

Her Name.

"I'm lost! Could you find me, please?"
Poor little frightened baby!
The wind had tossed her golden fleece,
The stones had scratched her dimpled knees,
I stooped and lifted her with ease,
And softly whispered, "May be."
"Tell me your name, my little maid;
I can't find you without it,"
"My name is 'Shidney-eyes,'" she said,
"Yes, but your last name?" She shook her head;
"Up to my house 'ey never said
A single word about it."
"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"
"Why, didn't you hear me told you?"
Dust Shidney-eyes." A bright thought came:
Yes, when you're good, but when they blame
You, little one; is it just the same
When mamma has to scold you?
"My mamma never scolds," she moans,
A little blush ensuing,
"Cept when I've been a-frowning stones,
And then she says (the culprit owns),
"Mightable Sapphira Jones,"
What has you been a-doing?"
—Selected.

Ough!

GEORGE RUSSELL JACKSON.

The plough boy whistled behind his plough,
For his lungs were sound and he had no cough;
He guided his team with a pliant bough,
And watered it well at a wayside trough.
The toil was hard, for the land was rough—
It lay on the shores of an Irish lough—
And his well-fed team was stout and tough,
And he plied his bough to flank and hough.
He toiled all day, and the crow and chough
Flew around his head, though he oft cried,
"Shough";
But his plough at eve struck a hidden scough
With a force that sent the share cleaving through.
With the speed of the wind from the plough
Boy, though
He shouted, "Whoa! And into a slough
It plunged, where the mud was so soft as
—Quoted.

A Thoughtless Speech.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"The insurance on the house runs out next month," said farmer Bennett, "and I don't know where the money is coming from to get it renewed; there don't seem to be any thing just now to turn into cash."
"We might turn the house into cash," said Ellen, who never failed of making her voice heard. "We could set it on fire and allow it to burn down, and get the insurance money."
"I wish you would not make such thoughtless speeches, Ellen," said Mrs. Bennett, in a distressed tone. "You make me think of the girl in the old story from whose mouth toads and reptiles flew out whenever she began to talk, and at length one a little more venomous than usual bit off the end of her tongue, and in that way she was cured."
The young girl pouted at the merited rebuke, but persisted:
"Well, mother, you know it might be done, and we could build a new-fashioned house with a bay window and a piazza."
"I would not trade our roomy old ark for all the bay windows in town," said fourteen-year-old Ellen, who was Ellen's twin brother. "I will tell you something that we can turn into cash, father, and that is maple syrup. It is early for it, I know, but there is a warm spell predicted and I fancy we could get a good run, and if nothing of it, it will only be a little lost work."
"Hard work, too," grumbled Jonas, the chore boy. "I druther eat cakes and syrup than lug sap, I had," and while he continued filling the woodbox he went on muttering. "It's jest as Miss Ellen says, a piazza would be a sight better lookin' than this old house."
Like it or not, he had to help about tapping the maple trees and setting the buckets, and as there was a good run the first day, Ellen volunteered to stay at home from the village lyceum where the rest of the family were all going, and keep the sap boiling in the set kettle in the further ell during the evening.
"I don't want'er stay ter home," groaned Jonas. "T'would be jest like Mr. Ellis ter keep me a lugging brook water ter make more er the sap. I want'er go ter town, I do."
"Come along, then," said Mr. Bennett. "Be careful about fire, Ellis."
"Yes, be careful about fire, regardless of my plan for raising ready cash," shouted Ellen, above the tinkle of the bells, and Jonas muttered, as he dropped off the sleigh runner where he had chosen to ride:
"It's jest as Miss Ellen says, it's a plan ter raise cash; and if the house burned down I could stay up ter the store, and buy jack-knives and eat peanuts instead of lugging sap."
Ellis, left alone for the long evening, replenished the fire and the sap kettle, made everything secure, and then closing the door between this ell kitchen

and the living rooms, that the steam from the boiling sap might not pervade the house, sat down to his book. A half hour passed, and he started out to look after the fire; opening the door, a perfect cloud of smoke rushed into his face. He jumped back, bringing the door, the handles of which he still held, with him.

