

A STORY OF AN APPLE.

BY SYDNEY DAYER.

Little Tommy and Peter and Archy and Bob were walking, one day, when they found an apple; 'twas mellow and rosy and red and lying alone on the ground.

Said Tommy: "I'll have it." Said Peter: "I'll have it." Said Archy: "I've got it; so there!" Said Bobby: "Now, let us divide in four parts." And each of us boys have a share.

"No, no!" shouted Tommy. "I'll have it myself." Said Peter: "I want it, I say." Said Archy: "I've got it, and I'll have it all; I won't give a morsel away."

Then Tommy he snatched it, and Peter he fought, (This sad and distressing to tell!) And Archy held on with his might and his main.

Till out from his fingers it fell.

Away from the quarrelsome urchins it flew, And then, down a green little hill That apple it rolled and it rolled and it rolled As if it would never be still.

A lazy old brindle was nipping the grass And switching her tail at the fly, When all of a sudden the apple rolled down And stopped just in front of her eyes.

She gave but a bite and a swallow or two— That apple was seen no more!

"I wish," whispered Archy and Peter and Tom, "We'd kept it and cut it in four."

The Fireside.

AUNT DEBORAH'S LESSON.

"The good lands! what's that?" excitedly cried frightened Aunt Deborah.

Aunt Deborah might well exclaim in surprise. For as she sat knitting quietly and humming a quaint old tune of long ago, one she had learned as a child—*o-r-rash! bang!* came a stone into the room, shivering the window-pane, just missing the swinging lamp in the hallway, making an ugly scar on the cabinet, and breaking two fragments, a handsome vase; then, as if satisfied with the mischief it had done, it rolled lazily across the floor, and stopped under the table, an inert, jagged bit of granite.

Aunt Deborah, as the stone pursued its reckless course, placed her hands over her head, and shrank back into her chair, a frightened and unwilling witness to the destruction of her property. It was quite distressing. Besides the nervous shock, there was a broken window; there was the cabinet showing a great white dent that could not easily be removed; and there, too, was the vase she had kept so many long years, lying shattered and ruined before her eyes.

Aunt Deborah was one of the best and most kind-hearted of women; but she was human, and the sudden havoc wrought by the missile exasperated as well as frightened her. She rushed to the window and opened it in time to see three or four boys scampering down the street as fast as their legs could carry them.

"Oh, you young scapegraces!" she cried. "If I could once lay hold on you, wouldn't I teach you a lesson!" But the boys never stopped until they had disappeared round a friendly corner. Aunt Deborah was so overcome by the accident, and so intent upon watching the retreating boys to whom she desired to teach a lesson, that she did not at first notice a barefooted boy standing under the window on the pavement below, holding a battered old hat in his hand, and looking up at her with a scared face and tearful eyes.

"Please Miss," said the boy tremulously.

"O! Who are you? Who threw that stone at my window?" cried out Aunt Deborah, as she spied him.

"Please Miss," pleaded the boy, fumbling nervously his tattered hat, "I threw it, but I didn't mean to do it."

"Didn't you mean to do it, eh?" replied Aunt Deborah, fiercely. "I suppose the stone picked itself up and pitched itself through my glass."

"I was going to throw it down the street, but Bill Philper touched my arm, and it turned and hit your window," he explained.

There was an air of frankness and truth about the boy, and the fact that he had not run away like the others (whom, somehow, Aunt Deborah held chiefly responsible for the outrage), caused her to relent a little toward him.

"Come in here," she said, after eyeing him closely for a moment. The lad hesitated; but summoning all his courage, he went up the steps, and stood in her presence.

"Do you see that?" she said, pointing at the window—"and that?"—at the cabinet—"and that?"—at the broken vase—"and that?"—at the stone. "Now, isn't that a fine performance?"

"I'm very sorry," said the boy, the tears welling up into his eyes again.

He looked ruefully about at the damaged articles, and glanced at the stone wishing heartily that he had never seen it.

"Now, what's to be done about it?" she asked.

"I don't know, ma'am," said he, very ill at ease. "I will try to pay you for it."

"What can you pay, I should like to know?" she said, glancing at his patched coat and trousers, and his torn hat.

"I sell papers," said he, "and I can pay you a little on it every week."

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Sam Wadley," answered the boy.

"Have you a father?"

"No, ma'am," replied Sam; "he's dead."

"Have you a mother?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What does she do?" continued Aunt Deborah.

"She sews, and I help her all I can, selling papers."

"How can you pay me anything, then?"

"Please ma'am, I'll tell mother all about it, and she'll be willing for me to pay you all I make."

"Well, now, we'll see if you are a boy to keep his word," said Aunt Deborah.

"How much must I pay?" Sam inquired anxiously.

"Let me see," Aunt Deborah put on her spectacles and made a critical survey of the room. "Window—fifty cents; vase—one dollar for five! That'll do—one dollar and a half. I shan't charge you for the dent in the furniture."

"I'll try to pay you something on it every week," said Sam. There are some days when I don't make anything, but when I do, I'll save it for you."

"Very well," said Aunt Deborah; "you may go now."

