

My Two Loves.

Mable is an heiress,
Courtied, proud and gay;
Gertie is the one we dwell in,
Tolling all the day.

The Pitcher of Cool Water.

"It is such a pity!" said Mrs. Lee,
turning her eyes from the window.

"A great pity for his wife and children,"
replied the little attorney.

"It might do good," Mrs. Lee went on,
"suppose he did feel a little better."

"And then you know," she added,
"that Barclay is easily offended."

"Not at all safe," was the sister's reply,
"it's a great pity for him and his family."

"I don't believe it would make him
angry to offer him a cool drink of water."

"The child who had been listening to
her mother and aunt, said this quite earnestly."

"Mr. Barclay was a carpenter, and his
shop stood not far distant from the house of Mr. Lee."

"He had, at one time, been very well off,
but like too many others, he would take a glass of liquor now and then."

"On the morning after this day on which
Mrs. Lee and her sister were talking about him, it happened that Mr. Barclay was without a cent in his purse."

"What did it bring forth? I grieve to say
it was a little wooden box, only a few inches square."

"A desperate look was in Mr. Barclay's
face as he clutched the box. He hurriedly took from his pocket a small screw driver."

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"Are you sick, papa?" The child had
caught a glimpse of his pale, disturbed countenance.

"I don't feel very well," he answered.
His voice had so strange a sound to his own ears that it seemed as if some one else were speaking.

"Oh, Jim Barclay," he cried out at last
in tones of mingled shame and anguish, "that you should come to this!"

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