

hitched at the post. In the yard, lying under one of the elms, was a boy of about thirteen. He was thin and pale; but there was a bright, resolute look in his oyes that attracted one. Fred. Appleton had been in Warnham for a couple of months. He had been sent out by his uncle, that he might have the benefit of country sir, after a long and prostrating fever. The lad's eyes were fixed on the open door which led into the hall. Everything in the house was ominously still. Out of doors the chickens were 'craking' about the yard and making sudden runs at insects.

Now a low groan from the room at the left of the front door made Fred start and grow pale. His hands shut themselves hard with an involuntary motion. Not another sound was heard for nearly half an hour, and then steps approached from within the house and the doctor came out on the piazza. He was followed closely by a middle-aged woman. Neither of them appeared to notice Fred., and both stopped at the gale.

'Doctor, how is it ?' asked Mrs. Morris, in a voice that was not steady.

'Bad ! very bad ! it's a case where I cannot speak with hope. it was an awful fall from that scaffold. Take care of her as I have said. It's all that can be done. It is heartbreaking to hear her call for her father.'

The doctor was evidently in a harry. He jumped into his carriage and rode away, leaving Mrs. Morris standing there. The woman looked after him a moment with unseeing eyes, then she wrong her hands violently, while she exclaimed in a low voice: 'If Charles had not gone! If he could only be detained !'

power to annihilate space.

Fred. Appleton rose, came quietly forward, and touched the woman's arm. 'Is Clara going to die?' he asked.

Mrs. Morris immediately made an effort to control herself, and said : 'I am afraid so. It was a bad

fall. Oh ! it is very hard !' You just spoke about her fa-

ther. Cannot word be got to him before he goes on board the steamer ?' the boy asked.

Mis. Morris trembled. The girl lying in the house was her niece and about the same age as Fred She was the only child of her brother, Charles Roth, and dear

a shrill whinny greeted him, and ing the hour, and the sound sent a long, black head, with big, wild- a thrill of appreheusion through looking eyes, was turned toward him, for it was ten minutes later him from one of the stalls. Fred, than the time at which he had as he had said, had no time to calculated to be in that place. He lose. He could not stop to think had come fast enough; it was whether he wished to go in the not that. It must be that the stall or not. He stepped in quick- clock at the farmhouse had been r, with the bridle on his arm, slow, and what a fatal slowness and in two minutes more the sad- that might be. Fred thought of dle was on the borse's back, and Clara; of her father stepping on the boy had flung him on also board the boat never to see her and gathered up the reins. He again; and then came a rememknew how fierce of temper the brance of a cart path which went young horse was, and he knew across a piece of woodland and that it might take the notion to came out on the main road almost stop and kick and throw himself a mile nearer Northport than it

about, so that he might unseat his | way by the traveled way. The rider, and he knew also that path must be close by here. He "Thunderbolt.' if he chose, might was sure he had not passed it and cover ten miles in so short a time there it was. Without hesitation, that he might hope to reach he turned his horse's head in that direction and rode on beneath the Northport in season. Mrs. Morris, sitting by the in- low-drooping trees. More than

sensible girl heard the rush of the half way through he saw ahead of horse's feet, as they went out him a fallen tree, lying directly of the yard, and an inaudible across the way. Can you imagine prayer was in her heart. She the pang that wont through the glanced at the clock which was boy's heart, as he saw that? No ticking on the mantel, and she time to go back, and on each side told herself the thing the boy was thickly-growing wood, filled with trying to do was impossible. a heavy growth of brier and un-There was not a braver boy for derbrush. Again he thought of the girl lying at home there and many a mile than Fred Appleton,

moaning and calling for her faand he had made up his mind that ther, and he resolved to try. He it should take a very powerful no more remembered himself than effort to get him off of 'Thunderbolt's' back. Had he been more if he could not be hurt.

robust in health he might have en-'Go on. Thunder !' he shouted joyed this furious start. As it The colt was not half-broken in was, after a few moments, when any way. He knew nothing of the colt had settled down into its leaping; but he saw that there tremendous stride, Fred grew acwas an obstacle before him and his instinct was to jump over it. customed to thus cleaving the sultry air, and sat more securely. He flew on : he gathered his four while be felt that savage exulta- legs under him, he rose in the air tion which comes to one who sits like some winged thing, and went on an animal who seems to have over the tree and landed on the other side without having touch ed a twig of it. As for Fred, was Fred flung up his hand and ut tered a shrill whoop. He was there any breath left him? He monarch of a force as good as any thought that it did not come back in the 'Arabian Nights.' He would for several minutes after the not exchange his seat on 'Thun- horse had landed; but he was conscious of a swelling sense of derbolt' for any magical gift in

that book. At the sound of his magnificent triumph. The colt was as wet as if he had been in cry the colt lurched forward still faster and snorted, as if the heavy. the water: the perspiration dropfragrant atmosphere were some- ped off him as he went and his blazing eyes protruded and seem. thing which made him drunk.

