Willie did not go out to play; but the third day about noon he came running in to his mother, and exclaimed:

"I've got a penny out of my bank, quick. Harry's mother gave him ten pennies to buy a kite, and he's lost one, and he's crying, and I want to heap coals, quick!"

His mother gave him the penny, and joyfully he ran to Harry with it.

"What makes you give it to me?" Harry asked.

"'Cause you're my enemy, and I'm heaping coals.'"

"I don't know nothing about your coals, but I know I was awful mean to take your marbles the other day. Here, I'll give you all these, and my big blue alloy besides," he added, drawing a handful of marbles from his pocket and presenting them with the blue alloy he had always liked so much, to his playmate.

Then Harry and Willie were friends again. Don't you think "heaping coals" was much better than Willie finding a big boy to pound Harry?

AN ANGEL'S BLESSING.

Three little made knit by side,
With folded hands to pray;
The sun looked through the casement wide,
Ere he behind the hills should hide,
And drew his light away.

Softly their evening prayer they said
In voices soft and low;
While on each bosom, early head
The dying sun in glory shed
A quivering golden glow.

An angel passing with the light,
Saw the three children fair;
And smiling at the vision bright,
He passed upon his upward flight,
And dropped a blessing there.

—Annie B. Benzel.

TOY CIGARS.

As the toy pistol has been conceded to be a more dangerous weapon in the hand of the thoughtless boy than a real pistol, so may it as well be conceded that the cigarette, the toy cigar of the present day, is far more harmful than the real cigar. When one thinks of the number of boys who have been killed and injured by it, one is astonished that any parent will allow it to be used.

It ought to be suppressed by law. And what should be the fate of these bits of poison called cigarettes? They are to be offered for sale without hindrance when we know their tendency is to stunt manhood, and to poison the fountains of health? Would we might see these vile things swept from the land, even if law has to be brought to bear upon them.

Young men, readers of the INTELLIGENCER, have you been excited into the use of cigarettes? Do you know how they are made? I will tell you. Old, cast-away cigar-stumps are used in the manufacture. Boys are employed to gather them from hotels, bar-rooms, sidewalks, or wherever they are thrown. Collectors buy them, and send them to the manufacturers by the barrel. No matter how disgusting the spot whence they are picked—whether from the spittoon with its dangerous saliva, or the gutter with its filth—the foul refuse finds its way into the mouth and nostrils of the cigarette smoker.

But even this is not the worst of it. These cigarette-stumps have been in the mouth of all sorts of drunkards, fast young men, rotten old rascals, whose very kiss, touch, or even the pencil they have held in their mouths, might communicate the foul and most fearful disease that comes to a human being.

Knowing this, can you ever put a cigarette in your mouth again? Commence the new year with the resolution to let smoking alone, and let nothing tempt you to swerve from it.—Christian Advocate.

TRUTH IN THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"It was my painful duty," said the president, as he opened the meeting, "to inform you that death has again invaded our club. Brother Silphus Burbanks, of Syracuse, N. Y., is no more on our list. He breathed his last three days ago, after an illness of sixteen days. What axshun will do club take in the matter?"

"I move that we send do widder a resolution of sympathy," announced Judge Clevator.

"I reckon that we had better resolve that the club has lost a shining light," timidly added Pickles Smith.

"Do club will neither resolve nor for'd any resolutions of sympathy," remarked the President.

"Do widder an' ch'ilren can't at a resolution, even if written in blue ink. Do secretary will mail her a ten-dollar greenback from do club funds an' express do hope dat she am doin' well under do circumstances."

"Dis club hasn't lost no shinin' light by do death of Burbanks," said the President.

"I am a weedy common sort of a humpbacked cild, pesson, an' it took him as long to add seven and eight together as it would some older men to airn two dollars. He was accomplished in nothing; he excelled only in killin' time when at work by do day. He would be no better off if he pronounced forty linn' eagles on his character. He can be no worse off if we tell do honest truth. Do usual amount of sorrow will be lung to do knob of do inner doah for do space of two weeks, an' we will remember Brother Burbanks as extremely good-natured, even if extremely lazy."

