

Table Manners in Rhyme.

It is so hard for the little folks to be polite and orderly at meals, and they so often forget the rules with which papa and mamma try to help them to be gentlemanly and lady-like, that it would perhaps be a good thing for children who are troubled in this way to commit to memory these rhyming rules from the Philadelphia Enquirer:

"In silence I must take my seat,
And give God thanks before I eat;
Must for my food in patience wait
Till I am asked to hand my plate;
I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
Nor move my chair or plate about;
With knife, or fork, or napkin ring,
I must not play—nor must I sing;
I must not speak a useless word—
For children must be seen—not heard;
I must not talk about my food,
Nor fret if I don't think it good;
My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud;
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,
And when I ask, say, 'If you please';
The table-cloth I must not spoil,
Nor with my food my fingers soil;
Must keep my seat when I have done,
Nor round the table sport or run;
When told to rise, then I must put
My chair away with no-eless foot,
And lift my heart to God above,
In praise for all His wondrous love."

An Instructive Dream.

"Oh, dear," said tidy Mrs. Jewett, "there's Willie in the parlor again with his muddy boots, and Jennie has fingered the wood-work of the piano all over, I see, that I polished so nicely yesterday. I know the door of the spare room has been left open, too, for the muslin curtains are pulled all awry, where the pussy must have frolicked in the folds; and dear, dear, there's Jack this minute with his feet on that stuffed chair."

"Come, come mother, I wouldn't fret," said easy Mr. Jewett; "the children must put their feet somewhere, and I suppose kittens will be kittens and fly about where they can find the most fun."

"Oh, yes," rejoined Mrs. Jewett, "it's very easy for you, father, to think children and cats can go where they like and do what they like and do what they please. I'm not fretting, but it's hard work to sweep and polish and do clear starching, and men never did know and never will know anything about the work of a housekeeper and a mother!"

So saying, Mrs. Jewett, with her fair, pretty face all in a wrinkle, went out of the room with a worried, "Oh, dear!" and her husband looked after her with a compassionate, "Poor mother!"

Naturally, Mrs. Jewett was of a happy disposition, but like many another fond, faithful mother, she was unconsciously falling into the habit of worrying over the inevitable faults and thoughtlessness of her children.

She was a scrupulously neat housekeeper, and as her things had not come as easily as they do to many others, they acquired all the more value and importance in her eyes, once they came into her possession.

But the usual restlessness and activity of boys and girls, and even poor capering Kitty herself, was fast developing in Mrs. Jewett that irritating fretfulness and impatience which kills true happiness and comfort in many a home, where the mother's real object is to make all as comfortable and happy as possible.

In vain Mr. Jewett hinted that things were always going wrong somehow, and that there was no end of peevishness and fault-finding taking root in his family. At such times Mrs. Jewett would shed tears and declare no one could do more than to spend all their time and energies for the welfare of their family, as did she.

One morning the curtains were discovered to have been rolled up all to one side, while the summer sunshine was flooding with its wholesome light the bright pattern of the new Brussels carpet. Jennie and Carrie had left their school books scattered around on the chairs, and Jack's muddy boots stood in the middle of the floor.

Mrs. Jewett burst into a tirade of displeasure, but the children were out of hearing, so instead of judiciously and patiently calling them in and obliging them to put things in their places, she began putting things to rights herself, allowing Mr. Jewett, as frequently happened, to bear the brunt of her displeasure, and for once his good nature gave way as he said pettishly:

"I declare, wife, it's a thousand pities there are any children her to bother you so!"

Mrs. Jewett made no reply, but going to her room, she sat down for a moment to consider whether or not her husband meant what he had just said. But by degrees the room faded from her vision, the house became quiet—terribly quiet; the sunlight died out, and shade and stillness reigned supreme.

There were footsteps heard, but hushed, creeping, awed.

All of active life had ceased; even Kitty had taken herself off, and was now nowhere to be seen.

Mrs. Jewett roused herself, and went from kitchen to dining-room, from dining-room to parlor. The invariable order was oppressive.

The curtains were rolled with exact evenness; not the finest line of sunlight could pierce through crack or crevices of the nicely adjusted shutters.

Every book was in its place; the chairs as guiltless of dust as if just cleaned, and the unblurred polish of the piano reflected each ornament and object in its vicinity.

