

The Fireside.

AFTER THE STORM.

After the storm, a calm;
After the breeze, a balm;
For the ill brings good, in the Lord's own
time,
And the sigh becomes the psalm.

After the drought, the dew;
After the cloud the blue;
For the sky will smile in the sun's good
time,
And the earth grow glad and new.

Bloom is the heir of blight,
Dawns the child of night,
And the rolling change of the busy world
Bids the wrong yield back the right.

Under the fount of ill
Many a cup doth fill,
And the patient lip, tho' it drinketh oft,
Finds only the bitter still.

Truth seemeth off to sleep,
Blessings so slow to reap,
Till the hours of waiting is weary to bear,
And the courage is hard to keep!

Nevertheless, I know,
Out of the dark must grow
Sooner or later, whatever is fair,
Since the heavens have willed it so.

ROB'S SISTER.

BY MARY H. KROUT.

The pupils of Miss Randolph's school had decided on a picnic for the last day. An exhibition, with charades, tableaux, and declamations, had been discussed, but was finally considered impracticable and given up. It certainly had not the merit of originality, but it was satisfactory to everybody, leaving Robert Halstead out of the question.

He was willing to do his part toward the exhibition, talking upon himself all the drudgery that the other boys objected to, as he ordinarily did, beside rendering efficient service in any part that happened to be assigned to him. But he told the boys who were arranging the picnic, that he could not pay even the small sum required from each, and if he could not pay he certainly would not go. It evidently and hurt embarrassed him, although he was firm in his refusal, for he hung his head and his cheeks flushed painfully.

He had been a decided favorite with both the boys and girls, and with Miss Randolph, as well, a capacious, quick tempered lady, who was considered rather hard to please. He was as eager and enthusiastic on the playground as he was in his recitations, and they censured in secret what they considered his one glaring fault. This they bluntly called stinginess—a contradictory and inexplicable fault in a nature for the most part so frank and generous. For his personal possessions were loaned or divided unstintingly, and he was always ready to do a favor, even at much personal inconvenience. But he never had a cent to subscribe for any of their enterprises that required an outlay of money. It was very strange. His mother, it was true, was a widow, and was comparatively poor, although they knew little of his home. The Halsteads had not lived in Burnett long, and Rob had not encouraged informal visits, another peculiarity that they criticized.

But they knew he must have money, for he worked continually on Saturdays and holidays, of morning and evenings, mowing lawns, taking care of horses, doing whatever he could find to do, and doing it so well, that he had many patrons who were warmly interested in him and paid him liberally.

The picnic was to be at High Bluff, a lovely wooded cliff overlooking the river, about ten miles east of Burnett. It was reached by a pleasant road, winding between fields and pastures, up hill and down, past farm-houses surrounded by yellow wheat-fields and meadows, and embowered in waving orchards. But no persuasion moved Rob; he declined to go, and declined so firmly that the boys who had gathered about him at recess finally struggled away, all but Fred Adams, his particular chum.

George Marsh called him "a pig," under his breath, and said that "nothing else could have been expected;" but his tirade was checked by one of the others asking him how he happened to have all his problems that morning, and reminding him of certain timely suggestions that enabled him to take the prize in drawing. When the others were out of hearing, Fred offered to give or lend him the necessary money, an offer for which Rob thanked him, but which he refused, saying that there were other reasons why he could not go. This settled the matter. Fred accepted the situation without further comment, and the two walked slowly toward the school-room, as the bell rang.

Saturday was a perfect day. There was not a cloud in the sky. Butterflies hovered about the nodding thistles, the robins sang joyously, and the swallows soared high in air, or dipped their purple wings in the glassy surface of the mill-race, that reflected their flitting shapes like a mirror. Rob was sawing wood in Mr. Milner's woodhouse, doubly so on such a day as that, when his mates were off pleasuring, and sun

and sky and breeze appealed to him with almost irresistible persuasion.

He had seen the wagons pass as he shouldered his saw and set out to work. They were decorated with evergreens, a task that the girls had performed the night before, assisted by the boys, a preliminary merry-making from which Rob had been also debarred. Rings fluttered gaily from the horses' harness, and Fred Adams, sitting on the front seat with the driver, waved his hat at him as they drove away, the provision wagon heaped with overflowing baskets bringing up the rear. He could hear them singing and hurrahing as they proceeded down Main street, their happy voices growing fainter and fainter and dying away in the distance. He could imagine how the day would be spent—boating and fishing, with the lunch at noon, and he had heard them talking of hammocks and swings and other provisions for abundant entertainment.

On Monday Fred Adams was greatly surprised to receive a note from Mrs. Halstead, inviting him, with George Marsh, Tom and Ray Palmer to take tea with Rob. It was his birthday, she explained, and as he was unable to go to the picnic, she had planned this little surprise for him. Mrs. Halstead was a dressmaker; her shop was on Main street, but her home was on one of the more retired streets, quite a distance from the business portion of the town. The house stood back in the yard, behind a thick hedge which was evidently intended to shut out the public gaze. She had few acquaintances, and evidently did not desire them, saying, in explanation, that her business absorbed all her time, except the little she was able to devote to her children, Rob and Katie, her little daughter who had been severely injured by a fall, and who only left the sofa upon which she spent her days, to be lifted into bed by Rob's strong arms at night. Mrs. Halstead's sister stayed at home with Katie, but more than this the neighbors did not know. The child had a nervous dread of strangers, and few of the neighbors had even seen her. Mrs. Halstead "had seen better days," to quote the opinion of the Burnett people; she was certainly a woman of refinement and intelligence, Rob's speech and manners giving evidence of very careful training and of worthy example.

