

AFTER MANY DAYS.

The land was still; the skies were gray with weeping;
 Into the soft brown earth the seed she cast;
 "Oh! soon," she cried, "will come the time of reaping."
 The golden time when clouds and tears are past!
 There came a whisper through the autumn haze.
 "Yea, thou shalt find it after many days,"
 Hour after hour she marks the fitful gleaming
 Of sunlight glancing through the cloudy rift;
 Hour after hour she lingers, idly dreaming,
 To see the rain fall and the dead leaves drift;
 "Oh for some small green signs of life," she prays,
 "Have I not watched and waited many days?"
 At early morning, chilled and sad, she hears
 Of stormy winds that through the poplars blow;
 Far over hill and plain the heaven darkens,
 Her field is covered with a shroud of snow,
 "Ah, Lord," she sighs, "are these thy loving ways?"
 He answered, "Spake I not of many days?"
 The snowdrop blooms; the purple violet glitters
 On banks of moss that take the sparkling showers;
 Half-cheered, half-doubting yet, she strays
 And listens
 To finches singing to the shy young flowers.
 A little longer still—his love delays
 The promised bliss—after many days,
 "Oh happy world!" she cries, "the sun is shining!"
 Above the soil I see the springing green;
 I could not trust his word without repining;
 I could not wait in peace for things unseen;
 Forgive me Lord, my soul is full of praise;
 My doubting heart prolonged thy many days.

Selected Serial.

The Hoosier School-Boy!

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

AN ATTEMPT TO COLLECT.

But Jack believed in his powers of persuasion, and in the softness of the human heart. He had never had to do with a man in whom the greed for money had turned the heart to granite.

Two or three days later, Jack heard that Francis Gray, who lived in Louisville, had come to Greenbank. Without consulting his mother, lest she should discourage him, Jack went in pursuit of the slippery debtor. He had left town, however, to see his fine farm, three miles away, a farm which belonged in law to Mrs. Gray, but which belonged of right to Francis Gray's creditors.

Jack found Mr. Gray well-dressed and of plausible manners. It was hard to speak to so fine a gentleman on the subject of money. For a minute, Jack felt like backing out. But then he contrasted his mother's pinched circumstances with Francis Gray's abundance, and a little wholesome anger came to his assistance. He remembered, too, that his cherished projects for getting an education were involved, and he mustered courage to speak.

"Mr. Gray, my name is John Dudley."

Jack thought that there was a sign of annoyance on Gray's face at this announcement.

"You borrowed a thousand dollars of my father once, I believe."

"Yes, that is true. Your father was a good friend of mine."

"He released a mortgage so that you could sell a piece of property when you were in trouble."

"Yes, your father was a good friend to me. I acknowledge that. I wish I had money enough to pay that debt. It shall be the very first debt paid when I get on my feet again, and I expect to get on my feet, as sure as I live."

"But, you see, Mr. Gray, while my mother is pinched for money, you have plenty."

"It's all Mrs. Gray's money. She has plenty. I haven't anything."

"But I want to go to school to Port William. My mother is too poor to help me. If you could let me have twenty-five dollars—"

"But, you see, I can't. I haven't got twenty-five dollars to my name, that I can control. But by next New Year's I mean to pay your mother the whole thousand that I owe her."

This speech impressed Jack a little, but remembering how often Gray had broken such promises, he said:

"Don't you think it a little hard that you and Mrs. Gray are well off, while my mother is so poor, all because you won't keep your word given to my father?"

But, you see, I haven't any money, excepting what Mrs. Gray lets me have," said Mr. Gray.

"She seems to let you have what you want. Don't you think, if you coaxed her, she would lend you twenty-five dollars till New Year's; to help me go to school one more term?"

Francis Gray was a little stunned by this way of asking. For a moment, looking at the entreating face of the boy, he began to feel a disposition to relent a little. This was new and strange for him. To pay twenty-five dollars that he was not obliged by any self-interest to pay, would have been an act contrary to all his habits and to all the business maxims in which he had schooled himself. Nevertheless, he fingered his papers a minute in an undecided way, and then he said that he couldn't do it. If he began to pay creditors in that way "it would derange his business."

