

# Don't You Care.

What are you crying about, little man? You have a hard lesson, you say? Well, there! Don't you care, That's no sad affair.

You are bound to have those in your day. Be brave, little man, hard work is your plan; You'll come out all right, don't you care.

What are you grumbling about, business man? Dame Fortune is frowning, you say? Well, there! Don't you care, Just act on the square.

She's sure to smile on you some day, Rejoicing, my man, is a very poor plan. You're going to succeed, don't you care.

What are you sorrowing for, aged man? Your end is approaching, you say? Well, there! Don't you care, You have no time to spare, Prepare for your journey away.

Have peace, weary man, 'tis part of God's plan, You are safe in his hand, don't you care.

Frank B. Welch.

# The Boy Who Could Not Be Trusted

Harvey held up his fingers as if there was something in them saying, "Speak for it!" then waited for the dog to take a seat on his hind feet and bark a request for it. But the dog did no such thing; instead, he poked his nose between the rails and looked sultry.

"Why, what a dog!" said Harry Wheeler, who was on a visit to Harvey, and waiting to see the dog perform. "Now, my Frusky, the minute I bring him anything and hold it up, will speak just as plain! Everybody knows now what he says."

"This dog used to do so," Harvey said, looking crossly at him. "I'm sure I don't know what's got into him; he doesn't mind at all. He ought to be whipped."

Just then Miss Lillie Barr came out to see the fun. She was Harvey's sister; she was in time to hear what he said.

"I know just what's got into him, Harvey Barr," she said, "and if I were a dog I would do exactly so. He doesn't believe a word you say. You cheat him all the time. You snap your fingers and say, 'Speak for it!' and you haven't got a thing for him; and he knows it. What would he speak for? If I had a dog I wouldn't cheat him."

"Pshaw!" said Harvey. "As if a dog knew when he was cheated?"

"Why, of course he does! If he doesn't why shouldn't he mind when you spoke to him? He used to ask so nicely for things; but now he knows you are just doing it to fool him."

"Well, he ought to mind, whether I have anything or not," Harvey said. "A dog ought to mind. Anybody who wouldn't mind isn't worth a penny. Papa makes us mind whether he has anything for us or not."

"Oh, Harvey! As if papa ever cheated us! You never heard him say, 'Come here, and I'll give you something,' and then not do it after all!"

"I don't care; if he did so, we would have to mind him."

"But he won't say so, ever, because it isn't right; and I don't think it is right to treat a dog so; it just ruins him—mamma says so. Mamma said Aunt Hattie was bringing up her Tommy just as you bring up your dog. She tells him to be a good boy and she will bring him something. But she always forgets it; and Tommy knows she will. He says, 'Oh, pooh—she won't.' I suppose that is exactly what your dog is saying to himself now."

"Boys are boys, and dogs are dogs," said Harvey; but he jumped down from the fence and went away. He had made up his mind that there was no use in trying to have the dog "speak." Whether it was bad bringing up or not he would not mind.

# How To Succeed.

A gentleman, who is now a prosperous merchant, in conversation with a representative of the *Economist*, said that his life was changed by a simple performance of duty.

"I was clerk behind the counter of a large retail store, in Boston, at a small salary. I had been out of work some time, and when I secured the position in Boston, I was thankful, and made a mental promise that I would perform my duties thoroughly. I had been working for two days with poor success; trade had been quiet, and it was difficult to get any customers. I felt somewhat down-hearted because my counter had been idle for some time. A customer making his appearance I tried my utmost to effect a sale, but, do what I might, I could not please the man. Everything was either too light or too dark, and if the color was selected for his satisfaction, the quality was not what he desired. I have a quick temper, and at times during the transaction I felt that I could strangle the customer; but I quickly curbed my temper and went at him tooth and nail. I felt that my

reputation as a salesman was at stake, and it was a question of conquer or to be conquered. At last I made the sale, and with it came a great satisfaction but I was not done with the man yet. I wanted to sell him more. He said something about sending his wife around to look at some dress goods. I promised to send some samples of new patterns as they arrived. The customer thanked me and said:

"It has taken you a long time to sell me a few goods. Are all of your customers as hard to please as I?"

"It takes some customers but a short time to make their selections, while others wish to go slower; we are bound to please them all," I answered.

"Does it pay your house to devote so much time to so small a sale?" he inquired again.

"Yes," I replied. "I have taken pains to give you what you want. I know you will find the goods as I say. You will have confidence and come again, and the next time it will not take so long."

"After getting his package he walked out of the store. In three days I mailed samples of the new dress goods to his wife, and the circumstance passed entirely out of my mind. In about a month I was transferred to another counter and received a slight advance in wages. Much to my astonishment I was taken away from this department after only a month or six weeks' trial, and placed in another position. I could not believe that I was not giving satisfaction, because with each change an increase of wages was made. One morning I was informed that Mr. B. wished to see me. I was more surprised when I saw sitting beside my employer my customer of a few months back. He proved to be the moneyed partner of the concern, whose other business interests kept him away from the dry goods store almost entirely, and he was known to but few of his employees, although he knew that I was a new man as soon as he saw me, and thought to see what metal I was made of. That he was satisfied is proved by his making me a buyer of the several departments where I sold goods. My prosperity began with the tough customer, and now I thank goodness that I got him, and that I did not show my disposition to strangle him."—*Christian Union*.