"THE HEATHEN HAVE BEAT."

"One day Robert's uncle gave him a penny."

"Now," said he, "I'll have some candy, for I've been wanting some for a long while."

"Is that the best way you can use your penny?" asked his mother.

"O yes! I want the candy very much."

He hurried on his cap and off he ran in great haste.

His mother was sitting at the window and saw him running along, and then he stopped. She thought he had lost his penny; but he started off again and soon reached the door of the candy-store, and then he stood there awhile with his hand on the latch and his eye on the candy. His mother was wondering what he was waiting for; then she was more surprised to see him come off the step and run back home without going in.

In a minute he rushed into the parlor with a bright gleam in his eyes, as he exclaimed:

"Mother, the heathen have beat! the heathen have beat!"

"What do you mean by 'the heathen have beat'?"

"Why, mother, as I went along I kept hearing the heathen say, 'Give us your penny to help to send us good missionaries. We want Bibles and tracts. Help us, little boy, won't you?' And I kept saying, 'O! what the candy.' At last the heathen beat; and I am going to put my penny into the missionary box. It shall go to the heathen."

Missionary School.

Allen's Lung Balm

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HARMLESS TO THE MOST DELICATE.

In Consumptive Cases
It approaches so near a specific that "Ninety-five" per cent. are permanently cured where the directions are strictly complied with.
There is no chemical or other ingredients to harm the young or old.

As an Expectant it has no equal.
It contains no opium in any form.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

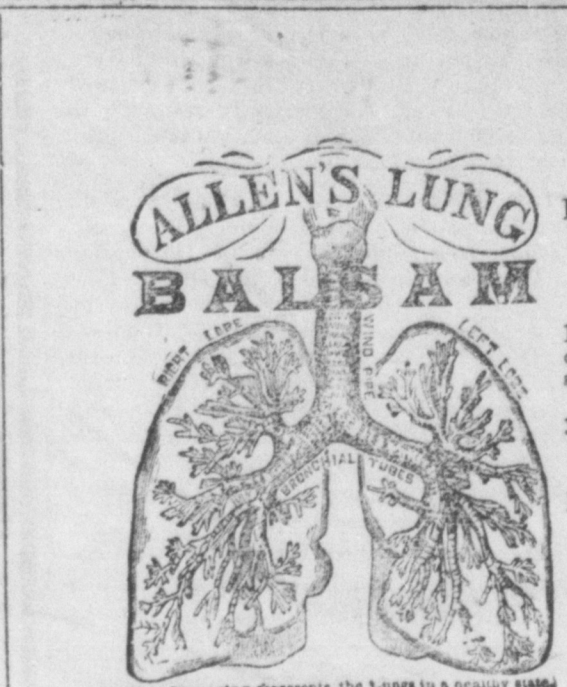
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This celebrated Medicine is recommended by Physicians, Ministers, Missionaries, Managers of Factories, Work-shops, Pastors, Nurses in Hospitals,—in short, everybody, everywhere who has ever given it a trial.

Taken Internally, it cures Dysentery, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Cramp, and Pain in the Stomach, Bowel Complaint, Painter's Colic, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Bile, Pains, Brindley, Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Old Sores, Sprains, Swellings of the Joints, Toothache, Pains in the Face, Neuralgia and Rheumatism, Chapped Hands, Frost-bitten Feet, &c.

The PAIN-KILLER is sold by medicine dealers throughout the world, Price, 20c, 25c, and 50c per bottle.

ANY ENGLISH VETERINARY SURGEON AND CHEMIST, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horses and Cattle sold here are worthless trash. He says that if you want to buy a good horse or cow, you must buy from him. He says that if you want to buy a good horse or cow, you must buy from him. He says that if you want to buy a good horse or cow, you must buy from him.



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