

Drop Your Bucket Where You Are.

"O, ship ahoy!" rang out the cry;
"O, give us water, or we die!"
A voice came over the waters far,
Just drop your bucket where you are,
And then they dipped and drank their fill
Of water fresh from mead and hill;
And then they knew they sailed upon
The broad mouth of the Amazon.

O' tossing wastes we sail and cry,
"O, give us water, or we die!"
On high, relentless waves we roll
Through arid climates of the soul;
Neath pitiless skies we pant for breath,
Smit with the thirst that drags to death,
And fail, while faint for fountains far,
To drop our buckets where we are.

'O, ship ahoy! you're sailing on
The broad mouth of the Amazon;
Whose mighty current flows and sings
Of mountain streams and inland springs,
Of night-kissed morning's dewy balm,
Of heaven-dropped evening's twilight calm,
Of nature's peace in earth or star—
Just drop your bucket where you are.

Seek not for fresher founts afar,
Just drop your bucket where you are;
And while the ship right onward leaps,
Uplift it from exhaustless deeps,
Forth not your life with dry despair,
The stream of hope flows everywhere;
So, under every sky and star,
Just drop your bucket where you are.

A Neighbor.

BY MARY L. BRANCH.

"This is such a pretty flat!" said Mrs. Bryant, enthusiastically, as she went up and down the five little rooms which were to be the first home of her married life.

"I like a top flat," she continued; "it is so much lighter, and the air seems better up here."

"You will miss the elm-shaded street before your old home in Greenwich," said her husband.

"Oh, never mind that!" she replied. "Our parlor windows here look out on a great many treetops, and I can place my rocking chair so as not to see the house-roofs, but only the trees above them."

"How about the back windows?" he asked, with a doubtful smile, as he glanced down upon the small barren inclosure called a yard, and then across at the rear windows of other flats which fronted on the next street.

"Oh! I see children at some windows, and birds in others, and there is a dear old lady just opposite. Those are our neighbors. But, Fred, look here! Here is a little balcony reaching from our side dining-room window across the narrow space to the window of the next building. Why is that?"

"That is a fire escape, so that in case of a fire we can make a dash for liberty over through the other people's window, or so that they can flee over to us."

"Then we are set here to help each other. We ought to be friends," she said, looking wistfully at the opposite window whose curtain was closely drawn.

"Not much friendship between flats!" commented her husband. "City folks distrust chance acquaintance, and we must be careful ourselves. There might be a forger below us, and a gambler across from us. We can't take chances."

But when Lucy Bryant's pretty rooms were settled and made homelike, and her happy daily routine began, as she sat in the sunny dining-room with her sewing she used often to wonder about the neighbor across the fire escape, and think how very easily they could exchange greetings if they were acquainted.

Sometimes the neighbor opened her window for a moment to set out a bottle of milk or a covered pan; but she never by any chance glanced across, and she retired as quickly as possible. Sometimes the curtain was raised as if to admit light, and Lucy was tempted to look at the prettily set dining table, the marble clock and the little sewing-stand. Once as she stood a moment making out the subject of an engraving over the mantel, the neighbor, a tall, slender, bright-eyed woman, stepped swiftly from some corner and pulled the curtain down with a vigor that sent Lucy blushing to the furthest part of her little flat.

"She thought me inquisitive," she said, hotly, to herself; "she doesn't know how I miss having neighbors. I never knew before how lonely one can be in a crowd."

As a sort of mute apology, Lucy now often left near her dining-room window a stand with fruit or flowers upon it, an open book or a bit of work, and put her curtain high; so that, if the unknown lady looked, she might see there was no hostility, no avoidance of a neighborly glance.

When spring came the vendors brought flowering plants in wagons to the city streets for sale; and Lucy taking a walk one day, seized upon a thrifty young geranium with pink buds and bore it up to her high nest, putting it in her parlor window as a surprise for Fred.

The next morning, entering the dining room, Lucy saw on the fire

escape in front of her neighbor's window a fine begonia in a pot, well watered and enjoying the sun. "She loves flowers," thought Lucy exultingly. "I'll reply to her begonia with my geranium!"

So out went the geranium, and perhaps it held flower talk with the begonia; but the owners seemed no nearer acquaintance than before; for, rise, as early as Lucy might, the begonia had always been watered and the curtain was down.

One day in late June something was going on in the neighboring flat. The curtain was up, the window open, and Lucy, with a rapid glance, caught sight of a trunk packed and strapped, and an open valise. An hour after an express wagon stood in front of the building and a quantity of baggage was placed upon it.

"They have gone on a vacation trip," thought Lucy; "and now I shall not know my neighbor before fall, and perhaps never at all."

