

A clergyman in a small town preached one Sunday from the text, "Love one another." Among numerous illustrations he told a little story of two goats that had met on the one plank bridge which crossed a small stream in one part of his country parish.

"But did they fight and try to push each other into the water?" queried the minister. "Oh, no! One lay down and allowed the other to step over him. There was the right spirit! My brethren," said the minister, leaning over the pulpit and speaking in a gentle, persuasive tone, "let us live like goats."

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### "Forgive, and Ye Shall be Eorgiven."

Eva was to have a birthday party, and mamma had promised a great big cake for the happy occasion.

"And please, dear mamma," said Eva, "put six beautiful little candles right on top of the big cake, so that they may know how old I am."

Mamma smiled, and promised the "six beautiful little candles."

Eva's next thought was to send the invitations. "You're nine years old, Tommy, and I think you write just lovely, so won't you address the invitations for me?"

Thus complimented, Tommy said, "Yes, indeed, sister."

After quite a number of the dainty invitations had been addressed, Eva said, "Now I want you to write 'Nellie Elliott' on this next envelope."

"What!" exclaimed Tommy, "You surely are not going to invite Nellie Elliott to your party, are you?"

"Of course," answered Eva. "Why shouldn't I invite her?"

"Don't you remember she had a whole lot of candy at the kindergarten one day and gave all the little girls a piece except you?"

"That was a long time ago, Tommy—as much as a whole month—and I had clear forgotten about it."

"Well, I think this is just the time to remember all about it, and I would not invite her," declared Tommy.

Eva looked thoughtful, and then, in a soft voice said, "Brother Tommy, I belong to the Golden Rule Band, and I must keep on forgetting that Nellie was unkind to me. Anyway I'm most sure that she has been really, truly sorry about it, and she has been good to me lots and lots of times. So write Nellie Elliott on this envelope, Tommy."—*Children's Visitor.*

### What Became of the Quarrel.

"What in the world?" cried Mrs. Cary, looking out of her front door at two little figures coming up the walk. Their boots were muddy—oh, very muddy! Their hands were dirty and their aprons dripping wet in front.

Jim's hat was not worn upon his head at all, but was carried carefully in his chubby hands, evidently heavy with some precious treasure.

Where had they been? They had been to teach Buzzy to drink. Yes, Mrs. Cary knew that. She had heard them in high dispute over that very subject—Aleck wanted to make Buzzy drink, and Jim declaring that it would wash all the paint off his nose. Buzzy was a wooden horse.

But what was this in Jim's hat? They had found it in the pond, and Smoot, the cow man, had told them that it was what made frogs; so they had brought it home to keep until it grew into frogs. "It's very dirty and horrid," said Mrs. Cary, holding her dress away from Jim's dripping hat. The hat was full of a sort of a milky jelly, "very cold and slimy," and "quivery." This jelly was full of tiny black spots.

Mother loaned the little fishermen a tub, and for many days their joy and delight was to watch for the little tadpoles, which finally appeared.

"What became of that quarrel you were having about Buzzy's drinking?" asked the big brother, Ned.

"Why," said Aleck, looking up from the tub, "we forgot all about it."

"Yes," nodded Jim, "we forgot."

"That's the best thing to do with a quarrel that I heard of in my life," said Mrs. Cary.

### WHISTLING IN THE DARK.

The small boy was coming home at a much later hour than he was wont to be out alone. It was growing quite dark and as he came through the grove he could be heard whistling vigorously, if not very tunefully, long before he reached the house. The elders exchanged amused glances.

"What made you whistle so loudly, Willie?" asked one of them as the little fellow entered.

"Well, you see," answered Willie, soberly, "it was pretty dark out there, and I thought if some boys—some little boy—should be coming along, he might be afraid, and it would be less lonesome for him if he heard me whistle."

Whistling to keep up the courage of some other boy had brought the young traveller bravely home.

His plan is a wonderfully good one for older pilgrims as well. When the heart grows faint, and the step falters, whistle for the sake of somebody else. There is nothing that will so quickly drive away fear and discouragement as trying to cheer another; nothing that makes the heart so brave and strong as the thought that its strength must support another. No one knows how much the cheery note in the darkness may help someone else, and always it makes one's own step firmer.

### ROUND ABOUT THE HOUSE.

If rice is not disturbed during the process of boiling, the berries will be whole, dry, and easily digested. A few drops of lemon juice added to the water will make it whiter and finer flavor.

A careless maid dropped a lamp, deluging the hall carpet with gasolene. Oatmeal was sprinkled quickly and liberally over the place, and left until next morning; when the hall was swept, the oil was found to be completely absorbed, and the carpet rather the fresher for its treatment.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

To remove ink stains from the carpet, heat some milk very hot; and to save time heat a small quantity at first, then while that is being used, more can be heated. Absorb all the ink possible with a blotter; pour the steaming milk liberally on the ink stains, and then wash up the milk with a cloth and warm water. Renew the water as it becomes inky. Apply more milk if needed. A vigorous rubbing of the carpet with the cloth and warm water is necessary. If the milk is not quickly wiped up, it will leave a grease spot, which must be removed with gasolene.

### GOOD LUCK.

Willie and Jim had more or less trouble with the boy next door, and did not always come out victors, as the boy next door was much bigger. It was not an unusual thing for one of the brothers to come into the house crying. One day when this happened, his aunt stopped him in the hall.

"Hush, Willie, you musn't make any noise."

"What's the ma-matter?" he asked between his sobs.

"You may disturb your new brother," said his aunt soothingly.

He dried his eyes in a minute. "Have I got a new brother?" he asked.

His aunt nodded.

"One besides Jim?"

She nodded again.

"Bully!" he exclaimed.

"You are glad of it?" she asked.

"You bet!" he fairly shouted. "If Jim and me and the ew one can't lick that fellow, we'd better move."—*Chicago Post*

### EASING THE CHEST.

It is the cold on the chest that scares people and makes them sick and sore. The cough that accompanies the chest cold is racking. When the cold is a hard one and the cough correspondingly severe, every coughing spell strains the whole system. We feel sure that if we could only stop coughing for a day or so we could get over the cold, but we try everything we know of or can hear about in the shape of medicine. We take big doses of quinine until the head buzzes and roars; we try to sweat it out; we take big draughts of whiskey, but the thing that has its grip on the chest hangs on and won't be shaken loose.

If the irritation that makes us cough could be stopped, we would get better promptly, and it is because Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is so soothing and healing to the inflamed throat that it is so efficient a remedy for coughs and colds. This really great medicine is a simple preparation, made of extracts of barks and gums of trees, and it never deceives. It heals throat and the desire to cough is gone. When the cough goes the work of cure is almost complete. All druggists sell Adamson's Balsam, 25 cents. Try this famous Balsam for your sore chest and you will find prompt relief.

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