

## VACATION.

I've been having a little vacation, wife,  
And 'twas better than I can tell;  
Up at the farm, with the old home life,  
Ere we came to the city to dwell.

And just as I left it was everything there,  
Father and mother and all  
The hills were as green, and the skies were  
As fair,  
And the trees were just as tall.

And father was getting in hay, you know,  
And he wanted me to load;  
'Twas the clover and herds grass, so heavy  
That grow,  
In the meadow across the road.

And those fractions old oxen were just the  
same,  
Sharp-boned, with the brass-button tips.  
I helped fasten them on the day they came,  
'Twas the year of the great eclipse.

When the long, long beautiful day was o'er  
And the lowing cows came home,  
My mother stood there at the open door  
And she called to the children to come.

For supper was ready, so one and all,  
We tumbled and laughed with glee,  
In our haste to answer the welcome call  
— "Why, wife - what's the matter with  
me?"

And the old wife bowed o'er the old man's  
head  
And smoothed down his scant, gray hair,  
And her kiss and a tear were one, as she  
said,  
"You've been having a nap in your  
chair."

— Youth's Companion.

## Isaac's Idea.

BY AMY AUGUST.

"Well, Isaac, you have been a good  
boy, but trade is so dull that I cannot  
promise you employment after this  
week." So spoke Mr. Robinson, a  
prominent dry goods merchant of  
Stratford, to his clerk, Isaac Waters.

A short sentence truly (and similar  
ones frequently fall on disappointed  
ears), but how much it meant to the  
boy in question! Isaac was only six-  
teen; his father died when he was ten.  
His mother had taken care of him and  
his little sister for a time, but she was  
not strong, and as soon as Isaac was  
able to do anything he had been glad  
to help. About a year before this  
time, Mrs. Waters had grown so much  
weaker that even the household cares  
for such a small family had become  
almost too much for her. Just then  
Isaac had obtained the position in the  
store, and considered it sent of God.

Elsie was eleven years old, and  
helped her mother, so that by a good  
deal of contriving they managed to get  
along on the earnings of Isaac. But of  
late Mrs. Waters had grown weaker  
still, and Isaac had been wondering  
what he could do to get something to  
strengthen her. So when Mr. Robin-  
son spoke the words with which our  
story opens, his heart seemed to sink  
like a stone. When he got home that  
evening he wondered how he should  
tell his mother the bad news, but his  
face wore such a dejected aspect that  
his mother thought at once something  
was wrong, and soon had the story  
from him.

"Never mind, dear," she said;  
"something will be given you to do.  
God will care for the widow and the  
fatherless," and for a while Isaac was  
comforted and cheered.

Saturday night came, however, and  
Isaac had heard of nothing to which he  
might turn on Monday. Elsie was  
sewing, and kitty was playing with the  
one tidy (which remained a relic of  
former comfort), when Isaac returned  
after the first day's search for work.

"Well, did you have any success?"  
asked Elsie.

"Not a bit," answered Isaac, trying  
to speak cheerfully.

"Oh, kitty! do be still; that's the  
fifth time you've pulled that tidy off  
the chair. Isaac, I wish you would  
fasten it on so it would stay," said  
Elsie.

"Well, I would, if I knew how,"  
Isaac replied. "Say: wouldn't it be a  
good plan to pin it on as you pin the  
clothes on the line to dry?"

Isaac was quite an ingenious boy; so  
he at once set about making something  
to keep that tidy in place. He first  
took a piece of strong copper wire and  
bent it into the shape of a clothes-pin,  
but found that it would slip off the  
back of the chair in that shape. So he  
twisted and turned that wire about  
until it would clasp the chair tightly,  
and thus hold the tidy in place. After  
several experiments he succeeded in  
getting it arranged so that the tidy  
might be drawn through a loop of the  
wire in front of the chair and fastened  
over a projection at the top, making a  
very graceful bow. This pleased Elsie  
very much, but, as Isaac said, brought  
no money in.

Next morning Isaac started again on  
his search for work, but everywhere  
the same answer: "Trade is so dull;  
hope it will be brighter soon." At last  
he saw an advertisement for a boy to  
drive a wagon, and thought he might  
get that, but he was only the fiftieth  
applicant! He tried offices, stores,

hotels, restaurants, factory, brickyard,  
farms, everything there was in and  
around the town of Stratford, and  
turned home every week sick at heart  
with disappointment, and weary in  
body from continual tramping.

Three weeks went by; rent day  
drew near; and blank despair stared  
the Waters family in the face. Isaac  
was almost tempted to doubt that he  
had a Father in heaven who was caring  
for him. When he came home on the  
evening of the fourth Monday, his  
sister met him at the door with a bright  
look on her face, and the exclamation:  
"Oh, Isaac, I've been thinking you  
might make some money from your  
idea."

