

Her Second Thought.

BY SYDNEY DAYER.

'You pretty apple-blossoms, Why do you fly away Just when the spring is sweetest? We want you all to stay. There's not a single flower More beautiful than you. Oh stay, because we love you, The whole long summer through.'

The apple-blossoms whispered, Still sending down a shower: 'You darling little maiden, We've bloomed our springtime hour, If we too long should linger, Our boughs would never hold For all the little children Big apples, red and gold.'

The little maiden pondered As, pink and pearly white, Came showering the petals Upon her ringlets bright. She laughed and shook them lightly, And then looked up to say: 'You sweetest apple-blossoms, Be quick and fly away.'

—Outlook.

How Eleanor Spent Her Birthday.

It was Eleanor's birthday. She stood looking out of the window of her pretty room surrounded by gifts, and yet she was far from happy.

'It's so mean, mother, that I should have a cold this time of all others. Gertrude always gives such 'lovely parties, and it's such a disappointment to miss it,' she fretted.

'I know, dear; but when you are over the cold, you shall have a party.' Eleanor, however, was not to be pacified by any promise of future happiness.

'I'm tired of dolls,' she complained. Every birthday Aunt Helen sends me a doll—and I wish she'd send me something else.'

She gazed out at the shabby little house in the alley.

'Some people have moved into that house right back of us, mother. See, there's a little girl at the window, and did you ever see such a looking doll?'

As Mrs. Irving looked she saw a pale, thin little face pressed against the dingy little pane, and a battered-up doll, wrapped in a shawl, held close in the thin little arms. The day was mild, and the little girl feebly pushed up the window and leaned out.

Just then a Newfoundland pup came bounding up the alley, ready for a romp with some one. Seeing the little girl at the window he sprang toward her. She jumped and drew back, dropping the precious doll on the pavement. The dog seemed to consider it plaything for his special benefit. He picked it up, shook it, and shook it again, and then ran off with it in his mouth, strewing bits of doll all over the alley.

'Why doesn't she run after it?' asked Eleanor; but the little girl looked after the dog with a distressed, helpless look, and then laid her head down on the sill, and Eleanor could see she was crying.

'I believe she's sick,' said Mrs. Irving; 'and that doll was all she had, she seemed to love it so.'

'Oh, mother, and I have so many! Mother, do go over quick, and see what's the matter. Take her one of mine. I can spare it. Take Gladys—'

Gladys was a pink-and-white-faced young lady, with yellow curls and a dainty white dress with blue ribbons.

'Do you mean it, dear?'

'Yes; oh, yes! I'm so sorry for her, and I have so many I won't miss Gladys at all.'

Eleanor could hardly restrain her impatience as she watched her mother cross the yard to the window at which the little girl sat, and, after a few words, disappear inside the door. The pale face brightened as it looked up at the window of the big house at Eleanor, and the girl kissed her thin little hand.

It seemed as if Eleanor's face had caught the reflection of the sunshine on the pale one opposite when Mrs. Irving rejoined her little daughter.

'Is she sick, mother? Is she very poor—and did she like Gladys?'

'Yes, she's very sick, and she's very poor, and you never saw a little girl as pleased as she is with Gladys. The poor little thing is a cripple. Her mother is dead, and her father has to work early and late. He dresses and dresses her in the chair before he leaves the morning, and there she has to stay until he comes back.'

'Mother—and Eleanor looked very solemn—'I'm glad she's my neighbor, 'Yes, dear! We can do a great deal for her to make her life less miserable.'

'I'm so sorry I can't go out. I'd right over to see her and take her some of the fruit Uncle Howard sent me this morning. Oh! I know what I'll do. When Frank comes home from school, I'll ask him to fix me a telegraph wire, like the one he and the old Morris used to have, and I can send her things that way.'

It seemed to Eleanor as if four o'clock would never come; but it did last, and with it Frank. He entered the plan heartily and went to work.

It was hard to tell which little girl was more interested—the one at the plate-glass window of the big mansion or the one pressing her pale face against the little pane of the rickety house in the alley.

At last the wire was strung between the two windows. Eleanor took a bunch of white grapes and a red-checked pear and put them into a dainty basket. Then she wrote on a sheet of her new note paper, with pictures of children at the top:

'I'm awful sorry you're sick. I'm sick myself, but not all the time like you. I hope you like grapes and pears—and I hope you like Gladys. Good-by. Your loving friend,

Eleanor Irving.

Frank sent it across the wire for her as she could not go near the open window; but she stood at the next one and watched gleefully. She could see the look of delight on her little friend's face as the basket slowly wended its way along the wire and finally reached the dingy little window.

In a few minutes it came back, apparently empty, but Eleanor found in the bottom a note, scrawled with a dull pencil on a scrap of wrapping paper:

'You are so good to me. Thank you a thousand times. I like grapes and pears—I never tasted such good ones—and I love Gladys. I can't send you anything, only my love. Your friend, 'Sarah Grey.'

The next time the wire pulled, Sarah saw coming toward her a square box. Her curiosity was great, and her big eyes danced. When it reached the window, she discovered some pretty note paper like Eleanor's, some nicely sharpened pencils, and another note from her friend.

'The next thing that went over was a book, one of Eleanor's best stories, for Sarah to read; and later a small bag of taffy, Frank's contribution, was sent over.'

