

A Fellow's Mother.

"A fellow's mother," said Fred the wise, with his rosy cheeks and his merry eyes, "knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt by a thump, or a bruise, or a fall in the dirt."

"A fellow's mother has bags and strings, bags and buttons and lots of things; no matter how busy she is, she'll stop to see how well you can spin your top."

"She does not care, not much, I mean, if a fellow's face is not always clean; and if your trousers are torn at the knee she can put in a patch that you never see."

"A fellow's mother is never mad, but only sorry if you are bad. And I tell you this, if you're only true, she'll always forgive whatever you do."

"I'm sure of this," said Fred the wise, with a manly look in his laughing eyes, "I'll mind my mother, quick, every day, a fellow's a baby who don't obey."

Right Resolute.

BY MARY HUBBARD HOWELL.

"Please, sir, don't you want a boy?" The timid but earnest little voice found its way through the thick fur cap drawn down over Farmer Brownlow's ears, and, with his horses half untied, he turned and looked with curious but kind eyes at the owner of the voice—a poorly clothed and shivering little fellow, who was standing a few steps from him, and waiting with an anxious face for his answer.

"Hey—what's that—don't I want a boy? Well, I don't know. I've never been conscious that I wanted one. Boys are apt to be pretty troublesome helps, I think. But wait a moment"—for, with a disappointed air, the little fellow was turning away—"do you know a boy who wants to live with me? Who is he?"

"Me, sir." And, as he spoke, the little boy drew nearer, and looked at Mr. Brownlow with eyes as pleading as his voice.

"Me, is it? Well what can 'Me' do?"

The small half-bare feet shuffled nervously in the cold snow, but the answer came at once:

"I believe—when I'm right resolute—that I can do most things that any boy can."

The odd, old-fashioned expression, that he had often heard his mother use, pleased Mr. Brownlow.

"When you are right resolute?" he repeated. "Who taught you to say that?"

"Aunt Susan taught me. 'It's part of her rule—' Trust in God and be right resolute."

"And you are a 'right resolute' boy—are you? Well, now, what does that mean?"

"It means when I try, and try, and keep trying. That's the way to do hard things, Aunt Susan told me. 'And you are willing to do hard things—are you? And you want a place—do you? Well, what is your name, and where do you live, and how old are you?'"

"My name is John Power; I am eleven years old. I used to live with Aunt Susan; but she died last week, and now I don't live nowhere. And oh,"—and the young voice trembled in its earnestness—"I do want a place so much!"

Mr. Brownlow looked thoughtfully at the boy for a moment, but then he turned, finished untying his horses, and took up the reins. Then he placed one foot on the wheel of his wagon, hesitated, and looked once more at the shivering little fellow on the cold pavement.

"Does any one in town know you?" he asked.

"Most of the folks know me. Dr. Dawes does, an' he's coming now."

"Dr. Dawes, hey? Well, he is good man and his word can be believed. Doctor,"—and Mr. Brownlow raised his voice—"do you know this boy?"

"Do I know Johnny?" Dr. Dawes answered as he stopped, and with one quick glance read the hesitation in Mr. Brownlow's face, and the longing in the boy's. "Yes; he and I have been good friends for a long time."

"Hm-m!" Mr. Brownlow said in a thoughtful tone. "Well, suppose I was to drive off with him, who would have any right to complain?"

"No one," Dr. Dawes answered.

"The boy is alone in the world, Mr. Brownlow. He has not a relation, save as a common humanity makes us all relations. You have never in your life needed anything as he needs a home. Can't you give him one in your family? I'll vouch for his character."

"Well," Mr. Brownlow said, in a slow, considerate voice, "boys are a good deal like clocks; it's pretty hard to make them go right. And me an' Sabrina—that's my sister, you know—we've never felt willing to take a boy, and be responsible for his bringing up. Sabrina says he doesn't want to speculate either in boys or stocks; and, to tell the truth, I don't know what she'll say to me if I speculate now. But," the good man added, as

the icy wind pierced through even his warm wrappings, "I do believe, I'll have to take this little fellow. It looks as if I'll be going directly against the leadings of Providence if I don't. So jump into the wagon, my boy, and snuggle down under the robes."

"I've brought you a present you've never thought of wanting, Sabrina," Mr. Brownlow said an hour later, as, with the little boy beside him, he stepped into his warm kitchen, and spoke to the middle-aged woman who was hurrying about preparing supper.

With a loaf of bread in one hand, and a knife in the other, Miss Sabrina stopped and looked sharply at John.

"Stephen, you don't mean that you've gone and took a boy!" she exclaimed, in a tone of strong disapproval. "Why, what will he be good for?"

