

Angel and Imp.

One is a little angel,—
An angel full of grace,—
For he makes a most beautiful
A homely, careworn face.
The other is an imp perverse
Who keeps an evil vow
To make as ugly as he can
The smoothest, whitest brow.

You know the angel and the imp,—
You know them both so well,
Their dictionary names it seems
Superfluous to tell!
And yet to make my riddle clear,
I'm forced to write them down:
The angel is a smile, of course,
The little imp, a frown!
—William Hayne.

Number Ten.

It was a rainy, dull day, and there were but few customers at Hunter & Hall's dry-goods establishment.

"The cash-boy's holiday," said one of the boys: "nothing selling to-day but gossamers and umbrellas. If it wasn't for a rainy day coming and making a break once in a while, we'd be laid up."

"A good time to read that paper you bought, Oscar Holmes," said another boy. "It's full of adventures, hair-breadth escapes, and shootings."

"Take it out of your pocket, and let's hear them," said a chorus of voices.

"Come on, Ten," said one of the boys. "Move along here, and make a place for Ten," he continued, pushing against the crowd which had gathered in a corner by the bundle-counter.

"I don't care for such papers," said the newly arrived cash-boy. "There's nothing true in 'em,—nothing improving or instructing. It was reading those kind of papers that made Johnny McPherson run away from home. He never would have turned out so bad if it hadn't been for that sort of reading."

"Ten's a preaching," said the owner of the paper. "Let's pass round the hat."

But Gilbert Shaw, "Cash-boy No. Ten," paid no attention to the taunts of his companions, and, sitting down by the counter, quietly took a paper out of his pocket, and, after looking over the contents, read slowly and aloud: "A gentleman interested in art offers a prize of \$5 for the best specimen of drawing made by a boy who has never had any instruction in the art, and who is not over fifteen years of age. Competitors for the prize must have the drawings in by 1st of April."

"You're the boy, Ten, to try for that: you'll get it, sure!" exclaimed one of the boys, whose attention had been drawn away from the alluring pictures of the first paper.

"He made a good job of the doll-dressmaker's sign," said one of the crowd, sneeringly.

"Did Ten paint that?" asked another boy. "That's a piece of artistic genius, I must confess."

"Ten's solid with all the ladies," said Oscar Holmes. "Miss McCleary up in the suit department does on him, and always asks, 'Where's Ten?' and the lady at the lace-counter, she always gives him her sweetest smiles; and 'Amy Brown, Doll's Dressmaker,' after the painting of that wonderful sign, of course she adores him."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves," said the bundle-boy, as Gilbert Shaw went off just then to answer a call for "Cash." Amy Brown is a poor little lame girl, and 'Ten' has been the means of setting her up in business. She was very poor, and didn't have enough to eat before that. Now she dresses the dolls for the rich folks all about, and they pay her well for it."

"Didn't know all that," said the largest boy.

"Three cheers for Cash," said another; and the repeated calls for "Cash" just then made the boys scatter in different directions.

When Gilbert Shaw went home that night, he resolved to try for the prize. "I don't expect to get it, mother," he said, "but I shan't lose anything by trying, and I can spend my evenings practising."

After he had confided his plan to his mother, he went over to tell Amy Brown. She was very happy that evening, for she had just received an order for ten dresses for a doll's reception.

"Oh, I do hope you'll get the prize, Gilbert," she said. "I do believe you will. How I wish I could do something to help you!" and the little girl read the announcement in the paper over and over. "Gilbert, Mr. Graham would give you some help, I know. He is a very kind man, and I'll tell him I'll make all his little girl's dolls' dresses for nothing if he will show you how to make a good drawing."

"But the paper says it must be without any instruction, you know, Amy, and it wouldn't be honest or

honorable to get any one to help me," said Gilbert.

"How would the gentleman who offers the prize know whether the boys got help or not?" the little girl asked.

"If I cheated, I'd know it myself, wouldn't I, Amy? and God would know it; and, if I got the prize, I should always think that I got it by false pretences. No, I'll do the square thing, Amy."

"You are right, Gilbert, and I am wrong; but you have been so kind to me that I want so much to have you get it."

A few days before the 1st of April Gilbert Shaw sent his drawing and his name as a competitor for the offered prize. No one saw the drawing but his mother and Amy Brown, and they thought it an excellent piece of artistic work; but they were partial judges, and the boy did not count much on their opinions.

Nothing was heard from the drawing for some weeks, and Gilbert Shaw had given up hearing from it. It had probably been lost through the mail, his mother said, or there had been some mistake about the address. But one morning in June the cashier at the desk sent for Gilbert Shaw to come to headquarters. It wasn't pay-day, and one of the boys, who heard what the messenger said, exclaimed: "What's up? Ten's been called to the cashier's office."

