

THE SUNNY SIDE.

Always choose the sunny side
When you can such bliss attain;
Never swim against the tide,
Wait its flowing back again.

Should the clouds of sorrow lower,
Vexing pleasure's faintest ray,
Wait, you'll find the darkest hour
Is the one preceding day.

Happiness is not in wealth,
Joy is not a work of art;
Greater is the gift of health,
Sweeter is a peaceful heart.

Though the gift you get be small,
If it square with your desires,
You are rich, for you have all
That your present need requires.

If you can rejoice to-day,
Do not fret about to-morrow;
Happiness will longer stay
By avoiding needless sorrow.

Always try to act the man,
Honestly perform your part,
Do whatever good you can,
Cultivate a thankful heart.

Neither do nor suffer wrong,
Never show nor bow to pride,
Thus you'll smoothly glide along
Life's delightful sunny side.

—S. Moore, in Chicago Ledger.

Saved by a Snow-Man.

The Oak Hill school-house stood at the foot of a beautiful slope, crowned with great, spreading oaks, whose rich, lark green was here and there varied by the darker green of an occasional overhanging pine.

The school-house itself was a small, weather-beaten affair, almost hidden by the great trees that twined their "hundred strong arms" about and above it, holding it alike from summer suns and winter winds.

Some teacher, or pupil, years back, with perhaps the "California big trees" in mind, had named some of the larger ones.

One was the "Giant," one that stood almost over the entrance was the "Watchman," another was the "Indian Chief," and among the other large ones, named for some peculiarity of appearance, were "Old Deadwood," "Topknot," "King of the oaks, and various others.

It was "just the place for a school-house," so said the trustees, forty years ago, and so thought each succeeding generation of boys and girls, who played in the cool grove in summer, or enjoyed the splendid coasting on the hill in the winter.

The slide began a few rods away from the school-house, where the hill dropped just enough for a grand start, then away across the play-ground, swift and fast across the road, swifter yet through the fence, where the rails here let down, and far down into "Farmer Green's pasture."

Surely no modern toboggan ever furnished more enjoyment than did the rude sleds that carried the "Oak Hill" boys and girls.

One would have supposed that nothing could ever disturb that retired school play-ground; but a railroad company, who wanted a short cut for a branch road, sent their surveyors that way, of course, they must lay their route just back of the school-house, at the foot of the hill, right across the summer play-ground at the right, and right across the winter coasting-ground at the left.

At first there was a great deal of talk about moving the school-house, and the "Destrict" held meetings, and discussed the matter, and it was finally decided that a new school-house was needed; but estimates had to be made, and a great deal of talking done, and meanwhile spring work came on, and the spring school began, and the railroad work went swiftly forward.

The slow, sleepy people of the district went the round of spring work, summer work and fall work, and before they knew it, another winter came and went, another spring had come, the branch road was completed and "finning, and the old school-house still hid duty.

All were busy, the children were careful, and the question of a new school-house was for a time entirely dropped.

The novelty of the railroad helped the children to forget the trespass on their summer play-ground, but, by the time winter came, they had worn off, and they missed their old coasting-ground very much.

They had to content themselves with snow-forts and sham-battles, which often brought a flying glimpse of pleasure to the faces looking from the windows of the passing trains.

One noon, after dinner was dispatched a group of boys stood watching a long, heavy freight train, as it moved over the road and the older ones were talking of the good times they used to have on the slide, before the railroad came, and wondering what they could do for some fun.

"I know," said Alf Hartley. "Let's make a snow-man. We haven't had one this winter."

"All right!" cried Tom Barton. "And let us build it right up by the track—there's lots of snow there—and let's make him good and strong, so that he won't tip over in the first wind that comes along."

"I'll tell you, boys, let's get a long, forked branch for legs, and build the snow around it, and that will make him strong," said Bob Merritt.

So to work they went with a will, the big boys building, the small ones rolling up the great, soft balls of snow for the others to work with.

When the bell rang, the snow-man was well under way. At recess they gave every minute to their work, and had him all done but the "finishing touches," as Tom Barton said.

After school was out, these were put on. The nose, eyes and mouth were made by pressing pieces of coal into his face, while some fine, scraggy twigs, stuck into the back of his head made very respectable hair; a red handkerchief was tied around his neck, and pieces of coal stuck into his "physical system," so Bob Merritt said, for buttons.

A pipe was put in his mouth and a staff in his hand, and, as he was nearly

seven feet high, he was quite imposing.

A pile or two of water from the school-house well was dipped over him making him firm and strong as it froze.

"Hurrah for Captain Snow, just from the North Pole!" cried Tom Barton.

And as the boys left the play-ground they gave three cheers that would have made the snow-man's hair stand on end if it had not already stood that way.

The next day was cold and windy, and the boys, fearing for the safety of Captain Snow, propped him up on each side, although he stood in a sheltered spot, and built a sort of platform of snow around him.

