HOW MY BOY WENT DOWN.

It was not on the field of battle,
 It was not with a ship at sea,
But a fate far worse than either,
 That stole him away from me;
'Twas the death in the ruby wine-cup,
 That the reason and senses drown;
He drank the alluring poison,
 And thus my boy went down—

Down from the heights of manhood
 To the depths of disgrace and sin,
Down to the worthless being,
 From the hope of what might have been,
For the brand of a beast besotted,
 He breathed his manhood's crown:
Through the gate of a sinful pleasure,
 My poor, weak boy went down.

'Tis only the same old story
 That mothers so often tell
With accents of infinite sadness,
 Like the tones of a funeral bell.
But I never once thought, when I heard it,
 I should learn all its meaning myself;
I thought he'd be true to his mother,
 I thought he'd be true to himself.

But alas for my hopes all delusion!
 Alas for his youthful pride!
Alas! Who are safe when danger
 Is open on every side?
Oh, can nothing destroy this great evil?
 No bar in their pathway be thrown
To save from the terrible maelstrom
 The thousands of boys going down?

—*Lillie Sheldon, in S. S. Messenger.*

PEARL'S ORDEAL.

"Are you better to-day, Katie?"

"Oh, yes, Pearl, ever so much!"

The cheerful March sunshine streamed in at the window where Pearl Playfair had pinned up a piece of blue paper muslin to serve as a temporary curtain, and wrote its glittering autograph on the carpetless floor that Pearl had stayed up the night before to scrub neatly, so that Katie should not feel the room neglected.

The two chairs were wiped free from dust, the tiny stove shone with a newly-applied coat of blacking, and the chromo "Angelus," pinned against the wall over the wooden mantle, gave an air of refinement to the sloping-roofed apartment.

Katherine and Pearl Playlair were all alone in the world. Their father had been a hard-worked bank clerk, who found it impossible to save a cent before Death presented its account and bankrupted him at once.

Their few distant relatives had distinctively given them to understand that "blood was not thicker than water," and for more than a year these two brave young girls had fought their own battle with the world.

Katie was a "trimmer and finisher" in a fashionable dressmaking establishment. Pearl was errand girl and generally useful hand at Miss Thorburn's famous millinery.

"Next year," she said brightly, "I can go into the show rooms and get a dollar a week more wages. And won't I be rich?"

But when Katie's dreadful cold deepened into a cough, and the doctor said she must not leave her room, Pearl found her twelve dollars a month sadly insufficient to meet all exigencies.

The good doctor spoke to the kind little druggist on the corner, who put the medicines down to cost price; the baker's wife slipped in many an extra sponge cake and Vienna roll among the frugal orders; the butcher saved his choicest bits of meat for beef tea—for every one in the neighborhood knew and sympathized with the Playfair girls.

But things had to be paid for, nevertheless. And the tooth of poverty bites sharply.

Pearl stood looking at Katie with solemn, questioning eyes.

"That is what you always say, Katie," said she. "And I know your cough was bad last night.

"Did I disturb you, dear?"

"It isn't that. But, oh, Kate, to see you growing paler and thinner every day—to know that you have to stay alone here so long—"

"But I don't stay alone, Pearl. Mrs. Nippert comes in often, and little Allie Smith."

"And that isn't the worst of it, Katie. The coal is out, and I can't pay for any more until my Saturday night wages come in."

"It's lucky that the sun shines in so bright," said Katie, hopefully. "Never mind the coal, Pearl; I'll cuddle down in bed, with the blanket shawl over me, and I'm sure Mrs. Nippert will make my cup of tea on her stove when noon comes. She's always so thoughtful!"

Pearl went to her work with a heavy heart. On the way she was joined by Joe Vail, the foreman of the box factory that supplied the patent receptacles in which Mrs. Fitwell's gowns were carried home to her customers, and in councils of war respecting splendid toilettes he had become acquainted with Katie.

He was a dark haired, swarthy-complexioned young fellow, and his eyes sparkled as he saw Pearl Playfair.

