

PEGGING AWAY.

BY BIRCH ARNOLD.

Oh, well I remember the clustering faces,
That in wonderment peered through the
shoemaker's door.
When to sound of his whistle, and tap of
his hammer,
He often regaled us with bits of his lore.
As often he'd say, with a nod that was
knowing,
And a smile that was bright as the sweet
summer's day.
"I tell you what, lads, there's nothing
worth having?
But what you must get it by pegging
away."
"You may run the swift race, and be
counted the victor
And yet you but get there a step at a
time,
And up the steep ladder where fame keeps
her laurels
If you want to get up you must cer-
tainly climb."
The world, it is only a broad piece of
leather;
We must shape it ourselves to our last
as we may,
And we only can do it by pegging
away.
Oh, the years have been long, and the
shoemaker's vanished:
Adown the dark road, we must journey
alone;
But often I think of the wisdom hid
under
His whimsical jest and his fatherly tone.
And often I've proved the truth of his
saying
As misfortune and I together shall stray
That all the best gifts the world has to
offer,
It only gives those who keep pegging
away.

—Advance.

The Fireside.

THE LEAK IN THE CHURCH OIL.

A TRUE STORY.

Jonnie Carr was a bright, pleas-
ant boy and a general favorite in
the town where he lived. His par-
ents loved him very much, but, like
other boys, he had his faults.
One was reluctant obedience. He
always intended to obey his father
and mother, but wanted to do it in
his own time and his own way.
One Saturday afternoon he was
sent to the store for oil. His
mother said:

"Go straight there, Jonnie, and
don't stop anywhere."

Jonnie promised, but on the way
he met Nicholas Barnes, called for
short "Nick." He was a new boy
in town and had several times made
a great deal of trouble for his folks.
Jonnie had promised not to have
anything to do with Nick.

But Nick had met Jonnie a few
days before, and offered him some
candy. Jonnie took it, saying to
himself, "Nick is not so bad as some
people think."

This time Nick met him as
if he had been an old friend, asking,
"Where are you going?"

"Store for oil," replied Jonnie.

"How much money you got?"

Jonnie showed a bright piece of
silver.

"All that for oil?" asked Nick.

"Yes."

"No change back? Not a red,
Jonnie?"

"Not a red," answered Jonnie.

Nick thought a moment, then
began to talk something very differ-
ent.

"When we going to have some
chocolate cream?"

Jonnie's mouth watered, for he
was very fond of that kind of con-
fectionery. He sighed: "Dun-no,
money is scarce down our way."

They were nearing the church.

"Let's sit down here on the 'Old
South' steps and talk it over," said
Nick.

"Let's see, I treated choco-
lates last time, now it's your turn."

Jonnie had not thought of that
when he accepted half the contents
of the candy bag! For the first time
it dawned upon him that Nick
would expect him to return the
compliment. He said: "I dun-no
when it'll be, Nick. Pa's sold one
of his horses 'cause he was short for
money; he's going to make one do
all the work, so I don't think I'll
get much spending money this sum-
mer."

Suddenly a queer look came over
Nick's face. He spoke quickly, but
in a low tone.

"You just keep still a minute,
Jonnie, and I'll tell you some-
thing."

He dashed away without giving
any information. Jonnie kept
"still" until he was tired of it; and
was about starting for the store
when Nick appeared, very much ex-
cited.

"Jonnie," he said, "we can have
some chocolates to-day."

"How so?"

"It came into my head just now
when I see the old sexton going
down into the graveyard," said
Nick. "He's left the church open,
the cellar door's unlocked and there's
a whole barrel of kerosene there!"

As the plan flashed upon John-
nie's mind, his face grew very red.
Nick did not seem to notice this and
went on:

"Let's fill the can, who'll know
the difference? I guess two quarts
of oil won't kill nobody."

Jonnie was greatly shocked, but
before he could speak Nick disap-
peared with the can. When he re-
turned it was full. He passed it to
Jonnie, who shrank back.

"I can't take the oil, Nick; it
don't belong to me. It's stealing."
"Stealing! Oh, no," said Nick,
slowly. "Now you look here, this
oil belongs to the parish, and your
pa is one of them. So you see a
part of the oil is his'n."

