

THE LITTLE WORN SHOES.

A mother stood by an open drawer,
These now are too small to use,
And she laid them away, with a careless hand,

A little, worn pair of shoes.

Then she took baby up in her tender arms;

She knew 'twas her rightful place,
And the mother imprinted a loving kiss
On the upturned baby face.

Little soft golden rings of hair,

And blue eyes open wide,

A sweet little mouth and a dear little nose—

A baby who never cried.

But tired of laughing and toys and fun,

And tired of trying to creep,

The little head dropped on the mother's arm

And baby was fast asleep.

A year rolled on, and the mother's heart

Was chastened beneath the rod,

The house was still, with no baby voice,

For the baby was home with God.

The mother tried to forget her grief,

But she did not attempt to pray,

"She could not love God," she bitterly said,

"Who had taken her child away."

Again at the drawer the mother stood,

With a worldly and careless face,

But at something she saw a tear dropped down

And hid in the folds of lace.

The little old shoes she held in her hand,

As she stood in the twilight there,

"I must see my baby again," she cried,

And she fell on her knees in prayer.

In a sobbing voice she softly said,

"O God, thy way I choose!"

And she tenderly kissed, and she clasped them close—

The little, worn pair of shoes.

The Dead Wife.

GRIEF VERY OFTEN COMES TOO LATE.

The hour set for the funeral had come.
The hearse, with its black plumes, stood at the farm-house door.
It seemed a strange and foreign thing among the bright-colored hollyhocks,

The house, the Jersey wagons of the neighboring farming filled the road, for the Garretts were much respected.

Mrs. Garrett, who had just died, was a "home body" and saw but little of her neighbors, but her husband had grown rich by great industry and close saving and had pushed his children on in the world.

John, his only son, had been to college, and the girls to boarding school, and they were so improved that they seemed to belong to quite another class from their mother.

They had stood with their father at the coffin to look for the last time at the woman who lay there.

"Your mother was a pretty woman when she was young," the farmer had said. It had startled him to see how thin and withered her face was under the white hair.

"Sarah's only fifty," he continued. "She hadn't ought to look so old," he said. He had not thought of her looks when she was alive.

There was a certain sullen resentment under his grief that she was dead. How was he to do without her? She was a master hand at cooking, butter making, laundry work and sewing.

He had never thought to ask her if she needed help. She had never complained, and to complete her work she had risen at four and had gone to bed late at night. Things always ran smoothly. She never spoke of being ill. It stunned him when she took this cold and sank under it in two days. The doctor said that all her strength was gone. "Sarah had the strength of ten women," the husband said. "Where had it gone?"

He was amazed and indignant. Was this the justice of God, to take away a woman so useful in this world? It was not just!

Her daughters sobbed vehemently. She had always been so tender! She did so much for them! They did not, it is true, feel well acquainted with her since they grew up. But between their music and their studies and their young companions, and other social occupations, their lives had been filled! The smoothed the folds of her mourning gown, a little ashamed that the neighbors should see that she had no silk dress. She had insisted that each of them should have silk gowns, and had helped to make them.

Jack, her son, like his father, was shocked to see how tired and worn his mother looked. He had talked for a year or two of taking her to New York. She had never seen a great city. But he always had some engagement. He remembered now that she had made enough in the dairy to keep him in spending money at college. He wished he had contrived that little holiday for her! They all felt now how good and unselfish she had been, and how dear to them.

"Why should she be taken from us?" the old man moaned bitterly. "It is cruel. Why has God done this thing?" And the dead woman lying there, her lips closed forever, could make no answer save that which had stamped upon the thin, worn face that seemed pleading for rest.—Youth's Companion.

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SCHEDULE IN EFFECT SUNDAY DEC. 23rd, 1894.

NORTHBOUND.

Weldon, 3:22 p.m.

Ar. Weldon, 11:54 a.m.

Ar. Henderson, 1:32 p.m.

Ar. Durham, 4:12 p.m.

Ar. Raleigh, 6:50 p.m.

Ar. Southern Pines, 8:27 p.m.

Ar. Hamlet, 7:25 p.m.

Ar. Weldon, 1:05 p.m.

Ar. Fayetteville, 2:30 p.m.

Ar. Weldon, 11:53 p.m.

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