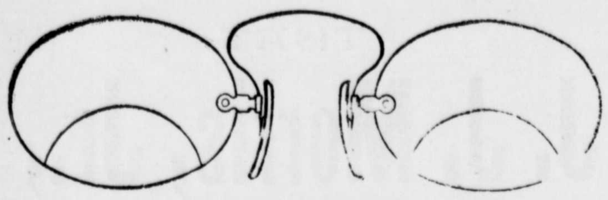
# A New Department.



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## Coats, Capes,

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we have ever had; also a big lot of

## Ladies' Tailor Made Suits,

all the newest things out; also a big lot of Men's and Boys' Ready-Made Clothing and Overcoats. A complete line of all kinds of

**BOOTS and SHOES, DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,**

in fact, we have a full stock of everything, and every article will be sold at a reduced price. Now, if you want bargains, here is a chance for you. Come early while our assortments are complete, and avoid the rush.

**J. J. MORRIS, JR.,**
MILLINGTON, MARYLAND.


## THREE IN A ROW.

### How An "Angel" Found its Mission in Life.

"She looks awful white to-day—an' thin," said Hiram dejectedly, at the same time dexterously tying a knot in a broken suspender. "I do' know what we're going to do with her. She'll die, maybe," and the boy stopped with a sudden gulp.

Nettie's blue eyes grew large and pathetic under her pink sun-bonnet. "She's hungry, I guess," she remarked, sagely. "Sick folks can't eat bacon nor beans. She told me one day"—here her voice dropped to a whisper, and she glanced half guiltily toward the door of the little cabin—"that she wanted a piece of beefsteak dreadful. Said she dreamt about it. But she wonldn't ask pa to get her any. 'Twould only make him feel bad 'cause he couldn't, she said. He can't hardly get us enough to eat, anyway, and beefsteak costs a lot. But seems as if mother'd ought to have it."

Little Tony said nothing, only wriggled his droll little body about on the flat stone seat and dug his toes into the gray dust. He was only six and small of his age.

The children were sitting near a small hut or cabin which clung to the side of one of the great mountains looking down upon the mining town of Silver Plume. Half a mile from them on one side was the mine, where their father toiled from morning till night and grew discouraged and hard in the struggle for life. In the other direction lay the town and the church and Sunday-school which had been the happiest factor, thus far, in the lives of these forlorn little ones. Above and around them were the rocky, towering mountains, among which they had been brought up, and which they loved, though perhaps without knowing it. Beyond these boundaries their knowledg of life was very small, hardly extending even into the wonderful Clear Creek canyon which lay below them.

"Hiram!" called a tremulous voice from somewhere within the cabin. "Children!"

The three rose simultaneously and looked at each other.

"She wants us," said the elder brother, briefly. "Come on."

"Once more—sing that once more," she called faintly, and they sang:

"There'll be no dark valley
When Jesus comes.

While the tears rolled down over the white face to the thick hair on the pillow.

"Well, good-by, mother," said Hiram, cheerfully, putting his head in at the bed-room door again. It's most train time. We'll try to get some pennies and we won't stay long. Don't you be lonesome till we get back. Perhaps," hesitatingly, "you can go to sleep."

Outside the trio halted, holding their wooden cigar boxes filled with minerals—"speciments," they called them—doubtfully in their hands.

"Tain't a bit of use," said Hiram, mournfully; "there's too many sellin' and folks have got enough of 'em anyway. But just to satisfy mother——"

Say Hi," broke in Nettie, speaking slowly, as if in surprise at her own thought, "you don't suppose we could—sing for the train folks? She likes to hear us."

The boy turned sharply about and stared at his sister with a kind of startled admiration.

You're the greatest!" he exclaimed. "How'd you think of it?" They have to sit in that car and wait two hours some of 'em. Can't get out and walk, makes 'em puff so. We'll try it this very morning just as we do for mother, you know. We'd better stand in a row"—musingly—"Net in the middle and we'll sing about three songs. Tony, will you sing up good and loud to the car folks? Maybe they'll give you a penny."

Tony looked contrary for a minute, then nodded obligingly, to the great relief of the unexperienced concert manager, and the three started briskly down toward the railroad station.

Up through the Clear Creek canyon puffed the "Gulf" train, with two observation cars full of passengers. There was a mixed company composed mostly of sight-seers for the day, who would return with the train after a two hours halt in Silver Plume.

There was a gentleman from Boston and two lively girls from Texas and a number of young couples, evidently belonging in Colorado, who were out for a little excursion. But different from the others, and most noticable of them all, were two, a gentleman and a lady, who sat near each other and looked alike—he pale and sick and she pale and sad. They were brother and sister—Mr. and Miss Lawrence, from somewhere in the East. He was looking for health in the mountains and she, in spite of deadly home-sickness would not leave him alone among strangers.

