

Where's Mother.

...ing in from school or play, what is what the children say; ...ing, crowding, big and small, ... the threshold, in the hall— ...ing in the constant cry, ... as the days go by. 'Where's mother?'

... the weary bed of pain ... same question comes again: ... the boy with sparkling eyes ... home his earliest prize; ... the bronzed and bearded son ... past and honors won— 'Where's mother?'

... ened with a lonely task, ... day we may vainly ask ... the comfort of her face, ... the rest of her embrace; ... love her while we may, ... for us that we can say: 'Where's mother?'

What a Trolley Wire Said.

... Labor Day, and nine o'clock ... morning—just the hour for ... to begin, only there would be ... to-day, for it was a holiday. ... a merry crowd of boys from ... of the grammar schools in a large ... city boarded an electric car ... for the seashore. They each ... lunch box or basket, indicating ... purpose to make a day of it.

... Vining was one of the party, a ... wide-awake looking boy, rather ... size for his age, which was ... years, but with clear, honest ... and a very winning smile. Roy ... and anticipating this outing for ... and saving up every cent he ... meanwhile to indulge him- ... for his mother was a widow ... hard to support herself ... child. But 'jobs' were scarce ... paid for at that, so when ... arrived for the anticipated ... Roy found he had just ... money to allow him the trolley ... back without anything over ...

... too bad, Roy, said his mother, ... all fond parents, desired to ... boy enjoy as much as the ... on their good time. 'Here ... cents more; take them for any ... ing you might like.' ... indeed, mother, answered Roy, ... with indignation. 'Do you ... would use your hard-earned ... I shall have a fine time, ... The ride will be charm- ... have put me up a royal lunch, ... go in swimming, and find ... of things to enjoy that won't ...' So kissing his mother ... he started away, whistling ... though deep down in heart he ... had a little more money ... rice-cream or rolling ten pins, ... on the flying horses, of which ... was especially fond. It gave ... of being a very warm day, and ... any other people besides the ... seemed to think it would ... thing to go to the shore. So ... they were half way there ... were crowded to overflowing, all ... the running boards being ... occupied. Roy was a little fel- ... so closely wedged in be- ... very fleshy women, each ... in her arms, that the com- ... ed utterly to see him when ... round for the fares. Roy ... cents in his hand and tried ... along, but it was utterly im- ... reach the conductor through ... of humanity, and the two big ... ere so occupied with each ... their babies, they never ... attempt to pass on his ... With a little thrill of exulta- ... thought to himself, 'Jolly; ... cents in! I can have one ride ... riding horses anyway!'

... wouldn't think of using the ... that way,' whispered that ... life monitor called 'Con- ... Of course you will give it to ... when you get off the ... belongs to the company, you ... be sure,' immediately re- ... though a shade of disap- ... rested on his handsome ... But he was a loyal little ... King Arthur,' and had been ... by a loving mother to be ... honorable. A second and ... time the conductor col- ... with the same result. ... ing wealth proving a con- ... sating temptation to hold ... even when he found him- ... surplus of fifteen cents, he ... his stout little heart to give ... when it was that the trolley ... to talk, but all you boys ... the electric cars have, ... aded the peculiar 'sing- ... muring' of the wires over- ... times they seem to ascend ... of sounds, descending ...

... mpted soul and strained ... they seemed to talk and ... 'You fool! you fool!' ... rising inflection till it ... a shriek, 'to give back ...

that fifteen cents, when you might have such a good time with it! You can have a boat ride and ride on the flying horses, and have ice cream and candy and no end of good things with all that money.'

'Tisn't yours, whispered Conscience. But the trolley wire was bigger and noisier than Conscience and 'talked' so loud it entirely drowned the gentle voice of the inward monitor. 'The money is yours. You tried to give it up and couldn't succeed. Besides, it's the conductor's business to look after the fares. If he fails to take them, it's his lookout—not yours. You have a perfect right under the circumstances to keep the money.'

'Tisn't yours!' reiterated Conscience, this time a little more faintly than before; 'it would be stealing both ride and money!'

'I never stole in my life,' returned Roy, indignantly, and although he spoke under his breath, the trolley wire heard him and instantly responded: 'Of course you never did, and never would! This wouldn't be anything like stealing. Keep it, you foolish boy! Keep it! keep it!' shouted the trolley in the descending scale as the car reached its destination and began to slow up. Roy's usually frank, merry countenance was clouded and anxious with the inward conflict, but as the car stopped and the crowd of pleasure-seekers turned their steps toward the ocean, Roy went straight to the conductor and gave him fifteen cents. He had not the slightest idea that anyone beside himself knew he had not paid his fare, but it so happened (boys, does anything ever 'happen?') that an elderly, dignified gentleman sat behind Roy in the dense crowd and saw the whole proceeding. He witnessed Roy's attempt the first time to reach the conductor, and his immediate impulse was to lean forward and assist him in passing the fare on. Then on second thought, he drew back and said to himself: 'No! I'll watch the boy!' He observed Roy's failure to reach the conductor both the second and third times, but for reasons known to himself, he was even more anxious to watch the final result. Not being observed in the crowd as it left the car, he kept close at Roy's elbow as he talked with the conductor, and this is what he heard:

'Here, Mr. Conductor, you didn't take any of my fares. I was so small I s'pose you didn't see me, and I couldn't reach you, the people were packed so close.'

'Well, you are a rare bird,' exclaimed the conductor, looking at him in unfeigned astonishment. 'Why didn't you keep it?'

'Why it isn't mine, of course,' returned Roy. 'I've had my ride, and I wish to pay for it.'

