

Misunderstood.

Two little sand-heaps by the sea,
As much alike as pea and pea.

Beside one heap a little lad
With serious eyes, and all intent
Upon his work, with patience had
Molded a mound, and as I went
Past him, I wondered what it meant.
"A pie?" I asked. "A fort!" he said.

Two little sand-heaps by the sea,
As much alike as pea and pea.

Beside the other pile of sand
There sat a tiny gold-haired maid;
She patted with her baby hand
The warm white hillock, and I said,
"That is a noble fort you've made."
"No, 'tis a pie!" she answered me.

Two little sand-heaps by the sea,
As much alike as pea and pea.

We grown folk hardly understand
The happy fancies children have:
Play amid the sea-beach sand
That is washed white by many a wave,
The boy would be a patriot brave;
A housewife would his sister be!

Two little sand-heaps by the sea,
As much alike as pea and pea.

—Harper's Young People.

Fred Wildman's Two Hundred Dollars.

"I tell you, mother, it's coming somehow."
"I don't see how, Fred."
"There it is! It's just coming over the hill now!"
"What? The two hundred dollars?"
"You know I meant the stage-coach," the boy answered, with a laugh. Then he added, in a more thoughtful tone, "But I guess part of the money is on that coach."
The speakers were a mother and her fifteen-year-old boy. They were standing on the doorstep of a little, old, brown, hip-roofed house. In one direction, the road up which they were looking stretched its dusty length to the town and railroad four miles away. In the other, it reached out toward the ocean, which the two could hear tumbling its waves over the sands and against the big rocks of the shore.

When the coach had passed, the boy said, "Now, mother, I'm going to the hotel; and you see if I don't find something to do!"
At the hotel all was bustle when Fred mounted the piazza. He paused to look about him, and was attracted by a child's voice that was pleading: "Mother, won't you let me go? Please do, mother. I'll be very careful. I won't fall into the water."
Then a lady's voice answered: "No, Carl! I told you that I am too tired to go with you; and I don't like to trust you alone. Mother is sorry, Carl. She will go with you to-morrow; and I would give a good deal if there were some one you could go with now."

Fred turned and looked at the speakers. They were a lady, who appeared weak and weary, and a fourteen-year-old boy, who was looking with longing eyes toward the shore, with its rocks and sands and waves. For a moment, he stood irresolute. Then, with flushed face and cap in hand, he approached the two, and almost stammered out, "I beg your pardon."
"What for, pray?" asked the lady, with a look of surprise.
This gave him courage; and he went on: "I overheard what you said just now; and, if you want some one to go to the beach with Carl, I shall be glad to do it, and you can give me what is right. I was looking for something to do."

school again, and was doing all he could to earn the two hundred dollars he needed.
"I have almost twenty-five of it already," he said proudly. "I earn fifty cents a week driving cows morning and evening. I work on the farms some, and sometimes get as much as fifty cents a day."
The lady laughed, and said: "I have been talking with the hotel manager about you. Now you take this for this afternoon, and come back at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, and I think I can tell you of something more profitable than farming."
A few minutes later Mrs. Wildman was startled by having a new silver quarter flung into her lap and hearing the excited words of her boy, who was heated and panting because of his haste.
"Mother! mother!" he cried: "a lady gave me that for taking care of her little boy for an hour."
And he told the story of the afternoon.
There is no need of describing the busy ten weeks that followed. His patroness at the hotel found other children besides her own for Fred to care for,—children whose parents were glad thus to gain more rest and pleasure for themselves. He became popular with the little ones that sometimes, when he planned a particularly attractive excursion for them, he had more applicants than he could safely receive to his party. Besides all this, other means of earning money presented themselves. And better than all was the fact that, before the summer was far gone, Carl's mother had made the acquaintance of Mrs. Wildman, and the two had become such good friends that in the autumn arrangements were made by which the four lived together in the same city home, and Fred was able to attend the public schools.
But what about his two hundred dollars? He is a good book-keeper, and this question is best answered by copying the page on which he summarized his cash receipts:—
Driving cows 11 weeks @ .50 . \$ 5.50
Working on farms 43 days @ .50 21.62
Reading to Mr. Black 21 hrs @ .25 5.25
Mrs. Farwell 63 hrs @ .25 15.75
Driving for ladies 44 hrs @ .10 4.40
Caring for boys—1 boy 952 hours @ .17 164.84
For various errands 7 35
Total.....\$224.77
—Presbyterian.