It was such a blustering, disagreeable day that they could not stay out of doors much; but they could see the smiling glances cast at the snow-man from the windows of the passing trains.

That night, after school, as Bob Merritt and his little cousin Frank, who was making him a visit, were going home, they met Bob's little sister, who said that Bob must go back to the village as fast as possible, and get some medicine for his father, who was very sick.

Little Frank begged to go along. So both boys started back at once, for it was a mile and a half to the village, and it was already getting dark.

They went as fast as they could, in the face of the driving wind and snow, and reached the one store which served as dry goods, grocery and drug store, all in one.

Having got the medicine, they were about to start for home, when the store-keeper, who knew how far they had to go, kindly offered them a lantern, saying that it would make the way seem shorter.

The boys thanked him, and were soon on their way, which was not so bad now, as the wind was at their backs.

When they had nearly reached the school-house, they heard a heavy crash. "It's a tree blown down, probably," said Bob.

"Oh, dear! I hope it hasn't hit the snow-man!" cried Frank.

Bob laughed, and they hurried forward.

"Shouldn't wonder if it was 'Old Deadwood,'" said he. "It's a wonder he hasn't blown down long ago."

"If it is him," replied the smaller boy, "he's too far off to hit the snow-man—that's one comfort."

Running across the play-ground, they saw a great dark mass, clearly outlined against the snow, and sure enough it was "Old Deadwood," with his great lifeless body stretched helplessly across the track.

"Well," said Frank, "the snow-man's all right. Let's go. I'm cold and hungry, and uncle needs his medicine."

"Oh, I know it!" cried Bob, in such a strange tone that his cousin looked up in surprise. "But have you forgotten the express, Frank? It will be due in an hour, and I must warn them in some way, or they will all be killed! Oh, dear! oh, dear!" he cried again, as the terrible thought presented itself more vividly to the mind, "what shall I do? what can I do? I dare not wait, for father may be very bad, and I dare not send you on alone, nor leave you here alone!"

"Why, I know!" cried Frank. "You can fasten the lantern on the snow-man's arm, and they'll be sure to see it, it's so near the track."

"Yes," said Bob, "I thought of that. But do you suppose his arms are stiff enough?"

"They are real strong, I know, for I saw the stick Alf put through to build them on," said Frank, confidently.

"Well, I can try, any way," said Bob, as he proceeded to tie the lantern firmly on to the stiff, white arm, which seemed strong and firm.

"Just see how it swings in the wind, for all the world as if some one was really making signals!" cried Frank.

"Yes," said Bob; "it seems as if they'd have to see that. But I do hate to go awfully, only there's father; and now we must hurry with all our might, and I will come back as fast as ever I can; and if the train should be late, maybe I can get back in time to warn them myself."

They started off on a run; but they could not keep it up long in the deep snow, especially little Frank, and poor Bob grew more excited and impatient every minute.

Every rod seemed a mile, and a faint whistle from a distant station, though in an opposite direction, made his heart beat like a trip-hammer.

It was nearly half an hour before they reached home. Bob found his father suffering terribly, and had the satisfaction of knowing that the medicine gave him almost immediate relief.

He then told his mother about the fallen tree, the snow-man and the lantern, and fortifying himself with a huge slice of bread and butter, which his mother put into his hand as he started, he hurried back to the school-house, fearing lest some accident might have befallen the snow-man, and hoping the train might be a few minutes late, so that he might get there in time to warn them.

But long before he got near enough to do any good, he heard the rush of the coming train, and his heart almost stopped beating as he stood still to listen.

Would they see the lantern, and heed it? or would they rush on to destruction?

On and on; Bob was nearly frantic—nearer and nearer—and now he knew by the sound they must have reached the curve which first brought the school-house in sight.

Then came the sharp whistle for "down brakes," and Bob knew that the snow-man was still on duty—that his signal had been seen, and that they were slowing up in safety.

Now he ran with all his might, and great delight and thankfulness at the success of his plan gave wings to his feet, so that he almost flew in the face of the wind and snow, and a few minutes more brought him to the spot where the panting, hissing engine stood, and where he heard the puzzled engineer telling the equally puzzled conductor and passengers that the instant he rounded the curve he saw the lantern and whistled for the brakes; and when he got off to see what was the matter, the first thing that met his eyes was the fallen tree, lying across

the track, and when he called out to the man with the lantern, he received no reply.

"I called to him several times; but as he did not speak or stir, I began to think he was deaf and dumb. So I came up to find out, and I'll be hanged if he was anything more or less than a snow-man, and the only soul in sight."

"Well," laughed the conductor, "I never heard before that snow-men had souls; but I wouldn't dare to say that this one hadn't, for he has saved us all from destruction, that's pretty certain."

