

Grandfather's Barn.

O, don't you remember our grandfather's barn,
Where our cousins and we went to play;
How we climbed on the beams and the
scaffold high,
Or tumbled at will on the hay;
How we sat in a row on the bundles of
straw,
And riddles and witch-stories told,
While the sunshine came in through the
cracks of the south,
And turned all the dust into gold?

How we played hide-and-seek in each
cranny and nook,
Wherever a child could be stowed?
Then we made us a coach of a hoghead of
rye,
And on it to "Boston" we rode;
And then we kept store and sold barley
and oats,
And corn by the bushel or bin,
And straw for our sisters to braid into hats,
And flax for our mothers to spin.

Then we played we were biddies and
cackled and crowed,
Till grandmother in haste came to see
If the weasles were killing the old speckled
hen.
Or whatever the trouble might be;
How she patted our heads when she saw
her mistake,
And called us her sweetest "chickens dear!"
While a tear dimmed her eye as the picture
recalled
The scenes of her own vanished years.

How we tittered and swung, and played
meeting and school,
And Indian, and soldier and bear!
While up on the rafters the swallows kept
house,
Or sailed through the soft summer air.
How we longed to peep into their curious
nests!
But they were too far overhead;
So we wished we were giants, or winged
like the birds,
And then we'd do wonders, we said.

And don't you remember the racket we
made
When selling at auction the hay;
And how we wound up with a keel-over
leap
From the scaffold down into the hay?
When we went in to supper, our grand-
father said,
If he had not once been a boy,
He should think that the Hessians were
sacking the town,
Or an earthquake had come to destroy.

Rachel's Education.

"You must come to us," wrote Irene
Tower to her cousin, Rachel Dunning.
"We are going up into the mountains
for awhile, until the warm weather is
over. Papa says you must attend
school with me for a couple of terms.
Of course you will board with us, as
the school is near. Papa will pay all
expenses just to have you with me, I
am so lonely. You so delight in study
I know you will come.

Your cousin,
IRENE TOWER."

Rachel looked out of the one win-
dow her little room contained, upon
the dreary landscape—the gray, rocky
slope of a mountainous region, shut in
from the outside world—the world full
of beautiful things poor Rachel longed
to know something about.

How glad Rachel was because her
cousin had sent for her. Of course,
she would go. Her parents would see
the advantages to be derived from this
visit within the family of the wealthy
Dr. Tower; the ease of manner she
would acquire through being brought
in contact with people of culture, and
above all, the advancement she could
make in her education.

Just then something crossing the
little stony lot at the end of the lane
met her half-vacant gaze. It was her
father driving home the cows to be
milked. The door at the foot of the
stairs opened and a voice called:

"Rachel! It's time to skim the milk
and feed the calves."

How everything rushed in upon the
mind of the young girl, causing a
sickening sensation as she thought of
the "ceaseless round of drudgery" as
she called it.

Then she looked at the letter in her
lap and arose hurriedly and passed
down the stairs, with her cheeks flush-
ing and an unusual light in her eyes,
as she went to her mother, saying:

"O, mother! Irene wants me to
come and spend a year with her. They
are going to the mountains, and after
ward I am to attend school with her.
The best of all is uncle will pay all my
expenses. Can I go?"

"We'll see about it," Mrs. Dunning
said after a little, as she stood for a
moment holding her hand pressed
closely to her left side.

"Why, what ails you, mother?" and
Rachel sprang forward as she noted
the paleness of her mother's face.

"Not much, child," trying to smile.
"I am not very strong this spring, and
everything seems to excite me. There!
run and do your chores. I shall feel
better soon," and she seated herself
upon a low rocker.

It had been such a busy day in the
Dunning home, for Rachel was going
to her uncle's, and there had been so
much to do, that everything should be
in readiness for her to take the early
train into the city.

There had been a great deal of sacri-
fice made by these toil-worn parents,
that something of the ease and culture
which had never come into their lives
should brighten the life of their daugh-
ter.

And now that everything was ready,
Rachel could not smother the sign of
regret that she was going to leave her
parents. How lonely they would be
on an evening. Who would read to
them? Her father's eyesight had
failed, and her mother was troubled
to breathe.

"Come, quick, Rachel!" Mr. Dun-
ning called. And Rachel hurried down
the steep stairs to find her father
bending over her mother who had
fainted, and fallen as she was about to
place the tea-pot upon the supper-
table.

"Is she dead?" whispered Rachel
after they had tried for some moments
to resuscitate her.

"No, I think not. It's that heart
trouble of your mother's. She's worked
so hard to get you ready. More than
all else, though, she felt so bad over
your going away. But the dear, un-
selfish woman that she is, she would
never have a word said to you about it.
You rub her hands and feet hard while
I go for Aunt Evans, and have Tom
ride for the doctor."

There were signs of returning life
before Mr. Dunning and Aunt Evans
arrived. Rachel, meantime, had re-
solved not to leave her mother.

