

How Do You Do?

How do you do? "I do with my might just as I am told, when told to do right. I strive, for promotion by doing my best. My mother and teacher can tell you the rest.

"Speak when I'm spoken to, come when they call.

"And strive to be kind and respectful to all. It is nothing to boast of, whatever I do, I wish it were more and were better, don't you?"

How do you feel? "Sorry and mean.

When I do a wrong act, whether hidden or seen.

But I feel like a bobolink, joyous and bright.

When I take the straight path and try to do right.

It sometimes seems hard, but it turns out the best.

And then I feel glad and can laugh with the rest.

I can caper, and jump, and turn somersaults, too.

It may not look nice, but I like it, don't you?"

What do you know? "Very little, it's true.

Compared with my elders, but that's nothing new.

If I study in earnest, I hope to know more.

When I get to be twenty and on to four-score.

Wisdom may come with gray hairs, if not now.

When wrinkles of care settle deep on my brow.

And boys will look up and honour me then.

When I am a judge and stand among men."

What do you do? "I study and work.

I don't want to be a mean sneak or a shirk.

I have my home duties, and do them with care.

In that and everything try to be square;

Tobacco and liquor I shun as a foe.

And stand by my colours wherever I go.

What more can I do, except love and obey My Maker and parents, and heed what they say?"

The Bliss Boys.

After a long and expensive illness Mr. Bliss died, leaving a widow and five children. It was found after all bills were paid, that there was no money left, and consequently Mrs. Bliss felt that she had been plunged into the very depths of misery. Her eldest child was a lovely but frail and almost helpless daughter of nineteen years. Her youngest was a daughter too, a beautiful golden-haired child of five. The other three were sons, aged respectively thirteen, fifteen and seventeen.

"What shall I do?" Mrs. Bliss asked herself despairingly, "what shall I do?"

The prospect was dark indeed. The brooding sorrow of the grave on the hillside, the home gone, the purse empty. Bertha, the invalid, must be tenderly cared for as heretofore. Baby Bessie needed constant thought and care. As for the boys, they must go on with their education, at least so their mother thought. Uncle Simon Bliss, a close-fisted bachelor, called upon the family one evening when they were all at home.

"Hiram has left things in a sad muddle I hear?" he said, questioning.

"We have nothing," the widow replied sadly, "we will be obliged to give up our home," and tears rolled down her cheeks.

"You wouldn't want to go to Cape Cod, would you?" Uncle Hiram asked.

"To Cape Cod? For what?" Mrs. Bliss spoke in surprise.

"I own a house there, not much of a house, but you're welcome to it if you want it, and there's land, too, nearly three acres, poor stuff, but perhaps the boys could manage to raise something on it."

"Do you mean that we can have the house and land?" asked Roger, the eldest boy eagerly.

"Certainly, and 'tisn't much of a gift either," and he laughed softly, thinking of the old unsightly marsh which he considered not worth shucks.

Roger clapped his hands.

"We'll take it—won't we, mother?"

"If you think best, my son, but how will we get to Cape Cod? We can't walk there."

"I'll pay all expenses," said Uncle Simon, "and if the boys should get rich they can refund the money."

He laughed as he said this as if it were a great joke, but Mrs. Bliss sighed, the present poverty was too overwhelming to be hopeful of future wealth. Still she thanked Uncle Simon for his kindness, and two weeks later she and her children were in the little house at Cape Cod. The latter had not been used for some years, so there was plenty to do, and discouraging work it was. But the boys were hopeful, cheering their mother as they worked faithfully. Fires were built to purify the house, and it was thoroughly cleaned from top to bottom. It looked very pleasant and home-like when the carpets were down and the pictures hung and a part of the dear old furniture which they had brought from home arranged. The location was wholesome, too, and the air pleasant. A quarter of a mile

from the house was the "land" Uncle Simon had given them. Mrs. Bliss viewed it with tears in her eyes.