"Nothing wrong with Ten," said the bundle-boy. "He don't lie or steal. Promotion probably."

"This gentleman wishes to speak to you," said the cashier as "No. Ten" came into the gate of the railing around the cashier's desk.

"Did you do that, my boy?" asked the gentleman, as he held Gilbert's drawing up to his view.

"Yes, sir," replied Gilbert.

"All alone, without assistance?"

"Yes, sir," said Gilbert.

"You tell me this in good faith?"

said the gentleman, earnestly.

"Yes, sir, I do," replied Gilbert.

"That boy's word can be relied upon," said the cashier. "I wish I could say the same for all the rest of our boys."

"Why didn't you send your address with the specimen?" asked the gentleman.

"I thought I did," replied the boy.

"No, you only gave 'Gilbert Shaw, New York City.' How did you expect I was going to find you? Didn't you know hunting up a boy of your size in this city is like hunting for a needle in a haystack? It was only by the merest accident I found you. If it had not been for that little doll's dressmaker, I'd never found you. My little nieces wanted me to go with them yesterday to their dolls' dressmaker to have some work done, and I saw the sign on the house, and, being especially interested in all such kinds of work, I asked who had done it, and that little 'Jenny Wren' told me Gilbert Shaw did it, and that he was a cash-boy in Hunter & Hall's establishment. So I have found you at last. Your drawing was the best one I received. Here is five dollars. And now, my boy, come to my house one evening each week, and I will give you lessons in drawing free. You have genius, and it wants cultivating."

Gilbert Shaw was so overcome with this unexpected good news that he could not speak for some minutes. The big tears rolled down his cheeks as he looked up into the gentleman's face, and said, "I cannot tell you how very thankful I am to you, sir."

"Ten's got the prize!" exclaimed a cash-boy who had been at the desk waiting for change: "he's got it sure enough. I saw the gentleman give it to him."

This news ran all around the store quick as a telegraphic despatch. Up into the suit department it went with the elevator boy, and Miss McCleary said, "I never heard anything that made me rejoice as much as this good fortune for Ten."

"After all, Amy, I shouldn't have got the prize if it hadn't been for you," said Gilbert Shaw that evening, when he went in to tell her the good news.

"I thought you'd get it, Gilbert," she said: "you know the Bible says, 'Blessed is he that considereth the poor.' You considered me, you know, and the Lord blessed you."—N. Y. Evangelist.

Killing Time.

"O dear!" sighed Tommy Dodd, "I wish I had something to do."

"Is it possible," asked Aunt Mary, "that a boy of fourteen can find nothing to do? Has he mastered all his studies?"

"Oh, I guess I know a good deal!" said Tommy, sulkily.

"And have you explored all the surrounding country within ten miles? Your uncle says this mountain and valley region is very rich in mineral and botanical treasures."

"I haven't traveled around very much," admitted Tommy, reluctantly.

"Then, of course, you have put the hinge on the back gate, mended the horse trough, fixed the chicken-coop, and done the ten or fifteen other jobs your father spoke about last Saturday?"

"No-o, I haven't."

"But I thought you said you had nothing to do?"

"Now, you're laughing at me, Aunt Mary."

"Well, isn't it laughable?"

"I don't think you understand me, Aunt Mary," said Tommy, earnestly. "I feel awful dull, and I want something to do—not exactly work, you know, but something that will interest me."

"Yes, I do understand you. You have got into a languid, listless way of thinking and working, until time hangs heavy on your hands. You lie back and dream of doing something great instead of doing something useful; you are always looking abroad for objects of interest, while you shut your eyes to the many beautiful and interesting objects close at hand. When you come of age you will come into a large fortune, and then you will spend your money killing time and doing really nothing."

"Oh, no, I won't!" he cried, a little angrily. "When I am a man—"

"The boy is father of the man," said Aunt Mary, quietly. "If you can find nothing to interest you now, while you are young and fresh, what will the world be to you when you are old? I hope you will find out, before it is too late, that the days are too short for busy men. Do you know that Newton, the great astronomer, after a life spent in a perfect grind of work, sighed to think that he had accomplished so little?"

"Did he, though?"

"Yes, indeed; and he was only one of many. Mr. Edison, the great inventor, limits his hours of sleep to four or five daily, because he has so much to occupy his time. He never has to think how he can kill time."

"No, I suppose not," said the boy, thoughtfully.