Rebuke and Repenting.
Jimmy Howard was twelve years old, and away from home for the first time in his life. His mother was an invalid and his parents had sent him to a boarding school. He had expected it would be great fun, and he had enjoyed his first day very much; but it was ended, and here he was in his room with four other boys, and he had promised his mother to read a few verses in his Testament and also pray every night.
"I can't," he said to himself, "I know these fellows never pray; how full of fun they are."
"But you promised," conscience whispered.
"My mother never half knew how hard it would be, or she would never have asked me. Why, I shouldn't wonder if they threw their shoes at me. There wouldn't be any comfort praying that way. I'll just jump into bed and say my prayers there, and I'll read my Testament to-morrow when they're not looking."

So he quieted the voice of conscience and slipped into bed, pulled the clothing over his face to shut out the clatter, and tried to pray. But he was not happy, and the words would not come. Presently it grew quiet, and he heard one of the boys say: "John, it's your turn to read tonight."
And then he listened as John read aloud the fifth chapter of Ephesians.
"This is my verse, boys," John said, as he finished. "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit."
"That one about 'Redeeming the time' is mine," said one of the others.
"Seems to me that one about 'foolish talking and jesting' comes home to us pretty well. I never knew that was in the Bible, did you, John?"
"Yes, mother read it to me once, but it is an awful hard one to live up to."

"What is your verse?" he asked of a lazy-looking boy, who was lounging on the foot of the bed.
"I haven't any," he drawled out.
"Where's the new boy?" asked John. Then seeing where he was: "I say, Jimmy Howard, ain't you ashamed of yourself to get into bed without saying your prayers?"
"Yes, I am, sure as you're alive," the boy said, rolling out of bed a regular little coward: "I thought you'd all laugh at me, and I couldn't stand it."
And as he dropped upon his knees with the others, he remembered a Sunday school lesson of several months

before about the prophet Elijah, under the juniper tree, bewailing the fact that he was the only one who did not worship Baal, when there were thousands in Israel who had not bowed the knee to that false god.
The next day Jimmy Howard wrote to his mother a full confession of his wrong, not forgetting to tell how he had been comforted, while begging for forgiveness, in the thought that the great prophet Elijah had at one time been just as weak and cowardly as he.

Not To Be Stopped.
"A little girl had learned the verse, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me,' to repeat at a concert. She stepped on the platform and began, 'Suffer—' It was her first attempt at public recitation. She was frightened and stopped for a moment, then courageously began again, 'Suffer little children'—The third time she looked with dismay at the upturned faces and stopped. With a last grand effort she repeated, not exactly the verse, but these words: 'Jesus wants us all to come to him, and don't anybody try to stop us.'"
"Which was better, to repeat the exact words, or to have their meaning burned into her little heart?"

BENEFIT OF A SPONGE-BATH.—A prominent physician, speaking of special baths and their uses, mentions the sponge-bath, the form of bathing where the water is applied to the surface through the medium of cloth or sponge, no part of the body being plunged in the water. He says the practice of systematic daily sponge-bathing is one giving untold benefits to its followers. Let a person, not over strong, subject to frequent colds from slight exposure, the victim of chronic catarrh, sore throat, etc., begin the practices of taking a sponge bath every morning, commencing with tepid water in a warm room (not hot), and following the sponging with friction that will produce a warm glow over the skin, and take five minutes' brisk walk in the open air. See if you do not return with a good appetite for breakfast. After having used tepid water for a few mornings, lower the temperature of the bath until cold water can be borne with impunity.

Home Hints.
If the cover is moved from soap-dishes, the soap will not get soft.
When flat-irons become rusty, black them with stove polish, and rub well with a dry brush.
Silver can be kept bright for months by being placed in an airtight case with a good sized piece of camphor.
Do not keep ironed clothes on bars in the kitchen any longer than is necessary for thoroughly drying. They gather unpleasant odors.
Mohogany and cherry furniture often gets dull for want of a good cleaning with a moist cloth. Polish with the hand, rubbing well, and the result will be surprising.
Windows can be cleaned in winter and the frost entirely removed by using a glass of alcohol to a pint of hot water. Clean quickly and rub dry with a warm chamois skin.
An old and reliable English cook-book gives the following receipt as an oil-cloth restorer: Melt one-half of an ounce of beeswax in a saucer of turpentine. Rub the surface all over with it and rub it with a dry cloth.

The Mystery—No. 47.
No. 306.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.
(BY ANNIE, Nashwaakiss.)
1. Where is, "For he is like a refiner's fire and a fuller's soap?"
2. Where is, "Lady" mentioned?