# Cousin John's Tablets.

Cousin John came to visit the Porter family. He stayed a week, and the result was that every member of the family, from grandpa down to the school boy Bob, was convinced of his or her own inherent, deep-seated silliness.

Yet Cousin John was neither a scholar nor an author to make them ashamed by contrast. He was not a brilliant nor a profound talker, but a quiet, thoughtful man of ordinary information and abilities.

But Cousin John was deaf; so deaf that no ear-trumpet or any other invention could help him to hear a single sound. Hence he carried on conversation by means of tablets on which his companion wrote while he spoke.

It was these tablets that convicted the Porter family of foolishness.

"I was going," said grandpa, "to tell John the story of how I once came to be elected postmaster, but when I took the pencil in hand I remembered I had written it for him twice since yesterday. You don't mean to tell me that I am given to grinding out old yarns over and over again?"

"Molly and I were talking this morning," said Mrs. Porter, "and he came along and held out his tablets. 'You appear to be intensely interested,' said he. 'Let me share the story.' I declare I couldn't write down that we had been talking for one hour of Bessy's new bonnet!"

The joke which convulsed everybody at the table, when written out in cold black and white, was so intolerably stupid! In the bareness of written word, too, malice and gossip became so malignant and black!

When Cousin John surprised them all leaning forward listening breathlessly to Jane's eager story, and handed her the tablets with an appealing look, she was overcome with mortification. How could she write out the contemptible details of a squabble between the cook and milkman?

The Porter family, thus awakened to their shortcomings, did not sink to sleep again when their guest was gone. Many a pert answer was checked on the lip and replaced by a pleasant smile; many a stupid story left untold; long, eager discussions of trifles or scandalous gossip died out suddenly at the remembrance of Cousin John's whitetables. Thoughtful silence often took the place of incessant, meaningless babble, and the words of the Porters, when spoken, were few, kindly, and to the point.

Would that Cousin John's tablets could come for a brief space into every American household; or better still,

the habit of a brief pause before speech!

We take pains to cleanse and adorn our bodies before we go with them before the public. Yet we hurl our thoughts out to every passer-by with indecent haste, not caring whether they are clean and good and wise or not.—*Selected*.

# Table Rules for Little Folks.

Young people sometimes behave very improperly at the table. I suppose that, in most cases, such behavior is the result of thoughtlessness; but, however that may be, we dislike to see it. Reader, have you fallen into any bad habits at table? If you have I recommend to you the following lines written by the Rev. E. F. Hatfield on purpose for you. And, by the way, if you have not fallen into any such habits, it will not hurt you to read the lines, and even to commit them to memory:

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; I must not play—nor must I sing; I must not talk about my food, Nor fret if I don't think it good; I must not say, "The bread is old," "The tea is hot," "The coffee's cold;" I must not cry for this or that, Nor murmur if my meat is fat; 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 noiseless foot; And lift my heart to God above, In praise for all His wondrous love.

THE CHILDREN NOT TO BLAME.—The people who complain that children are disagreeable often are as much to blame for the fact, when it is a fact, as the children themselves are. Is it not you, madam, who today are commenting upon the self-consciousness of your neighbor's child, who yesterday called attention, in the child's own presence, to the beauty of her hair and the tastefulness of her dress? If people would stop saying foolish and harmful things to children, or about them within their hearing, a prominent cause of the unpleasantness of some boys and girls would cease to operate. There is nothing, except actual solicitation to evil, which judicious parents more dread for their children than such kindly intended, but mischievous remarks. All who have much to do with the young understand this danger.—*Congregationalist*.

EXERCISE FOR GIRLS.—Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford is a strong advocate of daily exercise for girls. She does not care so much about its nature, so long as it is taken regularly. She believes that it is as much the duty of parents to insist upon a certain amount of exercise for their girls, as to insist upon proper diet and clothing.

# Home Hints.

Do not scrape the inside of frying pans, as after this operation any preparation fried is liable to catch or burn to the pan. If the pan has black inside, rub it with a hard crust of bread and wash in hot water mixed with a little soda.

For chapped hands, make camphor-ice of one and one-half ounces of spermaceti tallow, four-teaspoonfuls of oil of sweet almonds and three-fourths of an ounce of gum of camphor, pulverized fine. Put on back of stove until dissolved, stirring constantly, using just enough heat to melt the ingredients together.

As no boy ought to be brought up without learning some business at which he could earn a livelihood, so no girl ought to be brought up without learning the science of self-support. The difficulty is, that many a family go sailing on the high tides of success, and the husband and father depends on his own health and acumen for the welfare of his household; but one day he gets his feet wet, and in three days pneumonia has closed his life and the daughters are turned out on a cold world to earn bread, and there is nothing practical that they can do.

MARBLE CAKE.—Light part—One cup of white sugar, one half cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, whites of three eggs, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, two cups of flour. Dark part—One-half cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of molasses, one-fourth of a cup of milk, one-half of a grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, two cups of flour, yolk of three eggs. Butter the mould, and put in the dark and light batter in alternate teaspoonfuls.