But the children! Oh, the children! A great appalling throb of apprehension and withering pain shot unexpressed through the mother's heart at mention of their name.

Where was winsome—no longer mischievous, but winsome Willie?

Where pray, was sportive Carrie and lively Jennie? Where, too, bounding, loving little Jack? "Yes," she said, vaguely peering about in sunless gloom, "where are my precious children?"

She left dining-room and parlor, and went from one child's chamber to another—everything in depressing order; even their little beds were unruffled, each smooth pillow looking as if unpressed by a sunny head for—oh, so long!

And, ah, misery! What was that in Willie's room in the porcelain vase? Some flowers tied with white satin ribbon; and this heart-breaking emblem in Jennie's room? Her picture, sweet child! with a crown of fading flowers encircling it—and here in Carrie's room, her picture, the darling, also crowned with immortelles.

And Jack's room, forlorn in its tidiness: yes, yes, a funeral wreath in his room, dear, loving little Jack!

Mrs. Jewett's first wild impulse was to disarrange everything; the quiet and appalling neatness were goading her to madness; even Kitty had deserted the sunless, childless house; but the children! The mother felt as if her brain was afire, and her heart was bursting with its pent grief; she could not endure it another moment, and she awoke.

Thank God! she was sitting directly in the rare, sweet sunlight which God made come in, and not to be shut out of our homes. In the garden she heard the sweet, delightful voices of her children, the blessed children.

Mrs. Jewett arose slowly, locked the door, then knelt down; after a while she went forth, a new quiet in her heart, a new smile on her face.

In the dining room she raised the curtain, so that the sunlight danced gaily through the room.

Jennie came in with a torn apron, and was greeted with a smile of welcome—rent and all.

Willie had been using paste in the dining-room, and had daubed the cloth, door-knob and his blouse; but mamma patiently showed how to clean the spots away, and Willie promised with great sincerity to be more careful another time.

The children had a glorious, happy day. At night, when they were all asleep, their mother went from room to room, gazing with pure thankfulness at each darling little sleeper, so dear, so dear! She sighed, then smiled at the little porcelain vase in Willie's room, filled with sweet wild flowers of his own plucking.

Then she went to her own room, and tearfully told "father" her terrible dream.

He kissed his wife's fair brow fondly and said soothingly: "Never mind, dear, we're all right now."

And they were. The timely warning was not lost on the mother's heart, for she never forgot how terrible it was when but in dreams she roamed from one empty, orderly room to another in quest of her children, and could not find them. And she resolved that she would not wait to place white flowers in their hands when their perfume could not reach the dulled senses, and their fading would only break her heart; the children shall have the flowers now, while their dear eyes are open to behold them, and their hearts still alive to all of earth's comforts and delights.

And we would that many another wife and mother, who is drifting into habits of fretfulness and nervousness through undue care for the children's bodies than their souls, "might dream this lady's dream."—Selected.

"I won't,"

"I won't," said a little boy, stoutly, as I passed along. His tone struck me. "What won't you do?" I stopped and asked. "That boy wants me to 'make believe' something to my mother, and I won't!" he said, in the same stout tone.

The little boy is on the right road. That is just one of the places to say "won't." I hope he will stick to it. "Won't" is not a pretty word for children, but it is the right one when asked to deceive.

Davy's Dialogue.

Davy knew what was the right thing to do but he would not confess that it was the only right thing. There was the empty wood-box. His mother was with sick Mrs. Jenks. She would come at five and have the wood to bring in herself.

"Father told me to meet him at the store at two," said Davy to conscience. "But you know he told Mr. Kane, afterward, that with the tired horse he could hardly get there before half-past two, and you can fill this box in ten minutes," said conscience to Davy.

"Well, I don't want to fill that box, and I'll get no credit if I do. Mother 'll think father filled it for her. I've done it lots of times and had no notice taken of it."

This brought down a storm upon Davy's head.

"How much notice do you take of the dinner your mother cooks for you, or the clothes she makes and mends? How much have you noticed God's sunshine to-day; or the strong, well body he has given you, instead of a sick body like Mrs. Jenks? How much—"

"Never mind—never mind! I'll do it," said Davy.

"You'd better!" said conscience.

Home Hints.

