

This and That

THANKFUL TO MOTHER.

"Mother looks just as young as she did when you saw her and better then ever," said a young man, in answer to my question as to the welfare of his mother. It had been many years since I had looked into that mother's face, for we had drifted in different directions, but I remember her as a young mother with a family of little children, and I had noted her sweet devotion to their interests and her patient ways in her daily ministrations to them in the home. I had not seen this mother's boy since he was her "little cavalier" in a far-off town in the West. I had congratulated her on having a boy so thoughtful of the little things that go to make a mother's daily routine so much happier and lighter. I was glad to find that with the growth into manhood, he had still kept up that beautiful way of thinking all the while of something to help and cheer mother.

"I see that mother gets a vacation every year before I take mine," he added, with a bright smile on his face. "This year she has been East to visit her old home and the friends she knew when she was a girl, and it has done her lots of good."

"The same mother's boy as ever," I said. "What a blessing you must be to her! She has thanked God very often for giving her such a son, I know."

"I've thanked God many a time for giving me such a mother," he rejoiced. "It is a great blessing for a boy to have a good mother such as I have, and I want to do all I can for her, because she has done so much for me."

"It is the secret of her looking so young and being better then ever," I thought. There are many, many children in the world and most of them love their mothers very dearly, without doubt, but they are not thoughtful of them. They take it as a matter of course that mother should do for them, even if she is weary, and they often try her and vex her in many ways, instead of making the days of her toil easier and happier for her.

By cultivating this beautiful character in childhood of being thoughtful of mother, the boy will not neglect his mother when he goes out into the world to make a place for himself. The interest of mother will always be in his mind. He will not forget the little attentions that make her so happy or the small gifts that come just at an opportune time. "I wish I had done so and so for mother, but I never thought of it," said a young man, after his mother had passed away. He loved his mother, but he was not thoughtful of her until it was too late.

The mother craves the love and attention of her boys, even if they have grown to manhood—to her they are her very own just as surely as when they were little children in the home nest—Susan Teall Perry, in Christian Advocate and Baptist Standard.

WHITTIER'S DOG.

During one of the last birthday celebrations of the poet Whittier, he was visited by a celebrated oratorio singer. The lady was asked to sing, and, seating herself at the piano, she began the beautiful ballad, "Robin Adair." She had hardly begun before Mr. Whittier's pet dog came into the room, and, seating himself by her side, watched her as if fascinated, listening with a delight unusual in an animal. When she finished he came and put his paw very gravely into her hand and licked her cheek. "Robin takes that as a tribute to himself," said Mr. Whittier. "He also is 'Robin Adair.'" The dog, hearing his own name, evidently considered that he was the hero of the song. From that moment, during the lady's visit, he was her devoted attendant. He kept by her side when she was indoors, and accompanied her when she went to walk. When she went away he carried her satchel in his mouth to the gate, and watched her departure with every evidence of distress.—St. Nicholas.

A GUILD OF COURTESY.

An organization known as the Children's National Guild of Courtesy has been thriving and growing in England for ten years. In 1901 it had nearly 32,000 members scattered through some 500 towns and villages. Its professed aim is "to encourage a spirit of chivalry among children; to stimulate them to be courteous; and to promote habits of neatness and cleanliness, and purity of action and speech."

A boy or girl between the age of five and

fifteen becomes a member by paying a penny, the amount of the annual subscription. A bronze badge of membership costs a penny more.

The "branches" are organized in the simplest manner—usually in public and Sunday-schools. Once a week the rules of the guild are read aloud. They are arranged under various headings—courtesy as regards yourself, courtesy at home, at school at play, in the street, at table, everywhere. Taken together, these rules provide for the foundation of good manners—to which good morals are first cousins.

Reports from many parts of England tell of the noteworthy effect which this concerted action on behalf of courtesy has wrought in the life of school and town. If it is needed in a country where the bus conductor says, "Thank you, sir," when you pay your fare, is there not room for a similar movement in our less deliberate land?

To incite the members to follow their rules of courtesy the guild declares: "Three of the bravest and greatest men who ever lived—The Duke of Wellington, General Gordon and General Washington—were distinguished for their courteous behavior." It is significant to find the father of our country singled out as one of the three models for English youth. From this striking fact American boys and girls—and their elders—may be left to draw the full suggestion and stimulus.—Youth's Companion.

