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An Inquisitive Boy.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

From early dawn he roamed about,  
With glance inquisitorial,  
And in the house, likewise without,  
He left some sad memorial.

No one could tell from those mild eyes  
What his remote intention was;  
He loved to waylay and surprise,  
And startling his invention was.

A violin he broke in fun,  
And afterward its brother flute,  
To see what made the tune in one,  
And also made the other too.

The saddest in a dolly packed  
For him a wild attraction had;  
A watch he could not leave intact—  
From this great satisfaction had.

He dug to see how grass grew,  
A bicycle he took apart;  
Folks looked up all their books—they knew  
He loved to take a book apart.

A drum had wondrous charms for him  
To see just where the noise came out;  
With him around the chance was slim  
That, unbroke, any toys came out.

But as he prowled about one day  
With hungry curiosity,  
And near the cradle chanced to stray,  
He shook it with velocity.

Packed out to bed, ere he could sup,  
His lips a gentle sigh came from;  
Because he stirred the baby up  
To find out where the cry came from.

—Our Boys and Girls.

What the Liquor Did.

"Papa, dear, why will you drink any more? Mamie's papa doesn't drink, and she says he never came home drunk in his life. Oh, I wish my papa did not drink!" So spoke, in broken words, a little girl of a few summers, to her drinking and half-drunken father. Her words were idle words only, as they served to madden the man who had forgotten how to love his darling.

"Do you see that saloon across the way, Miss Sue?"

"Yes, papa; but you won't go there any more; will you?"

"Do you see that my bottle here is empty?"

"Yes, papa, and I am so glad."

"You take that bottle and go to the saloon and get it filled, or you'll get the strap in a jiffy."

"I'll take the strap. I have had it very often, you know; but I cannot go to the saloon for liquor."

Enraged, like the madman he was, with willing hand he cruelly beat his little one—the spotless little one, God-given—and then, catching the bottle, away he went on the errand his child would not run. A glass, and another glass he drank off, and then with filled bottle he returned to his home to make it the hell he so often had made it before.

"Come here, Sue," said the drunken father, "I have something good for you. What is good for me, will not hurt you, and you must swallow this cup of drink. A little girl that drinks herself will hardly call her father a drunkard any more."

"Papa, I don't call you a drunkard, but all the children do at the school; and I do wish you were not a drunkard. I cannot take the drink papa. You must not ask me to. You may whip your little girl again, if you will; but she will not take the drink."

"Take it you will, miss, or you will never take another thing."

Dear little Sue kneels beseechingly before her maniac and brutal father, clenches her teeth against the cup, and silently lifts her prayer to Heaven. Poor child! Her work is done, and her prayer seems vain, save a personal preparation. In an instant her head is dashed to the floor, and her skull is fractured. She breathed but a few times, and her amen is said in heaven. Her poor mother was not quick enough to save the threatened life; but she snatched up the mangled form of her dead child, and rushes into the street. Nearly crazed, and scarcely knowing what she does, she makes her way to the saloon, whence, but a few moments before, her husband had emerged, and holding up her dead darling to the keeper, cried, "Behold your work! Behold your work!" Thus far she spoke, and then her poor heart gave way, and then she fell dead with her dead child at the brutal man's feet.

A few hours pass, and the drunken father recovers from his horrible debauch, and learns that his wife and child are dead. For a sober mind this was too much. Neither would he live longer. But a few hours pass from the death of Sue, before the family of three all sleep in death. With the concealed revolver the father and husband had blown out his brains, and the triple tragedy was over.

A sad hour was that, when, for miles around, the people met and mourned over the three icy forms. Strong words did the minister speak, not of consolation, for there was little in this direction that could be said, but

of denunciation. The saloon-keeper was held morally responsible by him, and one and all could see that the people regarded his verdict altogether righteous. But this did not affect the keeper or his work—the law licensed him and would protect his traffic. He was a murderer, and his victims were three in number; but while the service of mourning was going on his own business was uninterrupted, and as the three icy forms were borne to the grave, the hearse and procession passed by his open saloon. It was not for him to care what the liquor did.—*Ex.*

Black Kettles.

It was nothing but a black old kettle standing on the stove, but it did the work of a reformer.

"It's a miserable world," complained Patty, "and I'm just fitted for it; everything is dark and disagreeable and horrid, and I am, too. O, dear!"

There was a mournful little wail in Patty's voice as she concluded her statement and turned to go upstairs.

"Patty—Patty Evans!" cried Aunt Lucindy. "For pity's sake, child, you're not going off and leave me now, are you?—all this on my hands, too, and baby cross as X, and your uncle coming cross—and the boards!"

For the land's sake! isn't that kettle—Patty Evans, do hurry and wash it." And Aunt Lucindy tossed her X-baby into the cradle.

