

The Bottom Drawer.

AND THE TREASURES THAT POOR OLD GRANDMA HAD LOCKED THEREIN. In the chest chamber of the house, Shut up in dim, uncertain light, There stood an antique chest of drawers, Of foreign wood with brasses bright. One morn a woman, frail and gray, Stepped tottering across the floor; "Let in," said she, "the light of day; Then, Jean, unlock the bottom drawer?"

The girl, in all youth's loveliness, Knelt down with eager, curious face; Perchance she dreamt of Indian silks, Of jewels, and of rare o'd lace. But, when the summer sunshine fell Upon the treasures hoarded there, The tears rushed to her tender eyes, Her heart was solemn as a prayer.

"Dear grandmamma!" she softly sighed, Lifting a withered rose and palm; But on the elder face was naught, But sweet content and peaceful calm. Leaning upon her staff she gazed "Upon a baby's half-worn shoe— A little frock of finest lawn— A hat with tiny bows of blue—

A ball made fifty years ago— A little glove, a tasseled cap— A half-done long division sum— Some school books fastened with a strap, She touched them all with trembling lips; "How much," she said, "the heart can bear, Ah, Jean! I thought that I should die The day that first I laid them there.

"But now it seems so good to know That all throughout these weary years Their hearts have been untouched by grief, Their eyes have been unstained by tears. Dear Jean, we see with clearer sight When earthly love is almost o'er; Those children wait me in the skies For whom I looked that sacred drawer."

—Mary A. Barr.

Which was the Coward.

"Tired of digging in the sand already, Dick?" asked Gertrude Frew, with a mischievous glance at her cousin's idle shovel.

"Well, not exactly tired, but I like better to watch the sports of the little people over on the island," replied Dick, shading his eyes to obtain a better view.

"There are the Fisher boys, Dick and Ada Clark and the Murray children; I know them every one," looking in the direction of the island. "I mean to get papa's boat and row across to the place where they are playing. You must come along and get acquainted with them."

"All right!" exclaimed Dick. "I am always ready for sport, and if we can manage the oars we'll have a jolly time."

"I must run up to the house for the boat key and to tell papa that we are going," said Gertrude.

Soon she came back looking somewhat gloomy, with the key dangling from her finger.

"Can we go?" asked Dick cheerfully. "Yes, I suppose we can if we choose," answered Gertrude, crossly. "Come on and help me get the boat out."

"What did uncle say?" queried Dick, rather anxious to find out what had clouded his cousin's sunny face so quickly.

"Oh, Dick, what a bother you are!" retorted Gertrude impatiently. "Papa was out—there! somewhere. But I know he would have said yes; and I'll ask him when we get back."

"Let us wait until he comes back, Gertrude. I am sure he would not like our stealing away without his permission," said Dick.

"He won't care," snapped Gertrude, unlocking the boat-house door. "Why don't you help me to get the boat out?"

"Never mind about the boat now," said Dick in a coaxing voice. "I am sure uncle would be angry, and I do not wish to displease him."

"I am going to have a boat ride, Dick, and you must do as I bid you. Climb in there and hand me the oars. Be quick, too!"

For once Dick refused to obey her commands; and when she found how resolute he could be when he took a stand she exclaimed in a loud, angry voice, "You're afraid; that is why you won't go—afraid of papa and afraid of the water. You can't swim the least bit, you know, and you a boy, too!"

Dick turned very red at this thrust, for, boy though he was, he had never learned to swim, while his little tormentor could float and dive like a fish.

"I am not afraid, Gertrude, but I shall not go without uncle's consent," he said quietly yet firmly as he turned toward the house.

"Coward! Coward!" shouted Gertrude. "You're just as mean as you can be. Just think of a great boy allowing a girl to get such a heavy boat out by herself!"

During the rest of the afternoon she scarcely noticed him, and in the evening when he asked her to take a stroll, she turned up her little nose and said with all the scorn she could summon, "I do not choose to walk with cowards."

How do I know but that you may get frightened at some shadow and run off and leave me?"

Dick bit his lips to keep back the

hot words that almost choked him and, instead of going to the woods as he intended, he turned into the lane that led to the railroad. He soon came back, looking flushed and excited, but as he said nothing, Gertrude was afraid he was still angry at the cutting words she had uttered.

