

THE CABIN IN THE CLEARING.

Backward gazing through the shadows,
As the evening fades away,
I perceive the little footprints
Where the morning sunlight lay.

O that cabin in the clearing,
Where my Mary came a bride,
Where our children grew to love us,
Where our little Robbie died.

And I mind the floor of pumpeons,
Rudely laid on joints and sill,
From the red clay on the hill,
With the chimney standing outside.

Half way up the tree wide throated
Honey lickered crocodile rest,
Where the great fire blazes best,
I smell the savory venison.

Once again I hurry homeward,
When the day of toil is o'er,
And my heart leaps up in gladness
For in this wide open door.

And the spotted beauties woo
From their verdant and watery,
And the sun has cried the dew,
And the wild rose and the bluebell.

And the wild rose and the bluebell
That I pluck with gentle care,
Are for her who rules the cabin—
Mary, of the roven hair.

Of an winding through the woodlands,
Neighbors come with song and shout,
Eager for a day of pleasure
Where the latch key hangs out.

Why he had to go? O Heaven!
Did God want our little boy?
The old unanswered question
Cankering in the heart of joy.

Now that cabin in the clearing
Is but dust, blown here and there,
Where the palpitating engines
Breathe their darkness on the air.

Yet with Mary oft I linger
Where the well-sweep slanteth low,
Planning over all our labors,
When to plant and what to sow.

Eighty, and a memory only!
Is that what you speak of me!
Well, the memory is a blessing,
And its pictures fair to see.

THE REV. ABIEL.
These practices are so fatiguing;
I see no use in all this drilling;
I'm quite certain of my part, and, of course,
It's the only one with any difficult passages in it—that, is, extremely difficult.

And Miss Chief Soprano slightly
Turned her head and glanced toward the
Study door. Immediately a chorus of
Voices was heard, and a chorus of eyes
Seemed to be similarly attracted by the
Said study door.

"Well, for my part," said he, "I hope
That your music will so attract the congrega-
tion that nobody will have any
Thought for the matter of dress."

"Dear me," spoke up one of the lesser
Lights as the rector turned to his book,
"I have been nearly a week on a lovely
Blue silk, and I'm sure I hope everybody
Will notice it; that's what I got it for."

"And," spoke up the contralto to the
Chief soprano, "I know you will have
Something handsome for Easter. You
Always do. And Miss Mantua told me
Yesterday that you were trying to find
Some one to make one of those new style
Dolmans."

"Yes," the young lady addressed
Replied, "I sent to St. Louis for a pattern,
and I can't find any one to make it for
me; but that is a matter of little conse-
quence. I shall make it myself. I shall
consider it the duty of every woman to
be able thoroughly to perform every
detail pertaining to a woman's position."

"Ah!" thought the rector, "there is
a woman of good common sense. Just
the sort of mistress every house should
possess."

Again the voice of the playful one is
heard:
"Whatever you are going to have new,
Stella?"

"I doubt if the low and rather short
'Nothing' was heard even by the ques-
tioner. The rector heard it, however,
and he saw, too, as she hastily stooped
to replace a fallen book, a tear drop to
the floor.

"Poor little girl," he thought. "I
wonder if they are so poor; such a use-
ful, good little body, too; it is astonish-
ing how women's hearts do it out to-
ward flattery!" and he turned again to his
book, and the singers to their trills and
runs, and nobody knew of the heart-ache
of the organist.

"They'll all look nice but me, and he
will think me uglier and more insignifi-
cant than ever before. I might just get
a new hat, but then poor mother could-
n't have her new cushion, and she
wants it so much, and, besides, I have
just turned my cashmere Christmas and
it looks real nice." Then as the words
of the hymn they were practicing for the
morrow fell on her ear,

"Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free."

"I ought to be ashamed of myself;
here I have the promise of two new mu-
sic scholars to-day and instead of being
thankful—oh, I am so ashamed of my-
self!"

