

Mother's Room.

helped him to obey? But unfortunately Jamie was thinking more of what he wanted to do than of what he ought to do, and the thing that he wanted was to go with Will Scott.

School was dismissed at three o'clock instead of four, as Will had told him was to be the case, and the two boys met near the door.

'Have you the money for your car fare?' asked Will. 'Yes, why do you want to know?'

'Cause of you haven't got to pay car fare you may as well get some buns, so that we can both have a lunch. I know where to get some good ones, with sugar on top.'

Now, if Jamie had a particular fondness for anything it was for sugared buns. So, having put himself under Will's guidance, it was easy to obey the suggestion to visit the baker's.

This took at least a half hour, and it was almost four o'clock when the boys were fairly started on their homeward way.

They soon entered a wood path, and in the heart of the woods they found numberless things to attract their attention. They saw several squirrels, and climbed two or three trees for birds' nests, and examined a large number of chestnut burrs containing very small nuts.

So they strolled along without thought of time until Jamie suddenly said: 'Why, Will, it's growing dark! What time must it be?'

Will looked about him, and decided that it must be after sunset. 'We'd better hurry along, old fellow. We've got off the path somehow, but I'll soon find it. Don't be alarmed.' But Jamie was greatly alarmed, for in the first place he did not know how they were going to reach home, and in the next place he did not know what might be in a sore for him when he did get there.

So in real distress he helped Will to look for the path. After some wandering they found it, and then they went as swiftly as possible toward home. They emerged from the woods near the house where Will lived, and there coming along the road in a buggy were Mr. and Mrs. Clark. Jamie saw, though it was nearly dark, that his father and mother looked very anxious.

'Where have you been, my son?' exclaimed his mother. 'You don't know how worried we have been. We were on the way to the school building to inquire for you.'

Will skulked off toward home, leaving his companion to explain matters as best he could. 'Now Jamie was an honest boy, and he told the truth at once, without trying to excuse himself in any way. Do you think you deserve punishment?' asked his father. 'I'm sure I do,' replied Jamie. 'Well, I'm not going to punish you this time, but if I hear of your taking any more walks with Will Scott I shall certainly put you in the village school again.'

But Jamie never did.—Chris. Intelligencer.

ing how 'delicious' mamma's custard would taste, and how—

'Why?' Cicely almost dropped the pail, but it wouldn't have spilled much if she had. It was nearly empty! There wasn't any custard or any spoon to eat it with! There wasn't any little round pie, with 'C' on the cover! There wasn't any—anything, except just two lonesome biscuits sliding round in the bottom!

'Why!' Cicely cried over again. Then she knew what it meant. This was Ellen Ann's shiny pail. Ellen Ann had carried hers home.

'Well, she's mean!' cried Cicely, hotly. 'I hope my custard an' my initial pie'll choke her.—most! Yes, I do! I'm most starved to pieces, and she didn't even leave any butter on her old biscuits!'

She went off all by herself, to be cross and hungry. It was ever so long before she would be sensible and stop trying to believe Ellen Ann had done it just to play a mean joke on her. It was ever so long before she took out the poor little butterless biscuits, and looked at them pityingly.

Was that what Ellen Ann ate for lunches? And not any butter on 'em at all? Didn't she ever have any custards or tarts or twisty doughnuts? And never any little thin slices of pink ham in between?

It made Cicely so hungry to think about little thin slices of ham that she took a nibble of Ellen Ann's biscuit. Then she slowly dropped it back into the tin pail. Cicely would rather go without any dinner than eat bread without a speck of butter on it.

Poor Ellen Ann! Cicely hoped she would like the custard and the crinkly tarts,—yes, and even the initial pie! She suddenly remembered that Ellen Ann's father was an invalid, and Ellen Ann's mother 'took in' house-cleaning and things. And the patched places in Ellen Ann's clothes,—Cicely remembered those, too.

On the way home from school, what should peep out at Cicely from the bushes beside the 'Half-way Spring' but a dainty little red-and-white lunch basket! Just where she'd left it to hunt for water-cresses!

She carried it home to mamma. 'But I want the tin pail, too, tomorrow, mamma,—this tin pail. I'm going to play a joke on Ellen Ann Tibbets,' she said. And then she whispered to mamma, and mamma nodded to her. And the next day two dainty lunches went to school with Cicely, and one of them was in Ellen Ann's shiny tin pail. Young People's Weekly.

A Gentle Horse.

One pleasant morning in the autumn Mrs. Sanders needed to go downtown to do some shopping. The only hindrance in her way was the fact that her two little sons, Walter and Stanton, were at home, as their teacher was ill and school was closed for the day. It was not convenient for their mother to take the boys with her and she feared their meeting with some accident if left alone. However, as they were good children and kind to each other she decided to trust them.

So she got aboard the electric car which passed the house and left the boys playing in the front yard.

'Let's play horse,' said Walter. 'All right,' said Stanton.

'You be my horse,' proposed Walter. 'All right,' said Stanton again.

