

Her Answer.

They were old friends, but they hadn't met in many, many years; and the tide of life had hurried on, with its joys and hopes and fears; but both the women had met at last, — old playmates once again. They talked of girlhood's dreams, now past — its buoyant hopes, now slain.

Ab, Kate, said Madge, 'you're a t t h same. — You've lost your charm of face, — You've lost your pretty, rosy cheeks, — You've lost your form of grace, — Your chestnut hair has turned to gray, — Your lips have lost their red; — All things are changed — and soon our day will turn to night instead.' 'Dear one,' Kate said, 'I've nothing lost, — For here's my hair of brown — On Prue's dear head — my eldest born; — And Pess has not a frown — On her sweet face, that's just like mine — Of thirty years ago. — While Kittie's blue eyes dance and shine — Like sunlight in the morn. — Mine shone in just the self-same way — When you, dear, saw me last, — And Margaret's lips are just as red — As mine in days long past. — No, no, my dear, I've nothing lost, — My life is on the wane; — My children have my own youth cost, — In them I live again!' — May Success.

Who Broke the Dishes?

BY ADDIE GARDNER BEMISS.

Arthur Steelman and Howard Bennett were two boys who were stopping with their parents at the Arlington House, in the small town of Glenwood.

Arthur was a bright, fat, mischievous boy, while Howard was tall, thin and angular, but quick and light in his movements. Both being about ten years of age, they soon became warm friends, and would often wrestle with each other in the office of the hotel, much to the amusement of the bystanders, who often urged them on, until the wrestling would almost resolve itself into a fight, but the little fellows had received good Christian training, and would never go that far, knowing it to be wrong and ungentlemanly.

They were also great favorites with the waiters, and always kept on the right side of the cook, as boys are very apt to do.

One rainy day, while playing ball with each other in the dining-room after dinner, through carelessness or excitement on the part of Howard, he failed to catch the ball, and it struck a tray full of dishes which the waiter, Henry, had put on a small table in one corner.

As the broken dishes fell to the floor the ball glided through the window, which was open, and the noise brought the housekeeper, Mrs. Albright, from her room, and Henry from the kitchen, at the same time. The boys scampered and hid themselves behind a screen.

Mrs. Albright thinking Henry had done the mischief, said:

'Henry, this makes the third time this month that you have broken dishes through carelessness; go immediately to the office and get your discharge; you will pay for everything you have broken since you came.'

Henry raised his hands, rolled his eyes, with a weebegone expression on his face answered:

'Fo de lawd! Mis Albright, dis nigger doan know who dun broke all dis yere china doin's. I cummed in de back do', and yous cummed in de front do', and I spec' we dun heerd de smash up 'bout de same time.'

'Henry,' said Mrs. Albright, 'not another word; you cannot lie out of it this time.'

Seeing no help for it Henry turned to go, mumbling to himself: 'Now I dun lose my job, jes on account of dese yere old dishes.'

Meanwhile Arthur and Howard sat behind the screen as still as mice.

After Mrs. Albright and Henry had left the dining-room, Howard said:

'Oh, Arthur, what shall we do?'

Arthur answered, 'That's what I'd like to know.'

After thinking awhile, Howard said again: 'Henry is my favorite waiter; he always brings me two desserts.'

'Yes,' said Arthur, 'he brings me the same, and always has something nice for me after school.'

'Besides,' said Howard, 'don't you think it would be mean to have Henry discharged when he isn't guilty?'

Conscience was at work with both of them, for they had been forbidden to play ball in the dining-room.

'Howard,' said Arthur, 'if we tell, it will take all of our Christmas money to pay for the broken dishes.'

'Yes,' said Howard, 'and if we don't tell, it will make us feel mighty mean to see Henry sent away when it wasn't his fault.'

'After a little more thought, Arthur said, 'I reckon we must be cowards.'

'Oh, yes,' answered Howard, 'don't you remember, Arthur, it says in our copy books, 'Conscience makes cowards of us all?'

'Well, then, let's go and tell,' said Arthur.

So they both made a rush for the housekeeper's room, for fear they might change their minds if they waited; and as they were passing the door of the office, they encountered Henry, who was just coming out.