The train ran up to the mine, passed the switch and then moved back again to the station. Here the engine and some of the passengers abandoned the cars leaving those who objected to the high altitude to wait in patience. Among the latter were the Lawrences. The invalid was tired and tried to rest with his head on a shawl of his sister's in spite of the shrill call of "Specimints!" which seemed to come from all sides of the train. After a while the noisy little venders grew tired or discouraged and quieted down; then suddenly—Miss Lawrence started and listened intently. The little song was wonderfully sweet and fresh and true, something about—

"A robin one morning in May,"

And the voices might have been those of the birds themselves. Everybody turned to the windows and waited expectantly. This time it was a quaint old hymn for children:

"God make my life a little song
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong
And makes the singer glad;"

Miss Lawrence looked out of her window and saw Hiram, Nettie and Tony standing "three in a row," the blue eyes and brown looking up wistfully, half pleadingly, at the faces above them. A minute's pause, and then pennies, nickles and dimes rained down upon them. There was an ecstatic shout from Tony and a hasty scramble on the part of the three for the money. Their hearts beating fast with excitement and gratitude, the children drew into line again, and with a word from Hiram began their sweet song, "Anywhere With Jesus." Something in the words and the surroundings went straight to the heart of the stranger lady just above them, and then came the refrain,—

"Anywhere with Jesus is home, sweet home."

Her eyes brimmed over and she turned hastily away that her brother might not see.

"The lady wants to speak to you, Nettie, go on," said Hiram, pushing his sister before him, like the coward he was.

"I was so pleased to hear you sing," said Miss Lawrence, smiling down into the eyes under the pink sun-bonnet. "Won't you tell me where you live and what you are going to do with so much money?"

Nettie looked up shyly but searchingly into this "different" face from any of her acqnaintance; then bent her eyes to the ground and told the whole story of their need and experiment. Miss Lawrence listened in surprise and looked over to the tiny cabin on the side of the mountain. She wispered a few words to her brother, then went out to Hiram.

"My boy," she said, earnestly, "I should like to see your mother and do some little thing for her. Will you let your sister and the little boy take me to her, and will you go somewhere and get the steak and some other things which I'll mark down?"

She sat down on a stone and wrote a brief note, folded it and gave it to him.

"Bring the things I've marked," she said. "and tell him to send the others. Take this money"—she handed him a bill, with a brief, questioning look into his eyes—"pay what he asks and bring back the rest. Go to the best place you know and hurry."

"Mother," said Nettie, softly, "a lady's come to see you. She came off the train! Shall I bring her in?"

"A lady?" repeated the poor woman, mechanically. I don't know—yes, get a chair, Nettie."

Miss Lawrence paused to whisper to the little girl. "Can you make a nice, bright fire in your cook stove? We'll fix up something nice to eat when your brother gets back." Then she went in to Nettie's mother.

The little girl busied herself about the fire, trying to clean up a little for the lady, Tony sat in awe-stricken silence, swinging his short legs from his father's chair, and all the time the children could hear the sweet, low tones of the stranger lady as she talked to the sick woman. Nettie often wondered afterward what she could have said to make her mother alway refer to her as "that angel." But when Hiram came back, bringing tea, nice, sweet butter and a small tenderloin steak, and when the lady came out and prepared a dainty lunch, such as the children had never even imagined, and when presently the market boy appeared with his arms full of additional bundles, then Nettie, Hiram and Tony whispered together and wondered whether God sent Miss Lawrence, or whether she only came because she was good.

Just then the stranger pulled out a wonderful little gold watch and uttered an exclamation: "I must go at once," she said, "the train goes in ten minutes." One moment she spent in taking the address of the market man, another in saying good-bye in the little bedroom, the next she was flitting away down the path to the station, from which the children presently saw the train moving down into the canyon.

The little group in the cabin never saw Miss Lawrence again, but many pleasant reminders of her came to them by way of the market man, and they dated their happier life from the day when, "three in a row," they sang their first song to the passengers on the tourist train.

"Why, Amy," said her brother, when the young lady stepped into the car, "where have you been? You look more like yourself than I have seen you since we came to Denver. I don't believe you are homesick to-day."

"No, and I wont be any more," with a mysterious smile.

The singers had found their mission and she had found hers, and undreamed of blessing had come to all in the finding.
—*Mary E. Albright, in Congregati onalist.*


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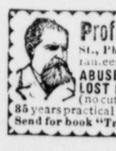

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