

Family Reading.

Happy Orphans.

A hundred little chicks of more, Downy, soft, and yellow, Were peeping out their discontent In voices far from mellow. I looked around in wonderment— No mothers were at hand To gather neath their outstretched wings The doleful little band; And as I gazed, a small, wee voice From one chick seemed to say: "Perhaps you think we like it, This fine new-fangled way; But it's very disagreeable, For, strange as it may seem, We never had a mother— They hatched us out by steam.

"And they call us 'Happy Orphans,' When we're ready all to weep, For no answering cluck comes back to us, Though we peep, and peep and peep; They say it's scientific, And I've no doubt it is true, But I would rather have a mother— Now really wouldn't you?" —Harper's Young Folks.

New Select Serial.

KATHLEEN.

THE STORY OF A HOME.

BY AGNES GIBBERNE.

CHAPTER IX.

ABOUT JOAN.

Lady Catherine did not call that morning on Kathleen, as she had intended, being unavoidably prevented. The only person who did come was Mr. Corrie. He asked to see Kathleen alone, and inquired if Cleve were at home.

"No," Kathleen said. "He went out directly after breakfast, and has not been back since."

"I was not able to walk with him today as usual. He told me it was Olive's birthday, and said his little sister would want him."

"Yes; Justinia did ask him to go out with them," said Kathleen. "But he would not. He does not seem to care now for walking with Miss Thorpe. He told me he meant to see grand-mamma."

"I am very much afraid he has not been there at all. Young Norris—you know him I think—told me just now that he had seen Cleve in a lane with the Hopkinsons. He said that it seemed to be a concerted meeting, that they were talking and laughing together, and he heard something about 'Bell Woods' and rabbits. If Cleve is going in for that sort of thing, he will get himself into serious mischief. Norris mentioned the fact to me from a sense of duty."

Kathleen had grown very pale. "Do you think you can do anything?" she faltered. "Oh, how can Cleve?"

"I wish I could think it was only a sudden yielding to temptation. I fear there has been a deliberate scheme. This is the first day since the holidays began that I have had to leave Cleve so much to himself, and he knew it would be so."

"Justinia told me this morning that when she went suddenly into Cleve's room last night, he dropped something heavy, which she picked up, and she is almost sure it was a bullet. He was angry with her, and would not answer questions."

"Another link in the evidence," said Mr. Corrie.

"But bullets are not needed for rabbit-shooting."

"Boys have a natural affection for bullets," was the answer; "and those Hopkinsons are up to any manner of mischief."

"Cleve saw my mother before he went, and he promised to be back to luncheon."

"I wish he may be. But no need to speak of all this to Mrs. Joliffe. I have an appointment at half-past two, which cannot be set aside. At a quarter to three I will ask at your door whether or no he has returned, and if not, I shall at once start for the wood."

"O Mr. Corrie, if he is going wrong again, after all your care—" said Kathleen sadly.

"Then the care must be doubled in the future. If I cannot bring Cleve right God can."

Kathleen kept the words in her mind for future use—not knowing how she would need them. She gave him her hand silently, and he hastened away.

"If I could but go too!" was her heart's cry, yet she would not suggest the need to her father, in fear that he would not keep facts from Mrs. Joliffe. Hours of anxiety might work serious harm to the latter. Kathleen went about quietly, making light of Cleve's continued absence, and veiling her own uneasiness.

Luncheon over, Lady Catherine was announced. She sat talking to Mrs. Joliffe for a while, and then proposed a country walk with Kathleen.

"It will do her good for she has been looking pale lately," Mrs. Joliffe said, and Kathleen's eager reception of the offer surprised them both.

"Shall we go up the hills," asked Lady Catherine, as they started. "The air is so still, that we should not find it too cold."

"Would you mind the north road instead?" asked Kathleen wistfully.

Lady Catherine agreed at once, though again with a sense of surprise the road in question being flat and uninteresting. They walked for some time in almost total silence. Lady Catherine asked at length, "Had you any particular reason for choosing this way?"

"Yes," Kathleen said at once; "I have a reason—and I have been thinking that I must tell you. Mamma would not mind."

"If it would be a relief to you—" "I think it would. I cannot say much to mamma now, and sometimes I do so want advice. But this just now is about Cleve."

She gave all particulars slowly, pausing to consider her words now and then. "I thought," she said at the end, "that perhaps, if we came in this direction, we might see something of Cleve."

"Are not the Bell Woods too far for you?"

"No, but they would be for you. I did not suppose we should go more than part of the way."

"Well, we shall see," said Lady Catherine. "I suspect my walking powers are about equal to yours. How do you get on with your cousin, Kathleen? Is she becoming domesticated?"

