

Mother's Girl.

Sleeves to dimpled elbow,
Fun in the sweet blue eyes,
To and fro upon errands,
The little maiden flies.
Now she is washing dishes,
Now she is feeding the chicks;
Now she is playing with pussy,
Or teaching Rover tricks.

Wrapped in a big white apron,
Pinned in a checkered shawl,
Hanging clothes in the garden—
Oh, were she only tall!
Hushing the fretful baby,
Coaxing his hair to curl;
Stepping around so briskly
Because she is mother's girl.

Hunting for eggs in the haymow,
Petting old Brindle's calf;
Riding Don to the pasture,
With many a ringing laugh.
Coming when'er you call her,
Running wherever sent;
Mother's girl is a blessing,
And mother is well content.

What's the Harm.

FANNIE L. FANCHER.

"I'd like to know, mother, why I can't go? What's the harm in a game of billiards? Most all the boys are learning to play, and they say 'taint any worse than croquet.' Roy Webb's father has bought him a splendid billiard table, 'cause he don't want him to play in the saloon, you know, and the boys go up there every chance they can get, and they wanted me to come over and see them play this evening. Roy Webb and Seth Leech are going to play a match game. Oh, I do want to go so badly! Can't I?"

Mrs. Horton's face was grave and troubled as her precious boy and only son waxed earnest in his entreaties.

"Willy, I will tell you a story, a true one; then you may answer your own question. Once there was a bright boy, and only son and brother of fond parents and sisters. He learned to play this game, as you now would, on a friend's table, and became a wonderful player, an expert, they called him. When he was about fourteen years of age his parents moved to a country village where there was no billiard tables outside of saloons, where, of course, he was not permitted to go. But he had become so passionately fond of the game that he would stop, surreptitiously now and then, to play with his companions. He scorned the idea of playing for money; but it was customary to play for drinks, and as nothing stronger than lemonade was taken, he saw not the harm. Ere long a fixed habit, which neither parents' nor sisters' entreaties could overcome, caused him to frequent the saloons, where so much evil in various form exists.

"From playing for drinks, he soon played for money, almost always winning; his success fascinated and lured him on to destruction. The wily saloon keeper often put something stronger than water in his lemonade, for he complained that the home-made article tasted insipid and flat, and he refused at length to touch it. Well, in a few short years he was a confirmed drunkard. His downward course broke his mother's heart. Indeed, the happiness of the whole family was wrecked by his career; which in his boyhood promised so much."

"Why, mother, what's the matter? Why do you cry so? I don't want to go. I won't tease you any more, if it makes you feel so badly."

"Willy," said his mother with suppressed emotion, "I have been telling you about your own Uncle Charley, my own brother, who died last year, you know such a fearful death. Oh, it breaks my heart, my son, to think of it? But I tell you his sad history—"

"Don't mother, say more about it," said Willy with choking voice. "I can now see 'what's the harm.' Perhaps the boys will get to gambling over this very game, and if I was there I would be as bad as any of them in betting over the matter, I'm so excitable. I wish, mother, I wasn't so easily led into temptation."

"I am glad, my son, that you know your frailty. Reach my Bible from the shelf; here are two verses which I would have you commit to memory: 'Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to all men. But God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able to bear, but will with the temptation also make a way of escape, that ye may be able to bear it.' And now, perhaps, I had better tell you another bit of family history, which is, and will be for some time to come a living sorrow—also caused by wicked companions. You know, Willy, that your father took a hasty journey some time ago to the State of W., and you may have observed how sad he has been since then. He went, my son, to see if something could not be done to keep his youngest brother, your uncle William, from going to State prison,

the just penalty for the crime he had committed. It, however, was not his first offense, and his employers were bound that the law should take its course. Hence they would not allow any settlement of their claims from your father or grandfather. At his trial, last month, he was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary."

Mrs. Horton in anguish covered her face, and Willy cried out:

"What, my uncle go to prison! Why, mother, I'm named after him! Oh, how terrible. How he has disgraced us all."

"Yes, my son, we cannot do evil and only suffer ourselves."

"Oh, mother, what was he thinking of; why did he do this wrong?"

"Ah Willy, it was so gradual he did not realize his danger. He told your father that it never would have happened had he let evil companions and gambling alone. You know they go hand in hand."

"Mother, I'm glad you wouldn't let me go with the boys. And now I'll learn these verses; they are just what I need, I'm so easily persuaded to do wrong."

