

## I Meant To.

"I did not rise at breakfast bell,  
But was so sleepy—I can't tell—  
I meant to.

"The wood's not carried in, I know;  
But there's the school bell, I must go—  
I meant to.

"My lessons I forgot to write,  
But nuts and apples were so nice—  
I meant to.

"I forgot to walk on tiptoe;  
O how the baby cries! Oh! Oh!  
I meant to.

"There I forgot to shut the gate,  
And put away my book and slate—  
I meant to.

"The cattle trampled down the corn,  
My slate is broken, my book is torn—  
I meant to.

Thus draws poor little Jimmy Hite,  
From morn till noon, from noon till night;  
"I meant to."

And when he grows to be a man,  
He heedlessly mares every plan  
With that poor plea, "I meant to."

—Home and School Visitor.

## A "Pillow."

"How many children have you?"  
asked a gentleman of a friend whom  
he met after a parting of many years.

"Only one," he answered; "a pil-  
low."

"A pillow?" inquiringly.

"Yes," smiling; "a pillow is some-  
thing to rest on,—is it not?"

"Certainly."

"Well, that is why I call my little  
daughter a pillow; she's so restless."

The gentleman soon reached the  
home of the father of the "pillow,"  
and a lovely young girl of about six-  
teen years old was introduced as "my  
daughter Emily." The visitor only  
remained one night, but by the time  
he left he had fully decided that his  
friend's young daughter merited the  
sobriquet given her. The smiling  
face with which she greeted her father  
and his friend won the latter's heart.  
In a gentle, quiet way she brought the  
evening paper, and laid it open, at the  
page he always read first, on the table  
near her father. His slippers and  
dressing-gown were brought too, and  
she was rewarded with a fond kiss,  
and a whispered "Thank you, dear."

Later in the evening, when her father  
expressed a desire that she should sing  
something for his friend, she did not  
refuse, but did the best she could,  
with a grace and sweetness indescrib-  
able. A little bell tinkled once, and  
Emily left the room hastily.

"My wife is sick this evening; she  
is a victim to nervous headache," ex-  
plained the host. "I hardly know  
what she would do at such times if it  
were not for Emily; the child is a born  
nurse."

The hostess, free from her headache,  
but looking pale and weary, came  
down to breakfast next morning. She  
sat at her usual place—the head of the  
table—and poured out the coffee. But  
Emily was near at hand, to relieve her  
mother by putting the cream and sugar  
in the cups and passing them. It was  
she, too, who dished the oatmeal in a  
neat and dainty way that was charm-  
ing.

A pink-tinted rosebud with a gero-  
nium leaf lay at each of the three  
plates. The father lifted his to inhale  
the fragrance, smiling his thanks.

"Where is yours?" he asked.

"There were only three this morn-  
ing," she replied, brightly; "I shall  
have the next one."

After breakfast, as the guest lingered  
for a few moments in the sitting-  
room, waiting for his friend to accom-  
pany him down town, he heard Emily's  
voice sing in a low tone of entreaty:

"Now, mamma, go and lie down,  
please; I will help Bridget with the  
breakfast-work, so that she can get at  
her ironing, and do the dusting later;  
don't think of anything."

"But she must think of something,"  
thought the guest. "She must think  
of the helpful little daughter who is  
such a joy and comfort that she is in-  
deed a pillow—something to rest her  
heart on."—Children's Banner.

## A Hard Lesson.

"Nellie, I want you to hem a nap-  
kin before you go out today. Hadn't  
you better put aside your story and do  
your work first?"

"I will in a minute, mamma,"  
Nellie answered, without glancing up  
from the pages of a book which she  
found absorbingly interesting.

An hour passed away; and then her  
mother, passing through the room, and  
seeing the book still in the little  
girl's hands, said, "Now, Nellie, stop  
reading until you finish your work,  
and then you will enjoy your story all  
the more."

"Yes, mamma, I'll begin my sewing  
in a minute. I just want to read to  
the end of this chapter and it's only  
two pages more."

glancing over the first few pages, not-  
withstanding her promise.

Before many minutes had elapsed the  
napkin was entirely forgotten, and the  
little girl was again deep in her story.

The sound of merry voices aroused  
her at last; and she glanced up, to see  
a party of her school friends approach-  
ing.

"Come, Nellie, we are going to the  
woods for wild flowers," they called,  
as they saw her seated beside the open  
window. "Hurry and get your hat on,  
for we haven't time to wait."

"All right! I won't be a moment,"  
Nellie answered. And, dropping her  
book, she hastily put on her hat and  
started downstairs.

"Where are you going, Nellie?" her  
mother asked, as she met her in the  
hall.

"To the woods with the girls,"  
Nellie responded.

