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Only One Mother.

Clara's Gypsy-Kettie.

As they went down the road to the

store, Clara said : 'I'm going to get

sweet alyssum to plant in the kettle.

After dinner, grandpa planted three

sticks in the ground with their tops

crossed, and hung the kettle from them.

carried earth from the garden in it to

earth around the sticks with a trowel.

that is full enough I'm tired, any-

or perhaps she planted them too deep,

showed the least little bit of a sprout.

so interested in it that she almost for-

way. So let's plant the seeds now.'

'There !' said Clara at last. 'I think

You can get morning-glories.'

'O Jamie !'

'What is it ?'

'My ! it is a big one !'

has in her front yard.'

Jamie.

have only one mother, my boy, heart you can gladden with joy. Or cause it to ache. Till ready to break ; erish that mother, my boy,

have only one mother, who will dby you through good and through il And love you, although The world is your foe; are for that love ever still.

have only one mother to pray in the good path you may stay. e fewer Who for you won't spare olds, bron Self-sacrifice rare ; por that mother alway powerful

ter, Nor have only one mother-just one: mber that always, my son, ungs, so None can or will do What she has for you ; ich my have you for her ever done? -Exchange.

Hero in an Unfought Battle

BY HELEN HOMES BLAKE.

ere was no more doubt about it. was lost. Ned had looked in tow-yard, in the shed, and the , but not a sign of her did he He missed her from the pasture nd the house when he came home inner. After satisfying his hun-BIDAY nor he had made a thorough search of remises. She was not there, that certain. Where she was, Ned tit was his duty to find out. This was the very thing he least wished

d's father was a soldier. It was growing taller and taller. Finally AI LATEN way year since his regiment had gone e Philippines. Just before he ome he said to Ned, in a private onal Bler

m're almost eleven years old, and up.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

the little fellow. 'Have some candy, 'Just look and see what a big kettle there is under the wood-house steps ! and said, 'Jokin', ain't yer ?'

'No, indeed; I want you to have ! 'Tell you what I wish we could do,' some.' And Ned put half of the precsaid Clara. 'I wish we could have it' fixed up for agypsy-kettle, with flowers hand. growing in it, like the one Mrs. Peters

'Let's go and ask grandma,' said 'Why, yes,' grandma answered them, 'I'm sure I'm willing ; and grandpa can fix it for you when he comes home at do it agin, and I'll pity him as does noon. I will give you each five cents, that is, if Bill Reilly knows it.'so that you can get some flower seeds.

Young People's Paper.

In Case of Fire.

In case of fire, if the burning articles are at once splashed with a solution of salt and nitrate of ammonia an incombustible coating is formed. This Then Clara got an old tin pail and is a preparation which can be made at home at a triffing cost, and should be fill the kettle. And Jamie dug up the kept on hand. Dissolve 20 pounds of common salt and 10 pounds of nitrate of ammonia in 7 gallons of water. Pour this into quart bottles of thin glass and fire grenades are at hand ready for use. Perhaps Clara's seeds were not good. These bottles must be tightly corked and sealed to prevent evaporation, and or kept them too wet. At any rate, in case of fire they must be thrown while Jamie's morning glories came up near the flames, so as to break and beautifully, Clara's sweet alyssum never liberate the gas contained. At least two dozen of these bottles should be They went out every morning to ready for an emergency.

look Jamie's morning-glories kept In this connection it is well to remember that water on burning oil when the first blossom came, Clara was scatters the flame, but flour will extinguish it. Salt thrown upon a fire got to look for her own plants and to if the chimney is burning will help to feel badly because they did not come deaden the blaze.

