

Left Alone.

The loneliest house you ever saw, a big gray house where I stay—call it livin', at all—my mother went away.

Long weeks ago an' it seems a year: at home, so the preacher said—ache in my breast with wantin' her, my eyes are always red.

Out-of-doors till I'm almost froze, at every corner an' room empty enough to frighten a boy, filled to the doors with gloom.

Them to call me in to my meals; sometimes I think I can't bear allow a mouthful o' anythin' her not sittin' up there

in the tea, an' passin' the things, laughin' to see me take lump of sugar instead of one, more than my share of cake.

no one to go to when things go wrong; was always so safe an' sure, not a trouble could tackle a boy at one couldn't up an' cure.

no big to be kissed, I used to say; somehow I don't feel right, in to bed as still as a mouse—body sayin' good-night

upkin' the clothes under my chin, makin' my hair back so; a boy makes fun of before his chums things that he likes, you know.

make it out for the life of me why she should have to go, her boy left here in this old gray house needin' an' wantin' her so.

are lots of women, it seems to me, wouldn't be missed so much—when those boys are about all grown up, old maid aunties an' such.

you the very loneliest thing this great big world to-day, boy of ten whose heart is broke use his mother is gone away.

Boy at the End of the Dock.

BY MARY E. Q. BRUSH

It's the first of everything this mornin', said Donald, as he forked up last bit of amber pancake, lying on a little island in a tiny ocean of syrup. 'It's the first time we're goin' a-fishing, and'

And the first time we've worn our sailor suits,' interrupted David, who looked complacently down on an ensemble of navy-blue flannel, brass buttons, and anchors in white braid.

Uncle Arthur said that we looked like regular watermen,' David continued, as fifteen minutes later, he and his brother made their way down the dock.

Early as it was, there was another boy ahead of them.

A very different-looking boy! He wore patched, baggy trousers, rolled over sunburnt legs; his flannel blouse was so faded that no one could tell whether it had been green, blue, or black when new; on his head was a straw hat, under which shone fiery red hair.

The twins looked at him critically. 'Did you ever see such a awful-looking fellow?' they whispered.

And freckles as big as ten-cent pieces!

But they soon ceased their comments, for Donald suddenly exclaimed, 'He held up his fish-pole with its dangling line and hook:

'Look here, David! How can we have forgotten all about the fish? And we can't buy any, for uncle and aunt have gone out in the launch! What'll we do?'

The boy at the end of the dock laid down the wet broom with which he was brushing off the planks, and stepped toward the twins. His face, white of its freckles, had a friendly expression.

'You little fellers want to fish? At some minnows,—eh? Come with me.'

From some remote recess within the launch a net was produced and then Tommie Baggs—for that was the boy's name—led the twins to a shallow place by the dock, where, peering over the railing, they could see whole schools of minnows darting here and there, their silver sides flashing in the sunshine.

'Let's draw 'em to the spot. Ha! Here they come!' as a crowd of minnows came darting back. 'Now, quick! Up to the net!'

Donald and David nearly tumbled over the dock in their eagerness. Up to the net dripping with crystal water, and through the twine meshes they caught a glimpse of quivering scales and silver bodies.

One—two—five—oh! fifteen nice minnows! Some of 'em pretty good—ha, too! Tommie exclaimed contentedly.

'We can catch pickerel with those, can't we?' David inquired.

'No, sonnie,—laughing. 'We use

minnow bait for perch, and small perch are used to catch pickerel; or we catch pickerel with a spoon.

David quite overlooked the indignity of being called 'sonnie' by a boy not much older than he was in his eagerness to learn what a 'spoon' was.

'It's a bit of shining tin thing, with red and white feathers fastened to its hook, and we troll with it,—that is, fasten it to a long fish-line, and let it dangle in the water as we row the boat along rather slowly.'

Both Donald and David were at a loss whether to 'troll' or to make use of their new fishing-poles, but finally decided in favor of the latter. And in tones of greatest respect, they invited Tommie Baggs to accompany them.

