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SHOW US WHAT YOU ARE.

Do it now! Begin! Begin! Yes
"Mean it?" Just wait! Have you her?
If you calling is clear and true,
Show us what you are!

Future statesmen, preacher, poet,
Playwright, leader of the law—
You may, but we do not know it,
Show us what you are!

Leave off dressing "up" and "out" for
Dating yourself up!
The world's not waiting while you're standing
Show us what you are!

Set your lofty genius working
Take a rack to make it spry
Time for wealth you won't be shirking
Show us what you are!

If you're alive, enter the struggle
Than the end of it to be,
Don't just think or say, bugger
Show us what you are!

—Arthur Lovesey in Yankee Blade.

AT LEDGE LIGHT.

One stormy night in November Skipper Colby gave an extra turn to the stout rope which fastened his boat to the little wharf. Then he locked up at the revolving light in the high tower. "Girls! Girls!" he called. He gave look to tell the poor fellow out yonder to keep away from such a treacherous coast to-night."

Before they started for the little weather stained house by the tower he turned his face once more toward the black, roaring ocean. "It's going to be a wild night," he muttered. "It's lucky I came back when I did. If I'd waited much longer, I would be: been out of the power of mortal man to get crossed the Pine River."

Ledge light stood on a long strip of rocky beach jutting far out into the ocean. The remains looking at the waves had worn into a little neck of land nearly in the narrowest part, but the gap was spanned by a wide wooden bridge. This way of getting to the town on the coast was but little used, however, except in the mildest weather. On all other occasions the people up the light found it much easier to make the trip by water. A short distance southward was a dark lined of rocks known as the Berkhome. At flood tide it was covered, but the ebbing of the waves left the cruel outline in plain sight. Before the light had been placed there many a gallant ship had been driven by the wind on the reef and dashed to pieces.

As the skipper stood there looking out to sea he heard the booming of the surf, and in the failing light he could just make out the white line of angry breakers. He turned away, and had nearly reached the little house by the tower when the door was thrown open and the ruddy firelight streamed outside, showing the figure of a gray haired woman and of a slight young girl peering out anxiously to the fast gathering gloom.

"Why Meg!" broke from their lips at the same time.

"Safe and sound! For some reason the school board just off examining the teachers until tomorrow, and Meg concluded to stay over night. Where! How the wind howls!" and the old man hastily closed with said daughter in the house as a fierce gust swept across the narrow beach and almost sent the door behind them.

"Do you suppose Meg will get the place?" "Can't say, Peggy. But I'm sure of one thing—if they take her, she'll make a good teacher, for her heart is mostly in her books."

Meggy and Peggy were the lighthouse's twin daughters. So much alike were they that strangers could scarcely tell them apart; but on meeting them closely one would see that Meg's height was the superior, and that she carried herself a little more proudly than say little Peggy. You see, however, the twins were only twelve years, and the ease with which the kept at the head of her class made the old skipper very happy.

But Peggy liked better to busy herself about the house, while there was nothing to the way of polishing, darning and sewing which her quick fingers could not do.

On the day following the storm the skipper set by the fire mending some nets, while Mrs. Colby and Peggy began the preparations for the simple evening meal. The fury of the wind had spent itself during the night and the dangerous waters had subsided. Peggy glanced often at the little clock on the shelf. "Will you watch the coffee, mother, while I see if Meg is coming?"

She threw a shawl over her shoulders and ran down to the wharf, where she stood watching a small black speck off the "Point." In a few moments she was able to make out Meg, who was pulling for the shore with strong, steady stroke. The boat shot up to the landing and the young girl sprang out. One look at her curtailed face assured the anxious watching on Peggy's lips. "Oh, Meg! You dear, darling Meg! You didn't get it after all."

"Never mind, Peggy! Perhaps it's all for the best."

Meg's chin quivered, her large brown eyes filled with tears, and dropping down as a mute appeal lay by the wharf she covered her face with her hands, while Peggy knelt by her side trying to comfort her.

"It isn't only being the pleasure of the authorities," she sobbed at last. "Bertha Jones papers were the only ones that had a higher mark than mine. You see, they had an examination down at the city about a month ago, and I passed, while Bertha had papers that we did. Bertha found it out, and went there and took the examination so as if she was trying for a teacher's place. She didn't pass, but she knew just what the questions were to be, and she's been studying on them all this while."

