

At Bed Time.

My darling, with her quaint, sweet ways
And knowing little head,
Lies cuddled, like a little bird,
Within her downy bed;
But though 'tis time she were asleep,
And though, o'er laughing eyes,
The lids will fall, to keep awake
The little mischief tries.

And so I tell a dreamy tale
Of slumber-land, until
I think the eyes must soon close tight
And prattling tongue be still;
But, just as lids have almost shut
Dear little eyes from sight,
"Mamma," she cries, with outstretched
arms,
"Good little hands to-night?"

"Good little hands! I kiss them both;
No more awake she keeps,
I always kiss "good little hands"
Before my darling sleeps.
But sometimes little hands are "bad!"
Those mamma can not kiss.
My darling knows that naughty hands
This bed-time joy must miss.

—Good Housekeeping.

Beginning Right and Early.

I shall never forget a lesson I received when at school at A—. We saw a boy named Watson driving a cow to pasture. In the evening he drove her back again, we did not know where, and this was continued several weeks.

The boys attending the school were nearly all sons of wealthy parents, and some of them were dunces enough to look with disdain on a scholar who had to drive a cow.

With admirable good nature Watson bore all their attempts to annoy him. "I suppose, Watson," said Jackson, another boy, one day, "I suppose your father intends to make a milkman of you?"

"Why not?" asked Watson.

"Oh, nothing. Only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them, that's all."

The boys laughed, and Watson, not in the least mortified, replied: "Never fear. If ever I am a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk."

The day after this conversation there was a public examination, at which ladies and gentlemen from the neighboring town were present, and prizes were awarded by the principal of our school, and both Watson and Jackson received a creditable number, for, in respect to scholarship, they were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution the principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize of heroism. The last medal was awarded about three years ago to a boy in the first class who rescued a poor girl from drowning.

The principal then said that, with the permission of the company, he would relate a short anecdote:

"Not long since some boys were flying a kite in the street just as a poor lad on horseback rode by on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the boys who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded lad. There was one boy, however, who witnessed the accident from a distance who not only went to make inquiries, but stayed to render service.

"This boy soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a cow, of which she was the owner. She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive her cow to the pasture, was now helpless with his bruises. 'Never mind, good woman,' said the boy, 'I will drive the cow.'"

"But his kindness did not stop there. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary. 'I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with,' said he, 'but I can do without them for awhile.' 'O, no,' said the old woman, 'I can't consent to that; but here is a pair of heavy boots that I bought for Thomas, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these, we should get on nicely.' The boy bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

"Well, when it was discovered by the boys at the school that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots, in particular, were made a matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, driving the widow's cow and wearing his thick boots. He never explained why he drove the cow, for he was not inclined to make a boast of his charitable motives. It was by mere accident that his kindness and self-denial were discovered by his teacher.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I

ask you, was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Watson, do not get out of sight behind the blackboard. You were not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise."

As Watson, with blushing cheeks, came forward, a round of applause spoke the general approbation, and the medal was presented him amid the cheers of the audience.—*The Children's Own.*

His Lesson.

A boy came home red, rumped, bruised, and existed. "Come, my son," said his father, "what is the matter? You seem to have been fighting. Was the boy larger than you are?"

The boy looked uneasy, and mumbled "No; I don't know that he was."

"Really! And now what did you fight for?"

A long delay, then he blurted out the truth, "Cause he wouldn't give me half of his apple."

Indeed! Didn't give you half of his apple! So you have set up as a highway robber, taking your neighbor's goods? And a bully and a coward, whipping a smaller boy! Go, now, and get washed and dressed."

"He deserved a whipping," said his sister.

"Not at all. He has not lied; he told frankly the truth."

The boy, glad of getting off so well, soon returned to the tea-table, wearing a smiling face.

"There is no place here for you," said his father, calmly. "Such principles as you act upon are not popular at this table. You will find proper food for a boy who conducts himself as you have done on a stand in the corner of the kitchen."