"Good to make a man of, I hope," Mr. Brownlow answered dryly.

"Come, Sabrina," he continued, in a kind but decided voice, "you mustn't manufacture clouds when there are none in the sky. The boy is a 'right resolute' little fellow, and I don't believe we ever shall be sorry that, when he was homeless, we took him in. Any way, we will try him."

It was a bright, cold day, just a month since little John Power—or "Right Resolute," as Mr. Brownlow was fond of calling him—came to his new home. In that month he had sawed wood, brought water, kindled fires, and made himself useful in so many ways that even Miss Sabrina was pleased with him, and acknowledged that, like the hammer and the gimlet, "he was pretty handy to have in the house." He had never been left alone before; but on this sunny day both Mr. Brownlow and Miss Sabrina were called from home for a few hours, and it was decided—though not without many misgivings on Miss Sabrina's part—to leave John alone in the house.

The little boy felt very important as he watched his kind friends drive away, and it was with a delightful sense of responsibility that he visited the barn, the stable, and the hen-house, and satisfied himself that everything was safe and in good order. With his cap full of fresh eggs he went back to the house, singing softly the words of a child's prayer Aunt Susan had taught him:

"Jesus, give me strength, I pray, Just to do my work to-day."

As he opened the kitchen door, he noticed a peculiar odor. The low sweet singing ceased.

"Whew!" he said, in his boyish way. "I do believe something's burning."

He glanced about the kitchen. Everything there seemed safe, and he went quickly on into the sitting-room. There, too, everything was in order, but the unmistakable odor of burning cloth was stronger. He opened a door and stepped into Miss Sabrina's room. It was black with smoke. The calico working-dress Miss Sabrina had taken off when she dressed for her visit was already destroyed; the chair on which it had been flung was cracking and blazing, and the fire had reached the window close by, and was slowly but surely stealing along the window-sill. In one instant the little boy saw it all, and he knew that in a very short time the fate of the house would be decided. There were no neighbors to call upon, for the nearest were three-quarters of a mile away. Whatever was done John must do, and do quickly.

A number of papers lay on a table near the window. The little boy snatched them up, and threw them into the sitting-room.

"There isn't any need of leaving kindlings for this fire," he said, wisely; and then he closed the door to keep out the air, and rushed into the kitchen.

Two pails full of water were standing there. He seized them, one in each hand; and though he staggered under their weight, he ran with them to the fire.

Dash went the water over the chair and the window; and in another minute, with the fleetness of a deer, the little boy was at the pump. Again the pails were filled; again dash went the water, and now the blazing chair began to blacken, and the fire in the window-sill, though it still burned slowly, was checked in its progress. Back and forth between the kitchen and the room the brave boy ran with pails, and dash, dash, dash, again and again, and yet again went the water on the hungry fire. It was a fierce struggle, but the little boy won; and when in the afternoon Mr. Brownlow and his sister returned, only the charred wood in Miss Sabrina's room told of the danger that had threatened their home.

That evening Mr. Brownlow left his paper unread, and sat for a long time silent and thoughtful. But just at bed-time, as he stooped to cover the glowing coals in the fire-place, he said suddenly:

"Sabrina, I've been thinking."

"I hope so," Miss Sabrina retorted, "for I can testify that you've done nothing else this evening."

"Yes, I've been thinking," Mr. Brownlow repeated, "and I have about made up my mind that a boy as 'right resolute' as little John ought to be given a chance in the world. And now, Sabrina, I want to know what you would say if I should decide to educate him, and treat him as my son."

Miss Sabrina was "toeing off" a stocking. She finished knitting out her needle, and then she folded her hands and looked at her brother.

"Stephen," she said, "I do expect—from what the Testament says—that it is just as much our duty to help others shine as it is to try to shine ourselves; and if you spend money in educating John, it's my belief there will come a time when you will say it was the best investment you ever made."

On through many changes the years that neither haste nor rest carried little John. With the resolute spirit of his childhood he worked and studied, and humble duties well done were the steps by which he rose to great tasks and high honors.

Mr. Brownlow watched his course with the pride and interest of a father. His old age was made happy by John's devotion, and often in quiet hours he would say slowly to himself, "Trust in God, and be right resolute"—that is the rule, is it? Well, it is a good one. It has made John a grand man."—*Sunday-School Times.*

Being Obliging.

One day when little Arthur was making mud-pies in the front yard, he heard some one call him. It was his Aunt Jane, who was standing on the front porch with a letter in her hand. "Run across the street and put this letter in the box, Arthur, please," she said.

"No, I don't want to," answered Arthur, who did not like to be disturbed.

So Aunt Jane went across the street herself and mailed the letter.

