

Dan's Wife.

Up in early morning light,
Sweeping, dusting, 'setting right,
Oiling all the household things,
Sewing buttons, tying strings,
Telling B'let what to do,
Mending rips in Johnny's shoe,
Running up and down the stair,
Tying baby in the chair,
Cutting meat and spreading bread,
Dishing out so much per head,
Eating as he can by chance,
Giving husband kindly glance;
Toiling, working, busy life,
Smart woman,
Dan's wife.

Dan comes home at fall of night,
Home so cheerful, neat and bright.
Children meet him at the door,
Pull him in and look him o'er,
Wife asks how the work has gone?
Busy times with us at home!
Snapper done—Dan reads at ease—
Happy Dan, but one to please.
Children must be put to bed—
All their little prayers are said,
Little shoes are placed in rows,
Bed-clothes tucked o'er little toes.
Busy, noisy, wearing life,
Tired woman,
Dan's wife.

Dan reads on and falls asleep,
See the woman softly creep,
Baby rests at last, poor dear,
Not a word her heart to cheer:
Mending basket full to top—
Stockings, shirts and little frock—
Tired eyes and weary brain,
Side with darting, ugly pain—
'Never min', 'twill pass away;
She must work and never play;
Closed piano, unused books,
Done the walks to coo-y nooks,
Brightness faded out of life.
Sadden'd woman,
Dan's wife.

Upstairs, tossing to and fro,
Fever holds the woman low;
Children wander, free to play
When and where they will to play.
Bridget loiters—dinner's cold,
Dan looks anxious, cross and old:
Household screws are out of place,
Lacking one dear, patient face.
Steady hands—so weak but true,
Hands that knew just what to do,
Never knowing rest or play,
Folded now—and laid away;
Work of six in one short life,
Shattered woman,
Dan's wife
—National Baptist.

Carrol's Business.

"Did any one ever see such ice?"
exclaimed Bessie Gray, the minister's
daughter, as she held out her foot that
Carrol Ross might fasten on her skate.
"Never," promptly replied Harry
Blake; "and just to think that we
fellows are obliged to go off and leave
it! Carrol, do you realize that our
holidays are over—that Monday we
will be back grinding away for dear
life? We must make the most of this
afternoon."

"That's good!" laughed Archie
Willie, as he helped Harry's sister
Molly to her feet, and then skated off
a little way to try the ice. "Grind-
ing away for dear life is not, methinks,
your accustomed attitude from what I
can gather, friend Hal. Carrol, does
he often turn the midnight oil?"

Carrol's broad shoulders shook, as
he replied: "I have known of his do-
ing it, but it was not food for the
brain that was being absorbed at such
times; it has generally happened when
a box from home had arrived. Come,
Bessie, as Harry so justly remarked,
we must make the most of the after-
noon. That's the worst of the Christ-
mas holidays, they're so soon over," he
added, as they struck out together.
'And when we come at Easter the ice
is always gone. Of course we have
some skating at school, but then it's
never like being at home. Bessie and
I are going to the Point, and before
we get back we shall expect the rest of
you to have a plan for 'making the
most of the afternoon,' he called back
over his shoulder, as they glided away.

It was a pretty sight—the lake with
its white banks, the background of
dark firs, and the glassy surface dotted
over with the score or more of girls
and boys, the former in their many-
colored dresses giving just the touch
of brightness that the scene required.
At least so thought the young doctor
as he pulled up his horse and sat in
his sleigh watching the bright, living
picture.

'We've decided, Carrol,' cried Tom
Howe, as Bessie and Carrol came
sweeping up again; 'we're going to
have a general race to begin with; so
come and line up. Halloo! there's
the doctor! catching sight of the sleigh
and its occupant at that moment.
That's fine; he'll be umpire. Do you
girls want a head start? Looking down
the line.

'No, thanks; we prefer to win fair,'
laughed Alice Clapp.

'Very well, then, take the conse-
quences. Doctor,' raising his voice,
'will you give the word? The course
lies to the island,' pointing to where it
lay in that portion of the lake called
the Narrows, half a mile away.

The doctor nodded, raised his
hand, and, as he let it fall, cried,
'Ready? Go!' and as the line broke,

started his horse, keeping up with the
headmost skater, which was possible
as the road lay close to the shore of
lake.

