

Sunday Reading.

MARY'S AFTERNOON.

'Oh, dear! I do wish I could sometimes do what I like best after school!' said Mary with a frown.

'Why, what would you like best to do, Pussy. Surely, you are happy playing with the brothers and little sister?' said mamma looking up from her mending.

'Oh, yes, mamma, of course I am. But the other girls have their afternoons all to themselves and I do wish I could play with them. The other day they were all over at the Wrights, and Mabel darkened the drawing room, and they sat there and told ghost stories and ate candy and peanuts till after supper time. They do have such lovely times!'

'Do they?' said mamma, with a smile. 'Well, we must see what we can do, little girl. You see the afternoon is the only time mamma has for all the errands. But I think I can arrange to stay with the little ones today all right. So put on your things Pussy, and trot along.'

It was a bright clear afternoon. There were four or five of her schoolmates at Mabel Wright's, and Mary thought what fun they would have playing in the snow. Mabel took them all upstairs to see her new dancing-school dress, however, and they were soon in raptures over it.

Mary thought regretfully of the bright sunshine outside. She had left the snow fort at home half done; and now they were all working at it—Harold and Katrina and little Phil.

'How adorable your room is, Mabel!' said Kitty Bangs. And, sure enough, it was filled to overflowing with muslin and pink satin bows and silver knick-knacks. Mary had always despised her own big, plain, airy room, where she and Katrina slept in the little cots; but she wished that Mabel's was not so hot and did not smell so of perfumery. 'Do let us tell the ghost stories in here!'

Mary settled herself among the down cushions with an agreeable shiver. But they did not tell the ghost story. They ate coconut-cakes and caramels; and then, with much giggling, they began to 'water-wave' their hair with Mabel's curling-tongs. Mary ate two coconut-cakes; but she did not like them much, and she began to long for the lovely out-door air. How hot the room was! And at last, when a long hour had passed, and the girls instead of telling stories, were putting different kinds of perfume on their handkerchiefs, she could stand it no longer, but put on her things and fled.

When mamma came out with Phil's dry mittens there were four little figures tumbling and scrambling about the snow fort instead of three.

'Why, Pussy,' she said, as she kissed the rosy face held up to her, 'I thought this was the afternoon you were going to do just what you liked best!'

'Yes, mammy,' whispered Mary. 'That's why I came home.'

THEIR PUNISHMENT.

How Deacon Webb Chastised Three Youthful Transgressors.

'Hurry-up boys!' said Frank Anderson, as he jumped over the fence. 'We can't have fun if you don't hurry.'

It was nearly dark, and the boys were out mischief making.—They lived in the southern part of Missouri near the Missouri river, and to-night they thought just as a joke, they would steal a couple of melons from good old Deacon Webb, and give a few of his turkeys a little bath.

'Hush!' said one of the boys: 'we must not make any noise,' and slowly and stealthily the other two climbed over the fence. But the old deacon had been waiting for them for a long time as they were noted for being the mischief makers for miles around, and Deacon Webb thought he would try and catch them. He had a fine large dog, which he had tied to a stake in the middle of the melon patch, and as it was by this time quite dark, the boys did not see him till it was too late. A short, sharp bark soon proclaimed his presence, and the boys in their hurry to get away, stumbled over a barrel, and fell to the ground. Before they could escape the deacon had them caught.

'Hey day! so I have got you at last, have I? Now, how do you think I'm going to punish you?' he asked.

'Send us to State's prison for life,' groaned Fred Davis, one of the prisoners. 'No he won't either; he will tell father, and that'll be worse,' exclaimed Sandy Patterson, a little red-headed fellow.

But instead of inflicting either of these terrible punishments, Deacon Webb gave each boy a large, ripe melon, and asked

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them kindly if they would not like to go Sabbath School.

'This is lots better than stealing 'em ain't it?' asked Frank, after they had got away.

'Yes' said Sandy, with his mouth full, 'I'll never steal any more.'

'Nor I won't, either,' said Fred, with emphasis. 'I think he is about the goodest man I ever saw.'

'I tell you what, boys, he has been asking us to go to Sabbath School this long time. I am going next Sabbath, just as sure as my name is Frank Anderson.'

'Well, we'll go too, if you do,' exclaimed the other two boys, in chorus.

So you see, by doing a kind act, the old deacon got three mischief makers to go to Sabbath school.—Texas Baptist and Herald.

BE CONTENT.

It is Always Best to be Content With our Station in Life.

Long, long ago a robin and a butterfly talked over their troubles one day.

'How much nicer it would be to live in a house, as men do!' said the robin.

'There's a black cloud in the sky, and I'm sure its going to rain. I'll have to cuddle up under the leaves, and my feathers will be damp. I fear I'll take cold and lose my voice.'