"The house is on fire," he gasped; "where are my wits. I camenear losing them." Taking a silk handkerchief he dipped it in water, and tied it over his mouth, and also dipping an old felt hat in water he drew it over his head. Thus equipped for his service he took the pail, went out the door, and entering the ell from the outside, went for the fire like an old fireman. The door of the brick arch was open, and great sticks of blazing wood had been drawn out upon the yellow pine floor. The smoke was thick, but going to the cistern of running water in the corner of the room, he rapidly dipped it dry, throwing the water upon the starting point of the flames.

He emptied the sap-tub in like manner before fetching water from the brook in the garden. As he went back and forth he filled his lungs with fresh air by shouting, "Fire! Fire! Fire!" at the top of his voice having all the time the impression that his lusty shouts were only whispers, and that he was an hour, at least, in going for every pail of water. He was keeping the fire from spreading toward the main part of the house, but it was making headway in the direction of the woodsheds, when the merry music of bells was heard, and a passing load of boys, on their way to the lyceum, drove into the yard. They tumbled out of the sleigh and fell to work, while the owner dashed on to the village for help. Before many minutes had passed there were reinforcements enough on the ground to save the house and barn, but the ell was a blackened mass of smoking ruins when Mr. Bennett and his family returned, Jonas riding as usual on the sleigh runner.

"Ready cash enough now," he shouted, "bay windys and piazzas, just as Miss Ellen said. Why didn't ye let it all burn, Mr. Ellis? I set it agoin' for ye."
"Jonas set it," ran from lip to lip. "Ellen told him to. She wanted a new house with piazzas and bay-windows. She always was a proud mix. Of course they will get no insurance. Ellen and Jonas ought to be arrested. Some one must report the affair to the insurance agents!"
This was so effectually done that next morning the agent came, accompanied by an officer, to investigate, and with papers made out to arrest poor Ellis, who, quite badly burned, wholly exhausted, and unable to speak aloud, was tucked on the sitting-room lounge.

"I am looking for ready money," explained Jonas, who was poking with a stick in the ashes as they drove up; "but I can't find none, and I want'er go down and buy a jack-knife. Miss Ellen said a fire would turn the house into ready cash, and I reckoned there'd be a heap on't."
The men looked at each other as if wondering what their duty was in the premises, and Mr. Bennett explained, "It all came of one of Ellen's thoughtless speeches. And of my keeping a half wit in my family because I got him without wages, instead of sending him to the State school for weak-minded children as my duty was," added Mr. Bennett.

The upshot of the matter was, Mr. Bennett, after a great deal of talk, got his insurance, Jonas was sent to the school, a new ell was built, with a bay-window and a portico. Ellis became a local hero, and Ellen, after her first shame and confusion, and desire to bite off her own tongue, decided to use it more circumspectly; but the story that she coaxed a foolish boy to set her father's house on fire, so that a new one might be built with the insurance money, still clings to her, and no matter how many times the matter is explained away, it arises phoenix-like, an ever recurring reminder of the girlish folly of making pert, smart, senseless speeches.—Christian at Work.

"I'll Stir The Batter."

A dear, beautiful little boy in Pennsylvania, signed the temperance pledge at one of the temperance-meetings held for children. A short time afterwards his mother was busy in the kitchen, preparing cakes and pies. "Davy," she said, "go up to the closet and bring down the whisky jug. I want some for these mince-pies."
Davy, as was his habit, instantly obeyed. But as he went dancing upstairs, the thought came to him, "Can you, a temperance boy, carry a whisky jug?"
He stopped right there and decided the question. Then hurrying back to the kitchen, he said:

"O, mamma! I cannot carry a whisky jug. I've signed the pledge; but I'll stir the batter while you go."
Without a word the mother gave into his little hands the spoon with which she was stirring the batter, and went herself to bring the jug. She felt a strange, choking sensation in her throat, but she walked up those stairs with a firm tread, and seized the jug. When she came down, the dear little fellow was beating at the dough with all his might. His eyes followed her as she went to the sink and began to empty out the contents of the jug.