He is dead, whose hand is not open wide To help the need of a human brother; He doubles the life of his life-long ride, Who gives his fortunate place to another; And a thousand million lives are his, Who carries the world in his sympathies.

To deny Is to die.

# Young Folks' Column.

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

# PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

\*\*\*{ If at first you don't succeed, Try, try, try, again. }

# The Mystery Solved.

(No. 45.)

No. 288.—I F II. A  
TIN ANT  
FIXED ANVIL  
NET TIE  
D L

No. 289.—Chair, hair, air, Ai, a.

No. 290.—A—hi—O  
B—ul—B  
I—sl—E  
N—ar—D  
A—bb—E  
D—ea—D  
A—lt—O  
B—ea—M

ABINADAB. OBEDEDOM.

No. 291.—Job 3:19.

No. 292.—"Open rebuke is better than secret love."

No. 293.—Thanksgiving—Nov. 7.

No. 294.—Revelation.

No. 295.— R  
R I B  
R A D I I  
R I D O T T O  
B I T E S  
I T S  
O

# The Mystery—No. 48.

No. 313.—TRANSPPOSITION.  
(BY —, Nashua, N. H.)

"Ey nemrinas to gendaul  
Hatt augrd ruo'tanipe aess,  
Sohew aglf ash rabeved a sundaacht  
easry  
Ht abette nda teh rbzee."

No. 314.—CURTAILMENT.

(BY ETHEL J. KERR, Williamsburg.)  
Whole is an act of endearment.  
Curtail, and I am found in every one in life; } curtail again, I mean management; again, I am a public carriage.

No. 315.—NUMERICAL CHARADE.  
(BY B. V. C., Highland Village, N. S.)  
My 1, 2, 3 is very bright in midday, but not at night;  
My 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 the boot-blacks say on left and right.  
Whole is bright and gladdening, giving all hearts cause to sing.

No. 316.—CHARADE.  
BY "BIBLE STUDENT," Brooklyn, N. S.)  
My first the decalogue contains;  
My second's found in want;  
My whole the landlord oft disdains  
—Unfeeling miscreant.

No. 317.—WORD SQUARE.  
(BY MABEL I. GILMORE, Williamsburg.)  
\*\*\*\* A girl's name.  
\*\*\*\* Costly.  
\*\*\*\* Part of a church.  
\*\*\*\* Space.

No. 318.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.  
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)  
1. A letter; to strike; claws of a bird; a useful article; a letter.  
11. A letter; liquor; part of dress; a verb; a letter.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

# The Mystical Circle.

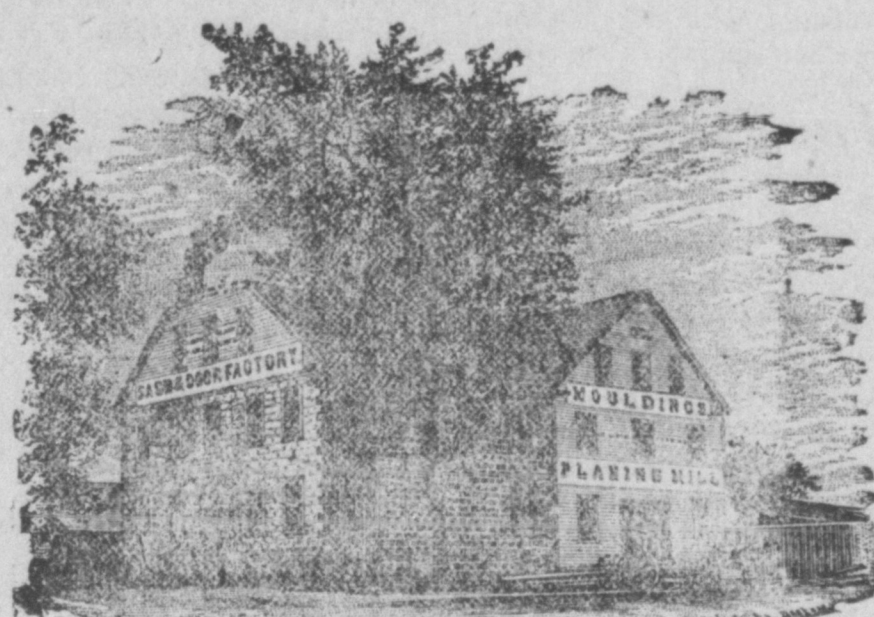
CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, will please accept thanks for the nice batch of puzzles.  
MABEL I. GILMORE, Williamsburg, will also accept thanks for the nice puzzles. Prize Story received.  
Prize-winners will please note that at present the puzzle-editor is out of prize books, but will forward them soon.

# OUR LETTER BOX.

WILLIAMSBURG, Nov. 8, 1889.  
Dear Uncle Ned: I send some puzzles and a story about Abraham. I will send some more puzzles and some answers soon. Wishing the "Column" every success, I remain,  
Your Niece,  
MABEL I. GILMORE.

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2 Ton Stove Pipe;

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