"Then she's a liar!" said the really stoic little pixie from pout. Peggy's anger thawed out instantly. "Didn't you tell them of it?"

"It would have been a waste of breath! Her father and uncle are both members of the school board, you know."

"And you lost the money and also down it, for her father's will off. Oh, the meanness and the dishonesty of the rich! Why, Meg, ever since I can remember she's always been carrying on doing some hateful thing to us. When we two shy little boys first went to school she made us cry by laughing at our old fashioned clothes and picking fun at our father and mother, and she has kept up her proud, disagreeable ways and her sneering ever since."

Meg rose to her feet. "I was so sure of the place," she continued brokenly. "Oh, dear! Everything looked so bright when I went away yesterday morning, and now it's all dark and stormy and as lonely yonder!" and she pointed to the cold bodies sky and gray stretch of water.

Peggy crept close to her side and there one arm around her in a close embrace.

"It isn't so all dark and dreary as long as we have each other," she said. "I am only sorry for your sake, dear Meg. For my own part I am glad—oh so glad! I shall not be awake any more nights dreading your going away. There's nothing now to come between us."

"You're right, Peggy. Whatever happens it can't be very dark and dreary while we have each other."

The two sisters stood there on the wharf, with their hands clasped and their young hearts full of love, while the day settled into the weather twilight, and the cold, gray mist drifted over the island. Suddenly Peggy's eyes opened, as an expression of pain—as if she had seen some terrible vision—passed over her face, and she turned with a sharp cry.

"Oh, Meg! dear Meg! What should I do if anything should happen to you?"

And Meg, stooping over her tenderly, said:

"Peggy, sister, we'll hope that when that takes to be will take us as he brought us together. And if he does not, will then, if I was in heaven I would be with you, and will be near to help and comfort you. Even death could not separate us."

The fog whiter and passed, and now the warm April sunshine had come again, and the white sails were once more dotted the blue waters.

One morning word was brought that the lighthouse's mother, good grandmother Colby, who lived several miles down the coast, was ill with rheumatism. The skipper and his wife prepared to go to her at once. "It looks pleasant enough now," he said to Meg, scanning the sky anxiously, "but I don't like the appearance of the moon pretty lively since night. And it's about time for the big spring tide. It'll should come you'll get along all right. It's never had even there high enough to cover the path twixt here and the tower, and it isn't always likely that 'will now; but if case it should happen all you've got to do is to watch, and take a lot of food and go into the tower, so that you can see to the light, and then wait till the tide turns."

In the morning the girls busied themselves with the housework. After dinner they found a sheltered nook, and sat down on the rocks to the sunshine. Also they watch the sky became suddenly overcast, and little pools of wind came skirrying across the water. "Listen," said Meg, as they started to go to the house, "the sea has the moaning of the Rockbound. It's a sure sign of a storm."

Toward the evening the boats that followed the wind steadily increased, driving the waves with a sullen roar on the little beach. When Meg went to start the light she found that the tide had gotten power to rule, and she heard the rumbler of the surf on the Rockbound. She had just returned to the kitchen when a hard knock was heard, and opening the door she found a tall man in sailor clothing drenched with rain, standing shivering into the room. They were further from the town than the stranger, and the gentleman who had wandered with the boys for two summers past.

"For mercy's sake hurry, and get us some dry clothing," said Bertha impatiently.

Meg's brow clouded, but she neither stirred nor spoke.

"Don't stand staring there! It's stupid! Can't you see that we're half dead with the cold? Miss Howard's father had a room to East Creek on business connected with the new railroad, and he brought her with him. It was so pleasant this morning that we two girls coaxed over to the cliff. We didn't know how high the water had grown until we started to go home, and got out into the bay and saw the whitecaps all around us. It was a mercy that we were just crossing in sight to see us home. Then we started to walk to East Creek, but the wind blew so furiously that it seemed to take all our strength. I don't know what we should have done if it had not been for the light here," she continued, addressing her companion. "There isn't another house on the whole coast. These girls," and she turned toward the twins contemptuously, "are the lighthouse's daughters. I used to go to school with them."

