

At Sunset.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you've left undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say,
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time or thought for
With troubles enough of your own.

The little act of kindness,
So easily out of mind;
Those chances to be angels
Which every mortal finds.
They come in night and silence,
Each chill, reproachful wraith
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until to late.
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the things you leave undone,
Which gives you the bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.

Margaret E. Sangster.

Tom's Sophomore Year.

Tom stood in the middle of the room with his hands in his pockets, and, whistling softly looked about him. It was a plain little room just under the roof, but it had been Tom's room ever since he had one of his own, and he was attached to it. But in a day or two, so he was saying to himself, he was to leave it for nearly a year. There, near the head of his bed, stood his trunk—a funny old trunk that had belonged to his grandfather, and was covered with hairy hide fastened with brass nails. He had just been packing it, and a glance at his contents told where he was going to spend the coming year. For beside his clothing might be seen green-covered Latin and Greek grammars, leather-bound lexicons, an algebra, a geometry, a copy of Livy, and several other books which spoke of a college course.

Three days later, at a college in a country town, more than one hundred miles away, Tom Sargent intended to make his first appearance as a learned sophomore. "Just to think," he said to himself, "it's only three days now, and then I'll see all the other fellows. And won't we dig into the old classics and mathematics?" and he gave a boyish scuffle on the floor to give vent to his delight.

Just then he heard a step below his window, and looking out, he saw his father entering the yard on foot.

"Why, father," cried Tom suddenly "did you walk all the way home?"

"Yes."

"Why, where's Topsy?"

Topsy was Mr. Sargent's little black horse that he had had for years; and now that he was getting old and growing heavier and more bulky as age crept on, he had done but little walking in his business about town, but made Topsy his invariable companion.

"Where's Topsy, father?" asked Tom again, later.

"Well, Tom," said his father, laying down his knife and fork. "I suppose I've sold Topsy."

"Sold Topsy?" cried Tom. Did you know it, mother?"

But his mother's face was answer enough.

"Why, what for, father?" Tom continued. "Sold Topsy! And the new buggy you bought last year to make your driving easy; have you sold that, too?"

"Yes, I've practically sold them both. The bargain isn't really closed, but Joe Watson has taken them to try to-day, and if his offer's fair I shall take it."

"Why, father, said Tom, in a remonstrating tone, as he brushed back his stiff hair, "your business keeps you traveling between your shop and the folks that work for you all the time. You can't walk all that much."

"I must cut down expenses," said Mr. Sargent. "I've run behind this year. There's no other way."

Nothing more was said.

After dinner Tom went up to his room again and sat down on a corner of the trunk.

Topsy sold! And the buggy sold! It did not seem possible. And to think of his father, far from being vigorous now, yet forced to plod about continually over the rough roads. The backs of the grammars and lexicons, smiling up at him from the trunk, made him uncomfortable. He rose, and shut down the cover of the trunk, and stood for a long while with his hands in his pocket, looking out the window.

There was a pretty landscape of green pasture and woodland outside, but Tom saw nothing of it. His eyes seemed to be fixed on some faraway place beyond the horizon. After

awhile he turned and began to pace the room. Then he paused by his trunk and opened it again and looked in. What pleasant suggestions it offered, what promises it held out!

The room was small and plain, and Tom was by no means a good-looking boy. But such boys are sometimes the heroes, and such rooms the battleground of contests which make no noise in the world, and which yet demand as much pluck and character in the victor as has many a famous contest for a kingdom and a crown.

Tom continued his walking to and fro in the little room, whistling now and then, and from time to time throwing himself into a chair restlessly. The sun dropped till it seemed to rest an instant on a peak which Tom could see from his window, and then the room suddenly grew dark. The change seemed to rouse Tom to a decision. He put on his hat, and a moment later he was walking toward the center of the town.

The next morning, when breakfast was ready, Tom was not on hand. But just as his father and mother were beginning to wonder where he could be, what should they see but Tom driving Topsy up to the door and hitching her to the post.