The boys were greatly excited over the invitation. It was an unprecedented thing, and the tinge of mystery connected with Rob's home heightened the interest and added a peculiar rest to their anticipations. At three o'clock they met at Fred Adams', arrayed in their best, and proceeded in state to Mrs. Halstead's, each thoroughly impressed with the importance of the occasion. Behind the hedge they observed that the grass was neatly shaved, and some thrifty geraniums and verbenas, with pansies and nig-onette, bloomed in the border along the walk. A hammock was swung in the shade, rugs were spread down and camp chairs were scattered about with an air of expectant hospitality. Mrs. Halstead herself met them at the door, smiling and gracious, inviting them in and, with a pleasant word putting each at his ease. Rob came in presently, also attired in his best clothes, and evidently expecting a surprise of some sort, but entirely unprepared to see the boys, who congratulated him, and whom Mrs. Halstead presently left to themselves.

"It is my birthday," he laughed. "I had forgotten all about it, but I thought it was queer that Mamma should stay at home to-day. Usually my birthdays don't count for much."

Fred thought he had never seen such a pretty parlor. It was much simpler than theirs, with its thick carpet and heavy furniture, but it was so sweet and dainty that he looked instinctively at his feet to convince himself that he had not left dusty tracks upon the speckless matting. The thin, cream-colored curtains were tied back with ribbons, and there were a great many flowers in vases upon the tables and mantel. They amused themselves in various ways until tea-time, enjoying everything thoroughly, after the manner of the boys, talking, walking, swinging in the hammock, stretching themselves at length upon the rugs, and finally flinging off their coats for a game of ball, in the midst of which the tea-bell rang and summoned them to the house.

They afterwards talked it all over, and agreed that they had never eaten just such a supper as that; such rolls, as light as feathers, such butter and broiled chicken and jelly, with ice cream and cake and fruit to finish off with. It is hardly necessary to say that they enjoyed it all with the healthy, keen appetites of boys who have been hard at play. Fred Adams, it is true, in his first embarrassment, spilled some coffee on the table-cloth, increasing his confusion, and George Marsh politely declined a second helping to ice cream, afterwards regretting it, when

the other boys did not follow his example. But these were trifling matters, and did not weigh heavily upon their buoyant spirits. When they had entirely finished Mrs. Halstead said to Rob:

"Katie thinks she is able to see your friends, Rob, and if they like, you may take them to her room."

Rob seemed surprised; his eyes brightened with pleasure, and he answered delightedly:

"O, will she? How kind of her! I'm being overwhelmed with favors to-day. She hardly ever sees any one," he explained, as they rose from the table, leading the way through the dining-room into a little hall at the back part of the house.

At the end of this a door stood ajar, at which Rob knocked softly. A sweet little voice answering, "Come," the boys followed him across the threshold, and gazed about them in astonishment. It was like fairy land. The carpet seemed like a bed of roses, and other roses seemed to nod and beckon from walls and curtains. Flowers were growing luxuriantly in window boxes, blood-red carnations, spicy gillies and velvety nasturtiums. Canaries sang shrilly in their gilded cages. There was an aquarium in one corner; a great, fluffy Persian cat dozed on a cushion, opening its sleepy eyes as they entered. A glass door stood open commanding a view of the yard behind the house. A pair of snowy white rabbits sat upon the step, moving their long, pink ears as they nibbled bits of clover, and doves, white and chocolate-colored, preened themselves and cooed about the entrance of their house. There were dolls and other treasures innumerable; pretty pictures and quantities of books, and a music box which was playing melodiously on a little table near the sofa. This was heaped with soft, bright cushions, and among them reclining what appeared to be a very little child. The face was lovely, but it was extremely pale, and the hands were so thin and white that they were almost transparent. A woman sat beside her sewing, who smiled at them very pleasantly, and whom Rob introduced to them as his aunt. They seated themselves, and Katie looked at them with much interest, her large, dark eyes resting on each in turn. She then shyly said that she knew they must have been having a good time, for she had been listening to them all the afternoon. Then she asked them if they did not like her room, and pointed out her choicest treasures, anxious that all should be admired and nothing overlooked.

"I think it is lovely," she said; "and it is all Bob's idea. He has given me all these things, the music box and the birds and rabbits, and my books which I sometimes think I like best of all, because they take me out into the world and tell me how people live who are strong and well. I know there never was such a brother, and I am sometimes perfectly reconciled to be different from other people, because he is so kind and helps me to forget it in so many ways."

