

The Best Beauty.

I know a little fellow Whose face is fair to see, But still there's nothing pleasant About that face to me;

I know a little fellow Whose face is plain to see, But that we never think of— So kind and brave is he.

You see it's not the features That others judge us by, But what we do, I tell you, And that you can't deny.

—Golden Days.

Housecleaning Melodies.

Sing a song of cleaning house! Pockful of nails! Four-and-twenty dust-pans, Scrubbing-brooms and pails!

"Just help me move this bureau here, And hang this picture, won't you, dear? And tack that carpet by the door, And stretch this one a little more,

And on it goes, when these are through, With this and that and those to do, Ad infinitum, and more too,

Kate's Heroism.

A TRUE STORY.

Picture to yourselves, my young readers, a small, rough house on the brow of a thickly wooded hill, commanding from its lonely position a full view of the railroad bridge which spans a rapid stream coursing through the valley below.

The little farm-house is not far from the town of Moingona, one of the stations on the Chicago and Northwestern Railway. And so crooked are the rivers in this vicinity that within the space of five miles there are no less than twenty-one bridges.

This isolated spot was the home of Mrs. Shelley and her daughters, Kate, a girl of eighteen, being the eldest. When Kate was but three years old, her father settled in these wild woods, and made himself a snug little farm on the "clearing."

This sorrow came not alone. One day the son, upon whom the hopes of the widowed mother rested, was drowned in the treacherous stream. Kate, then about fifteen years old, bravely met the emergency which threatened to crush her mother and leave them all homeless.

Early in the month of July, 1881, a terrible storm visited that portion of Iowa in which Moingona is situated. The small streams swelled into rivers, the rivers became floods. Immense damage was done to the railroad property. Eleven bridges between Moingona and Boone—a distance of five miles—were either totally destroyed or seriously injured.

About midnight he starts, slowly and cautiously, watching for danger signals with a sharp eye. Des Moines

River bridge is safely passed, and the engine approaches Honey Creek and stops. The engineer waits till the signal comes that the track is all right, that none of the timbers of the bridge are displaced, then he goes on. He has passed the centre of the bridge, when suddenly the timbers give way with a fearful crash, and engine and men plunge down amid the gloomy darkness into the surging waters.

Escaping as by a miracle Mr. Wood tries in vain to swim to a place of safety. He is finally thrown upon a sand-bank by the restless waves, and lies there surrounded by water on every side. His voice, calling for help, rings through the midnight air. But who is there to come at such an hour and in that lonely spot? The flood rages about him. Will he not be swept away before morning? And that express train almost due! Oh that he could save it from destruction! But he is shrouded in darkness. A single step may plunge him into deep marshy bogs or deeper waters, even if he were able to take that step.

Suddenly a light gleams through the dark woods, and he thanks God, and again calls for help. Presently, by the dim shining of a lantern, he sees a girl's face peering through the broken timbers of the bridge into the dark flood below, and a clear, young voice pierces the gloom:—

"Who's there? Who are you?" "Ed. Wood, engineer of No. 11," was the answer shouted back through the noise of the rushing waters. "The bridge is broken. An express is almost due. Who are you?"

"Kate Shelley," was the quick reply. And here we will go back and tell you how Kate reached the bridge. Late in the evening of that fearful storm, she had gone down the hill to the stable, and, finding it rapidly filling with water, released the cattle, that they might go to higher land. She could hear the waters dashing against the bridge, and felt certain that it could not stand. She returned to the house, and with a pale face, but resolute heart, told her mother that she must go and give an alarm, that the bridge must fall.

Even while she was talking there came a crash, a weird knell from an engine-bell, a fierce, hissing sound that told of disaster. The only lantern in the household was lacking some essential parts; but Kate hastily fastened an old miner's lamp in the bottom of the lantern frame, and, bidding her weeping mother and sisters good-bye, started out into the terrible tempest.

A rushing flood swept down the hillside through the gullies. The soaked underbrush made a treacherous footing, and more than once in the dense darkness she lost her way before she reached a path that she knew would lead her to the railroad track. The route was nearly a mile in length, so that with her beset speed it was some time before she reached the broken bridge.