"It isn't worth a red cent," she said. "O, how could Simon have deceived us so?"

"Cheer up, mother, it is good for something I am sure, we can raise cranberries on it," said Roger.

"What do you know about raising cranberries?"

"Not much, but I have heard Professor Austin explaining the culture, and I can learn how to raise them," hopefully.

"And I can help," said Sidney, the second boy.

"So can I," added Frank, the youngest.

The boys went to work in earnest. They first had a long talk with a gentleman who owned a large and remunerative cranberry patch about a mile from their "land." Then they began their operations. A trio of weak boys would have been discouraged at the outset—not so with the Bliss boys. They thought of their sorrowing, depressed mother, not over strong, their invalid sister, sweet Bertha, and darling Baby Bess, and they felt that all of these were clinging to them, "the men of the house."

Their land was an unsightly marsh nearly covered with a tangle of wild bushes. Roger, who had begun studying civil engineering, measured an acre of this land and began work upon it. First there was the burning of bushes. They thought it great fun at first, but the fun departed after a few days, and there was only duty to spur them on. Three smutty, tired boys went home every night to supper, but they always met with a warm welcome, for they carried cheer with them. Dinah, the maid-of-all-work, whom they had brought with them from their old home declared,

"Does one good jae to look at dem boys wid dare shiny faces, bless 'em!"

At last when the bushes had all been burned, the boys began their second task, the removing of stumps and roots. This was harder work than the burning, but they accomplished it. Next all the sod had to be cut and turned over, a back-breaking labor which they could not accomplish unaided. But where was the money to pay for hired labor? Their mother had received several hundred dollars from the sale of their best furniture, but they dared not ask her to use any of it on the "bog," it must pay the running expenses of the house. But the boys each had a little money of their own received from the sale of cherished articles, Roger's bicycle, Sidney's encyclopedia, and Frank's dog. This they resolved to use as it was needed. They hired some stout boys and a man to help, and thus strengthened began the turning of sod. After this was done they covered the rich loam which they had turned up with sand to the depth of five inches. Long before this was accomplished they had been obliged to rub each others backs "to keep them from cracking in two," Roger said laughing. Day by day their little hoard melted, but they kept up bravely, believing that for all this labor they would be rewarded. Then there was a dyke to build all around the marsh and ditches to dig inside of the dyke and across the marsh. When the ground was ready for planting the boys were jubilant. Roger's money was gone, it took Sidney's to pay for the cranberry plants and for some help in sowing and harrowing them. Then there was not much to do except to flood the meadow during the cold weather to keep the plants from freezing. When spring came the boys began preparing the second acre of bog, burning the brush and uprooting the stumps. When this was done they stopped work then, for there was only Frank's money left, and that was too small a sum for big undertakings. By the time the third and last acre was burned and uprooted it was September. As there was nothing more the boys could do to their own land without money, they hired out to pick cranberries for a man a mile away. Cranberry picking is tiresome work, and I must confess that the boys grew so weary at times that they felt tempted to give up trying to earn money in that way. But fortunately, they did not yield to the temptation. Roger averaged two hundred quarts a day and Sidney picked about one hundred and fifty. Frank not quite reaching the latter number. Cranberry picking lasts about six weeks, and at the end of that time the boys had quite a nice sum of money. They used this the next summer in hiring help to aid them in preparing the land and planting the cranberries. The months and years flew by, the cranberry marsh was in its third year of growth.

"The money will come now, I know it, I know it," said Roger exultingly, and when Mr. Hawes, the

owner of the upper marsh, came down he went with the boys to see it.

"What is it worth, Mr. Hawes?" Roger asked.

Mr. Hawes looked about him thoughtfully and critically.

"I should say," he said slowly, "that it's worth a thousand dollars an acre."

"A thousand dollars!" exclaimed Roger.

"A thousand dollars!" echoed Sidney.

"A thousand dollars!" said Frank in a sort of dazed surprise.

