

Do You Know Her?

Have a little friend who doesn't like to mend. To dust or set the table, or even make a bed;

She 'hates' to rock the baby, and says that some day, maybe, she'll go away, and linger where they have no babies 'round

To buy a spool of cotton, or stamps for mother's mail; and it's much against her wishes that she's set to washing dishes;

And she doesn't mean a word of what she says, I will be bound.

Why the Toys Went on Strike.

'No, I ain't goin' to school! I'm goin' to do just what I like to-day, 'm goin' to act up.' Every toy in the room heard these words.

The jockey in pink on the tin bay horse winked at the jumping jack as if to say: 'Gee whizz! that's the talk.'

'Well, come now, and eat your breakfast suggested Mrs. Gordon, with a hope that the storm might blow over.

'You'd do that, I suppose?' 'If they's muffs, I will,' said Ralph, in a lordly way, but from the stormy sounds that were wafted from below

'Ladies and gents and amiles,' said the jockey in pink, when the toys were left alone. 'I ask ye why we ain't got right same as that air little kid as has been a-horderin' of us about?'

'You'd do that, I suppose?' 'If they's muffs, I will,' said Ralph, in a lordly way, but from the stormy sounds that were wafted from below

'Mary had a little lamb, Its fleece was white as snow,' smiled sweetly at the pink jockey.

'Why should I go on saying those silly lines to suit strange people? How would they like it if they had to recite every time that anybody turned a crank; and if they had to speak nonsense, too, when they were thinking great thoughts?'

'The mechanical dusty miller, who was always piling up bags marked 'X Brand Best Flour' into a fine red wagon, drew a long breath. 'Guess I'll take a rest, too,' he said.

'The Noah's ark squeaked out from a corner; 'I'm wid ye. The next time Master Ralph tries to sail me in the bath-tub I'll dump all the animals in water. It will be a lark to see the leopard get his spots washed off—he's so precious proud of 'em—an' won't the camel have to hump himself.

'The time was just up when he presented himself not only all dressed, but washed, combed, and teeth and shoes brushed.

'Now that shows,' his uncle said, as he handed him the money, 'that you can do things in the proper length of time. Don't you think you ought to

that could be heard above the din. He rode a white horse, and led his men to war whenever he was properly wound up. Ranks of men fell at every charge of the guns. 'Good!' he cried. 'That suits me down to the ground. We've been shooting the same men for two months, and they always come up smiling. What kind of warfare is that, where dead men always come to life again? Now they've got to stay killed. That's what.'

The jumping-jack drew both legs up and seemed to tie them about his neck. 'I'm goin' to take a rest, too,' he squeaked; 'my bones is disjinted, my brain feels concussed, an' my muscles is like fiddlestrings.'

At this moment Ralph returned from the kitchen flushed from a tussle with the cook. He had insisted on making his own muffins; but Bridget was a match for him, and he was forced to retire from the field.

He swept the whole force from the table with an impatient hand. But when he found that the jumping-jack refused to jump, that the miller would not throw his sacks in the cart, that the pink jockey declined the race, and the Noah's ark animals all in the bath-tub, he was so astounded that he forgot to be angry.

'O, mother,' he cried, when she entered, 'not one of 'em will do a thing! They can't all be broken! And all the animals are losing their coats in the bath-tub!'

'Perhaps they resolved to 'act up' to-day, said his mother. 'They probably heard you say that you wouldn't do anything you didn't like, and they have only followed your example. The toys have gone on a strike, perhaps.'

'And do you think that they will never do anything for me again?' asked Ralph, in a mournful tone.

'O, who knows? They may come round again, as you do.'

Ralph pondered awhile, in a grave way. 'It's no fun at all to 'act up,' he said. 'If everything else is going to 'act up,' too, I guess that I'll go to school.'

Strange to say, the toys were all right the next day. Only the faded coats of the animals in the Noah's ark were left to remind Ralph of the strike. But, nevertheless, he did not forget it, and, having seen the effect of a bad example, the threat to 'act up' was never heard from him again.—Ex

Start-and-Stop.

Did you ever hear of any little boy named Start-and-Stop? I think he must have been first cousin to that little boy who always said, 'In a minute.'

This boy would start well enough when called or told to do a thing, but he was sure to stop again until some one would say, 'Hurry up!' Then he would go on until he stopped, and must be started afresh. So everyone has got to calling him Start-and-Stop. Of course he doesn't like it at all. He would much rather be called his own name, which is a very pretty one, but I'd rather not tell it to you until he gets over this bad habit; and he will cure it, I know, if he once realizes what a very disagreeable habit it is.

