

He Merely Didn't Think.

to let his poor old mother go and carry in the word, was just a packhorse for him, but he never understood;

he went away, and married—left her livin' there alone—

while the weary mother put her burdens all away, we went and heard the preacher praise the poor old soul one day,

there's a lot of kinds of sinning that the good book tells about—

At the Breakfast Table. Mamma! Where's my shoes?

Mamma was discreetly busy with her coffee cups.

Hominy, Jack? asked papa cheerily. O dear! I don't like hominy. Why do we always have oatmeal?

Jack! Papa looked suddenly up from his paper. His son subsided for a few moments, and table-talk went pleasantly on.

It looks like the beginning of a bad storm, papa said, glancing at the rain-clouds on the pane.

Yes, the rubbers-and-umbrella brigade to-day, smiled mamma. Oh, need I wear rubbers? complained Jack.

Good morning! cried Jack, dashing into the dining-room next day. Morning! returned papa, gruffly.

What's this, Evelyn oatmeal? Haven't you learned yet that I don't like oatmeal? I want hominy!

That won't feed me to-day! pushing away his saucer. Well, what next? Fish-balls? Umph!

'No, I can't wait. I should think you might keep my things in better order. I'm behind time for the train, anyway; breakfast was so late.

Papa grumbled at the cooking, found fault with everything and was so ill-tempered that the meal, usually accompanied by much fun and pleasantness, was more dismal than breakfast had been.

'Don't know where the key to my desk is, Evelyn? And what am I to do now without it? You must have mislaid it. Strange you can't leave my things alone. I think it's a shame—'

'Mamma, what ailed papa? If I was a man, I'd—' Perhaps papa didn't think; perhaps he was just cross at every thing.

Jack meditated awhile. 'Mamma did papa ever have a temper like mine?'

There was a long pause. Then Jack suddenly announced with conviction, 'Mamma, I believe papa was just putting his temper on, and I know what for.

The failure of many a young man to succeed in life can be traced to the committing of some irregularity, trifling in itself, yet far-reaching in its results.

Phil Dunlap held a clerkship with one of the leading jewelry stores of a large city in the East. He had gone there as an office boy and gradually advanced until, as head clerk, he was intrusted with the keeping of a large stock of precious stones carried by the firm.

'Phil,' said a young man, stepping into the store one evening as Dunlap was about to close up, 'Phil, hurry home and dress for the opera this evening.'

'By the way, Phil,' he added, 'it's a pity one of those splendid diamonds can't be in your shirt front; how it would show up there by the footlights! I have seats in one of the boxes.'

Not only did Harry Child's observe the brilliant stone, but hundreds in the theatre noted the scintillating rays. Among them was a young man whose eyes sparkled almost as brilliantly as the diamond.

It was not until Phil reached home that he discovered the theft. Suddenly he gave a great gasp. He had placed his hand to his shirt bosom and started back in amazement and terror.

All that night Phil Dunlap walked the floor, after informing the police of the robbery, and when morning came

great circles about the eyes told of the suffering which he had endured. 'Mr. Foster,' said he, calling the head of the firm to one side, 'you would better send for an officer; I have taken a diamond and it is gone. I have not the money to settle with you.'

'What!' demanded the proprietor, 'you a thief, Phil?'

'I did not in end to be one, sir,' replied Phil, flushing; 'I only thought to borrow it for the night.'

'It matters not what you call it, young man,' said Mr. Foster, harshly. 'I call things by their right names. If you took the diamond, you stole it, and there's but one course to pursue. I will credit you with the wages due, and you must settle the balance within six months, or we shall appear against you! You are discharged.'

This took place more than twenty years ago. To-day Phil Dunlap—or the man whom I have called Phil Dunlap—is holding a minor clerkship in a provision store. He is qualified to fill a position in any first-class jewelry store, but the ghost of that early indiscretion has a hateful habit of turning up when a better position is sought.

That was an expensive ornament that Phil Dunlap wore for a few hours, yet it was no more costly than the irregularity of many another young man. The lesson may well be taken to heart.—Forward.

Giving, a Measure of Love.

There are several ways of giving, some of which are not very commendable. Some give because they have been asked to give, or because they may be considered mean if they do not give, or because others are giving.

