

LOVE'S SEASONS.

The wall-flowers to the frolic wind
Do dance their golden aiglets.
And elf-maids steal the hawthorn beads
To wear for fairy amulets.
The spring is here, the spring is here—
The love-time of the year, my dear!

All heavy hang the apple boughs,
Weighed down by balls of yellow gold;
The poppy-cups, so fiery bright,
Seems would burn the hearts they
hold.
The summer's here, the summer's here—
The kiss-time of the year, my dear!

The birds are winging for the South,
The elf-maids hasten to their bower,
And dandelion balls do float
Like silver ghosts of golden flowers.
The autumn's here, the autumn's here—
The wife-time of the year, my dear!

Now are the heavens not more gray
Than are the eyes of her I love;
More dainty white than her sweet breast
The snow lies not the earth above.
The winter's here, the winter's here—
The love-time last's the year, my dear!
—AMELIE RIVES in Harper's Magazine.

SAVED FROM THE SEA.

It was a stormy day that Mary Gray looked out on the sea. Her lover, Tom Brown, the captain of the Ringwood, was expected home to-day, and she feared the schooner would incur great danger in the heavy seas then running.

Tom had toiled for years for an uncle who had not paid him a cent, but Mary's father that day had seen a messenger from the old man, who had been deputed to leave \$30,000 in the young captain's hands as soon as he should appear. Mr. Gray said nothing to Mary about the money, for she had enough to think about that day.

Toward evening the gale increased and several vessels were seen struggling to reach the shore. One of these was the Ringwood, partly dismantled. What was the agony of the young girl when the ship, struck by a squall, careened over and sank before her very eyes.

Father and daughter watched the scene, half stupefied.

The forms of several sailors were seen whirling about, as they clung to planks which had drifted clear of the vessel.

"Tom may be one of those men!" cried Mary. "We must go out and try to save him."

"I don't think that'll be of any use. The poor fellows would be drowned before we could reach them," said one of the fishermen, for the abode of Mary Gray was located in a fishing village. "Besides, it's likely our boat would be swamped."

"We can try," said Mr. Gray, "give me a lift with the boat."

The boat was pushed down to the surf, which was not so heavy in the cove as it was just beyond it.

But now the men all hung back. It required a stout heart to dare so dangerous a sea.

"If you are afraid I will go alone," said the fisherman's brave girl, springing into the boat.

"No!" exclaimed her father, quickly following. "You can steer and handle an oar, Mary, in good weather, but not by yourself in such a wild sea as this."

Several of the other men now mustered courage to join Gray and his daughter; but before the boat could be shoved toward the raging waters, Mary's father told her she had better jump out.

"No," replied the young girl. "I will help save Tom, or I will die in the attempt."

As she spoke, leaning over the stern sheets, she pushed against a rock, sending the boat out toward the waves beyond the cove.

"You will require me to steer," she continued. "There are but few men here, and all must pull or we will make no headway."

She seated herself at the tiller of the boat.

"No, Mary! I tell you you must not go," cried her father.

But as he said this the boat drifted among the huge, rolling waves, and then it was absolutely necessary to ply the oars and pull her far enough out to save her from being hurled against the rocks.

Mary remained at the tiller, and well did she perform her duty. Heedless of the drenching spray, she kept at her post, steering the boat with dauntless courage, while with keen, eager gaze she watched for the struggling forms which had been seen from ashore clinging to planks.

At last the boat was about 100 fathoms from land.

"We are now far enough out to clear the rocks on our return and make the cove," said Mr. Gray. "The poor fellows are lost and we may as well go back."

"No! no!" cried Mary. "There! now I see some one through that cloud of spray. It is Tom! Quick! for God's sake, pull ahead."

The men plied oars vigorously and with a will.

Two sailors, each clinging to a plank, were hurled half drowned toward the boat.

"Help!" continued Mary, leaning over and with her left hand clutching the hair of one of the sailors as he was being swept past the craft.

She held on until her father and another man drew the half-senseless form into the boat. This person proved to be Capt. Brown, so exhausted that had he not been taken from the sea just then, he must have been drowned.

The other castaway, who had been the first mate of the schooner, was

pulled out of the water by one of the fishermen forward, but no more of the schooner's crew, who had numbered six in all, were seen.

Only these two were saved, and even they would not have been rescued but for the indomitable pluck of a Massachusetts girl, born and bred on the seacoast.

With much difficulty the boat was got back to the cove without swamping.

And then, for the first time Mr. Gray

His Little Snack.

It is perhaps because there are exceptions to all rules that some persons seem to be able to bid defiance to many of the recognized laws of health.

"Wouldn't you like a little something to eat before you go to bed?" said an old farmer to a guest who was about retiring for the night.

"No, thank you," was the reply. "I never eat anything after supper."

"You don't? Well, I couldn't sleep if I didn't have a little snack of some sort 'fore I went to bed. Of course I don't want a reg'lar meal, but I feel all the better for a piece of pie and two or three doughnuts with some cheese, and a pickle and a bite of cold pork—some light refreshment, you know, just to stay the stomach."

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Covenant meeting, Saturday before the second Sunday in each month, at 2:00 P. M.

Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening

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No

Nothing

Nothing