Presently he saw Bob, and asked him what he knew about the affair, where-upon the panting, excited boy found voice enough to tell them how he had heard the tree fall as he was going home from the village, and had left his lantern on the snow-man's arm, and then had come back as soon as he could.

"But I don't see," said the engineer, "why in the name of common sense you didn't stay and warn us yourself."

"Because I was taking some medicine to my father, who is very sick," was Bob's answer. And he continued, "My little cousin was with me, but I was afraid he might lose the medicine—he is so small; and I was afraid to leave him here with the lantern, for fear he might get frightened and not warn you in time, so I had to leave it to the snow-man and go myself, and I came back just as fast as I could."

"Well, my boy," said the conductor, "you and your snow-man have in all probability saved a good many lives to-night, and we shall remember it. And now," said he, addressing the group of men who had been listening to Bob's story, "we must clear the track and make the next station as soon as possible."

Of course it did not take half a dozen men, with as many axes taken from the baggage-car, very long to cut a section the width of the track out of the fallen tree; and as they worked, they talked to Bob, and praised him, and asked him questions, until they were in a fair way to turn his head.

In less time than it takes to tell it, the track was clear, everybody was on board, and just as they started, the conductor threw a parcel at our hero's feet, and shouted "Good-by!" and Bob was alone.

The snow-man still held the lantern, and by its light he opened the package, and, to his astonishment, found himself the possessor of twenty dollars.

Of course, he had to tell his story half a dozen times over at home that night, and at school next day he found himself quite famous, and the snow-man received a great deal of attention, not only from the school-boys, but also from the trains, the next two or three days.

Bob felt very happy over all this, but his delight was unbounded when, one day, a week later, a train stopped at the school-house, and a gentleman came to the door and called for "Mr. Robert Merritt," whereupon, being duly informed by the teacher, that individual went slowly and bashfully to the door, and was handed a box containing a fine silver watch, with his monogram beautifully engraved on one side, and an almost exact representation of the snow-man, with the lantern on his arm, on the other side.

The teacher and the whole school were almost as much pleased as Bob himself, and the snow-man was looked after with the greatest care.

A rule cover was built over him, to shield him from rain-storms and sunshine, but as warmer days come on, he grew thinner and shorter, and it became evident that his days would soon be numbered.

The boys were gathered about him one fine day, lamenting the fact, and making such repairs as his condition would allow, when Alf Hartley suddenly paused in the act of replacing his nose, which had fallen to the ground, and turned to the rest with:

"I say, boys, let's take him down and bury him in the deepest snow-bank we can find. It's a shame to let him melt down, just like any common snow-man that never did anything to distinguish himself."

All agreed to this, and a long, wide grave was scooped out of a snow-bank, back of the school-house, wherein, with a great deal of ceremony, the illustrious snow-man was duly interred.

Bob led the procession as chief mourner, and Alf, who was the acknowledged orator of the school, and who derived his ideas chiefly from the patriotic declamations on which he prided himself, set up a board at the head of the grave with an inscription as follows:

"Here lies the snow-man who saved the train.
By swinging his lantern with might and main.
All honor to him, and let a tear fall for the sake of this hero here."

The boys considered this a great production, and thought they could not for the life of them squeeze out the tear it called for; they were heartily sorry that their famous snow-man was no more.

—M. E. Sanford, in Golden Days.

How He Wanted Dinner.

It was one of Buffalo's "crack" hotels. A hungry Irishman settled down into his seat at the table. The waiter stood quietly by as the guest called for "something to eat, and I don't care what it is." In a twinkling the biscuit juggler was back with a plate of soup. "Where's the mate?" inquired the guest. "Drink the soup and then the mate will be brought on." "Fetch the mate now. I'll not take the soup till I fill up on something solid, an' then I'll fill in the crevices wid de soup."—Buffalo Express.

Putting the Law on Him.

A resident of Carson, Nev., went to the court to put a man under bonds to keep the peace, and his honor asked, "What do you fear from this man?" "That he will take my life." "For what reason?" "Why, I sold him \$28,000 worth of silver stock at par last year and it is selling now at five cents on the dollar. He can't understand the fluctuations of the stock market, and is carrying a derringer in his overcoat pocket."—Wall Street News.

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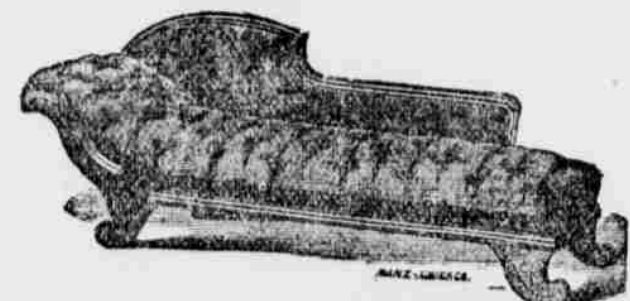
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