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The Wrong Turn.

They were husking corn in the field—the widow Henshaw and her two boys, John and Joe. The harvest in Mr. Snyder's twenty-acre lot was just beginning. Over the hill, the chimney and one corner of the great house where the richest man of the neighborhood lived was just visible, while behind and all around the huskers, the stocks of corn were thickly set, for it had been a good corn year—a cool, showery June followed by the hot July and August, so important, for the growth of Indian corn. A yoke of sleepy old oxen hitched to the stout, lumbering two-wheeled ox-cart patiently waited for the load which the nimble fingers of the workers were fast making up.

My! What a lot of corn! What in the world will Mr. Snyder ever do with it all? This was Joe's exclamation as he emptied the basket which he and his mother had just filled with the bright yellow ears.

"It will bring a great deal of money!" replied his mother, adding after a moment, "I suppose it will go to make whiskey!"

"Why, mother! You don't mean it!"

Joe turned to look at his mother to see if she were in earnest, holding the half-emptied basket poised upon the end-board of the cart, while the dark-skinned boy of another race whose business it was to drive the oxen, breathlessly awaited the reply.

"Certainly! Mrs. Snyder told me this morning that her husband had gone to the city to contract with the agent for the distillers."

Very slowly the golden ears fell from the basket that Joe held and he turned to set it down before his mother, saying: "Did you know it when you engaged to do the husking?"

"No—that is, I did not think anything about it—but why do you ask? It is not our affair," said Mrs. Henshaw with a little wonder in her tones.

"Why, mother, I don't see how we can husk corn to be made into alcohol. You belong to that Temperance society and John and I belong to the Band of Hope!"

"Well, what of it? We are not going to drink the liquor."

"But we are helping to make it?"

"We are earning our bread and butter!" responded the mother a little impatiently. "And if we stop to talk we shall have to eat our bread without butter."

"But, mother, I would rather go without butter, and bread too, than help to carry on the liquor business!" said the boy.

"It is very well to talk that way, but when you come to starving you will wish you had not quarreled with your bread and butter!"

Joe worked on in silence; but some way the interest in the work had gone out of him. John had been at work by himself a little apart from the rest, and now he came with his full basket; after it was emptied, he jumped up beside the dark-faced boy and they drove off to unload.

"Say, John, did you hear what your mother said about the corn we are husking to the distillery?"

"No! You don't mean to say this corn is going to be made into whiskey?"

"That's what your mother says."

"Sam, I am going to quit!"

"So am I!"

"I don't believe your mother will let you! She didn't talk to Joe as if she thought it was any harm," added Sam.

"She will let me quit if I can find anything else to do! But it seems as if everything that a boy can do is mixed up some way with this miserable liquor business! Mr. Gates wants me in the store, but they sell liquor there and I won't do that anyway!"

That evening there was a long discussion in the little home of the Henshaws. Sam was there and took sides with John. Joe was on the same side at first but seemed to waver toward the last.

"Mother," said John, "would you be willing that I should go into the distillery to work?"

"Why, no; I should be very unwilling."

"I thought so; but don't you see that, knowing for certain that the corn is going right into the works, it is just helping the business along as much as if we were inside the gate."

"But the corn will be husked by some one, and we must earn our living; we might as well have the money as anybody. Poor folks cannot afford to be particular."

Mrs. Henshaw was discouraged, and her usual clear judgment was clouded by her anxiety as to how they were to get through the winter.

"I think as mother does," said Joe; "somebody will husk that corn and anyway it would be wrong to let it go to waste; such nice corn."

"Better let it go to waste than to make it into poison!" said Sam.

Burdett's Message to Boys.

My boy, the first thing you want to learn—if you haven't learned how to do it already—is to tell the truth. The pure, sweet, refreshing, wholesome truth. The plain unvarnished, simple, everyday, manly truth, with a little "t."