"What are you doing, mamma?"
"I'm emptying out the whisky. We'll not have any more in our mince pies."
"O, mamma! do you mean it?"
"Yes; I mean to use lemons instead."
"Goodey, goodey! I'm so glad. Then I can eat them, too, can't I, mamma?"
"Yes, my dear; and mamma will never make anything again that her dear little boy can't eat."
"Goody, goodey! we're going to have temperance pies!"
And Davy fairly danced up and down the kitchen, as the whisky gurgled out of the jug into the sink.

Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing.

What a Little Girl Did.

A good many years ago, a little girl of twelve years was passing the old brick prison in the city of Chicago, on her way to school, when she saw a hand beckoning to her from behind a cell window, and heard a weary voice asking her to please bring him something to read.

For many weeks after that, she went to the prison every Sunday, carrying the poor prisoner each time a book to read, from her father's library. At last, one day, she was called to his death-bed.

"Little girl," said he, "you have saved my soul; promise me that you will do all your life for the poor people in prison what you have done for me."

The little girl promised, and she has kept her promise. Linda Gilbert has been all her life the steadfast friend of the prisoner. She has established good libraries in many prisons, visited and helped hundreds of prisoners; and from the great number of whom she has helped, six hundred are now, to her certain knowledge, leading honest lives. Prisoners from all parts of the country know and love her name, and surely the God of prisoners must look upon her merciful work with interest.

And all this because a little girl heard and heeded the call to help a suffering soul.—Baptist Reflector.

The Origin of Phrases.

During a battle between the Russians and Tartars a private soldier of the former cried out: "Captain, I've caught a Tartar." "Bring him along," said the officer. "He won't let me," was the response. Investigation proved that the captive had the captor by the arm and would not allow him to move. So "catching a Tartar" is applicable to one who has found an antagonist too powerful for him.

The infamous Catherine de Medici had her favorite palace, the Louvre, supplied with automatic tubes in such a way that what was uttered aloud in one room was heard by her in any other. Therefore, matters which it was considered advisable to be kept from her knowledge were discussed in whispers, because the "walls had ears."

In ancient times the English were wont to cover their floors with rushes; and when visitors of distinction were expected fresh rushes were substituted for the old. The change was not made if the visitors were ordinary people, who were regarded "not worth a rush;" later "not worth a straw."
Formerly in London, when a small dealer brought bread of a baker, for every dozen loaves purchased he was given an extra loaf as his profit; from which circumstance "a baker's dozen" signifies thirteen.

Home Hints.

WHOLE CHERRIES.—Boil two pounds of sugar with two glasses of water, and clarify it with whites of two eggs. Skim the syrup and put it into four pounds of fine cherries without their stalks or stones, but as whole as possible. Add some fine extract of vanilla and let the whole infuse on the fire; but by no means let it boil; let it infuse for at least five minutes.

PICNIC SANDWICHES.—Mix one spoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of mustard, one good pinch of cayenne and gradually add one cup of vinegar. Now chop fine some boiled ham, tongue or corned beef and moisten with the above mixture. Spread on thin slices of bread and butter, and you have a sandwich that will not be unacceptable to a hungry person at home or in the woods.

"I have never been in a hurry; I have always taken plenty of exercise; I have always tried to be cheerful, and I have taken all the sleep that I needed." These were the rules of health followed by the late Rev. James Freeman Clarke, and he outlived and outworked most of those who began life with him.—Boston Herald.

Young Folks' Column.

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

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

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

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 28.)

N. B.—Solutions to prize puzzles.

1.—"Stolen waters are sweet."
Prov. 9:17.

2.—S

NET
ABNER 1 Sam. 14:15
ANANIAS Acts 5:5
SANBALLAT Neh. 2:10
SENNACHERIB 2 Kings 18:13
FAITHLESS
GENESIS
TARAH Gen. 18:9
AIR
B

3.—Jochebed. (Mother of Moses—
Ex. 6:20.)

