They Say.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

you heard of the terrible family
'They'
e dreadful venymous things they say?
half the gossip under the sun.
race it back you will find begun
that wretched House of 'They.'

rous family so I am told,
genealogical tree is old;
ce since Adam and Eve began
d up the curious race of man,
existed the house of 'They.'

mongers and spreaders of lies.
d people whom all despise!
t the best of us now and then,
queer tales about women and men,
d quote the House of 'They.'

ive like a lord and never labor,
y's one task is to watch his neighbor
ll his business and private affairs,
world at large they are sowers of
ares—
ese folks in the House of 'They.'

tolly useless to follow a 'They'
whip or a gun, for he slips away
nto his house where you cannot go,
cked and bolted and guarded so—
is horrible House of 'They.'

h you cannot get in, yet they get out
read their villainous tales about;
the rascals under the sun
ave come to punishment never one
longed to the House of 'They.'
—Youth's Companion.

Through Danger.

ther, I'm goin' fishin'!' cried
e Saturday morning.
here? Not on the river?' cried
xiously.
s. There's fine fishing just now,
the dam.'
Jim! The water is so high now!
urely are not thinking of going
oat?'
by not? The river isn't so very
mother. Only a good bank full
isn't even any drift! Bob's
is strong, and it isn't far, by
. There isn't any danger! Be-
I can swim!'
w well, cumbered by clothes?
mber that the steamers are run-
as fast as they can, and the coal-
are going down. They make
big waves for a little skiff. I'm
here'll be troubls. Don't go!'
ell, I'll see the boys. Maybe
ll walk up. The current is pretty
g anyway.'
found them waiting on the bank.
hat! are you going to row up?'
ed, in this current!'
urse!' answered Teddy Smith.
an stay near the shore, and just
how nice it'll be to float down
ht, when the moon's up!'
s,' chimed in Bob Alton; 'we've
fine supper, with bacon and
s to cook in the fire. Imagine
g to carry heavy potatoes away
ere!'
y harder than rowing? How
blisters do you guarantee?'
e'll take turns rowing. Oh,
on, Jim. Don't be a sissy, an'
reful of your hands.'
went.
re were enough boys to fill two
and many hands made light
At the dam the fish seemed
waiting for the hooks; every-
was perfect, and Jim forgot all
in the pleasure of the moment.
you glad you come?' said Tom.
er, the bacon and the potatoes,
d in the wood ashes were deli-
with a flavor peculiarly their
As it grew darker, the firelight
out over the water.
ker and darker it grew, and still
on.
y!' cried Jim, 'don t let's wait
e moon.'
ll,' said Bob. 'it'll be pretty
before we can see it, when we're
e to this high hill. Let's start,
e'll see the moon when we reach
nd.'
boats were shot out until they
in the current, then the oars
laid aside while they drifted
watching the lights from the
ouses and camps along the banks.
bend a flood of moonlight burst
them.
y!' cried Will Thomas. 'Let's
oats!'
ight chain was thrown from one
to the other, made fast, and to-
the two floated on.
too soon the lights of the little
their home appeared. Will
s became reckless, and stood
ming, 'Listen to the echo!'
echo here was famous for miles.
g his hands about his mouth,
trumpet, he shouted, 'Hello!'
llo!' came the answer, reverber-
to the opposite hill, and came
again, a faint 'hello!'
m-bo!' cried Will, teasingly.
m-bo! came the answer, and still
, 'Tom-bo!'
took it as a personal, and made
for Will's legs. Will moved,
t of reach, shouting:
y it again!'
y it again'—'say it again,' came
g back.

'What's that?' cried some one, suddenly.

It was a steamboat, unnoticed in their fun, silently bearing down upon them.

'Quick!' cried Bob. 'Unloose!'

With fingers trembling in their haste, the chain was at last drawn in. It seemed an endless time to Jim. Would they never get out of the way?

They separated as widely as possible to give the oars free play. The skiff Jim was in, with Bob and Teddy at the oars, started towards the shore, where their home lay. The boys rowed with frantic haste.

'I guess we're about out of the way,' observed Bob. 'We'd better turn the boat to take the waves.'