For one thing, it will save you so much trouble. O, heaps of trouble. And no end of hard work. And a terrible strain upon your memory. Sometimes—and when I say sometimes, I mean a great many times—it is hard to tell the truth the first time. But when you have told it, there is an end of it. You have won the victory: the fight is over. Next time you tell that truth you can tell it without thinking. Your memory may be faulty, but you tell your story without a single lash from the stinging whip of that stern old task-master—Conscience. You don't have to stop and remember how you told it yesterday. You don't get half through with it and then stop with the awful sense upon you that you are not telling it as you did the other time, and cannot remember just how you did tell it then. You won't have to look around to see who is there before you begin telling it. And you won't have to invent a lot of new lies to reinforce the old one. After Ananias told a lie, his wife had to tell another just like it. You see, if you tell lies you are apt to get your whole family into trouble. Lies always travel along in gangs with their co-equals.

And then, it is so foolish for you to lie. You cannot pass a lie off for the truth, any more than you can get counterfeit money into circulation. The leaden dollar is always detected before it goes very far. When you tell a lie it is known. Yes you say, "God know it." That's right; but He is not the only one. So far as God's knowledge is concerned, the liar doesn't care very much. He doesn't worry about what God knows—if he did he wouldn't be a liar; but it does worry a man, or boy, who tells lies to think that everybody else knows it. The other boys know it; your teacher knows it; people who hear you tell "whoppers," know it; your mother knows it, but she won't say so. And all the people who know it, and don't say anything about it to you, talk about it to each other, and—dear! dear! the things they say about a boy who is given to tell big stories!—If he could only hear them it would make him stick to the truth like flour to a miller.

And finally, if you tell the truth always, I don't see how you are going to get very far out of the right way. And how people do trust a truthful boy. We never worry about him when he is out of our sight. We never say, "I wonder where he is? I wish I knew what he is doing? I wonder who he is with? I wonder why he doesn't come home?" Nothing of the sort. We know he is all right, and that when he comes home we will know all about it and get it straight. We don't have to ask him where he is going and how long he will be gone every time he leaves the house. We don't have to call him back and make him "solemnly promise" the same thing over and over two or three times. When he says, "Yes, I will," or "No, I won't" just once, that settles it. We don't have to cross-examine him when he comes home to find out where he has been. He tells us once and that is enough. We don't have to say "Sure?" "Are you sure, now?" when he tells anything.

But, my boy, you can't build up that reputation by merely telling the truth about half the time, nor two-thirds, nor three-fourths, nor nine-tenths of the time. If it brings punishment upon you while the liars escape; if it brings you into present disgrace while the smooth-tongued liars are exalted; if it loses you a good position; if it degrades you in the class; if it stops a week's pay—no matter what punishment it may bring upon you, tell the truth.

All these things will soon be righted. The worst whipping that can be laid on a boy's back won't keep him out of the water in swimming time longer than a week; but a lie will burn in the memory fifty years. Tell the truth for the sake of the truth, and all the best people in the world will love and respect you, and all the liars respect and hate you.

Home Hints.

APPLE ICE, ETC.—Grate, sweeten and freeze well flavored apples, pears, peaches or quinces.

BAKED QUINCES.—Wash and core ripe quinces, fill with sugar, and bake in baking dish with a little water.

GRAPE OR PLUM JAM.—Stew in a little water and press the fruit through a colander or coarse sieve, adding a little water to plums to get all the pulp through, add sugar, and finish as in other jams.

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The Mystery Solved.—No. 38. |  
No. 219.—Tanganika. No. 220.—  
Butter.  
No. 221.—14 days.  
No. 222.—  
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No. 223.—The letter "S."  
No. 224.—  
Go to sleep like the flowers,  
And open in the morning hours.  
No. 225.—  
Sweet lilies close their leaves at night,  
And open in the morning light.  
—The Mystery No. 41.—  
No. 238.—DROP-LETTER.  
(BY KATIE L. BARKER, Bath.)  
"A-s-n-e-f-o-u-a-t-i-n-s-o-r-a-t;  
A-i-d-u-t-v-o-n-t-i-a-m-n-d-a-r-s-e."  
No. 239.—TRANSPPOSITION.  
(BY H. B. S. MERRITHW, Keswick.)  
Peoh redfee haktme het tetra kic.  
No. 240.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.  
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)  
1. A vowel, a wild animal, a wanderer, a useful article, a letter.  
2. A vowel, a girl's name, a large person, a drink, a letter.  
3. A vowel, an adjective, to make a sound, a part, a vowel.

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"EXT. OF"  
"WILD"  
STRAWBERRY  
CURES  
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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured  
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