

Little Flo's Letter.

A sweet little baby brother
Had come to live with Flo,
And she wanted it brought to the table
That it might eat and grow.
"It must wait for awhile," said grandma,
In answer to her plea,
"For a little thing that hasn't teeth
Can't eat like you and me."

"Why hasn't it got teeth, grandma?"
Asked Flo, in great surprise,
"O my, but isn't it funny?"
No teeth, but nose and eyes;
I guess," after thinking gravely,
"They must have been forgot,
Can't we buy him some like grandpa's?
I'd like to know why not."

With paper and pen and ink,
Went Flo, saying, "Don't talk to me;
If you do, it'll sturb my think.
I'm writing a letter, grandma,
To send away to-night,
An' 'cause it's very 'portant,
I want to get it right."

At last the letter was finished,
A wonderful thing to see,
And directed to "God in Heaven."
Please read it over to me,"
Said little Flo to grandma,
"To see if it's right, you know."
And here is the letter written
To God by little Flo.

"Dear God, the baby you brought us,
Is awful nice and sweet,
But, 'cause you forgot his toofies,
The poor little thing can't eat.
That's why I'm writing this letter,
A purpose to let you know—
Please come and finish the baby;
That's all from LITTLE FLO."

Selected.

Eva's Sacrifice.

IDA L. HAWARD

"How do I look?" Eva Wood asked
laughingly as she fluttered into the
family sitting-room, arrayed in her
first silk dress for her first real society
ball. A great event was this much
talked of party to be given by the
nabob of Newcome Station in the
minds of the young people of that
rather new locality.

"Look! Just perfectly lovely!" re-
sponded her fourteen-year-old sister
Nell with girlish effusiveness. "Isn't
she sweet, mother? Her dress is so
becoming. I never saw such a pretty
color in your cheeks before Eva, and
your eyes."

"Oh! Nell! Give us a rest," inter-
posed Tom, who was rather inclined to
the use of slang phrases. "Eva has
gotten herself up in stunning style,
banged and befrizzled equal to the city
girls who'll be at the ball. She don't
look a great deal worse than most girls
do now-a-days, but—"

"Venerable man! You have come
down to us from a former generation!"
Laughingly quoted Eva, who was very
fond of her bright young brother and
who enjoyed his sallies.

"But mother, do I look well?" she
asked.
"Well enough, child," said Mrs.
Wood calmly. She was a true New
Englander, never allowing her children
to know that she was proud of their
beauty and brightness.

"As sweet as a wild rose," was her
mental answer to Eva's appeal but on
no account would she have given voice
to the thought.

"I'm afraid Eva is getting vain,"
said her father, eyeing her through his
spectacles. "Seems to me a silk dress
and all that lace and all those foolish
fixings, look out of place on a plain
country girl."

"I don't call Eva very plain," said
Nellie pertly.

"You know father, she earned the
money herself," said Mrs. Wood.

"I know—I know. Well I suppose
girls will be girls," with which sage
reflection Mr. Wood turned to his
paper again. "Eva, there's a boy in
the kitchen who wants to see you,"
said Charlie, appearing at the door.

A tall, awkward, ill-dressed boy sat
by the stove. "Why James," said
Eva, taking his big, dirty hand in hers,
"have you ridden from home this cold
day? How are the folks on Lone
Prairie, all well?"

"No marm. Rachel's powerful
sick, and she was tuck that bad this
mornin' that pap and mam both 'low
she can't live through the night. And
she's ben a couxin' at me to come down
hyar for you, crier an' took on power-
ful, seems like she can't die 'hout
seein' her 'Teacher,' as she calls ye."