Now, in order to play horse, it was necessary to have either reins or a halter. As neither was at hand, the boys looked about to find something that would answer as a substitute.

This was not easy, for the house was locked up with all their playthings in it. But, fortunately, near the back door they found a piece of a clothes line which they declared to be 'just the thing.' So they trotted around to the front yard again, carrying their treasure between them.

'Now I'll tie you to the apple tree,' said Walter. A tree bearing beautiful red apples, stood near the front door. Was there ever such a convenient tree?

The brothers picked up an apple apiece and then Stanton stood very still while Walter tied the rope about his neck and fastened the other end to the tree. 'Now your in the stable and you must be very quiet. You're a good horse, you know.' This from Walter.

They both stood still for nearly a minute. That was a long while for two active boys. Probably it seemed as long to them as an hour sometimes does to older people. Stanton was trying to obey orders and Walter was considering what to do next.

At that moment, Mrs. Keith, their next door neighbor, passed the house. She was in a hurry and at first did not notice that Walter was calling, 'Halloo halloo, halloo!' Finally, however, he attracted her attention, and looking up she saw the two boys standing in the grass, under the tree, each munching an apple. 'Halloo,' they both called out.

'Good morning,' answered Mrs. Keith, 'are you playing horse?'

'Yes,' Walter replied. 'Don't you think it would be better to fasten the reins by putting the rope under his arms? That's the way my boys do and then I know they're not in danger of choking.'

'I'll do it,' Walter replied, and at once he loosened the cord about Stanton's neck, and put it over his chest and under his arms.

'Now drive me,' requested Stanton. Walter liked this proposition, so he began to drive Stanton about the yard. Stanton was the most obedient horse imaginable. He trotted when Walter called 'Get up,' and stood still when he said 'Whoa,' and he only stopped to eat an apple when his master said, 'Now you may have some lunch!'

Why do you think that Stanton was such a gentle horse? Wasn't it because he loved Walter and Walter loved him?—Chris. Intelligencer.

Home Hints.

Iron pillowslips lengthwise instead of crosswise if you wish to iron the wrinkles out in stead of in.

Two bottles should be kept for a bottled baby. The one not in use should be filled with cold water and soda.

Do not give sick people fried foods or anything highly seasoned. Avoid hot bread and biscuits and strong tea and coffee.

A continual change in the bill of fare is desirable; one tires of the same dessert if seen too often, no matter how delicious it is, unless possible ice cream be an exception.

If part of a dish is left over, wait a day before serving again, and let weeks elapse before preparing it again. In this way the table will always present a pleasant surprise.

Three tablespoonfuls of rice may be substituted for tapioca in the tapioca meringue pudding. Soak the rice over night in cold water, and add milk, eggs, etc., in the morning.

A strip of flannel or a soft napkin, folded lengthwise and dipped in hot water wrung out, and then applied around the neck of a child which has the croup, will surely bring relief in a few minutes.

The little salt bags (ten cent size) make roomy mittens for sweeping; they will also be found serviceable when removing dishes from hot ovens, as they protect both wrists and hands, which a holder often fails to do.

Hood's Pills are non-irritating. Price 25 cents.

Admonition.

Epitaphs often touch the casual reader; sometimes they make him smile. It is not often they make him stop and think. Among the tombs of the ancient cathedral of Lubeck, in Germany, there is a slab bearing an inscription before which the sightseer pauses and grows reflective as he reads the words cut in the gray stone.

Thus speaketh Christ, our Lord, to us: Ye call me Master and obey me not; Ye call me Light and see me not; Ye call me Way and walk me not; Ye call me Wise and follow me not; Ye call me Life and desire me not; Ye call me Fair and love me not; Ye call me Rich and ask me not; Ye call me Eternal and see me not; Ye call me Gracious and trust me not; Ye call me Noble and serve me not; Ye call me Mighty and honor me not; Ye call me Just and fear me not; If I condemn you, blame me not.

READY EVERY NIGHT.—It was said of a good man who died recently that he was 'ready every night.'

Every bill was paid, or provision made for its settlement. There were always as few outstanding bills as possible, and these were carefully arranged for, and the plainest directions left regarding them.

One of his last nightly duties was to put his desk in order. Papers were filed, memoranda made for the morrow, letters answered and stamped for the morning mail; a clear and visible order instituted which needed no explanation to one who might be suddenly called to sit in that chair and look over those accounts.

Dr. MacPhail was told a story by a minister, who vouched for its accuracy, of a lady missionary who was, not long ago, thanked at the close of a meeting for having explained what a 'zenana' really meant. The lady who thanked her said she had always been under the impression that there was a tribe in India, the men of which were called 'bananas' and the women 'zenanas.'

Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: 'I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver Complaints, and find Parmelee's Pills the best medicine for these diseases. These Pills do not cause pain or griping and should be used when a cathartic is required. They are Gelatine Coated, and rolled in the Flour of Licorice to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasant, agreeable taste.'

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