The insolent words brought a flush to the stranger's cheek. "I am sorry to trouble you," she said, addressing Meg's sister gently, "but I should be so glad of some dry clothing. I take cold so easily."

Meg's face cleared instantly, and in a few moments the two visitors, in dry garments, sat by the blazing fire and which Peggy placed before them. "Listen!" exclaimed Miss Howard, rising from the chair. "Did you ever hear such a storm? It's frightful!"

The wind was howling dismally around the house and rattling the blinds, while the rain was driving in sheets against the window panes.

"Isn't the tide very high?" asked Bertha. "I remember when we came over the bridge behind the house that the water was nearly up to the planks."

Meg started quickly for the door.

"I never knew that to happen before," she said. "Tend the fire, girls, while I go. I'll run into the tower once more to make sure that everything is right for the night."

In a few moments she came back, pale and breathless.

"The water is nearly up to the doorstep. I can't go to the tower, and it's overflowed behind the house too. If I had only watched as father told me!"

Under her directions the three girls hastily gathered the few valuables of the house and carried them up to the sister's room on the second story. And they did not get to work any too soon, for by the time they took up the last load a small stream of water had forced its way under the door and was gurgling across the room.

The hours of the night were wearily one, but Meg was so cheerful and calm that she helped to keep up the courage of the others. The pool several times to the hall, and each time came back none water and thoughtful, but who said not a word. The water was already half way up to the second floor.

She remembered with a shudder how old and frail the house was. "If it only could not," she thought. The last time she went out she found that the water had gained an inch. Already her nerve it was climbing upward. But there was no time to be thankful for—the wind had altered some what and the rain had ceased.

When she came down she said to her sister: "Lie down, you need rest more than words. If there is any danger I will call you."

She took down her little Bible from a shelf, and opening it began to read where her eyes chanced to rest. Strangely enough, it was the story which Pollie, and her voice grew unsteady as she read.

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the same." Meg closed.

Then she knelt, and in a sweet, clear voice repeated the Lord's prayer, the other girls joining her with sobs and broken utterance.

Bertha and Miss Howard soon fell into a light sleep. Meg sat quietly, holding Peggy's hand in hers. "Peggy," she said seriously, "if the water goes much higher we must go to the roof. It is about on a level with the second landing on the lower stairs. The water is never between, and we can open it easily from outside, and the window ledge is very broad. You know the ladder that leads up to the opening to the roof. It's long enough to reach across. You see, don't you? We must use it as a bridge and crawl over from the tower we are safe from the highest tide. I wish we could have got there before."

Peggy started, as a strange quiver like a tremor ran through the house. In an instant Meg was by the bed rousing the sleepers. "It is the tower, Peggy! I thought I felt it before, but I was not sure. One or two more rockings like that and it will be all over with us."

The four frightened girls clinched up hurriedly through the skylight, and drew up the ladder after them. As they stood out upon the roof the moon struggled through a rift in the clouds, and the flashes of the great light showed those six sisters a dreary waste of water. Nothing else was visible save the tall, white tower close beside them.

Huddled to the edge of the roof, and with Peggy's baby shawl the ladder on to the first finden nail it noted firmly on the stone ledge of the tower window. "Now go," she said, resolutely, to Miss Howard. "Don't be afraid. Hold fast to the side of the ladder and feel your way on your knees from round to round. This will be a fresh and cool the wind."

After a few moments'of suspense the girls got safely into the tower. Then it was Bertha's turn, but she had to be urged and assisted and threatened before, until Miss her patience. "You are wasting precious time, girls! perhaps lives," she said solemnly, as there was another gurgling of the waters under them.

"Meg go yourself. Don't wait for her," cried Peggy, her heart with fear.

But Meg seized Bertha by the arm and hoved her out on the ladder, and she, now managed to make the passage safely.

"Now, Peggy, it's your turn."

The young girl drew back. "Not before you," but the sound of Meg's resolute voice sounded her. Grasping the sides of the ladder, she worked her way cautiously over, but as her feet touched the window ledge she felt a sudden dipping of the frail bridge, and heard, bolder and Meg sank out of sight in an instant, and the only answer to her despairing cry, "Meg! Oh, Meg!" was the mad rush of the stout waters.