Darkness came all too soon for both girls, and then the wire had to be abandoned.

Eleanor and her mother sat around the brightly lighted table, and Eleanor was saying: 'Mother, I felt so miserable and unhappy this morning, and I know I was cross, even though it was my birthday and I got so many presents; and now I feel so happy!'

'You see, you forgot all about Eleanor Irving and her aches and pains and disappointments.'

And Sarah sat at the window waiting for her father, looking with happy eyes toward the lights in the big house, and hugging Gladys close to her heart, saying to herself that it had been the happiest day of her life.—Anne Guilbert Mahon, in Christian Work.

Faithful.

Two boys were at work rigging a small sailboat which had been hired from them for the season by a stranger from New York.

'Come along, Bob!' said one of the boys. 'It's all right now. We'll be to late to see the ball match if we don't start at once.'

Bob had taken down some of the old ropes, and had rigged the boat with new ones. The halyards he had not yet examined.

'They're all right said his companion trying them—strong enough to last for years.'

'No; I'll put on new halyards. I promised to make a thorough job of it.'

'Then you'll miss the game. I'm off.' Tom ran across the fields; Bob hesitated as he looked after him. It was a sharp disappointment to miss the game.

The old halyards were worn but they were still stout.

'They'll stand this summer well enough,' muttered Bob.

Then, with a quick decisive movement he cut them, and proceeded to put in new ropes. 'I'll make the job thorough,' he said.

That very evening the New York gentleman took a party of friends out for a sail. When they were a mile from land a fierce squall struck the boat. They steered toward the shore. The boat was carrying too much sail for such a wind.

'If your gaff gives away we are gone!' said a physician in the party, in a low voice.

'It all depends on the halyards. They are new. But there's a terrific strain on them.'

Every eye in the boat was upon the short, knotted ropes. They creaked ominously, but they bore the strain, and in a short time the boat was driven on the beach. Bob's stout bits of new rope had saved the lives of all on board.

Bob's faithfulness in doing a 'thorough job' would have been comparatively little to his credit could he have foreseen the momentous consequence of his action. Who would not be particular about a rope if he knew beyond a question that human lives would hang upon it within twenty-

four hours? The truly faithful souls are those who do their duty, as Bob did, no matter how unimportant it may seem in itself, or how remote and uncertain its results.—American Presbyterian.

Assistant Farmers.

'Onions, turnips, beets, tomatoes, peas, celery—my! I guess I'll have as grown up a garden as grandfather's is?' exclaimed Willie, happily, as he named over the different seeds he was going to plant, as soon as he got his 'corner lot' ready for the beds.

Suddenly he stopped digging and began striking his hoe vigorously into the soil.

'What's the matter, Willie?' called grandfather from the onion bed; 'what have you found?'

'One, two, ten, twenty—why, hundreds of them, grandfather, and they'll eat every seed I plant!' exclaimed Willie excitedly, as he began to cut the soil with his hoe more vigorously than ever.

'Hundreds of what!' and grandfather raised himself slowly from his knees.

'Worms, grandfather; and I'll not have a single thing come up.'

The little fellow's face looked a very picture of despair, as visions of early vegetables—a surprise for father—that he had planned to take back to his city home, suddenly disappeared.

'Why, I never call them worms.'

'But they are worms—angle-worms, grandfather.'

'Yes, but I never call them so,' laughed grandfather at the serious little face. 'I call them farmers, my assistant farmers, and the more work I have for them, the better I like it.'

'Farmers! Worms, farmers—and work? Why, grandfather, all they do is to squirm and wiggle.'

'Certainly, that's their work. Don't you see they angle their way through the soil, and so make it light and loose. They are regular little ploughs; fertilizing the soil, too, as they plough, so to speak.'

'But—but, grandfather, don't they eat the seeds while they're resting?'

'No, indeed; my little assistants don't destroy; they only aid in my crop raising.'

'I—I didn't know I was going to have some hired help this summer when you gave me my little garden,' laughed Willie.

'You're not going to,' chuckled grandfather, as he returned to his onion bed; 'they work for nothing!'—Sunbeam.

Valuable to Remember.

The colder eggs are the quicker they will froth. Meat should always be cooked with the fat downward.

Whipped cream is more easily digested than plain cream. Raw cabbage is more easily digested than when cooked.

Half a lemon dropped in salt will keep copper vessels bright. Add a few drops of ammonia to the blue water to whiten clothes.

A small pinch of carbonate of soda in the water prevents the odor of boiling cabbage. Vinegar sprinkled on the stove will keep odors of cooking from going through the house.

Kerosene may be safely used with boiling water to whiten yellow clothes. The quantity required is a tablespoonful to each gallon of suds.

Pimples on the Face.

Many young ladies are greatly annoyed with pimples and 'black-heads' on the face. The following, prescribed by a physician, has been tried with most happy effects: Thoroughly bathe the face each morning with water as hot as the hand will bear. Do not pick the pimples or try to press out the 'black-heads.' If the bathing is persisted in regularly in a week's time the disappearance of the pimples will be perceived.

ONE TEASPOONFUL of Pain-Killer in hot water sweetened will cure almost any case of flatulency and indigestion. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis. 25c. and 50c.

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