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SOMETHING KIND.

If thou canst tell me something kind
 That has been thought of me,
 If thou canst lift my spirit up
 To moods of buoyancy,
 Then speak the words I pray thee,
 dear,
 However light they seem.
 Withhold not from me anything
 That adds to life a sweet dream.

If thou canst tell me of some one
 Whom I have chanced to aide,
 If thou canst point me to some spot
 That I have brighter made,
 Then whisper softly unto me,
 In accents fond and low,
 The kind truth never hurts nor
 harms,
 But sets the heart aglow.

So come with light and warmth and
 cheer
 To meet me every day.
 Reflect to me the world's bright
 smiles,
 And hide its sorrows away.
 Oh, hast thou sorrows of thine own?
 Have others injured thee?
 Unburden as thou wilt, thou'lt feel
 My tender sympathy.

But if some cruel, heedless tongue
 Has uttered words of hate,
 With justice or injustice cursed
 My errors, hesitate
 Before thou tell'st me what will bring
 But shadows in my life.
 God knows we all have need of love
 "To calm our secret strife."

If thou canst tell me something kind
 That has been thought or spoken,
 If thou canst lift a spirit up
 Too oft by treach'ry broken,
 Repeat it, dear, my faith inspire,
 However vain it seems;
 For I would fain be truthful still,
 Nor wake from life's sweet dreams.
 —Selected.

RICHARD STERLING'S HERITAGE.

BY ELSIE ROBERSON.

Richard Sterling turned the old wallet over in his fingers. It was all that was left him now—the old wallet and his youth and health. There were his memories, of course—some sweet, some sad, but all very dear to his boyish heart. Here, beneath the old maple tree by the gate, where the two had most loved to sit, the full realization of his orphaned condition was forced upon him. He was alone in the world, for his mother had died when he was but a wee chap of four years.

One special paper, which he found in the wallet, seemed to interest him greatly, for he read it carefully several times, and a look of high resolve and dauntless courage came into his gray eyes as he read. As he folded the paper reverently, and was laying it away again inside the wallet, a shadow fell across the grass.

"Morning, Dick," said the voice of his neighbor across the road. "It's hard, lines for you, losing your father. What have you got there? Something he left you, eh?"

The keen eyes were riveted on the paper Dick was putting away, as he rose and answered briefly:

"Yes, sir."
 "Going to invest it or live it out?" pursued Neighbor Gow.

"I haven't decided," stammered the boy in some confusion.

"Hope you don't think I'm trying to pry into matters that don't concern me said the old man hastily. "But a boy might better trust his elders. Going to get a place to work?" he questioned with great eagerness.

"I should like a place," answered Dick, in a straightforward manner. "Father certainly would not like me to be idle."

"You can begin on my garden, if you like," offered Mr. Gow affably. "It needs weeding badly, and I can't seem to find a minute, even if I hadn't a crick in my spine whenever I bend over. I ain't as young as I used to be, that's a fact. What say, Dick? Will you take the job? You'll be saving your capital and I'll give you ten cents a row and your board and lodging. If you're sly, you can clean out five rows between dawn and dark, and that'll be fifty cents a day, all found."

Dick reflected. His father had wished him to stay in the country. "It's the best and purest place," he was wont to say.

And Dick himself did not care for the city. He had always wanted to learn the secrets of market gardening. Here was his chance. Jacob Gow had the finest garden in the scope of three counties on Nebraska soil, but he had a reputation that made workmen hesitate as Dick was hesitating now. He smiled faintly at thought of those weedy rows and their unmentioned length. But his resolution was soon made.

"I'll try the garden, sir," he said, quietly.

"Afterwards I may have something else, if you work well," approved the shrewd market gardener. "Will you begin tomorrow?"

"This afternoon, if you like," said Dick.

"Good! Come after dinner, then," and with a parting nod, Mr. Gow stumped home across the road.

So Dick took up the work of weeding, under Mr. Gow's supervision, to the mingled pity and wonder of the village. But Mr. Gow did not get hold of anything Dick might have had in the wallet, though he tried by every insinuation possible to induce the lad to yield his heritage to his keeping. Dick was obtuse, and gave no intimation that he understood the hints thrown out by his employer.

He worked manfully at his job in the garden, unconscious that his neighbors and friends were discussing him and his prospects with more or less interest, as the season advanced. His work gave him no time for gossip, if he had been inclined that way, which he was not. When the big garden was weeded, Mr. Gow had another proposal to make.

"I'll give you eight dollars a month and board from now till fall, and find you work, seeing as you want to learn market gardening, though it's money out of my pocket to hire at that. But," he added craftily, "likely enough when you're through you'll see best to put it where you've got and let me put it to earning something for you."