"But," urged Jack, "think how much my father deranged his business to oblige you, and now you rob me of my own money, and of my chance to get an education."

Mr. Gray was a little ruffled, but he got up and went out of the room. When Jack looked out of the window a minute later, Gray was riding away down the road without so much as bidding the troublesome Jack good-morning.

There was nothing for Jack to do but to return to town and make the best of it. But all the way back, the tried and discouraged boy felt that his last chance of becoming an educated man had vanished. He told his mother about his attempt on Mr. Gray's feelings and of his failure. They discussed the matter the whole evening, and could see no chance for Jack to get the education he wanted.

"I mean to die a-trying," said Jack, doggedly, as he went off to bed.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

The next day but one, there came a letter to Mrs. Dudley that increased her perplexity.

"Your Aunt Hannah is sick," she said to Jack, "and I must go to take care of her. I don't know what to do with you."

"I'll go to Port William to school," said Jack. "See if I don't."

"How?" asked his mother. "We don't know a soul on that side of the river. You couldn't make any arrangement."

"Maybe I can," said Jack. "Bob Holliday used to live on the Indiana side, opposite Port William. I mean to talk with him."

Bob was setting onions in one of the onion-patches which abounded about Greenbank, and which were, from March to July, the principal sources of pocket-money to the boys. Jack thought best to wait until the day's work was finished. Then he sat, where Greenbank boys were fond of sitting, on the sloping top-board of a broad fence, and told his friend Bob of his eager desire to go to Port William.

"I'd like to go too," said Bob. "This is the last year's schooling I'm to have."

"Don't you know any house, or any place, where we could keep 'back' together?"

"W'y, yes," said Bob; "if you didn't mind rowing across the river every day, I've got a skiff, and there's the old hewed-log house on the Indiana side where we used to live. A body might stay as long as he pleased in that house, I guess. Judge Kane owns it, and he's one of the best-hearted men in the country."

"It's eight miles down there," said Jack.

"Only seven if you go by water," said Bob. "Let's put out to-morrow morning early. Let's go in the skiff; we can row and cordelle it up the river again, though it is a job."

Bright and early, the boys started down the river, rowing easily with the strong, steady current of the Ohio, holding their way to Judge Kane's whose house was over against Port William. This Judge Kane was an intelligent and wealthy farmer, liked by everybody. He was not a lawyer, but had once held the office of "associate judge," and hence the title,

which suited his grave demeanor. He looked at the two boys out of his small, gray, kindly eyes, hardly ever speaking a word. He did not immediately answer when they asked permission to occupy the old, unused log house, but got them to talk about their plans, and watched them closely. Then he took them out to see his bees. He showed them his ingenious hives and a bee-house which he had built to keep out the moths by drawing chalk-lines about it, for over these lines the wingless grub of the moth could not crawl. Then he showed them a glass hive, in which all the processes of the bees' house-keeping could be observed. After that, he took the boys to the old log-house, and pointed out some holes in the roof that would have to be fixed. And even then he did not give them any answer to their request, but told them to stay to dinner and he would see about it, all of which was rather hard on boyish impatience. They had a good dinner of fried chicken and biscuits and honey, served in the neatest manner by the motherly Mrs. Kane. Then the Judge suggested that they ought to see Mr. Niles about taking them into the school. So his skiff was launched, and he rowed with them across the river, which is here about a mile wide, to Port William. Here he introduced them to Mr. Niles, an elderly man, a little bent and a little positive in his tone, as is the habit of teachers, but with true kindness in his manner. The boys had much pleasure at recess time in greeting their old school-mates, Harvey Collins, Henry Weatherlane, and above all, Susan Lanham, whom they called Professor. These three took a sincere interest in the plans of Bob and Jack, and Susan spoke a good word for them to Mr. Niles, who, on his part, offered to give Jack Latin without charging him anything more than the rates for scholars in the English branches. Then they rowed back to Judge Kane's landing, where he told them they could have the house without rent, and that they could get slabs and other waste at his little saw-mill to fix up the cracks. Then he made kindly suggestions as to the furniture they should bring—mentioning a lantern, an ax, and various other articles necessary for a camp life. They bade him good-bye at last, and started home, now rowing against the current and now cordelling along the river shore when they grew tired of rowing. In cordelling, one sits in the skiff and steers, while the other walks on the shore, drawing the boat by a rope over the shoulders. The work of rowing and cordelling was hard, but they carried light and hopeful hearts. Jack was sure now that he should overcome all obstacles and get a good education. As for Bob, he had no hope higher than that of worrying through vulgar fractions before settling down to hard work.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOUSEKEEPING EXPERIENCES.