Again the conductor looked at him as if he were a curiosity among boys, and then he said:

'Well, boy, I'll tell you what; either you or I have got to keep it, for my accounts are all made up this trip to correspond with the ticker, and you may keep it for your honesty.'

'Why, that wouldn't be right, either,' gasped Roy, refusing this even greater temptation; 'it belongs to the company.'

'Oh, well, give it here!' exclaimed the man, impatiently. 'I'm not so thin-skinned as all that, and I've no time to bother.' So pocketing the change, he turned upon his heel and strode away. Meanwhile the old gentleman, beaming with satisfaction, took his way with the other pleasure-seekers toward the sea-side.

And I will privately confide to you that even the conductor was so impressed with Roy's integrity that when he handed in his account at headquarters, he also passed in the extra fifteen cents, explaining the facts in the case, thereby increasing his own reputation for honesty. Roy had a delightful day, notwithstanding the other boys indulged in much he was obliged to deny himself. But it was a happy, though a very tired boy that reached home that night, with a glowing account of the day's pleasures.

Now, in the place where Roy lived, in one of the down-town law offices there had been hanging for several days a notice in the window, 'Wanted, an office boy.' Between forty and fifty boys had already made application, Roy being among the number. It was a very desirable situation, because the boy would be permitted to attend school, performing his office duties outside of school hours, and the pay was liberal. But Lawyer Stearns had not yet been able to find just the kind of boy he was looking for until the day he rode to the sea-shore and witnessed Roy's little episode. He had been favorably impressed with Roy's appearance at the time he made application, only he thought him rather small. But this incident on the trolley car decided him, for he recognized Roy the moment he saw him. A day or two after Roy received a letter by mail,

after reading which he ran, flushing with excitement and delight, to read it to his mother. It informed him that the coveted position had been given him, because, among other requirements, he was 'an honest boy,' and Squire Stearns went on to explain how he knew this fact. Then Roy told his mother what he had not told her until then—all about his temptation and victory, remarking as he closed, 'I think Satan must have ridden the trolley wire that day, mother.'

'Without doubt,' answered his mother, 'and I am equally sure and thank God for it, that One stronger than the tempter rode inside the trolley car close to my darling boy.'—Sarah L. Tenney, in The Christian Intelligencer.

The Nature of Mice.

Few people understand the mystery of mice. I think I can, without immodesty, claim to understand mice, for I have made them a study for many years.

That the mouse has a sense of honor is conspicuously shown by the way in which he will rattle a newspaper in your bedroom at night. The mouse does not eat newspapers, neither does he put them to any domestic use. He merely makes a noise with them, knowing that of all sounds the midnight rustle of a newspaper is the one which will most successfully banish sleep from your eyes. If a mouse finds an eligible newspaper in your bedroom he will settle himself down to a night of fun and jollity. He will rattle that newspaper till morning, and the only effect of throwing boots at him, or of getting up and lighting the gas and searching for him with a poker, will be that he will hide himself till you lie down to sleep and then resume his little newspaper game. If this does not show a sense of humor it would be difficult to say what it does show.

Then there is the well-known fact that no sooner does a mousetrap or a cat enter a house than it is followed by a troop of mice. Cats and traps draw mice as the pole draws the magnet. The mouse loves the game of teasing the cat by stimulating the latter's hopes of capturing mice. It is considered the height of fun among mice to scuttle across the room in the presence of a cat and to disappear in a hole just as a cat is ready to pounce. Of course, now and then a too reckless mouse pays the penalty of rashness by being caught by the cat, but accidents of this kind are more rare among mice than football accidents among men, and in no way render mice shy of the game.

If you once understand the nature of mice you need have no trouble with them. Banish from your house every cat, trap and newspaper, and not a mouse will show himself. Fill your house with newspapers, traps and cats, and mice will flock to it from miles away. No mouse will go to a house where no amusement is offered to him. This lesson I have learned, as I said, by years of study, and it has been confirmed by the testimony of several of the most intelligent cats whom I have known.—Pearson's Weekly.

Number One.

'He is a number one boy,' said grandmother, proudly. 'A great boy for his books; indeed, he would rather read than play, and that is saying a good deal for a boy of seven.'

'It is, certainly,' returned Uncle John, 'but what a pity it is that he is blind.'

'Blind!' exclaimed grandmother, and the number one boy looked up too, in wonder.

'Yes, blind, and a little deaf, also, I fear,' answered Uncle John.

'Why, John! what put that into your head?' asked grandmother looking perplexed.

'Why the number one boy himself,' said Uncle John. 'He has been occupying the one easy chair in the room all the afternoon, never seeing you, nor his mother when she came in for a few minutes' rest. Then when your glasses were mislaid, and you had to climb upstairs two or three times to look for them, he never saw nor heard anything that was going on.'

'Oh, he is so busy reading,' apologized grandmother.

'That is not a very good excuse, mother,' replied Uncle John, smiling. 'If Number One is not blind nor deaf, he must be very selfish indeed to occupy the best seat in the room, and let older people run up and down stairs while he takes his ease.'

'Nobody asked me to give up my seat nor to run on errands,' said 'No. One.'

'That should not have been necessary,' urged Uncle John. 'What are a boy's eyes and ears for, if not to keep him posted on what is going on around him? I am glad to see you fond of books, but if a pretty story makes you forget all things ex-

cept amusing 'No. One,' better run out and play with the other seven-year old boys, and let grandmother enjoy the comfort of her rocker in quiet.'—Youth's Evangelist.

A slice of bread boiled in pea soup prevents the peas from sinking to the bottom and burning on the saucepan.

CHILLED TO THE BONE? A teaspoonful of Pain Killer in a cup of hot water sweetened will do you ten times more good than rum or whiskey. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis. 25c. and 50c.

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