The boy told bimself that he must ed to emit sparks. reach Bucket village by a certain Three minutes later, the horse time and Bucket village was half- and rider had entered the outway to Northport. It was a place skirts of Northport. Thunderwhere the whole business was the bolt' was running now. Everymaking of wooden pails of differ- body stood and gazed. It was as ent kinds. Now, just before he if some demon uorse had gone by. came to a sharp turn in the road, Did he have wings, or was it a there emerged from round the mortal steed? In two minutes

corner the first of three tall, long more they had reached the depot. father had gone. He was on his wagons, piled high with wooden Fred was off his back almost be- to his feet. 'I'd rather have him what he termed a 'cooter,' weigh- ering your own imperfections, but

thority. 'I'll take you in my bug gy.'

It was the doctor who had been summoned and who carefully questioned Fred as they rode homeward, the colt having been put in a stable until he should be called for,

Contrary to the doctor's fears Fred was not ill, although he had to be very quiet for a week or two. When he reached the bouse and was allowed to tell Clara himself that her father had not sailed and that he was coming to her. he thought the look on her face paid him for his journey. When, next day, he saw the girl lying in her father's arms, he was more than ever glad.

'I should never have forgiven myself if I had sailed,' said Mr. Roth to the boy. 'I owe you more than I can tell. The doctor says Clara's joy at my return has given him a hope that her system may rally from the in-

The gentleman was holding Fred's hands in both his own, as he spoke, and his eyes were glis tening.

"Thunderbolt won,' said Fred, gayly. 'Now I think of it. it really seems as if I did not ride a horse, but some sort of imp in the shape of one. Nothing else could have made such time, though.'

When next Fred went near the colt, it was evident that the animal was glad to see him, and soon the whole household learned that 'Thunderbolt' would obey Fred better than any one else, and the boy began to have an affection for the beautiful beast which had carried him so well.

A few weeks later Mr. Roth came upon Fred, as he was sitting in the barn, looking over some fishing-tackle.

What do you think I have just done ?' said the gentleman. Fred looked up.

'How can I guess ?' he an-

wered. 'I have bought 'Thunderbolt' of Mr. Morris.'

Fred's face fell.

'You will take him away, I suppose ?' he said, in a low voice. 'No, I have bought him for a

dear friend of mine.' Something in Mr. Roth's tone made Fred's cheeks flush ; but he

said nothing, and Mr. Roth went Will you take him, Fred? I with his catch, which however he easy. bought him for you.'

Fred's eyes danced. He sprang proved to be a soft-shell turtle, or

There's too much cotton gry. Allowing the canoe to drift them : they will shrink.'

gently into the edge of the rushes 'Of course, my frent, dey vill or water sedge-there are not real shrink but vait und I dells vou rushes here-I made a cast, using someding. If a man vat owns a cork to regulate the depth of pank or keeps a store comes here, line, and we both worked for fully I don't sell him dem kind of pants. twenty minutes without any indi-Vy? Because dey vas made expation of a bite. Finally, just as bressly for de farming bisiness. was about to draw in and move Dev was de dermometer pants, on, I had a strike, and my cork und a blessing to every farmer vat went out of sight, tightening the vears a bair uf dem. Do you ine before I had time to square my- know, my frent, dose pants vill self for work. Pulling taut, away dell you exactly vat de vedder vill went the game, fairly making be? Ven it was going to be vet the line whiz as it cut the water and cold dose pants vill begin to and nearly bending my pole shrink up, und ven it vas going to double as he surged down upon it. be dry and warm dey comes right I at once knew that it was not a down you know. Dree years perch, as they never weigh more ago I sells a bair uv dem to a than two pounds, and although man vat vas name Vilkins, und they bite very prettily, give up efer since den he makes good at the first pull and may be crops ven de oder people don't swung out of the water as easily make noding, because he always as our sunfish. In fact they are knows by his dermometer pants of the same family and give about vat de vedder vill be. Afder the same sport only they are avile de people in de neighborlarger. Meantime my game was hood finds oud de segret uv Vilfairly making the water boil, and kin's success, und at de beginthreatened to break my pole, nin uv de planting season, you which I finally had to shoot know, dey comes for dirty miles through my hands into the water around, und if dey see Vilkin's behind me and haul in the line by pants crawling up his legs dey hand, thereby succeeding in land- holds off und vaits for a change, ing my game, which proved to be but if his pants was down dey a four pound blue catfish. By the goes right back home and puts in time I had released my hook my de crop. Dink uf it my frent. companion had brought in a half- | Wid de dermometer pants you can pound perch, and then the sport dell exactly ven to put in cappage The habit of attention is one of the began. My companion's book had seed, und plant corn dwice as pet- first to be acquired in working tobeen in the water about five min- ter as mit any almanac, beutes when he felt a tremendous sides ven de vedder gets so cold helps, such as the habit of order, and surge which swung his end of the und vet dot de pants goes up un- the advantage arising from proper boat cut toward deep water and der your arms, you can sew but- classification, and last, but not least,

From the commotion in the waa vest ter we concluded that he must When Hoffenstein finished his have booked a small alligator, as the game did not act like a fish. countryman smiled and turning sellers, too, with his thousands of Before he had succeeded in bringing it to the surface, my store.

own neglected pole started over-'Did vou see de vay dot man board with a rush, and I barely succeeded in grasping it in time. angrily.

