

Put-Off Town.

Half an hour later Tommy was walking out of the little front gate. 'Here, Tommy, here,' cried the old lady spying him. He turned back reluctantly. 'Here's a piece of pie to eat, and this is for a little treat for a good, kind boy,' she said, handing him something wrapped up in a piece of paper. Tommy hastily thanked her and made his escape. On opening the paper he found a quarter. His face flushed, not with joy, however. By-and-bye he threw away the pie half-eaten. Somehow it didn't taste good. 'Why, here's Tom after all,' said Teddy Rogers a few minutes later, as he joined the shouting group of excited boys in the woods. 'Come on; you're just in time. We'll soon have it now. Ow! Ouch! Run!' he cried, as the angry hornets made a fresh and more vicious attack on the marauders, who dropped their long poles and ran in all directions, hotly pursued by their enraged foemen. Again and again the attack was renewed, until at last, about sundown, six smarting, tired but happy boys carried a grey paper nest triumphantly on the end of a long pole into the town, to the great chagrin of the East-Enders. But somehow Tommy didn't enjoy it as much as he expected to. He couldn't get his pillow settled comfortably that night, either. 'It must be those stings keep me awake,' he told himself. Neither did he enjoy Sunday and his father's kindly commendation of his self-sacrifice, and as for that quarter, he felt as if one of the hornets had got into his pocket. 'Oh, dear!' he sighed, so many times that Aunt Mchitable thought he must be sick. The next morning when dawn was just breaking Aunt Green, who had been wakeful all night, looked out of the window and was amazed to see a small boy hoeing away in her corn patch with all his might. 'Whatever' she began, then - 'Oh,' nodding her head shrewdly, 'I see.' By-and-bye he finished, and taking a little white paper packet out of his pocket he slipped it cautiously under the door, then sprang over the fence and home. Aunt Green crept slowly down stairs and opened the packet. It contained her own quarter and a note. 'Dear Mrs. Green,' it ran, 'I return the money because I deceived you and did not plant all the corn. But I did it over right this morning. Yours truly, 'THOMAS BROWN.'

What Tommy Did.

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Master of Himself.

A merchant needed a boy and put the following sign in his window: 'Boy Wanted—Wages \$4.00 a week; \$6.00 to the right one. The boy must be master of himself.' Many parents who had sons were interested, but the latter part of the notice puzzled them. They had never thought of teaching their boys to be masters of themselves. However, many sent their sons to the merchant to apply for the situation. As each boy applied, the merchant asked him: 'Can you read?' 'Yes, sir,' was the frank reply. 'Can you read this?' asked the merchant, pointing out a certain passage in a paper. 'Yes, sir.' 'Will you read it to me steadily and without a break?' 'Yes, sir.' The merchant then took the boy into a back room, where all was quiet, and shut the door. Giving the boy the paper he reminded him of his promise to read the passage through steadily and without a break, and commanded him to read. The boy took the paper and bravely started. While he was reading the merchant opened a basket in which there were a number of lively little puppies, and tumbled them around the boy's feet. The temptation to turn and see the puppies and note what they were doing was too strong, the boy looked away from his reading, blundered, and was at once dismissed. Boy after boy underwent the same treatment, till seventy-six were thus tried and proved failures to master themselves. At last one was found who, in spite of the puppies playing around his feet, read the passage through as he had promised. When had finished the merchant was delighted, and asked him: 'Did you see the puppies that were playing around your feet while you were reading?' 'No, sir.' 'Did you know that they were there?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Why did you not look to see what they were doing?' 'I couldn't, sir, while I was reading what I said I would.' 'Do you always do what you say you will?' 'Yes, sir, I try to.' 'You are the boy I want,' said the merchant, enthusiastically. 'Come to-

Ruth's Discarded Scheme.

