

**The Master of the House.**

He cannot walk, he cannot speak,  
Nothing he knows of books and men;  
He is the weakest of the weak,  
And has not strength to hold a pen.

He has no pocket and no purse,  
Nor ever yet has owned a penny.  
He has more riches than his nurse,  
Because he wants not any.

He lies upon his back and crows,  
Or looks with grave eyes on his mother.  
What can he mean? But I suppose  
They understand each other.

In doors or out, early or late,  
There is no limit to his sway,  
For, wrapped in baby clothes of state,  
He governs night and day.

Kisses he takes as rightful due,  
And Turk-like has his slaves to dress him;  
His subjects bend before him to,—  
I'm one of them, God bless him!  
—John Dennis.

**Honorably Discharged.**

JESSIE H. BROWN.

Loa Carter was sixteen—a shy, trembling, mite of a maiden—when the rich aunt with whom her home had been died suddenly, leaving her wealth to a graceless young scamp of a nephew. What was Loa to do? It was the old, old question, of how a delicate, sensitive girl, taught to love luxury and with absolutely no knowledge that could be turned to practical account, could fight her own way through a hard world. She had had a few terms of music lessons, she could draw a little, she could write a note of invitation without violating more than two or three of the rules of Lindley Murray and she could add up a column of figures without making more than two or three mistakes. In fact she was, so far as attainments were concerned, very much like the average girl of her class and age.

Teaching was, for her, clearly out of the question. Stenography and typewriting would require months of study, and she had not the means for even a week of study. She had never cut or made a dress or trimmed a hat for herself, therefore dress-making and millinery were clearly out of the question, as a means of present support.

So she did what a great many just such untaught, untutored girls are doing every week—she went into a store as clerk. The wages were pitifully low, but one of her fellow-clerks, almost as poor as herself, shared her room with her and the two, both nervous and delicate, and doing work that was beyond their years, tried to comfort and care for each other.

Loa was not an especially good saleswoman. She was painstaking and anxious to please, but she was slow, and oddly quiet. She seemed out of place among the merry, hearty, not over-refined girls about her. Their light jokes about "the boys" made her heart-sick. Sometimes they turned these jokes upon her, and then her pale cheeks burned with quick fire.

"Who is that young lady at the glove counter?" asked Mr. Loring, one of the proprietors, of Mr. Maxwell, his manager.

"Miss Carter. She has no snap—never will make a clerk." The manager played with his watch-chain, and gave this information with the air of one whose judgment with regard to the possibilities there are in young saleswomen is infallible.

"She seems so lady-like and well bred," said the proprietor, looking a second time at the slight figure robed in the cheapest of mourning. "She may develop. I'd rather see a new-comer as free and easy as those girls yonder," and he nodded toward a couple of girls who stood behind a show-case, chewing gum and gossiping about last night's ball. "I'll keep an eye on her."

Two days later, the attention of Mr. Maxwell was called to the defective quality of a case of gloves which had been sent in.

"They are not well stitched," said Loa, stammering and hesitating a little—for she had never before brought a complaint to the rather imposing-looking manager. "They will break out after once wearing. I thought"—she hesitated more than ever—"that you would not like to have me sell them at the usual price."

Mr. Maxwell was out of temper this morning. He had had to chase a street car for half a block, and the run had not made him more ready than usual to do justice to those under his charge. He turned sharply upon the girl.

"You've no need to tell all about the articles you sell," he said. "If a woman hasn't sense enough to know what kind of gloves she is buying, she deserves to go about with holes in the fingers. Sell them just as usual."

"Can't do that," and the little figure was drawn up with unexpected dignity. "I can't sell these for perfect goods. There's no use in my trying, because I can't." She was biting her lips hard now, to keep back the tears.

"You could if you had any tact about you," Mr. Maxwell was thoroughly angry now. "You will learn after a while, Miss Carter, that you are here to obey orders, not to give them. If you stay here, you must sell goods as you are directed."

"Then I must go," Loa trembled a little, but she spoke with a firmness that indicated she meant exactly what she said.

"Very well," Mr. Maxwell had not foreseen this climax, but it occurred to him that there was an excellent opportunity to get rid of an indifferent saleswoman, and, in his present state of mind, he was only too glad to improve it. "You may leave on Saturday night, if you choose. It is your own choice, remember." And he walked away with the manner of insulted royalty.

Saturday night came, and Loa went to the little room she shared with her friend, with nothing but that friend's generosity and the small balance on her own salary, which she had just drawn, between her and starvation. "But I'm not a bit sorry," she told that friend, "I'd do the same thing, if it came to me again. I can't argue or explain things to Mr. Maxwell, but I just couldn't have been so tricky and deceitful as he wished me to be. I'd rather die than do it."

