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TRUST.

If thou dost find cold spirits, hearts unkind,
Let this not vary thy disappointed mind
To think all men alike it is not so,
For still on earth the warmth of love doth glow.

If thou shalt meet with falsehood, faithly dealt,
Let this not to thy spirit's depth be felt,
For all men are not false truth doth still
Abide on earth and hearts for righteous will.

If thou shalt trust to friends who treachery plan,
Fall not thou out of faith with every man;
For honor yet is, and honor yet will live
The power that lies in a friend's faithfulness.

There is no evil that can thee befall,
If thou shalt save thy spirit from the thrall
Of bitterness, suspicion and despair,
And dwell alone in higher, purer air.

Have faith in God; he hills the tempests roam,
He hills the rising waves of woe to peace.
Have faith in him who gives you life and love and then
Thou shalt both love and trust thy fellow man.
—Elizabeth French in Portland Transcript.

MARRIED AT A GALLOP.

"Well!" in a decidedly testy tone, was the greeting old Joel Gringer gave the tall young schoolmaster who stood fumbling the latch of the front gate, and clearing his throat more for the sake of attracting attention than to remove any obstruction from his windpipe. "Well!"

But it wasn't well. That wasn't the right way to encourage the young man, and shrewd old Joel Gringer knew it. He wanted to make him go through the torture of telling him plainly that he had come to see his daughter, so that he could put an end to the thing then and there.

"Well!"

"If-an' I—I—just wanted to know if Miss—i'm, h'm—is at home," and the young fellow relieved his nervousness by digging up the gravel walk with his left toe at a rate that threatened to damage it worse than ten years' regular wear and tear.

"I thought your business was to teach the children to speak the English language! and here you can't do anything but hum and haw. I'm at home, and so is Growler there. Anything else?" and the steely eyes looked through the young man like a frost's.

"No, sir," with a loud shove, "I was just going up the road to Mr. Mason's, and wanted to know if the family were all well—that's all." And the bashful young fellow seemed so barefoaced his wits somewhere, for he turned easily away, raising his cane as he did so, and striking the people fillings over his head where sharp edges that made the leaves crack like a pistol.

And the old farmer's eyes were not so sharp as he pshaw himself they were, or he might have seen the flutter of something white, these distinct times, from the northwest spacing in the blinds above, and have guessed why the young man was so easily satisfied.

Maybe love is blind to its own objects, but for dullness of vision give me, all the time, the one that see over so sharp after a bargain, but have not the quickening of the divine passion to make them vigilant guards against the dangers that threaten to thwart love's plans. That's a long way of spelling Joel Gringer, but a true one.

He watched the straight, lithe young form until it merged into a shadow against Neighbor Mason's barn, and then began laughing to the shutters with a vehemence that said to all, "Joel Gringer can take care of his own every time—leave him alone for that."

"Gone on to Mason's," was his gruff answer to his wife's questioning look. "Only wanted to inquire after the health of the family. S'pose he thinks the deacon's mustered to pay him for goin' round an' doin' that—his, hu! What would the friends of two church of this family think with him? Good at fractions, they say. We'll see how his fractions work in this lesson. Much good it will do him to talk it over with John Mason, the old——"

"Sh—!" hissed cautiously into his ear, and a warning finger laid him to have uncomplimentary remarks on the neighbor—with whom he had been embroiled in a bitter lawsuit, and between whose farms a "devil's lane" presented any pinning of fine fences—hissed. "There's Mason's hired man again."

"Well?" About 20 per cent. more pepper than a normal sort.

"The old man sent me over to say them three hogs o' yourn's been into the back cornfield agin, an' he won't turn 'em out till doomsday, or leastways till they've done yit, an' makin' the interest on five thousand dollars fly like sixty—that's what the old man 'lows the devil'll fetch him. Jedter not take that there pen along, hed-jet Hi! Well till I can get out!"

The last exclamation was caused by preparations for unlocking the large building Growler, and Ben Stone made one leap over the fence and was out of hearing before Joel Gringer could think something about "going for whoever."

"Sold my say out. He's the dog's wisdomes enough, I reckon, to the scrimmage there'll be. I'm engaged in another case. Hogs ain't to my liktn', Joel Gringer, though I do know how to drive 'em pretty thick. Wouldn't a taken that dog if I hadn't called it a specialty of the premises. Lows! but there'll be smash to pay for to-night, sure's my name's Ben Stone."

Mrs. Gringer set her candle in the back kitchen window and her supper in the oven, and watched and waited for Joel's lantern to gleam down the lane leading to the back orchard.