Seeing the boys, he called to them and said, with a very sorrowful face, 'Well, boys, me and you won't have no mo' good times in dis yere ole hotel; I'se dun quit.'

Howard asked him what he had 'quit' for.

Henry answered, 'Case some of dem mean niggers dun broke a heap of dishes in de dinin' room, an' Mis Albright she say I broke 'em, 'case I broke a glass pitcher las' wee', an' up dumped de ice cream from on'n de tray las' Saddy.'

Howard said, 'Wait here till we come back, Henry, and we will tell you something.'

So away they ran to the housekeeper's room, and as the door was closed, no one heard what passed, but when the boys came out, Mrs. Albright was with them, and told Henry he need not go, as she had found him to be innocent of the last disaster.

After she had disappeared, each boy took Henry by the hand, and told him how the accident had happened.

When they had finished speaking, Henry said with great fervor; 'Lawd bless dem honey chillen, dey shill hab all de desserts dey kin eat long dis yere ole Henry is head waiter in dis yere hotel,' and he kept his word.

As they were walking away, Howard said, 'Arthur, I feel so much better here,' laying his hand upon his little heart.

'So do I,' said Arthur.

—Chris. Observer.

Boys and Housework.

On the first morning of my visit, as we arose from the table, I was a little surprised to see the young son of the house, a boy of sixteen or so, quite as a matter of course begin to help clear the table. My wonder grew as I saw the handy way in which he assisted all through the dishwashing and seemed to know where all the dishes belonged.

His mother and sister were not very strong, and what he did for them was really a help and was always done cheerfully. One day his sister had a headache and as he saw her starting upstairs to make the beds, he said, 'I have made my bed, so you won't have to go to my room.' As his room was on the third floor, this was a help, and his sister knew that the bed was made as well as she herself would have made it.

No doubt his cheerfulness and thoughtfulness resulted from his naturally good disposition, but the ability to do the work so that it was a real help and relief could not have come by nature, but have been the outcome of careful training. The more I thought of it the more I admired the mother's wisdom in teaching her son to be a good housekeeper, and I thought of the blundering way in which many men help about the house.

I know of another case where a mother was in poor health and her four sons did all the housework, even to washing and ironing. What is more, they all grew up to be exceptionally smart men. May it not be that a knowledge of housework and the habit of doing it well is actually a help to a man in his work in the large outside world? It is often little things that make the difference between success and failures and housework is something in which one has to be careful about little things.

Probably many mothers think there is no need to teach their boys housework, but it seems to me that it is more necessary than some of the studies they have to go through with at school. Most men at some time in their lives are called upon to help in the house, and if they had wise training when they were young, they will be much more likely to give that help efficiently and without grumbling.

In families where there are more girls than boys it is still well for the boys to know how to do certain things properly, such as making beds, sweeping, doing dishes and cooking a few simple things. Even if there seems to be no prospect that such ability will ever be of use to the boy, the time may come when he will rejoice in its possession.

There is one thing which it seems to me that every boy should be taught to do as regularly as he wakes up in the morning, and that is to open all the windows in his room, providing it does not storm, and spread open the sheets and blankets on his bed and put the pillows where they will air. Neatness and hygiene demand that this be done, and if he does it, it takes but a moment and it saves some one else a trip to his room for the purpose. — Good House-keeping.

Won a Place by a Whistle.

He was an odd-looking little figure as he came merrily whistling down the street the morning after the big snow, says an exchange. His nose was red, his hands were bare, his feet were in shoes several times too large, and his hat was held in place by a roll of paper under the sweat-band; but he piped away like a steam whistle, and carried the big snow shovel much as a marching soldier carries his rifle.

'How much?' from an imposing-looking man, who was asking if he wanted his walks cleaned.

'Ten cents.'

'A nickel's enough.'

'It would be if I couldn't do no better; but I've got to do the best I can, and business is rushing. Good-morning,' and the merry whistle filled the air as the boy started away.

'Go ahead and clean 'em!' shouted the man, whose admiration and better nature had been aroused.

'Just see that little rascal make the snow fly!' he laughed to his wife, who stood at the window with him. 'Why, he's a regular snow-plough; and he does it well too.'

'What a little mite! and how comical! I wonder if he's hungry?'

