

BE STRONG.

BY JUDGE JOHN W. EDDY.

When temptation overtakes you,
And would lure you into wrong,
Let your manhood ne'er forsake you,
"Quit yourselves like men, be strong."

Plead not your inherent weakness
When a duty comes along;
Grapple with it bravely, promptly,
"Quit yourselves like men, be strong."

Be not hesitating cowards,
Do the right and fight the wrong,
Dare not once to meanly falter,
God commands you to be strong.

In life's battle-march, all triumphs
And all honors will belong
Unto those who have been steadfast
And heroically strong.

Trust and fear not; God, beside you,
Will defend you in the thron,
And to victory will guide you,
If, in His strength, you are strong.

When faith gives you holy courage,
And God's might shall make you strong,
Life will prove a heavenward voyage,
And its end will be a song.

"FOUR DOLLARS A WEEK."

BY M. A. B.

"I wish I could do something to earn some money," sighed pretty Flossie Templeton, as she looked idly out of the window. "Here I am, 19 years old, six other children younger than I, and no one to work for us all but poor father. I really am ashamed of myself. But what can I do? I attended Woodley Seminary for more than two years, but, for all that, I don't know enough to teach school. I can't teach music; all I can play is a few polkas and waltzes. I can't even do fancy work for sale. The only thing I am good for is to do house-work, and mamma would faint if I should ever so much as mention going away to work in somebody's kitchen."

Her mournful soliloquy was interrupted by her little sister, who came into the room bringing a letter.

"Is that for me, Mame?" asked "Yes," answered the little girl, resigning herself to a hug of sisterly affection.

"Why, it's from my old room-mate at Woodley Seminary," and hastily tearing it open, Flossie was soon lost in its contents.

The letter contained the information that her old school friend was now living in a town only five miles distant, and that she was going away that afternoon to make a visit of several months.

But one part of the letter was more interesting to Flossie than any other. "The writer asked if Flossie knew of any good girl whom her mother could get to do general housework. Hired help was scarce in the town, and her mother would be willing to pay a good girl four dollars a week."

Flossie read this part over two or three times, and a plan matured itself in her busy brain.

"Why couldn't I go and work for them?" she thought, "and earn four dollars a week? I have no friends in Freeport except Ida herself, and she went away the day this letter was written. I can pretend to mamma that I am going to visit Ida Copeland for a month or two, and I will go there under an assumed name and work for them. The very thing!"

A smile lit up the face of our naughty girl, showing the sweet little dimples in chin and cheek, and making her irresistibly charming.

She went to her room and put the letter away; then lifting the lid of her trunk, she took from a box a picture in a small case, and gazed at it long and earnestly.

"I don't know what Norman Erlington would say if he knew of my working as a servant," she thought; "but really there is nothing else I can do. I am ashamed to stay at home and be a burden to my father. Of course I do most of the work, but then mamma and the little girls can do it well enough when I am gone. Well, it isn't likely I'll see Norman again, so it doesn't make much difference what he would think."

Norman Erlington, whose picture she had in her possession, was a young collegian who had spent the previous summer visiting relatives in the town. He had paid more attention to Flossie than to any of the other village belles, and, as he was handsome and stylish, it is no wonder the heart of our little maiden was touched. On going away, he had asked permission to write to her, but as she had never received any letters she came to the conclusion that he had forgotten her.

The next morning Flossie told her mother that she wanted to go to Freeport to stay a month or two.

"I received a letter from Ida Copeland yesterday, and you know I have never been away to visit since I came home from school over a year ago."

"I wish you could go," said Mrs. Templeton, a faded woman who still seemed to be making an effort to be fashionable, "but you have no clothes fit. Is your friend very stylish?"

"She didn't use to be," answered Flossie, eagerly.

"Well, if you think your clothes will do, I will be glad to have you go. Perhaps you will have an opportunity to see some good society there. I would like to get you a new dress, but your father's salary is so small, and the children wear out so many shoes that—"

"O, never mind me, mamma; I'll do very well," and, singing gayly, Flossie ran off to pack her trunk.

The next day, when the daughter parted with her mother at the depot, she said:

"Now, mamma, don't expect me to write to you while I am away, for you know I detest letter-writing."

"Very well, my dear. Have as good a time as you can," and, with a loving kiss, they parted.

"Poor mamma!" thought Flossie, as

the train sped on its way. "Wouldn't she be horrified if she knew I am going to apply for a place in Mrs. Copeland's kitchen!"

In a few minutes the town of Freeport was reached, and the young girl stood looking around her in a rather bewildered way. The first thing she did was to ask a man standing near the way to Mrs. Copeland's residence. As the town was a small one, he was able to give her minute directions. Bowing her thanks, she started on a brisk walk for the designated place.

On reaching the house, which was a fine brick one, she was about to ascend the steps and ring the bell, but recollecting herself, went around to the side door. In answer to her timid knock a lady came to the door.

"Is Mrs. Copeland in?" inquired Flossie.

"I am Mrs. Copeland," the lady smilingly replied, "Won't you come in?"