He thanked her and went slowly out, while Aunt Deborah began to pick up the fragments strewn over the floor.

"Oh, wait a moment!" she cried. Sam came back.

"Take this stone out with you, and be careful what you do with it next time," she said. "By the way, if you wish to keep out of trouble, you'd better not keep company with that Flipper boy."—Aunt Deborah had rather a poor memory for names.

"If I had him, wouldn't I give him a lesson!"

She uttered the last sentence with such a relish that Sam was glad enough to get away. He was afraid she might conclude to bestow upon him the salutary lesson which she proposed to give "Flipper," as she called him.

Sam hurried home as fast as he could. His mother, a pale, delicate woman whose wan features and sunken eyes showed the effect of too hard work, heard his simple tale, wiped away his tears, and encouraged him in his resolve to pay for the damage he had done. From that day Sam began to be very diligent, and to earn pennies in every honest way possible to him. And every week he carried some small amount to Aunt Deborah.

"That boy has some good in him," she said, when he had brought his first installment. And though she grew more kind to him every time he came, occasionally giving him a glass of milk, a sandwich or a cake, she rarely failed to warn him against the influence of that "Flipper" boy.

His young companions laughed at him for paying his money to Aunt Deborah, and called him a coward for not running away when they ran; but all they said did not turn him from his purpose.

One evening he went with a cheerful heart to pay his last installment. As he passed the window of the sitting-room he glanced in. There sat Aunt Deborah, earnestly knitting. The lamplight fell upon her sober face, and Sam wondered if she ever looked really smiling and pleasant. "It doesn't seem as though she would be so stiff with a fellow, he said to himself. Then, in response to her "Come in," he entered the room and handed her the money.

"I believe that is all, ma'am," said he.

"Yes, that pays the whole sum," said Aunt Deborah, "you have done well."

"I am still very sorry I have troubled you, and I hope you forgive me, he said.

"I do, with all my heart," she said, earnestly.

"Thank you," said Sam, as he started out, picking up his old hat from the floor where he had placed it on entering.

"Come back," said Aunt Deborah; "I've something more to say to you."

With a startled look he turned into the room. Aunt Deborah went to the cabinet and unlocked it. She first took out a pair of new shoes, then half a dozen pairs of socks, some underclothing, two nice shirts, a neat woolen suit, and lastly a good felt hat.

"Sam," said she to the astonished boy, "I have taken your money, not because I wanted it, but because I wished to test you. I wished to see whether you really meant to pay me. That Flipper boy would never

have done it, I am sure. You have done so well in bringing me your little savings that I have learned to like you very much. Now I wish to make you a present of these articles. In the pocket of this jacket you will find the money you have paid me. I wouldn't take a cent of it. It is yours. You must keep working and adding to it so that you can soon help your mother more. Go to work now with a light heart and grow up a true and honest man. Tell your mother that I say she has a fine son."

In making this speech, Aunt Deborah's features relaxed into a pleasant smile; and Sam smiled, too, and was so pleased he could scarcely utter his thanks.

"And mind you," continued she, suddenly changing the current of her thoughts, "don't associate with that Flipper boy."

"Please, ma'am," said Sam, feeling a sudden twinge of conscience that his former companion should bear so much of the blame, "you have been very kind to me, but Bill Philper didn't know the stone would turn as it did and break your window."

"Then why did he run away?" inquired Aunt Deborah somewhat fiercely. "It's quite proper that you should try to excuse him, Sam; but I should like to teach him a good lesson."

"You—you—have taught me a good lesson," said Sam with a blushing face; "and I—I—thank you very much for it."

Aunt Deborah smiled benignly again, and, warmly bidding Sam to come often to see her, she let him out at the door. She felt very happy as Sam disappeared down the street, and he was very happy, as he hurried home with his great bundle, and told his mother all about it, which made that good woman very happy, too. So they were very happy all around. And it all came about because Sam had stood up like a brave boy to confess his wrong, which is always manly; and had offered reparation for it, which is always right; and had gone forward, in spite of the taunts of his companions, denying himself pleasures and comforts, in order to do that which he knew to be right, which is always heroic.—*St. Nicholas.*

ADVICE TO GRANDMA'S CHILDREN.

Half the value of anything to be done consists in doing it promptly.

And yet a large class of persons are always more or less unpunctual and late. Their work is always in advance of them, and so it is with their appointments and engagements.

They are late, very likely, in rising in the morning and also in going to bed at night; late at their meals; late in the counting-house or office; late at their appointments with others.

Their letters are sent to the post office just as the mail is closed. They arrive at the wharf just as the steamboat is leaving it. They come into the station just as the train is going out.

They do not entirely forget or omit the engagement of duty, but they are always behind time, and so generally in haste, or rather in a hurry, as if they had been born a little too late, and forever were trying to catch up with the lost time.

They waste time for themselves and waste it for others, and fail of the comfort and influence and success which they might have found in systematic and habitual punctuality.

A good old lady, who was asked why she was so early in her seat in the church, is said to have replied that it was her religion not to disturb the religion of others.