It did not long remain a matter of
doubt—in fact, it had been a foregone
conclusion—who would first reach the
goal, so no one was surprised to see
Carrol glide by the island some hun-
dred feet ahead of the leader of the
rest of the party. He had climbed up
the bank, and stood talking to the doc-
tor when, one by one, the laughing
contestants arrived, the girls with
cheeks glowing with excitement and
triumph, for Molly Blake had come in
second to their unbounded delight.

'Of course Carrol had to win,' said
Bessie, cutting a graceful little figure
on the ice; 'but our precious Molly
has won glory for her sex—without a
head start,' with a mock-courtesy to
the crest-fallen Tom.

'Three cheers for the champion!'
cried Joe Trent, swinging his hat about
his head; and as Carrol made his best
bow in acknowledgment, some one
called out,—

Remember, not a moment is to be
wasted! Back, now to the start, and
we'll make a fire and put some chest-
nuts to roast; and the next moment
the whole laughing, merry party had
swept away again, with the exception
of Carrol, who still stood beside the
sleigh.

'Yes, he is very much better,' the
doctor was saying, in reply to some
question which the boy had put; 'that
is, physically. Mentally he is in what
you fellows would call the dumps; for
he is just beginning to realize all that
he has lost by this long illness, and be-
cause he is correspondingly down-heart-
ed and miserable. I don't know what
he wouldn't give to be with you to-day.
Poor fellow! I hated to leave him;
and if I had not had two or three calls
that I am obliged to make this after-
noon, I should have stayed for an hour
or so and tried to do what I could to-
ward cheering him up, and at the same
time sent his mother out for a bit of
this glorious air. Well, I must be off.
I envy you your afternoon on the ice.
You'll come in and see me to-morrow
or Monday before you go? All right.
Good-bye.'

As he drove off, Carrol turned again
to the lake and made his way carefully
down the slippery bank to the ice. But
he did not follow the vanquished
party whose merry, laughing voices
came to him, though they themselves
were hidden by a bend from his sight.
For a moment he stood looking to-
ward the quarter whence the voices
came, with an expression of longing in
his brown eyes; then, with something
very like a stifled sigh, he took a pen-
cil from his pocket, wrote a few words
on a bit of paper, inserted it in the
end of a tall twig which he had pre-
pared for the purpose, placed it in a
conspicuous position on the bank of
the island, took off his skates, and,
bounding up the bank, walked quickly
away from the lake with not a glance
behind.

'I do wonder what got into Carrol
this afternoon,' said Bessie, as she sat
with her father and mother at supper
that evening. 'We had all been hav-
ing a race—in which, of course, he
won—and were planning to make the
most of the rest of the afternoon, as
the boys go back to school on Monday.
We left him at the island talking to
the doctor, who had been umpire for
the race, thinking that of course he
would follow us back to the shore
house where the boys were going to
build a fire on the bank to roast chest-
nuts. But he did not come, and after
a while some of us went back to where
we had left him to hunt him up, but
all that we found was a bit of paper
fluttering in the breeze, on which he
had written: 'You need not dredge
the lake for my body, I have gone to
attend to some business. If I get
through in time I'll come back and
walk home with you.' But he didn't
come back, though we waited half an
hour for him; and I should like to
know what 'business' he could have
found urgent enough to take him away
from the lake on his last afternoon at
home, for there isn't one of us that
loves skating as he does. And why
need he have been so mysterious about
it? Why couldn't he have told us
what it was?'—

'I can explain it to you, Bessie,' said
her father, with that look in his face
which Bessie said always came 'when
somebody had been doing something
awfully good.' It was his Master's
business that Carrol was upon, and he
did not tell you because it is his way
not to let even his left hand know
what his right hand doeth. I had
called in to see Jack Rice this after-
noon, and found the poor fellow look-
ing very blue and discouraged; and
though he tried to exert himself and
be his own polite self, I could see that
he was down-hearted and miserable,
and as soon as I turned from him to
his mother, and the necessity for at-
tempting to look cheerful was removed,
his face became absolutely melancholy.