"It's forever kettles," cried poor Patty, "kettles, kettles, kettles! And every one just as black!—and they might be pretty and clean!—I've half a mind to try it; what would Aunt Lucindy say! But she's in a hurry and I can't." And the kettle, outwardly as unpleasant to behold as ever, was placed back again on the stove with an energy that spoke volumes for fourteen-year-old Patty's strength and temper.

But the thought of the novelty that a bright, clean kettle would be, haunted Miss Patty until in her first leisure moment she set herself to try the experiment.

"There!"

There was a world of exultation in Patty's voice as she swung the shining iron around.

"There! Why need it always be horrible, when it might really be beautiful in its way? Why can't it wear its afternoon dress?"—and Patty laughed at her own fancy—"in the mornings and have a clean face always, I'd like to know? Why—but I'm just like the kettle myself! I suppose—I'm—good for something—just as that was this morning; but it doesn't count for much. I wonder if folks feel 'scrinkled up' when they see me mornings, same as I do when I look at that kettle?"

It was a very good question to "wonder" about, I am sure, and Patty found it very interesting, although hardly pleasant; but she was not the girl to drop the subject because of that.

"I wonder if—well—I'm going to be a Christian Endeavor-er in this, too," she said thoughtfully. "I'm going to wear my afternoon smooth hair and whole aprons in the morning, and not look 'black as a thunder-cloud' when I'm helping around, and then it won't take so much time to dress up for afternoons. And I'm going to make 'drudgery divine' as the minister said, for Jesus' sake."—*Sunday School Times.*

A Dreaded Task.

A task never grows smaller or lighter by sitting down and lamenting that it must be done, and there is an old maxim that teaches us that a thing "once begun is half done."

A farmer friend of mine has a boy of fourteen years, named Billy, who I like a good many other boys of my acquaintance. His heart is heavy, and a cloud immediately overspreads his mental horizon when he is asked to make himself useful.

"Billy," said Mr. H., one day when I was out to the farm, "why don't you go to work on that little patch of potatoes?"

"Aw," whined Billy, "there's so many of them taters I'll never get them hoed."

"You won't if you don't begin soon."

"I hate to begin."

"How are you ever going to do the work if you don't begin?"

"Well, I'll begin pretty soon."

His father walked away, and I heard Billy exclaim, in a tone indicating great mental distress:

"Plague on them old taters! It makes me sick to think about them."

"Why do you think about them then?" I said, laughingly.

"I've got to," he replied, dolefully with a sorrowful shake of the head.

"I've been thinking about them ever since I got up this morning."

"How long, now, Billy, will it really take you to hoe them?"

"Well, at least an hour."

"And you've been distressed about it ever since you got up!"  
"Well, I hate to hoe taters."  
"And you've been up a little more than five hours?"  
"Well, I, I—" Billy began to grin, took up his hoe and said, "I never thought of that!"  
And the potatoes were hoed in just forty minutes.  
He doubles a task who dreads it.—*Golden Days.*

Two Sides of a Story.

"I declare, I believe I'll never speak to that Jack Crane again. He's the meanest fellow in school. He cheats in all his lessons, never plays fair in a game, and he's the biggest tell-tale I ever saw."

Harry Crowell said all this in one breath, as he flung his books in one chair, and himself in another, on his return from school.

"Are you entirely discouraged in your efforts to make Jack a better boy?" asked Mrs. Crowell. "Have you tried every way you can think of excepting this?"

"Why, I don't know," said Harry slowly, "as we have—exactly—tried at all. He ought to be good himself."

"Is that any reason why you other boys shouldn't help him?"

"I suppose not, but we don't like him. He has never been anything but mean since he came to our school. We don't have any more to do with him than we can help."

"Indeed! I should say you were responsible for a great deal of his meanness, then. How does he cheat in his lessons?"

"If we have a hard arithmetic lesson he copies the answer out of a key."

"What do the rest of you do?"

"We work our examples together honestly, and help each other."

"Do you ever ask him to join you?"

"Of course not, because we don't like him."

"In playing games, if there is any dispute, does any one ever side with him?"

"Not very often."

"If you don't tell tales on him, do you ever try very hard to get him out of a scrape?"

"Don't try at all. Now, mamma do you suppose if we did all these things he would be any better?"

"Try it and see."

If there is more than one Jack Crane, we advise all schoolmates also to "try it and see."—*S. S. Visitor.*

The Industrious Squirrel.

A Danbury farmer points to the squirrel as affording an instance of agility, quickness and hard work. Last fall he stored several bushels of butternuts in the second story of his corn house, and recently he noticed that they disappeared much faster than the legitimate demands for his family supply warranted. He discovered soon afterward that a squirrel, a small red one, which the farmers' boys call "chipmunks," had found a hole under the eaves of the building, and was stocking her storehouse with the nuts the farmer had gathered. As an experiment to learn how rapidly the squirrel had worked, he removed all but twenty of the nuts, and set a watch upon them. Six hours afterward every nut was gone. The distance from the corn house to the tree where the squirrel had its nest was just eighty rods. In going for a nut and returning with it, the sprightly little animal had to travel a distance of 160 rods. Computation showed that theft of the twenty nuts required just ten miles of travel. But this does not include all. Several times dogs frightened the squirrel, and it had to turn back, and twice the family cat got after it, requiring it to take a circuitous route to reach the storehouse. The nest was examined soon afterward, and a big, fat, lazy male squirrel was found snoozing quietly, while his little mate was performing a prodigious feat to supply him with food.