But—she reckoned without the begonia. The morning following there stood the helpless begonia before the close-curtained window as usual; but the earth about it was dry, and the green leaves were drooping in the summer sun.

Lucy's heart leaped. "Fred," she exclaimed, gaily, "my opportunity is come! she has left her begonia, and I can water it."

"You'd better not move it," said Fred. "She may come back to-morrow and accuse you of meddling."

"Well, I can reach over," said Lucy, and half climbing out on the balcony, she watered the plant profusely.

Morning and night she attended to it; for the weather was sultry, and the earth dried very fast. Sometimes she even watered it by moonlight, when she had forgotten it or been away at sunset.

One, two, three, weeks went by. "I do hope," thought Lucy, "that she will come back before we go away ourselves, or she will never know how I tried to save her flowers for her."

In four weeks the neighbor returned, and the begonia, grown to double its former size and filled with delicate bloom, must have been the first thing she saw when she opened her dining-room window. But Lucy was not there at the happy moment, and there was no proffered recognition.

Her innocent plotting was not yet done. Fred's vacation began early in August, and they were going to Greenwich to enjoy it. Their trunks were ready, and they were waiting the hour to go. Lucy went to the window to water her geranium.

"I was going to take it home," she said, "it is so pretty now, with its pink blossoms, like a little rose tree full of roses. But I have decided to leave it for a message to my neighbor. I shall put it over near her begonia without saying a word, and leave it to plead for itself."

"You'll never see it again," prophesied her husband. But she pushed it across the balcony and closed the window.

"I'm not afraid," she said. A happy month flew quickly by in the old home in Greenwich. Early in September the Bryants, recruited in health and spirits, found themselves again climbing the stairs and entering the little top flat.

Fred began to make a fire, and Lucy wound the clock.

"It seems good to be in our own little home again," she said; and then, with sudden recollection, she turned to the dining-room window to look out on the balcony.

Ah! she caught her in the act! The tall, slender, bright-eyed neighbor had her window open and was watering the geranium.

The two women looked into each other's eyes and smiled. Lucy, reaching out her hands, received her beautiful plant thriftier than ever, and more full of bloom.

"I knew you had ministered to my begonia," said the neighbor, "and I was glad to do something for you in return."

"Wait a minute," said Lucy, "I want to give you a handful of sweet peas from my mother's garden."

"I had a mother and a garden once," said the neighbor, her eyes softening as she took the flowers. A few more words followed on each side, and then the little interview was over.

"But we are neighbors now!" asked Lucy wistfully, as she raised her hand to lower the window.

"Yes, neighbors now!" said the other, heartily.

"Well, you have succeeded at last," said Fred, with a laugh, as Lucy came to him where he stood listening.

She smiled happily. She had gained her wish; she had overcome city barriers; she had gone about it in her own way, and at last she had a neighbor.—NEW LONDON, CONN.

Do NOT neglect coughs, colds, asthma, and bronchitis, but cure them by using Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Why Not?

"Please help me just a minute, will you, mamma?" Lucile held up the bit of bright red satin on which she was outlining, in simple stitch, a quaint old teapot, for a pretty holder.

Mrs. Harmon laid down her sewing instantly, and carefully showed the little needlewoman where the mistake had been made.

"Can she sew patchwork?" asked Mrs. Davis, a neighbor who had "run in" with her own sewing for an afternoon's chat.

"Not yet," replied the young mother, glancing rather anxiously towards the little maiden by her side. "Lucile, will you please bring mamma a glass of water?" She did not mean to discuss the question in the child's presence, evidently. Lucile ran obediently away, and her mother was free to continue.

"I am going to let her begin on plain sewing but she is not ready yet, I think."

"But, Mrs. Harmon, I always thought children had to begin on patchwork and plain seams. I did!" rather sadly.

"So did I!" responded Mrs. Harmon with a merry laugh. "And I cordially hated sewing until I was a grown woman. And I don't mean that Lucile shall go through such an experience. The bit of work she is doing is teaching her simple stitches, and it is bright and pretty. She dearly loves to do it, and begs for it every rainy day when she can't play out-of-doors."

"I do believe it is a good plan," Mrs. Davis spoke regretfully. "I do not like any kind of needlework even now. The memory of those hateful seams and quilts is undimmed, and I'm afraid will always be!"

"Try my way with your Maud," suggested Mrs. Harmon. "Don't you fear it is unsafe to make life too easy for the children? Trouble's bound to come some day. I've always tried to brace Maud for it, with the conviction of the right on her side."

"I think," replied Mrs. Harmon quietly, for Lucile's step was heard outside the door, "that a happy childhood and the faculty of finding the 'silver linings' of all the clouds that rise day by day will be the best strength for future trouble that I could give my little girl."

