

Poetry with a Point.

You can lead a horse to water,
But you cannot make him drink;
You can send a fool to college,
But you cannot make him think.
You may keep your daughter strumming
From morn till afternoon,
But you can't make her a player
If she hasn't any tune.
You can never make a farmer
Of a boy that loves the sea,
Though you may make him plow and plant,
And whoa, and haw and gee.
It's no use to swear and bluster
Because your only son
Prefers the girl he met in the car
To your selected one.
You might as well switch off the track
For love is lord of peaf,
And, beside, it's more than likely
That you know 'tis yourself.
You cannot make a citizen,
Let him be black or white,
Of the man who doesn't know enough
To cipher, read, and write.
You cannot change the rooster's strut,
Or make the layers cove.
Though you may honestly believe
It would be better so.
You cannot make a parson
Of the stage-struck Romeo lad;
And if you ever do succeed,
You'll wish you never had.
There is only one thing meaner,
And that's to have to see
The name of your neighbor's numskull
Finished with an M. D.
But all these things, and mo'e beside,
We may expect to bear,
Until the numskull kills us,
And the Romeo says the prayer.

Hetty's Adventure.

Hetty was only twelve years old, and small for her age; but she was so active and intelligent that she could be trusted to do all kinds of work, and was a great help to old Mrs. Finch, with whom she lived. Not that Mrs. Finch ever said so, or gave her a word of praise. Far from it. She was a cold, stern woman, who had peculiar ideas about bringing up children. She did not think praise or commendation good for them, and she was so much afraid of spoiling Hetty by kindness that she seldom spoke to her unless necessity compelled her to do so. She often sewed all day by the window of the little kitchen without a glance at the small figure flitting so industriously from one task to another. She was a lonely, disappointed old woman, who had grown bitter and morose, and there was no love or tenderness in her heart for anybody. She made her living, a very scanty one—by sewing, and she sewed from Monday morning until Saturday night, without, probably a misgiving that Hattie might be lonely and sad.

But she had to put away her sewing when the time came to make what Hetty called the "drill pies," and—wonderful to relate—she even remarked that if the pies sold well she would buy the child a new dress—a promise that made Hetty's cheek flush with joy. She certainly needed a new dress, for she had only two—a brown gingham and a pink calico. She called the calico her best, but there was not much choice between the two, for the gingham had been darned and patched until there was very little left of the original material, and the pink calico was faded almost white, and was so short that although the hem had been let down the skirt barely reached to her knees.

Mrs. Finch owned the small house in which she lived, and the two acres of land surrounding it, and, though there was no orchard, there was a good-sized strawberry bed in the rear, which furnished berries so large and sweet that Hetty hunted the vines regularly every morning that not one might be lost.

It was her own idea to make the "drill pies," and Mrs. Finch had agreed that the strawberries might in this way be made profitable. The city, five miles distant, was full of soldiers who had gathered from all parts of the country for the military drill, and Hetty was sure they would readily buy the pies. It was only natural she should think so, for the pies presented such a tempting appearance as they came one after the other from the oven, that she longed to try one herself, and, had she dared, would have suggested to Mrs. Finch to make a little turn over out of a small piece of pastry that was left. But she hadn't the courage, and of course Mrs. Finch did not think of it, and the piece of pastry went into the flour sack to be used as the under-crust for a potato pudding the next day. Mrs. Finch made potato pudding very often, for it was, as she had once remarked, both cheap and "filling."

Hetty was in a quiver of excitement, as, having taken advantage of Mr. Bruce's offer to "give them a lift" to the city in his light wagon, she rode along the quiet country road with the pies in a basket beside her, carefully covered from the dust, and an old quilt over her knees to protect from either rain or dust the pink calico, which had been freshly "done up" for the occasion.

She could think of little except the prospective new dress, and wondered if Mrs. Finch would consult her at all in regard to the color and pattern. She wanted a dark blue with a tiny white figure, having heard old Mrs. Symonds say that dark blue calicoes seldom faded in washing, and "took starch" well—two very important considerations with Hetty.