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK.

CASE SEPTEMBER, KINGS CO., N. B.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

Attempt the end, never stand in doubt  
Nothing's so hard, search it and it out.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 20.)

No. 126.—1. Jer. 43:9, 10. 2. 2 Saml. 11:8. 3. 2 Saml. 11:21. 4. 2 Chron. 25:11. 5. Jer. 19:14.

No. 127.—W O L F  
O P A L  
L A N E  
F L A N E

No. 128.—"Who hath made man's mouth?"—Ex. 4:11.

No. 129.—1 Tim. 1:15. No. 130.—Humdrum.

No. 131.—Mouse.

The Mystery—No. 23.

No. 146.—HOLLOW-STAR.

BY E. LIZZIE GALLAGHER, Williamsburg.

1\*  
4\* \* \* \* \* 5\*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
2\* \* \* \* \* 3\*  
6\*  
1 to 2, made firm.  
1 to 3, got there.  
4 to 6, done again.  
5 to 6, tasted.  
4 to 5, registers.  
2 to 3, penetrated.

No. 147.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(BY MARY CLARKSON, Williamsburg.)

1. The fruit of a tree. 2. A part in music. 3. To fall in drops. 4. An oblong pulpit. 5. A carriage. 6. A notion. 7. To pass lightly along the surface. 8. A case for small articles. 9. A tune.  
Primals, a genus of passerine birds.  
Finals, an order of insects.

No. 148.—SQUARE WORD.

(BY MABEL L. GILMORE, Williamsburg.)

A flat surface; to assist; disorder; a vessel; a girl's name.

No. 149.—QUERY.

(BY "APPLEBLOSSOM," Carlton, N. S.)

What Bible names signify, (a) "a servant of light;" (b) "father;" (c) "a mountain of strength;" (d) "mourning;" (e) "sprinkled with dew;" and (f) "father of a multitude?"

No. 150.—BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(BY ETHEL J. KERR, Williamsburg.)

1. Where is, "We are fools for Christ's sake?"  
2. Where, "Taste not, touch not, handle not?"  
3. Where is "Bundle of Myrrh" mentioned?  
4. Where "Pen of iron?"  
5. Where is it said, "Be not among wine-biblers?"

No. 151.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

(BY "WINTERGREEN," Belleisle Bag.)

"Ad wa I sy no yu I aut al, loth."

No. 152.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY B. V. C., Highland Village, N. S.)

In water, not in rain;  
In flour, not in grain;  
In horse, not in mule;  
In square, not in rule;  
In trout, not in fish;  
In platter, not in dish;  
In cotton, not in silk;  
In coffee, not in milk;  
In great, not in small;  
Whole is admired by all.

No. 153.—ACROSTIC.

(BY L. LARKIN, East Pubnico, N. S.)

1. A king of Israel.  
2. A leader of the Israelites.  
3. Captain of the host of the king of Syria.  
4. A man that was smote under the fifth rib.  
5. A son of Gera.  
6. A son of Naom.  
7. A place mentioned in the New Testament.  
8. A place mentioned in the New Testament.  
9. A ruler of the Jews.  
10. One to whom Paul appealed.  
11. One of the prophets.  
The initials name infinite wisdom.

The Mystical Circle.

EDWIN GRISWOLD, Port La Tour, N. S., correctly solves all of No. 19, except Nos. 124 and 125. Good. Send us some puzzles, please.

CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, has our sincere thanks for the excellent puzzles sent. Nos. 127 and 129 correctly solved.

GRACE E. KING, Carleton, N. S., is the second prize competitor for 5 original puzzles. Carrie W. also sends five. Yes, there is nothing like Perseverance! The prizewinners names will be announced soon. Thanks for the puzzles.

"A BIBLE STUDENT," Yarmouth, N. S., is the first to mail us correct solutions to the six(6) puzzles of May 15th. Please send address and name that I may mail your prize. Thanks for puzzles. You are the third in puzzle competition. Come again, and often.

FOLLOWING is "Bible Student's" solution to Charade No. 130:—

The maidens at their household work  
Oft hum in a low sound.  
The soldiers love the beat of drum,  
When to the front their bound.  
With music-bands in time of peace  
The drum adds greatly to the feast,  
And Hum-drum is the "stupid fellow"  
"That props a tiller of the soil."

Carpets may be greatly brightened by first sweeping thoroughly and then going over them with a clean cloth and clear salt and water. Use a cupful of coarse salt to a large basin of water.

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