"How's your sister, Pearl?" said he. "No better? Oh, I'm sorry to hear it! I say, my sister's come up from the old homestead to keep house for me this winter, and she brought a barrel of jolly Spitzenberg apples and some home-made currant jelly. Would Katie try the jelly, do you think? Wouldn't it do her good? I'll send my sister around if——"

"Oh, thank you, Joe! This evening, please!" said Pearl; and she secretly registered a vow that she would somewhere or somehow beg or borrow a peck of coals, so that these kind people should not find them absolutely fireless. "And Katie thought Joe Vail had entirely forgotten her," thought she. "As is any one could forget Katie!"

Miss Thorburn was very cross when at last Pearl reached the store. Her best customer's carriage had been seen across the street at Mademoiselle Lavigny's rival store, and the new Paris fashion plates were delayed in their arrival more than a week.

"Late again, Pearl Playfair!" said she, sharply.

"It's only one minute past seven, Miss Thorburn," pleaded the girl.

"And I wish you distinctly to understand," snapped Miss Thorburn, who had been peering through the windows, "that I don't allow my young women to gallivant through the streets with young men on their way to and from the store. It isn't respectable, and——"

Pearl colored vividly.

"It's a friend of my sister," said she. "He only——"

Miss Thorburn glared at her.

"Oblige me," said she, "by remembering that I do not permit my young women to answer me back. Here's Miss Densel's bonnet. Take it at once to No. 60 Caravan square. She'll be furious because it wasn't sent last night."

Sixty Caravan square was a stately brown-stone house, with vestibule doors of gorgeous stained glass and floors of Mosaic marble, covered with rich Persian rugs.

Miss Densel was not in, but Paula and Florine, her younger sisters, ran to receive the hat.

"Audrey will be so angry because it didn't come in time for Mrs. Jay's musical breakfast," cried Paula.

These two pretty young maids, in their pink and blue cashmere tea-gowns, their flowing gold hair and dainty red-heeled slippers encircled with gold embroidery—how wistfully Pearl looked at them as she crept quietly away in her patched boots, her faded cloth jacket, which had come down to her from Katie, and her poor little knitted Tam O'Shanter cap!

"How nice it must be to be rich!" thought she.

"Let's have a look at the hat, Flo," said Paula—"right here in the dining-room, where the beveled mirror is. Audrey never lets us see her pretty things."

Florine opened the box.

"Oh, isn't it exquisite!" she cried. "All rosebuds, with strings of pink faille, and the sweetest jeweled poniard stuck through the side! Are they real diamonds, Paula, or only Rhine stones?"

"Rhine-stones, of course!" said sage Paula. "Who ever heard of real diamonds with a thirty-dollar bonnet? But isn't it a beauty? Let us try it one, Flo. Oh, take care!"

For in handing it across the table Florine had dropped it. The effort to recover it only succeeded in overturning a tall flask of Bordeaux salad oil upon the rosebuds and pink faille.

Flo and Paula looked aghast at each other.

"Hush!" cried the former. "Some one is coming. Put it back into the box, Paula. Take it up to Audrey's room. She'll think it was an accident. Oh, how could you be so careless?"

"I wasn't careless," sputtered indignant Paula. "It was your fault as much as it was mine. What will Audrey say?"

Two hours later the reception bonnet was brought back to Miss Thorburn by Audrey Densel herself in an olive plush-lined carriage, attened by a French maid, and Pearl Playfair was summoned at once.

She came, innocent and eager, only to be angrily dismissed from the establishment. In vain were her protestations and entreaties.

"If you didn't do it, stopping at some of your grocer-and-baker friends' places," cried Miss Thorburn, "who did? Do you suppose Miss Densel poured grease over her own reception hat? Silence, I say! Leave the house at once, and do not presume to ask for either wages or reference from me. I consider that I am treating you with extreme kindness in not sending for a policeman."

Pearl went home, feeling as if she were in a dreadful dream. Her situation was gone, and without references how could she expect to get another? And who would find wood or fire for Katie?

The elder sister listened to Pearl's piteous tale with dismay, but she put the bravest possible front upon it.

"Don't sob so, Pearl," she soothed. "We shall not starve; something will happen to protect us, dear, don't be afraid. Who is that Mrs. Nippert is talking to outside?"

"It's me—Janie Vail," said a cheery, cordial voice, "with some apples and home-made jelly. Joe, my brother, says you are his friends. I may come in, mayn't I?"

And Janie entered, rosy and smiling, with a refreshing air of the country about her.