"I think papa means her to live with us," said Kathleen. "He has not told Joan so yet."

"How will that affect you?"

"I ought not to mind, Lady Catherine. And I dare say in time we shall be more fond of one another. It would be different if mamma were as strong as she used to be. I do not exactly know how to make Joan happy. We are so nearly of the same age—only six months between us."

"And there are little matters, no doubt, which ought to be set right, but which you can hardly venture to speak about," said Lady Catherine, with quick comprehension. "Joan gives one the impression of a self-indulgent person."

"Yes—and she has tricks that try papa. She lounges at table, and is not neat in her ways, and never puts away things that she uses. Papa has such a dislike to untidy rooms. And if I put away a book before Joan has done with it, she is vexed."

"An angular nature, evidently."

"Papa says she is all corners. Little things like that annoy him, and I am afraid I feel them too. But the least hint from me gives offence, and when she has her gloomy look papa gets depressed, and that affects mamma. It is difficult to keep things straight."

"She does not seem very capable of earning her own livelihood."

"No—even if mamma and papa liked it for her. She has not enough education to be a governess. And she could never be a companion. She has not the least idea of attempting to do what she does not like, or looking cheerful when she feels dull. And she thinks nothing of staying in bed to breakfast, or lying on a sofa half the day. And if she does not wish to do anything or go anywhere, that settles the question. She never seems to think about the 'ought.' She is always saying, 'Oh I can't do this, it would tire me,' or 'I can't do that, it would make my head ache.' I don't want to speak unkindly, but it is so different from mamma. She always did what had to be done, no matter what she felt, and the difficulty now is to keep her from doing too much."

"There may be a lack of the principle of self-denial in Joan."

"Yes, that is just it," said Kathleen. "Joan reads her Bible, and seems to want to do what is right, but there is no idea of self-denial—the self-denial of doing a thing because it is right, without minding her own feelings in the matter. It is strange."

"A trying temperament to herself as well as to others, I should imagine," said Lady Catherine. "You do not find that you can make a friend of her."

Kathleen shook her head. "I do not think Joan cares for me," she said. "And there is nothing in her to rest upon. She takes offence so easily, and I never know what mood she will be in next. Sometimes she is quite pleasant and gentle for a little while, and then a word or look will put her out and she is vexed for hours. And yet—sometimes I do think Joan has a kind of love for better things, and a wish to be different."

"The discipline will come, I suppose," said Lady Catherine.

"Does it always?"

"To Christ's own followers, yes. I can't say whether she has taken any steps along that path. If she has, she will not be allowed to continue undisciplined to the end. If she will not voluntarily learn self-control, she makes some manner of sterner teaching, sooner or later, a necessity."

"And if I don't either—" said Kathleen in a low voice.

"I think it is the same with all God's children: My own belief is that as a rule His will is to prepare us for heaven by gentle means, and that often, when sharper trials come, it is only because we have made them needful by resisting the milder discipline."

"It sounds rather terrible," said Kathleen.

"Does it? But you would not have stunted and distorted plants for the King's garden. If sunshine and rain cannot do their work alone, the pruning-knife may have to be used. The gem for the King's crown has to be polished. If the friction of every-day life fails, rougher instruments must be employed. There is friction enough now perhaps—but what if Joan is not willing? Then after a pause, 'As for the best method of dealing with one of her temperaments, I have one piece of advice to give—keep calm.'"

"Yes," Kathleen said slowly.

"Don't let the fact that she is ruffled, ruffle you. Speak to her kindly, if she will allow you, if not, take refuge in silence. Nothing but silence will answer with some tempers. Only do not let your moods be governed by hers. Try to live in an atmosphere above her fogs, and pity her so much for her weakness as to have no room for anger."

A Little Story for Little People.

TROT'S ADVENTURE.

One fine spring morning a nice little girl came toddling in to be admired by her admiring grandma and aunts before going down town.

"Tee my tockings!" she said, holding out one plump leg, and nearly toppling over as she tried to balance herself on the other.

"Booful, darling!" said grandma, obligingly; for in her heart of hearts she thought the gay-coloured stripes an abomination, and considered white to be the "only proper thing for little girls," or anybody else.

"Ozer one's booful, too," said Trot, holding it out for inspection.

Just then Trot's mother, Mrs. Dainty, came to the door and said, "Come, precious, run; here's the car," which startled the girl so that she toppled over entirely, and had to be picked up and straightened out by her grandma, and kissed and comforted by her mamma and all her aunts, which took so long that two or three cars had a chance to trundle by before they were ready to go.

Mr. Dainty's store, so Trot thought, was a very dull and uninteresting place full of big boxes, hammers, saws, files, and nails; so, after she had shown her new stockings to her papa, she went out to the door in search of amusement, and not seeing anything but a yellow spotted dog which interested her, she slipped out and walked composedly down the street.