The Bruces lived very near Mrs. Finch, and little Matilda Bruce, the only daughter, had so many dresses that Hetty was quite bewildered whenever she tried to remember them all. And Matilda had often remarked that it must be "just dreadful" to have only two frocks, and she "wondered how Hetty could stand it." It would be very gratifying, Hetty thought, to appear before Matilda in a brand new calico; and long before the city was reached, she had rehearsed in her imagination the conversation that would take place on the occasion between herself and her little neighbor.

Mrs. Finch wisely concluded that Hetty would make a better peddler than herself, so, when they neared the encampment she gave Hetty the big basket containing the pies, and sat down on the grass in a vacant lot to wait her return.

"They ought to sell for fifteen cents apiece, Hetty," she said. "But it looks as if a storm was comin' up, 'n' if it sets in to rain, sell 'em for anything you can get."

The sky was very dark, great storm clouds were gathering in the west, and there was a loud clap of thunder before Hetty reached the camp.

But she kept bravely on, eager to dispose of her wares, and was delighted when a soldier in the uniform of a Zouave accosted her and asked if the pies were for sale.

"I'll take one," he said, and then he called to half-a-dozen of his regiment, who were standing a short distance off, and told them to "come up lively if they wanted a chance at something good."

Hetty's heart beat fast with delight. She had had no idea her work would be made so easy, and she was watching with great eagerness the approach of the Zouaves when a hand fell on her shoulder, and turning, she saw a policeman beside her.

"Got a license to peddle, little girl?" he asked.

"No, sir," answered Hetty, very much frightened.

"Then you can't sell your pies around here. Take 'em to a restaurant; that's the best way to dispose of 'em."

Before Hetty could reply there was a terrific clap of thunder, calculated to startle the strongest nerves, and down came the rain in torrents. The soldiers and the visitors to the camp rushed to the tents and the grand stand for shelter, while all was confusion. Poor Hetty stood motionless, not knowing which way to turn. Peal after peal of thunder resounded through the heavens, and the lightning flashed so vividly that she could not help screaming with terror. Her relief was great when a friendly Zouave rushed from the grand stand, and seizing her arm, hurried her under shelter.

The stand was crowded and every one seemed interested in Hetty, who was wet to the skin, but who did not think of herself at all, only of the basket of precious strawberry pies out in the drenching rain.

"It is too late now," she said, with quivering lips and overflowing eyes, when one of the soldiers offered to go for the basket. "No one could eat the pies now. They are all spoiled, and I cannot have my new frock. I will have to keep on wearing this one no matter how it looks."

"Were you going to buy a new frock with the money you expected to get from the sale of the pies?" asked a lady who had wrapped a warm shawl about the shivering child.

And then, little by little, encouraged by their sympathy, Hetty told her new friends of the promise Mrs. Finch had made, and how impossible it would be now to have a new frock for "ever and ever so long."

"Poor little soul!" said a young man wearing the uniform of the Kentucky State Guards. "It's a shame. How much calico does it take to make a dress?"

"Four yards and a half," answered Hetty. "You see, I am not very large for my age. But there's the buttons 'n' linings 'n' it comes to a good deal; so there's no use hoping for it now."

The guardsman whispered something to the soldier next him, who whispered to the next and so on, until every one on the stand knew what had been said, and they all nodded and smiled as if well pleased.

Then a cap was handed around and every one put some money in it, until it was heavy with silver dimes and quarters and two or three big dollars. And the moment the rain stopped the young guardsman obtained per-

mission to leave camp, and told Hetty he wanted her to go with him to some big store to help him choose a present for his little sister.

Hetty's clothes were very wet, and her sunbonnet was a ruin, and though she wanted very much to go, she felt sure the young soldier would be ashamed to be seen with her. But he declared he wasn't, and even took hold of her hand to keep her close to his side.

