

Conquer Yourself.

It's no use to grumble and sigh,
It's no use to worry and fret,
It's useless to groan or to cry,
Or fling yourself down in a pet.
You'll never be wise or be great,
If you bluster like bees when they swarm;
Tis folly your woes to berate,
And pitch like a ship in a storm.

Don't get in a tantrum and shout
When obstacles rise in your path,
And don't—let me beg of you—pout,
By way of displaying your wrath;
Don't butt out your brins just to spite
Some fancied injustice of Fate,
For time will set everything right,
If you only have patience to wait.

The blustering wind can not chill
The lake, though he ruffles its face,
But the frost, with its presence so still,
Locks it fast in a silent embrace.
So you may win fame beyond price,
And conquer the world with its self,
If you only will heed this advice,
And first learn to conquer yourself.

—Golden Days.

The Boy Who Never Had a Chance.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

"That's just Floyd's luck—promoted to the head of a department, where he's only been clerking eight months! I might have done something, if I'd had his chance!" and Mr. Myron Osborne kicked off his patent leather shoes, put on the handsome plush slippers which his mother had brought for him, and picked up the evening paper.

"Perhaps you might have been promoted if you had stayed at Glenn & Harwood's," suggested his mother, timidly.

"No danger. No such chance for me. I never had a chance." And Mr. Myron indulged in a sigh, as he turned to the account of the last base ball match.

Mrs. Osborne sighed, in her turn, and the pretty eyes, that usually sparkled so warmly in contrast to the wintry whiteness of the soft bands of hair above, grew misty and troubled. Was it quite true that her boy—her dear and only one—had had no "chance"? Surely, she had not meant it to be so!

She had been a widow for a dozen years. The little property which her husband had left for her support and Myron's had, in these years slowly melted away—all save the pretty home, in which she had lived since her wedding day. She had tried to give Myron a chance. There was his schooling, for instance. He had not been a diligent student—he was not well, poor boy!—but she had tried to give him good opportunities. When he was in the grammar school, she had sent him to the business college. He had not liked the business college, and had begged to be allowed to leave it. Then had come successive experiences in law offices, in manufacturing establishments, and in dry goods stores. She had not meant that his studies should be given up; but somehow, he "never had a chance" to resume them.

His business experiences had not been successful. He had not liked his work as office boy. It was all dust and drudgery, and he had declared that he wanted a place where he could work his way up. So he had left the office, and gone into a factory. The lad who took his place as office boy had since read law with the firm, and was tolerably sure of a minor partnership in the near future. But Myron had "never had a chance" for such advancement.

In the factory, Myron had taken the place vacated by a young man who had just been promoted. That young man had since become the superintendent of the establishment, and was a man of power and influence in the community. But Myron had "never had a chance" to attain such success.

Myron had, since leaving the factory, been in a dozen different places. The last had been a clerkship at Glenn & Harwood's, secured through the assistance of an old family friend.

"I did think Myron would like that," thought Mrs. Osborne, with another sigh. Glenn & Harwood are usually very kind to their clerks, and promote them as fast as they think it will at all do. But, for some reason, they didn't promote Myron. Poor boy! I can't wonder greatly that he grew discouraged, when he thought he might have to stand behind a calico counter all his life. But I'm sorry to have him out of employment so long. I don't know what we could have done, if I hadn't been able to get boarders. I believe I'm not so brave and hopeful as I used to be. I am tired all the time, and my head has a dizzy ache in it. I have tried to do my best, but, somehow, things have all gone wrong."

"O mother!" burst out Myron, suddenly. "I didn't tell you, did I, that Carr & Prentiss want a bookkeeper? I was talking with Ned Bosworth this morning, and he asked me why I didn't brush up my business college book-keeping, and take the place. Their

business isn't heavy, and I could easily get the run of things."

"Did you apply for the place?" asked his mother, tremulously.

"Not yet. But I'm pretty sure I can get it. Carr was a friend of father's you know. He won't refuse to give John Osborn's son a position." There was a quick, decisive ring at the door.

"That's Miss Kate!" said Myron. Miss Kate was one of his mother's boarders; and Myron regarded her with that peculiar mingling of awe and jealousy which a man perpetually idle holds for a woman perpetually busy.

Miss Kate paused in the hall for a moment, her graceful little figure framed in the parlor door.