"You may be right," sighing a little. "I know Lucile is a happy child, and wonderfully sweet and bright."

"Just as long as God puts sunshine and flowers into His world, 'I am going to pick out the sunny ways of doing things for my little one's world. Honestly, Mrs. Davis, is there anything particularly praiseworthy in making sewing, or anything else, disagreeable, when it might, and ought, to be pleasant?"

Hasn't Mrs. Harmon the right of it? Let's try her plan, mothers.—JEAN HALIFAX, in N. Y. Observer.

Remedies For Fits.

For a fit of grumbling, visit those who are ill, or blind, or totally deaf or without daily bread, or in some other way really afflicted, and you will be ashamed of making such a fuss over your little annoyances.

For a fit of rage, go out into a large field, and taking your stand in its exact centre, express your mind with the utmost freedom concerning him who has provoked you. Where this is not feasible, sit down and write him a scorching letter, and then carefully put it into the fire.

For a fit of idleness, count carefully the ticks of the clock for a full hour, and you will probably be glad then to take hold of something useful; if that does not avail, a visit to some humming-bird of industry, or a literal hive where the bees are busy, might have a good effect.

For a fit of ambition, study the history of famous men and see how hard they worked and how little real satisfaction they found in their honors when they came. If you are still consumed with this fever for applause, visit the graveyard and spend a little time reflecting on the small amount of space which the mightiest men must occupy in a very short time.

For a fit of envy or covetousness, go to the water-places or the fashionable summer resorts, and count the number of wealthy invalids, and the forms draped in mourning, and the faces that show bad temper and care, and listen to the accounts of domestic unhappiness of those possessing the large-st wealth.

For a fit of boastfulness, walk through the alcoves of a large library and remember how very small a portion of the learning there embodied is yours, or ever will be.

These recipes for the prevention or cure of fits are not patented, nor will any charge be made for the prescription. Nearly all are more or less subject to such attacks, and they are her-by exhorted not to suffer them to become chronic. If they will follow the advice above given, they will escape so sad a fate.

Chimes.

Should you, in passing Grace Church, Broadway, New York city, when the bells are chiming, go in, you might see a novel sight. In a room opening from the vestibule you would find a young lady sitting before a very short keyboard and touching the keys in a peculiar manner. Though but eight keys are touched, there being only eight bells in the chime, above and below the sounding keys are two or three dumb ones, making it easier for the operator to keep her place. In front of her, on the music rack, are the tunes she is playing on the bells a hundred feet above her in the belfry. If the organ in the church is playing, or the roar of the street drowns out the music chimes so she cannot hear it, she puts in her ears two drums connected with rubber tubes, the tubes connecting with the bells above, as in the phonograph, and then she can hear the music of the chimes, and nothing else.

This is the first time electricity has been harnessed into the work of ringing chimes, and this fact is full of suggestion to the thoughtful mind. Man is becoming in every generation more and more the master of the great forces of nature, and compelling them to serve him.

Make a Business of It.

The incident is related that during the late Rebellion, an officer, home on a furlough, was accosted by a clergyman as follows:

"Do you know Corporal—, of Company G, of your regiment?"

"O yes, quite well," was the reply.

"Is he still living religiously?" continued the clergyman.

"Yes, he is still pious," said the officer.

"How can he live piously among so many wicked men?" questioned the clergyman.

"Oh he just makes a business of living religiously, and the boys let him alone," replied the officer.

Are any of our young people afraid of failure in the Christian life? Let them make a business of living religiously, and there can be no failure. God is a partner in the business, and his resources enable him to carry the firm through. Make a business of it, and you are all right.

HIS CHUM.—A newsboy sat on the curbstone crying, when a pedestrian halted, and laid his hand on the youngster's shoulder.

"What's wrong, sonny?"

"I ain't your sonny."

"Well, what's wrong, my boy?"

"Ain't your boy, either."

"Lost five cents in the gutter?"

"Naw, I ain't—oh, oh, oh! Me chum's dead."

"Oh! that's another thing. How did he happen to die?"

"Runned over."

"So? Was there an inquest?"

"Inques' nothin'. He jest holler-ed once't and rolled over dead. And I wish I was dead too along of him."

"Cheer up! You can find another chum."

"Yer wouldn't talk that way if you'd knowed Dick. He was the best friend I ever had. There warn't nothing Dick wouldn't do a done for me. An' now he's d-d-dead an' buried. I'm a-wishin' I was, too."

"Look here," said the man, "go and sell your papers and take some poor little ragged boy and be a chum to him. It'll help you and do him good."