"Oh, yes," said she, nodding her head and glancing about the room, so cold, so cheerless, so neat, "nobody can expect to get well, boxed up in the city like this. That good woman outside tells me that the doctor recommends country air. I think, Miss Playfair, that if you will visit my mother at the old farm for a month, we shan't know you when you come back. I hope you like the country? Joe does. It's Joe's highest ambition some time to buy a nice farm of his own. As for the little girl there," nodding her head at Pearl, "she can come and stay with me while you are gone, if she don't want to lose her place at the bonnet store."

Pearl hung her head.

"I have no place now to lose," said she. "I was discharged to-day?"

Just then there was the sound of solid footsteps on the stairs and hard breathing, as if the steep locomotion were a decided effort—and in trudged Miss Thornburn.

"Is this Pearl Playfair's place?" panted she. "Do people hereabouts live at the top of all creation? Bless me, where's the fire? Is this sick girl your sister?"

Pearl shrank back, growing very pale.

"Have you come to—to arrest me?" she gasped.

"My dear, it's all right," said the obese milliner, beginning to recover her breath. "Miss Denzel's two little sisters came right back in the carriage, crying as hard as ever they could. They had heard what hard luck you had, and they confessed—dear little things!—that it was all their fault. It seems they were looking at the bonnet in the dining-room—and a cut-glass flask of oil was somehow upset—and they were horribly frightened, and meant to keep it a secret; but when they heard Miss Densel's story, they couldn't bear to think that you were blamed, and owned up at once. So I've come all this way, my dear, to let you know. And you must come back at once, for it's our busiest time, and you can have Miss Dater's place in the show room—Miss Dater's going to be married—at two dollars a week more. And you musn't mind what I said to you when I was vexed; for an old woman's tongue can't always be held responsible. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, I am so happy! so thankful!" gasped Pearl, while Miss Thorburn trotted around to the side of Katie's bed, to ask her a string of kind, motherly questions, whose trend they understood better an hour later, when a basket of fruit arrived from the nearest grocery, a cold roast fowl from the restaurant, and a pail of oysters from the fishmonger.

"How good people are—how very good!" said Katie. "And I was just beginning to think that heaven had forgotten us."

She was well enough, under the sunshine of all this kindly rememberance, to go to the Vail homestead within a very few days. Janie accompanied her thither, "just to settle her," and of course Joe had to go, too; while Pearl was taken into Miss Thorburn's own family during her sister's absence.

"I can't have her staying all alone by herself," said Miss Thorburn. "She's a great deal too pretty; and what's the best of it, she don't even know it. I've taken a great fancy to that child. I shouldn't wonder if I some day adopt her!"

But when Katie Playfair came back in May, with cheeks as pink as the mountain daisies themselves, and Miss Thorburn broached her ideas, the elder sister refused the offer with many thanks.

"I couldn't spare Pearl," said she. "I—I am going to settle on a farm in Orange county—the great butter-making region, you know—and I want Pearl to enjoy the buttercups and the roses and the young lambs with me."

"Going to settle, eh?" said Miss Thorburn. "Oh, if that's the case, I make no further objection!"

"Yes," said Katie, blushing charmingly, "Mr. Vail has a contract as carpenter to a railway repair-shop there, and Pearl and I are to live always in the beautiful country."

"Well, my dear," said good Miss Thorborn, "I hope you'll be very happy. And mind, you're to take no thought about the wedding bonnet. I'm going to make you a present of one, all trimmed with white lilacs."—*Helen Forest Graves.*

Sulphur for Hogs.

Coughing, and weakness of the hinder quarters are symptoms which often result from the presence of large numbers of worms in the digestive organs of swine. Against worms in swine we have frequently recommended the use of flowers of sulphur. It is a simple, harmless and effective remedy. The animals readily consume it when mixed in gruel or other sloppy food. For pigs under three months old, a teaspoonful is a dose, and for older ones a small tablespoonful. It may be given four days in succession, morning and evening, and repeated thus every alternate week. Give also plenty of sour milk, butter milk, with sliced raw onions, green fruit, acorns, celery tops. Keep the hogs from access to barnyard pools, or other putrid or stagnant water. Swine should always have access to charcoal, ashes, or common salt, which should be kept in some convenient, sheltered corner. —*Prairie Farmer.*

EQUAL IN THE GRAVE.