The other day his mamma went to visit his school, and almost the first words his teacher said to her were: 'Can you tell me how to make your little boy hurry up? He is a very good, nice-mannered little boy, and he learns easily and does his work very nicely, only he does not go on with it. He stops every little while; and if I don't speak to him he won't get done in time. I thought perhaps you had found some way to deal with this fault of his. It is really the only one I find in him.'

'I know,' sighed the mamma, 'and I hoped you might find a cure for it. We have tried everything we can think of at home, to no purpose.'

The other morning his uncle saw him sitting over his clothes all in a huddle, dreaming of something, instead of putting them on. 'I'll give a dime,' he said, 'if you are dressed in fifteen minutes.'

'Now that shows,' his uncle said, as he handed him the money, 'that you can do things in the proper length of time. Don't you think you ought to

do it every time, to please your good, kind papa and mamma? Start-and-Stop said he knew he should, and he would try, and I do hope he will succeed, and will never give any occasion to be called by that name again. But if any of our readers know a cure for this bad fault, I hope they will send it to be published for the benefit of all the Start-and-Stops in the country.—Youth's Companion.

The Dog Was Honest.

One dark night an old and superannuated watch-dog, who had been turned out to die, was sleeping in an empty hoghead in the alley back of the big store belonging to his master, when he was awakened by a suspicious sound. Peeping cautiously out of his retreat, he saw a man in a black mask creep stealthily up to the building and begin piling a lot of inflammable material against it.

'Ah,' said the old watch dog, 'here is a fine chance to return good for evil, and heap coals of fire on the head of my cruel master! Only this morning he kicked me from the premises, which I have guarded so long, saying, 'Beware, you worthless cur!' and bruised, humbled, and well nigh broken-hearted, I crept in here to rest and reflect, little thinking that I would soon have an opportunity to demonstrate my worth, and earn the life-long gratitude of my master by saving his property from the torch of an incendiary.'

So saying, the faithful watch dog summoned all his strength, sprang upon the masked intruder and bore him to the ground, just as he was about to apply the match. There was a terrific struggle, but the mastiff bravely hung on until a policeman reached the spot and took charge of the would-be incendiary.

The next day the insurance authorities took the case in hand, and in due course of time the plucky old watch-dog was fitted out with a gold collar and furnished with an easy berth and luxurious quarters in a big insurance building, while the dog's ungrateful master (for the man in the black mask was indeed he), received his just desert by being sentenced to seven years at hard labor for attempted arson.

Moral: It never pays to go back on an old friend—either four-legged or two-legged—especially if you are going into crooked transactions where he is liable to catch you at it.—Harper's Bazar.

Gentle Diet.

A physician communicated through Farm, Stock, and Home the following experience, which is commended to parents of cross and irritable children: 'Three years since, a kind, conscientious mother said to me: 'The greatest trial of my life is that my children quarrel so with each other. I cannot understand the reason. Nothing they do annoys me so much, and by teaching, persuasion, and punishment I have been unable to change their habit.'

Hoping to give her aid, I asked many questions—among other things in regard to diet. She told me they were great meat-eaters—her husband and brother must have it three times a day, and the children often ate scarcely anything else. I told her of the bear that was kept in the museum in Gressen; when fed on bread only it was quiet and tractable,—even children could play with it with impunity, but a few days' feeding upon meat would make it ferocious, quarrelsome, and dangerous.

'She agreed to try the experiment upon her children, and did change their diet to fruits, grains, and vegetables, milk toast, graham and corn-meal gems, wheat and oatmeal, mush and milk, etc., for breakfast and lunch, with vegetables and Graham bread at dinner, and fruit, fruit puddings, or mushes molded in cups, with fruit sauce for dessert. This required tact, study, and perseverance, but she was more than amply repaid. In less than a month she could see a difference in the habits of her children, and a year later she testified that it could hardly be recognized as the same family. The children were cheerful, playful, gleeful, full of spirit; but in place of fretfulness and quarrels, they were kind, benevolent, and considerate toward each other. They were also more than ordinarily exempt from acute attacks of fever and inflammation.'

The Sermon Steve Preached.

One Monday, Steve, who had been at church the day before, thought he would have a church of his own. He got his four sisters to be the congregation. He stood on a stool and spoke very loud. This is part of the sermon that he preached:

'This is to be a 'mind mother' sermon. There are two ways in which you ought to mind everything she says: 'Mind her the very first time she

speaks. When mother says 'Mary, please bring me some coal or water, or 'run to the store,' don't answer, 'In just a minute, mother.' Little folks' minutes are a great deal longer than the ones the clock ticks off. When you say 'yes' with your lips, say 'yes' with your hands and feet. Don't say 'yes' and act 'no.' Saying 'Yes, in a minute,' is not obeying, but doing 'yes' is.