And if it were all a part, both of courtesy and duty, not to say of religion, never to be unpunctual, they would save much vexation of spirit.—*The Christian at Work.*

HOME HINTS.

TO SOFTEN HARD PUTTY.—To soften putty that has become hard by exposure, so as to remove it easily from a sash, take one pound of pearlash and three pounds of quick-stone lime; slack the lime in water, then add the pearlash, and make the whole about the consistency of paint. Apply it to the putty on both sides of the glass, and let it remain for twelve hours, when the putty will be so softened that the glass may be taken out of the frame with the greatest facility.

STEWED CHICKEN RICE.—Cut the remnants of cold boiled or roasted chicken in small pieces. Make a sauce of one pint of cream, two ounces of butter, the yolk of one egg, beaten, and a tablespoonful of cornstarch or arrowroot, seasoning with salt and white pepper, a little sugar, one teaspoonful of anchovy sauce and one bay leaf. Put the pieces of chicken in this sauce in a stewpan and simmer for half an hour. Stew some rice quite soft in milk, seasoning with salt and pepper. Put the chicken in the centre of a dish, place the rice around it as a border and serve.

A HOME-MADE DRINK FOR HOT WEATHER.—A good, refreshing and strengthening drink for hot weather is Stokes. It is easily made, and should cost only about 10 cents per gallon. Put into a large pan, tub, or bucket a quarter of a pound of fine fresh oatmeal, six ounces white sugar, half a lemon cut into small pieces. Mix with a little warm water, then pour a gallon of boiling water into it, stirring thoroughly. Allow it to cool and use as required. The lemon may be omitted and raspberry vinegar, citric acid, or any other flavoring may be used. More oatmeal may be used if preferred.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery.

- No. 234.—HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.  
(FROM HARRY C., ST. JOHN.)  
Industry; to make clean; a serpent; an animal; a consonant; a cavern; a girl's name; meantime; internal.  
The centrals read downward give the name of a people mentioned in the Bible.
- No. 235.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.  
(FROM "MINA," KINGS.)  
A letter; part of the body; made of iron; ever; a letter.
- No. 236.—PI PUZZLE.  
(FROM "CORNWALLIS," CANNING, N. S.)  
Reah ey drelleht het noturnsture to a thetfer, nad nedhta ot wkn eugnnsudatn.
- No. 237.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.  
(FROM "RANSACKER," KINGS.)  
A p-u-e-t-a-o-c-a  
-e-h-u-w-e-g-u-h  
-a-t-o-i-p-o-l-i-  
-e-h-o-l-s-u-s-
- No. 238.—EASY SQUARE WORD.  
(FROM "TURVEY," KINGS.)  
A dish; to employ; to fondle.
- No. 239.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.  
(FROM "TOPSY," KINGS.)  
At s ox, n ie s leig,  
N u hat, tog tu ad rv,  
Sil ie ufe rm ae etn  
Uea ace t h rv.
- No. 240.—BIBLE QUERY.  
(FROM "PRAIRIE," CANNING, N. S.)  
How many times is *hen* mentioned in the Bible? Where?
- No. 241.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.  
(FROM "PUG NOSE," UPPER BRIGHTON.)  
My whole, composed of 15 letters, is one of the titles of our Saviour.  
My 13, 15, 8, 6, 14 is solitary.  
My 1, 5, 3, 15, 4 is a shrub.  
My 7, 4, 14 is a part of the face.  
My 11, 10, 12 is a title.  
My 9, 2, 10, 3 is to defeat.
- (The Mystery solved in three weeks.)
- The Mystery Solved.  
(No. 33.)  
No. 214.—Psalm cxv. 5.  
No. 215.—Daniel x. 4.  
No. 216.—John x. 17.  
No. 217.—Shalmaneser.  
No. 218.—Cat.  
No. 219.—S—abbat—H  
A—g—E  
R—oc—K  
S—ae—A  
E—liatha—H  
C—riaper—S  
I—r—A  
M—orte—R  
SARSECEM, RASHAKEH.  
No. 220.—Prov. xv. 3.
- CHAT.  
GEO. N. BREWER, San Francisco, U. S., again talks to us from across the continent. We are pleased to note that the INTELLIGENCER has readers at such a great distance from N. B.; and more especially pleased to see them taking an interest in the YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN. What a host of readers it must have! Who next from a distance will write to us? George correctly solves Nos. 194, 195, 197 and 198. Come again.
- HELEN R., St. John, is welcomed again. She sends correct explanations to all the puzzles in "The Mystery" of Aug. 18th, except No. 219. She thinks she will soon be able to solve that. She is determined to try it until she meets with success, if possible. Try, try again; and you'll succeed in the end.
- TO BE SOLVED.—Harry C. gives us an excellent example of the Hour-Glass Puzzle. Can you solve it ere the sand runs out? "Mina" gives us a very useful Diamond. If it will not out glass, it will break it. The N. S. (Pig) sent us by "Cornwallis" is excellent. Taste it! The two Drop-Letter Puzzles will commend themselves to all. None need fail to solve "Turvey's" Easy Square Word: nor "Prairie's" Query. What is the Numerical Enigma, given by "Pug Nose."

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