The pink roses in Eva's cheeks
blanched suddenly. Could she give
up this party for which she had planned
and of which she had dreamed so
long, to gratify the whim of a sick
child? Rachel Fisher had been a
pupil of hers, very unattractive, dull
and homely, but docile and affection-
ate. She had seemed to fairly worship
the pretty, soft-voiced girl teacher,
indeed her devotion was often irk-
some to Eva whose footsteps she fol-
lowed as closely as a faithful dog would
have done. At noon, at recess, in her
walks the queer little creature was
close at her side, content if her hand
might rest in her teacher's. It made

her nervous, she told the home-folks,
to see the little, thin, sallow face with
its light eyes always peering into hers.
The drawing southern tones and the
queer dialect annoyed her, as did the
untrained girl's movements and count-
less little disagreeable peculiarities.
But Eva was far too gentle and kind-
hearted to repulse the poor little
creature, whose life at home she well
knew was barren enough of affection.
Such a home! Jake Fisher and his
wife were what the southern negroes
called "po' white trash," lazy, shift-
less, uncleanly, and their two-roomed
cabin fairly reeked with vile odors. No
wonder, then, that Eva paused before
making a reply.

The boy eyed her doubtfully. "I
reckon you're goin' to the doin's down
thar to the station," he said, taking
note of her shiny dress, the flowers in
her hair and at her throat.

"I was intending to go, but if
Rachel is so sick and wants me, I must
not disappoint her. Warm yourself
by the stove until I can get ready,"
and Eva fitted from the room follow-
ed by her mother and Nell.

Have you really given up going to
the party?" said Mrs. Wood.

"Yes, mother. You wouldn't have
me slight the poor child's aying re-
quest?"

"Oh, no, but I know its hard for
you daughter."

The drooping lids drooped a little
lower but they could not shut back
two glistening tears. Mrs. Wood saw
them and kissed the girl softly, a most
unusual thing for her.

"It is just too bad," said Nell.
"Mr. Hathaway will be so disappoint-
ed when he comes and finds you gone."

The roses suddenly appeared in
Eva's cheeks. Make the best excuse
you can for me, mother, I would wait
till he comes, but it is a long, cold
drive to Lone Prairie and poor little
Rachel may be dead against we get
there."

She glanced a little regretfully at
the pretty dress Nell was folding as
she was muffling herself in the homely
comfortable wrapping best suited for a
long ride in the rude sled and a visit
to the dirty Fisher cabin. And the
nervous dread of seeing Death grew
strong upon her as she rode over the
white prairie under the blue sky stud-
ded thick with stars. So cold—so
ghostly seemed the night!

"Mamma, d'ye reckon teacher 'll
come?" Little Rachel Fisher's wan
lips framed this question for the hun-
dredth time, or so it seemed to the
gaunt hollow-eyed woman by the bed
in the little low-ceiled, mud-walled
cabin.

"I dun no, honey. I reckon she
will," and a tear coursed down the
mother's sallow cheek, her sluggish
nature stirred to unwonted depths.

"They're hyar now," said a rough-
bearded man by the clay fire-place,
who for once laid by his pipe and
tobacco.

"Oh, Teacher! Teacher! You've
come! I'm so glad!" and poor
Rachel's eyes which seemed now so
large and glassy, framed in that wan
face, eagerly devoured her. "I want-
ed you—to hold my hand—when I'm
a passin' over. I won't be a mite
skeered if you're hyar. Mamma's
been a teelin me heaps about the
angels. I reckoned they must be most
—like you; and mamma, she says I'll
be an angel too up thar. D'ye 'low—
I'll be part and handsome thar,
teacher."

"I think you'll be beautiful, dear
Rachel," said Eva, her tears falling
fast.

"I reckon you know," said the
child. "I'd like to be a little diffrent,
I 'low pappy and mammy kin get on
without me hyar, an' I'd like to go.
What kind of a place d'ye reckon
Heaven is, Teacher?"

Poor Eva! Her situation was most
trying. The things of earth had en-
grossed her heretofore with only oc-
casional thoughts of the life beyond.

"The Bible says, 'There will be no
night there neither sorrow nor crying,
for God shall wipe away all tears from
their eyes.' These words seemed to
rise to her lips as by inspiration.

