

STRIKES.

Strikes are quite proper; only strike right; Strike to some purpose, but not for a fight; Strike for your manhood, for honor and fame; Strike right and left till you win a good name; Strike for your freedom from all that is vile; Strike off companions who often beguile; Strike with the hammer, the sledge and the axe; Strike off bad habits with troublesome tax; Strike unaided; depend on no other; Strike without gloves, and your foolishness smother; Strike off the fetters of fashion and pride; Strike where 'tis best, but let wisdom decide; Strike a good blow while the iron is hot; Strike, and keep striking, till you hit the right spot.

—Selected.

The Fireside.

A GENTLEMAN.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

It was a little, country station, where I first saw John.

A wagon drove up containing three persons, an old lady, a young man and the driver. It stopped beside the platform, and the young man sprang out and helped the old lady to alight. He did it with such gentleness that my attention was attracted to him. Few young men, I fear, would have treated an old lady with such courtesy as he manifested. I liked his face as soon as I saw it fairly. It was a true, honest face. "A born gentleman" seemed to be written on it.

"I'll drive down town, ma'am," the driver said. "Mebbe I won't be back till after the train goes; but you won't mind waitin', I s'pose, s'long's John's here?"

"Oh no," was the quick reply. "I don't want to go home till John's gone."

Then John drew her arm through his, and helped her into the waiting-room. He did it in a kind of proud way, that said plainer than words, "This mother of mine is the best woman in the world to me; I am glad to be her servant." I could not keep back a pleased smile to observe his gentle courtesy to his old mother, and he saw it, and gave me a cheery little nod, as if he knew what I was thinking about, and was glad to know I approved his conduct.

He got his mother a seat by the window, and made a pillow for her head out of his overcoat, and coaxed her to lean against it, though she kept protesting that she wasn't the least bit tired. Nevertheless, she leaned her wrinkled cheek against the overcoat pillow in a way that seemed to say she liked to touch it, because it was something belonging to John.

He sat down beside her, and took one of her hands in his in a tender, caressing way. No knight of old could have been more courteous to his lady-love. They talked together in low tones.

I did not care to hear what they said. It was pleasant enough to watch their faces. I read the whole story in them. He was her "baby." He was working in the city, and had been on a visit to mother. Now he was going back. He was such an old-fashioned sort of a young man that he loved mother, and wasn't ashamed to let any and everybody know it; and she—she thought her John just the dearest, best boy in all the world.

He seemed to anticipate her slightest want or wish. He brought her a glass of water from the spring close by the station, though she told him not to take so much trouble on her account. He didn't think it trouble; it was a pleasure to him to wait on her. He pulled down the blind to keep the sun out of her face, and stood over her in a lover-like way, and stroked her white hair softly, while her eyes scarcely left his face.

Presently, two young women came in. They nodded to John and his mother, and began a gay chat by the door, looking over at him occasionally, as if expecting he would join them. He spoke to them now and then when they looked that way; but my loyal knight was not going to forsake his mother.

Presently, we heard the whistle of the coming train. I was going one way, John another; but I wished our ways had been the same, for I wanted to talk with this young man who was in love with his mother, and wasn't ashamed of it.

"I've got to let you go, I suppose," John's mother said, while her lip quivered, and the tears she tried heavily to keep back would come in spite of everything. "Dear, good John!" She drew his head down upon her breast, where it had lain in babyhood, and put her arms about his neck and kissed him.

"Don't think I worry about you," she said, "for I don't. I know I can trust my boy. It's lonesome without you; but it's all right, or it wouldn't be so. He knows, John; and I'm glad, so glad, that you believe that. If it wasn't for thinking that, John, I should worry. Write every week, dear, for you know mother thinks getting a letter from you is the next best thing to a

visit. God bless you, John!" and the trembling lips pressed another kiss on his cheeks.

John's lip quivered, and tears fell on the wrinkled face, uplifted to his with such a look of love in it that it was glorified for me.

"Yes, I'll write every week," he said. "And if you're sick, or there's anything the matter, let me know at once. Remember that, mother. If I am needed, I'll come at any time. But I'll have to go, or lose the train. Good-bye, mother."

She covered her face with her withered hand, and cried softly until the train had rumbled out of hearing.

"That's a good boy of yours, ma'am," I said, coming and standing beside her. I knew that nothing would please her more than to have a stranger say that.

"Yes, he's a true son," she said, with mother-love shining through her tears. "A true son. I wish there were more in the world like him."

Then she began to tell me about John, with such a proud, loving look in her eyes, that it made me think of some of Murillo's pictures of happy motherhood.

"John comes to see me every three months, and stays a week each time," she said. "The months seem so long and the week so short. I'd like to have him with me all the time, but he's bound to work his way up, and I'm not going to be selfish enough to keep him from doing it. He'd like to take me to the city to live with him, but I couldn't breathe there, it seems to me. I've promised to come down and visit him at Christmas. He's coming up after me. I'd rather have him here; but he's so set his mind on it that I suppose I'll have to go, to please him. He's going to take me to church to hear some of the great preachers; and do you know, I really think he'll be proud to do it? It's good, isn't it, to think that a young man like John isn't ashamed of his old mother? I know young men who wouldn't think of taking their mothers to church; but my John isn't that kind. He's so thoughtful. Why! there isn't a week that he doesn't send me something he thinks I'd like to eat. I don't believe he spends a dollar for himself, but he lays out two for me."