"What idea?" asked Isaac.

"Why, your tidy idea. Mrs. Ben-  
nett was in here yesterday, and Mrs.  
Rose today, and they both thought it  
splendid, and wished they had some  
like. If they like them, it seems to  
me others would, and you might sell a  
good many."

"Well done, Elsie; I believe there  
is something in that," said Isaac, and  
he at once started out to get some wire.

He had no money left, but he had a  
kind friend who was a hardware mer-  
chant, and from him he got a quantity  
of wire on time. He spent the next  
day in making a stock of tidy-holders  
of all shapes and sizes, and on Wed-  
nesday proceeded to sell his stock from  
house to house. He found much  
better sale for them than he had ex-  
pected, and as he gained about five  
cents on each holder he was that even-  
ing the happy possessor of three  
dollars. He continued this work for  
several weeks, until he had supplied  
Stratford with the holders, and then  
went to Bradley, a town about twelve  
miles away, where he also found good  
sales for his work. He was able to  
get many comforts for his mother, and  
she got very much better. While in  
this town he obtained a good position  
in a lumber yard, where he succeeded  
so well that he came to a point where  
he had plenty of money, but he always  
looks back with thankfulness to the  
time when God helped him over a  
rough place by means of what Elsie  
calls Isaac's idea, though Isaac says  
that she deserves as much credit as he,  
for her thoughtfulness, to which she  
replies, "Well, kitty had a large share  
in it, anyway."

Thus God shows his care for the  
widow and fatherless, and if we would  
trust him more and worry less, we  
should be happier people. — Star.

## Snuff Enough.

"My!" exclaimed Mrs. Howard;  
"there are moths in this closet!  
Charlie, run and ask Jane to give you  
the bellows and the snuff."

Charlie went more quickly than he  
usually did when sent on errands, be-  
cause that little "blower," as he called  
it, was something he always liked to  
get hold of to play with.

After Jane had given it to him he  
went slowly along the hall with the  
bottle of snuff under his arm, squeez-  
ing the bellows, and sending the air  
into his face. When mamma called,  
"Hurry, Charlie," he walked a little  
faster, and stood watching her while  
she took out the cork, filled the bel-  
lows with snuff, and then blew it into  
the cracks of the closet. Once when  
he put his face too near he got a strong  
whiff of the powder, and sneezed so  
many times he thought his head would  
be jerked off.

Still he waited, hoping that when  
mamma was through with the bellows  
she would send them back with them or  
let him have them to play with; but  
she did neither. When he asked she  
said "No," and put bellows and snuff  
away in the store-room closet herself.

All the morning Charlie couldn't  
help thinking of the funny little  
blower and wishing he could have it.  
Once he went into the kitchen to ask  
Jane if snuff made moths sneeze, but  
she was cross, and said:

"Go away; don't talk to me about  
them things. Between you and them  
I have no peace of my life, and my  
best dress eaten full of holes."

Charlie went into the garden, almost  
ready to cry, and thinking, "What  
makes Jane so ugly to me? I didn't  
eat her best dress. I wish mamma  
wouldn't go out and leave me—"

Just then he spied a knot-hole in the  
fence, and looked through to see if  
Mamie Ray was in her garden. She  
wasn't; but there in the sunshine, in  
a comfortable basket half filled with  
cotton, he saw Mamie's white cat,  
Jerusha, with four of the cunningest  
little white kittens that Charlie had  
ever seen. "Oh," thought he, "if I  
could only climb the fence, how I  
would like to squeeze those kittens."

Fortunately for them, the fence was  
high, so he couldn't do that. But  
just then one of them sneezed. That  
made Charlie think of the snuff and  
the bellows.

"Oh!" said he, this time out loud;  
"this hole is like the kind they have  
in forts to shoot out of, the bellows is

like a gun, the cats are the enemy, the  
snuff is the shot, and I—I am General  
George Washington."

And with that the general kicked up  
his heels and turned somersaults on  
the grass in a way that would have  
astonished the father of his country.

As mamma was out and Jane in the  
kitchen, no one heard the pattering  
steps in the store-room or saw the boy  
go out stealthily with something under  
his arm. Kneeling by the knot-hole  
(he called it a port-hole) he uncorked  
and hastily filled the bellows, then  
giving one last look to see where to  
aim he pushed the nozzle through,  
pointed it at the unsuspecting cats,  
gave a sudden squeeze, and—the cats  
flew in all directions? Oh no! Charlie  
flew in one direction, and that head  
over heels backward; for in his haste  
he had forgotten to put the cork in the  
bellows, and when he gave the great  
squeeze which was to give all the cats  
the grip and set them sneezing, he  
only sent a puff of snuff into his own  
face and eyes. Such a sneezing and  
coughing and crying as went on in  
Mrs. Howard's generally quiet back-  
yard—it was enough to astonish the  
neighbors. When Jerusha heard it  
she thought some of her friends were  
fighting and spitting at each other, so  
she left her family to climb up on the  
fence and see what was going on, and  
join in the quarrel if necessary.