A little later the spoiled child ran down the gravel path to meet her parents, who had just come off the train. For once her father turned away from her caresses to clasp Dick to his heart, and she was sure his voice quivered when he said, "You are a brave boy, Dick, and your name will be remembered in many prayers to-night." Then, with Dick's hand still in his, Mr. Frew told Gertrude and her mother how he had crept over the dangerous trustle work to warn the express, then due, that there was danger ahead, and how the train had come to a standstill just in time to prevent being ditched by an obstruction that some one had placed across the track.

"Oh, papa," cried Gertrude, "I've been calling him a coward all day just because he would not disobey you, but I see now that he is the hero, while I am the coward. If I had done right I would have been with him when he saw the rocks on the track, and I might have helped him to save your life."

"You see, my dear," said her father, "people must have both physical and moral courage if they wish to be heroes."

"Somebody's Boy."

Father Brown had been away for a week, and to-day he was expected home at dusk. "Papa will soon be here now," cried little Willie in childish glee. Mamma was glad, too, and with quick footsteps went about doing little things for papa's comfort. And now the tea-kettle was boiling, the table was set, and in ten minutes time papa would be among them. "May I go to the drawbridge and meet him," said Willie. "Yes, dear, if you are very careful." The little boy, flushed and happy, ran across the field to the bridge which he knew his papa must pass. In the excitement of the moment, Willie never knew how it happened, and there was no one else to explain the accident, he was in the deep water of the creek, and screaming aloud in the frenzy of despair for help. A tall gentleman, turning the corner field near by, hastened his brisk footsteps into a run.

"Somebody's boy has fallen into the water," he exclaimed. Hastily dropping his travelling bag and throwing aside his coat, he made a quick dive into the water, and rescued the drowning boy just as he was sinking for the last time. "Somebody's boy is saved," said the father, "and oh, God, how gracious thou art, it is my own."

Somebody's boy is in danger. There is a gilded saloon across the way, and the keeper is anxious to attract him. Last night he crossed the threshold for the first time; to-day he is there again. Oh, God, what misery is this! Somebody's boy is on the road to ruin.

Somebody's boy broke the Sabbath. He had not meant to do it, but his comrades pleaded so hard that he could not withstand them. It was the first step to a life of degradation, and somebody's boy was ruined thereby. Somebody's boy was tempted to steal. "It will not matter," he pleaded with his conscience, "if it does not become known, and I will never do so again." The money was taken from the drawer; it was the first step, and somebody's boy ended his days in the state's prison. Somebody's boy told a lie. The world was not seriously damaged thereby; but the boy acquired a habit of speaking the untruth, which clung to him through life. Somebody's boy had fallen from the high estate for which his Master had designed him.

Father, mother, pause not in your Christian endeavors; for in striving to save the weak and erring somebody's boy, over whom your heart yearns, your own son may be snatched from the burning brand and restored to you again. Somebody's boy may mean your own. —Christian Intelligencer.

Picnic.

Almost any boy or girl can tell you what a picnic is like, but I wonder how many know why it is so called, or that the custom is said to date only from 1802, not a hundred years ago.

Then, as now, when such an entertainment was being arranged for, it was customary for those who intended to be present should supply the eatables and drinkables. Originally the plan was to draw up a list of what was necessary, which is an excellent one to follow, for often, when there has been no previous agreement, it is discovered, when too late, that there is too much of one kind of food and not enough of another.

The list was passed around, and each person picked out the article of food or drink he or she was willing to furnish, and the name of the article

was then *nicked* off the list. So it was from these two words, *picked* and *nicked*, and this form of out-of-door entertainment first became known as a "pick-and-nick," and then as a picnic, the old-fashioned name for the basket parties of to-day. —Harper's Young People.

Boy Character.

It is the greatest delusion in the world for a boy to get the idea that his life is of no consequence, and that the character of it will not be noticed. A manly, truthful boy will shine like a star in any community. A boy may possess as much of noble character as a man. He may so speak and so live the truth that there will be no discount on his word. And there are such noble Christian boys; and wider and deeper than they are apt to think is their influence. They are the king boys among their fellows, having an immense influence for good, loved and respected because of the simple fact of living the truth.

Dear boys, do be truthful. Keep your word as absolutely sacred. Keep your appointments at the house of God. Be known for your fidelity to the interests of the church and Sabbath-school. Be true to every friendship. Help others to be and to do good.

