

The Little Brown Seed.

"I'm of no use," said a little brown seed
"Where shall I go and hide?
I'm little and brown, with nobody's love,
And ugly beside."

So she rolled, and she rolled very quickly
away,
And tumbled on the ground:
The rain came in torrents, and fell upon
her
And all things around.

And she felt herself sinking in darkness
beneath,
Poor little faithless seed!
Where never an eye could see her sad fate;
O! she was hidden indeed!

The little brown seed lay still in the earth,
To herself still sighing—
Till at last with an effort she roused up and
cried,
"I'll begin by trying."

"I'll try and stop fretting, for 'tis of no use,
And if I've nobody's love,
I'll look up in hope, for there is one who
will see,
The dear God above."

O! would you believe it! straightway the
dark ground
Began to tremble and shake,
And make way for the little seed, hopeful
now,
Her upward way to take!

Up, up she went, till at last she saw,
The lovely, bright blue sky;
O! the beautiful spirit had found release,
And the summer time was nigh.

And brightness and beauty that grew upon
her,
I cannot begin to speak;
Crowned with flowers she stood, beloved by
all,
So lovely—yet so meek.

**Bob Ride in the Storm on the old
Black Mare.**
"I don't see what he is good for!"
roared Uncle Lemuel Stevens, a man
with a dark, discontented face.

"Nor I," said sharp-featured, sharp
voiced Aunt Betsey "I don't know
what Uncle Charles would say if he
were here."

"I wish he was here!" replied a boy
of twelve, as he looked out on the
landscape darkening amid the shadows
of the storm that accompanied the
early twilight.

"Come, Bob. None of yer imper-
dence!" roared Uncle Lemuel.
"He's a-getting real sassy," said
Aunt Betsey.

Bob, an orphan, living, with these
relatives who neither had children nor
the faculty to understand other
people's children, controlled his
tongue, and continued to gaze out of
the window of the old fashioned farm
house, while hot tears trickled down
his cheeks. He caught the sound of
rain beating against the small panes,
and then the crash of the wind as it
threw itself on a row of maples before
the house, and tried to tear them up
and bear them away. Bob could not
in the dust see the ocean; but he
knew where it was, foaming and roar-
ing on the other side of a rough, nar-
row country road not more than a
hundred feet away. He was saying to
himself, "It will be a bad night for
sailors," when Uncle Lemuel called
out, Come, Bob, the stock in the barn
must be fed and watered. If I didn't
have that tooth of rheumatism," he added,
"guess I'd show what could be done.
I wouldn't be sojerin' at winders."

"Nor I neither," declared Aunt
Betsey, fiercely attacking with her
knitting-needles the unfinished stock-
ing in her lap. "I don't know what
he will make when he comes to be a
man."

Bob did not say anything, though it
was very hot around the tip of his
tongue, and he wanted to open his
mouth and cool it off in some utter-
ance. He silently took his brown cap,
and stout, red comforter down from
their nail, and left the room.

"That's what they are always say-
ing; they don't know what I will make
when I am a man, and what will Uncle
Charles say? I just wish I could get a
hold of Uncle Charles," he said as he
moved through the yard, "I'd like to
go into his store in the city, and be a
clerk."

Uncle Lemuel and Aunt Betsey
despaired of Bob's future because he
did not take an interest in farming.
He could not give his affections to the
pursuits which fascinate some people.
In sowing, cultivating, harvesting,
while willing to work, he did not take
heartly interest.

"He don't take a holt with a grip,"
moaned Uncle Lemuel. "I like to
see a person take a holt, and Bob jest
moves around with no heart in him.
I'm sure I don't see what's he's
a-comin' to."

A peddler, though, came along one
morning, and wanted to board a few
days at the farmhouse, offering some
of his goods in payment of the bill.
When he had gone, Bob took what
Uncle Lemuel called "that tin trunk,"
and sold the goods readily among the
neighbors. He showed a knack at
trading, such delight in the power to

make two pennies bring in a third,
that his relatives might have taken a
hint, about Bob's future. Yes; they
did take a hint, but after this fashion:
"I can see now what that Bob is a
comin' to," declared Aunt Betsey,
"To go a-cavortin' round the country,
out at the elbows, on a peddler's cart."

"You are right there," said Uncle
Lemuel, grimly.
Bob had now reached the barn,
around which the wind was driving,
clamoring at every crack for admit-
tance.

"Bess!" he said, softly.
Instantly there was a stir in one of
the stalls and a horse whinnied.
"Old, Bess, old Bess!" said Bob,
stepping round to a stall on the right;
and then standing on a projecting
board, he threw his arm about the
neck of Bess, and there clung, laying
his head down on the faithful
creature's neck, while tears filled his
eyes. "You will be my friend, won't
you, Bess?"

The old mare seemed to recognize
that a fellow-creature was in trouble,
and gently moved her head, as if to
nod an assent to Bob's question. The
boy patted her neck, and whispered:
"Bess, you and I have had many a
good time together,—haven't we?"