Kate hesitated not an instant when she learned from Edward Wood that an express train was hurrying to destruction. She must go to Moingona. She must get help for the engineer. She started at once on the hazardous trip.

Following the track, she makes her way to the long high bridge that spans the Des Moines River, thirty feet above the raging current. Along the open approaches, over the main part of the bridge itself, with the angry flood surging beneath her, she must step from tie to tie. But Kate stops never a moment from fear of danger. She is already on the bridge, when suddenly her flickering light goes out, and she is left in total darkness, amid impending perils. A single misstep will be fatal; but she says to herself, "The express! the express!" and falters not.

God guides the footsteps of the brave girl, and she crosses in safety. Then with quickened pace she follows the track along the embankment to the station. She gives the alarm; and quick signals of danger are sent to the trains that are rushing toward the yawning vortex.

Kate's task is not yet done. A party of rescuers start with her, upon an engine, for the scene of disaster. When they come to the broken Honey Creek bridge, danger signals are at once displayed. But they must reach the opposite shore in order to rescue the engineer, and the intrepid girl guides them over a long, crooked route, through dense, soaked underbrush, to another bridge, by which they cross to the place of the wreck.

By five o'clock in the morning the engineer is released from his perilous situation; and then Kate, weary and footsore, torn and drenched, but happy at heart, goes back to her humble home.

Kate's heroic deed won her friends who make life easier and brighter for her; but her best reward is the consciousness that her prompt courage in

that midnight storm saved many precious lives.—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

A True and Sad Story.

Charles G. — was the only son of a widowed mother. He was a frank, generous, unselfish boy, and a great comfort to her. Everybody who knew him said he was a promising boy, and his mother was very proud of him. When he finished school a situation with a good, reliable man was found for him, and for a time he was faithful in the discharge of every duty. But by and by he seemed to be growing away from his mother. She noticed that he did not give her his confidence as in former days. He hurried off after he had finished his supper, and he neglected his business, and he did not come home until late. Anywhere else seemed to be pleasanter to him than his home. His mother did all she could to make the home attractive, and talked kindly with him about his neglect to her. But, as she once said, "It seemed as if the boy was way off somewhere, he didn't act like himself." One day he was missing. There was no trace of him for months. A boy with whom he had formed a strong intimacy, and one of which his mother did not approve, was missing at the same time. For months that mother prayed, and watched, and waited, listening every hour for the footstep of her much-loved boy. She could not sleep, or eat, so great was her anxiety. At length a telegram came to her, and as she read it she fell to the floor. The shock was so terrible to her. This is what it said: "Your son is very ill, come at once." The name signed to it she had never heard, and the telegram was dated from a small town in Texas. It was a long journey, and she had but little means, but kind friends helped her, and the midnight train bore her off alone with her anxiety and sorrow to the far off State. Oh, how fervently she prayed that her boy might be spared to her, that if he must be taken from her, he might live till she got there, and be able to recognize her, and give her some assurance of his repentance. Her prayer was granted. "God was very merciful," she said. "My boy knew me, and I heard from his own lips his bitter repentance for what he had done, and his hope that the Lord had forgiven him." The poor mother was so thankful for even these few words, that they kept cheering her on the long journey home when she was taking her child's body to the burial place in her native town. What brought all this about, do you ask? Dime novel reading. After her son's death the mother found the most sensational dime novels in the garret with the name of her boy's friend on the cover. "Ranch Life in Texas" was full of unreal adventures, schemes for making money any way but by honest work; and "Seeing Life" had fascinated her boy in such a way as to lead to the sad results which that poor mother must bear to her grave.—N. Y. Evangelist.

Hope for the Dunces.