But all was not over. As the skiff swung around, a shriek of horror rang over the water. They looked and beheld the other boat headed directly towards them, so near, and going at such a speed, that it was impossible to avoid a collision. The other boys backed oars to make the contact as gentle as possible. Jim saw it would strike at his end, resolved to do his best, reached out to meet the bow, as it came nearer, and pushed against it with all his slight strength. A dull thud. The boats shook from end to end. 'The steamer!' cried a voice. Jim looked up and groaned. The steamer—it was a coal-boat shoving its barges, laden with the black lumps before it—was right upon them.

'Danger! Get out of the way! shrieked its whistles.

It seemed to Jim that he could look up and fairly count the planks in the front of the first barge. Their boat still trembled a little, but Teddy and Bob, recovering themselves, made a few strokes with the oars that took them to one side. The barges passed a few feet away. The first wave struck them, and dashed over the sides.

'If the next wave comes like that, we'll sink?' thought Jim.

There it was, rolling high, higher. With a strange calmness, Jim waited for it. The others bent wildly to their oars, endeavoring to turn the little boat in time to take it; but Teddy had lost his head. The wave came, and the next instant they were struggling in the water. Bob and another caught hold of the overturned boat. Jim was about to do so, when he heard a faint cry. It was Teddy. They could all swim, but Teddy had floundered about, and was drifting too near the larger boat Teddy was the youngest! As he caught a glimpse of the pale face in the gleam of one of the last steamer lights, Jim saw the boy was helpless, and the big wheel was so near! Then, just as the boy was sinking, he reached him. Bob was there to help. Together they towed him to the skiff, and held him up until the waves from the wheel passed by.

The other boys came back, fearfully. How many would they find now? How many of them would face the morrow? With their help, Teddy and the skiff were taken to the shore. But that night left an impression upon them they never forgot.

. . . . . .

'Wonder what mother would say,' thought Jim. 'Funny how often old folks are right. Guess they generally are.

'How will a fellow do when there ain't any old folks to warn him?' The words of the Psalm he had repeated last Sunday came back to him: 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want; he leadeth me; yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.'—Chris. Standard.

The Girl Nobody Liked.

She was sure that nobody liked her. She had told herself so again and again, with a queer tightening about her heart that was like a real pain. And then she had tossed her head and set her lips in a defiant little smile. Nobody should know that she cared. Never!

It was on her eighteenth birthday that Aunt Elizabeth made a suggestion which caused the girl to open her eyes, and then to laugh a little It was such an odd idea, so like Aunt Elizabeth!

'Then I'm to 'hold up' everybody I meet till I've said something brilliant?' she observed.

'Not exactly;' and Aunt Elizabeth smiled, unruffled. 'But I've noticed that you pass your acquaintances with a mere nod or a curt 'good morning.' I wish you would try the experiment of saying something pleasant to each one, unless there is some good reason against it.'

'It will grow rather tiresome,' said the girl, and she shrugged her shoulders.

'Try it for a week,' suggested Aunt Elizabeth; and rather to her own surprise, the girl found herself promising.

She came very near forgetting her pledge when she met Mrs. Anderson on the street the next morning. In fact, she had passed with her usual uncompromising nod, when the recollection of her promise flashed into her mind. She prided herself on being a girl of her word, and she turned quickly.

'How is Jimmy to-day? she said, speaking out the first thing that came into her head.

There was a good deal of detail in Mrs. Anderson's answer. Jimmy had been sick with the measles, and then had caught cold and been worse. Mrs. Anderson poured out her story as if it was a relief to find a listener, and as she talked on, that particular listener found herself more interested than she would have believed possible in Jimmy and his mother. She said that she had some old scrap-books which Jimmy might enjoy looking over, and Mrs. Anderson flushed and thanked her with more gratitude than the slight favor seemed to warrant.

At the very next corner was Cissy Baily, and the girl wondered if her promise covered the washerwoman's daughter and people of that sort. But she did not let herself wonder very long.

'It was very kind of you to bring home the clothes so early last week, Cissy. I was in a hurry for that shirt waist.'

Cissy Baily did not know what to answer. She smiled in an embarrassed way, and looked up and then down. But the girl whom nobody liked had seen something in the uplifted eyes which warmed her heart, and made that one-sided conversation something to remember.