Bess seemed to understand, and
whinnied.
"Uncle Lem will allow that I can
ride you I can do that one thing well,
he says himself. Good old Bess!"
Could Bob ride? There was no boy
in the neighborhood that could equal
him as a rider.

"All I want is a bridle," Bob
would say. "Just give me a chance
on Bess's bare back, and we are good
for a long pull."

Bob now fed all the stock in the
barn, and recrossing the yard quickly,
went up to his chamber at once. He
often preferred to go supperless to
bed, rather than endure his relative's
criticisms at the table, and this pre-
ference was strong to-night.

From his chamber window, he could
look out upon the ocean. In ordinary
weather and a clear atmosphere, he
could see the flash of the light at
Rocky Neck.

"Nothing to be seen to-night," he
murmured, looking oceanward. "A
bad, bad night! Hope the vessels
will keep well off to sea."

He could not sleep very soundly,
the wind made such a noise about the
old house, trying the blinds, and
slamming every unfastened one, laying
rough hands on the loosened window
frames and rattling them without
mercy. He slept through the night
after a fashion, and awoke just before
daylight, and going to the window
fronting the ocean looked out. In a
moment he started back; exclaiming,
"a rocket!"

Yes, a rocket cutting the black
shadow,—a rocket signalling the fact
of a wreck,—a rocket telling of death
threatening souls in that wild
maelstrom!

"O my!" exclaimed Bob, dressing
as fast as possible. A wreck right off
our farm!

Down stairs he hurried, and shouted
at the door of the room where Uncle
Lemuel and Aunt Betsey slept; "A
wreck, folks! Rocket just gone up
right up here? Yes, rocket gone off!"

"She—gone—why?" said Uncle
Lemuel, drowsily, his impression being
that Aunt Betsey was the rocket, and
she had just "gone off"—something
she did pretty often. "Put—her—
out!" he said and was asleep again.

"Oh! what—what—shall—shall we
do?" said Aunt Betsey.
"I know what I am going to do,"
said Bob "I am going to take Bess
and ride down to the life saving sta-
tion and rouse 'em up."

"Just hear! That boy?" exclaimed
Aunt Betsey. "Oh dear! Mussy!
Wake up Lemuel!"

While Aunt Betsey was urging
Uncle Lemuel to realize the present
situation, Bob was on his way to the
barn, lantern in hand. How it stormed!
"Bess!" he said when he opened the
door.

Bess whinnied.
"Bess," he said leading her out of
the stall and adjusting her bridle,—
"Bess, it is three miles to the life
saving station. How quick can you
take me there? How many minutes
do you want for a mile? Wreck off
here?"

Bess rubbed her cold nose against
his cheek as if to say, "I'll do my
best."
"Stop a minute, Bess."

He went to the foot of one of the
big hay mows, and kneeling, besought
God to bless his effort, to give him a
quick journey, and help him save
those on the wreck; and in the mean-
time he asked God to comfort their
hearts.

"Now, Bess," he said, leading her
to the horse-block, and then springing
upon her, "go it! Faster! faster!
faster!"

How Bess did go along that narrow
road? People said she cut rather a

comical figure whenever Bob might be
urging her along "Such a homely old
nag!" they said. She had, though,
the speed in her.

"Now Bess, faster!" said Bob.
Didn't she leave that country road
behind her! Through a bit of forest
she went rattling, rushing, and then
there came a long piece of open
ground. At the right was marsh ex-
tending to the sea, and from it stole a
grey mist, lying across the road like a
feathery bar. But Bess drove through
that grey mist with quivering nostrils
and foaming flank, faster, faster,
faster? Then it was woodland again,
then marsh and mist and at last Bob
cried "Whoa!" at the life-saving
station door.

In ten minutes the surfmen were
hurry back with Bob, Bess and
another horse pulling on the cart that
carried the life-saving apparatus. The
wreck could be plainly seen when
the surfmen reached the beach near
the farm house. A line was sent to
the wreck, the life-car was run out,
and when it returned, who should be
the first man to step out but a pas-
senger from New York, going east-
ward, but unexpectedly halting here,
Uncle Charles!

He appreciated what Bob had done
and could do, and he cared splendidly
for his future.—S. S. Times.

Trying An Experiment.

Let us try an experiment. Here is
a boy who has never used tobacco.
"Charley, will you help us try an
experiment?"
"I will, sir."

"Here is a piece of plug tobacco as
large as a pea. Put it into your mouth
and chew it. Don't let one drop go
down your throat, but spit every drop
of juice into the spittoon. Keep on
chewing, spitting, chewing, spitting."

Before he is done of that little piece
of tobacco, simply squeezing the juice
out of it, without swallowing a drop of
it, he will lie there on the platform in
a cold, deathlike perspiration. Put
your finger upon his wrist. There is
no pulse. He will seem for two or
three hours to be dying.