"A thousand dollars," repeated Mr. Hawes with decision, "and you have three acres, three thousand dollars, my boys, my brave boys. Let me congratulate you," and he grasped three hands warmly while his eyes grew misty.

As for the boys, they laughed and cried, and then went home to tell the good news, and the folks at home laughed and cried too, and Dinah said, "I allus knew dem boys ud do sumpin, I done tole you all so."

When cranberry picking was over that fall, Uncle Simon received a letter enclosing a check. He read the letter and looked at the check, the latter to pay for the money lent for travelling expenses.

"Well, I do declare, if this don't beat the Jews," he said, "the money and the interest, too, and an invitation to visit them. Well, well, they're plucky boys."

And that very day Uncle Simon made a will, but the boys do not know it. Some day they will inherit a good many thousands; meanwhile in cheerful industry they are making themselves worthy of the good things which are in store for them.—*Christian at Work.*

A Girl's Own Brother.

"But, he's my own brother!"

Is that any reason why you should take his courtesies for granted, and never say "Thank you."

Is that any reason why you should not try and make an evening at home pleasant for him, instead of forcing him by your selfishness to seek his happiness somewhere else?

Is that any reason why you should not think of your frocks, your bonnets, or your looks, worth consideration?

Is that any reason why you should appear before him in a clumsy wrapper and with your hair in papers?

Is that any reason why, when you have a man visitor, he should be made to feel that you endured your brother when there was nobody else, but that when there was—well, then it was different?

Is that any reason why you should not be glad of a dance or game with him as your partner?

Is that any reason why you should not listen to his word of advice about other girls or their brothers?

Is that any reason why you should not be interested in his story of the shooting, or the hunting, when you do to the same tales from other people?

Is that any reason why you should push him to the wall, except when you need him, and then claim his attention as your right?

Because he is your very own brother, you ought to be tenfold more considerate of him than of the brothers of other girls. Because he is your very own brother, you ought to study his tastes and cater to them; read the books that he likes and suggest others to him; study the songs he fancies and be glad to make new ones known to him. In this way you will make your brother your very own, and to him "sister" will be most delightful among girls. Are you your brother's keeper? Yes, in a way; but you do not keep him by fetters formed of ill-temper, untidiness, and lack of courtesy, but by one made of every feminine grace and brightened by a sisterly love. That is the keeper that will give you your brother's love, and make you worthy the heart of some other girl's brother, too.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

It Is Very Hard.

"It is very hard to have nothing to eat but porridge, when others have every sort of dainty," muttered Charlie, as he sat down with his bowl before him.

"It's very hard to have to get up so early these bitter cold mornings, and work hard all day, when others can enjoy themselves without labor. It's very hard to have to trudge along through the snow, while others roll about in their coaches!"

"It's a great blessing," said his grandmother as she sat at her knitting, "to have food when so many are hungry; it's a great blessing to have a roof over our heads when so many are homeless; it's a great blessing to have sight and hearing, and strength for daily labor, when so many are blind, deaf or suffering."

"Why, grandmother, you seem to

think that nothing is hard," said the boy, still in a grumbling tone.

"No Charlie; there is one thing I think is very hard."

"What's that?" cried Charlie, who thought that at last his grandmother had found some cause for complaint.

"Why, boy, I think that heart is very hard that is not thankful for so many blessings!"—*Selected.*

Before attempting to seed raisins, cover them with hot water, and let them stand fifteen minutes. The seeds can then be removed easily, without a particle of waste.

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In idle, not in busy;
In run, not in walk;
In house, not in barn;
In man, not in boy.
Whole makes home happy.

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o o o o o A room for conversation
o o o o o In advance.
o o o o o To utter words.
o o o o o A boy.
o o o o o Part of odor.
o o o o o A letter.

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***** Son of Ner.
***** To bawl.
***** Part of Africa.
***** To deface.
***** To lease again.

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S-l-g-h-t t-h-s-d-d-i-b-f-r-h-r-h-spr-ng."

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