"Once, when he was at home, I said something about wishing I could see some of the pinks I used to have in the garden. I always loved pinks. What does John do, when he gets back to the city, but hunt up some of the posies and send them to me! I cried over them,—I couldn't help it—but such tears as mine were, do the heart good. I kept the pinks fresh for days and days, and then I put them in the Bible John sent me for a birthday present, and every time I see them I kiss them and say, 'John sent you because his old mother said she'd like to see the dear old flowers again,' and it seems, somehow, as if the pinks knew; and that Bible—it's one with large print, and he sent it because he knew my eyes were failing and I couldn't read the old one very well. You see, he thinks about me all the time because he loves me. 'Yes,'—with a far-off, thoughtful look in her eyes, where the tears were standing still, "John loves me."

She seemed to have forgotten that I was there. Her heart—the warm, true-mother heart that follows its own to the ends of the earth—had gone out after the boy whose love was so sweet to it in its old age. Oh! I wonder if such loving hearts as hers ever do grow old? I think love is an elixir of life which gives them back their youth, and they stay young forever. I could not help thinking so when I looked into her bright old face which was full of enthusiasm over her boy.

I think she would never have grown tired in talking about "her John." But the train was waiting for came along, and I had to leave her.

"I'm glad you liked my boy," she said, when I took her hand at a parting. "I wish you could know him better. Maybe you will, some time. If you do, I know he'll be sure to tell you all about mother!"

How her eyes shone! The wrinkled face was fair with the love that kept her heart warm. I wished that I was an artist that I might paint John's mother as she looked to me then. I would have hung the picture on the wall, and it would have brightened the room like sunshine.

I have not seen John or his mother since that day; but I often think of them, and the remembrance is a pleasant one. I wish there were more such boys in the world. They grow up into the kind of men we need, strong, true-hearted and tender,—the real gentleman.—Youth's Companion.

MAKING HER THINGS LAST.

Every housekeeper knows how careful treatment keeps table linen and household furniture. Girls do not always know or remember that great care of their own little possessions will often enable them to dress

nicely on very little money. A lady says: "When I was a girl there was one of my young friends who was distinguished for 'making her things last.' Her dress, hats, gloves and ribbons were a marvel of durability. I used to wonder how she managed to make them last so without their looking shabby, but I ceased to do so after I had visited her at her own home. The reason why her clothes wore so long was that she took such good care of them. Her dresses were brushed and folded away carefully, and the slightest spot on them was removed as soon as it was discovered. Her hat was wrapped in an old pocket-handkerchief, and put away in a box as soon as done with, the strings and laces being straightened and rolled out most systematically each time. Her gloves were never folded together, but were pulled out straight and laid flat in a box, one upon the other, each time they were used, the tiniest hole being mended almost before it had time to show itself. But the thing that impressed me most was the care she bestowed on her ribbons. When making up bows she used to line the upper part of the ribbon with white paper, and this not only prevented the ribbon from becoming limp and creased, but kept it clean, so that when the bow was soiled on one side she could turn the ribbon, and the part that had been covered came out looking new and fresh. That girl married and brought up a large family. Her husband had to fight his way, and did so bravely and was unusually successful, for he became wealthy. But his prosperity was due quite as much to his wife's care and economy in saving money as it was to his in making it."—Good Cheer.

**SOME THINGS GOOD TO KNOW.**  
A pace is three feet. A span is ten and seven-eighths inches. One fathom is six feet. A palm is three inches. There are 1,750 languages. Two persons die every second. A storm moves thirty-six miles per hour. One mile is 1,760 yards in length. One square mile contains 640 acres. The average life is thirty-one years. One barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds. Sound moves 1,118 feet per second. One barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds. Slow rivers flow four miles per hour. One acre contains 4,840 square yards. A hurricane moves eighty miles per hour. Light moves 186,000 miles per second. One firkin of butter weighs fifty-six pounds. A hand (horse measure) is four inches. Rapid rivers flow seven miles per hour. Moderate winds blow seven miles per hour. The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1829. The first almanac was printed by George von Purbach in 1460. The first steam engine was brought from England in 1753. Until 1776 cotton-spinning was done by the hand spinning-wheel. The first printing press in the United States was introduced in 1629. Two hundred and nine feet on each side make a square acre within an inch.

