

FOR THE BOYS

It's up to you, my son

There are two trails in life, my boy,

One leads to height, to fame,

To honor, glory, peace and joy,

And one to depths of shame,

And you can reach the glorious height—

Its honors can be won—

Or you can grope in shame's dark night—

It's up to you, my son.

One trail is strewn with labor's flowers,

With sharp thorns here and there;

One leads through wicked pleasure dowers

That to the eyes are fair.

One trail ascends and day by day

You climb—you cannot run—

And one is down hill all the way—

It's up to you, my son.

Stern duty guides the upper trail,

Exact obedience, too;

And he who treads it cannot fail

To win if he be true.

But fickle folly, gay with smiles

Rules o'er the other one,

And leads to ruin with her wiles—

It's up to you, my son.

At end of one trail you will find

That all the tears and moans

And galling cares you left behind

Were needed stepping stones;

And at the other's end you'll see

Your pleasures, one by one,

But led you on to misery—

It's up to you, my son.

At partings on the trail you stand,

At early man's old gate—

Your future lies in your own hand—

Will it be low or great?

If now you choose the trail of Right

When you the height have won,

You'll bask in honor's fadeless light—

It's up to you, my son.—Ex.

A Printer's Prayer

"Oh let this day be filled with the good things of life; deliver us from the hell box, and fill every delinquent subscriber's heart with a dollar's worth of remorse; guard over the office devil and deliver him from wiping his hand on the office towel; give us many periods of rest; keep our forms well locked and our stomachs justified to run up against the noon day meal. Deliver us from getting out of sorts, and give us the patience of Job who has not a job printer; help us to stick to our business, that it may be picked up, and in no case be found wanted; keep our circulation up to a healthy standard that will need no padding. Give us our daily bread but deliver us from "pi" at any price; deliver us from throwing mud at the opposing candidates, but help us to paste them, and when at last our forms are locked up for the hereafter let them be put to press in such a manner as to leave a clean and lasting impression upon mankind.—Ex.

Each man has his own vocation; his talent is his call. There is one direction in which all space is open to him.—Emerson.

WANTED INDIAN BASEBALL PLAYERS

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