MOORE INDEX.

W. J. STUART.

"TRUTH W

OUT FEAR."

J. C. BLACK.

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Growler Grim's Dream.

Why should I be so thankful, pray?' Grim Growler, reading, roughly spake. Ive had my own hard row to hoe-My way all through the world to make; 've earned the comforts that I own, I've rubbed my lot to make it bright; I've toiled, as any man may do, And hold my place to-day of right."

Thanksgiving eve! yet thankless thoughts Came trooping through old Growler's brain As he sat sipping crusty port And counting up his worldly gain. Upon the printed page, laid down, Some words, it seemed, had caught his eye Of thanks that were the morrow's due For blessings sent us from on high.

But when the twilight dusky grew, And leaping firelight flickered faint, Beside his hearthstone something stood-A Presence, white robed like a saint: Which, pointing to the ruddy gray Of failing fire, by current stirred, Spake low and soft, and strangely sweet: 'Oh mortal, thou hast greatly erred.

Who keeps that wondrous metronome Of beating heart without thy care? Who keeps the body safe in sleep And wakes it to the morning fair? You carved your lot? you asked for work? For capital your hands were all? Who kept that right arm strong and sound? Who bade the rich man heed your call?

'Behold!' The rosy ashes stirred-A country boy stood sad and shy Before the mighty merchant prince, With restless hands and drooping eye. The while, until he turned, approved, A white-winged angel waited there. Though neither boy nor master knew The fair shape of a mother's prayer.

Again the drifting ashes shone: 'There go your ships safe to the land: See you, above the tallest mast. The guidance of a shining hand? You make your boast no missing ship Was ever marked from off your list: Who gave the wild wind to your hand From out that mighty hollow fist?

Look thou! Upon a couch of pain A baby weak and helpless lies; Can you give back the rosy life That seems just nearing paradise? Behold! Two angles bear the child Just near enough for God to kiss, Then give it back to mother-arms To keep a while. Could you do this?

When sore temptation trod the verge And you came yery near to fall, Yet bounded bad

those trying years, was that my faith in Obed was deep as the sea and firm as the everlasting hil . I no more believed it possible for him to do what he thought to be wrong than it was for him to fly. He is not a brilliant tellow. you know, but for solid qualities, as honesty, integrity, pureness of heart, earnestness, charitableness of judgment, accuracy of knowledge and a high and keen sense of justice, I have never known his equal. I never thought of his yielding to temptation, or abandon ing any good cause because it was weak. In my estimation he was as a bulwark of strength. I suppose that I endowed him, id a way, with my own decision and firmness, which have always made it as easy for me to say no as yes in regard to anything about which my convictions were clear.

The greatest trial we had to contend with was our inability to be liberal and thoroughly hospitable. This suburban own where we now live is much wealthier now than then, but even then it was aristocratic enough to tell what its future would be. Every denomination must have its own church, and there were always fairs and festivals and subscriptions for this and that; and Obed was a church member, and very much looked up to because of his abilities, fine social position and high character, and you can imagine how, with our miserable income, it was utterly impossible for us to buy tickets for everything, subscribe toward the preacher's salary, or contribute generously toward the church expenses in any way. The very best 'widow's mite,' and whenever help was needed that entailed no expense, to render that But when it came to money, mind you, we could go no further. We held it to be a crime to let our honest

That ignoble thought quite passed away, and half an hour later I heard at his own expense, for he had come in-Obed's step on the walk, a little less to possession of his patrimony then, reeager than usual, it seemed to me, and fitted the old church, which. after all, the moment he reached the porch I has come to be fashionable as well as knew something was wrong, for I can useful. When the suggestion was made always tell from Obed's face the state of to have the old church repaired Obed his feelings.

'Well, back agair, are you, Obed?' I that rather than have a single man or said by way of greeting, as he threw his woman subscribe a farthing beyond what hat town with a boyish fling.

'You and what do you think I've done, Nell?' he asked vehemently.

'I couldn't say, Obed,' I replied qui-

*Subscribed a hundred dollars to that pesky church! I'm ashamed of myself! I despise myself! I never felt so mean gone because of that 'dreadful subscripin all my life! a hundred dollars!-and | tion,' he would worship in a barn to the you here slaving your fingers' ends off! end of his days. I often think if people I deserve to be shot for my ignominy!

'A hundred dollars!' I echoed faintly, feeling the blood rushing to my but consider the possible harm they heart, It may seem silly to you that for that paltry sum of money we should have been made so miserable; but to us, at that time, it was like a million.

'Obed!' I cried, 'after some moments of silence, 'not for ten thousand one prays to be delivered. bundred dollars would I have lost my faith in your strength to do right.'

'Oh, Nell, 'tis just that which cuts me to the quick,' he quickly retorted .-'Nobody could have made me believe that I would do such a thing. I am as surprised and pained as you can possibly be, for I had no idea that I had such a streak of weakness within me! St. Paul must have foreseen me, for sure, when he warned men to take heed lest that we could do was to cast in our they fall, while thinking that they stand.'

Poor Obed! I had never mortified and humiliated, and count of that 'pesky church.'

Then I asked him to tell me how i debts go unpaid for the sake of feeding happened, and he described the method the contribution box. We knew men employed by the bishop and his officials who did that way, but they were always to raise the six thousand dollars. The in financial trouble, and I don't think officials each went among the congregathey enjoyed their religion much, es tion, soliciting subscriptions from occupecially when they were sold out by the pants of each pew; then, as the amount sheriff their fa vilies reduced to penury, subscribed failed to reach the desired families suffering loss sum, a new appeal was made

Two years ago Obed, almost entirely made a little speech, in which he said he or she was abundantly able to give. he much preferred to bear the entire expense himself; and that all subscriptions to the fund must be voluntary .-He afterward said to me that rather than have any person subjected to the pain and humiliation that we had underwho solicit subscriptions with a persistence that amounts to insolence, would commit, that they would ply their business with more consideration, remembering that overcoming a good man's sense of right and duty, is leading him into the temptation from which he daily

MARY WASER FISHER

In the Early California Days.

The Virginia City, Nev., Chronicle tells this story: 'Why didn't I save my gold dust when I had it, young feller?' sneered an old pioneer last night, who had been bragging to the loungers in Knox's courtroom of the piles of gold he had got rid of in early days. 'Well, p'r'aps its nat'ral to ask that, seein' you don't even know what dust looks like In them days a man had to be his banker, an' the only safe b feller's pocket. It wouldn't your dust nowhere if you to turn up missin' when it. A thousand dollars just about five rounds, a get four or five thousand it ain't no easy load to pack blowed if the dead weigh men's belt hasn't driven diggin's down to Frisco a

NEW STORE AND NEW GOODS.