**HOME HINTS.**  
Tomatoes are nice with cream and sugar.  
Sugar loses part of its strength by boiling.  
Figs are good boiled five minutes and served hot.  
Wet and flour well the inside of pudding bags.  
Wrap fruit-jars with paper to keep out the light.  
Sugar should be browned in a dry pan for sauce.  
Never wash raisins; wipe them with a dry cloth.  
Keep preserves in a dry place; seal with flour paste.  
Boil coffee in a salt-sack; it is nicer than egg to settle it.  
Put soda in sour fruit for pies and they will require less sugar.  
A little sulphate of potassa added to preserves prevents fermentation.  
After paring fruit, drop it in cold water to prevent it changing color.  
When sauce boils from the side of the pan the flour or corn-starch is done.  
Glaze the bottom crust of fruit-pies with white of egg and they will not be soggy.  
Always put a little soda in milk that is to be boiled, as an acid is formed by boiling.  
Do not boil vinegar for pickles. Boil the vegetables in salt and water, drain and pour the vinegar on.  
Seal the juice left from canning fruits in small bottles, and keep for making fruit-pudding sauces.  
For convenience in cleaning lamp-chimneys, nothing is nicer than a small sponge attached to the end of a stick.  
CHEESE CAKES.—Fill shells of puff-paste, or bake the whole of the recipe in a dish lined with puff-paste, or without any paste if you choose, merely buttering the dish. Grate one-half pound of cheese, mix it with two eggs beat very light, adding an ounce of butter with a little salt and pepper. Lovers of cheese will find this very nice.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery.

No. 199.—ANAGRAM.  
(FROM J. P., QUEENS.)

Nad ti emac ot asap rtesa stehe inaght atht eltrub of eth gnki fo yptgE nda shi ekrah adf ofednef leht rdo het gnki fo ePygt.

No. 200.—DROP-LETTER.  
(FROM J. M'DUGALL, CARLETON.)

—h— —o— —s— —x— —l— —e—  
—o— —e— —w— —l— —e— —h— —n—  
—i— —h— —e— —a— —h— —i— —l— —d—  
—i— —n— —i— —h— —u— —g— —m— —n—  
—n— —i— —h— —e— —u— —n— —s—.

No. 201.—AN OLD PUZZLE.  
(FROM J. WILLET, KINGS.)

In spring I look gay, dressed in comely array;  
In summer more clothing I wear;  
When colder it grows, I fling off my clothes,  
And in winter quite naked appear.

No. 202.—DROP-LETTER.  
(FROM EUNICE AND IDA, QUEENS.)

Onice n a natfl a i tme f tbe iie  
arkn toh, n a otu f on.

No. 203.—ARITHMETIC.  
(FROM R. L. BLACK, KINGS.)

1. 601 + eah. 5. 1151 + ha.  
2. 600 + soar. 6. 551 + day.  
3. 1001 + on a. 7. 1000 + tara.  
4. 52 + aga b. 8. 1151 + ah.

The above gives the names of women mentioned in the Bible.

No. 204.—ENIGMA.  
(FROM IDA M. BURNETT, KINGS.)

In polish, but not in shine;  
In syrup, but not in wine;  
In carpet, but not in floor;  
In hatch, but not in door;  
In tremble, but not in shake;  
In fork, but not in rake;  
In pitcher, but not in plate;  
In love, and also in hate.

The whole names a tree of the Bible.

No. 205.—PYRAMID.  
(FROM "AMERICA," QUEENS.)

A letter; not old; stations; to cut;  
To chew; confusion; freed from bondage.

The centrals give one of the titles of Christ.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

The Mystery Solved.  
(No. 28.)

No. 180.—E  
E R A  
E R I C A  
A C E  
A

No. 181.—"Good name in man or woman is the immediate jewel of their souls."

No. 182.—T H E M  
H A T E  
E T T A  
M E A N

No. 183.—G—ennesarat.—Luke v. 3.  
I—ssachar.—Gen. xxx. 18.  
D—an.—Judges xviii. 30.  
E—glon.—Judges iii. 20.  
O—mer.—Ex. xvi. 16.  
N—azareth.—Luke iv. 16-31.

GIDEON.

No. 184.—Psalm lxxvi. 9.

No. 185.—1. Aim—am.  
2. Horse—hose.  
3. Spear—spar.  
4. Holly—holly.

CHAT.

GEO. N. BREWER, San Francisco, Cal., U. S., correctly solves Nos. 164, 166, 167, 171 and 172. Thank you for the puzzle. You are at a good study. Send us some of your work next time.

W. S. LEWIN, L. R. STEEVES and FAY ROBINSON will refer to "Prize Competition."

PRIZE COMPETITION.

Additional correct answers to "The Mystery" in No. 25 have been received, from Fay Robinson, 6.

To No. 26: W. S. LEWIN, 8; L. R. STEEVES, 8.

N. B.—The time for receiving solutions to "The Mystery" in connection with the "Prize Competition" has expired. Rush of business prevents us from making the result known before next issue. We hope all will continue to take an interest in the Young Folks' Column. Let all write again after their vacation.

OUR LETTER BOX.

BENTON, N. B., July 15, 1886.  
Dear Uncle Ned,—This being a very busy season on the farm I have delayed answering the last paper of puzzles until now. I think I have sent in eleven puzzles. Wishing you every success, I remain,  
Your affectionate nephew,  
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