Tommie wobbled irresolutely, while he tried to pick up a pebble with his bare toes, and then he said, with a grin that seemed to swallow up at least a score of his biggest freckles:

'Well, I guess I can go. I've got Mr. Peters's dock all washed off and his boat cleaned. I'll have to run up and tell my mother, though.'

He was back in a few minutes, fish-pole in one hand and a paper bag in the other.

'Ma, did you up a lunch for us,—bread and butter and some fresh doughnuts. Now, after we get some more minnows, we'll start.'

Well, I have not time to tell you all about that morning's sport. But, oh! how much Tommie Baggs taught those boys! They learned how to fasten the bait on carefully just by the back fin, so that the minnow was kept alive, and in a state of comparative comfort; they learned how to fling out the gay red and yellow 'bobs,' and when one of these went down, indicating that there was a 'pickerel strike, to draw in the line carefully, hand over hand; and, when a pull on the line showed that the pickerel had turned to carry his prey off to his lair down among the weeds, to give just the quick jerk that would hook him securely; also, as he was drawn near the boat, to let him play out with the line until he was tired out, and finally, at the last supreme moment, to reach over the edge of the boat, and lift him in,—a beautiful glistening prize.

They learned about the different depths of water; the color of water; how the gamey black bass were wont to lurk near rocky points and shoal grounds, and how perch played in shallow inlets; just how rough the water ought to be, and how a cloudy day was better for fishing. And of course, Tommie Baggs taught them the reverse:

When the wind is in the west, Then the fishes bite the best; When the wind is in the south, It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth; When the wind is in the east, Then the fishes bite the least; When the wind is in the north, Then the fishes goeth not forth.

And at noon when the twins returned, each bearing a string of perch and one pickerel of respectable dimensions, they parted from their freckled friend with many expressions of esteem and gratitude. And as, a little later, they sat on the back steps cleaning their finny prizes, David remarked sagely:

'Say, Don, clothes don't amount to much,—do they? It's the kind of boy that's inside 'em!'—S. S. TIMES.

A Dog that Carried Mail.

'I lost a faithful friend and helper a few days ago,' said a New Orleans letter carrier. 'He was a yellow dog, and I must confess his appearance was not exactly prepossessing. We met in the way of business. His owner was what letter carriers call a 'throw-out'; in other words, he lived two extra long squares from his nearest neighbor, and to deliver the mail he received almost every day involved a four-square walk for each batch. Soon after I took the route the yellow dog got to know my whistle, and would come rushing to the corner to get the mail.

'He kept that up steadily, rain and shine, for over a year, and never missed a trip. What's more, he showed a pride and interest in the task that was really half human. Sometimes, for instance, he would be a little late and find me on the way to the house when he got out of the yard. Then it was comical to see him come tearing up the street. On such occasions he would always insist on going back to the corner, which was the only place he recognized officially for the delivery of mail matter. If I had nothing for him, he showed his dejection and disappointment as plainly as a man.

'When his owner met me the other day and told me he was dead I couldn't say a word, to save my life. I turned around and walked off, and before I knew it I was blubbering like a fool.'—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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take her. Make up a good-sounding story if you can.' She wears too many rings for us,' said an editor in chief to his associate, speaking of a lady who was seeking a position as sub-editor.

One might go on indefinitely quoting similar cases. Trifles, perhaps some young man or woman may call them. But in reality there are no trifles, and in the business world nothing is trifling. Even straws may serve to show which way the wind blows.—Forward.

'What Would Be the Good?'

A story of a bright-eyed, barefooted, shabby little fellow is told by Forward. He was working his way through a crowded car, offering his papers in every direction, in a way that showed him well used to the business, and of a temperament not easily daunted.

The train started while he was making change, and the conductor, passing him, laughed.

'Caught this time, Joe!' he said. 'You'll have to run to Fourteenth street.'

'Don't care,' laughed Joe, in return. 'I can sell all the way back again.'