But all she saw was a sad and sorry  
boy making his way into the house. I  
hate to tell you that when "General  
George Washington" turned and saw  
her there he made faces at "the  
enemy"—but that is what he did. As  
for Jerusha, if she had known that she  
had been the enemy, and that Charlie  
in trying to shoot her had been shoot-  
ing himself, I think she would have  
told the story to her children to warn  
them against disobedience, and would  
have said, as we do, "It served him right."  
— Advocate.

## Eyes Open or Shut.

Two boys one morning took a walk  
with a naturalist. "Do you notice  
anything peculiar in the movements of  
those wasps?" he asked, as he pointed  
to a puddle in the middle of the road.

"Nothing, except that they seem to  
come and go," replied one of the boys.  
The other was less prompt in his reply,  
but he had observed to some purpose.

"I notice that they fly away in  
pairs," he said. "One has a little  
pellet of mud, the other has nothing.  
Are there drones among wasps, as  
among bees?"

"Both were alike busy, and each  
went away with a burden," replied the  
naturalist.

"The one you thought a do-nothing  
had a mouthful of water. They reach  
their nest together; the one deposits  
his pellet of mud, and the other ejects  
the water upon it, which makes it of  
the consistency of mortar. They then  
paddle it upon the nest, and fly away  
for more materials." And then on the  
strength of this interesting incident,  
he gives this good advice: "Boys, be  
obedient; servants. Cultivate the  
faculty. Hear sharply—look keenly.  
Glance at a shop window as you pass  
it, and then try how many things you  
can recall that you noticed in it. Open  
your eyes wider when you stroll across  
the meadow, through the woods, or  
along the brook. There are ten thou-  
sand interesting things to be seen,  
noted, wondered at, and explained.  
Animals, birds; plants, and insects,  
with their habits, intelligence, and  
peculiarities, will command your ad-  
miration. You may not become great  
men through your observations, like  
Newton, Linnaeus, Franklin, or Sir  
Humphrey Davy, but you will acquire  
information that will be of service to  
you, and make you wiser and quite  
probably better." — F. H. Stauffer.

## A Small Boy's Victory.

He was such a little fellow that when  
he wanted to see the basket of fine,  
ripe pears which mamma had left on  
the table, he had to bring his little  
stool and climb upon it to reach high  
enough.

Oh my! how nice they did look! And  
what a delicious smell! They must  
taste very good; how could he help  
just taking one?

Surely it would not be missed, the  
basket was so full. And nobody was  
by to see if he did it, so what was to  
hinder?

For a moment Teddy almost put his  
hand upon the nicest one in the lot.  
But I am glad to say the little hand  
was drawn away, and the bright-eyed  
little man said, firmly, "No, I won't;  
mamma told me not to touch them,  
and I won't do it. I promised her I  
wouldn't, and if I do, it would be tel-  
ling a story. No, Mister Pear, you  
must stay right there in the basket,  
and I'll run away for fear I might do  
it if I looked too long."

Down hopped Teddy, and off he  
went. Mamma smiled to find him  
busy with his red horse-lines when she  
came back, and the fruit undisturbed.

I think Teddy was a very brave little  
boy, even if he did run away from  
temptation. It is braver to run away  
than to stay sometimes, and Teddy was  
a better boy for having gained that  
small victory over his appetite.

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"Hare hist drow, ey nuke fo Ban-  
sha, hatt ear ni het matinouns fo  
Saramia, hichw respossthe ropo, wichh  
shruv het deeny, hwich say of heirt  
smaster. grimb dan tel su kindr."

No. 174.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY LULA FRANCES BARNES, Bath.)

In John, not in Charles;

In out, not in in;

In short, not in long;

In wet, not in dry;

In laugh, not in can;

In laigh, not in cry.

My whole is a man's name.

No. 157.—RHOMBOID.

(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

Across: A Grecian boat; to raise; a  
man's name; a musician; a place in S.  
Europe; equal rank; oil plants.

Down: A letter; a musical note;  
sick; a pipe; a town in Portugal; to  
enrich; name of a place; a furry  
animal; marks; in Scotia; a Bible  
name; back or again; a letter.

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