"I heard that you wanted a girl to do general housework, so I came to see if I could get the place," said Flossie, flushing deeply.

"How did you know I wanted to engage a girl?" asked Mrs. Copeland.

"I learned it through your daughter's letter to Miss Templeton."

"O, then you are a girl Miss Templeton sent? Very well, it is all right. I suppose you can do all kinds of work?"

"Yes, ma'am; I think so."

"What is your name?"

"Rachel Ray."

After a few more questions, all of

which Flossie answered satisfactorily,

Mrs. Copeland engaged her for a month.

The room to which she was afterward shown was neat and clean, but rather poor in its appointments, and Flossie thought, with a regretful sigh, of her own pleasant room at home. "I almost wish I hadn't come," she sighed, as she descended the stairs.

Mrs. Copeland was so kind and pleasant in her instructions, and her new girl was so quick to understand, that they were mutually pleased. Work was no hardship for Flossie, for she had been accustomed to it from her earliest infancy; besides the family at this time was small, consisting only of Mr. and Mrs. Copeland.

Mrs. Copeland was rather reserved, so Flossie did not learn much about the family affairs, although she always listened eagerly whenever Ida's name was mentioned. From what was said, however, she could see that the mother loved her daughter as few daughters are loved.

One day when her mistress was away, Flossie, having finished her work, wandered into the parlor. Seating herself at the grand piano, she ran over the keys with her little tool-harden hands. Presently the random notes resolved themselves into one of her favorite waltzes. Growing tired at last, she rose up and began to examine the articles on a table near. The chief attraction was a beautifully colored photograph of Ida.

"How beautiful she is!" murmured the little servant, gazing at the sweet face. "But then she always was lovely. Whom does her face remind me of? Some one I know, but I can't think who. I wonder if I am half as pretty as she is."

For answer she turns to the mirror, in which she can see herself from head to foot.

She sees a pair of wistful, questioning eyes; flushed cheeks, beautifully dimpled; brown hair, combed in fluffy "bangs" over the forehead; shell-like ears, and a little retroussé nose; a fair, girlish face, which you or I could not have seen without wanting to kiss.

The door was pushed a little ajar, and a young man stood looking at the pretty picture. Gradually his look of admiration turned to one of astonishment. Advancing into the room, he exclaimed, holding out both hands:

"Why, Flossie Templeton, how glad I am to see you! I came in softly, intending to surprise my mother, but I never thought of seeing you here."

At his first word Flossie had run away from the mirror, mortified beyond expression.

"Oh, Mr. Erlington! what must you think of me, seeing me standing looking at myself! You must think me so vain, so silly!" she cried, her face all afame.

"I think now, what I thought then, that you made the prettiest picture I ever saw. If I were half as pretty I would look at myself all the time," said Norman, gallantly.

"I do love you now," whispered his pretty prisoner, lifting a shy, blushing face to his.

In the morning the whole story was told to Mrs. Copeland. Though greatly surprised, and at first displeased, she soon became reconciled. The next day Norman accompanied Flossie home, and obtained her father's consent to their speedy union. So a month later, when Ida returned, Flossie Templeton became Mrs. Norman Erlington.

She concluded her story with a merry laugh, not looking a bit like the blushing girl of a moment ago, and so Norman was forced to laugh, too.

"I would not have thought you could gain your mother's consent," said he.

"O, she doesn't know anything about it. She thinks I am visiting here."

"Then it is nothing but a whim; and now, since you have gratified us, you must stop work and make us a visit."

"It is not a whim," objected Flossie; "I am working to earn money. Your mother pays me \$1 a week, and I think I earn it, every cent."

Just at this point in the conversation the street door was opened, and Flossie, pausing long enough to say, "Do not tell who I am," hurried off to the kitchen.

After this first encounter the young girl saw very little of Norman, but when he happened to meet her he always spoke kindly and respectfully to her. He had not been at home for a long time, so his mother and stepfather were overjoyed to have him with them again. It was evident to Flossie that he had kept her secret, for Mrs. Copeland treated her in the usual manner.

Norman was a great favorite in the town. A number of parties were given in his honor, and soon he was involved in a constant round of gayety.

Never had Flossie's work been so distasteful to her as it now was. The days seemed as if they would never drag their weary length along, and her tears often mingled with the dainty dishes which she concocted to please Norman's fastidious appetite.

One night there is to be a grand ball at the home of one of the leaders of fashion, and, of course, the Copelands are invited.

At the proper time Norman starts for the ball-room with his parents, but, on the plea of having forgotten something, returns to the house.

Going straight to the kitchen, he finds Flossie seated on a low chair, paring apples. As her back is turned to the door, she does not observe his quiet entrance. Walking stealthily up behind her, he places both hands over her eyes and cries, "Who is it?"

"I should say it was Mr. Norman Erlington," answers Flossie, as he takes away his hands, and seats himself beside her.

"Why didn't you go to the ball?" she demands.

"Because I would rather stay with you."

"Well, then, make yourself useful as well as ornamental," at the same time giving him a knife and an apple.

"Why didn't you ever answer my letter?" he asked, after a silence of several minutes.

"Because I never received any to answer."