"Is your work all finished, dear?"  
"O mamma, I am so sorry; but I  
haven't taken a stitch in it yet,"  
Nellie confessed penitently. "I truly  
meant to; but I was reading, and I  
forgot all about it. I'll do it the very  
first thing when I come home."

"No, dear, I must keep my word,  
even if you forget to keep yours," her  
mother answered, sorry to deprive  
Nellie of a pleasure, but realizing too  
well how this fault of procrastination  
was injuring her character to let her  
indulge in it unchecked. "You must  
finish your work before you go out. It  
is more than two hours since I first  
spoke to you about it. So you would  
have had plenty of time if you had  
done it at once."

"But, mamma, the girls can't wait  
so long," Nellie exclaimed in dismay.

"Then they must go without you,  
dear."

"O mamma!"

But Nellie knew that it would be  
useless to plead when her mother  
spoke in that firm tone. So, repress-  
ing her tears, she went out to the gate,  
and told the girls she could not go with  
them.

Then she came back to the house,  
and, taking up her thimble, sat down  
resolutely to accomplish the task which  
should have been completed long ago.  
The outdoor sunshine never looked  
more inviting and the thought of the  
woods more attractive than during the  
next hour; but she had time to think,  
and she resolved that her fault should  
never conquer her again. It had been  
a hard lesson, but she had learned it;  
and, when the words "in a minute"  
rise to her lips, she represses them,  
remembering the pleasure she lost that  
bright spring afternoon by procrastina-  
tion.—Selected.

## Some Good Rules for Young People.

Never exaggerate.  
Never point at another.  
Never betray a confidence.  
Never wantonly frighten others.  
Never leave home with unkind  
words.

Never neglect to call upon friends.  
Never laugh at the misfortune of  
others.

Never give a promise that you do  
not fulfill.

Never send a present, hoping for  
one in return.

Never speak much of your own per-  
formances.

Never fail to be punctual at the  
time appointed.

Never make yourself the hero of  
your own story.

Never pick the teeth or clean the  
nails in company.

Never fail to give a polite answer to  
a civil question.

Never question a servant or a child  
about family affairs.

Never present a gift saying it is of  
no use to yourself.

Never read letters that you may  
find addressed to others.

Never fail, if a gentleman, of being  
polite and civil to ladies.

Never call attention to the features  
or form of any one present.

Never refer to a gift you have made,  
or a favor you have rendered.

Never associate with bad company.  
Have good company or none.

Never look over the shoulder of  
another who is reading or writing.

Never appear to notice a scar, de-  
formity, or defect in any one present.

Never arrest the attention of an ac-  
quaintance by a touch. Speak to him.

## Any Way You Please.

"Mamma, I wish you'd call the baby  
in; he's so cross we can't play," cried  
Robert to his mamma one day, as he  
was playing in the yard with his sister  
and the baby.

"I don't think he would be cross if  
you were not cross to him," said  
mamma, coming out. "He does just  
as he sees you do. Just try him and  
see. Put your hat on one side of your  
head."

"Whistle," said mamma. Robbie  
did, and baby began to whistle too.

"Stop mocking me," said Robbie,  
angrily, giving baby a push. Baby  
screamed, and pushed Robbie back.

"There, you see," said his mother,  
"the baby does just as you do. Kiss  
him now, and you will see how quickly  
he will follow your example."

Robbie did not feel exactly like  
doing this, but he did; and the baby  
hugged and kissed him back very  
warmly.

"Now, you see," said his mother,  
"you can have a cross baby or a good  
baby of your little brother, just which  
you choose. But you must teach him  
yourself."

## Percy.

One morning, not long since, a  
teacher of music was giving his usual  
lesson in a certain primary school of  
New England. He had requested  
several of the little people to sing alone  
the exercises on the chart.

At length he turned to a bright-eyed  
little boy, five or six years old. The  
little fellow arose, his face aglow with  
interest, but he failed to sing even the  
first measure correctly. He repeated  
the attempt with the same result. Had  
they been allowed to do so, several of  
the children were inclined to laugh at  
the discordant notes. The little boy  
turned questioning, his flushed face  
toward the teacher, who said, "I  
think you can't sing to-day, Johnnie."

"Yes, sir, I can; please let me try  
again."

But it was a failure this time, and  
the music teacher himself said, "No,  
little boy; we will let someone else  
sing it. You have done your best,  
but it isn't quite right."

"Please, sir," said Johnnie timidly,  
yet standing as firm as a soldier, "I  
know I can sing that piece."

The gentleman smiled, thought of  
the few moments left and replied,  
"You may try it again, my little man."

It was better this time, and after  
repeating it once or twice more,  
Johnnie stood triumphant; and he at  
last sang it without a mistake.

