While children sleep They know not that their father toils: They know not that their mother prays-Bending in blessing o'er their beds, Imploring grace for after days.

While children sleep They never dream that others work That they may have their daily bread; When morning comes they rise and cat, And never ask how they are fed.

While children sleep They do not see the shining sun-They do not see the gracious dew, In daily miracle of love, Is ever making all things new

Do we not sleep, And know not that our Father works With watchful care about our way? His love broods o'er us day by day

Do we not sleep, And never dream that others work, Reaping the sheaves that might be ours'
We see not how the shadows fail,

Which mark the swift departing hours. Ah, still we sleep Our drowsy eyes see not the light, See not the hands stretched out to bless, See not that waiting for us stands God's kingdom and his righteous:

## A REPENTED HEROISM.

It was not poor Ethel's fault in the least. She could not prevent Tom Kendall loving her any more than she could help being the dimpled, merry little body that she was. Tom could not have told you when he began to care for her, because as far back as he could remember Ethel had been the prettiest girl in the world to him. When she was only a very little girl, whose long yellow curls fell down to her waist, it was her school books that Tom carried; it was to her that he brought his offerings of apples and sticky taffy; to her that he sent all his valentines-valentines with impossible cupids shooting arrows through magenta colored hearts-but Ethel thought they were perfect, and side by side the two would spell out the stupid little

Only a low garden wall separated the two houses, and it was quite natural that Tom should come over it every day. It was a little shorter way than around through the gate, he would say, and Ethel gazed admiringly at him as he cleared the wall at a bound. It was lonesome at home for him with only the old housekeeper and his father, and they did not take the lively interest which Ethel did in kites and dead insects. Tom's mother had died in giving birth to him. so be had never known the tender words and loving touches for which in his childish way be had unconsciously hungered. His father, a somber, studious man, lost all his interest in the world in losing the one woman who understood him and brightened his home like a sunbeam. Though he was very fond of Tom and kind to him, in his own quiet way, yet the child stood a little in awe of him, and gave his father none of the childish confidences or merry chatter which might have roused the silent man.

They were not rich, but Mr. Kendall had a small income from certain properties he owned, and on that they lived: the futber among his books and studies and the son growing up as children will. It is a way they have.

Ethel's mother was a widow and wealthy. Besides being the only daughter. Ethel was an heiress in her own right, and would be mistress of a large fortune as soon as she reached the age of 22. Mrs. Van Zandt was fully alive to the importance of her daughter's prospects, but the thought of money never troubled either Tom or Ethel.

As they both grew older, however, and Ethel was almost 18, the unpleasant fact became evident to Tom that Mrs. Van Zandt disliked him. He had not noticed it as a child-perhaps the dislike was passive then-perhaps not there at ali: but it certainly seemed to be there now. Her bow was frigid, her manner icy; the dear little drawing room had lost its coziness for him.

And now, unknown to Tom, the worst had happened. Mrs. Van Zandt had forbidden Ethel to have anything further to do with him, and Ethel had heard the edict in silence. Accustomed to obey, her silence was taken for assent; and Mrs. Van Zandt congratulated herself on the management with which she had settled this little affair. Unpleasant it was to her, as trouble of any kind always was, but she considered it a duty to herself that her daughter should make a brilliant match. As for the unimportant matter of her daughter's sentiments in the case, it Kendall! "Pooh! all childish nonsense" -and up went the aristocratic nose. The very ribbons in her stylish breakfast cap bristled with dignity.

And Poor Tom! He could not understand, at first, why all his invitations that she will-will let us have our way." were refused by Ethel, why she was no longer "at home" to him; no more delightful little strolls; no more rides. This is reckless, it is "-What was the matter? There was only one solution of the mystery, and that was other way. I shall be sure to save you, with himself.

One moonlit evening Ethel had gone down to the garden, and there, leaning mamma will not yield even then?" on the little wall, was Tom. She started back, but he called her so imploringly dently. that she half hesitated and then was lost. for in another moment she too was lean-

ing on the garden fence. "Oh, Tom. Tom," she whispered, "I

must go back-I must." "New, see here, Ethel," he said, half the wild scheme. in command, half entreaty, "what is the matter with you, anyhow? Lately you in sight, and now you are unwilling even

go till you tell me. Out with it!" gnawed the ends of his mustache diligently, and then the wretch laughed-

surprise. "Do not be angry, Ethel," he said.

much from the first. I shall set my wits to work at once, and we'll see, Ethelwe'll see! So don't cry. Certainly you must obey your mother as well as you can; but I have not made any promise to her, nor do I intend to give you up. We'll see!"

And a little later, as Ethel went softly up stairs, she thought to herself how wise and brave he was.

The day was glorious; the salt breath of the sea swept over the yacht; the gulls dipped and rose; the little craft danced along-yes, it was a glorious day. The gay party on deck were enjoying it to the utmost, and the laughter and chat mingled with the plash of the white capped waves.