"She appears not to have much
vitality," said the doctor to Mr. Dun-
ning and Rachel in the kitchen.
"There is some difficulty with the
heart action. She is worn down with
work. I think she will rally after a
time and go about; but she will never
be strong. Good day. I'll call again
in the morning," and the door closed,
and the sound of retreating wheels
first recalled Rachel to her senses
enough to speak.

"I shall not go to uncle's now, even
should mother get very much better.
She is dearer to me than anything
else."

"Bless you for these words, my
child. You will never be sorry for
making this sacrifice," and Mr. Dun-
ning kissed his daughter's cheek—
something he was not in the habit of
doing.

Mrs. Dunning, carefully watched
over by her daughter, recovered so
that she was once more able to walk
about the house; but she never regain-
ed her strength.

One day, Mr. Dunning said to
Rachel: "If you have time and care
to, I will help you in the study of
botany and astronomy. Sometime,
perhaps, this knowledge will be of
much use to you. I have some money
and will buy you the needed books."

Rachel was delighted with this pro-
position, and entered upon her new
work with avidity. Strong and active
as she was, she found plenty of time,
and it proved a source of rare pleasure.

Four years Mrs. Dunning lingered,
and then one sweet autumn day when
a golden haze veiled the rugged hill-
side, she went home.

Mr. Dunning concluded to sell rocky
acres to a man for oil property and go
West where he had a brother living.

Rachel was now twenty, with a
mind possessed of much valuable
knowledge. There new home was
near to a college for young ladies,
which she entered, remaining until she
graduated.

After she had risen to hold a promi-
nent place among the teachers in the
college, she said one day:

"I think no part of my training ever
was quite as beneficial as those four
years when I cared for my dear mother.
The patience and rare virtues she ex-
hibited had much to do with the for-
mation of my character. Then, too, I
have always thought that the Lord
blessed me and set me in a 'large
place,' because I was willing to do my
duty."—Chris. Inquirer.

A Noble Boy.

Well! I saw a boy do something
the other day that made me happy for
a week. Indeed, it makes my heart
fill with tenderness and good feeling
even now as I write about it. But let
me tell you what it was. As I was
walking along a street of a large city,
I saw an old man who seemed to be
blind walking around without any one
to lead him. He went very slow,
feeling with his cane.

"He's walking straight to the high-
est part of the curbstone," said I to
myself; "and it's very high, too. I
wonder if some one won't tell him and
start him in the right direction."

Just then a boy about fourteen years
old, who was playing near the corner,
left his playmates, ran up to the old
man, put his hand through the man's
arm, and said: "Let me lead you
across the street." By this time there
were three or four others watching the
boy. He not only helped him over
one cross ng, but led him over another

to the lower side of the street. Then
he ran back to his play.

Now this boy thought he had only
done the man a kindness, while I knew
that he had made three other persons
feel happy and better, and more care-
ful to do little kindnesses to those
about them. The three or four per-
sons who had stopped to watch the
boy turned away with a tender smile
on their faces, ready to follow the
noble example he had set them. I
know that I felt more gentle and for-
giving toward every one for many days
afterward.

Another one that was made happy
was the boy himself; for it is impos-
sible for us to do a kind act, or to make
any one else happy, without being bet-
ter or happier ourselves. To be good
and do good is to be happy.

If any of you boys and girls who
may chance to read this little account
doubt that it makes one happy to do a
kind deed, suppose you try it for
yourselves. I am sure you will prove
it true, and that you will be so well
pleased with that method that you will
keep on at it.—Selected.

How Quarrels Begin.

"I wish that pony was mine," said a
little boy, who stood at a window
looking down the road.

"What would you do with him?"
asked his brother.

"Ride him; that's what I'd do."

"All day long?"

"Yes; from morning till night."

"You'd have to let me ride him
sometimes," said his brother.

"Why would I? You'd have no
right in him if he were mine."

"Father would make you let me
have him part of the time."

"No; he wouldn't."

"My children," said the mother,
who had been listening to them, and
now saw that they were beginning to
get angry with each other all for noth-
ing, "let me tell you of a quarrel be-
tween two boys no bigger nor older
than you are that I read about the
other day. They were going along the
road, talking together in a pleasant
way, when one of them said:

"I wish I had all the pasture land
in the world."

"The other said, 'And I wish I had
all the cattle in the world.'"

"What would you do then?" asked
his friend.

"Why, I would turn them into
your pasture land."

"No, you wouldn't," was the reply.

"Yes, I would."

"But I wouldn't let you."

"I wouldn't ask you."

"You shouldn't do it."

"I should."

"You shan't."

"I will." And with that they
seized and pounded each other like two
silly, wicked boys, as they were.

The children laughed; but their
mother said, "You see in what trifles
quarrels often begin. Were you any
wiser than these boys in your half
angry talk about an imaginary pony?
If I had not been here, who knows
but you might have been as silly and
wicked as they were?"—Sunday After-
noon.

Young
Peoples' Column.

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

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

OUR MOTTO: Onward! Upward!

[The Mystery Solved.—No. 27.]