I was just thinking that he needed
some bright young companion to cheer
him up, when, to my joy, in came
Carrol, the picture of health and good
spirits, and Jack grasped his hand
with a new light in his eyes. Carrol
asked Mrs. Rice if he might stay for
an hour or so—there was such a quan-
tity of things, he said that he wanted
to talk about to Jack, and he was go-
ing back to school on Monday. And
then he suggested that perhaps while
he was there she might like to go out
promising that Jack should do nothing
rash while she was away. Jack was
delighted with the idea. 'Just see how
pale she is from being shut up so long
with me,' he said; and at last, when
she found that he really wished it, she
consented to go, and said that she
would walk part of the way back with
me when I went. In the fifteen min-
utes that I remained in the house Jack
had become another boy. Carrol be-
gan by telling him some school story
that made him laugh heartily, and
presently he was chatting away like a
young magpie. And I said to myself,
as I looked from Carrol's bright, man-
ly face to Jack's pale one already so
changed and animated, 'Truly a merry
heart doeth good like a medicine.' But
I never guessed, so brightly, so
cheerfully, so ungrudgingly was the ser-
vice rendered, that it was through self-
denial made more beautiful, more ac-
ceptable, in the sight of Him whom
Carrol is striving to serve.—Z. Herald

How Far Away are the Stars?

Of the 100,000,000 or more stars
which are visible with astronomical in-
struments, the distance from the earth
of only a few have been measured with
even an approximation of accuracy.
Most of the stars appear to be so far
away that the change in their appar-
ent place caused by viewing them from
the opposite sides of the earth's orbit
—and that orbit is about 186,000,000
miles across—is so slight that it es-
capes certain detection. Only about
fifty stars have thus far yielded
definite results in the attempt to mea-
sure their distance, and even those re-
sults are too often exceedingly conflict-
ing and uncertain. The nearest star
thus far discovered is one of the first
magnitude, not visible from the United
States or Europe. It is the star
called Alpha, in the constellation of
the Centaur, in the southern hemi-
sphere of the heavens. The distance
appears to be something like twenty
trillions of miles, or 215,000 times as
great as the distance of the sun from
the earth.

The nearest star, as far as known, is
a little sixth-magnitude twinkler, bar-
ely visible to the naked eyes, in the
constellation of Cygnus, popularly
called the Northern Cross. The dis-
tance of this star, which is known to
astronomers as 61 Cygni, is variously
estimated at from forty to sixty tril-
lions of miles, or two or three times
that of the bright star in the Centaur.

The brightness of the stars as we see
them is, then, no measure of their
comparative distance. A very bright
star may be much more distant than a
very faint one, the difference in brilli-
ancy being due to the greater mag-
nitude of the more distant star.

Sirius, or the dog star, for instance,
which scintillates so splendidly in the
winter sky, is more distant than the
little star 61 Cygni, the latter being in
fact, a very much smaller sun than
ours, while Sirius is a far larger one.

It thus appears that while the ef-
forts to measure the distance of the
stars have not been very successful,
yet they have resulted in giving us a
wonderful insight into the arrange-
ment of the universe of suns in the
midst of which we dwell. They have
proved that large and small stars are
scattered through space at various dis-
tances from one another and from us;
that the dimensions of the blazing
bodies which we call stars, or suns,
vary to an enormous extent; and that
our own sun, great glorious, and over-
powering as it seems to us, really be-
longs to a quite inferior rank.

But it is possible that before many
years our knowledge of the distances
of the stars may be greatly extended.
Spectroscopic investigation in the case
of binary stars, as those are called
which circle in pairs around their com-
mon center of gravity, is beginning to
help us a little in this direction.—
Youth's Companion.

A Faithful Dog.

The following touching incident will
be read with special interest by those
who possess that faithful and devoted
friend—a dog—as part of the family
circle:

A gentleman bought a collie, which,
when taken home, after the fashion of
his kind soon made himself one of the
family, and assumed special responsi-
bilities in connection with the young-
est child, a girl three years of age.

It happened one day in November
that the father was returning from a
drive, and as he neared his house he

noticed the dog in a pasture which was
separated by a stone wall from the
road. From behind this wall the collie
would spring up, bark, and then
jump down again, constantly repeating
it.

Leaving his horse and going to the
spot, he found his little girl seated on
a stone, with the collie wagging his
tail and keeping guard beside her.