If a fire once gets under headway a

DO SQUIRRELS PLAY BOY'S GAMES. Bil?'he asked. But Bill appeared in- -Visitors in Central Park, New York credulous, and after assuring himself city, often see the squirrels playing tag that Ned's other hand contained no and leapfrog, says the American Boy. stones, he walked up closer to him, They do it after the manner of beys,

and seem to have great fun at it. When tired of leapfrog they often wrap their arms around each other, so to ious candy into his companion's dirty speak, making themselves into a ball,

and roll down four or five feet of grassy For a moment both were silent. slope, then scamper back and repeat Then, as great tears streamed down the roll, keeping it up for half a dozen Bill's face, he said, 'Scuse me, Ned, times. So it seems squirrels play boys' but poor Bill Reilly ain't used ter games. Whether they learned it from sech. Why didn't yer chuck stuns the boys or whether the boys learned back at me ? Never mind, I'll never it from the squirrels, nobody will know.

> "What is an anecdote, Johnny?" asked the teacher. 'A short, funny tale,' answered the little fellow. 'That's right,' said the teacher. 'Now, Johnny, you may write a sentence on the blackboard containing the word.' Johnny hesitated a moment, and then wrote this: 'A rabbit has four legs and one anecdote.

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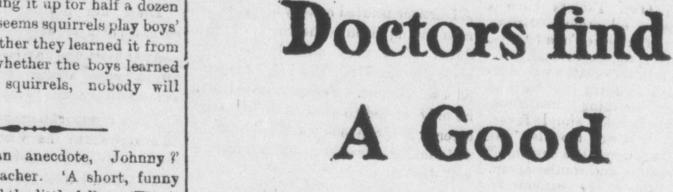
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A Good

Prescription



ou have a big and strong enough to help will rec free of mother a great deal. I want you in town the everything you can for her while gone. You'll be the only man the house, and I want you to be k & 1 V estmori

were rather hazy. But he knew well what to do to help his , and he lived up to his knowlfastest so well that Mrs. Long had m, only the day before : Ned is little man; you would be dewith him. He is grown so htful and helpful.' ory of th

day Ned was to have the sharpselfish servial that had yet come to him. His t had gone out to do some dressg, and Ned had permission to st what he pleased all day. He d a jolly morning with some of ys, and right after dinner they go fishing-six of them-to pond, which was two miles ome. And now the cow was That was a situation for ith a fishing excursion before Ned sat on the fence and His hands were plunged his trousers pockets; his face puckered up into a frown, and not whistle, -- a sure sign that ing was wrong. Just now he linking, and thinking hard,

bing like this :

Life this : tcan't get home from fishin' till dock anyway, and mother'll want can't get home from fishin' till it she said, half-past ; maybe it'll take me three hours to find her ; maybe Idn't find her at all to-night. mother'll be worried. I just fishin' if I wait to find that . Oh ! I've got to find her anyhere's no use talkin' 'bout that. dn't be much like a man to go win' when your cow was lost. off without knowin' why I ome. I hate to tell them ! well enough what Dick'll say he cow go to Ballyhack, and a whole lot at me. shin'. You can find her all

100 mean to sneak out of telling my son.' because I was afraid they'd Then Mr. Crossley, passed on, leav. doing what I've got to. I'll ing Ned to ponder over the question. enough to let them know I'm 'Which should he throw - stones stay at home and hunt up the or candy?' The little fellow looked

You never saw morning-glories grow covering becomes a necessity. A silk as they did ! They hid the kettle from sight, so that you never would have known it was there.

It got to be almost time for Clara piece of wet flannel will answer. and Jamie to go home, for they were d's ideas about what made a 'real only spendig the summer at grandma's. Then one morning Clara came running room and then to the floor. Wrap a

into the house. 'O Jamie !' 'What is it ?' 'Come and see ! Jamie followed her across the yard o the gypsy-kettle.

sked. Clara only laughed.

'Now listen,' she said, as they stood over hand. near the morning-glories.

'I don't hear anything,' said Jamie. Well, I did; and so I lookednd see !'

She parted the leaves of the mornng-glories, and Jamie looked in.

"Oh, my !" A white hen was sitting in the gypsykettle, and, out from under her feathers peeped three little white chickens.

Grandpa fixed up a coop for them, and Clara carried the chickens to it in basket, while Jamie took the hen in his arms. There were twelve chickens. Later in the Fall, when Jamie and

Clara were at home, grandma wrote a letter to their mamma. At the end of

glories, but the chickens that were pound of currants very dry ; beat them hatched in Clara's gypsy-kettle are as lively as crickets. - Susan Brown Robbins, in Little Men and Women.