And the singers looked at each other
and smiled in surprise as the soft

"Who?" And as the Rev. Abiel emerged
from the study door it is not to be won-
dered at that he was immediately beset.
It was very plain that the rector's choice
must fall on one of the choir, as that
body presented the elite of Mossbank
society. The playful element was rep-
resented by the contralto, who by virtue
of being the youngest and smallest of the
group, was naturally expected to do the
sportive. She was such a child. This
dear child was quite sure the rector
needed some one to cheer him up, to
lighten the heavy cares of his
office with a joyous, cheery disposi-
tion. And, too, she served as an excel-
lent foil to the beauty and dignity of
Miss Chief Soprano, who had been heard
to say that the position of rector's wife
was one which should be filled by a wo-
man fitted by education and breeding to
preside with grace and dignity insoxalated
a sphere; but that, alas! in this flippant
age, where could one look for such a rare
combination of charms! And here she
elevated her eyebrows and with a shake
of the head leaned back in an attitude of
quiet grace and dignity, meant to chal-
lenge the admiration of all hearers. The
rest of the soprano and alto had their
charms and countercharms, which they
failed not to display to the best possible
advantage; but the chief soprano and the
little contralto were generally supposed
to be "considerable ahead." I must not
forget to mention the organist, although
she didn't count; just a quiet, unobtrus-
ive little body, who played for church
and Sunday school and taught the infant
class, and who was always in her place,
too. Then she was secretary of the sewing
society and on the sick committee, and
if the truth must be told the little
organist was the real head and body of
this committee, as she was the only one
always ready to sit up with a sick mem-
ber. But then, as she made no fuss
about what she did, of course nobody
else did. And as she did not seem to
think she deserved any special praise,
nobody gave it her, for "the world helps
those who help themselves" is true in a
great many ways.

So when the idol advanced toward
the choir, the contralto immediately assumed
her role, and with a hop, skip and jump
went to meet him. She playfully took
his arm and began chatting away at a
great rate. The chief soprano posed
gracefully, and when the rector reached
her, exchanged with him a dignified
greeting. The lesser lights giggled and
acted as lesser lights usually do. The
little organist about whose rank in the no-
ble army of "setting for the rector" no-
body troubled himself, glanced up shyly
as the rector extended his hand. He
then went over to the reading desk to
mark the lessons for the next day, first
giving the number of the hymn to be
sung the next Sunday.

"Oh! dear me; must we sing that?
We'll have to practice it over and we
want to get through early to-night. I
never will get ready for Easter," and the
speaker pouted in so artless a manner.

And so the practice went on, the so-
prano putting a little piece of dignity
into each trill and most gracefully pro-
longing her last note about a minute af-
ter every other voice was still.

"Oh, my gracious, I'm so tired—just
sung out! Let's stop and rest awhile.
I've been at work so hard to-day, making
the shirring for the dearest Easter bonnet
you ever did see. I declare I've pricked
my fingers sore with that horrid needle.
Just see," continued she, holding up her
rosy finger towards the reverend gentle-
man. "Aren't you sorry for me? We
poor girls do have an awful hard time
trying to look nice, all for you horrid
men, too!"

"Ah! if you ladies only knew how we
appreciate the results of your labors, I
am sure you would feel amply repaid,"
lisped the tenor, who was "sweet" to the
playful contralto. This nice speech,
however, seemed all wasted on the little
lady, who looked up into the rector's face
for a reply, but this gentleman was not
versed in the polite nothings of conver-
sation.

"Well, for my part," said he, "I hope
that your music will so attract the congrega-
tion that nobody will have any
Thought for the matter of dress."

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lights as the rector turned to his book,
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And the singers looked at each other
and smiled in surprise as the soft

voice of the little organist joined in the
last verse.

CHAPTER II.

It was Easter morning. The good
people, the bad people, and the indiffer-
ent people of Mossbank were hurrying
along in response to the invitation of the
bells. The good people went to see
if everybody else were doing their duty.
The bad people went "just for the fun
of the thing," and the indifferent people
went because everybody else did.

Twice had the Rev. Abiel opened the
study door; the first time was the
hour for beginning the service. There
was the congregation. Oh! but where
was the choir? The organist was the
only member present of that important
factor of the day's celebration. The sec-
ond time was ten minutes after, when
the people were wondering why they
did not commence. This time the choir
was present with the exception of the
chief soprano and contralto.

But the Rev. Abiel finally walked up
the aisle to the pulpit. The church was
full and the opening anthem had been
well advertised, and here, at the climax,
there was no opening anthem, owing to
the absence of those who were to render
it. The little organist did her part
bravely. Three times did she play
through the voluntary without stopping.
The rector began reading the opening
sentences. There was a flutter at the
door. Somebody turned his head; that
was the signal for every head in the
church to be turned. The chief soprano,
her step a little more hurried than usual
with a slightly disturbed expression on
her face, and resplendent in the new
handsome silk dolman, walked up the
aisle to the choir, which was at one side
of the pulpit; the bugles and beads on
the new garments sparkled in the sun-
light of that bright Easter morning. One
of the lesser lights nudged her neighbor
and whispered with a complacent smile,
under cover of her prayer book, "She
looks horrid!"