"Congratulations!" she cried, with an excited little laugh. "I've made a step up in the world. I'm Carr & Prentiss's bookkeeper!"

"What!" cried mother and son together.

"Yes," went on the girl, eagerly, quite unconscious of the havoc she was working in two minds. "Mr. Carr asked the principal of the business college, where you know I've been attending night sessions, if he could recommend a bookkeeper, and he spoke of me. I knew there was no time to be lost, so to-night, after I left the store, I went to see Mr. Carr. He had gone from the office, but I followed him home, and got the place. Glenn & Harwood recommended me. They said they were sorry to have me leave the store, but glad that I was going to do something that would be better for myself." And the triumphant little woman paused, quite out of breath.

"That's just the way!" declared Myron, impatiently, when Miss Kate had gone upstairs, "everybody will turn in and help a woman. In these days, a man never has any chance!"

—Chris. Standard.

A Hero.

One day Robert took up a magazine that was lying on the teacher's table. In it he saw a story called "A Hero."

"What is this about?" he cried.

"I want to be a hero."

The story was something like this: A few years ago the traveller through Switzerland might have seen a charming little village, now, alas! no longer in existence. A fire broke out one day, and in a few hours the quaint little frame houses were entirely destroyed. The poor peasants ran around wringing their hands and weeping over their lost homes and the bones of their burned cattle.

One poor man was in greater trouble than his neighbours even. True, his home and the cows were gone, but so also was his son, a bright boy of six or seven years. He wept and refused to hear any words of comfort. He spent the night wandering sorrowfully among the ruins, while his acquaintances had taken refuge in the neighbouring villages.

Just as daylight came, however, he heard a well-known sound, and looking up he saw his favourite cow leading the herd, and coming directly after them was his bright-eyed little son.

"Oh, my son! my son!" he cried, "are you really alive?"

"Why, yes, father. When I saw the fire, I ran to get the cows away to the pasture lands."

"You are a hero, my boy!" the father exclaimed.

But the boy said: "Oh, no! A hero is one who does some wonderful deed. I led the cows away because they were in danger, and I knew it was the right thing to do."

"Ah!" cried his father, "he who does the right thing at the right time is a hero."

Robert read the story two or three times. At last he said: "I wonder now if that is true. 'A hero is one who does the right thing at the right time.' There are plenty of chances for me to be that kind of a hero."

The Potato Game.

Select potatoes of average size and oblong rather than round. Place them on the floor about a foot apart in two rows three or four feet apart down the middle of the double parlors. Have two soup-plates at one end and two silver tea-spoons in the hands of the two who are to play the game. Each of the two will begin by taking up the potato farthest from the plate on the tea-spoon, using only one hand, and depositing it upon the plate at his end of the row. Then the next potato must be taken up and deposited in like manner, and so on to the last. The one who gathers all his potatoes first has the privilege of choosing his successors in the game. The fun of the play is in playing it. It takes some skill to balance a potato on a tea-spoon and run ten or fifteen feet as fast as one can without spilling it. Of course the two who play monopolize the floor, and the rest of the company are wall-flowers, sympathetic on-lookers. There are no forfeits in this game. When you want a hearty laugh, play it.

The Lion and the Dog.

At Vienna, a combat was once exhibited between a lion and some dogs. As soon as the noble animal made his appearance, four large bulldogs were turned loose upon him; but three of them, when they came near him, took fright and ran away. The fourth alone had the courage to attack him. The lion, without rising from the ground, on which it was lying, with a single stroke of his paw instantly stretched the dog motionless. He then drew the dog toward him, and laid his forepaws on him so that only a small part of his body could be seen. The spectators thought the dog was dead. Presently, however, the dog began to move, and struggled to get loose, which the lion permitted him to do. But, when the dog attempted to run away, the lion leaped from the ground, and in two bounds reached fugitive, who had just gained the paling. His defenceless enemy now excited his pity; and the generous lion stepped back a few paces, and looked quietly on while a small door was opened to let the dog out of the enclosure. The assembly shouted loudly in applause. The lion had certainly acted more nobly than the brutish people who arranged the combat.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Carpets should be thoroughly beaten on the wrong side first, and then on the right, after which spots may be removed by the use of ox gall or ammonia and water.