'Mind cheerfully. Don't scowl when you have to drop a book, or whine because you can't go and play. You wouldn't own a dog that minded you with his ears laid back, growling and snapping. A girl ought to mind a great deal better than a dog.'

That was Steve's sermon. Don't you think it was a good one?—Olive Plants.

How Ants Talk.

Two ants, when they are talking together, stand with their heads opposite to each other, working their sensitive feelers in the loveliest manner, and tapping each other's head. Numerous examinations prove that they are able in this way to make mutual communications, and even on certain definite subjects. 'I have often,' says a well known naturalist, 'placed a small green caterpillar in the neighborhood of an ant's nest. It is immediately seized by an ant, which calls in the assistance of a friend after ineffectual efforts to drag the caterpillar into the nest. It can be easily seen that the little creatures hold a conversation by means of their feelers, and, this being ended, they repair together to the caterpillar in order to draw it into the nest by their united strength.'

Further, I have observed the meeting of ants on their way to and from their nests. They stop, touch each other with their feelers, and appear to hold a conversation, which I have good reason to suppose refers to the best ground for food.—Young Woman.

'Don't's' for Young Mothers.

Don't neglect the baby, the little one has the first right to your attention. Don't do everything for it and with it that you are advised to do; consider well the advice, and then rely most upon your own judgment.

Don't neglect to have the little one's clothing light, warm, loose, and free from pins. Don't wake the baby to exhibit the tints of its eyes to admiring friends; sleep is its most unquestionable right.

Don't spoil the infant by walking or rocking it to sleep, and do not let anyone else do so; it will sleep best and most naturally when lying upon a comfortable bed.

Don't strain the baby's eyes by allowing a strong light to shine directly into them, especially when it first wakes.

Don't lay the child down with its ears bent away from its head; the result will be a deformity.

Home Hints.

When any foreign substance gets into the eye, beat up the white of an egg with about a teaspoonful of powdered alum, spread this paste on a cloth and lay it over the eye. This will collect any foreign substance and bring it to the surface.

Furniture Polish.—Two ounces of raw linseed oil, one-eighth ounce sulphuric ether, one and a half ounces turpentine, one-eighth ounce tincture of alkaust and one and a half ounces alcohol. Mix well and let it settle. Use the top for cleaning spots and stains. Shake well before using for polishing. Use soft cotton flannel for rubbing.

To Take Out Ink.—Spread the article over a basin with the ink spot in the middle. Hold it firmly and let another person pour on boiling water slowly. If the spots still show, tie up a teaspoonful or less of cream of tartar in the places; put the article in cold water and boil half an hour. Never use soap, as it sets the stain. If boiling water can not be used at once, let the article lie in cold water. The same method is good in fruit stains.

I remember a most vigorous and contemptuous illustration of St. Bernard's—he likens a man that lives for the perishable delights which John spurned, to a spider spinning a web out of his own substance, and catching in it nothing but a wretched prey of poor little flies. Such a one has no right to be called a great man surely. Our aims rather than our capacity determine our character, and they who greatly aspire after the greatest things within the reach of men, which are faith, hope and charity, and who for the sake of affecting these aspirations put their heels upon the head of the serpent and suppress the animal in their nature—these are the men "great in the sight of the Lord."—A. M. Laren.

A PLUCKY BOY.—Dr. L. A. Banks is a great admirer of pluck, and he tells the story of a crippled boy whose life has been a magnificent illustration of the genuine article. His legs were so withered by disease that he could only get about on two crutches. His father was a poor man with a large family of children, and the boy's chance of being anything but an additional burden seemed slim indeed. But this crippled lad had good brains and a stout heart. He got a chance to work in an engraver's office, and worked there two or three years before he got any pay. He stuck to it long hours, six days in the week, and was always prompt, cheerful and good-humored. After a while, he became a very fair engraver and was able to pay his own expenses. But this did not satisfy him, for he was determined to be the best engraver in the country, and so he worked on, never allowing anything to go out of his hands until he had made the very best job of it that it was possible for him to do. As a result, he now earns a very large salary and is a great comfort to all his family. It is not luck that wins so much as 'genuine old Teutonic pluck.' A strong soul will sometimes carry the day when the body is a poor, rickety affair.

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