And that was the explanation! It was for these things that Bob had denied himself and had borne their accusations in silence, for he was as modest as he was generous, and did not speak of his own good deeds. The boys said good night, a little later, and went home with very peculiar feelings; reproaching themselves for their uncharitableness, but resolving to atone for it, which they assuredly did. It was not often that Katie could see them, but they kept her in mind, and laid very marvelous offerings at her shrine, while she in turn exercised over them, unconsciously, a happy and hopeful influence.—Interior.

SAVED BY A DOG.

A paper called the Age tells how in Birmingham recently a child's life was saved by a Newfoundland dog. A little two-year old girl, the daughter of the train-master at the railway depot, is very fond of her father's Newfoundland dog, an affection which the animal is evidently aware of and reciprocates by constant devotion. The two are playmates, and the attachment between them is most interesting. A few days ago the dog was observed to be acting strangely. He went from one room to another until he found the mother of the child, when he rubbed himself against her hand and pulled at her dress. The lady took no notice of him, and the dog persisted in his efforts to draw her toward the door. "Go away," said the lady, "go and find Nellie." The dog went away whining. A few minutes afterward the mother went to look for her little daughter, and found her lying senseless close to a large fire that her clothes were scorched. They would have blazed had it not been for the dog, who had crouched down between her and the fire, taking care to protect her self. Marks on the child's clothing showed that the dog had tried to drag her out of danger. When he failed he interposed his own body, and the

mother found him in that position whining, while the hair was being singed from his back.

HOME HINTS.

LEMON COOKIES.—Here is a recipe for lemon cookies, which for softness is superior to any other recipe: One pint sugar, one cup butter, three eggs, one quart of flour, one lemon grated, one tablespoon cold water, one teaspoon soda dissolved in the lemon juice. Roll thin and as soft as possible. Bake quickly.

CREAM OMELET.—A delicious cream omelet is made by mixing together six eggs, one cupful of sweet, thick cream and a tablespoonful of flour. Mix the flour smooth in a little of the cream; then add the rest, beat the yolks of the eggs; when light, stir in the frothed whites, turn into the buttered pan, and cook quickly.

APPLE SAUCE.—Soak good dried apples a few hours then stew carefully until soft, with a handful of raisins or a few slices of lemon; keep it covered closely, and do not stir. Turn carefully out into a dish, keeping the slices unbroken, and serve when cool with powdered sugar, or sweeten while cooking.

MINUTE PUDDING.—Take one quart of milk; one pint of flour; two eggs, one tablespoonful of salt. Boil the milk in a double boiler; beat the eggs and add the flour slowly, with enough of milk to make it smooth; stir into the boiling milk and cook it half an hour. Eat with liquid sauce or syrup. It is often made without the eggs.

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK, Case Settlement, Kings Co., N. B.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery.

No. 227.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(FROM J. M'DUGALL, CARLETON.)

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No. 228.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(FROM "SALVATION ARMY," GRAFTON.)

I am composed of 9 letters.
My 6, 8, 6, 2 is an animal.
My 4, 8, 1, 2 is a fog.
My 6, 2, 5, 3, 9 is to arrive at.
My 3, 9, 5, 7, 6 is a seat.
My whole names a prophet of old.

No. 229.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(FROM "AMERICA," QUEENS.)

A Chinese ship; secret; part of North America; smooth; relating to the tide; to hinder; a quoit.

The primals read downward and the finals upward each give a name familiar to the readers of the INTELLIGENCER.

No. 230.—ENIGMA.

(FROM FAY ROBINSON, ST. JOHN.)

In song, not in rhyme;
In hour, not in time;
In drive, not in walk;
In speech, not in talk;
In leg, but in sock.

My whole is a valley mentioned in Scripture.

No. 231.—RHOMBIC PUZZLE.

(FROM "MAYFLOWER," BARRINGTON.)

Across: A seat; lameness; a bird; dry.

Down: A letter; an exclamation; remote; of grief; to bind; in music; a consonant.

No. 232.—DROP-LETTER.

(FROM "VAN," YORK.)

l-a-a-t-o-d-a-e-s
n-o-e-c-m-s-e-e-t-o
h-a-u-n-h-a-t
t-e-o-e

No. 233.—CENTRE DELETIONS.

(FROM L. B. STREYES, ST. JOHN.)

1. Delete a country, and leave to draw out.
2. Delete a Bible country, and leave to heat.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 32.)

No. 206.—

"Too wise you are, too wise I see;
I see you are too wise for me."

No. 207.—Psalms cxxxiii. 1.

No. 208.—Phebe. Rom. xvi. 1.

No. 209.—(1) Hagai ii. 8.

(2) 2 Kings xxi. 13.

(3) Zech. xix. 20.

(4) 1 Sam. ix. 6.

No. 211.—Lament. lxxiv. 1.

No. 212.—St. Luke viii. 22.

No. 213.—"Lost time is never found again."

CHAT.

HELEN R., St. John, will please accept our thanks for the puzzles. You have correctly explained the puzzles in the issue of Aug. 11th. We are glad that you received your prize book all safe, and like it so well. Do not forget the COLUMN, but let us hear from you often.

Who will be the first to solve all the puzzles this issue? Try them!

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Aug 11 2m

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