There are many dull boys who are like cloudy mornings before bright days. It is the safer plan for an educator to assume that dullness is but a husk more or less difficult to peel off, and almost always concealing a sweet kernel. It may be long before he discovers it, and when discovered it may not lie in the usual form of school life. A man and his wife bought a music stool. After a time they brought it back to the upholsterer, declaring with vexation that they "could make nothing out of the old thing; they had twisted it to right and left, and set on its head, and rolled it on its side, and never a note of music could they get out of it." And yet the music stool was a good stool. For the comfort of the mothers of dull boys let me record a few instances of such lads who turned out bright men when the key to their brightness was found.

Isaac Newton, being then a boy at the foot of his class, was kicked by the boy above him. He fought the bully, and beat him, out of which victory arose the thought that as he had beaten him with his fists, he might also do it with his brains. And he did.

Isaac Barrow, the divine, was a quarrelsome, idle boy. His father said of him that "if it pleased God to take away any of his children, he hoped it might be Isaac."

Dr. Chalmers was expelled from the parish school at St. Andrews as an "incorrigible dunce."

Walter Scott, at Edinburgh University, was labelled by Professor Dalzell, "Dunce he is, and dunce he will remain."

Do You Blame Him?

Did you never, dear old members of "The Family," in some moment of good fortune and elation, feel that the whole town ought to share, in some way, in your rejoicing? If you have ever had such a feeling you will not blame the small hero of this story:

Laddie had got out of skirts and into knicker-bockers, and the first morning when he appeared in the more dignified vestments, he was proud indeed.

"They're better than skirts, aren't they, mamma?" he inquired, looking complacently down at his chubby legs.

"Very much better." "Do you suppose folks will notice them?" "A very few, perhaps." "Mamma," said he, a moment later, remembering one unflattering indication of very important occasions, "do you s'pose the shops will be closed?"

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK. CASE SETTLEMENT, KINGS CO., N. B.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

"Attempt the end, never stand in doubt Nothing's so hard, but search'll find it out."

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 16.) No. 101.—1. 2 Sam. xi. 2. David. 2. Jer. xxix. 22. Zedekiah and Ahab. 3. 1 Sam. viii. 17.

No. 102.— p a t p e t r a p a t i e n t t r e a t a n t

No. 103.—Tertullus.—Acts 24: 1. No. 104.—J-abesh-Gilead.....1 Saml. 31. E-lymas.....Acts 13: 8. S-imon.....Luke 22: 31. U-zza.....1 Chron. 13: 10. S-amuel.....1 Saml. 28: 15.

W-ilderness.....Mark 8. E-leazer.....Numb. 20. P-haroah.....Gen. 47: 10. T-imothy.....1 Tim. 5: 23. "Jesus wept."—John xi: 35.

No. 105.—Bed. No. 106.—1. Zarahabel. 2. Azhazereth. 3. Mamnitanaimus 4. Zaphnathpaaneah 5. Zamzumnim.

No. 107.—R U D D U L E A D E R M D A M N

The Mystery—No. 19. No. 120.—ENIGMA. (BY ETHEL J. KERR, Williamsburg.)

Fifty is my first; Nothing is my second; Five just makes my third, Fourth's a vowel reckoned. Now to fill my whole Put all my parts together,— I'd die if I got cold, But I never mind cold weather.

No. 121.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. (BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

In blossom, but not in bud; In thought, but not in word; In throat, but not in lip; In vast, but not in thin; In James, but not in John.

No. 122.—PI. (BY B. V. C., Highland Village, N. S.) "Ym tearh salth tisdlo emomirse pkee, Keli osme rnow aes hlsie rimo hte ase Dillfe thiw hte stunic fo hte pede."

No. 123.—PIED CITIES. (BY MABEL GILMORE, Williamsburg.)

I. Inaevtn. 2. Cmoswo. 3. Ardind. 4. Taebsolep.

No. 124.—BIBLE QUERY. (BY MARY CLARKSON, Williamsburg.)

No. 125.—DIAMOND PUZZLES. (BY E. L. GALLAGHER, Williamsburg.)

I. A letter; an animal; a Bible name; to prepare leather: a letter. II. A vowel; the whole; a boy's name; part of a machine; a letter.

The Mystical Circle. "A FRIEND," Carlton, N. S., solves 95 (1) and 100. Thanks for Bible Queries.

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