Mrs. Dudley having gone to Cincinnati the next day to attend her sister, who was ill, Jack was left to make his arrangements for housekeeping with Bob. Each of the boys took two cups, two saucers, two plates, and two knives and forks. Things were likely to get lost or broken, and therefore they provided duplicates.

Besides, they might have company to dinner some day, and, moreover, they would need the extra dishes to "hold things," as Jack expressed it. They took no tumblers, but each was provided with a tin cup. Bob remembered the lantern, and Jack put in an ax. They did not take much food; they could buy that of farmers or in Port William. They got a "gang," or, as they called it, a "trotline," to lay down in the river for catfish, perch, and shovel-nose sturgeon, for there was no game-law then. Bob provided an iron pot to cook the fish in, and Jack a frying-pan and tea-kettle. Their bedding consisted of an empty tick, to be filled with straw in Judge Kane's barn, some equally empty pillow-ticks, and a pair of brown sheets and two blankets. But, with one thing and another, the skiff was well loaded.

A good many boys stood on the bank as they embarked, and among them was Columbus, who had a feeling that his best friends were about to desert him, and who would gladly have been one of the party if he could have afforded the expense.

In the little crowd that watched the embarkation was Hank Rathbone, an old hunter and pioneer, who made several good suggestions about their method of loading the boat. "But where's your stove?" he asked.

"Stove?" said Bob. "We can't take a stove in this thing. There's a big old fire-place in the house that'll do to cook by."

"But the weather's comin' soon," said old Hank, "and then you'll want to cook out in the air, I reckon. Besides, it takes a power of wood for a fire-place. If one of you will come along with me to the tin-shop, I'll have a stove made for you, of the best payent-right sort, that'll go into a skiff, and that won't weigh more'n three or four pounds and won't cost but about two bits."

Jack readily agreed to buy as good a thing as a stove for twenty-five cents, and so he went with Hank Rathbone to the tin-shop, stopping to get some iron on the way. Two half-inch round rods of iron five feet long were cut and sharpened at each end. Then the ends were turned down so as to make on each rod two pointed legs of eighteen inches in length, and thus leave two feet of the rod for a horizontal piece.

"Now," said the old hunter, "you drive about six inches of each leg into the ground, and stand them about a foot apart. Now for a top."

For this he had a piece of sheet-iron cut out two feet long and fourteen inches wide, with a round kettle-hole near one end. The edges of the long sides of the sheet-iron were bent down to fit over the rods.

"Lay that over your rods," said Hank, "and you've got a stove two feet long, one foot high, and more than one foot wide, and you can build your fire of chips, instead of logs. You can put your tea-kettle, pot, popkin, griddle, skillet, or gridiron on to the 'hole'—the old man eyed it admiringly. 'It's good for bilin', fryin', or brilin', and all fer two bits. They ain't many young couples gits set up as cheap as that!'"

An hour and a half of rowing downstream brought the boys to the old cabin. The life there involved more hard work than they had expected. Notwithstanding Jack's experience in helping his mother, the baking of corn-bread, and the frying of bacon or fish, were difficult tasks, and both the boys had red faces when supper was on the table. But, as time wore on, they became skilful, and though the work was hard, it was done patiently and pretty well. Between cooking, and cleaning, and fixing, and getting wood, and rowing to school and back, there was not a great deal of time left for study out of school, but Jack made a beginning in Latin, and Bob perspired quite as freely over the addition of fractions as over the frying-pan.