A white haired old gentleman seemed interested in the boy, and questioned him concerning his way of living and his earnings. There was a younger brother to be supported, it appeared.

'Jimmy' was lame, and 'couldn't' earn much himself.

'Ah, I see. That makes it hard; you could do better alone.'

The shabby little figure was erect in a moment and the denial was prompt and somewhat indignant.

'No, I couldn't! Jim's somebody to go home to; he's got lots of help. What would be the good of havin' luck, if nobody was glad of or gettin' things, if there was nobody to divide with?'

'Fourteenth Street!' called the conductor, and as the newsboy plunged out into the gathering dusk, the old gentleman remarked to nobody in particular, 'I've heard many a poorer sermon than that!'

A STORY WITH A CATCH IN IT.—Here is a story that has been going the rounds of the press. The reader should mislead his hearers by first asking them to compare the chivalry of former days with that of the present, and then read this impossible narrative and see how many of the hearers will see the point. We have known school teachers to meditate over the matter seriously and even dilate a little on the blind loyalty of the 'Old Guard' without seeing the impossibility of the soldier's performing the act described.

This is the story: Once when in Paris Napoleon paid a visit to a hospital for old soldiers. Among the inmates was a man who had lost an arm. The emperor asked him: 'Where did you lose your arm?'

'At Austerlitz, sire.'

'Then, no doubt, you curse the emperor and your country for your fate?'

'On the contrary,' said the veteran, 'for the emperor and my country I would sacrifice the other arm.'

'I can hardly believe it,' said the emperor.

The soldier immediately drew a sabre from its sheath and lopped off the other arm.

Home Hints.

To cream butter, heat your bowl a little. Pour hot water in and then turn it out. The bowl must not be hot enough to melt the butter. It may be creamed with the spoon or with the hand.

To take ink out of linen, dip the spotted parts immediately in pure melted tallow, then wash out the tallow and the ink will have disappeared.

If your oven is too hot, you can cool it by putting in a dish of water. If it is too hot on the top, lift the lids which are over the oven.

A good supply of dish towels is a necessity; do not try to get along with a few. Health and comfort are promoted by an abundance of every furnishing in the kitchen department.

To wash calico without fading, put three gills of salt in four quarts of water. Put the calico in this while the solution is hot, and leave it until it becomes cold: then wash and rinse.

Bread crusts should be dried in the oven and put away in paper bags until wanted for use.

Always keep the inside of your coffee pot bright to ensure good coffee. Boil it out occasionally with soap, water and wood ashes, and scour thoroughly.

All groceries and household supplies should be put away in their own proper receptacles, and not left standing in paper bags. Keep rice, oatmeal, cracked wheat, tapioca, etc., in close covered glass jars, tea and coffee in tin cans; meal and flour in covered wooden buckets.—Selected.

TEACHING CHILDREN GOOD MANNERS.

GOOD MANNERS.—Good manners cannot be learned in a moment. There are certain forms which society has agreed to appear well bred, and these are often not at all what the natural inclination would prompt one to do under the circumstances. Children must be taught these conventions, and we must not be surprised if they are sometimes slow in learning them, nor despair if after much teaching they at times relapse into native barbarism. Patient perseverance in training them will at last produce the desired result. The constant repetition that seems so irksome, combined with the silent force of daily example, will effect the end in view—a well-bred child.—February Ladies' Home Journal.

'A CULTIVATED HEART.'—Two girls were talking one day. They were young, and eager, and ambitious, and their talk was of people who had 'succeeded.'

Finally, one of them exclaimed enthusiastically.

'Oh, is there anything in the world finer than a cultivated brain?'

Her friend was silent a moment; then she answered slowly:

'Yes, one thing—a cultivated heart!'

It was an echo of the old word: 'Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.'—Forward.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.—Mrs. Faddie, Christian Scientist.—How is your grandfather this morning, Bridget?'

Bridget—He still has the rheumatism mighty bad, mum.

'You mean he thinks he has the rheumatism. There is no such thing as rheumatism.'