No. 153.—Abdon, the son of Hillel.

No. 154.—Superabundance.

No. 155.—1. Helen. 2. Hattie. 3.
Sandy. 4. Ada. 5. Newton.

No. 156.—XIII = One-half, VIII.

No. 157.—Iaa. 53.3.

No. 158.—England.

—[The Mystery—No. 30.]—

No. 170.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(BY E. L. SMITH, Central Hampstead.)

My 5, 6, 3 is an insect.

My 3, 4, 7, 6 is to dilute.

My 3, 8, 1 to colour.

My 2, 5, 3 to corrode.

My 9, 2, 3 is to delay.

My whole is a Biblical name.

—[The Mystery—No. 30.]—

No. 171.—DROP-WORD PUZZLE.

(BY DALE McMULLEN, Upper Gagetown.)

What is the following found:—

"A — name is — to — than —

— and loving — rather than — and

—[The Mystery—No. 30.]—

No. 172.—CHARADE.

(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

My first is a part of dress;

My second is a man's name;

My whole is a useful article.

No. 173.—ENIGMA.

(G. A. GRASS, Wassiss Station.)

In five, not in six;

In little, not in big;

In hard, not in soft;

In new, not in old;

In long, not in short.

A girl's name.

—[The Mystery—No. 30.]—

No. 174.—DROP-WORD.

(BY MARY WARD, Minneapolis, U. S.)

Be th hat hd prptl htrd nd

hat shd bld f th chldrn f srl

—[The Mystery—No. 30.]—

No. 175.—TRANSPPOSITION.

(BY MARY WARD, Minneapolis, U. S.)

Ym ratbeh ai cuprotr, ym sayd rea

centxiit het seavrg ear ydaer rof em.

—[The Mystery—No. 30.]—

No. 176.—DIAMONDS.

(BY MARY WARD, Minneapolis, U. S.)

(a). A consonant; a bed; the root of

all evil; a mineral; a letter.

(b). A letter; morriment; something

everyone likes; a state of rest; a letter.

—[The Mystery—No. 30.]—

No. 177.—TRANSPPOSITION.

I loduw tno staw ym psairgn fo

tohub ni diel laidnaec; I luwod talnp

eier deess ot losboms ni ym noodham

dan brea trufi hwne I malod.

—[The Mystery—No. 30.]—

—[The Mystery—No. 30.]—

GRACIE L. AND HATTIE B. S. MERRI-

THEW, Fredericton, both have thanks

for nice lot of puzzles. Hattie solves

150, 152 and 158.

CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, has our

thanks for nice batch of puzzles.

EDWIN, Cornhill, correctly reveals

Nos. 159 and 160.

G. A. GRASS, Wassiss Station, solves

148, 150, 152, 155, 158, 159 and 160.

Thanks for puzzles.

The only charade of importance re-

ceived in the prize contest was the one

by Carrie Wade, Cross Creek. pub-

lished this issue. We cannot there-

fore send the prize offered, but send

her a suitable reward.

UNCLE NED.

Home Hints.

BIRTHDAY CAKE.—One-half cup

butter, one cup sugar, one cup flour,

one half-cup corn starch, one-half cup

milk, one teaspoon baking powder,

whites of four eggs.

OATMEAL CAKES.—Ten tablespoons

flour, four tablespoons butter, six

tablespoons white sugar, three table-

spoons milk, two tablespoons ginger,

one-half teaspoon soda, two eggs; roll

thin. Bake quickly.

Hot cakes, pies, etc., need not be

removed from the pans in which they

are baked, if precaution is taken to

set them up on small supports, so that

the air can circulate under them. This

effectually prevents the moisture from

steam in the bottom of the pan.

HERNUTS OR FRUIT COOKIES.—Two

cups sugar, two-thirds cup butter, one

teaspoonful cloves and cinnamon, one-

half nutmeg, one teaspoonful baking

soda, one cup currents, one-half cup

milk, one egg, flour enough to roll out;

dissolve the soda in milk, sprinkle over

with sugar.

To be full of goodness, full of cheer-

fulness, full of sympathy, full of help-

ful hope, causes a man to carry bless-

ings of which he is himself as uncon-

scious as a lamp is of its own shining.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

Minard's Liniment is the

best.

"MAUD S." CONDITION POWDERS

cure roughness of hair in your horses

and gives a glossy coat.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents—I have used your MINARD'S

LINIMENT in my family for some

years and believe it the best medicine

in the market, as it does all it is re-

commended to do.

DANIEL KIERSTEAD,

Canaan Forks, N. B.

John Mader, Mahone Bay, informs

us that he was cured of a very severe

attack of rheumatism by using

MINARD'S LINIMENT.

CONSULT YOUR NEIGHBOR.

ANY one may find out just what

Burdock Blood Bitters is and does

by asking a neighbor who has tried it.

It rarely fails in making a complete

cure of dyspepsia, constipation, sick-

Professional Cards.

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143 KING ST.,—BELOW YORK'

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