WERE I THE SUN.

I'd always shine on holidays,
Were I the sun;
On sleepy heads I'd never gaze,
But focus all my morning rays
On busy folk of bustling ways,
Were I the sun.
I would not melt a sledding snow,
Were I the sun,
Nor spoil the ice where skaters go,
Nor help those useless weeds to grow,
But hurry melons on you know,
Were I the sun.
I'd warm the swimming-pool just right,
Were I the sun,
On school-days I would hide my light,
The Fourth I'd always give you bright,
Nor set as soon on Christmas night,
Were I the sun.
I would not heed such paltry toys,
Were I the sun—
Such work as grown-up men employ;
But I would favor solid joys—
In short, I'd run the world for boys,
Were I the sun.
—The Baptist Commonwealth.

THE OIL CURE FOR SQUEAK.

A gentleman going down the river on a steamer, the engine of which was upon the deck, sauntered to see the working of the machinery. Near him, says "Tit-Bits," stood a man apparently bent upon the same object. In a few moments a squeaking noise was heard on the opposite side of the engine.

Seizing an oil can—a gigantic one, by the way—the engineer sought out the dry spot, and to prevent further noise of that kind liberally applied the contents of the can to every joint.

All went on well for a while, when the squeaking was heard in another direction. The oiling process was repeated, and quite restored; but as the engineer was coming quietly towards the spot occupied by the gentleman and the stranger, he heard another squeak. This time, however, he detected the true cause of the difficulty. The stranger was a ventriloquist.

Walking straight up behind him, he seized the astonished joker by the nape of neck, and emptied the contents of the can down his back.

"There," said he, "I don't believe that engine will squeak again."—Ex.

COURAGEOUS CONFIDENCE

"What do you call that place you are making out there?" asked Az moolah, the Nana's confidant, of an English lieutenant. "I am sure I don't know." "Call it the Fort of Despair," said the mocking Hindoo. "No, no," answered the undaunted Englishman, "we will call it the Fort of Victory." And the Fort of Victory their courage made it.—Trevelyan's Cawnpore.

A Missouri editor is responsible for the following. He asserts that at a recent church meeting in his town the master of ceremonies made the following announcement: "Miss Bates will sing 'Oh that I had an angel's wings, that I might rise and fly,' accompanied by the minister."

Sour Stomach—Bad Breath.

The body depends on the bowels to carry off all waste and poisonous matters from the system—it is Nature's drainage. If the bowels don't perform their functions properly and become clogged up, the system gradually absorbs this poison. It is this which causes sick headache, biliousness, sour stomach, bad breath, inactive liver, lack of energy, heartburn, etc.

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HOW OLD ARE YOU? AN OLD FAVORITE.

One day there came to the court of a king a gray-haired professor, who amused the king greatly. He told the monarch a number of things he never knew before, and the king was delighted. But finally it came to a point where the ruler wanted to know the age of the professor, so he thought of a mathematical problem.

"Ahem!" said the king; "I have an interesting sum for you; it is a trial in mental arithmetic. Think of the number of the month of your birth. Now, the professor was sixty years old, and had been born two days before Christmas, so he thought of 12, December being the twelfth month.

"Yes," said the professor.
"Multiply it by two," said the king.
"Yes."
"Add, five."
"Yes," answered the professor, doing so.
"Now multiply by 50."
"Yes."
"Add your age."
"Yes."
"Subtract 365."
"Yes."
"Add 115."
"Yes."

"And now," said the king, "might I ask what the result is?"
"Twelve hundred and sixty," replied the professor, wondering.
"Thank you," was the king's response, so you were born in December, 60 years ago, eh?"
"Why, how in the world do you know?" cried the professor.
"Why," retorted the king, "from your answer—1260. The month of your birth was the twelfth and the last two figures give your age."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the professor. "Capital idea! I'll try it on the next person. It's a polite way of finding out people's ages."—Watchman.

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A New England pastor called upon one of his deacons with whom he was at variance, and, with an air of great solemnity, said: "Brother, it is a shame that this quarrel of ours should bring scandal upon the church. I have prayed for guidance in the matter and have come to the conclusion that you must give in, for I cannot."