THF GREAT SPIDER.

A spider sat in his basement den Weaving his snares for the souls of men, "I will not work with my hands," quoth

"An easier pathway must open for me." He spreads his tables of greenest baze, And many a cunning trap he lays: The marble balls are smooth and white. The den is blazing with floods of light Behind the bar the spider stands: There is not a wise man in the land

But will lose his wit and become a fool, If he yields himself to the spider's rule. There is not a man so strong and brave, But the spider will dig him a shameful

There is not a youth so noble and fair, But will learn to drink, and gamble and

In the spider's den. But do not pray, Dare to dispute the spider's sway; If you sweep the den with the law's strong

broom, Perhaps you might make a cleaner room, But, then, men are fearful—a little afraid. In fact on the spiders to make a raid; 'Twould stir up excitement-and spiders

must live; So our dear household treasures we 'patiently give.

The spider still sits in his basement den. Lying in wait for the souls of men.

Serial.

JIM, THE PARSON.

Author of "Brightside," "Hilda and I," "Glenarchan," etc.

BY E. REDELL BENJAMIN.

CHAPTER II.

MAY SEEKS HELP.

I left little May sitting sadly by her brother, who soon began to be restless. ""I'm cold," he moaned; "I'm so cold."

"Cold !-Jim, why I was just get ting used to your being hot. Whatever shall I do?" exclaimed the child. dragging over her bed-clothes to her brother, and piling them on him then, as he still shivered, she opened a chest and took from it her little red cloak, and put that over him. It was of no avail; Jim grew colder and colder. No fire-no food! She look ed around for help; her eyes rested on the pile of unsold papers, on the floor by the blacking box. "I'll go and sell them," she thought. "I can't shine boots, but I can sell papers." She seized the papers, and leaving the door partly open, stopped at the next room. "Susy," said she to a weary-looking child holding a baby, "will you look to Jim while I'm out? I'm going to sell his papers for him; he's real sick."

"Goodness gracious me!" exclaimed Susy. "Don't go, child, you'll get lost; you're only a baby, and the boys is reg'lar wild Injuns." "I must," said May sadly. " Will

you see to Jim?" "Oh, I'll see to him fast enough

but massy sakes alive, I'm awful 'feared for you."

May was afraid too for herself, but more afraid for Jim, who she was sure needed a doctor; so she bravely plunged into the cold outside world. " Times and [Herald !" cried the

little voice. "Hallo, baby, where'd you steal

them papers? We don't allow none but the reg'lars on this beat," said a

boy, running across the street. "I didn't steal them; they're Jim's, and Jim's sick," she said, beginning to

"What! the Parson? I know'd he was goin' to be. I'm awful sorry! Let's see your papers. Hi! that's jolly; thery're yesterday's; you can't

"I've got to try," said the trembling voice, once more calling, "Times and Herald!"

"Here, little girl," said a kind looking man, "I'll take a Times: I missed mine to-day. Hallo! what d'ye want to lie like that for? This is an old paper. VINSCHORIE

"I didn't know till that boy told sick," sobbed May.

"Poor child," said the man, "here's ten cents; don't cry," and he passed on, inwardly wishing that women and children wouldn't cry-"it upsets a

The boy too had gone, being in full

"Can't sit there-private housestep lively!" said a policeman.

She jumped up, and ran as fast as she could, feeling as if the whole world were against her. Soon tired, she ventured to lean against a lamp post. She was opposite

a large building with a black door. This opened so suddenly that try room. she nearly fell over with terror; but went in, that she decided it was best to follow them, and see what was in. side. It was a church. May had "You told me to come to you, sir." been there once before with her mother-"hundreds of years ago," she thought; "but there's a place to get warm, I remember that." And the shivering child soon found it-the hot black grating behind the pews. She put her papers down and sat on them, forgetting herself in the new-found comfort, and in watching the people who were crowding in.

Presently a gentleman and elegantly-dressed little girl stopped to warm their feet at the register. "You dear little child," whispered the new-comer; "how cold you must be."

"Thank you," said May, "not very -now."

"Come, Kate," said the gentleman, moving off. But Kate stopped moment, and hastily untying a little neck; then, without waiting for thanks, followed her father.

May was stunned with surprise and this addition to her odd dress filled her with gratitude and wonder. Many a glance was turned on the sobbing little one in his arms. bright-eyed child; but no one spoke to her but Kate, and Kate never for-

She heard the solemn tenes of the organ, and the voice of prayer and praise; then a chapter from the Bible about the Saviour taking little chil dren in his arms and blessing them May had heard it before, but now she seemed to know better what it meant "Oh! I wish he would take me and Jim," she thought. Another burst of music, and then an old man with gray hair and feeble steps entered the pulpit. He was the Reverend Mr. Thornton, and all the people had come to hear him preach; for he was what is called "a celebrated preacher," and was to stop but one day in the city. And the crowd of people with little May waited to hear his words: "Come unto me, all ve that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"That's for me," thought the child "I wonder what he wants with me." "Come unto me!" rang through the

"He's in a dreadful hurry," she thought, "but I mustn't go yet." Fortunately this resolution was strengthened by an admonition from the sexton. As she returned this by telling him she was "very good indeed," he led her to the vestibule.

"Do let me go to the man in the tub: he called me," entreated May. "What i the clergyman, do you

"Yes, sir; he wants me."

"You shall go, my child, when he has done preaching; I did not know you were waiting for him; you may

go back and sit by the register." "Thank you, sir; it's nice and warm there, and I was cold. Jim's sick, you know; that's the reason I

am out selling his papers." "Who is Jim?" asked Mr. Don-

. "Jim, is brother Jim, and oh! he wants me back so much; will the man be long?"