The day went by, and she did not find opportunity to say anything very brilliant. She stopped Mrs. White to ask her if she would like to read the book she had just finished, and she patted little Barbara Smith's soft cheek as she inquired if the new baby sister had grown at all. When she could think of nothing else she said, 'Hasn't this been a beautiful day?' And her earnestness rather surprised some people who had not had her opportunities for realizing that there was anything unusual about the day.

By the time the week was over the girl whom nobody liked had learned a valuable lesson. She had found out that hearts respond to cordiality and kindness, just as the strings of one musical instrument vibrate in unison with the chord struck in another. It is not a new discovery, since long ago it was written in a certain wise Book: "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly,' yet this is one of the truths that each person must rediscover on his own account. And the girl who was learning to love everyone, and was tasting the joy of being loved, thanked God that she had not waited any longer before finding out the wonderful secret for herself.—Young People's Weekly.

Nellie's Raspberries.

Little Nellie was angry. She had some raspberry vines—her very own—and now the robins and other birds were picking the fruit as fast as it got ripe.

'If only they'd leave me just a few,' she said tearfully to her mother, 'I wouldn't mind it so much. But they won't: they just watch the berries all the time, and pick 'em even before they get ripe. I haven't had one, and they have been eating them two or three days.'

'Oh, well, never mind,' said her mother, consolingly; 'papa's big patch will commence to ripen soon, and then the birds will go down there. You see, yours are on the hillside, and get ripe first; that's what makes the birds watch them so eagerly. As soon as papa's are ripe, there will be enough for us and the birds.'

'It's the first ones I want,' said Nellie, plaintively. 'That's what makes mine so nice. After papa's get ripe, there'll be so many they won't be any fun. They'll be too common. If only the birds would scare; but they won't. I frowed sticks and stones, and shoo'd 'em, and runned after 'em; and they only laughed at me. I know they laughed, 'cause a big robin said 'chip, chip, chip,' and then picked a raspberry and flew right past. 'Well, tain't any use,' resignedly; 'but I'll go down and try to scare 'em once more.'

Half an hour or so later she returned with a radiant face.

'I think you have succeeded in scaring them away,' said her mother smilingly.

'Oh, no,' eagerly, and flushing a little, 'I've just made friends, that's all. You see, I chased a robin away down to the orchard, clear to the quince bushes where the limbs grow low down and thick. The robin flew right into 'em, and I pulled the branches aside; and—what do you think, mamma?'

'I'm sure I couldn't guess.'

'Well, there was the loveliest robin's nest, with three little baby robins in it. And they opened their mouths—oh, ever so wide! I s'pect they was un,ry.'

'Very likely. And what did you do?'

'Just slipped away, soft's I could.' She paused a moment, with a tender, wistful expression coming into her brown eyes, then: 'O mamma! I'm never going to frow anything at a bird again, long's I live.' Maybe the mamma robin was getting raspberries for her babies.'—Frank H. Sweet, in Churchman.

The story Grandma Told.

Mollie's father was a ship-builder, and the next day one of the largest ships ever built in his yards was to be launched. The wonderful thing about this event, in Mollie's eyes, was the fact that she was to launch in the Ariadne and christen the great ship as it plunged into the water.

The little girl had seen many a vessel sent down the long 'ways,' to take its magnificent plunge into the water; but there's lots of difference, so Mollie thought, between seeing a thing and 'being right into it'

'Did you ever launch in a vessel, grandma?' she said that evening. She was up in Grandma Pingree's room, talking over her coming experience.

'Why, yes, dear,' said grandma. 'I launched in a vessel all alone once, when I was a little girl.'

'Why-e-e, Grandma Pingree! gasped Mollie.

Grandma smiled. 'Yes,' she said; 'and the queer thing about it was that I didn't know it until the launching was all over!'

Mollie was too much astonished now even to say, 'Why-e-e!'

Then grandma went on. 'My father built ships down on the banks of the river where we lived. In those days they built vessels in the late fall and winter, and worked at farming in the summer. When I was seven years old, father had a vessel ready to launch the 1st of April. I used to go down every day, and play in the cabin in the shavings the carpenters had made.

'The day before the vessel was to launch, I was playing in the cabin all alone, the workmen being employed in the yard outside. An unusually big tide came in that day; and father decided that, as everything was so nearly ready, they would better take advantage of the tide, and launch at once. So the workmen began to wedge up the blocks, forgetting all about me; and pretty soon the vessel slid gently off into the river.