Horse radish cut in thin strips lengthwise and a dozen or more of these strips placed on the top of each keg of pickles will keep them from becoming stale or mouldy.

If you dip your broom into clean hot suds once a week, then shake it till it is almost dry, and then hang it up, or stand it with the handle down, it will last twice as long as it would without this operation.

If ink is spilled on colored goods that will not bear acids, soak them immediately in a sweet milk boiled hot. Hot melted tallow poured through ink spots will also remove them.

When ivory-handled knives become yellow they can be cleansed by rubbing them briskly with emery or sand paper.

A small piece of salt pork boiled with fricasseed chicken will impart a richness to the gravy, and the flavor will be better than if nothing but butter is used.

A teaspoonful of borax, put in the last water in which clothes are rinsed, will whiten them surprisingly. Pound the borax so it will dissolve easily. This is especially good to remove the yellow that time gives to white garments that have been laid away for two or three years.

Moths can be successfully removed from carpets in the following manner: Wring a coarse towel out of clear water, spread it smoothly on the carpet, iron it dry with a good hot iron, repeating the operation wherever the moths are supposed to be. No need to press hard, and the ply or color of the carpet will not be injured, as the moths are destroyed by the heat and steam.

Home Hints.

GINGER SPONGE CAKE.—One cup butter, one cup molasses, one cup sugar, three eggs, four cups flour, one cup sweet milk, one dessert spoon soda, two dessert spoons ginger, grated rind and juice of one lemon.

SCOTCH CAKE.—One-half pound butter, one pound flour, one-quarter pound sugar; flavor with lemon; cream the butter and sugar, and stir in the flour; add flavoring; roll not too thin; cut in squares and bake in a pretty hot oven.

SHEET CAKE.—One cup sugar, one tablespoon butter, two eggs, two cups flour, one half cup milk, one teaspoon soda, two teaspoons cream tartar; when creaming butter and sugar add one tablespoon water; beat well.

Young Folks' Column.

Dedicated to Puzzles, Enigmas, Charades, Stories, Letters, Solutions, &c. All are invited to contribute.

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

Try again! Puzzlers' Pastime. Persevere.

The Mystery Solved.—No. 19.

No. 105.—

"To do to others as I would that they should do to me, Will make me honest, kind and just, As children ought to be."

No. 106.—Foxglove.

No. 107.—(a) h (b) h (c) e
tea fee tap
heart hedge cabin
art egg pin
t e n

No. 108.—
1. Gen. 50:26. 2. 2 Tim. 1:5.
3. 1 Tim. 3:15. 4. Heb. 12:29.

No. 109.—
A M
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No. 110.—
H
LEA
HENRY
ARM
Y

No. 111.—I. A II. S
APE ATE
APPLE STOVE
ELM EVA
E E

No. 112.—MARTIN MAS
ALEUTIAN
RETRACT
TURTLE
ITALY
NICE
MET
A N
S

No. 113.—Geranium.

—The Mystery—No. 22.—

No. 128.—PI PUZZLE.
(BY FLORENCE SHAW, Brooklyn.)

"Tub hewn eh was nany fo het
Sariseeph dan Dueseday mcoe ot aih
mistbpa, ehshda tov hent, Q rangeetnoi
fo pyries, how tahn nawred uoy ot feel
morf het thraw ot mcoe?"

No. 129.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.
(BY ANNIE R., Carleton, N. S.)

A letter.
A kind of drink.
The seat of love.
A verb.
A letter.

No. 130.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.
(BY LOUISA LARKIN, East Pubnico, N. S.)

G-v- t-e -i-g -h-j-d-m-n-s-
G-d, -n-t-y -i-h-e-u-n-s- u-t- t-e
-i-g- s-n."

No. 131.—HALF-SQUARE.
(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

A useful book.
Mineral.
Jesus's bark.
Alarm bells.
Proper name.
A city.
A girl's name.
Jewish king.
Musical note.
Vowel.

No. 132.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

In solid, not in hard;
In skip, not in hop;
In bend, not in crook;
In den, not in heart;
In mean, not in bard;
In men, not in boys.
Whole is a tree.

—The Mystery solved in three weeks.—

The Mystical Circle.

"PHILOMATH," Queens, sends address.

FLORENCE SHAW, Brooklyn, N. S., has our thanks for puzzle. All in No. 18, save 104, correctly solved.

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