

A NEWSBOY'S GRATITUDE.

On Christmas night I stepped into a cheap restaurant in Park Row for a cup of coffee. As I took my seat at one of the tables a ragged little boy planted himself on the stool opposite. There was a wolfish glare in the boy's eyes as he fumbled a nickel and said: "A plate of beans."

The little fellow stared for a moment and began his meal. In a few minutes the beef, bread and coffee had disappeared; yet the boy's appetite was not satisfied.

"What kind of pie do you like?" I asked. "Most any kind; they're all good," replied the boy.

"Bring some mince pie and pumpkin pie," said I to the waiter.

The boy gazed at the two pieces of pie in wonderment and then looked up shyly and pushed his nickel toward me. "What's that for?" I asked.

"To pay for the spread; it's all I've got," he said.

Taking a quarter from my pocket, I laid it on the boy's coin and pushed them both across the table.

"Is them for me?" said the boy, with his mouth full of pie. "Am I to have all that?"

"Yes; this is Christmas night, you know."

"Yes, I remember; but I had no money for my lodging, so I didn't get any of the dinner down at the Newsboy's Lodging House. Thank you, mister; you is good ter me."

Months passed. One day a boy stepped me near Brooklyn Bridge. "Say, mister," said he, "I owe you a quarter. Here it is." Recognizing my Christmas guest, I gently refused the money, telling him that he had better keep it.

"No, you take it," he persisted. "That supper and the quarter you gave me brought me luck, and I have not been so hungry since. You was so good that night, and I want you to give some other boy a Christmas supper."

I took the coin, and many a poor newsboy has had a good dinner with it since.—New York Recorder.

THE FINISHING TOUCH.

The small boy with his eyes open often knows more of things as they are than the artist who draws things as they are not. An illustrator who is winning laurels by his fine work maintains that his most valuable critic is his son—a boy of twelve.

"He knows little about drawing," says the artist, "but he has a quick sense for beauty and a keen imagination as well. Not long ago I had to make a drawing of a street full of people running to a fire. I flattered myself I had made a lifelike and moving scene, and submitted it to my boy with a feeling of satisfaction."

"He surveyed it a moment, hands in his pockets, head on one side. Then he said:

"The people are all right, but where's the dog?"

"The dog?" I inquired. "What dog?"

"Any dog," he said, in a tone of pity for my dullness. "Why, father, don't you know there's always at least one dog running alongside and getting under everybody's feet when you're going to a fire? Haven't you ever been to a fire, father, or seen a crowd going to one?"

"When I thought it over I knew he was right, and the dog went in."—East and West.

REFORMED HIS FATHER.

One of the best-known and most highly-respected railroad engineers of Cleveland was an inveterate smoker in his younger days, says the Cleveland Leader. In fact, he was seldom without a weed in his mouth. But many years ago he was out walking with his little son. Noticing his father's cigar, the boy said, "Papa, I am going to smoke, too, when I get a big man."

"Well, my son, you will not smoke when you grow up if you papa does not smoke, will you?"

"No, I won't," replied the little fellow.

"You will never smoke, then," replied the father, as he threw his cigar away, "for your father stops the habit right now."

The father kept his word, but the son—alas! he smokes now, and has done so for years.—The Safeguard.

POACHING EGGS.—Most people take an egg for breakfast, but a new way of poaching one for an invalid's tray is to butter the inside of a cup, separate the white from the yolk of a new-born egg, whisk the former to a stiff froth, and put this into the cup, making a cavity in the middle wherein to slip carefully the yolk. Squeeze a drop or two of lemon-juice on the top, then set the cup in a small sauce-pan of boiling water, and let it poach thus until the white is set firm. In the cooking, the froth will rise so as nearly to fill the cup. Invert a plate over the cup, and turn out the egg, sprinkling a pinch of chopped parsley on the top; serve at once.

They Wake the Torpid Energies. — Machinery not properly supervised and left to run itself, very soon shows fault in its working. It is the same with the digestive organs. Unregulated\* from time to time they are likely to become torpid and throw the whole system out of gear. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills were made to meet such cases. They restore to the full and flagging faculties, and bring into order all parts of the mechanism.

WHICH WAS RIGHT?

There lived in Germany a little girl named Elsie. She had many brothers, and with one of them she used to play from morning to night.

There was one field of grain in which the children took a great interest. They watched its growth carefully, but, in spite of them, the sparrows would eat the seed.

"I'm going to stay here all day in the field to frighten away the birds," said Elsie.

"I can do better," said William; "I shall make a scarecrow, and then we shall keep the birds away with no trouble to ourselves."

"My way is best," Elsie said.

"My way is best," said her brother, stubbornly.

Elsie got a rattle and settled herself in the shade of some trees on the edge of the field. She rattled vigorously for a long time and no bird dared come near. Then the warm air made her drowsy, and before she knew it she was fast asleep. What a fine feast the sparrows had then, to be sure!

William laughed at Elsie's efforts and made his scarecrow. It was a terrible-looking creature.

"I'd like to see any bird dare come near that," he said, proudly. "Now we may play in peace."

Other things filled the children's minds, and it was a week before they went again to the field. There stood the fierce old scarecrow keeping guard, and—what do you think? A sparrow had built its nest in the coat pocket!

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Bathe the affected parts with hot water and Cuticura Soap, to cleanse the surface of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle. Dry, without rubbing, and apply Cuticura Ointment freely, to allay itching, irritation and inflammation, and soothe and heal, and, lastly, take Cuticura Resolvent, to cool and cleanse the blood. This complete local and constitutional treatment affords instant relief, permits rest and sleep in the severest forms of eczema and other itching, burning and scaly humours of the skin, scalp and blood, and points to a speedy, permanent and economical cure when all else fails.

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WHY CROUP IS FATAL.

When croup attacks your child you must be ready for it. It comes as an accompaniment to an ordinary cough, or it may attack without warning. All ills of children develop quickly, and when any kind of cough appears there should be something at hand to stop it with promptness. Many a child has choked to death with croup because the right remedy was not convenient. Every one should know that the right safeguard for a child's cough or any cough is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. With this soothing compound in the house, croup is always easily checked and relieved.

To give a child a cough mixture containing a narcotic is a very serious matter, yet most preparations contain something of this kind. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is prepared from the purest extracts of barks and roots and gums of trees, and is health-giving in every component part of it. Wherever it touches an inflamed surface it heals and soothes it. Nothing ever compounded for cough is so harmless, and nothing so efficacious. Adamson's Balsam is an old remedy and it has never lost a friend through failure to help. Keep it in the house. Try it on your own cough and do your child a good turn by being ready for any emergency. Price 25 cents at any druggists.

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