'Just as the big ropes began to tighten and hold it, I went up on deck for something or other; and a more surprised little girl, I guess, never lived! Father came off in a boat to get me; and he called me 'Cap'n,' and asked where I was 'bound.' When we got ashore, he said they would name the vessel The Elsie, after me.'

'Well,' said Mollie, with conviction in her tone, 'If had been having such a good time as that, I should want to have known it!'—Youth's Companion.

One Busy Girl's Way.

In the room of a girl friend the other day we noticed something which especially interested us. To the pincushion, which occupied the central position on her dresser, was pinned a short poem, evidently clipped from some newspaper. And the poem happened to be the 'Recessional,' which everybody knows about, but comparatively few people know.

Now the pin cushion is not the place where one expects to find a poem, however grand or beautiful, and we looked to our friend for an explanation.

'I always have something I especially want to know pinned to my cushion,' she said, smiling, 'and when I'm brushing my hair or adjusting a collar-button, I just glance over the lines. Before I know it I have the whole committed to memory, and then I remove it and place something else in its stead.

Now this girl, as we happen to know is a very busy girl, a stenographer in a law office, an earnest church worker, a favorite with other young people, and we had been surprised to hear her spoken of as 'so well-informed.' We wondered how she found time to acquire her information, but the pincushion revealed the mystery. She had learned the art of utilizing the minutes.

Tell the Deaf.—Mr J. F. Kellock, Druggist, Perth, writes: "A customer of mine having been cured of deafness by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, wrote to Ireland, telling his friends there of the cure. In consequence I received an order to send half a dozen by express, to Wexford, Ireland, this week.

They Are Not Violent In Action.—Some persons, when they wish to cleanse the stomach, resort to apsom and other purgative salts. These are speedy in their action, but serve no permanent good. Their use produces incipient chills, and if persisted in they injure the stomach. Nor do they act upon the intestines in a beneficial way. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills answer all purposes in this respect, and have no superior.

Growing a Grandmother.

'He was a wee, little man, only three years old, but very brave, courageous, and uncomplaining,—more courageous and uncomplaining than any one knew; for, though he was only a baby, he had trials to bear.' says the New York Times. 'The family had gone to a new country in the Far West,—the mamma, little man, and the sister, a little older.

'It was a very new country, very different from the city in the East, where they had left many friends, relatives, and, nearest of all, a dear old grandmother. The mamma was so busy in her new home that she had little time to devote to the babies, except to see that they were kept clean and well fed. So the little ones were lonesome sometimes, as mamma found out one day in a way that brought the tears to her eyes.

'The little three-year-old had been very busy and very quiet, making a big hole in the ground with such earnestness of purpose that, fearing the little fellow was planning some mischief, she went to see what was being done. The hole was completed when she reached the spot, and in it had been placed something that she took out and examined with wondering curiosity. It was the strangest thing to go into a hole in the ground,—an old daguerrotype, a picture of the dear grandmamma at home.

''Why baby!' exclaimed mamma. What are you doing with this?'

''I fought,' said the little man, with a quivering lip and all the pent-up loneliness of homesickness in his voice as he tried to explain, 'I fought, maybe, if I planted it, annozzer grandma would grow.''—Selected.

Age of Animals.

According to some naturalists the length of life of animals is as follows:

The rabbit lives from six to seven years.

The squirrel from seven to eigh years.

The fox from fourteen to fifteen years.

The cat from fifteen to seventeen years.

The dog from sixteen to eighteen years.

The bear and wolf, eighteen to twenty years.

The rhinoceros from twenty to twenty-two years.

The horse from twenty-two to twenty-five years.

The hen from twenty-five to twenty eight years.

The porpoise from twenty-eight to thirty years.

The camel and cow one hundred years.

The tortoise one hundred and ten years.

The eagle one hundred and twenty years.

The elephant four hundred years.

The whale one thousand years.

Cheese Omelet.

Use from five to ten eggs, accordiug to the size of the family, and whisk them thoroughly. Add to them grated cheese and salt and pepper to taste. Dissolve in a small, clean frying-pan two or three ounces of butter; pour in ingredients, and as soon as the omelet is well risen and appears quite firm slide it carefully onto a hot dish and serve hot.

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