"That is strange. I most certainly wrote."

"If you did write, the letter must have been lost."

"Did you think I had forgotten you?" asked Norman. "No, indeed, Flossie; I couldn't do that, for you see, I love you."

And then, before she was aware of it, Flossie found her head lying on Norman's breast and his arms encircling her, while he showered passionate kisses upon lips, cheek, and brow.

"I loved you all the time, Flossie, but when I came home and found you here, I thought I would wait and see if you had independence enough to go on with your chosen work in spite of what any one might think or say. I find that you have, and I'm glad of it! Darling, I love you so dearly! Can't you love me just a little?"

"I do love you now," whispered his pretty prisoner, lifting a shy, blushing face to his.

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"I think now, what I thought then, that you made the prettiest picture I ever saw. If I were half as pretty I would look at myself all the time," said Norman, gallantly.

"I must go to the kitchen," said Flossie, by a great effort breaking the silence; "I ought not to be in here at all. I am Mrs. Copeland's servant."

"What?" exclaimed the astonished Norman. "Surely you are not working for my mother?"

"If Mrs. Copeland is your mother, I most certainly am. I have often heard her speak of her daughter, but I never heard her mention you."

Seeing Norman still looked incredulous, she went on:

"I wanted to earn some money for myself, so when Ida Copeland, who was my dearest school friend, wrote and asked me to tell them of some good girl to do general housework, I thought I would come myself. Ida was going away on a visit, your mother never saw me, and so I came here and gave my name as Rachel Ray. No one would have been any the wiser for my little experiment if you had not known me."

The lady then told him to eat just as he was not at home, and, with a bright smile on his open face, Tommy stowed away enough provisions to last him for a week to come.

A FAMISHED BOY.

Tommy Witherspoon, whose father is famous for his stinginess, went to dinner with a neighbor.

"Now, Tommy, just do as if you were at home," said the lady of the house. Tommy began to cry.

"What are you crying about?"

"If I do just as if I was at home, I dasent eat half as much as I want to."

"Boo-hoo!" said the poor boy.

The lady then told him to eat just as he was not at home, and, with a bright smile on his open face, Tommy stowed away enough provisions to last him for a week to come.

SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS.

A Contribution that Was Rejected.

Somebody sent the Chicago *Herald* a newspaper containing a marked article wherein the election of Gen. Logan is urged and a failure to do so is considered as a sure sign that the republic is in its decline. To this the *Herald* aptly replies, that whether Logan, Morrison, or some other man not yet named shall be elected to the United States Senate will not make the slightest difference with the duration of the American republic.

Union soldiers have been defeated in this country through political considerations a great many times. Andrew Jackson was once defeated for the Presidency by a man who was selling calico while the war was in progress. Gen. Beaver was beaten for Governor of Pennsylvania by a young man who was in school when Gettysburg was fought. Gen. Wadsworth was defeated as a candidate for Governor of New York by a man who was selling calico while the war was in progress. Gen. Thompson was beaten for the Presidency by a man who never saw half the fighting that he did. Gen. Ewing was overwhelmed as a Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio by a man who was selling calico while the war was in progress. Gen. Beaver was beaten for Governor of Pennsylvania by a man who was selling calico while the war was in progress. Gen. Thompson was beaten for the Presidency by a man who never saw half the fighting that he did. Gen. Ewing was overwhelmed as a Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio by a man who was selling calico while the war was in progress. Gen. Beaver was beaten for Governor of Pennsylvania by a man who was selling calico while the war was in progress. Gen. Thompson was beaten for the Presidency by a man who never saw half the fighting that he did. Gen. Ewing was overwhelmed as a Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio by a man who was selling calico while the war was in progress. Gen. Beaver was beaten for Governor of Pennsylvania by a man who was selling calico while the war was in progress. Gen. Thompson was beaten for the Presidency by a man who never saw half the fighting that he did. Gen. Ewing was overwhelmed as a Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio by a man who was selling calico while the war was in progress. Gen. Beaver was beaten for Governor of Pennsylvania by a man who was selling calico while the war was in progress. Gen. Thompson was beaten for the Presidency by a man who never saw half the fighting that he did. Gen. Ewing was overwhelmed as a Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio by a man who was selling calico while the war was in progress. Gen. Beaver was beaten for Governor of Pennsylvania by a man who was selling calico while the war was in progress. Gen. Thompson was beaten for the Presidency by a man who never saw half the fighting that he did. Gen. Ewing was overwhelmed as a Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio by a man who was selling calico while the war was in progress. Gen. Beaver was beaten for Governor of Pennsylvania by a man who was selling calico while the war was in progress. Gen. Thompson was beaten for the Presidency by a man who never saw half the fighting that he did. Gen. Ewing was overwhelmed as a Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio by a man who was selling calico while the war was in progress. Gen. Beaver was beaten for Governor of Pennsylvania by a man who was selling calico while the war was in progress. Gen. Thompson was beaten for the Presidency by a man who never saw half the fighting that he did. Gen. Ewing was overwhelmed as a Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio by a man who was selling calico while the war was in progress. Gen. Beaver was beaten for Governor