"O, Teacher! It must be sich a
happy world! D'ye know, when I
heard of the great doin's they was
goin' ter hev at Newcome, I 'lowed
I'd like to be thar an' see the ladies
in their fine clois, an' hear the music,
and see the table spread, an' all that,
but now I'm goin' whar thar's doin's
every day, whar thar's allers music an'
flowers an' folks dressed finer'n they
do here for parties. I shall like it so
much better than bein' here."

Crude and fanciful were the strange
child's notions of the new life she was
entering, absurd they might indeed
have seemed to some people, but Eva,
watching the rapt face kindled by its
eager eyes, was impressed as she had
never been before. The "doin's" in
which she had so longed to participate
seemed trifling, paltry, there while the
portals were ajar to those blest man-

sons waiting to receive the soul of the
child who lay beside her. Was it an
absurd fancy—this thought of poor
Rachel's—might not the passionate
love of beauty starved here, be fully
gratified in the land where she was
going? Vague thoughts like these
flitted through Eva's brain while her
eyes were fixed on the white face and
gleaming eyes.

There was a little silence—the hand
in Eva's grew colder,—a quiver passed
over the slight frame,—and then the
child whispered huskily, "Hold my
hand closter, teacher. I'm a goin'—
Good by—happy—mammy—Jeemes—
I'll be waitin' thar,"—and then came
Death.

"She's gone, poor lamb," said the
mother, crying softly. And turning
to Eva, she said brokenly, "I hain't
got no words ter thank ye, miss.
Praps ye'd better go ter bed now, I
kin lay her out myself—I kaint sleep
—and I'll stay by her till mawnin'.
Tain't 'cause the neighbors wouldn't
come in, but it 'peared like the pore
child was quar—she wouldn't hear to
our callin' any on em' in,—'Only
teacher,' she kep' a sayin'."

"Let me stay here with you,"
pleaded Eva. "I cannot sleep—I am
not afraid," and the two women, so
unlike, yet drawn together by the
mysterious Presence, sat silently by
the dead till dawn.

"You don't know how much you
missed last night," said a girl friend as
Eva came into the home, sitting-room
that afternoon after a cold drive.
"You were missed too, and when the
story of your going out to see that sick
child came out, they all wondered at
your self-sacrifice. It was noble in
you, Eva, but how could you give up
the party? You had been fully as
anxious to go as I or any of the girls."

"It seemed very hard last night,"
said Eva; "but not now. Indeed, I
have had a sweet solemn, blessed ex-
perience which I would not be willing
to have missed."

"You have given the cup of cold
water to one of our Saviour's little
ones," said her mother, wiping a tear
away, "and in doing so have received
his blessing."—*Young Woman's Mag-
azine.*

Order.

"Where's my hat?"

"Who's seen my knife?"

"Who turned my coat the wrong
side out and threw it under the
lounge?"

"There you go, my boy! When
you came to the house last evening
you flung your hat across the room,
jumped out of your shoes and kicked
'em right and left, wriggled out of
your coat and gave it a toss; and now
you are annoyed because each article
hasn't gathered itself into a chair to be
ready for you to dress in the morning."

"Who cut those shoe-strings?"

You did it to save one minute's
time in untying them! Your knife is
under the bed, where it rolled when
you hopped, skipped and jumped out
of your clothes.

Your collar is down behind the
bureau, one of your socks on the foot
of the bed, and your vest may be in
the kitchen wood-box for all you know.

Now, my way has always been the
easiest way. I had rather find my
hat down than hang it up; I'd rather
kick my boots under the lounge than
place 'em in the hall; I'd rather run
the risk of spoiling a new coat than to
change it.

I own right up to being reckless and
slovenly—but, ah, me, haven't I had
to pay for it ten times over? Now,
set your feet right down and deter-
mine to have order. It is a trait that
can be acquired.