She looked back once or twice, expecting to see mother or father after

her; but they were busy talking, and if they thought of her at all they supposed that she was just outside the door.

Not being at all in favor of straight lines, she turned up this street and down that gazing about her with great delight, and trying to 'make believe' that that she was a 'big grown-up lady.'

She did think of her mamma once, and seeing a pleasant-looking man driving along in a buggy, she stood on the edge of the sidewalk and called out as loudly as she could, 'Mister! Mister Man!'

He looked at the little red-cheeked mite and drew up his horse, saying, pleasantly enough: 'Well?'

"If you see my mamma, tell her not to be worried."

"But I'm afraid she will be worried," said he—"I think he must have had a little red-cheeked girl at home—and you had better get right into my buggy and let me take you back to her."

"No, fank you!" replied Trot with a gracious bow; "I've dot to doe dis way;" with which she walked serenely off and left her new acquaintance gazing after her in surprise and amusement.

"Whose girl is that?" he said to himself as he went on. "I've seen her somewhere before."

It was not until hours after, when he met his friend Dainty coming from the police office, that he was able to place the midget.

Trot made very slow progress, for she had to stop and gaze at everything; but she crossed and recrossed so many streets that the father and mother, who were frantically searching for her by this time, were completely off the track.

At length even she began to think of being tired and going home; she was not by any means the same Trot who had slipped out of the store door and started on an exploring expedition, for her hair was in her eyes, and her face was sticky and dirty; also her hands, in one of which was grasped the remains of a stick of candy.

The young man with his hair parted in the middle, was slightly surprised when this little lassie walked in and said:

"I'll take a stick of candy."

"Where's your money?" he inquired.

"I ain't dot no money, but my papa dot a whole pottet full," replied the small customer.

"Where is your father?"

"I don't know," replied Trot, indifferently.

"I'll give you a stick of candy for a kiss," said he.

"All right," she said, and standing on tip-toe, she kissed him over the counter and trotted off, evidently quite satisfied.

She had worse luck in a bakery, kept by a sourfaced woman, where she applied for a cake.

"How many do you want?"

"Just one," replied Trot, patronizingly.

"What for?," was the next question.

"To eat, of course!" exclaimed the midget, astonished.

"Where's your money?"

"Ain't dot none."

"Then go right out of my store, you little beggar!" said Sourface crossly.

Trot retreated to the door, from which place of safety she faced the woman and said, indignantly:

"I ain't a beddar! You tink beddars wear dis kind of tockings!" and stamping her little foot, she solemnly stalked away.

So tired that she could hardly move, she at length sat down upon the step of a small store; feeling more forlorn than she had ever felt in her life before.

But her rest was not long; a boy who had been left in charge of the store, feeling the immense importance of his position, came out and shook the little waif rudely by the shoulder, saying,

"Come, get out of this! We don't want you blocking up the doorway!"

"You let me 'lone!" cried the midget jerking herself out of his hand; then, as the full wretchedness of her situation came upon her, she cried out in a flood of tears—

"Mamma! I want my mamma!"

"See here, sir! I've a good mind to dust your jacket for you!" said a young man who had seen the boy, and heard poor little Trot's despairing cry.

"What do you mean by 'catching hold of a little girl that way?'" The boy muttered something about blocking up the doorway, and judiciously retreated.

"What's the matter, dear?" he then said, turning to Trot. "Are you lost?"

"No," sobbed Trot, "I'm here; my mamma's lost! And my horse, too!"

He lifted her up in his arms, and wiped the tears away gently from her poor little dirty face; he was a young fellow, not more than twenty, plain and even rough in his dress, but Trot knew that she had found a friend, and putting both her plump arms around his neck, she said:

"Take me to my mamma."

"Yes, darling," he said; it seemed a long time to Trot since she had been called darling; and that morning visit to grandma seemed so long ago that she could hardly remember it.

He asked her name, but could not understand her answer, though he tried his best; then he asked her where she lived.

"On Bush street," said Trot; but she could tell him no more, only that she could tell the house when she saw it.

"All right!" said the kindly young fellow, "then we'll walk until we find it."

He carried her, for she was too tired and footsore to walk, block after block, in the gathering twilight; perhaps he never realized before how long Bush street was, or how heavy a little girl could be, but at last he found it.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Tourse! I ture!" responded Trot, joyfully.

He put her down on the doorstep, and kissing her good-by, walked rapidly away, not even waiting to be thanked by that grateful father and mother whose gratitude words could not have expressed; but in their thanks that night they prayed that a shining mark might be placed that day against his unknown name.—Christian Union.