Dick accepted the offer, ignoring the closing remark. The few dollars he saved were put carefully away in the old wallet.

"I declare I'd starve before I'd work like you do for any man," said Ben Wilson indignantly, as the two lads met one evening in the village. "He's putting lots more on you than you agreed to do for eight dollars. I know old Gow, and so do you, I should think."

"That may be; but I promised to stay, so I can't leave," replied Dick.

"It isn't in writing," urged Ben.

"No; but it is in my word."
 "Then, if I couldn't leave, I'd take some way of feathering my nest and make my perquisites," declared the other vehemently.

"Whatever I get in this life will be honestly come by," was all Dick vouchsafed in answer, as he walked away.

"Who was that lad?" asked a gentleman who chanced to overhear part of the conversation.

"Well, it is not the most desirable job but it will not have to be done again this season," he answered, good-naturally.

Mr. Gow watched the boy plunge into work with almost reckless zeal. He saw him do extra jobs that he found for him, until even his grasping soul felt some compunction as Dick's face grew more serious, and on Friday night the end of the month, he actually fingered an extra quarter for some minutes after he had paid the boy his regular wages. But his fingers came out of the pocket empty, and he said to Dick:

"You've been extra smart this week, lad, but I want you up a little earlier than common tomorrow morning."

"All right, sir," replied Dick. "It's fences first, I believe."

All that night the boy tossed sleeplessly on his bed. Finally he arose and went to the window, standing with folded arms, as he looked toward the lights of Omaha, visible not three miles away.

"He wants a boy of my reputation," he said to himself; "and, if I do it, he will not get such a boy, so that ends it."

Then he went back to bed and fell asleep.

He was up before his employer next morning, and came near, as Mr. Gow was wont to boast in after years, to doing a day's work before breakfast. After breakfast the same pace was kept up till late in the forenoon. Suddenly the old gardener dropped his hammer decisively. He looked at the sun.

"Nearly ten o'clock, Dick. Go hitch up Nell and then get into your clothes. I want you to go along with me."

Wondering inwardly, Dick obeyed both orders, and the two were presently driving at a rattling pace toward Omaha. Just before noon they drove up to a beautiful estate, comprising wide parks and flower gardens, fair as a dream of Eden. A man approached them as Mr. Gow drew rein, and Dick perceived to his intense astonishment, that it was Mr. Weston, his caller of two days before.

"Mr. Gow, I believe," he said pleasantly. "Drive right in and let me know what I can do for you."

"I can tell you that without driving in," said Mr. Gow with a blunt directness. "You've been trying to coax my boy away," and he chuckled at the look of astonishment on the faces of his two hearers. "I was behind that slump fence and heard every word of that talk. Here, Dick, you jump down and see what you can find out about celery growing, while I'm settling things."

"But, Mr. Gow—"

"You needn't say a word. I heard it all, and I know you ain't sulked or shirked or struck a lick less. I wouldn't be here if it wasn't so. Go along, I tell you."

Dick went to look at the celery, but returned shortly to hear Mr. Gow saying:

"I don't hold up anything against Dick but one thing."

"What is that?" asked Dick, anxiously.

"Well, I did think you might have let me know something about what your father left you, and let me have the use of it, seeing I gave you your first chance. But I shan't go back on what I came for. He's to be depended on, Mr. Weston, from first to last, and you're to keep him right here now, while I'm in the notion. He's been square with me, and I'll be square with him."

In a flash Dick realized what the old man meant, and his face lighted as he drew forth the old wallet, his hands trembling with emotion.

"This is what father left—all there is," he said gently, handing the wallet to Mr. Gow, whose eyes regained their beady look as he grasped it. He opened it and drew out a folded paper, at which he gazed steadily for some moments, then hastily crowded it back into the wallet and pushed the latter into Dick's hands.

"I've had the use of that heritage five months and never knew it until to-day," he said huskily, as he gathered up the lines and drove hastily away.

Dick drew the paper forth and handed it to Mr. Weston, who read as follows:

"My son, this is your heritage—a good name. Keep it clean. Seize the first worthy opportunity that comes, and do not relinquish it except for a better. Make your word your bond. Be honest, industrious, true, to yourself, and all others. Have faith in God. Success will come."

"John Sterling."

"I didn't think," it was people say oftentimes when they suddenly become aware of the pain which some heedless act or careless word of theirs has given to a gentle heart. Too often our thoughtfulness is an after-thought; the problem is to get it to its true place, where it will become motive and inspiration to gentleness, instead of pain and penitence over a failure in love's duty. We would do well to get our kindness done while they will do good, giving cheer and encouragement, and keeping them back till there is need for them—J. R. Miller, D. D.

"I fired of bugging?" he asked once.