"Tom!" said his father, as he came in, "what does this mean?"

"It means you are going to keep Topsy sir," answered Tom, going up to his father and putting a hand on each shoulder. "Father, I've thought it all over and I've decided not to go to college this year but to stay at home and work. That will be enough saving so that you can keep the horse and buggy, and I'll lay up what I earn, and pay my own way when I get back to college next year. I'm young enough to wait. So you mustn't say a word. I'd rather do it, and it won't hurt me a bit."

And it didn't hurt Tom. When his sophomore year did begin, he was better able to appreciate the worth of his studies. He was happy, too, in knowing that his pleasure and profit were gained without subtracting from those of others.—*Youth's Companion.*

Cigarettes.

Do you care to know how they are made? I can enlighten you. An Italian boy only eight years old was brought before a justice in New York city as a vagrant, or, in other words, a young tramp. But with what did the officer charge him? Only with picking up cigar-stumps from the streets and gutters. To prove this he showed the boy's basket, full of stumps, water-soaked and covered with mud.

"What do you do with them?" asked his honor. What do you think was his answer? "I sell them to a man for ten cents a pound, to be used in making cigarettes." Not a particularly agreeable piece of information, is it, my boys?

In our large cities there are a great many cigar-butt grubbers, as they are called. It certainly is not a pretty name, though very appropriate; for it is applied to boys and girls who scour the streets in search of half-burnt cigars and stumps, which are dried and then sold to be used in making cigarettes.

But this isn't all, nor even the worst of it. These cigarettes have been analyzed, and physicians and chemists were surprised to find how much opium is put into them.

A tobaccoist himself says that "the extent to which drugs are used in cigarettes is appalling." "Havana flavoring," for this same purpose, is sold everywhere by the thousand barrels. This flavoring is made from the tonka-bean, which contains a deadly poison. The wrappers, warranted to be rice paper, are sometimes made of common paper, and sometimes of filthy scraps of ragpickers, bleached white with arsenic. What a cheat to be practiced on people!

Think of it boys; the next time you take up a cigarette, drop it—as you would a coal of fire. The latter would simply burn your fingers; but this burns up good health, good resolutions good manners, good memories, good faculties, and often honesty and truthfulness as well.

A bright boy of thirteen came under the spell of cigarettes. He grew stupid and subject to nervous twitchings, till finally he was obliged to give up his studies. When asked why he didn't throw away his miserable cigarette, the boy replied with tears, that he had often tried to do so, but could not.

Another boy of eleven was made crazy by cigarette smoking, and was taken to an insane asylum in Orange county, New York. He was regarded as a violent and dangerous maniac, exhibiting some of the symptoms peculiar to hydrophobia.

The white spots on the tongue and inside the cheeks, called smoker's patches, are thought by Sir Morell Mackenzie to be more common with

users of cigarettes than with other smokers.

"Does cigarette smoking injure the lungs?" asked some one of a leading New York physician. For his answer the doctor lighted a cigarette, and inhaling a mouthful of smoke, blew it through the corner of his handkerchief which he held tightly over his mouth. A dark brown stain was distinctly visible. "Just such a stain," said the doctor, "is left upon the lungs." If you ever smoke another cigarette, think of the stains you are making.

There is a disease called the cigarette eye, which is regarded as dangerous. A film comes over the eye, appearing and disappearing at intervals. And did you know that boys have been made blind by smoking cigarettes? How would you like to part with your sight, and never again behold the light of day, or the faces of your dear friends?

Shall I give you two or three pictures? A writer greatly interested in young people (Josiah Leeds) described a pitiful spectacle when he saw—a pale woe-begone boy, seemingly less than ten years old, standing at the entrance of an alley, without a hat, his dilapidated trousers very ragged at the knees, his hands in his pockets, shivering with cold, yet whiffing away at a cigarette.

Dr. Hammond says: "I saw in Washington a wretched looking child, scarcely five years old, smoking a cigarette and blowing the smoke from his nostrils. His pale, pinched face was twitching convulsively, his little shoulders were bent, and his whole appearance was that of an old man."—*Christian at Work.*

Be Ready for Breakfast.