Just as the sentences were finished
there was heard flutter number two, and
the playful contralto entered, the pink
mass of flowers and lace on her head
only rivalled by the color of her nose,
and as she tripped up the aisle she be-
came the center on which all eyes were
fixed—this only serving to make her
more flurried in manner and florid as to
nose. And when they stood up to begin
the second anthem the whispered, "How
unbecomingly pink is to you," did not
serve to quiet the troubled spirits of the
owner of the pink bonnet, so she "lost
her bearings" and began in the wrong
place, which confused the others and
would have caused a complete break-
down if the organist had not, with all
the power she could bring to bear on her
instrument, covered it over with an
interlude that was not in the notes. And
so it was all through the services. There
was, very evidently, a disturbing ele-
ment somewhere about the choir. Even
the Rev. Abiel could not fail to perceive
that, and as he watched the performers
he noticed but one bright, happy face;
but one face among the young girls of
that choir that seemed in perfect har-
mony with the beautiful Easter tide and
that was the face of the little organist.

The Rev. Abiel wondered why it was
that he had never before noticed what a
sweet expression Miss Stella wore,
"and," thinks he, "how simple and
fresh she looks." The only change in
her dress was a bunch of violets at her
throat, and as the reverend gentleman
looked the face became sweeter and he
gave a start as he realized where he was
and where his thoughts were.

But the service is over. The congrega-
tion has dispersed and the singers are
standing in a group. The rector joined
them just in time to hear, "I don't know
what is wrong about it; I made it ex-
actly by the pattern," and to see one of
the others examining the silk dolman to
find, if possible, the defect.

Now the Rev. Abiel had been the only
boy in a family of seven children, and it
is highly probable had gained an insight
into feminine "fixins." He saw at a
glance what was the matter, and some-
how he seemed to have lost his awe for
the wearer of the garment, for he said:
"You have forgotten to press your
seams, Miss Roona," and turned to speak
to some one else, and did not see the
sudden flush of anger and mortification
which overspread the usually serene
face of the chief soprano.

"Miss Stella"—how she started at the
sound of his voice, so low and right in
her ear—"Will you let me call for you
to-night and walk home with you after
service?" and the sweet blue eyes of the
shy little organist drooped beneath the
earnest brown ones so intently regarding
her, and she gave a happy smile and
forgot to answer him. And the contralto,
who has been watching this by-play and
knows the game is up, smiles most tend-
erly on the tenor, thereby raising him
from the depths into which her frowns
of the last six months have cast him.

It was late that night when Stella
came and laid her head on her mother's
lap.

"Mother, dear, I cannot take the two
music scholars, after all."

"Oh, my daughter! I feared it was too
good to be true. There's nothing on this
side of the grave for the poor music
teacher and her invalid mother but sor-
row and disappointment."

"Mother we won't live in the cottage
any longer."

"Squire Hunter has raised the rent?
I knew it! I've been expecting it all
winter; but—Why Stella—what is the
matter? You look as if it were good news
instead of the death-blow to me." And
the speaker was interrupted by a fit of
coughing that told a pitiful tale.

"Oh! mother, dear, this has been a
beautiful Easter. A joy has risen above
all the sorrow and turned it into glad-
ness. I can't take the two scholars, be-
cause I've promised to take a big one
and he won't let me have any others, and
we must give up the cottage, because we
are going up to the new rectory to live—
Jim and me, mother, and somebody else."

And the shining, glad eyes told the
rest of the story; and a prayer of grate-
tude went up from the weary heart of the
sufferer.

MORAL.—Girls who spend all the Lent
in preparing for a grand exhibit can't
afford to risk a new color, and be sure
you press your seams.

A Boston artist painted a string of ten
trout so naturally that the man who
bought it told everybody that he had
purchased a picture of 375 trout all on
one string.

ALL SORTS.

Labor troubles—having to work for a
living.
The mean man is sure to gloss his
faults.

Nothing but a good life can fit men for
a better one.
Those whose courses are different can-
not lay plans for another.

Occasions do not make a man frail,
but they do show what he is.—A.
Kempis.
A cheerful face is nearly as good for
an invalid as healthy weather.—Frank-
lin.

He that wrestles with us strengthens
our nerves and sharpens our skill.—
Burke.
House slippers with souls of kid, and
handsomely painted, are fashionable.—
Exchange.

It is said to be a sure indication of
rurality to see people put sugar and salt
on lettuce.
The best education in the world is that
got by struggling to get a living.—Wend-
ell Phillips.