But breakfast and supper thus arranged proved unendurable to the boy.

"Can I ever come back?" asked the poor child.

"Certainly, when you have made your affairs right."

"But how can I do it?"

"Take your own money, buy the little boy an apple, and give it to him, with an apology. Then you will be once more an honorable fellow, and we shall be glad of your company."

And so they settled it.

HIS REMEDIES.—It must sometimes puzzle the physician to understand how the human system can endure the effect of patent medicines which many people make almost a part of their daily food and drink. A sickly-looking man came into the office of a village physician, and said that he "wa'n't feeling very smart," and wanted something to "kinder straighten him out."

After he had described his symptoms, which did not indicate anything at all serious, the physician asked, "Have you been taking medicines of any kind?"

"Well, no—at least none to speak of," was the reply. "I heard that the 'Extract of Dandyline' was good for troubles like mine, so I took three pint-bottles of that, but it didn't seem to do me much good. Then I got me two bottles of 'Smith's Healing Compound' and a box of 'Green's Sure-Cure Pills,' and took 'em, and I kinder think they helped me some."

"Did you take anything else?" asked the amused physician.

"Yes: my wife fixed me up a mess of poke-berry, and calamus, and mullein, and rue, and boneset, and tansy, and a few other yarbs, and I took that for a while, until one of my neighbors sent me over something he'd bought the recipe of from a gypsy woman. It helped me for a while."

"Then I didn't feel so well, so I changed off to some stuff I bought of a peddler, and a little quinine, twice a day."

"I ain't taking anything now but a little of the 'Elixir of a Hundred Roots,' and some bitters. I ain't gaining very fast, so I thought I'd come in and see if you thought I needed anything else."

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

"Attempt the end, never stand in doubt
Nothing's so hard but search'll find it out."

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 4.)

No. 12.—Valetudinarianism.

No. 13.—Bone—one.

No. 14.—"For in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."
—Rom. xiii. 20.

No. 15.—Prov. ix. 14.

The Mystery.—No. 6.

Please send puzzles, solutions, etc.

No. 25.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

h-f-a-o-t-e-o-d-s-h
b-g-n-i-g-f-n-w-e-g-
"Florence."

Lakeview, Queens.

No. 26.—HALF SQUARE.

- *** A farmer's utensil.
- *** Mean.
- *** An exclamation.
- *** A letter.

Geo. N. Brewer.

San Francisco, Cal., U. S.

No. 27.—INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.

[Fill the second blank with the word of the first blank decapitated.]

1. I found the — that Bennie lost in the —.
2. A —, whose conceit was greater than his ability, drove the coach into the —.
3. While they were playing — I had a splendid —.
4. Carrie run and get me the — and I will sweep out the —.
5. Jessie had to hunt for her — so she was — for school.

"Snowflake."

Avonport, Kings, N. S.

No. 28.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant; an article of food used by the Sandwich Islanders; a shell; what you often see in winter; a letter.

Geo. N. Brewer.

San Francisco, Cal., U. S.

No. 29.—PIED PUZZLE.

Het sijt hlsia eily yb ihta.
"Florence."

Lakeview, Queens.

No. 30.—HIDDEN TREES.

1. Has he gone to New York yet?
2. O! a kennel is a nice place for a dog.
3. Mamma, please may I go to school to day?
4. How do mice dare to come out of their holes in the night?

"Snowflake."

Avonport, Kings, N. S.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

"SNOWFLAKE," Kings Co., N. S., Avonport P. O., sends us an excellent batch of puzzles, for which she will please accept our most hearty thanks. She has also sent correct solutions to puzzles No. 3 in 2nd issue of '88, and Nos. 8, 11 and 12 of No. 10 in 3rd issue. Her essay on "Kindness" is an excellent one, and is noted in the proper place. Do write again soon, please!