"Yes, Willy, you have a very impulsive nature, but you cannot expect the Divine aid, mentioned in the verses, unless you ask for it."

Patches and Heroes.

"Three! four! five! How funny!" cried the girls. "Hurrah!" shouted the boys. "What were they counting? Yes; the patches on poor little Constance's dress. She heard every word, and the boys' loud laugh. Poor little heart! At first she looked down, then the tears came with a great rush, and she tried to run home."

"Cry baby!" said the boys.

"Don't want her to sit next to me," said Ella Gray.

"What right has she to come to our school?" whispered proud Lily Gross.

"There! don't mind a word they say!" exclaimed Douglas Stewart, leaving the group of rude boys and trying to comfort Constance. "Let me carry your books," he continued. "Cheer up! It is only a little way to your home, isn't it?"

Constance looked through her tears to see the bravest boy in school at her side.

"I live in the little house under the hill," said Constance. "It isn't like your grand house."

"No matter for that. It has pretty vines and climbing roses, and it's a very nice house to live in," said Douglas. "I dare say you are happy there."

"Yes. I don't want to come to this school again," said Constance, softly. "Oh, things will be all right in a day or two," said the boy kindly. "Never mind them just now."

The scholars had been talking of heroes a little while before: they had been wishing to be like Alexander and Caesar and Napoleon. There was not a hero among them except this same Douglas Stewart, who dared to stand out before all his schoolmates and befriend this poor, forlorn little girl.—S. S. Visitor.

A Cure for Dangerous Wounds.

The smoke of woolen rags is a cure for the most dangerous wounds. A lady of my acquaintance ran a machine needle through her finger. She could not be released until the machine was taken to pieces. The needle had broken in her finger in three pieces, one of them was bent almost double. After repeated trials the pieces were extracted by pinchers, but they were very strongly embedded. The pain reached to the shoulder, and there was every danger of lockjaw.

The woolen rags were put on the coals, she held her fingers over the smoke, and in a short time all the pain was gone and it never returned, though it was some little time before the fingers healed. This is but one of the many instances of such cures, some of them taking place after several days from the time of the wound. Let woolen rags be kept sacredly and always at hand for wounds. The smoke and stench will fill the house, perhaps, but that is a trifle when the alternative is lockjaw, or even a long painful sequel to a wound. Another instance was the wound made by an enraged cat, which tore the flesh from the wrist to the elbow and bit through the fleshy part of the hand. One ministration of the smoke extracted all the pain, which had been frightful.—Boston Transcript.

Doing Errands for Christ.

"Mamma," said a little five-year-old boy, "I wish Jesus lived on earth now."

"Why, my darling?"

"Because I should have liked so much to have done something for him."

"But what could such a little bit of a fellow as you are have done for the Saviour?"

The child hesitated for a few mo-

ments, then looked up into his mother's face and said: "Why, mother, I could have run on all his errands for him."

"So you could, my child, and so you shall. Here is a glass of jelly and some oranges I was going to send to poor old sick Margaret by the servant, but I will let you take them instead, and do an errand for the Saviour; for when upon the earth he said: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto Me.'"

So, remember, my dear children, whenever you do any kind act for anybody because you love Jesus, it is just the same as if the Saviour were now living on earth, and you were doing it for him.—The Illustrator.

Beginning and End.

The beginning:
A schoolboy, ten years old, one lovely June day—with the roses in full bloom over the porch, and the laborers in the wheat-fields—had been sent by his Uncle John to pay a bill at the country store, and there was seventy-five cents left, and Uncle John did not ask him for it.

At noon this boy had stood under the beautiful blue sky, and a great temptation came. He said to himself, "Shall I give it back? or shall I wait till he asks for it? If he never asks, that is his lookout. If he does, why, I can give it back again." He never gave back the money.

The ending:
Ten years went by; he was a clerk in a bank. A package of bills lay in the drawer, and had not been put in the safe. He saw them, wrapped them up in his coat, and carried them home. He is now in a prison cell; but he set his feet that way when a boy, years before, when he sold his honesty for seventy-five cents.

That night he sat disgraced, and an open criminal. Uncle John was long ago dead. The old home was desolate, the mother broken-hearted. The prisoner knew what brought him there.—Selected.

Home Hints.

SAUCE FOR PUDDING.—One-half cup boiling water, one tablespoon corn starch, two tablespoons vinegar, one tablespoon of butter, one cup sugar, one-half nutmeg.

SUET PUDDING.—Take three-quarters of a pound of suet, three eggs, and half pint of milk, flour sufficient to make a thick batter; to be well mixed together, and the suet not chopped too small; boil two hours.