A friend was asked the other day how he happened to have his breakfast so on time every morning that he was as a rule always ready to start business at the hour appointed. The answer was: "For twenty years I have been keeping house, and I never in all that time have had to wait a moment for my breakfast. I believe the reason to be that in all that time I have never failed to be ready for it at the hour I had appointed. Tell a servant that you want a meal at a certain hour and then be sure yourself to be on hand at that hour. One trouble in families is that they will say, for instance that they breakfast at 8 o'clock; that means that they will come down when they feel like it; one morning at 8:30, the next at 8, possibly the next at 8:45, and then if the man is in a hurry, perhaps he will scold if he does not get his meal at 7:45. The result is that the servants see that there is no order in the household and they do not care to be regular themselves. I have never yet failed to be on hand at the hour, and although we have had a great number and variety of servants I have never had to wait five minutes for a very early breakfast."—*Buffalo Commercial.*

Table Manners.

Drink from the cup—never from the saucer.

Teaspoons are left in the saucer, not in the cup.

Little children only have the napkin arranged as a bib.

Making a noise, either in eating or drinking is vulgar.

Always cheerfully defer to older people and to guests.

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No. 119.—Scrape, crape, rape, ape.

No. 120.—I. Dora. 2. Ella.

—The Mystery, No. 24—

No. 133.—DROP-LETTER.
"e-o-d-u-k-i-l-e-h-n-l-s-x-e-s;
u-b-f-l-e-w-t-e-p-r-t."

No. 134.—PI PUZZLE.
Floy whoah ahve ehtfrui you
sumtneal otmebl ehteer.

No. 135.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In climb, but not in walk;
In shout, but not in talk;
In tube, but not in pipe;
In heron, but not in snipe;

In nose, but not in hand;
In water, but not in sand.
Whole is a name always revered.

No. 136.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole, consisting of 5 letters, is what you all now see.

My 2, 1, 4 is an animal.
My 3, 4, 2, 5 is a fruit.

No. 137.—DIAMOND.

A letter from father; a covering; a christian grace; copper coins; A letter from home.

No. 138.—ANAGRAMS.

1. Your camp. 2. Pert Menace.

No. 139.—DECAPITATIONS.

Whole there is not much of me; behead me, I become a useful thing; behead again, I am everything.

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—CHAT.

A GAYTON, Knowlesville, says answer to No. 96 is a *Whale*.

—OUR STORY.

BOYS AND MEN.

You are boys now, but you will soon be men. Then you will have your own way to make in the world. Do you mean to be idle and frivolous, and deceive people, and give them a bad opinion of you? Or do you intend to go to work, and act bravely and nobly and do your duty, and leave a name behind you when you die which the world will love and respect? Take care—now is the time! Did you ever notice a large tree that grew crooked, and was an ugly eye-sore on that account? Perhaps it stood on the lawn right in front of the porch, and your father would have liked very much to have straightened it. It was impossible to do so. A hundred horses could not have dragged it erect. And yet think of the time when the large tree was a small sapling. A child might have straightened it then, and it would have grown properly, and everyone would have admired it. By this we mean that boys should grow straight, not crooked. You are young now, as the tree was once; begin in time, and you will be as straight as an arrow, when you are a man. If you wait, it will be too late. The way to make men erect and noble is to take them when they are boys, and show them that there is nothing in this world so noble as doing their duty. Once more, we say, remember that, though you are boys now you will soon be men.

You may do good or evil. If you are false and worthless, you and everybody else will have a hard time of it. You may be soldiers, judges, statesmen, and presidents. What you say or do may decide the fate of millions of other people. These will look to you; and, more than all, God will watch you and hold you to strict account. If you are brave and true and unselfish, heaven will bless you, and every one who knows you will love and respect you. If you are mean and cowardly, and think of nothing but your own pleasure, God and man will be displeased with you. Which will you be? The best of all things is to be pure and do your duty.

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