Ethel leaned against the railing and watched the ripples gliding by. Very lovely she was looking, in the soft creamy folds of her yachting costume, with the bars of gold across it, and the white wings in the little sailor hat. Lord Fenvil at her side gazed at her in approval, and considered her an awfully jolly little girl. He had met her that day for the first time, and had immediately surrendered. All the morning he had monopolized her, and Mrs. Van Zandt, at a distance, was watching the performance with great satisfaction.

Already, in her mind's eye, she saw herself installed as mother-in-law in Lord Fenyll's magnificent country house; she saw herself seated in his beautiful carriage, smiling and bowing to congratulating friends; she beheld in fancy his famous town house filled with her guests; she saw-and the rose colored vision floated quite plainly before her eyes, blotting out the sea and the sky, the ship and the scenes on deck. Mrs. Van

Zandt had dozed off very comfortably. It is possible that her simplers would not have been so peaceful had she beheld the next act of the drama. My lord, in his eagerness to fetch Miss Van Zandt a cup of chocolate, as he returned neglected his usual caution in holding on, so that the unlucky man, ere he reached her, has succeeded in distributing the entire contents of the cup over his jaunty vachting suit. The deck was crowded, and even politeness could not restrain an audible smile. His retreat was as precipitate as his entrance.

Here was Tom's chance. He had been hovering in the distance like a bird of prev, and now he swooped down on Ethel with alacrity. His face was wreathed in smiles as he half coaxed, half compelled her to follow him to a corner, where for the present they could be comparatively alone.

'But, Tom," she pleaded, "mammashe is watching me. I can't stay here." "Just wait a minute," he began, imperatively. "I have been trying to speak to you all day, and that glass eyed little cad would not give any one else a chance. You must listen to me for a moment. I have an idea, a thought. I have evolved a plan which is really a stroke of genius." And then, abruptly: "Ethel, is your spirit, mother fond of you?"

"Why, yes, of course"-in surprise. she do if she were to lose you-if you were drowned, for instance?"

She looked at him askance, "Tom," she said suddenly, "you look same, but you do not act so. What is the matter with you? Is the sea breeze too much for you?"

'Ethel, do you love me?" he queried.

irrelevantly. All the laughter had left his face, and she saw only the passionate love and magnetism in his blue eyes-deeply, darkly blue they were now, almost black. She turned a little pale, her quick breath came yet more quickly. His face was very near hers, so near that a wanton breeze blew a stray tendril across his cheek.

"You know it," she said simply. have told, but they never did,

"Then, Ethel," he said, "I have a way. It is a little dangerous; I will not deny that. If you love me, dear, as well as I do you, you will not fear."

The hand in his trembled slightly, but she made no protest.

"I cannot give you up. This is a desperate remedy, but desperate cases need such. I am going to make a heroine of tell him-what? And then Mrs. Van you. You must fall over the rail into the water -

"Tom!" she gasped, staring at him with wide eyes.

water, you see, and then I will jump ery of it. She was telling him that over and save your life. It will be easy, As soon as you fall I will be overboard too. Do not be afraid to trust yourself to me; there is really not much danger, troubled her not a bit; and as for Tom because I can swim as well as I can walk. It is the only way, dear, believe me. You, softly closed the door, and they were are not afraid?"

She considered a little.

"I see, Tom: you think mamma will be so glad to have me brought back to life "Yes, that is just it." he agreed.

"Well, Ethel," he said, "I can see no

one which he did not like to discusseven and then-then, little girl, you are mine mer" he grouned, and with the words the for always."

"But, Tom." she urged, "suppose "She will, though," he asserted confi- I your wourderer!"

Something of his own daring spirit infected her. The spice of danger, her full I will soon be well now," confidence in his ability, their long love, otherwise hopeless-she made no further me!" She stroked gently the brown head objection, but entered heart and soul into buried in the pillows.

"How am I to know when to fall?" refuse to see me; you run away if I come | Scream as you fall, and then away I will | tender heart. Both hands were outgo. I shall be very near you all the re- stretched to him now, and as he took her to speak to me. No, I shall not let you mainder of the day; but do not notice me reverently in his arms, she murmured, so at all. You will be very careful, so that faintly that he could barely hear it, "And And as the dismal story was told Tom | no one may see that the fall was premedi- I love you, dear, dear Tom!"-George tated. And—there goes the first bell! Wilson Prescott in Times-Democrat. Run, Ethel! No one must know we have actually laughed. She looked at him in been talking. And, Ethel, do not let that

Lord"-but she was gone. Slowly passed the day. Luncheon was "Of course, it is rather serious; but de over two hours ago and the afternoon you think it will stop my loving your was slipping on. In the saleson the tin-Why, Ethel, dear, nothing on earth can kle of a guitar mingled with the sound do that. I wish, though, I had known of merriment and singing; only a scatthis sooner, although I have suspected at tered few were left on deck. Watching light

the waters were Etheland the inevitable Lord Fenyll with his inevitable eyeglass. She could not get rid of him; the miserable young man was too infatuated to perceive her abseraction.

Little by little she drew near to a part of the boat where she thought she might make the dreaded plunge most easily.