He stopped suddenly with a look
of fright, the old sexton was return-
ing. Evidently Nick thought his
argument would not convince him,
for he said hurriedly,

"It won't do for us to hang round
here any longer, he'll know the
whole thing. Let's hide the can
and have some fun up town."

As they went, Nick seeing that
Johnnie did not feel right about it,
said:

"The 'South church' folks are
rich as mud. An old feller died
here once, and left them piles of
money to run things with. So this
oil don't come out o' them. It won't
hurt them to give us a little once in
a while, as long as they got a whole
barrel. If the sexton don't look up
the oil cellar I'm going to fill
mother's can."

By this time the boys had arrived
at the store. Soon their pockets
were full of chocolates. Johnnie
did not enjoy them so much as usual,
he began to feel sick. This was
soon explained away by the bad boy.
He said some of the oil on their
hands had got on the candy; and
he was feeling very much the same,
which was some comfort.

That night Johnnie was very ill,
and tossed sleeplessly in his little
bed. Somehow he did not want to
call his mother, neither did he feel
like saying his prayers. He was
not alarmed at his sickness, for what
Nick had said about the oil seemed
reasonable. Often he turned his
pillow and closed his eyes, saying:

"Of course, everybody knows
kerosene oil and chocolate creams
won't mix!"

But this did not appease his stom-
ach or his conscience, and give sleep.
He longed to return the oil; but
this he could not do without being
found out. He thought it would be
just as well to put its value into the
contribution box, as soon as he could
earn it. He half resolved to tell his
mother all, but something held him
back. He decided to confess to her
when he had paid for the oil.

After such a miserable night and
the pleadings of conscience, one
might suppose that Johnnie would
never have been tempted again. His
intentions were good; but Nick's
influence was bad; having taken the
first step in wrong-doing, the second
and third were easier.

The boys filled their cans again
and again, but one day they filled
them for the last time, for as they
knelt before the great barrel, a heavy
hand was laid upon them and they
were both in disgrace.

That night Nick disappeared and
was never seen again; but Johnnie
had to come before the Parish Com-
mittee. The church people heard
the story, and it was on the lips of
all the school children. Johnnie felt
the disgrace keenly, and to be called
"oily" at school seemed more than
he could bear.

Not long after Johnnie's parents
removed to another place, but John-
nie learned a lesson he never forgot.
If he had obeyed his mother's com-
mand on that Saturday afternoon,
he would not have been tempted to
sin, and the South church would
never have had a leak in its oil.—
N. Y. Observer.

ANGER.

In a moment of anger a man may
do what he will regret during all
his after life. The following is an
illustration of this fact:

Two boys, Jerre Blunt and Will
Hamlin, had been playfellows from
babyhood, going to school together,
and studied from the same books.
They rarely disagreed.

One morning the two boys started
off to school as usual. On the way
a dispute arose about a jack-knife.
Will, had, the previous day, borrow-
ed Jerre's knife, and when he
returned it the rivet was loose.
Jerre said little at the time, but this
unfortunate morning it was alluded
to with considerable bitterness.

"You tried to spoil my knife
'cause you hadn't got one yourself!"
cried Jerre, angrily.

"I didn't," said Will; "an' you
lie if you say so!"

More angry words followed, then
blows. Neither of the boys could
tell who struck the first blow; but
they fought like wild beasts. Will
was thrown to the ground, and be-
fore he could rise Jerre's copper-toed
boot hit him twice in the back. He
cried out sharply with pain, and
then lay still. He was lying partly
on his face, his back toward Jerre,
and, as he did not move, Jerre cried
out with boyish scorn:

"Want to make believe I've hurt
ye awful! I hope I have, so 'you'll
let my jack-knife alone!" and he
turned and walked toward the school-
house. After going a short distance
he looked back, and seeing that Will
had not moved exclaimed:

"You'd better be comin' along;
you'll be late; and then he walked
slowly back, and, bending down, found

took Will's arm, saying, more gen-
tly, for he had become alarmed at
his friend's silence, "Get up and
come along to school. I didn't mean
to hurt you."

"Oh, my back!" said Will, as if
recovering from unconsciousness,
and moving slightly, turned a white
face towards Jerre; "it feels so
bad!" He tried to rise. "I can't!
I can't!" he moaned, and sank
back.