But it was gleaming in more fantastic forms further away. It was playing hide and seek up and down dusty rows of corn, past in the milk and honeysuckle to the rural sation. He and Growler were defending the rear, with Mrs. Gringer doing sentinel duty for them—but what of the front.

In a little hollow in the road, not twenty rods from Joel Gringer's house, the thick green turf by the wagside served as a cushion for the feet of two restive steeds that would stamp at the troublesome flies. Every nail was fast in their shoes, and every strap buckled tight, while the nervy fellows—two of the most tireless travelers John Mason's stable could boast—champed their bits restlessly and tossed their heads, throwing now and then a flake of foam that flashed white silvery brightness in the chance rays of moonlight, and—But what is that?

Adown the green, thorny hedgerow that defended Joel Gringer's possessions from the wagside grasses dotted a slight figure, stumbling and falling, and then darting swiftly forward toward the little hell which seemed to be the rendezvous sought.

"Is that you, Nancy?" a hoarse, excited whisper not her a few rods distant from the person.

"Hi——! Yes! I never saw a man who could help spoiling things by blunders. There, don't tear it to tears, Richard; I won't stand you again after all this until we are"——

"Married."

"Yes, but dress let so bitter! I'm afraid every minute that there man haven't done pointin to the obstinacy of their nature, and jaiers"——

"Well, give me your foot and off we go. We'll show Joel Gringer whether I am competent to teach addition to a girl."

"And are you sure the preacher understands?"

"Sure, darling; he's to be at Brother Bidwell's tonight, as he was to the Kilduff appointment. Now, sail follows, on your best. Mr. Mason told me not tempers knowledge."

As the clatter of the hoofs rang down the road past John Mason's two mansion night-hawks might have been witnessed—the gleam of a light across the fields, swaying and flickering as it neared the house, by an excited, anxious hand, and a man leaning against the door of John Mason's stables, whittling a stick and musing over something which evidently pleased him much.

He, he! I never helped take them out of here. Can't prove it by me who's takin' to stealin' hein's I been behind the haystack tryin' to hammer the bung in that barrel! An' it wouldn't stay, but it made an awful racket. There's one consolation; if them there horses have to go Dry, they've been well fed an' every shoe is as sound as a trigger—he, he!" And Ben Stone shut up his knife and went in to inform his master that as lately as not some one had stolen something or other about the place, but it couldn't be proved by him.

"Shut up and go to bed with you, and don't answer questions until your asked!" was the sort reply, with this addition in an undertone: "I—I couldn't begrudge the best span I've got to get even with old Gringer some more."

Faster, patter! click, click! neck to neck and nostril to nostril, along ridge and through wooded hollow skimmed the two fleet mercers like some well mated birds of flight. But few words were exchanged, but two pairs of human ears, at least, strained, minute by minute, to catch the first sound of expected pursuit.

Out of another valley and up to the top of another ridge they go steadily, panting and steaming. They pause a second to breathe, and look and listen.

Away back on the last ridge, a mile or more away, the moonlight glistens on something bright—silver plated bonkles or saddle decoration—and then there comes a clear, ringing sound, as when steel strikes flint.

"He's coming! Oh, hurry, Dick! We can't reach Mr. Bidwell's in time; it's"——

"Three miles yet, and"——

"You know Fleetwood's swift; Mr. Mason never had a horse that could outrun him. What shall we do? Oh, if only we were"——

"Married, and I could sell you my own; then I would not need to run to a step, but could defend my rights to you in the eyes of the law. Listen! What's that behind?"

"The Corners are just down there, you know, and some one may be coming on the cross road."

"An idea! That is the direction from which the preacher comes. What if it should be— But, no; he's going straight ahead of us. We have to turn to Wing up, and let's overtake him, whoever the rider is!"

And the two blown and jaded horses were urged afresh.

A quarter of a mile half a mile; three-quarters. The sound of hoofs in both directions are growing distinct. Oh, so near behind!

"Call him, Richard! He may stop. Oh, if it only be!"

"But your father will hear, too, and hasten! Hello, there! Wait!"

"Who is it?"

"I don't be mistaken in that voice, Dick. He will stopped. Now"——

In a moment the overtaken party was seen, sure enough, to be the very preacher they were riding hard and fast to find. But while the situation was being explained the footsteps of the pursuing horse were heard close by, and in a minute another "Hello!" rang on their ears, hoarse and infuriated. "Stop! I say, I command you! Nancy, your father tells you to stop! Young man, I'll horsewhip you on the spot if you don't give me my daughter!"