Some give indiscriminately. They make no inquiries regarding the object for which the appeal is made—the worthy and the unworthy are treated alike. It need scarcely be said that those who give in this indiscriminate fashion are certain, sometimes, to lend their support to objects which are anything but commendable.

But there is a better way than any of these. What is it? To give a tithe of the income. It may be said that the tithe is a Jewish regulation, and that Christians are under no obligation to observe it. But before we dismiss the subject in that summary fashion, it might be well to consider it. The tithing system is not simply a Jewish system, though it was incorporated into the legislation of Moses.

It is a very fitting proportion to be devoted to God. Many others have followed the tithing system for years, realizing that it is a fitting proportion.

There are two or three very manifest advantages in following this system. (1) The tithe is easily computed, our money being decimal currency. (2) To give on this principle ensures system. Giving will be no longer spasmodic and haphazard, but regular. (3) It will be proportionate also, because as the income increases contributions will increase, and the giver will follow the apostolic direction. 'Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God has prospered him.—Onward.'

A Loose Alligator in an Animal Store. An alligator, eight feet eight inches in length, caused consternation among patrons and employees in a wholesale animal and bird store on Market Street recently.

The alligator succeeded in forcing the iron fastenings. The employees rushed toward the doors, shouting to the customers to follow them. The women became panic-stricken, and several of them had to be carried or dragged from the store.

The alligator started toward a cage in which were two large baboons, and, despite its iron bracing, the reptile's mighty jaws demolished it in short order. One of the baboons attempted to get away, but it leaped directly into the jaws of the alligator, and the next instant its life had been crushed out.

The uproar made by the other terrified animals disconcerted the alligator for the moment, and the attendants, who had by this time been reinforced in numbers, started in to capture the saurian. A noose was thrown over the animal's head and securely fastened. A similar noose was fastened about its tail, and it was securely lodged in another cage. While this was being done the reptile's tail struck one of the employees, and knocked him against a plate-glass shattering it and cutting him on the hands and face.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Butter Scotch.—Place in a granite or porcelain-lined kettle two cupfuls of good molasses, one cupful of sugar (either brown or white) and three-fourths of a cupful of butter. Boil rapidly, stirring constantly, for about fifteen minutes or until it snaps in ice water. Pour into square buttered tins, allow to cool, then turn carefully out on a board, and mark the desired sizes (about one and a quarter by two inches), then cut through and wrap each piece in wax paper.

Peanut Molasses Candy.—Place in a good sized kettle one quart of good molasses, one cupful of sugar and one-fourth cupful of butter. Boil rapidly, stirring constantly, until it will snap sharply in ice water, then add a level teaspoonful of baking soda and stir a moment. Have ready one quart of shelled peanuts, i. e., have them shelled, skinned and broken into halves. Add them to the candy and stir rapidly and just enough to mix well, and pour at once into flat, square, greased pans. When partly cold, mark into blocks and cut through. If wrapped neatly in waxed paper and kept in a dry place, this will keep nicely for weeks.

Chocolate Caramels.—One cupful molasses, one cupful brown sugar, one half cupful of rich milk, one-fourth cupful of butter, one-fourth pound of unsweetened chocolate, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Put the molasses, sugar, milk and butter over the fire and stir constantly until it thickens (about one-half hour). Have ready the chocolate, which should be shaved, and melted over steam. Add this to the other ingredients and continue stirring until, when a small quantity is dropped into ice water, it will snap. When it reaches this point, add quickly a teaspoonful of vanilla, stir until mixed and pour at once into a square, greased pan. Allow it to become almost cold, then turn out carefully on to a board, mark in one-inch squares and then with a long, strong knife cut into squares. Wrap each caramel neatly in a square of waxed paper.

Cream Candy.—Place over the fire in a granite saucepan, three cupfuls of granulated sugar, with half a cupful each of water and vinegar. Boil rapidly without stirring until it begins to change color. Have some ice water at hand and begin "trying" the candy by dropping into half a teaspoonful of the boiling mixture. When it will "snap," remove from the fire and pour at once into pie tins. Do not scrape the kettle. Allow it to become cold enough to handle, then add any flavoring extract preferred, remove from the tin.

and begin at once to pull, continuing this process until it is perfectly white, working with all possible rapidity and in a warm place. Form into neat bars, or cut at once into short pieces with shears. This will keep for some time if securely covered and kept in a dry place.

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