DEATH IN THE PIPE.—Poor little  
Tom learned a trick which every one  
thought "so cute and cunning." You  
could never guess what it was. He  
learned to smoke his papa's pipe. The  
baby, sitting on his little stool, with  
the nasty old pipe in his sweet little  
mouth, was the wonder of the neigh-  
borhood; and the foolish parents, and  
the foolish neighbors, all laughed at  
the little owl.

But Tommy was very sick. The  
doctor came, and said nicotine poison  
from the pipe was the cause, and the  
poor baby must die.

When he lay cold and white in his  
little coffin no one laughed; yet he  
found death in the pipe.—Temp.  
Banner.

## Just For Fun.

A horse has the advantage over a  
man in one thing. He's worth more  
after he's broke than he was before.—  
Berkshire News.

Mrs. Jingle:—"I see that in Cali-  
fornia they make alcohol out of beets."  
Mr. Jingle:—"That's nothing. Here  
in the East we make beets out of  
alcohol."

Teacher (to class): In this stanza,  
what is meant by the line, "The shades  
of night were falling fast?" Bright  
Scholar: "The people were pulling  
down the blinds."

Lady de Primrose: "What do you  
think of the new Duchess?" Mrs.  
Normanby: "Oh, she's a perfect  
phonograph!" "I don't understand.  
What do you mean?" "Well, you  
see, she speaks without thinking."

Maginty: "What's that stone  
shanty in the park, Casey?" Casey:  
"That's a Mausoleum, my b'y."

Maginty: "And what's a mausoleum,  
me boy?" Casey: "It's ignorant ye  
are, Dinis. Sure a mausoleum is a  
house a man lives in after he's dead."  
—America.

## Home Hints.

Warm water and a soft cloth are all  
that are required to keep glass in a  
good condition.

When whitewashing your cellar add  
an ounce of carbolic acid to each gal-  
lon of wash before applying.

It is just as necessary to keep salt  
from absorbing bad odors as cream.  
A sack of best salt standing where  
there is a smell of fish or any objec-  
tionable odor will absorb the flavor.

In watering plants under glass avoid  
extremes and give each plant just the  
amount of water that is required.  
Considerable good judgment is required  
in this, else some plants may suffer  
from dryness while others are injured  
by overwatering.

Those with weak stomachs, should  
avoid pork, veal, liver, salt meat, sau-  
sages, hatches, mackerel, salmon, her-  
ring, salt fish, melted butter, cheese,  
fresh bread, muffins, buttered toast,  
pastry, cakes, custards, nuts, pears,  
plums, cherries, pine-apples, cucum-  
bers, carrots, peas, beans, pickles,  
chocolate, etc.

## Young Folks' Column.

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

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## The Mystery Solved.—No. 23.

- No. 133.—  
(a) Twice. Isa. 3:20. Ezek. 44:18.  
(b) Once. Matt. 14:30.  
(c) Eccl. 7:16.  
(d) Neh. 13:26.

No. 134.—1. h 2. p  
boa tap  
house paper  
asp pen  
e r

No. 135.—  
NOTICE  
NATURE  
PEOPLE  
MEAGRE  
BLAINS  
SENSE S

- No. 136.—  
1. Rustchuck. 2. Silistria.  
3. Salonica. 4. Gallipoli.

No. 137.—Goblet.

## The Mystery.—No. 26.

No. 146.—BIBLE QUERIES.  
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

Where are the following:  
1. "The conies are but a feeble  
folk, yet they make their houses in  
rocks;"

2. "And, say what is my mother;  
a lioness she lay down among lions,  
she nourished her whelps among  
young lions;"

3. "hatched;" 4. "orphans;" 5.  
"paces;" 6. "parcel;" 7. "purse;"  
8. "rattling;" 9. "rinsed;" 10.  
"scalp;" 11. "schoolmaster;" and  
12. "Smart!"

No. 147.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.  
(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

In day, not in night;  
In eye, not in light;  
In mine, not in yours;  
In foul, not in dirt;  
In bees, not in honey;  
In truth, not in plain;  
In buy, not in sell;  
In head, not in foot;  
In able, not in strong;  
In box, not in chest;  
In fire, not in coal;  
In fun, not in mirth;  
In fate, not in luck;  
In gain, not in loss;  
In fair, not in foul;  
In brain, not in skull;  
In end, not in last.

The whole is a saying of Jesus.  
What is it?

No. 148.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

1. A letter; a girl's name; a per-  
son; a liquor; a letter.  
2. A letter; an adjective; an  
animal; ever; a letter.  
3. A letter; a useful article; to  
play; a useful article; a letter.

No. 149.—WORD-SQUARES.

(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

1. A fish; extravagant; sort of oil;  
rocks; spiky frame.  
2. Animal; Bible prince; Russian  
river; Bible mount.

—The Mystery solved in three weeks.—

—The Mystical Circle.—

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