Then followed five minutes of as 'Yes, sir,' replied his clerk. beautiful play as I ever had with 'Vell it shust shows dot de a fish and which gave me my more you try to help some peoplo hands full and resulted in bring- along, de more you don't get any ing on board a bill-nosed gar tanks for it.'-Joe C. Aby.

weighing eight pounds. This fish has a bill like a duck's but Training the hand and the eve much longer which is provided to do work well leads individuals with two rows of teeth as sharp to form correct habits in other reas needles. It is not suitable for spects.

food, but it had furnished its full quota of sport. After killing my viciously disposed gar, I found things because they are great, my companion still wrestling and fools because they think them had brought to the surface and

Do not lose courage by consid

to the guests is posted up, is apparently determined to charge for every possible item of expenditure. and to allow no fuss about the payment of what he anticipates his customers will look upon as overcharges : 'Gentlemen who come in hotel not say anything about their meals they will be charged for; and if they should say beforehand that they are going out to breakfast or dinner etc., and i they say that they not have anything to eat they will be charged, and it not so they will be charged, or unless they bring it to the notice of the nanager; and should they want to say anything they must order the manager for and not any one else ; and unless they not bring it to the notice of the manger, they will be charged for the east things according to the hotel ate, and no fuss will be allowed afterwards about it. Should any gentleman take wall-lamps or candlelight from the public rooms, mey must pay for it without any dispute its charges. Monthly gentlemans will have to pay my fixed rate made with them at the time, and should they absent day in the month, they will not be allowed to deduct anything out of it, because I take from them less rate than my usual rate of monthly charges.'

> A POOR MEMORY .- Without question the memory may be cultivated. wards this end; but there are other thing.

threatened to break his line. tons on de front und vear dem as the aid of the imagination, in making mental pictures. The grocer and the apothecary knows the value of varn concerning the pants, the order in their business; the book-

> abruptly on his heel, left the volumes; see him step to the place in his store where he knows the volume you are asking for should be; he acted, Herman ?' said Hoffenstein, merely reaches forth his hand and takes it from the shelf. Watch the type setter at his work; you would

think his fingers work automatically, as they take up from the box arrangement before him the exact letters composing the words of his copy. Ob-

serve the fingers of the piano player; memory, the right key goes down at lead.' the proper time; it matters not what the speed of the movement may demand, Great men undertake great ures and ideas what the type-setter

determination to succeed.

accomplished with his type, the pianist with his keys. All that is ne-

I can do by another what I cannot Does a man break into humor do alone. I can say to you what I

out of a ship yard, and fastened the rope on to the end of the dogs back with the pitch like it grode there. Then that dog was prowd like he was a new dog on an old tail, and he went swellin round mung the other dogs, trying to waggle it till he most broke his back. But he couldnt lift it of the ground, and after awhile it was drug cross a cigar which a feler had threw away, and it got a lite, the tail did, and had a smoke its own self. Then the dog it lied down like it was going to sleep, and said to the other dogs : There wasent never any pup which cude be so cool and callum like me while his tail is a house afire. I ot to be bired out to teech fortitude to Christian marters. Just wake me up when its ol burnt of, cos I have got a important engagement.' Bat when it was ol of, and the

baby, he is little, too, yes, indeed.

like pupies. So the mans dog

grode up without no tail for to

waggle, but one night some notty

boys they got a piece of old rope

fire was got hold of the cake of pitch onto the end of his back, he dident have to be woke up. cos he woke the whole town up hisself .- Little Johnny in Randolph Review.

A truly good man had rather be deceived than be suspicious, and rather forego his own right than run the venture of doing even a hard

The time spent in reading books that do not make us think is worse than useless. One good book, however, is food for a life-time.

Let those who would affect singularity with success, first determine to be very virtuous, and they will be sure to be very singular.

Give even an angel a bad name, and the simplest of us can see the evil expression in his face, whether it is there or not.

The difficulty that some sermons is, as Rivarol says that they are as if endowed with entelligence or written in landanum on sheets of

Let men laugh when you sacrifice there is no hesitation. Now why desire to duty, if they will. You cannot we accomplish with facts, fig- bave time and eternity to rejoice in.

The innocent are photographed by the angels, and their negatives precessary to do this is application and a served in the gallery of heaven.