The motto of the elevator boy is "Ex-
celsior." He assumes it when he is hired.
—Lowell Courier.
New York has a language or Phonetic
Club. Its warmest supporters are those
who do not spell very well.

There are two roads that conduct to
perfect virtue—to be true and to do no
evil to any creature.—Buddha.
Order is sanity of the mind, the
health of the body, the peace of the city
and the security of the State.—Southey.

We sometimes meet with an original
gentleman, who, if manners had not ex-
isted, would have invented them.—Em-
erson.
In life it is difficult to say who do you
the most mischief—enemies with the
worst intentions or friends with the best.
—Cicero.

Confidence is that feeling by which
the mind embarks in great and honor-
able courses with a sure hope and trust
in itself.—Bulwer-Lytton.
Consolation is the dropping of a gen-
tle dew of Heaven on desert hearths be-
neath; it is one of the choicest gifts of
Divine mercy.—Spurgeon.

What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a path of guided joy;
Who buys a minute's worth to walk a week,
Or sells eternity to get a toy?
—Shakespeare.

We reap what we sow—oh! wonderful truth!
A truth hard to learn in the days of our youth;
But at last it shines out, as the hand on the
wall.
For the world has its debit and credit for all.
—H. Clay Proser.

"Why do chickens come out of their
shell, they must be so nice and warm and
comfortable inside?" "Perhaps it's be-
cause they're afraid of being boiled!"—
London Judy.

Introspective reasoning: Mr. William
Doodle—"Yes, Miss Frost, I always
wear gloves at night; they make one's
hand so nice and soft. Miss Frost—"Ah!
and do you sleep with your hat on?"—
Life.

Free list absolutely suspended: "It is
not we who would contend for the right
of 'the deadhead' in control uncondi-
tionally the disposition of property
among the living."—London Spectator.

"Is the howling of a dog always fol-
lowed by a death?" asked a little girl of
her father. "Not always, my dear; some-
times the man that shoots at the dog
misses him," was the parent's reply.—
Denver Tribune.

"Yes," said the former member of the
Legislature, "Mr. Jones is a very smart
man. I think perhaps, he as smart as
any man in the State to-day. Do you re-
member how I got the best of him in the
House in '81?"

Young politician writes: "Why does a
State have a legislature?" My dear boy,
it doesn't. The legislature has the State
every time. Has it by the throat, by a
large majority. Has it by the pocket-
book.

Mrs. Kate Kane, a Milwaukee lawyer,
threw a glass of water in Judge Mal-
lory's face. If Mrs. Kate Kane is really
a lawyer she ought to know that it is
her privilege to throw dust only in the
eyes of the Court and jury.—Texas
Siftings.

A stupid looking tramp knocked at
one of the fine residences in Austin, and
was received by the lady of the house.
"What do you want?" "Please, m,
give me a dime to buy a glass of beer;
'seuse me, I mean a loaf of beer."—Texas
Siftings.

Menial rushing in—"Oh, Mr. Conk-
ling, Gov. Sprague is dead." Conkling,
"Ah! so much for Gov. Sprague." Men-
ial, "It's the horse Governor Sprague,
your honor." Conkling (disgustedly)
"Ah, I thought it was the ass."—Louis-
ville Post.

An awkward mistake was made in
carving a monument ordered by a Ron-
don man for his cemetery lot. He di-
rected a hand with the index finger
pointing heavenward sculptured on the
stone; but when the job was com-
pleted the finger was pointing the other
way.

Herbert Spencer says Americans are
so driven by business cares that they
never stop to examine anything leisurely.
Guess he never saw 500 busy Amer-
icans standing around for two hours
watching three men raising an ocean
safe to a fourth story window.—Phila-
delphia News.

In a Third Avenue elevated car, at
6:45 the other evening, forty-four well
dressed men were seated and four ladies
were standing.—New York Herald.
What difference would it have made if
the forty-four men had not been well
dressed?—Detroit Free Press. The dif-
ference would probably be in the men's
"get up."—Boston Courier.

She wants to hang a picture on the
wall. She gets a nail, a hammer and
tall chair to stand upon, and calmly sur-
veys the situation. Then she measures
the distance and scratches a spot, always
an inch too high or too low, prepares for
action. She takes the nail in the left
hand and the hammer in the right, and
gently taps, like the drum accompani-
ment of a musical box. Then she lays
herself out for a big blow, raises her
arm and strikes, and yells like a cap-
tured Comanche maiden on the bound-
less prairie. She goes about the rest of
the morning with her thumb done up in
a bread poultice. Yet she never learns
from experience. The next time she
wants to drive a nail in anything she
will hit it exactly in the same place.

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