Crœsus is dead; remove his robe
 And strip him of his gold;
The reaper grim has come for him,
 His form is still and cold.
The crimson stream has ceased to flow,
The haughty hand is lying low,
He's done with worldly pomp and show,
 Here rests his pulseless mold.

Upon yon bier a pauper lies,
 His soul has taken flight;
His senseless clay wears no display—
 Ah, 'tis a sorry sight.
His unsuccessful course is run,
With tribulation he is done,
His perfect rest is just begun—
 The rest of death's long night.

Lay this one in his marble tomb
 And yon one in the ground;
O'er this a stately shaft uprear,
 O'er that a simple mound.
But which shall sleep the sweeter sleep—
Which first shall break the silence deep?
Ah! they are equals in Death's keep,
 Till Gabriel's trump shal sound.

—*Frank B. Welch, in Drake's Magazine.*

Rudyard Kipling's Romance.

THE LADY HE MADLY ADORED FREE TO HEAR HIS PROTESTATIONS.

Years ago, says a Pittsburg correspondent of the New York Herald, a pretty and very bright Beaver county girl married a young Englishman. He was a pleasant, well-bred, well-educated young man, with good prospects. Shortly before the marriage the husband obtained an appointment in the Indian civil service, a first rate position. The bride was delighted with her new home, and her letters home were full of expressions of delight. After a time there came mention of the names of new friends, men and women who had welcomed the young American, and among such allusions were frequent references to a young journalist and story writer who was said to be a really wonderful fellow, and a great friend of the husband of the letter writer.

Then there was long leave of absence, and the Beaver home welcomed husband and wife and a friend of the husband—the young journalist, who was on his way to England. This guest remained in Beaver almost a month and although a modest and retiring young man, he won the good will of everybody. A few days after the party arrived the gossips began to say it was evident that the journalist was deeply in love with his friend's wife. She did not seem to be at all aware of it, nor did her husband. Her treatment of the guest was frank, friendly, and lady-like, without a particle of affection or flirtation. All the gossips agreed on this point, and they said further that it was a pity the journalist could not bestow his affections in a quarter where there could have been hope of return.

This was a year ago last summer. The young wife and her husband returned to India; their friend went on to London. There have been strange changes since then. The shy young man from India has become one of the most notable writers of English fiction of his day. Hard work—and perhaps some hidden unhappiness—has broken down his health and he is now in the Rivera seeking strength under the Italian skies. A few days ago there came sad news, from the Indian Hill station. The husband had died suddenly. Later came word that the young widow would arrive home some time in December. One evening during that summer visit to the town the journalist had a long talk with an elderly married lady who had won his confidence. Nobody knows what they talked about, but the gossips say that since the news of that death in India a letter has gone across the seas which bears in the first line of its superscription the words: "Mr. Rudyard Kipling," and the gossips wonder if there will be another chapter to this story.

Choice Paragraphs.

The heights of earthly promotion and glory lift us no whit nearer heaven. It is easier to step there from the lowly vale of humiliation and sorrow.

Up with the banner of your Lord Jesus! Raise it with firm decision, with quiet earnestness, and with humble prayer; keep it with unflinching fortitude, and be ready to die rather than dishonor it.

Yesterday is yours no longer; to-morrow may never be yours; but to-day is yours, the living present is yours, and in the living present you may stretch forward to the things that are before.

I pray you, with all earnestness, to prove and know, within your hearts, that all things lovely and righteous are possible for those who believe in their possibility, and who determine that for their part they will make every day's work contribute to them.

It is not until you have walked into a puddle that you can see the different paths that would have led you safely around it.

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any mind, the other that they haven't any business.

A certain fault finder, who was constantly talking about the shortcomings of Christains, entering a blacksmith's place one day, engaged in his usual talk. "Did you ever read the Bible?" the smith asked. "Certainly," said the man, with a tinge of contempt in his tone. "Ever read the story of the rich man and Lazarus?" "Why, of course," was the answer. "Well," said the smith, "you remind me of those dogs in that parable." "How so?" "Why, they did nothing but lick the sores of Lazarus; and seems to me you are doing the same thing, licking the sores of all the good people you know."

How Frank Leslie Died.