HOW TO DRINK MILK.—Some complain that they cannot drink milk without being "distressed" by it. The most common reason why milk is not well-borne is due to the fact that people drink it too quickly. If a glass of it is swallowed hastily, it enters into the stomach and there forms one solid curdling mass, difficult of digestion. If, on the other hand, the same quantity is sipped, and three minutes at least are occupied in drinking it, then on reaching the stomach it is so divided that when coagulated, as it must be by the gastric juice, while digestion is going on, instead of being in one hard, condensed mass, upon the outside of which only the digestive fluids can act, it is more in the form of a sponge, and in and out of the entire bulk the gastric juice can play freely and perform its functions. —American Analyst.

MARVELOUS SPINNERS.—A spider has four little bags of thread—such little bags! In every bag there are more than a thousand holes, such tiny, tiny holes! Out of each hole thread runs, and all the threads—more than four thousand—she spins together as they run, and when they are all spun they make but one thread of the web she weaves. There is a member of the family that is herself no bigger than a grain of sand. Imagine what a slender web she makes, and of that, too, each thread is made of four or five thousand threads that have passed out of her four bags through four or five thousand of the tiniest holes. What must our very finest lace look like to one of those marvelous spinners?

THE RIGHT KIND.—The kind of a girl we like to honor is reported to be spending her vacation in giving her mother a "rest." When asked what she was doing she said she was enjoying herself very much doing the housework. "Your mother is away on a vacation, then?" "O no, she is at home; but I'm giving her a chance to rest in the morning, and to dress up and sit out on the piazza when she feels like it. I think it will do her good to have a little change." —Christian Register.

Home Hints.

Boil clothes pins in clean water once a month and they will be much more durable.

Warm dishes for the table by immersing them in hot water, not by standing them on a hot stove.

Soft soap, two quarts to the tub, makes good lather for the first rubbing of all white cottons and linens.

Never use the first water that comes from the tap. It has been in a lead or iron pipe all night, and is not healthful.

To make fly paper mix together, by stirring, equal parts of castor oil and melted rosin, and while yet slightly warm spread evenly on sized paper, such as foolscap, etc.

To renew velvet hold it over boiling water, with the wrong side next the water, and that will raise the pile. If very badly crushed, wet it on the wrong side, and let some one hold a hot iron upside down; pass the velvet slowly over this, and the pile will rise; then dry it without any handling.

Peeling potatoes, apples and other vegetables and fruits will discolor the hands. Borax water is excellent to remove stains and heal scratches and chafes. Put crude borax into a large bottle and fill with water. When dissolved add more to the water until at last the water can absorb no more, and particles can be seen at the bottom.

After buttering the tin for a boiled pudding, dust it with powdered bread crumbs; baking pans can be treated with flour in the same way and the cake will never stick.

Hard-wood furniture, black walnut or other varieties require oiling lightly with boiled linseed oil and rubbing dry with a woollen cloth. Varnished furniture, mahogany or rosewood, if kept carefully dusted, requires only an occasional rubbing with chamois skin or thick flannel to retain its polish perfectly. Soap should never be used on varnish.

The simplest, and one of the prettiest of window gardens may be obtained without care or trouble in this way: Take a large sponge, sow it full of rice, oats or wheat with the husks on, moisten it, and lay it in a shallow dish. The seeds will soon begin to sprout, when the sponge should be hung where the sun may shine on it. In a few days it will become a mass of tender, delicate green. The only care it needs is a little moisture occasionally.

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No. 188.—Frying-pan.

No. 189.—Abate.

No. 190.— 2. J

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No. 191.—Isaiah 59:19.

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(BY GRACE E. RING, Brooklyn, U. S.)
1. "Hits ilw ew do fi Gdo tempri."
2. "Ti is a rufelf hint to affl iton ethahnds of ent viling God."

No. 203.—DROP-VOVEL PUZZLE.
(BY MARY WARD, Minneapolis, U. S. A.)
"L - m th - l, vn nt th nd f th rld."

No. 204.—TRANSPOSITION.
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)
Eh hatt tahn a fiew nda hildcenr tums ton tai hiwt sh nifreg in ish tomuh.

No. 205.—DIAMONDS.
(BY "PHILOMATH," Queens.)

1. A letter; a witch; a man's name; a Canadian town; a disease curtailed; a demon; a letter from home.
2. A letter; to sigh; divided; an isle S. of Arabia; a Polish disease; applied; drained; a beast; a letter.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

The Mystical Circle.

GRACE E. RING, Brooklyn, N. Y., has our sincere thanks for the nice puzzles. All in No. 33, save 186, correctly solved.

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