"No, dear, not very long;" and for Jim !" some reason the sexton found octook the child inside.

she whispered, as the old man took from her fever-stricken brother. a long breadth preparatory to his

Mr. Donelson put his finger to his me. I'm selling for Jim, and Jim's lips, and lost all the benefit from the "No, my dear child, no; he is very "lastly," in his efforts to control his ill. We will make him more comopposing inclinations to laugh and fortable; you smooth the bed, while cry. The child was "wondrous piti- I hold bim up. There, that is betful," and Donelson kept his heart in ter; now put water on his head again, the right place; but the idea of the and be a brave little nurse. We will meek inhabitant of the "tub" blow- ask the Great Physician to make him ing himself up, was too much for his well again; he can, you adow." tide of success with an "Extry 'erral, sense of the ludicrous. At last the "Thank you," she answered, not got the loss of the shipunion." May people who had crowded in all crowd- quite sure what was no sat down on a door-step cold and dis- ed out. Kate was so lost among the Mr. Donelson came at that moment | BEATTY'S

tain even a glimpse of the child, who shrank away from the cold touch of fashion, not old enough yet to know how kindly some hearts beat, far down under gorgeous coverings.

Presently all was quiet, and the little hand slipped confidently in that of the sexton, who led her to the ves-

"What is it, my little girl?" asked soon so many happy-looking people Mr. Thornton, as he bent his loving glance upon her.

She looked surprised, but said "My dear, I do not remember.

When did I tell you to come to me?" "Just a little while ago, sir. You said, 'Come unto me, you that labor and are heavy laden;' didn't you mean me, sir? I was very tired, and

I've stayed so long from Jim!" Mr. Thornton understood the matter at once, but his voice was trembling with feeling, as he replied, "Yes, my child, I called the weary ones to come, in the Saviour's name. He has sent you to me; how can I help you? and who is Jim?"

"Jim? oh, he is brother Jim, and he is ever so sick; he was hot and I put cold water on him; then he was cold, and I had no fire; and I went out to sell his papers to get money ermine collar, put it around May's for a doctor, and they were old ones -and I came in here-" Then she broke down utterly, and cried as if her heart would break."

> "We will go to Jim-come, my child," said Mr. Thornton, taking the

The poor early learn self-control, and by the time May and her new friend reached the carriage, which was waiting for him, she was able to tell the number and street to the disgusted footman, who banged the carriage door in a way that would have cost him his place if his mistress had heard it.

"I will follow with food and kindling-wood as soon as I can," said the sexton, hardly less interested than the clergyman.

"Have you no cloak, my child?" asked Mr. Thornton.

"No, sir: I put it over Jim. beautiful little lady gave me this pussy-cat collar."

"I understand, my dear; now tell me about your brother," replied the old clergyman, wiping his troublesome eyes.

This theme kept the child talking until the house was reached; then "Here we are, sir!" was followed by her sudden flight up stairs, with little thought of the slow movements and panting breath of her friend. Susv was watching.

"Oh, May, I'm so glad that you have come! Jim is queer like in his head; is that the doctor?"

May ran on not stopping to answer, and when Mr. Thornton entered the desolate room, she had both arms around her brother's neck, and he with his hands to his head, and his eyes rolling, was talking: "Oh mother, I did take care of her; I gave her all I had, till I took fire; I burned and burned."

"Oh no, no, darling Jim; I put water on your poor head, indeed I did," cried May.

"I know, you turned the hose on; me—it froze me—I know."

"Oh no, no, dear, precious Jim don't you know little May?"

"Yes, I know you well enough you belong to the hose company-little May ran away."

"Jim, dear Jim, I didn't run away: I've got somebody to help us-ob,

But Jim heard no more; he had casion to wipe his eyes as he quietly fallen into a stupor, and lay upon the red cloak. Mr. Thornton tenderly "Oh! he's blown himself up again," raised the little girl, and drew her

> "Do you think," she whispered in solemn tones, "he has gone to be an

silks and furs that she could not ob with kindling, and, better than that, ee. addressD.miel F.Beatty. Was sing

with bread and hot soup.

May's eyes gladdened at the sight Mr. Thornton.

"Not very, very; I had a piece of bread this morning. Won't you take some soup, sir?" she asked.

"No, my dear, you must eat it all I will attend to your brother, while our good friend makes us some fire;" and Mr. Thornton was glad to turn away from the child, who with quaint All Kinds of Turning politeness was trying to suppress her eagerness.

As soon as the fire was made, Mr. Donelson hastened for a physician.

"We must know what this fever is," said Mr. Thornton; "and please as you go out, dismiss the carriage; tell Mrs. Devereux I will not return the papers were so heavy, and—oh! to-night."

(To be continued.)

Smiles.

Colonel Ingersoll defines an infidel as "a man who has made an intellecual advance." Ah yes, we see; the less a man believes the more he knows. All right, Colonel, go up head

Some gifted person-well, say Carvle and everybody will believe it, says, "Music is a prophecy of what life is to be." Well, if its anything like the new cornet on the opposite corner, when we die we want to stay dead. None of that kind of life for

"I wish to be a friend to the friendless," said a gushing speaker at a be-nevolent meeting, "a father to the fa-therless and widow to the widowless."

The square man iz one ov the best shaped men the world has ever produced. He iz one ov them kind ov chunks that yu kant alter tew fit a spot, but yu must alter the spot to fit him,-Josh Billings.

A Scothman once went to a lawyer for advice. "Have you told me the facts as they occurred?" asked the lawyer. "Oh ay, sir," was the reply; "I thought it best to tell ye the plain truth. Ye can put the lies into it SHOES yourself."

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