Mr. Leslie was physically strong and hearty to the very hour of his death, all his life being singularly free from aches or pains. His death was caused by a small tumor in the throat: being just beneath the jugular vein, the tumor could not be touched by the lance. The day of his death Mr. Leslie took a long walk, little thinking that in a few hours he should be numbered with those who have gone on ahead of us to the unknown country. They sent for me in the heart of the city. I hastened to his bedside with all speed. When I arrived he lay sleeping. I spoke to him. He did not know me, or appear to take much interest in my words. Still, I felt hopeful. I could not believe that he must die. Those about the bed were wiser.

One said to me: "Do not deceive yourself; this means death." I put my two arms over the dying man's shoulders and looking into his face, asked him to speak to me. He opened his eyes, smiled faintly, then said to me these words: "You are beautiful and I love you!" He had thrown all his life into his voice. His head dropped back—he was dead. Yet even in the face of death this man had time to turn aside from the deep Plutonian shadows of eternity and consecrate his expiring breath to the love and tenderness of wife and home. Ah, sir, such a life as this could not have been entirely in vain.—*Interview with Mrs. Leslie, in Detroit Free Press*

In the age of fickleness and policy we want more men and women of principle. Men and women of earnest purposes and high aims, who do not say, "What will others think?" but only, "Is it right?" Who, when they know they are right, will keep right on though all the world oppose. These can be trusted. Confidence in policy people will always be disappointed, but principle never deceives.

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Uncle Phil's Story.

"Tell us a story, Uncle Phil," said Rob and Archie, running to him.

"What about?" said Uncle Phil, as Rob climbed on his right knee and Archie on his left.

"Oh, about something that happened to you," said Rob.

"Something when you were a little boy," said Archie.

"Once, when I was a little boy," said Uncle Phil, "I asked my mother to let Roy and myself go out and play by the river."

"Was Roy your brother?" asked Rob.

"No, but he was very fond of playing with me. My mother said yes; so we went and had a great deal of sport. After awhile I took a shingle for a boat and sailed it along the bank. At last it began to get into deep water, where I couldn't reach it with a stick. Then I told Roy to go and bring it to me. He almost always did what I told him, but this time he did not. I began scolding him, and he ran toward home.

"Then I was angry. I picked up a stone and threw it at him as hard as I could."

"Oh, Uncle Phil!" cried Archie.

"Just then Roy turned his head and it struck him right over his eye."

"Oh, Uncle Phil!" cried Rob.

"Yes, it made him stagger. He gave a little cry and lay down on the ground.

"But I was still angry with him. I did not go to him, but waded into the water for my boat.

"But it was deeper than I thought. Before I knew it I was in a strong current. I screamed as it carried me down the stream, but no men were near to help me.

"But as I went down under the deep waters, something took hold of me and dragged me towards shore. And when I was safe on the bank I saw it was Roy. He had saved my life."

"Good fellow! Was he your cousin?" asked Rob.

"No," replied Uncle Phil.

"What did you say to him?" asked Archie.

"I put my arms around the dear fellow's neck and cried and asked him to forgive me."

"What did he say?" asked Rob.

"He said 'Bow, bow, bow!"

"Why, who was Roy, anyway?" asked Archie, in great astonishment.

"He was my dog," said Uncle Phil—"the best dog I ever saw. I have never been unkind to a dog or to any other animal since, and I hope you will never be." —*Sydney Dayre, in Our Little Ones.*

What Shall We Say to Papa?

Then he is away, that is evident. Oh, yes, far away from his boy and girl; and between his home and the country of his adoption a wide waste of waters spreads. He is not away on business to get rich, but is on the King's business, and bringing to the poor of his subjects the best of all riches. The father of Gerty and Bob is a missionary.

"I say, Gerty, let's send him a real jolly letter. Won't he be glad to get it out there?"

"Yes, that he will. Now what shall I say next, Bob? Let's see; I've told him all the school news, all the home intelligence, including that about Jacko jumping through the kitchen window, and I've sent him some of our best mignonette from the front garden."

"Look here, Gerty, I'll tell you what. Let's fill all the rest up with love."

"What a good idea, Bob! But what shall I say?"