'I'll have to hide away, too, when it rains,' said the butterfly. 'I would be a great pity if the water washed off my lovely powder, and a big shower might drown me.'

Miss Butterfly was quick-witted, 'Why not go to live in that house now? The window's open.' And she flew in at once. The robin was more cautious. He lighted on the window sill, and peeked around. 'I don't see any place for a nest.'

'Pshaw! You don't need a nest in a house,' said his gay little friend. So Master Robin flew in, and perched on the first thing he found, which was a book; but he looked homesick. Miss Butterfly fluttered to a quill pen, and made believe it was a flower.

Pretty soon there were sounds, and robin listened as hard as he could.

'O papa!' a child's voice said. 'Look there! Sh-sh! Keep still. You'll scare them! What a beautiful butterfly for your collection! And, papa, mayn't I have the bird in the cage? I'd like a robin with my canary.'

A man's voice answered low, 'Run around outside, then, deary, and close the window softly, so they can't get out.'

Master Robin's brains were wide-awake now. He spoke quickly: 'That man's an en-ento—well, I can't say it; but he's crazy on insects, and he'll stick a pin through you, my lady. And that girl thinks she'll put me in a cage! I guess not! Let's fly!'

Out they flew, just as the little maid's hand touched the sash. They heard her cry of disappointment, as they dashed by her.

'O papa! they just went out like a flash; and they're both gone!'

But Master Robin and Miss Butterfly laughed happily to be out again in the free air. The black cloud was gone, and the

warm spring sun was shining on the garden beds of crocus and hyacinth. How beautiful it was out of doors! Living in a house was not to be compared to it.

'Better be content where our Maker meant us to live,' said Miss Butterfly. A wise afterthought of the nighty, tighty little creature!—Sunbeam.

A Boy's Company.

In one of her pleasant chats with mothers and older sisters on ways of making home happier, Mrs. Sangster has this to say about the company a boy keeps—both kinds of company, the flesh and blood sort and the ink and paper sort: 'Do look after your boy's companions. Have an acquaintance with the little fellows he likes to play with, especially with the slightly older boy who is his hero! There is generally a big boy to whom the small boy looks up, a big boy whom the small boy imitates. Look well to your boy's companions. Look, also, to the books and papers he reads. It is not safe to leave a boy's reading to be haphazard, or to his own choice. There are rattlesnakes coiled up in some innocent looking books. There are young men today in prison for life, whose first initiative in crime, whose first impulse to dishonor, came from the printed page. Look to your boy's reading! His love of adventure, his love for the marvellous, his interest in deeds of valor and military exploits, are perfectly legitimate, but they can be gratified by authors who will help him to develop along many lines, and there is every reason to guard against those authors who are simply sensational, with no motive beyond that of excitement and temporary pleasure. Beyond any other agent for good may be the bad book, a comrade whispering ill thoughts and low fancies in the boy's ear. Beyond any other agent for good may be the books of high moral tone, of pure and elevated thoughts, of fine style, lifting the boy to the high levels where the light of heaven dwells. Look out for your boy's reading.'

Let There be Light Thrown on the Subject of Home Dyeing.

There are dyes—the world-famed Diamond Dyes—that crown our labors and home dyeing work with perfect success, and there are imitations and worthless dyes that bring ruin and disaster wherever they are used.

There are dyes—the chemically pure and scientifically prepared Diamond Dyes—that have brought blessings to millions of homes for long years, and there are the vile preparations and mixtures of imitators who, as far as style of package is concerned, get as near the 'Diamond' as they dare go. But what shall be said of the contents—the ingredients—that the women of Canada are asked to dye with? Little more can be added to what has so often appeared in the press of the country. These imitation dyes are simply deceptions; they are adulterated and dangerous preparations, hurtful to the hands of the user, and destroyers of valuable garments and materials.

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An English juror once asked the judge, after the verdict was returned, whether the fact that he differed from his 11 brethren justified their knocking him down with a chair.

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How to Detect Chicory.

Coffee which is suspected of containing chicory may be sprinkled on the surface of a glass of water. Coffee floats, while chicory being heavy, sinks, leaving a brown trail through the water. Chicory is soft to the touch and will crumble between the fingers unlike the hard, gritty particles of coffee.