differs—and then when he undertakes to explain it some of the smart ones, like Ralph, disagree with him, and the work is done. He not only will not yield a point himself, but is never satisfied until he has made you yield yours; so he talks on and on. The expression on the new scholar's face, which had been simply one of curiosity, became grave, and she offered no reply. Ruth looked at her inquiringly. 'Isn't it a scheme?' she asked. 'Yes—it certainly is a scheme—but is it exactly—her face flushed and she seemed unwilling to go on. 'Exactly what?' 'Why, is it really honest?' 'Honest!' exclaimed Ruth, almost stopping upon the sidewalk in her astonishment. 'Why, what dishonesty can there be in a pupil's asking questions of his teachers? They are employed to give us information, are they not?' 'Certainly; but I understand you to say that you did not ask for the sake of information, but simply to evade a recitation.' 'Oh, yes, of course, if you wish to strain a point; but all the class do it; at least you are the only one I've heard object to it.' Mary Bennett hesitated. She had not meant to preach, and she did not enjoy criticising her friends, especially a whole class of them, and such new ones, too. 'Come, out with it! I promise not to be offended. I shall like you all the better if you do not always agree with me.' 'Well, then, if you will pardon my saying so, it seems to me acting from any other than sincere motives.' They were at the recitation hall now, and companions were joining them. Mary lowered her voice as she added: 'Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts.' Ruth pressed her hand cordially. 'Thank you, she said, I've never looked at it in that light before. I'm so apt to see just the fun in things.' In the vestibule they met Ruth's cousin Ralph. Ruth drew him to one side and whispered hurriedly. 'Don't work the scheme on Professor Morris to-day. I'll tell you about it later. You have your lesson anyway.' 'All right, coz; just as you say.' When Ruth's name was called she answered bravely: 'Not well prepared to-day,' but although her face flushed there was a warm glow of approving conscience within.—Journal and Messenger.

He'll Do.

tomorrow. Your wages will start at six dollars, with good prospects of increase. How this incident points home to a great neglect in the training of our boys and girls; only one boy in seventy-seven trained to be master of himself. While everything else is looked after, physical health and general education, do not forget to teach each boy to be master of himself.—Pen. Meth.

An Elephant Mother.

Later in the day, Ned spied it and picked it up. He carried it to where he planted the other; then looked about with a thoughtfulness unusual in so small a boy, born of wise heed to what 'papa says. 'I don't believe there will be quite room enough here, when it's a tree. Those apple trees'll shade it too much. I guess it had better go over in the corner.' Some years later Will followed Ned into the orchard and to a special spot, where the latter gave a little exclamation of delight. 'What is it?' asked Will. 'My peach tree,' said Ned. 'I've been watching out for some blossoms this year; and here they are.' 'And will the peaches be all your own?' 'Why, of course. I planted the seed. Don't you remember: You were here when I did it. You had a stone, too, that day, but you threw it away.' 'No,' said Will; 'I don't remember.' 'I remember, because I watched and watched it. I saw when it sprouted out of the ground and when the leaves began to grow. And it's been fun, I tell you, to see it get bigger and bigger. And now to see these pretty pink blossoms.' 'And then to see the peaches,' said Will, regretfully. 'I wish I had planted my stone.' 'We're not so very old yet,' said Ned—'you twelve and I eleven. Papa says that if a boy keeps planting, he will enjoy them all his life—the things that will keep growing and growing while he is doing something else. He says—'Ned's face lighted as his hand gently touched the delicate bloom—'that God sends all His beautiful things to help the one that plants a seed or a tree. The sun helps him, and the rain and the dew and the wind.' 'I'm going to plant,' said Will. 'But you've got the start of me by years.' 'Come here,' said Ned. He led the way to a corner of the orchard and pointed out a tree exactly like the one they had just left. 'That's yours,' he said. 'I don't know what you mean,' said Will. 'I never planted a peach stone.' 'I planted it for you,' said Ned. 'When you threw it away, I picked it up. See, it has about as many buds as the other—one, two, three, four, five—more than a dozen. This isn't the time of year for transplanting things; but papa says that, when the right time comes, if it's taken up very carefully, it won't stop its growth at all.' 'You're real good,' said Will fervently. 'I'm going to plant trees after this.' He keeps his promise, and the two boys are making the world more beautiful for having lived in it. They drop acorns and fruit stones. They bring vines and saplings from the woods. Nature gives them her kindest aid, and as they go on in life they will more and more rejoice in what they have done. In years to come, other lives will be blessed by the fruits of their labors.—New York Observer.

Bake.

- Cookies, 10 to 15 minutes. Custards, 15 to 20 minutes. Duck, tame, 40 to 60 minutes. Fish, 6 to 8 pounds, 1 hour. Gingerbread, 20 to 30 minutes. Graham gems, 30 minutes. Lamb, well done, 15 minutes per pound. Mutton, rare, 10 minutes per pound; well done, 15 minutes per pound. Pie Crust, 30 to 40 minutes. Pork, well done, 30 minutes per pound. Potatoes, 30 to 45 minutes. Pudding, bread, rice and tapioca, 1 hour. Pudding, plum, 2 to 3 hours. Rolls, 10 to 15 minutes. Turkey, 10 pounds, 3 hours. Veal, well done, 20 minutes per pound.—Selected.

Blind With Headache.

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JOSEPH MURPHY, Emerald, P. E. I.

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