Tom, in the shadow of a sail, appeared Tom, in the shadow of a sail, appeared Ignorance is no excuse when it costs to be absorbed in a novel. No one, not nothing to know the reason why the Hiseven himself, knew that the book was upside down. Ethel stole a glance at him. Will be be in time? she wondered in an agony of fear and auxiety. How blue the water was-and how deep! What if-but no! no! she would not think of that. Now was the time, she decided feverishly. "Is not that a sail, Lord Fenvlif" she

the opportunity she wanted. Slowly be swept the horizon with the glass. Why, yes," he says. "I see it quite

plainly. I can even read the name onoh, Miss Van Zandt! Help! help!" With a shrick of terror she had disappeared over the side; only one terrified

scream, but in an instant the deck was

filled with eager, frightened faces. Lord Fenyll was rushing from one end ford Fenyll was rushing from one end little of the rash came out on him, and of the place to the other, dragging with that ended the whole thing. him an immense coil of rope, tangling up himself and every one else, crying out the awful accident at the top of his

Mrs. Van Zandt and another lady had fainted; the gayety had vanished; all was confusion and haste.

Tom saw nothing of this. He was in the water before the echo of her voice had died away on the startled air. With firm, rapid strokes he beat the waves, and his eyes were alert to catch the first glimpse. The sun glared into his face. but he did not find her. His heart failed him. God! he could not see her! Why did she not rise? "Ethel!" be cried aloud in a frenzy. But what was that white speck yonder? Could be reach it? A moment more, only a moment more, with ebbing power, as the white face delivered 10,000 feet of "Paragon" Hose came to the surface, he threw one arm around the body. His strength all but exhausted, he was taken with his lifeless charge into the boat lowered to meet him. The glad news was shouted to the waiting yacht, and willing help was ready to greet the rescued and rescuer.

The little figure in its clinging white seemed devoid of life. The soft baby curls around her forehead clustered darkly golden; the large drops of water slipped off one by one, till there were little pools on the floor. Pale and pure and still as death itself she was-ah! pitifully still. The red, laughing lips were pallid now; the soft white hands limp and inert.

"My girl, my little girl?" moaned and sobbed Mrs. Van Zandt, and while they talked in undertones, and while tears fell, they took her below, and toiled for hours to summon back the wavering

Tom-unhappy Tom-was the hero of the hour. But he could not be quiet; he "But I mean very fond. What would could not wan in patience. Great waves of remorsefilled his breast till the drops stood A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder. out upon his forchead and his lips whiten- Superior to every other known. ed. The dull beem of the sea seemed to Used in Millions of Homesroar in his ears; he felt that lifeless body still lying passive in his arms. Never again to see her smile, never again to hear her voice, with its gentle, tender accent; never-ah, no! It could not be too lateshe must not die! "Up and down, outside the door, he paced, listening to each sound, wrestling with his misery, praying to God as he had never prayed before. To the excited groups, gathered here and there, he paid no attention at all, nor, indeed, did he even see them. Blind to their enriosity, deaf to their whispered words of wondering sympathy, heedless to remonstrance, alone with himself, he suffered on his mental rack. Min-Was that a kiss? The sea gulls could utes passed like hours. There was a little hope, a bare chance of life for her; but still it was hope. The glad news spread, but the suspense to Tom became still more torturing.

Suddenly the door opened again, and

Mrs. Van Zandt came out. He dropped into a chair and hid his head in his hands. He heard her coming directly toward him; to tell him-to Zandt's arms were around his neck, she was calling him her dear boy, her hero; she was thanking him through her tears and sobs. He a hero! He could have "Yes--wait. You must fall into the laughed aloud bitterly at the mock-Ethel had come back to them; she was awake again; she wanted to see him; would be come? With a choking in his throat, he made his way to where his little love was lying. Mrs. Van Zandt

White she was, like a bent fily; the damp yellow hair lay over her pillow and brushed back from her white forehead, where his eyes saw the mark of a cruel bruise, a blow as she fell; but her hps "But, oh! is there not some other way? were smiling, and one hand was outstretched to him. He could not take it; he sank on his knees at her side.

> "Ethel, sweetheart, can you forgive flood gates were swept away, and he sobbed alond: "Ethel, it was almost death-it would have been murder, and

> "Tom. Tom." she whispered, weakly, "do not frighten me so. I am not dead;

"Forgive me, Ethel; say you forgive

"Yes, Tom, I forgive you." And then he raised his haggard face at "You must find your opportunity, last, and a great pity swept over her

> Uses of the Telephone. A .- I told him that he was a lying thief.

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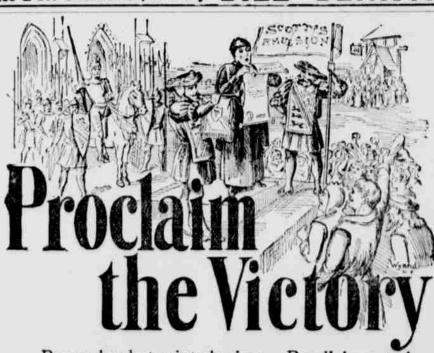
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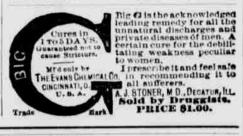
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