Jerre was thoroughly alarmed
now, and tried to assist him, but
Will only groaned with pain at each
effort.

A neighbor's team came along at
that moment, and the driver, seeing
that something was wrong, lifted
Will into his wagon and told Jerre
to go and call the doctor.

For long, painful weeks and
months poor Will lay on his bed
helpless; than he began to sit in a
chair, and at last to walk with the
aid of crutches. When, not long
after, the sorrowful decision was
given, "Will never can walk with-
out his crutches," poor Jerre was
perhaps the most unhappy one of all
concerned. Gladly would he have
exchanged his own sound body for
his friend's crippled one, for he felt
that he was the cause of his misfor-
tune.

Had the two lads been the bitter-
est enemies, they could have wished
no worse fate for each other—the
one a pitiable cripple, the other a
life-long regret—and all for a mo-
ment's anger.

CURE FOR INSOMNIA.

Dr. Von Gellhorn has found the
following plan very useful in induc-
ing sleep in persons who suffer from
insomnia: A piece of muslin about
eighteen inches wide and two and
three-quarters yards long, is rolled
up like a bandage, and a third of it
is wrung out of cold water. The leg
is then bandaged with this, the wet
portions being carefully covered by
several layers of the dry part, as
well as by a layer of gutta-percha
tissue, and a stocking drawn on
over the whole. This causes dilata-
tion of the vessels of the leg, thus
diminishing the blood in the head
and producing sleep. It has been
found by Winternitz that the tem-
perature in the external auditory
meatus begins to fall a quarter of an
hour after the application of the
bandage, the decrease amounting to
0.40 C., and the normal not being
again reached for about one and a
half to two hours afterward. The
author has employed this means of
procuring sleep for a couple of
years, and finds it especially useful
in cases where there is congestion of
the cerebral vessels. Sometimes he
has found it necessary to reapply
the bandage every three or four
hours, as it dried.

There is seldom a line of glory writ-
ten upon the earth's surface but a line
of suffering runs parallel with it; and
they that read the lustrous syllables of
the one, and stoop not to decipher the
worn and spotted inscription of the
other, get the least half of the lesson
earth has to give.

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK, Case
Settlement, Kings Co., N. Y.

Special Notice.

This department is open to ALL.
We invite our readers to send us origi-
nal puzzles and answers. Now that
the paper has been reduced in price, we
trust to hear from many new puzzle
workers. Let none fail to read the
price announcements elsewhere. Do
not fail to keep up an interest in the
column for the young in the RELIGI-
OUS INTELLIGENCER! Strive to help
the puzzle-editor to make the puzzle
department a step in advance of that
that has or is being published. Let
all work with a united effort. "In
union there is strength." Address all
communications for this column as
given above.—Ed.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 45.)

No. 310.—Peuteteuch.

No. 311.—

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No. 312.—

"Right is right, since God is God,
Right in the end must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

No. 313.—Fuchsia.

No. 314.—(1) Genesis ix. 21.
(2) Joseph.

No. 315.—Isaiah xxxiii. 2.

No. 316.—Ezekiel xxxi. 1.

No. 317.—Genesis iii. 22.

The Mystery.—No. 48.

Prize Competition.

No. 1.—BIBLE QUERIES.

(1) Where is "bdellium" first men-
tioned in the Bible?

(2) Where is "coriander seed" first
found?

(3) Where do we read of bitter
waters being sweetened by a tree?
(4) Where are "quails" first spoken
of?
Where is "coffin" first found?

No. 2. BIBLE SCENE.

A certain man committed an offence
which greatly enraged another. He
was forced to flee. He came to where
some maidens were tending sheep, and
assisted them. They told their father
of his kindness and he took the man
in. The man married one of the maid-
ens, and tended his father-in-law's
sheep, until God sent him forth.

1. Who was the man?
2. Whom did he enrage?
3. Whom did he marry?
4. Who was his father-in-law?
5. Where did God send him?
6. Where do we read of this?

No. 3.—ENIGMA.

And adverb is its beginning,
And a preposition its end.
Then with 1050 intervening
And nothing to depend,
An ancient king you'll have penned.