Not long after this Arthur's mother asked him to take a spool of silk to Aunt Jane, who was upstairs.

"No, I don't want to," answered Arthur again.

His mother said nothing, but when she went upstairs herself with the silk she had a little talk with Aunt Jane about Arthur.

An hour later Arthur ran to Aunt Jane with a broken whip.

"Please mend this, Aunt Jane," he said.

"No, I don't want to," said Aunt Jane, without looking up from her sewing.

Arthur seemed surprised for a moment; then hung his head and turned away.

When supper was over, Arthur carried a book of fairy tales to his mamma.

"Please read me a story, mamma," he said.

"No, I don't want to," said his mother, who was knitting.

Arthur's lip quivered, and his eyes were full of tears as he sat down on a cushion in a corner to look at the pictures in the book.

But he forgot his trouble when his papa came.

"Oh, papa," he said, running to him, "please make me a whistle."

"No, I don't want to," said his papa.

This was too much for Arthur, and he burst into tears. But no one comforted him, and the nurse came and took him off to bed.

While she undressed him she told him no one could love a little boy who never wanted to do favors, and if he were not ready to oblige others he must not expect others to oblige him.

The next morning Aunt Jane came out again with a letter. As soon as he saw her he left his mud-cakes and ran to her.

"Let me put the letter in the box, Aunt Jane," he said.

Aunt Jane smiled and kissed him as she gave him the letter. She saw that Arthur had learned a good lesson, and he never again refused to do a favor.

Home Hints.

Salt fish will soak fresh much quicker in sour milk than in water.

Lamp burners can be renovated by boiling them in strong soda water.

Cups and saucers stained with tea may be made bright by using a little damp salt.

To remove tar from the hands, rub with the outside of a fresh lemon peel and wipe dry immediately.

A doctor at Toulouse informs the French Academy of Medicine that he has discovered a cure for croup. It is a very simple one—a teaspoonful of flour of sulphur in a tumbler of water. After three days of the treatment his patient recovered.

Yellow piano keys may be whitened with sandpaper and afterward polished with chamoline.

Cockroaches, bedbugs, carpets moths and the legion of small vermin which infest houses can be got rid of by a vigorous application of a hot solution of alum to their haunts. This should be used very strong and put on freely with a paint brush.

A loaf that has become too stale for the table may be "freshened" by wrapping it in a clean cloth, and dipping it in boiling water for thirty seconds. Then remove the cloth and bake the loaf for ten minutes in a slow oven. Stale breakfast rolls may be treated the same way.

Young Folks' Column.

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—PUZZLERS' PASTIME.—

[The Mystery Solved.—No. 26.]

No. 146.—(1) Prov. 30: 26. (2) Ezek. 19: 2. (3) Isa. 34: 15. (4) Lam. 5: 3. (5) 2 Saml. 6: 13. (6) Gen. 33: 19. (7) Prov. 1: 14. (8) Neh. 3: 2. (9) Lev. 6: 28. (10) Psa. 68: 21. (11) Gal. 3: 24. (12) Prov. 11: 15.

No. 147.—"Ye must be born again."

No. 148.—

1. a 2. s 3. c
a d a t h e t a p
a d u l t s h e e p c a p e r
a l e e e r p e n e r

No. 149.—1. LOACH 2. VOLE
OUTRE OREB
ATTAR LENA
TRAGS EBAL
HERSE

—[The Mystery.—No. 29.]—

N. B.—Puzzles, solutions, &c., are respectfully solicited.

No. 162.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(BY LULA FRANCES BARNES, Bath.)

* A letter.
* * * To sever.
* * * A boy's name.
* * * A useful article.
* A letter.

No. 163.—TRANSPPOSITION.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

"Dleessb rea yeh hiwdo do gerhun dna hirtat ftare grihtseuosens rof ylte laahl eb lifeld."

No. 164.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

In party, not in crowd;
In rain, not in snow;
In bite, not in chew;
In true, not in false;
In author, not in books;
In rum, not in gin;
In awe, not in fear;
In head, not in foot;
In told, not in said;
In plate, not in stone;
In sauce, not in cup;
In ashes, not in wood;
In laugh, not in weep;
In eye, not in sight;
In day, not in night;
Whole names one of England's great men.

No. 165.—CHARADE.

(BY LULA FRANCES BARNES, Bath.)

My first is a circle; my second is high; my third is a vowel; my whole is a river in the United States.

No. 166.—DROP-VOYEL PUZZLE.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

Th - gl - f - d - G - s - - ng - th - gr - t - pr - ph - t - s - r - a - n - p - m - ng - a -

No. 167.—TRANSPPOSITION.

(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

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