'Yes, mum.'

A few days later: 'And does your grandfather still persist in his delusion that he has the rheumatism?'

'No, mum; the poor man thinks now that he is dead. We buried um yesterday.'

DON'T FORGET.—That women are made out of girls, and that men are made out of boys. That if you are a worthless girl, you will be a worthless woman, and if you are a worthless boy you will be a worthless man. That the best educated men and women once did not know 'A B C.' That all the things which you are learning had to be learned by them. That the efforts spent in making others happy will in some way add to your own happiness. That a life of usefulness and helpfulness is worth many times more than a life of pleasure. That our Saviour says 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness.' That our Saviour says, 'Lay up for yourself treasures in heaven.'

AN AWFUL MISTAKE.—A man in Iowa had been storming at his family, especially at his poor wife, one day, until he had spoiled the pleasure of everybody in the home for that day at least. Then he went out, slamming the door behind him. His little boy had stood off at one side listening to it all. He looked into his mother's face and tearful eyes, and coming across the room, took her hand in his own and exclaimed, 'Ma, we made an awful mistake when we married Pa, didn't we?'

Why So Little Joy? Why have so many Christian men so little joy in their lives? Because they look for it in all sorts of wrong places, and seek to wring it out of all sorts of sapless and dry things. 'Do men gather grapes of thorns? If you put the berries of the thorn into the wine press, will you get sweet sap out of them? That is what you are doing when you take gratified earthly affections, worldly competence, fulfilled ambitions, and put them into the press, and think that out of these you can squeeze the wine of gladness. No! No! Dry, and sapless, and juiceless, they all are. There is one thing that gives a man worthy, noble, eternal gladness, and that is the felt presence of the Bridegroom.—Alexander MacLaren.

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GOOD THINGS FROM ORANGES.

In the dreary monotony of winter desserts without fruits, the housewife welcomes the juicy orange as a friend in need. Not only is the flavor agreeable, but the juice has properties that act on the liver, stimulate to action the secretory organs, and clear the blood of impurities. Many are the delicious desserts which may be made of this accommodating fruit, and all are good.

Boiled Orange Pudding.—Make a light paste of a pint of flour and three-fourths of a cup of shortening; wet with enough iced water to make it of proper consistency to roll out. Set in a cold place for several hours. Roll into a large sheet and cover this thickly with juicy oranges, peeled, sliced, and seeded. Sprinkle the fruit with granulated sugar and roll up the pastry. Fold the ends closely together, sew the pudding into a floured cheese-cloth bag, and boil for nearly two hours. Serve very hot with a hard sauce flavored with orange-juice and one-half teaspoonful of the grated peel.

Orange Sauce.—Rub together five tablespoonfuls of butter and a cup of granulated sugar. Put these into a saucepan and pour upon them one-half cup of boiling water, then the stiffened whites of three eggs, the juice of two oranges, and one-half a lemon. Beat with an egg-beater until very foamy, then serve.

Steamed Orange Pudding.—Soak a cupful of bread-crumbs in a cup of milk very soft; beat into them three whipped eggs, two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and three-fourths of a cup of sugar. Carefully peel and divide into lobes three oranges, dredge each lobe thoroughly with flour, and stir the fruit into the above mixture. Turn into a greased pudding-mold with a closely-fitting top, and steam for at least three hours. Turn the pudding out upon a hot platter, set in the oven for five or ten minutes to dry, and send to the table with a hard sauce.

Orange Pie.—Rub to a creamy paste one-half cup of butter and a cup of granulated sugar. Beat light the yolks of four eggs; whip them into the butter and sugar, add the juice and one-fourth of the grated peel of a large orange, a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, and the stiffened whites of two eggs. Line a pieplate with very light pie-crust and turn the orange mixture into this. Bake until the filling is set and the crust lightly browned. Beat the whites of two eggs light with two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. When the pie is done, draw it to the door of the oven, spread it with this meringue and return to the oven just long enough to delicately color the meringue. Eat cold.

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