4.—Hen—a—dad * * Henadad.
(Ezra 3:9.)

5.—Mat—tan * * Mattan. (2 Kings
11:18.)

6.—A—brah—M Gen. 17:5.
B—arjon—A Matt. 16:17.
R—aimen—T 1 Tim. 6:8.
A—danan—T Ezek. 3:9.
H—amat—H Josh. 19:35.
A—postl—E Eph. 1:1.
M—atthe—W Matt. 9:9.
ABRAHAM. MATTHEW.

The Mystery—No. 31.

We urgently beg of our young folk to continue their kind offices in behalf of the column set apart for their amusement and instruction. Lend us all the aid you can. Contributions of all kinds, and solutions to "The Mystery" are respectfully solicited. All contributions are welcome.

N. B.—Last batch of puzzles in the "Van" Prize Competition, contributed by "Ada," Port La Tour, N. S., aged 15.

1.—CHARADE.

My first is a quadruped;
My second is to convey.
The two when combined
Are useful every day.

2.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 4, 2, 6, 7, 8 is an herb; my 3, 1, 2 is a fish; my 5, 6, 8 is used by many. My whole is a quadruped.

3.—CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

In Eve, but not in Adam;
"Miss," " " "Madam;
"Cat," " " "Dog;
"Tree," " " "Log;
"Once," " " "Twice;
"Rat," " " "Mice;
"Pine," " " "Spruce;
"Bear," " " "Moose.
My whole is a noted name.

4.—DIAMOND.

A letter; before; large; to take food; a letter.

The Mystical Circle.

WHY do not our contributors continue the same interest as when prizes are offered? "Van" and Melissa Pinkney both write us but neither send a puzzle or solution. Dear young friends, have you no sympathy for our untiring efforts? We need aid. All friends being well we shall open another prize contest during August, but our young should not wait for these prize competitions.

UNCLE NED.

Our Letter Box.

LOWER PRINCE WILLIAM.
July, 13th 1888.

UNCLE NED:—The prize book sent me was received in due time. I am very much pleased with it. Thanks. I am sorry no more tried for the prizes, but perhaps there will be more next time. They brought out one good list anyway—the one published last issue. I am trying to solve his whole list. Perhaps I will. We should have more puzzles from the same pen. Hoping soon to have another contest opened, I remain as ever, your friend,
"VAN."

MELBOURNE, YARMOUTH, N. S.
July 18th, 1888.

DEAR UNCLE NED:—I received my prize on July 11th. I was very much pleased with it, and think it is very good. I thank you very much for it. From your friend,
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Chief Superintendent
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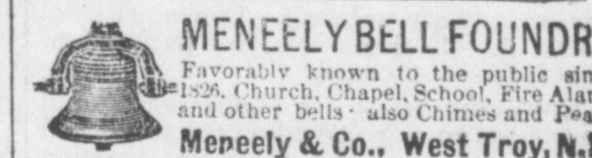
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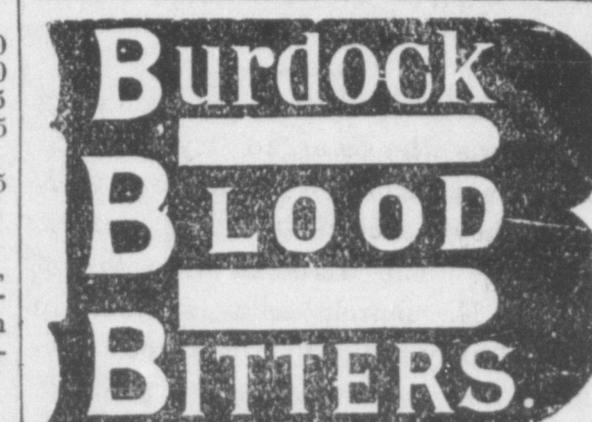
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