Stones or Candy?

'Well, my little fellow, what are you going to do with those ?' asked old Mr. don't know about's whether to Crossley, after watching a small boy tell the boys I can't go with pick up three or four of the largest or let them wait awhile, and stones that he could find on the road. 'I'm going to throw them at Bill Reilly, when he comes back this way,'

answered the boy, readily. 'He threw 'But don't you think it would be

o-night.' That's so; I might, better to throw him some of the candy en, again, I mightn't. Well, which you have in your hand?' was es! I'll tell them, so they won't the old man's next question. 'That g time waiting for me. It would do him more good, and you, too,

handkerchief moistened and wrapped about the mouth and nostrils prevents suffocation from smoke ; failing this, a

Should smoke fill the room, remember that it goes first to the top of the blanket or woolen garment about you, with the wet cloth over your face, drop on your hands and knees and crawl to the window.

Bear in mind that there is no more danger in getting down from a three-'Have your seeds come up?' he story window than from the first floor ladder. Do not slide, but go hand

Home Hints.

freckles and butternut stains. Try hot flannel over the seat of neuralgic pain, and renew frequently. Do not keep silk handkerchiefs or

silk in the piece folded up, as the folds will cut. If skirt braid is stitched double before putting on it will look nicer, and wear twice as long.

Put a pound of fine sugar, a pound of fresh butter, five eggs and a little beaten (ground) mace into a broad pan; beat it with your hands until it is very light and looks curdling ; then put 'The frost killed Jamie's morning- thereto a pound of flour and half a together, fill tin pans and bake them n a slack oven.

Ashamed to Tell Mother.

Such was a boy's reply to his playmates who were trying to tempt him to do something wrong. 'But you needn't tell her; no one

will know anything about it." 'I would know all about it myself, and I'd feel very mean if I couldn't

tell my mother.' 'It's a pity you wasn't a girl. The idea of a boy running and telling his

mother every little thing !' 'You may laugh if you want to, said the noble boy, but I have made up my miud, never, so long as I live, to do anything I would be ashamed to tell my mother.

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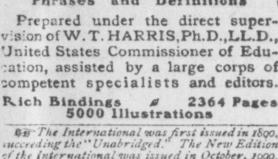
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wistfully at both : At the stones, bepon Ned began to whistle so cause he longed to show his skill in he did not hear the bell striking the enemy; and at the candy, e road, nor the hallo of a small because he longed to eat it all himself. was driving a cow. The boy He cared not to use even one bit for peat the hallo, and add be- making peace with a boy who had little right hand, 'I'm not going to use Say, Ned, are you deaf ? before wronged him. d any heed.

he shouted ; 'where'd you after thinking over the matter care-

e I couldn't have gone fishin'.' n't your mother let you ?'

was Dick's comment ; and looking this way and that, to discover d.'-S. S. Times.

Let every little boy try to do like this boy, for they are the truly noble boys who always obey and please their mothers. - Selected.

Begin Now.

Sometimes children think they can't do any good until they grow to be men and women. If you should say to your you now, while you are small ; I'm go-But Ned was a reasonable lad, and, ing to wait and save all your strength

till I grow up, and then I will use you fully, he could not help seeing that a great deal,' do you know what would beyond the turn of the road. Mr. Crossley was right. Yet it was happen? Why, the hand that hung at e you been all this time eating very hard for him to let go of the stones your side would not grow; it would and make a determination to share his get so weak and small that when you I'm awful glad you've found candy with rough Bill Reilly. But he became a man you couldn't use it at all. did this very thing, and thereby gained Something like that happens to our a greater victory than he who conquers hearts when we think we can put off n't home. I wouldn't have a vast army. By and by Bill Reilly loving God and doing good until we came skulking around the corner, grow up.

We must begin now to do what little below his breath, 'You're a what had become of Ned. Suddenly, we can, if we wish to be strong when from a place of concealment, out popped we grow up:- Sunbeam.

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