She called him in as soon as he had finished, but he would not take time for more than a cup of coffee.

'Too busy,' he said.

'What are you going to do with the money?' asked the man, as he insisted on settling at twenty-five cents.

'I'm going to get mother a shawl for Christmas. She's wearing one you can see through, and it ain't right.'

On he went, with glowing cheeks and his cheery whistle. But they had his name and address. It was the wife who took a shawl to the mother; and it was the husband who installed the sturdy little snow-shoveler as office boy in a bright new uniform, and with permission to whistle when he feels like it. — The Presbyterian.

'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 neither 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 or 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 except amusing "Number 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.

Just How Much?

'I would do anything to get an education!' said Joe, savagely thumping the down sofa pillow till a fine, fluffy dust flew from seams and corners.

'Just how much would you do, Joe?' said practical Uncle Phil, interestedly.

'As much as Elihu Bunnett?'

'How much did he do?' inquired Joe. 'Was he a boy without any chance?'

'No, indeed!' said Uncle Phil, who never sympathized with whining Joe's way of looking at things. 'As many chances as you have or any other boy with brains and ten fingers. Had to work at the forge ten or twelve hours a day, but that didn't hinder him from working away in his mind while his hands were busy. Used to do hard sums in arithmetic while he was blowing the bellows.'

'Whew!' said Joe, as if he too saw a pair of bellows at hand. 'How old was he? Older than I am, wasn't he?'

'About sixteen, when his father died. By and by he began to study other things. Before he died he knew eighteen languages, and nearly twice that number dialects. All this time he kept hard at work blacksmithing.'

'I don't have to work as hard as that!' said Joe after a while, with a ashamed-faced look that rejoiced his uncle's heart.

Joe was a farmer's son, and in busy times there was a good deal for a boy of his age to do. So far he had not been spared to go away to any preparatory school to 'fit' for college. So he had faint-heartedly and sulkily given up the thought of going there. Somehow, Uncle Phil's words had put things in a new light. — Christian Uplook.

Sure Enough Tale

In one of the private schools here in town there is a small boy who is always cheerfully miles behind everybody else. He is not a dull boy, but learning does not appeal to him as being a thing especially to be desired. Recently the teacher told the class in composition that on the next day she would expect each of them to be able to write a short anecdote. She explained with great care the meaning of the word anecdote, and next day, when she called the class up to write, all but the laggard went at once to work.

'Why don't you write an anecdote, Rob?' asked the teacher.

'I forgot what an anecdote is,' said Rob, undisturbed.

'I explained it yesterday, Rob, and you ought to remember,' said the teacher, a bit out of patience. 'An anecdote is a tale. Now write.'

Rob bent over his slate and, with much twisting of brow and writhing of lip, ground out his task. When the slates were collected his was at the very top of the heap. The teacher picked it up and this is what she read:

'Yesterday we had soup made from the anecdote of an ox.' — Youth's Companion.

How to Ventilate a Room

In spite of constant changing, by natural renewal from outside, it is a good idea to give a quick and complete change once a day to the air of living rooms, bedrooms, and dining rooms. This is best effected by opening windows that will make a direct draft — keeping in mind that a few minutes only are required to accomplish the purpose. Make this change of air when a room is to be vacant for, say, fifteen minutes, which will give time for somewhat heating the cold air taken in. For the sick room a fireplace is the safest ventilator, lacking which, adroit management will secure a proper atmosphere. In a large house with few occupants this clean sweeping out of stale air need be resorted to but rarely, as sweeping days, the natural renewal from the cracks and crevices, with the opening of doors from goings and comings, are sufficient. — Woman's Home Companion

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.

To clean and restore the elasticity of cane chair bottoms, turn the bottom upward and with hot water and a sponge wash the cane. Wash well so that it is well soaked. Should it be dirty, use soap. Let it dry well in the air, and it will be tight and firm as new, provided none of the canes are broken.

No one can write, or print, or give, or read a bad book without having reason to regret it throughout eternity.

STREET CAR ACCIDENT. — Mr. Thomas Sabin, says: 'My eleven year old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the Street Railway. We at once commenced bathing the foot with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, when the discoloration and swelling was removed and in nine days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for any emergency.'

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