BAKED CRACKER PUDDING.—Two quarts of sweet milk, seven butter crackers rolled, three eggs, a little nutmeg, a little salt, sweeten with sugar to taste. Bake two hours and a half in a moderate oven.

TO REMOVE FRUIT STAINS IN LINEN.—To remove them, rub the part on each side with yellow soap; then tie up a piece of pearl-ash in the cloth, etc., and soak well in hot water, or boil; afterwards expose the stained part to the sun and air until removed.

TO REMOVE IRON RUST FROM CLOTH.—Wet the spot with cold water, and place the cloth in the sunshine. Then mix equal quantities of cream-tartar and table salt, and sprinkle the mixture upon it until the dampness has absorbed a great deal, then lay on enough to hide the spot. Wet the spot with cold water every half hour, and, if the stain is then seen, cover it again with the cream-tartar and salt. Keep it in the sunshine, and continue these applications till the stain is gone—if recently contracted, two or three applications will remove it.

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK, CASE SETTLEMENT, KINGS CO., N. B.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 15.)

No. 128.—"A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than that, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours."

No. 129.—Ecclesiastes xi. 1.

No. 130.—Proverbs xxix. 23.

No. 131.—Case Settlement.

No. 132.—Baby-lon—Babylon.

No. 133.—Spring.

No. 134.—D E A D

E L V A

A V E R

D A R E

No. 135.—John vi. 62.

No. 136.—Exodus xx. 7.

The Mystery.—No. 18.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

According to promise we announce in this number the commencement of one of the puzzle contests. We shall try to make the puzzles hard enough to add zest to the pleasure of solving them, yet not so difficult as to discourage the young folks. Before you attempt to solve a single puzzle, do us the favour to read, very carefully, the "Rules and Regulations," and be sure you understand them through and through.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

The contest will consist of 15 puzzles, the 8 announced in this number and 7 to be announced in the next number (No. 19). Answers may be sent either by postal card or on a piece of paper of similar size, not folded. They must be addressed to C. E. BLACK, Case Settlement, Kings Co., N. B., and must be mailed within one week from the receipt of the paper by the contestant or by any person directly or indirectly assisting said contestant. At the top of each postal or piece of paper (one of the ends) must be written the full address of the contestant sending the same. Make your answers as short as possible, while stating them clearly. Solutions and like details will not be required. Be sure that you have your answers as you want them before mailing them, as all supplementary answers will be thrown out. Alternative answers will not be allowed; that is, contestants will not be credited when they say that an answer is this or that. When two or more answers the same fortnight are obviously from one contestant, either directly or indirectly, such person will be excluded from the contest; or, if from contestants working together, the same. If two or more contestants are tied as to the number of perfect answers, the award, as between the "tied" ones will be determined by lot. There will be a prize for the boys and a prize for the girls. The boy having the greatest number of perfect answers, or as determined by lot, will receive an excellent and useful prize; and the same with the girls. Now, young folks, get at work? Here are the first eight.

PRIZE PUZZLES.

1.—REBUS. (One word.)

E S A L

2.—MATHEMATICAL.

What is a third and half a third of ten?

3.—ANAGRAM. (One word.)

Try my sheet.

4.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A letter; used in schools; a farming utensil; a kitchen utensil; a consonant.

5.—WORD SQUARE.

To talk; there is no place like it; a man's name; to guard.

6.—PARALLELOGRAM.

Crosswise.—An animal; taxes; a man of historical fame.

Downward.—A consonant; a conjunction; for pigs; a kind of fish; look; a verb.

7.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE. (One word.)

a-e-u-i-a-i-n-s.

8.—HALF SQUARE.

A piece of money; a number; two thirds of a pie; a letter.

(The mystery solved in three weeks.)

Our Mystic Corps.

"FLORENCE," "WALTON," and "ALLEN," Lakeview, Queens, each has our thanks for nice puzzles. Write again soon. Your puzzles will appear soon.

EMMA L., East Pubnico, N. S., has sent us correct answers to Nos. 115, 122, 124, 121 and Arithmetical puzzle of "The Mystic Fountain." Thank you for the nice puzzles. Will be pleased to hear from you again.

HETTY E. WANNAMAKE, Apohaqui, sends correct solutions to Nos. 115 and 133. Please accept our thanks for the puzzle. It will appear ere long. Come anon.

The result of "Voting Contest" will be announced next issue, if all is well.

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