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For The Home.

BE SQUARE.

We may name a hundred drawbacks That a man must meet in life,
 We may say it's all a "battle,"
 And a never ending "strife,"
 Then resolve to meet it bravely—
 Stand the test—to do and dare—
 But the secret of true victory
 Lies in one word, just be "Square."

There is something in the twinkle Of an honest fellow's eye
 That can never be mistaken
 And can never be passed by,
 Be his station high or lowly,
 There's that dauntless upright air,
 Which convinces all beholders
 That the man they see is "Square."

Heaven gives such men influence
 Over those they daily meet.
 If they see a fallen brother,
 They will help him keep his feet—
 Make the "sneaks" a bit uneasy—
 Make the "false" act kind of fair,
 For the greatest rogue on record
 Will respect the man who's "Square."

—M. Gertrude Robertson.

AUNT CA'LINE'S WAH'NIN'.

BY VADE MECUM.

If there was anything in the world that made Jill an altogether happy little girl, it was to have Aunt Ca'line roast her an egg. It was always a very momentous occasion to them both, the interest beginning when the wrinkled brown face and the dimpled pink-and-white one, bent over the wellfilled basket to select the eggs for roasting, and continued to grow deeper and deeper until the hot tid-bit was fished out of the ashes, all ready for eating.

"Hit's bleeged ter be er big 'un," (quoth Aunt Ca'line, nodding her towering turban wisely. "No' know when hit gins ter bile, hit's got ter have room ter swell in, kase efen hit ain't, dar's gwyn ter be er bust'ed egg, an' er bust'ed aigg alais means er wah'nin' dat somethin' gwyn come ter pass."

This last impressed Jill greatly, and she and the old woman searched carefully through the eggs, until three were found just the right shape and size. Shape was important as well as size, for, as Aunt Ca'line oracularly declared, "Hit's bleeged ter be bigger at one end dan hit an' at de uther, kase efen hit ain't, hit'll topple over an' all spill out, an' den I axes yo', whar's yo' aigg?" This last was a convincing argument, so of course an egg with a solid foundation was chosen.

Then each shell had to have a little hole picked in the small end, into which a stout straw was inserted, to serve as a handle by and by, when the egg was done. They were next carefully wrapped in wet brown paper, and then tucked snugly down among the hot wood ashes, while the two roasters, with Dandy an interested third, sat down before the big fireplace to await results.

"I'm so glad you told me about the bluebirds yesterday, Aunt Ca'line, for I do love to hear about the pretty things that live out of doors," announced Jill, her dimpled chin in her hand, and her eyes on the eggs. The old woman was knitting in her low chair, and at the child's words she adjusted the huge horn rimmed glasses on her flat nose and beamed approvingly at the little bluewinged figure sitting in the old egg basket.

"Sho' now, honey, yo' jes' teches de warnes' spot in my ole heart when yo' 'lows dat, kase endurin' de years sence my chillum all went erway ter freedom I got mighty thick wid de burds an' de bees' dat roams eround' my cabin. Er dumb critter'er er whole passel o' company when yo' done got ole an' lonesome. Hit's true dat dey can't do nuffin in de takin' 'line' cept howl an' bark an' squawk, an' 'squeal an' bellow, but dat's er mussy sometimes, kase dar ain't er mite o' danger o' dey gettin' uppety, an' er jawin' 'o' yo' back."

"I wish Jimmy was a beast of the field or a fowl of the air," said Jill, and then as Aunt Ca'line's mouth and eyes opened wide, she nodded her bright head vigorously. "I do, indeed, for then he couldn't do anything but squeal and squawk and bellow and howl, and now he can do all those things, and he can talk besides, and that is the very worst of all! Today I found a poor little bird in the grass and brought it in to feed it. I thought it was a mocker, but Jimmy said I was a girl, and didn't have any sense, for it was just an old catbird and that he was going to squash it. He did, so it's dead now." And the big tears stood so thick in the brown eyes that Jill failed entirely to see the happy little jig the straws in the eggs were dancing.

"I gwyn lay my han' on dat dar Jeems, yo' see efen I ain't!" snorted Aunt Ca'line, with a fervor that made a naughty jill beam and twinkle through her tears. "I reckon I knows as much erbout catbirds as dat boy do, an' so I'll tell him de fast chanc' I gits."

"Tell me about them right now, while our eggs cook," piped Jill, nearly toppling out of her egg basket in her eagerness to learn the ways of another bird, and beaming delightedly at her small listener, the ancient oracle began:

"I has allus been great on fambly, kase I laks ter know what kine o' deceenters folkes comes from, an' I 'lows dat what's good in people am mighty likely ter be good in burd an' beast critters. So I'm pintedly pleased ter specify dat de catbird am er double fast cousin ter de mocker."