(To be continued.)

GOD DWELLS IN HIS PEOPLE.—God has an all-pervading power; can interpose, as it were, his very essence through the being of his creatures; can cause himself to be apprehended and felt as absolutely in the soul—such an intercommunion as is, by the nature of things, impossible between created beings. And thus the interior central loneliness, the solitude of the soul, is banished by a perfectly intimate presence, which imparts the most affecting sense of society—a society, a communion, which imparts life and joy, and may continue in perpetuity.

To men completely immersed in the world, this might appear a very abstract and enthusiastic notion of felicity; but to those who have, in any measure, attained it, the idea of its loss would give the most emphatic sense of the expression, "Without God in the world!"—John Foster.

On the seal of the Baptist Missionary Union is the figure of an ox standing patiently, with a plough on one side and an altar on the other, and the inscription beneath, "Ready for either!" No fitter illustration could be given of fervent, humble zeal. May it be exemplified and exhibited by us all.

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HYPOCHONDRIA.

The Mysterious Element in the Mind that Arouses Vague Apprehensions. What Actually Causes It.

The narrative below by a prominent scientist touches a subject of universal importance. Few people are free from the distressing evils which hypochondria brings. They come at all times and are fed by the very flame which they themselves start. They are a dread of coming derangement caused by present disorder and bring about more suicides than any other one thing. Their first approach should be carefully guarded.

Editors Herald:

It is seldom I appear in print and I should not do so now did I not believe myself in possession of truths, the revelation of which will prove of inestimable value to many who may see these lines. Mine has been a trying experience. For many years I was conscious of a want of nerve tone. My mind seemed sluggish and I felt a certain falling off in my natural condition of intellectual acuteness, activity and vigor. I presume this is the same way in which an innumerable number of other people feel, who like myself are physically below par, but like thousands of others I paid no attention to these annoying troubles, attributing them to overwork, and resorting to a glass of beer or a milk punch, which would for the time invigorate and relieve my weariness.

After awhile the stimulants commenced to disagree with my stomach, my weariness increased, and I was compelled to resort to other means to find relief. If a physician is suffering he invariably calls another physician to prescribe for him, as he cannot see himself as he sees others; so I called a physician and he advised me to try a little chemical food, or a bottle of hypophosphates. I took two or three bottles of the chemical food with no apparent benefit. My lassitude and indisposition seemed to increase, my food distressed me. I suffered from neuralgic pains in different parts of my body, my muscles became sore, my bowels were constipated, and my prospects for recovery were not very flattering. I stated my case to another physician, and he advised me to take five or ten drops of Magendie's solution of morphine, two or three times a day, for the weakness and distress in my stomach, and a blue pill every other night to relieve the constipation. The morphine produced such a deadly nausea that I could not take it, and the blue pill failed to relieve my constipation.

In this condition I passed nearly a year, wholly unfit for business, while the effort to think was irksome and painful. My blood became impoverished and I suffered from incapacity with an appalling sense of misery and general apprehension of coming evil. I passed sleepless nights and was troubled with irregular action of the heart, a constantly feverish condition and the most excruciating tortures in my stomach, living for days on rice water and gruel, and, indeed, the digestive functions seemed to be entirely destroyed.

It was natural that while in this condition I should become hypochondriacal and fearful suggestions of self-destruction occasionally presented themselves. I experienced an insatiable desire for sleep, but on retiring would lie awake for a long time tormented with troubled reflections, and when at last I did fall into an uneasy slumber of short duration, it was disturbed by horrid dreams. In this condition I determined to take a trip to Europe, but in spite of all the attentions of physicians and change of scene and climate, I did not improve and so returned home with no earthly hope of ever again being able to leave the house.