In the light snow their path could
be plainly seen, and as he traced it
back he saw where the little one had
walked several times around an open
well in the pasture. Very close to the
brink were prints of the baby shoes,
but still closer on the edge of the well
were the tracks of the collie, who had
evidently kept between her and the
well.

We need not tell you the feelings of
the father as he saw the fidelity of the
dumb creature, walking between the
child and what might otherwise have
been a terrible death.—Children's Re-
cord.

Every Wrong Act Leaves a Scar.

John B. DeMotte, A. M., gives this
little story of his father's teaching.

My boyhood home was not far south
of the great chain of North American
lakes. Our fuel was poles cut from a
neighboring tamarack swamp. It was
my business, after they had been
brought to our yard, to saw them to
proper length for the stoves. They
were long and slick, and hard to hold.
One morning, when I was in a hurry
to be off fishing, they seemed to be es-
pecially aggravating. Getting the saw
fast, I jerked about until finally I
plunged the teeth some distance into
one of my feet, making an ugly gash.
My father saw the exhibition of my
temper, but said nothing until I had
finished my work and my passion had
subsided. Then he called me to him.
'John,' said he very kindly, 'I
wish you would get the hammer.'

'Now a nail and a piece of pine
board.'

'Here they are.'

'Will you drive the nail into the
board.'

It was done.

'Please pull it out again.'

'That's easy.'

'Now, John,' and my father's voice
dropped to a lower, sadder key, 'pull
out the nail hole.'

Ah! boys and girls, every wrong
act leaves a scar. Even if the board
were a living tree, yea, a living soul,
the scars remain.

All Sorts.

Although Switzerland is mostly
made up and down hill it has 1,950
miles of railroad track, which cost over
\$100,000 per mile for construction.

Envelopes were not used in Japan
until recently; and letters were al-
ways folded in a piece of paper, which
was wrapped with great care, according
to prescribed forms, differing according
to the relation and rank of the person
addressed.

Salt rheum with its intense itching,
dry, hot skin is cured by Hood's Sarsa-
parilla, because it purifies the blood.

'You stand for office in England
In this country you run for it.' 'But
we have one sort of candidate in com-
mon. Those who lie for it.'

Said a little boy, who during a visit
to Florida, was obliged to drink con-
densed milk, 'Mamma I just wish that
condensed cow would die!'

City Minister: 'Do you preach with-
out note?' Country Minister: 'Not
entirely so. I get a \$5 note once in a
while.'

J. B. THOMSON, Esq., of the firm
of Thomson Bros., Builders, 34 Bolyat
St., Toronto, Ont., writes: 'I have
had Dyspepsia for 12 years, very bad
at times, have tried a number of
doctors and patent medicines, but could
get no permanent relief. I purchased
a package of K. D. C., and before I
had finished it, the symptoms were all
gone, and I now enjoy better health
than I have had for years. I can re-
commend it to any one.'

A CURE FOR HEADACHE.

DEAR SIRS—I have been troubled
with Headache for a number of years.
I started to take B. B. B. and now I
am perfectly cured. It is an excellent
remedy for Headache and Dizziness.

MRS. MATTHEW MARTIN,
Beeton, Ont.

It may be only a trifling cold, but
neglect it and it will fatten its fangs in
your lungs, and you will soon be car-
ried to an untimely grave. In this
country we have sudden changes and
must expect to have coughs and colds.
We cannot avoid them, but we can
effect a cure by using Bickle's Anti-
Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that
has never been known to fail in curing
coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affec-
tions of the throat, lungs and chest.

JOY SHINING THROUGH SORROW.—
Lee breaks many a branch, and so I
see a great many persons bowed down
and crushed by their afflictions. But
now and then I meet one that sings in
affliction, and then I thank God for my
own sake as well as his. There is no
such sweet singing as a song in the
night. You recollect the story of the
woman who, when her only child died,
in rapture looked up, as with the face
of an angel, and said: 'I give you joy,
my darling.' That single sentence has
gone with me years and years down
through my life, quickening and com-
forting me.—H. W. Beecher.

A little girl was writing her geo-
graphy lesson on the Arctic Ocean.
Among other things she said, 'The
Arctic Ocean is used principally for
purposes of exploration.'

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