An orderly man can make two suits
of clothes last longer and look
better than a slovenly man can
do with four. He can save an hour
per day over the man who flings
things helter-skelter. He stands twice
the chance to get a situation and keep
it, and is much more likely to conduct
his business with profit.

An orderly man will be an accurate
man. If he is a carpenter, every joint
will fit. If he is a turner, his goods
will neat. If he is a merchant, his
books will neither show slots nor
errors. An orderly man is usually an
economical man, and always a prudent
one. If you should ask me how to be-
come rich, I should answer:
"Be orderly—be accurate."

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Young

Charades,
etc. etc. etc.

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PUZZLERS' PASTIME

Attempt the end, never stand in doubt,
Nothing is so hard but search will find
it out.

The Mystery Solved.—No. 5.

No. 21.—1. Campbell. 2. Whitehead

No. 22.—

I. C	II. C	III. A
COT	ALE	TEA
COLIN	CLARA	AETNA
TIN	ERE	ANT
N	A	A

No. 23.—"And they shall dwell in
their own land."

No. 24.—"But if ye forgive not
men their trespasses, neither will your
Father forgive your trespasses."

No. 25.—Rigmarole.

No. 26.—

(a) Deut. 4: 10. (b) 2 Chron. 39:9.
(c) Acts 18: 26. (d) Acts 18: 26.

No. 27.—"Take ye heed, watch and
pray, for ye know not when the time
is."

The Mystery.—No. 8.

No. 37.—DROP-VOYEL PUZZLE.
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

"H-s h-nds-r- ag-l-d-rngs s-t w-th
th-b-r-l, h-s b-l- s-s br-ght -v-i-
-v-r-l-d w-th s-ph-r-s."

No. 38.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.
(Not original.)

(FROM E. J. KEEL, Williamsburg.)

To whom did Ezra send to seek
Ministers for the house of God?

The first born son of one most meek
Yet mighty with uplifted rod?

A Gileadite who proved a friend
To David, when he lost his throne?

On Revelation's page what name
Denotes that Christ should be the

last?

What woman Joseph's wife became
When all his early trials were past?

From every answer now that all is
done

Take *Finals* and *Initials* one by one—
Name of two mountains seen in Scrip-
ture story,

One crowned with shame, and one
with kingly glory.

No. 39.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

BY "BIBLE STUDENT," Brooklyn, N. S.

* A feast	*
* To bellow	*
* Once a year	*
* Pulp of Fruit	*
* Fireside home	*
* To resound	*
* Name in N. Testament	*
* A part of Asia	*

The *Initials* and *Finals* give the
names of two of whom Paul speaks
very highly.

No. 40.—PI PUZZLE.

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

"A ogdo nema si hartre ot eb
shenco anth ergat heciar, nda gvonil
oruaht ahnt relvis dna ldgo."

No. 41.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY R. L. GALLAGHER, Williamsburg.)

In pit, not in cell;
In inn, not in cot;
In cat, not in dog;
In can, not in box;
In chair, not in stool;
In her, not in him;
In run, not in walk.
My whole is a useful dish.

No. 42.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

I. A letter; to be in fear; a kind of
goods; ever; a letter.

II. A letter; a mineral; a useful
article; a useful article; a letter.

III. A letter; a useful article; a
kind of file; a useful article; a letter.

—The Mystery solved in three weeks.—

The Mystical Circle.

PRIZE BIBLE STORIES have been re-
ceived from Maggie B. Ring, Kompt-
ele, N. S., who will accept thanks
for kind wishes, and Mary L. Weston,
Rockville, N. S.

MABEL I. GILMORE, Williamsburg,
will please receive our thanks for the
nice puzzles, which are very accept-
able, and the good wishes.
ANNIE RICHARDSON, Carleton, N.
S., has our thanks for puzzles. All in
No. 4, save 19, correctly answered.
Write often.

A	B	C	OUR LETTER BOX.	X	Z

WILLIAMSBURG, Jan. 21, 1890.

DEAR UNCLE NED:—I received my
prize some time ago, and was much
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remain,

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