"Pshaw, mister, where's there a boy wot'd go around nights with me an' be cold and hungry an' outen doors, and sleep on the ground like Dick? An' he wouldn't tech a bite till I'd had enuff. He were a Christian, Dick were."

"Boy! Dick a boy! Lord! Dick warn't only a ragged, good-for-nothing human boy, mister—Dick were a dog."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Chinese use this expression concerning one who has died: "He has become a guest in heaven."

Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.—*Edward Everett Hale.*

When you notice unpleasant sensations after eating, at once commence the use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and your Dyspepsia will disappear. Mr. James Stanley, Merchant, at Constance, writes: "My wife has taken two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery for Dyspepsia, and it has done her more good than anything she has ever used."

The Horse—nobles of the brute creation—when suffering from a cut, abrasion, or sore, derives as much benefit as its master in a like predicament, from the healing, soothing action of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Lameness, swelling of the neck, stiffness of the joints, throat and lungs, are relieved by it.

With but little care and no trouble, the beard and moustache can be kept a uniform brown or black color by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

What fills the housewife with delight,
And makes her biscuit crisp and light,
Her bread so tempt the appetite?
COTTOLENE

What is it makes her pastry such
A treat, her husband eats so much,
Though pies he never used to touch?
COTTOLENE

What is it shortens cake so nice,
Better than lard, while less in price,
And does the cooking in a trice?
COTTOLENE

What is it that fries oysters, fish,
Croquettes, or eggs, or such like dish,
As nice and quickly as you'd wish?
COTTOLENE

What is it saves the time and care
And patience of our women fair,
And helps them make their cake so rare?
COTTOLENE

Who is it earns the gratitude
Of every lover of pure food
By making "COTTOLENE" so good?

Made only by
N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,
Wellington and Ann Streets,
MONTREAL.

MARCH 21, 1894.

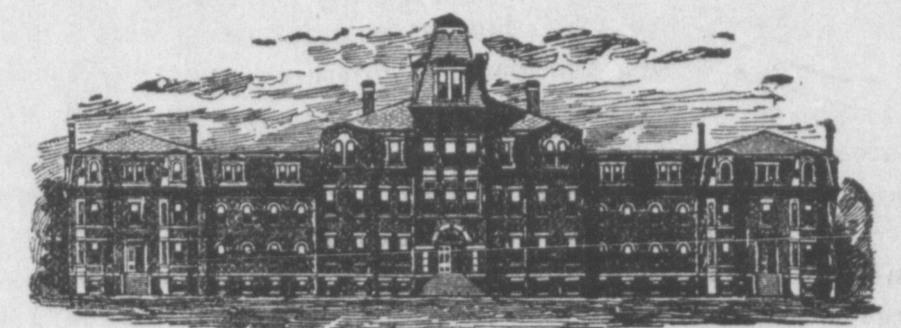
You Make no Mistake

If you purchase your DRY GOODS at

JOHN J. WEDDALL'S

All goods as represented or the Money refunded.
Study YOUR OWN interests by buying from

John J. Weddall.
St. Martins Seminary.



IN its healthful situation, its invigorating atmosphere, and its beautiful surroundings, this school cannot be surpassed. All the courses of instruction are BROAD AND LIBERAL.

The Methods are Thorough and Far-Reaching.

And are in touch with the movement of the times. The teaching is sound, fresh and vigorous. The staff of teachers for the coming year is exceptionally strong. All departments are under the care of specialists.

Calendars and all desired information may be had by applying to

AUSTIN K. DE BLOIS, Principal.

DRY GOODS,
House Furnishings, Etc.

TENNANT, DAVIES & CO.

Our stock is now complete in New Spring and Summer Dry Goods. Latest styles in Ladies Jackets and Capes. Dress Materials of all kinds. Our stock of Carpets, Linoleums, Oil Cloths, Rugs, Mats, etc., is unusually large this season and prices lower than ever before.

Lace Curtains, Lambrequins, Portiers, Window Poles, Roller Shade Blinds, etc. in every variety.

TENNANT, DAVIES, & Co

Directly Opposite Normal School.



Pure Quills

Make a better filling for Corsets than any other known material. "Featherbone" Corsets are tougher and more elastic than any other make, as they are entirely filled with quills (Featherbone).

To be had at all Retail Dry Goods Stores.

The Great Church LIGHT.
FRANK'S Patent Reflectors give the Most Powerful, the Softest, Cheapest and the Most Light known for Churches, Stores, Show Windows, Parlors, Banks, Offices, Picture Galleries, Theatres, Depots, etc. New and elegant designs. Send size of room. Get circular and estimate. A liberal discount to churches and the trade.
L. F. FRANK, 651 Pearl St., N. Y.