The two looked at each other in despair. There would scarcely be time to begin the ceremony. Must they be torn asunder when so near the goal? The thought nerved the girl then pale, and she almost sank helpless in her lover's arms.

But the preacher, luck woodsman that he was, was a man of well nine nerves, and of heart as well. "Keep on," said he quietly, "and ride as fast as you can. I will follow. Join your hands and off first to the saddle when I tell you. I have it all on the tip of my tongue. The Lord pioneer, you'll be man and wife before that loom thunders his wrath on the neighbor."

Clatter, clatter—click, click! rang the sharp hoof beats! Nearer and nearer they came together; but the words rolled off the preacher's lips, as he rose and said of his stirrups, faster than the speed of the racers.

It was a race of tongue against hoof!

The wind, said pelting of the iron shod feet were pitted against heart throbs and brain pulses and trembling lips!

The strain upon John Mason's horseflesh, and its fleetness conquered, he was master spared him neither pain nor life, was telling; but the tension on two hearts that were tortured by suspense was still more terrible.

Nearer and nearer sped Fleetwood, until his horse pawing almost drowned the pleasantest words that a few rods separated them!

"Join your right hands," came the sharp command.

"Hold, I command you, in the name of"——

"Put spare! Forasmuch as Richard W. Anderson and Annie Gringer have engaged to"——

"Hold up there! I'm an officer of the law!" demanded another voice, drowning the rest of the preacher's "forasmuch." But the wild wedding party dashed forward, now almost covered by the dust the others raised, and the preacher's lips worked fast.

"In the name of the Father"——

"Hold, at you'll suffer the penal"——

"And of the Son"——

"Give me my daughter, you villain!"

"And of the Holy Ghost, I pronounce that they are husband and wife. Amen."

And used from the dust!

There was a halt then, and explanations that disarmed the man of the law and sent old Joel Gringer back to his belated supper with visio cravings of his luck.

The supper at Bidwell's was flavored with pleasanter reflections, and Ben Stone had many an opportunity to wonder aloud, in his sly way, "How in tarnation those horses ever did get into old man Mason's cornfield just when Dick Anderson wanted to head Joel Gringer off at the doughnuts."—J. F. Cowan in Frank Leslie's Monthly.

True, As to Some.

The Cynic—What's a bachelor machine? Do you really imagine that you are the greatest of inventions here?

The Gas Meter Infidelity—Can you name a greater?

The Cynic—Assuredly. It is the tattlesiam.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Every one knows how unlucky it is supposed to be to kill one of the fine "money spiders." It is rather hard to say why these little creatures should have protection awarded to them in this way, unless it is because they are particularly numerous on a fine morning.

The Day of Rest.

In an altogether different way from that for which the advocates of the Christian Sabbath have wrought so long, the establishment of their wishes seems at hand. In Europe so powerful a current has set in the direction of the consolation of labor on Sunday that government action has been taken in its favor in Germany and Hungary. In France, long called the most "godless" country in civilization, the sentiment in government circles is strongly in favor of a day of rest once a week, but whether Sunday shall be officially designated as that day is not settled. The fear of appearing to make a concession to sectarian religious sentiment restrains such designation.

Noticeable in this agitation is the fact that the promoters of the weekly day of rest in Europe are particular to emphasize the fact that it is in no sense set apart for religious observance, but is a concession to the laboring people's cause. The progress of enlightement for the human race has developed the fact that one day of rest and recreation in the week is essential to man. Sunday is more convenient than any other for that say in consequence of its traditional observance, therefore Sunday is chosen. But it is only to be a holiday.

Well Satisfied.

When the late Archbishop Tait was passing some time in a little village of Perthshire he received an unexpected and no doubt a pleasing expression of appreciation. As far as it went the tribute to his ability as a preacher was sincere. He had given instructions for his luggage to be sent to the local post-office to be called for.

The day that he arrived in the village he walked down to the general shop, which also did duty for the post-office, and asked, "Are there any letters for the Archbishop of Canterbury?"

The storekeeper had something to say before he answered the question. "Maybe you'll be that parson yersel'?"

"Well," said the archbishop, "as a matter of fact, I am."

"Well," the postmaster continued earnestly, "I have a son and he is in a shop in London, and he told me that he alone gaed to St. Paul's cathedral to hear ye preach, and he was verra weel satisfied wi' ye."—Youth's Companion.

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