* * * * * * *

In the handsome new stone church in the village is a magnificent stained glass window, placed there by Mr. Howard in memory of Meg. A small marble tablet underneath tells the simple story of the young girl's heroism. At the bottom of the window is a quaint lettering, say the words, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Peggy goes to church regularly, but it is not when in a filled with crowds of richly dressed summer visitors that she finds the most comfort. She likes it best when it is quiet and deserted.

Sometimes, when the organist is practicing he catches a glimpse of a slight young girl sitting into the church and standing for a moment with eyes uplifted to the stained window. Then the black robed little figure trots quietly in the corner of a pew, and the water colored light falls upon the pretty head resting on the folded hands. And looking there, with the peaceful stillness broken only by the deep solemn tones of the organ sighing towards the twilight and Peggy feels that Meg is not very far off. Even death can not separate them.—True Flag.

Trade Marks.

Men show a slavish devotion to trade marks. Very few people, for instance, buy flour, and so four citizens of any nation nation is to put in a certain colored paper bag with a well known name stamped in blue ink, on the front. They do not buy the best flour, but the kind which has a peculiar trade mark; select on the counter a pound of sugar from a tin canister bearing the Coat, it excites it shining, furnishes the house, and made its home. It does not trust its own judgment; it follows the herd, it blindly accepts any merit except that of uniformity.

In the book you praise by Second not. In that case of course it must be good, and it is unnecessary to read it. Not Hector, no sir! Ah! who is such a man? If there is anything worth reading in his book, you may depend he has copied it from Second. Why, nobody ever heard of him he first! He is not in the position to be a thing to be excellent, which lacks the stamp of fashionable approval.

Why should not "Such a man's" thought be as good as "Second-hand?" Truth is no respecter of persons. One of his sayings is worth a million of the sayings of Hodge, the carpenter, as sure the tears of the wise philosopher. Is not a saying true as a trade marked, unless there is written at the beginning of it, "Second-hand?" Is it not good, "Hector, Second-hand, Second-hand?"

Trade or no trade was concern. He worked hard to the good with the same difficulty that Hodge, or Second, or Hector, or anybody else. He and he and he thought as solid. He and he, when such a man has gained a few friends, the bad of man will press, each anger to be first to do him honor. Yet his sayings have become fine, ringing, and his words lost so thrilling as they do today. To recognize the truth, and see merely the outlinity for the truth, is a rare virtue. For there are who possess it.—Harper's Bazar.

Mother's Way of Living.

Of the state institutions in the early years of the Sixteenth century by some of the great ecclesiastics, let Cardinal Wolsey's household furnish an example. Three boards were daily spread in his palace, wherever he might be resident. At the head of the first sat a priest as sewer; At the head of the second, a knight as treasurer, and at the head of the third, an esquire as sewer. The whole household establishment was liberally organized, consisting of a master cook, whose skilly or pottage was relished as well as his pastry, and six assistants, or laborers, as they were called, besides two clerks as cook and a scullery over the dressers.

In the full kitchen were two cooks and twelve laborers and assistants; the spicery was superintended by a clerk; the pastry by a master cook, with twelve laborers; the scullery by four scullions, to which one pannier and two grooms. There were a pannier and a groom in the larder; the pitcher, with the butler of the buttery; the same in the cellery; three yeomen and three pages in the cellar, and two yeomen and two pages in the ale cellar.

The list is not yet complete. We must add two yeomen to the waiters, a master of the wardrobe, with twenty assistants, of "table chamberlains," to the bedroom department, a yeoman and groom, thirteen pages, two yeomen carvers and a groom carver in the larder. Then in the kitchen, two yeomen and groom, one yeoman and groom in the woodyard, one yeoman to the garner and two yeomen and two grooms as porters at the gate.—All the Year Round.

A Chess Seat.

Theater Gloss (looking over diagram)—I will take this seat.

Box Rockbottom—One of the pillars is directly in front of that seat, sir.

Theater Goer—So I observed. I prefer a pillar to a high hat.—New York Weekly.

City Limits.

"I'm very sorry," said the young housekeeper, "but you won't do."

"What's the objection to me, madam?" asked the would-be maid-of-all-work.

"You are too tall. We live in a Yorkville flat, and our maid's room is only 4 by 5."—Harper's Bazar.

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