Among the numerous friends that called on me was one who had been afflicted somewhat similarly to myself, but who had been restored to perfect health. Upon his earnest recommendation I began the same treatment he had employed but with little hope of being benefited. At first I experienced little, if any, relief, except that it did not distress my stomach as other remedies or even food had done. I continued its use, however, and after the third bottle

could see a marked change for the better, and now after the fifteenth bottle I am happy to state that I am again able to attend to my professional duties. I sleep well, nothing distresses me that I eat, I go from day to day without a feeling of weariness or pain, indeed I am a well man, and wholly through the influence of H. H. Warner & Co.'s Tippecanoe. I consider this remedy as being the highest possible rank in the treatment of all diseases marked by debility, loss of appetite, and all other symptoms of stomach and digestive disorders. It is overwhelmingly superior to the tonics, bitters, and dyspepsia cures of the day, and is certainly so acknowledged by the public university. Thousands of people to-day are going to premature graves with these serious diseases, that I have have described, and to all such I would say: "Do not let your good judgment be governed by your prejudices, but give the above named remedy a fair and patient trial, and I believe you will not only be rewarded by a perfect restoration to health, but you will also be convinced that the medical profession does not possess all the knowledge there is embraced in medical science."

A. G. RICHARDS, M. D.
 468 Tremont street, Boston, Mass

FACEITIE.
 A young lady calls her beau "Honey-suckle," because he is always hanging over the front railings.
 It rains alike on the just and on the unjust, and on the just mainly because the unjust have borrowed their umbrellas.
 "George, dear, don't you think it rather extravagant of you to eat butter with that delicious jam?" "No, love, economical. Same piece of bread does for both."

A German at a hotel had some Limburger cheese sent to him. A little boy who sat beside him turned to his mother and exclaimed, "Mamma, how I wish I was deaf and dumb in my nose!"

A polite men, truly; the scene is laid in a railway carriage; where seven passengers are smoking furiously. The eighth passenger, courteously, "I beg your pardon gentleman, but I hope that my not smoking doesn't inconvenience you."

"No," said a Philadelphia philanthropist, "I cared nothing about the swindle; I only sued the man as an act of charity. There are 65 thousand lawyers in the United States, and not work enough for half of them."

The craze on electrical study is beginning to bear fruit. "Are you the conductor?" asked a lad on an excursion train. "I am," replied the courteous official, and my name is Wood." "Oh, that can't be!" said the boy, "for wood is a non-conductor."

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 15th, 1880, GENTLEMEN—Having been a sufferer for a long time from nervous prostration and general debility, I was advised to try Hop Bitters. I have taken one bottle, and I have been rapidly getting better ever since, and I think it the best medicine I ever used. I am now gaining strength and appetite, which was all gone, and I was in despair until I tried your Bitters. I am now well, able to go about and do my own work. Before taking it, I was completely prostrated.

MRS. MARY STUART.
 Ayer's Sarsaparilla, being highly concentrated, requires a smaller dose, and is more effective, dose for dose, than any other blood medicine. It is the cheapest, because the best. Quality and not quantity should be considered.

If your child is suffering from Worms, we would recommend you to give at once Dr. McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup, it is not only a safe and effectual remedy, but an exceedingly pleasant one.

PUTTNER'S SYRUP HYPOPHOSPHITES.
 W. B. SLAYTER, M. D., L. R. C. P., Eng., &c., consulting surgeon to P. & C. Hospital and Prof. of Obstetrics, Halifax Medical College, speaks in the highest terms of PUTTNER'S SYRUP HYPOPHOSPHITES. Sold by all druggists. Price 50 cents.

T. TRENNAM, M. D., CITY MEDICAL OFFICER, Halifax, Having used PUTTNER'S SYRUP, I can testify to its value.

C. D. RIGBY, M. D., SURGEON HALIFAX DISPENSARY. Having used PUTTNER'S SYRUP since it has been introduced, I never found a reason to be dissatisfied with its results.

No lady who delights in flowers, and likes to see them do well and bloom abundantly, should be without *Washington's Food for Flowers*. Ordinary packages 30c.—sufficient for 20 plants for one year.

REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING.
 "Brown's Household Panacea" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache. "It will most surely quicken the Blood!" and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful. "Brown's Household Panacea" being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Balm or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Croup, the Stomach and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle.