

Gracie's Discovery

A little girl who always cried When mamma com'ed her hair, And washed her dimpled face and hands To make her sweet and fair...

Temptation Resisted.

Charles Hadley was an out and out temperance boy. He lived in a small village, remote from any large city, the social influences of which tended to make him quite decided in the matter.

His father was a leader in temperance work in his own town. He often lent a helping hand to workers in neighboring towns. Nor was he enthusiastic in the cause of temperance alone.

Just then Minnie's mother came to him, and said, 'You will respect Minnie enough to take a little wine at her wedding, I am sure.'

Charles loved his aunt. He had received valued favors from Minnie's mother. He wavered, then reached his hand to receive the glass, but there flashed into his mind a line of the temperance hymn which he had recited so often.

'Touch not, touch not the tempting wine,' Mrs. Hadley assisted in the preparation for these occasions by taking special pains to secure suitable temperance recitations. She believed in 'sowing beside all waters' and these concerts afforded their peculiar opportunities.

'I'm hungry,' announced Charlie for the fourth time that afternoon. We children were playing store out behind the house.

'Let's have some more crackers,' he continued. 'Allie, it's your turn to go in after them.'

Father always kept a barrel of crackers in a corner of the pantry, to aid in meeting the brisk demands our appetites made upon mother's baking.

'Go in careful, now, so mother won't bear your, admonished Charlie; 'cause, when I went in last time, she said seemed as 'o we'd eat her out o' house and home.'

Charles soon adapted himself to the unusual surroundings, and, so, greatly pleased his uncle and aunt.

At his aunt's suggestion he became a member of a Young Man's Club. Its object was 'social improvement.' Occasionally some refreshments would be served, when circumstances favored such a plan.

'What harm can you possibly think there is in drinking sweet cider?' 'My father says,' replied Hadley, 'that, if he should drink sweet cider, he might influence some other person to drink cider, called sweet, but, containing sufficient alcohol to arouse an appetite that would lead to intoxication.'

At another time light wine was offered, and, again, brandied peaches, both of which were refused by Hadley. It was finally understood in the club that he would not share in that class of refreshments.

His time of special temptation came elsewhere. Mr. Siddons' brother had a beautiful young daughter with whom Charles had become pleasantly acquainted and at her marriage Charles was one of her ushers.

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Mr. and Mrs. Siddons were people of fashion. They lived on a fashionable street and were always watchful of their social position.

Marched boldly into the other room, and stood, smiling but anxious, before his mother.

'We want something to eat, mother, he ventured. 'Can't we have a cracker?' Mother laughed. 'What! Hungry again? 'Don't seem possible! Well, you may get a couple of crackers apiece; and there's a jar of new cookies on the broad shelf,—you may each have one of those. But, remember, no more till supper-time.'

A moment later, Charlie joined us children behind the house. 'Two crackers and a cookie apiece!' he proclaimed jubilantly.

But little Allie drew back in deep distress. 'I don't want any,' she said, sadly. Her lips quivered, and tears shone in her eyes.

Charlie could not bear that. 'Take 'em, gossie, he said tolerantly. 'Mother said we could have 'em. S'pose I'm afraid to ask mother?'

So little Allie took her share with the rest. 'Charlie, you nice boy, you!' she exclaimed contentedly.—S. S. Times.

While in Algeria last year I went to Sidi-Hanz to visit a friend who was engineering a road in the mountain.

Sidi-Hanz is twenty-four hundred feet above thesea level, and frequented by birds of prey, eagles and falcons, whose audacity is remarkable, for it daily happened that they would come and carry off from near the house, and under the eyes of the inmates, pigeons and chickens.

It was a war without truce, for the rapacious birds had the advantage. But they were pursued without pity, and when the workmen of the railroad discovered a nest they did their best to destroy it.

The second day of my arrival at Sidi-Hanz they had just found one. It was a falcon's nest, perched high among the rocks of the mountain, and very difficult to dislodge.

My friend charged his foreman with the affair, and I accompanied him. We had a ladder and cords to climb the gigantic inclines.

The nest was in the middle of a rocky wall where the ladder would scarcely reach, but the foreman did not hesitate, and with gun slung over his shoulder he mounted.

On seeing us approach their nest the father and mother falcons had manifested a most lively disquietude. They flew above us, uttering piercing cries. But when they saw the foreman getting near their little ones their fury knew no bounds, and, turning their anger against the wisher, they tried to blind him with blows of their wings.

Just then the sound of a dog's bark in the next streets attracts his eyes and ears for a moment, and when he looks back the kitten is gone. He looks down the street and starts wildly in that direction, and reaches a high board fence just as the cat's tail—a monstrous tail for such a little cat—is vanishing over the top of it.

The Faithful Standard Bearer. An old elephant was taken into battle on the plains of India as a standard bearer, and carried on his back the royal ensign, the rallying point for the Poona host.

At the beginning of the fight he lost his master. The 'mahoot' or driver, had just given the word to halt when he received a fatal wound and fell to the ground, where he lay under a heap of slain.

They sent to a village, a hundred miles away, and brought the mahoot's little son. The noble hero seemed then to remember how the driver had sometimes given his authority to the little child, and immediately, with all the shattered trappings clinging as he went, paced quietly and slowly away.

The favorite cathartics Hood's Pills. 25c.

Nervousness in Children. Do not admit to your sensitive child that she is nervous. If she cries at a slight shock, starts violently at sudden noises, is unduly excited over small things, be gentle with her, but at the same time endeavor to teach her self-control and impress upon her that she must fight against the weakness, not yield to it.

The form of nervousness which requires most delicate handling is that which shows itself in terror of the dark. This is a very real fear, and one that in some cases lingers through life.

AN END TO BILIOUS HEADACHE.—Biliousness, which is caused by excessive bile in the stomach, has a marked effect upon the nerves, and often manifest itself by severe headache. This is the most distressing headache one can have.

GRAND FOR DIARRHOEA. 'I have been using Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for the past 6 years and consider it a grand remedy for diarrhoea, and it is especially good for children cutting teeth.'

UNEQUALLED.—Mr. Thos. Brunt, Tyndinaga, Ont., writes:—'I have to thank you for recommending Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil for bleeding piles. I was troubled with them for nearly fifteen years, and tried almost everything I could hear or think of. Some of them would give me temporary relief, but none would effect a cure. I have now been free from the distressing complaint for nearly eighteen months. I hope you will continue to recommend it.'

Home Hints. Giblets P. e.—Put some giblets in a stew pan, add a small quantity of water, a little minced onion, pepper and salt and cook until nearly done.

THE D. & L. EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL will build you up, will make you fat and healthy. Especially beneficial to those who are 'all run down.'

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Even then, though with all tenderness, she should be taught to consider her fears as weaknesses she can conquer if she will.

THE SERMON STEVE PREACHED.—One Monday, Steve, who had been at church the day before, thought he would have a church of his own.

'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.'

SUPERSTITIONS CONCERNING EGGS.—There are many superstitions about the egg. In Scotland and Ireland children are taught by their nurses to crush the shell after eating an egg or to push the spoon through the bottom in the form of a cross, showing a lingering relic of the once general superstitious belief that witches lived in egg-shells and made boats of them, casting spells upon the household.

It was also believed that an egg laid on Good Friday, thrown on the fire, would extinguish it, while the devil would be killed if shot with an egg laid on Christmas.—Self culture Magazine.

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Chicken Outlets.—Season pieces of cold chicken or turkey with salt or pepper. Dip in melted butter; let this cool on the meat, and dip in beaten egg and in fine bread crumbs.

In prayer it is better to have a heart without words, than words without a heart.—Bunyan.

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SEND FOR LIST of names and addresses of TWENTY-SEVEN (27) of our students who obtained good positions between January 1st and March 31st, the three driest months in the year.

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