They put their little heads together, and, written in their bold and better copper-plate, were added these words:

"Oh, darling papa, we do love you so much, and if we had all the words in the dictionaries we could not tell you how much we love you. God bless you a thousand times, dear father; don't be downhearted if you are tired and the black people are not nice with you. We two are praying for you ever so much. Last night poor Gerty was lying awake with the toothache, and after she had repeated all the verses she knew, she said: 'Now I'll pray for papa till I go to sleep.' Good-bye, father darling; we kiss this letter for you, and tell it to carry all the love it can to you—xxxxxx—that's three from each of us."

About a month after this, a weary missionary was sitting under a tree in a far-off land; he had spoken the word of life, and felt just a little downhearted—the people were so ignorant and so far from God. Presently a black native came running to him with a bit of paper folded like an envelope. It had come up from the coast. He broke open the seal, and with trembling fingers held the letter from his boy and girl. Tears came so fast that it took him a long time to get through it, and when it was done he put it near his heart, and looking up to that blue heaven which also looked down upon his home in America, he said: "Lord God, I thank Thee for this message of love and hope from my dear ones." And so he took heart, and the people said the white man had found a treasure. Yes, so he had.—*Selected.*

An Extraordinary Conference.

A conference of extraordinary importance and interest has been held in Chicago during the past two days.

We refer to the conference between Jews and Christians, in which distinguished rabbis of the Mosaic faith and distinguished ministers of the Christian faith met together for the purpose of taking into consideration certain questions that are of vital importance to believers of every religion. The significance of this conferance was apparent from the Chicago dispatch in yesterday's Sun, by which we were apprised that its purpose was to compare views, to exchange suggestions, to promote inquiry, and to establish friendly communication between Jews and Christians.

Among the speakers at the first session of the conference were two Hebrew rabbis and two evangelical ministers. One rabbi, or doctor of the Mosaic law, took for his theme: "The Jewish Attitude Toward Christianity," and the other, "Israel as Evidence of the Truth of Christianity."

Thus there was an excellent choice of subjects, and it may be taken for granted that both the rabbis and the ministers were enlightened by each other's discourses. Between the discourses a Hebraic psalm was chanted, and the proceedings were closed with the Aaronic benediction.

We do not suppose that any of the Jewish rabbis at the conference were converted to Christianity or that any of the Christian ministers were converted to Judaism; but nevertheless the conference must have been advantageous to its members, who at least agree in their faith in the ancient phylactery, "Spread the light!"

We repeat that this was an extraordinary conference, and that the holding of it was one of the significant and premonitory signs of the times. If any other conference of the kind was ever held in the United States, we do not recall the fact.

We presume that other conferences of like nature will be held hereafter, in which there shall be representatives of all creeds, and in which the adherents of each creed shall set forth the grounds of their faith, in the vigorous language of the Hebrew prophets and the benignant spirit of the Christian apostles.

It might be worth while to hold such a conference here in New York.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A gentleman visiting a school had a book put into his hand for the purpose of examining a class. The word "inheritance" occurring in the verse, the querist interrogated the youngster as follows: "What is inheritance?" "Patrimony?" "What is a patrimony?" "Something left by a father." "What would you call it if left by a mother?" "*Matrimony.*"

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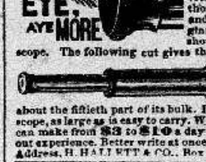

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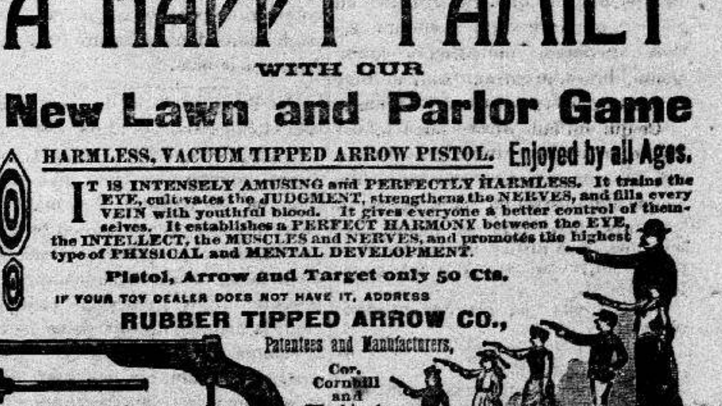
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