Early in the week, Mr. Loring, walking through the store with his manager, paused abruptly at the glove counter. "Where is the little girl I saw here last week?" he asked.

Mr. Maxwell told the story of Loa's departure, with such embellishments as, it seemed to him, were needed to convey the impression that Miss Carter was a tactless, senseless, worthless piece of femininity, and he, Mr. Maxwell, a rare hero. However, Mr. Loring stopped him before he was quite through. "You were entirely wrong, Maxwell," he said, "and, so far as I can see, the little girl was entirely right. Are there any of those gloves left?"

Yes, there were plenty of them. Mr. Loring examined a pair, and sniffed contemptuously. "Send them back to the manufacturers at once," he said. "It's a disgrace to them to send out such goods, and it's a disgrace to us to sell them. As for the little girl, is there any one here who knows where she is?"

"Miss Gregg, at the ribbon counter, rooms with her, I believe," said Mr. Maxwell, with a sheepishness that did not well comport with his usual sense of importance.

"Very well," Mr. Loring stood at the ribbon counter in a moment. "Miss Gregg, will you say to your friend that a serious injustice has been done her, which it shall be my special duty to repair. She has been blamed for doing us a service, and for a fidelity to our real interest such as deserves recognition. If she will return, she shall have better wages and her conscience shall never again be interfered with here. It will certainly never be the worse for her that she has had what I would call, 'an honorable discharge.'"—Chris. Standard.

**Jerry's Chocolate Cake.**

"When I am a man," said Jerry Whitmore, searching his plate earnestly for crumbs of his vanished cake, "when I am a man, I am going to have a whole chocolate cake to myself—a whole, big, round chocolate cake, mother. I am, indeed, and nobody shall have a bit of it. I would like to see how it feels to eat a whole cake by myself."

"You need not wait till you are a man," said his mother; "I will make you one to-morrow."

"Will you, really, mother? All to myself?"

"Yes—on one condition; that you will not give any one a bite of it while it lasts."

"Ho! I can easily promise you that; for I don't want anybody to help me eat it, I can tell you."

Mrs. Whitmore sighed a little, and wondered if Jerry was as selfish a little boy as he thought he was; but she made him the cake. As soon as the icing was firm, Jerry cut a big slice for himself, and set down on the kitchen step to eat it. His little brother, Rob, came and stood in front of him, with his hands behind his back.

"Wis! I had some piece," said Rob, looking at Jerry.

"Mother," called Jerry, "can't I give Rob a piece?"

"Certainly not," answered his mother.

"Go away, then, Rob, and don't watch me eat it, begged Jerry. But no; there stood the little man, eyeing the cake until it was gone, while two big tears rolled down his cheeks.

"That piece didn't taste good one bit," said Jerry to himself. "I won't eat any more when Rob is around."

The next time Jerry took a piece he slipped out of the door to hide himself in the woodshed. Bounce, the little black-and-tan terrier, thinking he was going out to play, slipped after him;

but, just before the couple got out of sight, the mother called, "Jerry, remember not to give Bounce any cake."

"O, ain't that a pity!" said Jerry to Bounce; and then he had to eat his cake with Bounce begging for every bite. It was worse than Rob, because he could not explain anything to doggie.

"There that's two pieces of cake spoiled for me," grumbled Jerry. "Eating a whole cake ain't half as much fun as it's cracked up to be."

When the tea-bell rang, Jerry was as ready for bread and butter and milk as if he had not tasted anything for twelve hours; and there, on his up-turned plate, was a half of what the Whitmore children called a "snow ball." It was a white cake, white inside with white crumbs and citron and round and white outside with particularly sugary icing. Nobody made just those cakes except Aunt Martha Mason.

"That cake was sent to Rob, Jerry," said his mother; "and at his own accord he asked me to save you a piece, when, lo! to everybody's surprise, big, boyish Jerry burst out crying."

"I hate chocolate cake, mother," he said. "I never want to see another piece as long as I live."

So Mother Whitmore knew that Jerry had learned his lesson. She did not believe he would ever again think anything sweeter than he kept to himself.

"Suppose we bring out your cake and eat it for supper?" she said to her little boy.

Jerry's face cleared up all in a minute.

"O, mother," he said, "that would be so nice!"

And I think that, if Rob and Bounce had been allowed to eat all that Jerry wanted them to have, they would both have dreamed of their great grandfathers that night. — Sunday-school Times.