"FLORENCE," Lakeview, Queens, has our sincere thanks for the nice batch of puzzles. Do write again soon, please, and help and cheer us.

Dear young friends, let all please remember that, "He that does good to another man, does also good to himself; not only in the consequence, but in the very act of doing it; for the consciousness of well-doing is an ample reward." Can you not aid us? We know you can. As "Van" said, we know there are some who have magazines, etc., which they might offer as prizes. If not, they could send us puzzles, solutions, etc. Some time this month we shall offer a grand prize award, i. e., if nothing prevent, and our lives are spared so to do. We thought to do so this week, but we have had too many other duties to attend to. But, prize offers or not, you, dear young friends, may assist us! We thank those who have kindly aided.

UNCLE NED.

Our Literary Circle.

We are glad to see such an interest in the essay writing. This issue we do not make the offers, but will again next week. Below is the Essay on "Kindness," which received the Prize. The winner will please note receipt of prize.

KINDNESS.

BY EFFIE L. COX, AVONPORT, KINGS CO., N. S., AGED 15.

What is Kindness? Kindness is simply the action of a free heart. How often has a kind word spoken at the right time helped those who are discouraged, or softened the hard-hearted! Does not kindness reap its own reward? It costs very little to be kind, and what great fruits grow out of it! How much happier we feel when we have done a little act of kindness! Treating others kindly raises us in the esteem of our friends, and seems also to raise our hearts to a higher level. Tennyson says, "Kind hearts are more than coronets." What is more kindly than kindness? There are many different results, as a kind word spoken to a poor disheartened boy may give

him a start in life and he may be the making of a noble man; also, a business man worried and perplexed with his cares, the kind word of some loving friend may make him forget them for a time. How different is the result of an angry word which often crushes the hopes and deadens the energies.

"Angry words Oh let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip,
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them e'er they soil thy lip."

How kind our dear Saviour was, who came down from heaven to show us how to live, and died that we might be saved from our sins.

"Words of kindness we have spoken
May, when we have passed away,
Heal, perhaps, a spirit broken,
Guide a brother led astray."

Our Letter Box.

AVONPORT, Jan. 27th 1888.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—You have never received a letter from me before, but would you kindly recognize me as one of your nieces? I have had the pleasure of reading the INTELLIGENCER ever since I can remember, and have enjoyed the "Puzzle Department" very much. I was fifteen last month. I have been kept home from school on account of snow storms, and thought I would like to take part in the Y. F. C.

Wishing you every success, I remain,
Your Loving Niece.

"SNOWFLAKE."

[We welcome you heartily, and hope you may continue the good work you have begun.—UNCLE NED.]

Notes and Queries.

QUERY.

1. What is Bamboo?—Querist.

ANSWER.

1. Bamboo is a grass, and is botanically classed in the order of grasses. It grows in tropical and sub-tropical regions, and is so much of a giant that it frequently attains the height of twenty feet. Its flexibility is very little. Like other grasses, it is marked at intervals with hard rings, which are commonly called knots. The space between these knots is usually hollow, or filled with a soft pith, which can be easily withdrawn by a cut made in the tube. The outer surface is smooth and hard; and the bamboo, when of good growth, is very strong. In some countries, the young shoots are boiled and eaten as food.

Farm Hints.

There should always be a good ventilation in places where fruit and vegetables are stored.

The ambition of each farmer should be to make his farm better than any of his neighbors.

Do not blanket your horse constantly while in the warm stable, as he will thus catch cold more readily when exposed to the air.

A farm horse should never be clipped. It is cruel. He should retain his hair as a natural cover of warmth.

DON'T

let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption.

Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself.

The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.

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Twenty-five years ago I suffered from a torpid liver, which was restored to healthy action by taking Ayer's Pills. Since that time I have never been without them. They regulate the bowels, assist digestion, and increase the appetite, more surely than any other medicine. — Paul Churchill, Haverhill, Mass.

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D. POTTINGRR,

Chief Superintendent
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