No. 4.—DOUBLE CROSS-WORD.

In June, but not in May;
In week, but not in day;
In zeal, but not in whim;
In brother, but not in Jim;
In berry, but not in fruit;
In joer, but not in hook;
In cultivated, and also in tilled.
The whole names a woman and
where she was killed.

No. 5.—ENIGMA.

I exist in the earth and the sea,
And in every house I am found;
'Tis my pride that I dwell with the
free.

Thou to every captive I'm bound.
Not a country can call me its own,
Yet native to our Province I am;
In all kinds of countries I'm known,
Yet each country does me deny.
I soar with the sweet-loving dove,
I crawl in the dark secret cave;
You always will find me in glee,
Though I live with the solemn and
grave.

I seek not the mountain or wood,
With fishes in rivers I glide;
I am ne'er with the pious and good,
But awe with the wicked abide.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

Word Hunt Competition.

We have concluded to offer a Word
Hunt Competition for the long winter
evenings. To come to the point at
once, we now give the word and sub-
mit the rules. To the one sending the
largest list of words, and complying
with the rules, we will send a hand-
some prize. The award will be for the
largest number of words made from the
letters contained in the word

CONTRIVANCES.

The following are the rules:
1. All lists must be mailed to the
Puzzle Editor before December 29th.
2. All lists must be alphabetically
arranged, and accompanied by the
sender's name and address (as well as
nom de plume), else they will not be
considered.

3. Only English words, printed as
such in Webster's Dictionary, will be
admitted.

4. All proper names, prefixes, con-
tractions and abbreviations will be ex-
cluded.

5. The same combination of letters
will count as one word, notwithstanding
it may have two or more mean-
ings.

6. No letter may be used more
than once in one word, except the let-
ters C and N; as these occur twice in
"Contrivances," either of them may
be used either once or twice in any one
word.

7. All lists may be numbered con-
secutively from beginning to end.

8. In case of a tie, preference will
be given to the contestant who has the
fewer words thrown out on account of
non-compliance with these rules.

9. The names of all contestants, or
nom de plume, will be published, if
desired.

Now, young folks, get down your
dictionary, and work carefully.

Prize Competition.

A Christmas souvenir will be mailed
to the person, or persons, who cor-
rectly solves the five puzzles printed
above, each one sending 5 original
puzzles. Puzzles, with answers, and
solutions to the above puzzles must
reach us within three weeks.

The Mystic Fountain.

Our Mystic Corps seem to have
deserted this week. Don't be weary
in well doing. The long winter even-
ings are now fast approaching; and
then we hope to hear from many, and
often.... Read! Read! what? Why
the prize announcement above.... All
are welcome to our ranks.... We have
an opportunity of saying a few words
upon "Amusements for the Ingenious,"
which we promised last week. The
first batch of puzzles appeared in the
Youth's Play Hour without any signa-
tures. The puzzles in this paper con-
sisted principally of Charades and
Enigmas. In addition to these there
were Arithmetical Amusements, some
of which we shall reproduce for the
amusement of our puzzlers.

Prize Competition.

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How to insure a robust childhood is a
question of great moment to the mother
who is unable to nurse the little one and
the selection of a wet nurse is attended
with much difficulty and risk. Send to
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pamphlet entitled "Healthful Hints."
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much more easy to wind than when it is
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and also saves a great deal of waste.

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width.

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pepsia, Headaches, Dizziness,
Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness
of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of
Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum,
Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of
the Heart, Nervousness, and Gen-
eral Debility; all these and many
other similar Complaints yield to the
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rapidly heal under its benign influence.
Especially has it manifested its potency in
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amount for a large treatise, with colored
plates, on Scrofulous Affections, or the same
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its, vital strength, and soundness of
constitution, will be established.

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and cured by this God-given remedy, if taken
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From its wonderful power over this terri-
bly fatal disease, when first offering this now
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thought seriously of calling it his "Con-
sumption Cure," but abandoned that name
too limited for a medicine which, from its
wonderful combination of tonic, or strength-
ening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, and
pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequalled
not only as a remedy for consumption of the
lungs, but for all

CHRONIC DISEASES
OF THE
Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

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alternating with hot flushes, low spirits and
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