"Then there is the great Gladstone. He is more than eighty years of age, and you would think he would by this time have known everything worth knowing and want to take a rest. But he is the busiest man in England. Every day he studies and works and writes, and his only complaint is that life is too short for the work he wants to do."

"That's strange," commented Tommy.

"No, it isn't. Nobody really has more time than he can use—he only thinks so. A busy man can find something to occupy every waking hour. Emerson, in one of his essays, wonders why people should be permitted to live who have more time than they want, and Pliny said of some dull, sleepy men, who had complained of having lost an evening by hearing an essay, that they were angry, not because they had lost an evening, but rather because they had been compelled to make use of it."

"Perhaps I am lazy," admitted Tommy, with an uneasy laugh.

"That is the best name for it," replied Aunt Mary with a smile, "and you should begin right away to cure yourself. Commerce today by doing everything you possibly can that needs doing. Work—work until you are tired out, and, as you work, you will think of something else to do when that job is finished. Try it for a week, and I warrant you will not find any necessity for killing time."

"I'll do it," said Tommy, resolutely; "and I'll start this very day."

"This very minute," corrected Aunt Mary.

"Yes, I mean minute. Here goes for the back gate."—Golden Days.

What a Letter Can Do.

B makes a road broad, turns the ear to bear and Tom into a tomb.

C makes limb climb, hanged changed, a lever clever, and transports a lover to clover.

D turns a bear to beard, a crow to a crowd, and makes anger danger.

F turns lower regions to flower regions.

H changes eight to height.

K makes now know.

L transforms a pear into pearl.

N turns a line into linen, a crow to a crown, and makes one none.

P metamorphoses lumber into plumber.

Q of itself has no significance.

S turns even to seven, makes hove above, a word a sword, a pear a spear, makes slaughter of laughter, and curiously changes having a hoe to shaving a shoe.

T makes a bough bought, turns here to there, alters one to tone and transforms the phrase "allow his own" to "tallow this town."

W does well, e. g., hose are whose, are becomes ware, on won, omen

women, so sow, vie view; it makes arm warm and turns a hat into—what? Y turns fur into fury, a man into many, to a toy, a bub to a buby, ours to yours and a lad to a lady.—New York World.

Home Hints.

A wash of equal parts of glycerine and lactic acid will remove blotches and freckles from the face.

MACCARONI.—Cook macaroni in water till soft; then put in a deep dish with alternate layers of grated crackers and cheese; a little salt; fill up the dish with milk. Bake one hour.

SCALLOPED CHEESE.—Soak one cup dry bread crumbs in fresh milk; beat into this three eggs, add tablespoon butter, one-half lb. grated cheese, and a pinch of salt, and pepper; strew bread crumbs on top and bake a delicate brown.

THERE is nothing so pleasant as fragrance in one's room. Break off branches of Norway spruce and place them in a vase of water. In a few days tender pale green branches feather out, soft and cool to the touch, and giving a delightful health giving odor.

Young Folks' Column.

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

Devoted to Puzzles, Solutions, Letters, Stories, and other work by the young.

—PUZZLES' PASTIME—

[The Mystery Solved.—No. 43.]

No. 229.—Granite. No. 230.—Ear, Aaron, roe.

No. 231.—"Little children keep yourselves from idols."

No. 232.—Olive.

No. 233.—A H A B
H A R E
A R E A
B E A N

No. 234.—P E N A T E S
E D I T O R
N I S A N
A T A D
T O N
E R
S

—[The Mystery.—No. 46.]—

Now is the time to get ready for the Christmas season of puzzle work! Send along the puzzles, prizes, etc., etc.!

No. 246.—DIAMOND.

(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

A letter; female; a girl's name; severe; a yearly feast; made of clay; membrane; a vessel; a letter.

No. 247.—TRANSPPOSITION.

(BY MISS M. WARD, Minneapolis, U. S.)

"A fots seawarn nuterht yawa trahw t tub suoveing sdrow rist pu regna."

No. 248.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

In sand, not in lime;
In arm, not in foot;
In tar, not in mud;
In man, not in boy;
In hat, not in cap.
Whole is a girl's name.

No. 249.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(BY GRACE E. KING, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

My 1, 5, 14 is a shade of color.
My 3, 2 is a word of denial.
My 6, 5, 3 is to move with rapidity.
My 20, 4, 15, 17, 3 is to lament.
My 8, 11, 24, 23 is a small animal.
My 9, 20, 5, 15 is a pronoun.
My 10, 16, 18, 14 is to lose color.
My 9, 11, 7 is a covering for the floor.

My 22, 14, 11, 12, 13 is a place overgrown with shrubs.

My 21, 20, 9 is a plaything.

My whole, consisting of 24 letters, is a commandment.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

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