Again, steep a plug of tobacco in a
quart of water, and bathe the neck
and back of a calf troubled with ver-
min. You will kill the vermin, but if
not very careful you will kill the calf
too.

These experiments show that tobacco,
in its ordinary state, is an extremely
powerful poison.

Go to the drug store; begin at the
upper shelves and take down every
bottle. Then open every drawer, and
you can not find a single poison (ex-
cept some very rare one) which, taken
into the mouth of that ten year old
boy, and not swallowed, will produce
such deadly effects.—Dio Lewis.

A Baby Beaver's Dam.

A college professor in Maine tells,
through the *Levinston Journal*, how he
convinced a friend who did not believe
that beavers could build dams. He
bought a baby beaver from a hunter
one day and sent it to his skeptical
friend. The beaver became a great
pet in the house, but showed no signs
of wanting to build dams, until one
Monday morning a leaky pail full of
water was put on the floor in the back
kitchen. The beaver was there; he
was only a baby then, too, but the
moment he saw the water oozing out
of a crack in the pail he scampered
into the yard, brought
a chip, and commenced building
his dam. His owner was called
and watched the little fellow, very
much astonished by what he saw. He
gave orders to have the pail left there
and the industrious beaver kept at his
work four weeks, when he had built a
solid dam all around the pail. The
professor's friend believes now that
beavers know a thing or two about
dam building, and will never be
skeptical about them again.

Dr. Arnold's Daily Prayer.

Dr. Arnold's daily prayer was as
follows: "O Lord, I have a busy
world around me; eye, ear, and thought
will be needed for all my work to be
done in this busy world. Now, ere I
enter on it, I would commit eye and
ear and thought to Thee. Do Thou
bless them, and keep their work Thine,
that as through Thy natural laws my
heart beats and my blood flows with-
out any thought of mine, so my spiri-
tual life may hold on its course at these
times when my mind cannot conspicu-
ously turn to Thee to commit each
particular thought to Thy service.
Hear my prayer, for my dear Redeem-
er's sake. Amen."—*The Presbyterian*.

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The Mystery Solved.

(No. 39.)

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K E Y S

No. 259.—(1) Dryden. (2) Goldsmith.
No. 260.—Four cents per dozen;
two dozen was the number bought.

No. 261.—Tallahassee.

The Mystery—No. 42.

No. 272.—DIAMOND.

(By "PHILOMATH," QUEENS.)
A hint; low wit; defences; shak-
ing; a jewel; pronoun; an English
river.

No. 273.—A POETICAL EXERCISE.
(By HATTIE E. WANNAMAKE, KINGS.)
[N. B.—Fill each blank with a
word rhyming with the final word in
the preceding line in the first part, and
the following line in the second. The
initial letters of the supplied words
spell the names of two American
poets.—H. E. W.]

I.
Stood little Molly by the gate,
Her cousin Arthur cried, "Please ***
There's coasting by the river-bank,
Let's go for Bessie, Jean and ***"
Said Molly, "If the ice is thin,
There's danger lest we tumble ***
It makes me nearly creep and shake
To think of colds we all will ***"
"O little coz," said Arthur, why
To find objections do you ***
The snow is firm the air is nice,
And glitters brilliantly the ***
And, on my word, you may depend
That soon our winter sports will ***
So hush the fears that stir your breast,
And hurry, dear, here comes the
****"

II.
Then skipping by came Lou and ***
And Kittie, Minnie, Jack, and all,
And "Do" they cried and pleaded, **
With cheeks and lips like stars aglow;
Then Molly, laughing answered,
****"

There's Uncle Jim with bell and book,
And, by his frown, I fear we ***
Expect to coast some other day;
Since some of us with little ***
Must coast through fractions, if you
please."

At this they bade her go to *****
And said they could not be as dull.

No. 274.—WORD SQUARE.

(By "PHILOMATH," QUEENS.)

***** A robe.
***** Useless.
***** Rage.
***** Plants.
***** Rust.

(The mystery solved in three weeks.)

QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

Q. Who was Tamerlane?—QUEBILT.
A. Tamerlane (Timour). Surnamed
"The Great." A Mongol born in In-
dependent Tartary 1336, died in 1405.
He overran Khorasan, Armenia, a
large part of Persia and India, Georgia
and Russia as far as Moscow, and was
on his march to China when he died.

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hair began to turn gray. I commenced
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so stimulated its growth that I have
now more hair than ever before.—
J. W. Edwards, Coldwater, Mass.

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—Julius M. Palmer, Springfield, Mass.

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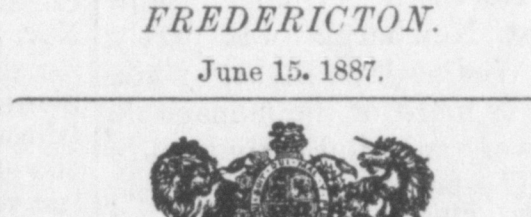
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