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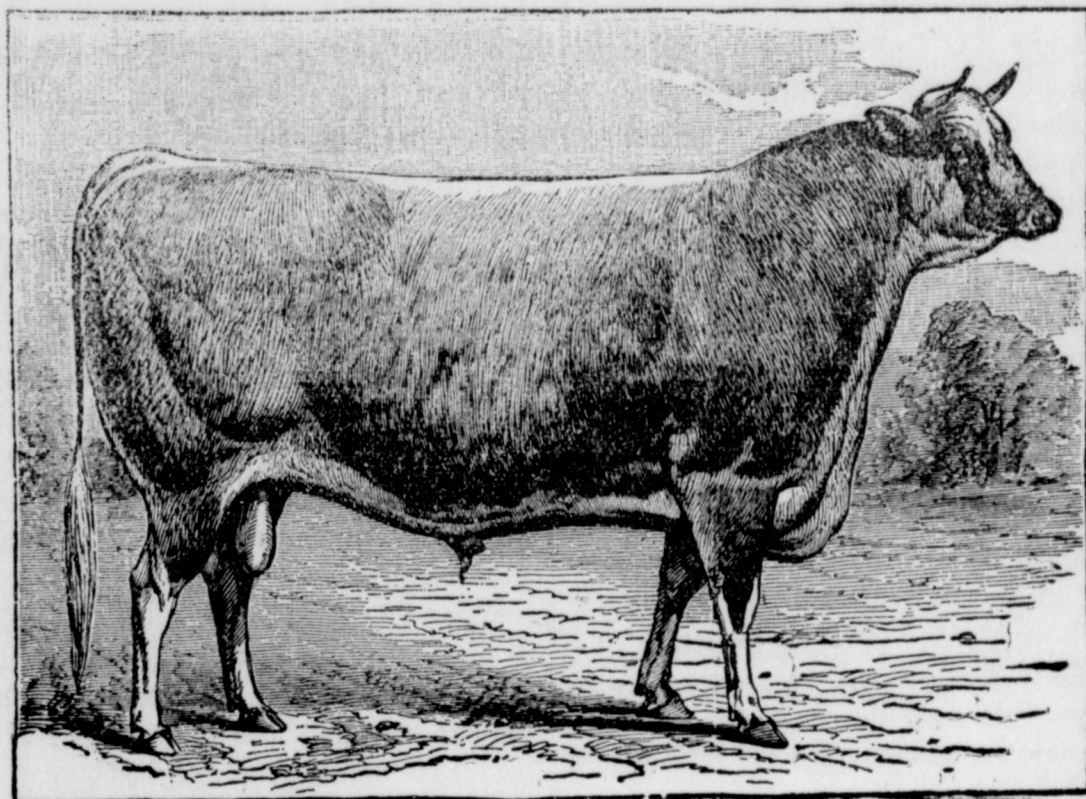
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What For?

One of the most curious branches of a certain London theatrical wig-maker's business is the painting and erasing of black eyes. Just as many hundreds of discolored eyes have been hidden by his art as those made for stage purposes. 'A short time ago,' said the wig-maker to an interviewer, 'a man rushed into my office and said he wanted me to paint him a fine black eye—one that would not be distinguishable from a genuine one. I was surprised and amused. "Whatever do you want that for?" I asked. "Well," he said hesitatingly "it's like this, you see. Before I left this morning I had a tiff with my wife, and she actually went so far as to strike me in the face. I know she repented it immediately afterwards; but I want to teach her a lesson. So just make me up as good a black eye as possible, please, and when I get home, I will show her what her temper was responsible for.'

The First American Duel.

In the year 1630 occurred the first duel known to have taken place on American soil. The principals, Edward Doty and Edward Lester, were servants of a Mr. Hopkins, one of the New England colonists. The men had quarreled over some trifling matter and had resorted to the field for its settlement. The affair was stopped by the authorities, but not before one had been wounded in the thigh and the other in the hand. There was no law covering such matters, but the governor of the province decided that men should be punished nevertheless. At his orders they were sent to have their heads and feet tied together and lie in that condition twenty four hours without food or drink. They suffered so much, however that they were released at the end of an hour.

Outward Effects the Same.

Two reporters, slightly acquainted with each other, met one day at a lunch-counter. 'You're not eating anything, Larkins,' remarked one of the two, after they had exchanged a few commonplaces. 'No,' replied Larkins. 'I am so worked up over the scoop I got this morning on

the Daily Cyclone fellow, about the bankruptcy of that big firm on Silver Street, that I haven't any appetite. But you are not eating anything, either, Hawkins.' 'No,' gloomily responded Hawkins. 'I'm the fellow you scooped.'

Backache

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Mrs. Eliza Reitz, 33 Wellington St., Berlin, Ont., says, 'For ten years I have been afflicted with kidney and back trouble, suffering greatly from dizziness, nervousness, weak eyesight, loss of sleep, and appetite, and an almost constant tired, weak feeling. In February last I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and received so much benefit from them that I continued their use until I had taken three boxes in all, and was completely cured. They removed every vestige of pain, dizziness and nervousness, and enabled me to go to restful sleep; so that from being a sick woman I am now strong and well again.'

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