**How Harry Climbed.**

Harry was errand boy for a grocer; or rather he was general utility boy. He swept the store, set out the boxes containing vegetables on the side-walk in the morning, took them in at night, carried parcels, and as he learned more and more about the business waited on customers. He was paid a small stipend at first, and then his wages were increased as his service became more valuable. There were two or three clerks in the store, and over all was the employer. Harry aspired to be a clerk, and in due time he was promoted to that position. In odd times he studied the market reports and knew the prices of things, the sources of supply; he read agricultural journals and became an expert in judging of butter and cheese, of apples and other fruits and other importations, and he became generally a cyclopedia as to all matters connected with grocery supplies. In process of time a certain steamship company, looking for a competent purchaser of provisions, was advised of Harry's qualifications for that post, and engaged him at a large salary. He was now able to lay up every year quite a handsome sum, and in ten years he purchased an interest in a large establishment doing business in every quarter of the globe. By the demands of trade he was required to visit now one foreign port and then another until he became quite a traveler, saw much of the world, and mingled freely with the best people. He is now at the head of the house, lives in his own brown-stone front, has a fine wife and several lovely children, is an officer in his church, and a most respected and influential member of society.

**Young Peoples' Column.**

Edited by C. E. BLACK, St. John, P. O., N. B.

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

**The Mystery Solved.—No. 9.**

No. 46.—Thomas Gray.

No. 47.—"A wise son maketh a glad father."

No. 48.—Ezra, 7:21. All the letters of the alphabet, except "J."

No. 49.—Tobacco.

No. 50.—Rachael.

No. 51.—54 times. First, in Deut. 32:22. Placed as follows: Deut. 1; 2 Saml. 1; Job, 2; Psalms, 7; Prov. 7; Isa., 6; Ezek., 4; Amos, 1; Jonah, 1; Habk., 1; Matt., 9; Mark, 3; Luke, 3; Acts, 2; John, 1; 2 Pet., 1; Rev. 4.

No. 52.—JANE ARID NILE EDEN

—The Mystery—No. 11.

**No. 64.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.**  
(BY J. E. HADDOCK, Carleton, St. John.)

In joy, not in glee;  
In tea, not in coffee;  
In son, not in daughter;  
In pier, not in water;  
In idea, not in notion;  
In river, not in ocean.  
My whole is a precious stone of different colours.

**No. 65.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.**  
(BY DALE MCMULKIN, Upper Gagetown.)

A letter.  
Part of the body.  
Something we eat.  
A seaport town in Ireland.  
The name of a hero.  
To remain for a time.  
A point of the compass.  
An insect.  
A letter.  
The centre letters, read down and across, is the name of a very brave young man.

**DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.**  
(BY E. A. MANZER, Millville.)

B-e-a-d s-h-p-o-l-t-a-k-o-t-e  
-o-f-l-o-n-t-e-s-a-l-a-k-L-r-i-t-e  
-i-h-o-t-y-o-n-e-a-c.

**No. 67.—EASY BEHEADINGS.**  
(BY EMILY HICKS, Woodstock.)

Behead a piece of water and leave a bird.  
Behead a man who lives on an island and leave to speak ill of.  
Behead something we all have and leave a number.  
Behead to study and leave to work.  
Behead what we all like to do and leave a word of two letters.  
The beheaded letters will spell the name of the best of books. What is it?

**No. 68.—ENIGMA.**  
(BY MARY WARD, Minneapolis, U. S.)

In Japan, not in China;  
In Idaho, not in Oregon;  
In Mexico, not in Texas;  
In Greece, not in Russia;  
In France, not in Italy;  
In Spain, not in Portugal;  
In Africa, not in Egypt;  
In New Hampshire, not in New York;  
In America, not in Europe;  
My whole is an ancient kingdom of Western Asia.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

**The Mystical Circle.**

EMILY HICKS, Woodstock, has our hearty thanks for the nice batch of puzzles.

UNCLE NED.

**Home Hints.**

**LEMON COOKIES.**—One cup butter, one and one-half cups sugar, three eggs, one teaspoon soda, one lemon, juice and grated rind.

**CHESS CAKES.**—Line small tins with rich pastry, drop in two table-spoons of fruit, fresh or preserved berries. Mix a nice cup cake and fill the tins. Bake and frost.

**GRAHAM COOKIES.**—One cup of sugar, one-half of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, one egg, one teaspoon of soda dissolved in two table-spoons of water; mix stiff and roll thin.

**GINGER COOKIES.**—Two cups of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of shortening, one-half cup of hot water, one table-spoon of ginger, soda and salt, two table-spoons of vinegar. Mix soft.

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