To wear a piece of cotton wick constantly around the ankle will prevent cramps in the feet.

Put five drops of chloroform on a little cotton or wool in the bowl of a clay pipe, then blow the vapor through the stem into an aching ear, and instant relief will be afforded.

To make baked milk put a half gallon of milk in a jar, and tie it down with writing paper. Let it stand in a moderate oven eight or ten hours. It will be like cream, and very nutritious.

A nice accessory to a closet without drawers, suitable for laying in a nice dress, is to make one or more bags to cover a nice dress, and thus protect it from dust. These bags are made longer than the dress skirt, and button up, and are hung up by loops.

"We all have our burdens to bear," said the minister. "There are many trials in this life." "Yes, I suppose here are," said the poor lawyer, ruefully; "but I don't seem to have much luck at getting mixed up in 'em."

Countryman (to dentist)—"I wouldn't pay nothin' extra for gas. Jest tank her out, if it does hurt." Dentist—"You are plucky, sir. Let me see the tooth." Countryman—"Oh, 'tain't me that's got the tooth-ache; it's my wife. She'll be here in a minute."

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 45.)

[We are very much indebted to NANNIE DURKEE, Carleton, Yarmouth Co., N. S., for her kindness in forwarding the following solutions to the "Bible Riddles" sent us by a friend from Fredericton a short time since and published in issue No. 45 of the INTELLIGENCER. We think the one who forwarded the same should send her some token of recognition for her diligent search.—E. Y. F. C.]

No. 277.—

(1) What "widow's son" made valuable things "of bright brass"?—1 Kings 7:13, 14.

(2) Where is the verse: "At Parbar westward, four at the causeway and two at Parbar."—1 Chron. 26:18.

(3) How was Jacob Naaman's grandfather?—1 Chron. 8:1-4.

(4) What should happen "where there were a thousand vines at a thousand silverlings"?—Isaiah 7:23-25.

(5) What very handsome man cut more than seven pounds of hair from his head every year?—2 Sam. 14:25, 26.

(6) Find the riddle of a great, long-winged eagle, sitting in the highest branch of a cedar-tree, cropping off the young twigs?—Ezek. 17:3, 4.

(7) Which of the prophets was a herdsman?—Amos 1:1.

(8) Who had a present from his mother of two silver idols?—Could not find it.

(9) In what book besides the Psalms is the word, Selah?—Gen. 10:24.

(10) Who had horses and linen yarn from Egypt?—2 Chron. 1:16.

NANNIE DURKEE, N. S.

The Mystery.—No. 48.

No. 286.—HOLLOW SQUARE.

(Seven Letter Words.)

Across and Down, the same.—Commodious and light winter vehicles.

No. 287.—A DIAMOND.

A letter; a public notice; a water nymph; found on cloth; a letter.

No. 288.—TRANSPPOSITION.

(One Word.)

I spit on Ron St.

No. 289.—PYRAMID.

A letter; an animal; what all have; when parents command, children should be this; not the same.

Centrals read down.—A tree.

(The mystery solved in three weeks.)

The Mystical Circle.

NANNIE DURKEE, YARMOUTH CO., N. S., has our thanks for kind favours. Why did you not send some puzzles, and, also, try the "Voting Contest?" Will not the friend in F'ton who sent us the "Bible Riddles" write us again—and send us some more puzzles, solutions, etc?

"MARIANNE" would be gladly hailed by us once more. You surely have not become so busily engaged that you cannot write occasionally. Eh?

"Van," please write again! We would dearly love to have communications from all of our former correspondents. Cheer up! WRITE!

QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

Q.—What was the "Jewish Sanhedrin."—STUDENT.

Ans.—It was the great council among the Jews, whose jurisdiction extended to all important affairs. It had power of life and death. The president was generally the high priest, and the other members consisted of chief priests, elders and scribes, in all amounting to seventy one or seventy two.

"Our Saviour loves the children,

On them his hands he laid,

Within his arms he held them,

And blessed them while he prayed;

And still his mercy calls them;

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'I want your hearts dear children,

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D. POTTINGRR, Chief Superintendent. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B. June 26th, 1887.

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KENNETH MCGILNARY.

The above statement was sworn to as correct in every particular, by the above named Kenneth McGilnary, before me, at Spring Hill, this 4th day of August, 1881.

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