"Dar's er pair o' catburds dat's been buildin' in my yard fer three year now come dis May, an' I mus' say, I ain't neber seed er mo' pleasin' behaved couple o' critters in all my bawn days! An' why hit is, dat boys an' even men folkses, as well, 'lows dat er catbird am er fswel ter be rocked an' treated mean is somethin' I ain't eber been able ter fine out."

"He's er mighty tasty burd in de dress, an' Mars Cat Burd, an' w'ars er tight gray jacket dat's mighty be comin' ter his fine figger. Miss Cat Burd she mo' quiet lak, an' w'ar er dress dat's pritty dingy, though she's er dapper little burd ooman, an' sho' do love her nes' an' her chillum!"

"Dese two I'm 'quainted wid build dey nes' in dat dar thorn tree rat by my back gate, an' I mus' say hit's er mighty wobbly, rough kind o' place ter go ter 'housekeepin' in. Hit's made o' sticks, all piled together, and de inside lined smooove an' saft wid roots an' har' what Mars Cat Burd mos' likely stole outen er hoss's tail."

"Dem two sho' do lak each uther, an' de way he sing an' dance in de trees fer her to look at am jes' plum bawdacious! An' fight! Why, chile, dat dar Mars Cat Burd, he jes' matchally totes er chip on he shoulder all de time, an' he go troompin' 'roun' plum bus'in, open fer somebody to knock hit off. An' efen trouble don't trouble him, he jes' gits out an' hunts hit up, an' den bounces in and raises de biggest racket ever yo' heard in all yo' bawn days. Dar's my ole cat, Rhody, a peaceabler cat ain't neber been bawn dan my Rhody, but Mars Cat Burd, he jes' skip up ter her, when she takin' er nap in de sun, and he flop her wid he wing, an' he swear at her, twell dat po' ole Rhody, she flatten herself out lak she been tromped on, an' de way she skeedaddle under de cabin am plum ter rifyin'."

"An' de yellar hen! He hop at her twell she jes' gits teched in de hair, an' he flop along de path arter me, an' swar in burd talk, twell I 'low I mus' be de no countes' ole nigger ooman dat dar catbird ever sot wickel brack eye on."

"An' de way de little chap sing do beat all creation! He gits up dar on de branch by he nes', whar Miss Cat Burd kin see him, an' den yo' neber see such shines as he cut, er bowin' an' er mak in'er er feather fan outen he tail, an' er hoop skirt wid he wings! Den, when her eyes mos' poppin' out wid pleasure, kase he so handsome, he gin ter sing de 'soses' little song, an' hit gits louder an' sweeter, twell bime-by hit 'ud mek Mars Mockin Burd tuck he haud mek shame, hit so pritty."

"Jimmy says catbirds eat up a lot of fine fruit every year," piped Jill from the egg basket, and loud and long did Aunt Ca'line snort.

"I sees rat pintedly dat I got ter place my han' on dat dar oneary Jeems," she said, wagging her white turban ominously. "De mite o' fruit the catbird eat in er year ain't wuff even talkin' erbout, hit's so little, an' de bugs dat he catches in de orchard is so many dat ebery farmer had ought ter git mighty thick wid him, kase he jes' de bes' frien' he kin have, let me tell yo' dat! Effen dey would let de catbirds alone, dar wouldn't be so many fine fruit trees et up by varmints as dey is every year."

"I got er mighty saft place in my ole heart fer Miss Cat Burd, kase I ain't neber yit seed no critter dat love her home an' her fambly lak dat little thing do. Her nes' blowed outen de tree one year, an' de nex' day I foun' her crouched in hit, rat kerslap on de gronn! Den she got er good heart fer urrer folkses' troubles, too, has Miss Cat Burd, kase sometimes when she fine er nes' o' young burds, whose mar been kilt by some boy lak dat Jeems, little Miss Cat Burd, she keeps keer o' dem yether babies as well as her own twell de po' thing am all wore out. Dey sings hyar in my yard, an' dey teach all dey little ones ter fly in my trees, froo de summer on, den some night in de fall time o' de year Mars Cat Burd he go troompin' erbout, tellin' he frien's dat he gwyn Souf fer he health, an' off dey go, wid out so much as er word o' goodby, flyin' erway to whar hit's warm, in de darkness o' de nightime."

Absorbed in her talk, Aunt Ca'line had not noticed the eggs, nor had any but Dandy heard the sinister mutterings that came from the big yellow one, right in the middle of the hearth. It was having rather a hard time of it, was that egg, the white bubbling over the sides and running down in a little puddle among the ashes. Sundry hisses an' plops followed this miniature volcanic eruption, and then,