A Feminine Confab.

"Good-morning, Sister J. A blessing on you! How singular it is that I was just thinking of you."

"Now that is really good in you, but of course I could not help calling in after what we heard yesterday. Brother A. seemed so awfully in earnest, he made me so nervous, I thought I should fly away!"

"Yes, I noticed quite a difference. As Uncle S. would say, he seemed to 'mean business.' But what can he expect of us? I am sure we subscribe liberally."

"That is true enough. We go to great expense for a church home, and then we are told to go out into the highways and compel a very objectionable class to come in, with all their dirty clothes on! Is it not ridiculous? It would break up our society."

"You are too conscientious, my dear. That was only in the sermon, and the sermon, you know, fills out the service. That is all there is of it."

"But suppose Brother A. gets cross over it, what then?"

"Well, we cannot be expected to please him in everything. Deacon X. said himself, that ministers were liable to be visionaries. At least, they don't realize the practical part of life as lawyers and doctors do; and so they fail where others succeed."

"Oh, don't mention Dea. X. He's horrid! If we are going to be Christians, we must be better than that."

"And yet he might be right one way, for you know a gospel that is not fitted and adjusted with particular reference to female sympathies would be unnatural and unsuccessful."

"Why, you are quite a philosopher, my dear. And is that the reason women are called upon to manage so much church work?"

"Why, certainly. They will kill us with work before long, while those lazy men are mere lookers-on."

"Oh, not so bad as that, dear. The men must work to get money. They look dreadfully tired, too, and I believe they are awfully worried sometimes by the bad proceedings in Congress."

"I did not know that men were troubled so much. Of course they cannot be expected to do everything, and if they pay the bills, perhaps it is all we could ask. But you know some of them are very unreliable in church matters."

"Just what Bro. A. said, you remember. The strength of a society (he said) is not in its wealth but in its health. The most wealthy church would waste and die if it was not also a working and aggressive church. It would have much form but no power. Indeed, it would cease to be a church of the living God, and would be wedded to its own idolatry."

"Did Bro. A. say that, really?"

"Certainly he did, and he laid it down with so much earnestness that he made me nervous."

"Oh, well, dear, never mind. Our circle will meet day after to-morrow, and then there will be more of us to see about it."

"Very well, my dear. But you can't do more than you can. I think a religious life is not so much a matter of theory as it is made to appear. To be good and to do good as far as we are able, is all there is of it."

"There, now, that's just my idea. But there is one thing about it, the church must cultivate the goodness. I think that when anything comes to one to do, we ought to do it."

"Yes, and we can make the Bible a book of recipes, if we like, and be sure to come out right. In fact, I have been getting them together; or, as lawyer Z. calls it, 'codifying' them for my own use."

"Oh, if you do that, I'm afraid you will be a Unitarian, and of course you would not intend it. Some of those people are so awful mechanical in their way that I would not be like them for the world."

"No danger of us women. It's the men who prefer a church machine, not us. And some of them are so awfully stupid as to think that it is only the women who should love one another. Lawyer Z., for instance, gave it as his legal opinion that the wording of the Golden Rule, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you,' etc., applied only to us, and not to the other sex at all!"

"Well, that is laughable. Just like a lawyer to not understand things properly, as ministers do."

What is Money?

The value of a commodity limits its quantity. Anything which can be obtained in a limited quantity, with a certain ascertainable amount of labor, and which is divisible, will serve the purpose of money. Furs have been employed in some countries as money, cattle in others—as in the "Liad," in the estimation of the respective values of the shields of Diomedes and Glacis, the one worth nine oxen, the other a hundred oxen—bricks of tea in Tartary, cowries in Africa, rock salt in Abyssinia. Other African tribes calculate in *naucles*, a money of the mind, which has no substance corresponding to it, but the value contained in which has been sufficiently ingrained in their minds to answer the purpose of a measure of value. Bullion is chosen because it complies with these two conditions, difficulty of acquisition and divisibility, better than any known substance. Is it not strange that we should turn this servant into our master and elevate that which is a mere medium for avoiding the inconveniences of barter into an indispensable necessary of life, hardly secondary to food and clothing? If by some convulsion of nature the precious metals, gold and silver, were utterly destroyed, the world would be impoverished by the loss of a commodity on the discovery and manufacture of which much labor and time had been expended, but the only result would be that we should have recourse to some other.

A European merchant at Mandalay, India, imported a thousand glass images of Gautama, and sold them to the heathen. One native bought the whole lot, and made money by peddling them about. The images had blue eyes, by a mistake of the manufacturer. This mistake had to be rectified, which necessitated a few touches of hand-painting on each image. The idolatrous images were made in Birmingham, England.

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