No. 307.—CHARADE.
(BY ETHEL J. KERR, Williamsburg.)
My first is always found in my second.
My whole is an apartment.

No. 308.—ENIGMA.
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)
In apple, not in plum;
In moon, not in drum;
In cat, not in cat;
In lion, not in bear;
In iron, not in brass;
In man, not in boy.
Whole is a girl's name.

No. 309.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.
(BY "BIBLE STUDENT," Brooklyn, N. S.)
A letter; a color; a man's name; a cavern; a letter.

No. 310.—WORD SQUARE.
(BY B. V. C., Highland Village, N. S.)
1. A shed. 2. A tree. 3. To go or come to see. 4. To dispossess by judicial process. 5. A girl's name.

No. 311.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.
(BY "VAX," Lower Prince William.)
A consonant; used by the disciples, a brother of Abram; a kind of fish; three-quarters of a rake; a letter from Moses.

No. 312.—PIED PUZZLE.
(BY F. B. SHAW, Brooklyn, N. S.)
"Lkoo ton pouh het nwie nehwi ti si der, henew ti vighte sit loroc ni eht puc."

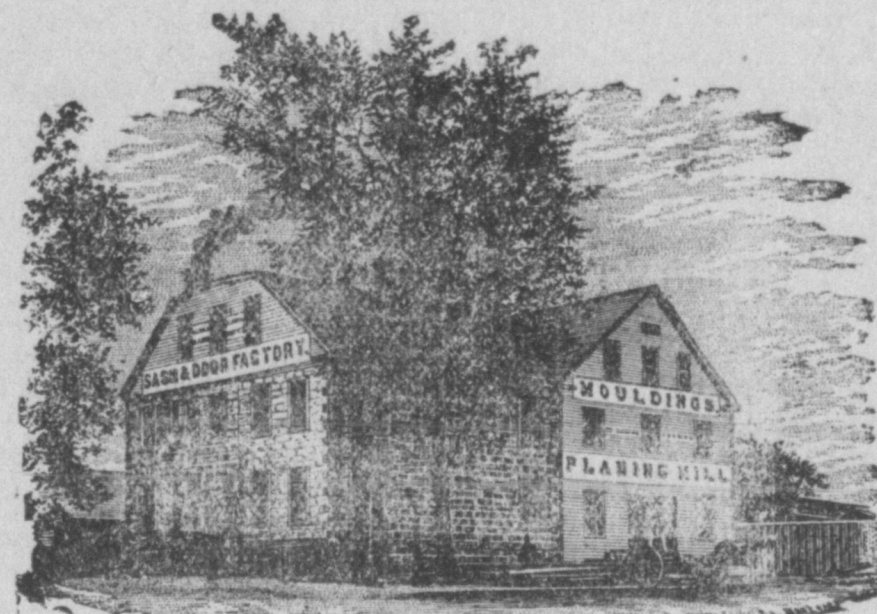
No. 313.—WORD SQUARE.
(BY MABEL GILMORE, Stanley.)
*** Part of the body.
*** An animal.
*** A colour.

No. 314.—DROP LETTERS.
(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)
1. "o-u-t-t-e-t-a-a-e-i-h-y-o-r-n-w-n-a-d-e-o-s-r-n-t-t-m-n-l-s-r-n-d-i-k."
2. "l-a-e-i-h-w-o-e-r-n-g-e-s-o-s-r-f-r-i-e-w-o-e-i-i-c-v-r-d."
3. "t-o-p-d-r-a-e-o-d-i-h-e-h-n-s-n-i-k-n-s-a-u-e."
4. "e-a-l-h-n-s-e-o-e-e-t-y-n-i-o-d-r."

The Mystery solved in three weeks.
The Mystical Circle.
PRIZE STORIES on the life of Abraham have been received from Emma L. Larkin, East Pubnico, N. S.; Lauretta Vandine, Knoxford, C. Co. CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, our esteemed contributor, will please accept thanks for puzzles.
ETHEL J. KERR, Williamsburg, has our sincere thanks for the fine batch of puzzles. They were very acceptable.
ANNIE L. BREWER, Nashwaakiss, will kindly accept of our thanks for the nice puzzles. We are indeed glad to hear from another new niece, and hope we may hear from many more new nieces, and nephews too, as well as a number of old ones. Nos. 280, 283, 284, 287, 278, 282, 270 and 281 correctly solved.
As there was only one Alliteration story the winner is easily determined "Appleblossom" has it. See the story below.

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