After a doll had been chosen for the little girl Hetty had never seen and never would see, a great surprise came to her. She was told to pick out three dress patterns for herself, all of gingham, which some lady on the grand stand had told the young guardsman was more serviceable than calico.

Then came purchases of a new white sunbonnet, some pretty handkerchiefs, four pairs of nice stockings and a little cape. And Hetty's delight may be imagined when the big bundle was put into Mr. Bruce's wagon, and her kind friend pressed into her hand the remaining silver, which was enough to keep the little girl in gingham dresses for some time to come.

Mr. Bruce drove around until he found old Mrs. Finch, who had been very much worried about Hetty, though of course she did not say so; and who hardly credited at first the child's story of her adventure.

Hetty was proud as well as happy when Matilda called the next day and went into raptures over the pretty ginkhams.

"But I guess you deserved to have 'em, Hetty," she said. "You're the kind of girl everybody likes. And you worked hard making those pies even if you didn't sell them."

"It was just the people who felt kind," said grateful Hetty. "I think this is a real nice world, don't you?"

The Standard.

A Father's Lesson to his Son.

One day Robert's father saw him playing with some boys who were rude and unmannerly. He had observed for some time a change for the worse in his son; and now he knew the cause. He was very sorry; but he said nothing to Robert at the time.

In the evening he brought from the garden six rosy-cheeked apples, put them on a plate, and presented them to Robert. He was much pleased at his father's kindness, and thanked him. "You must lay them aside for a few days, that they may become mellow," said the father; and Robert cheerfully placed the apples in his mother's storeroom.

Just as he was putting them aside, his father laid on the plate the seventh apple, and desired him to allow it to remain there.

"But, father," said Robert, "this apple will spoil all the others!"

"Do you think so? Why should not the fresh apples rather make the rotten one fresh?" said his father. And with these words he shut the door of the room.

Eight days afterward he asked his son to open the door and take out the apples. But what a sight presented itself! The six apples which had been so round and rosy-cheeked were quite rotten, and spread a bad smell through the room.

"Father," cried he, "did I not tell you that the rotten apple would spoil the good ones? You did not listen to me."

"My boy," said the father, "have I not told you often that the company of bad children will make you bad? Yet you do not listen to me. See in the state of the apples that which will happen to you if you keep company with wicked boys."

Home Hints.

A little borax put in the water in which scarlet napkins and red bordered towels are to be washed will prevent them from fading.

A small box filled with lime and placed on a shelf in the pantry or closet will absorb dampness and keep the air dry and sweet.

Mildew may be removed by soaking the garment in buttermilk and then spreading it on the grass in the sun.

It is not generally known that tin cleaned with newspaper will shine better than when cleaned with flannel.

Alum dissolved in water and applied to a bedstead with a feather, will exterminate bedbugs.

To freshen leather chair seats, valises, bags, etc., rub them with the well-beaten white of an egg.

Cool rain-water and soda will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

Carlyle noted in one of his letters to Emerson that Light is a thousand times stronger than Lightning. A truth bearing an analogy to this is that calm and persistent effort is more potent than violent action; that evolution is wiser than revolution.

A MAN RAISES HIS HAT.—When he bows to a lady or an elderly gentleman. When he is with a lady who bows to any person, even if the other is a total stranger to him.

When he salutes a gentleman who is in the company of ladies.

When he is in the company of another gentleman who bows to a lady.

When he offers any civility to a lady who is a stranger to him.

When he parts with a lady, after speaking to her, or after walking or driving with her, etc.

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. 25.]

No. 141.—
"Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou O Christ, the sinner's stay
Though heaven and earth shall pass away."

No. 142.—(1) w (2) J
rat rot
water Jonah
ten hat
r h

No. 143.—"Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

No. 144.—Lydia.

—[The Mystery—No. 28.]—

No. 150.—TRANSPOSITION.
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)
"Nohety sihet sebt liepoy, tubeh
hwo east nohtat plipncei sitou na
hosetn nma."

No. 160.—DROP VOWEL.
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)
"H- th- t- h- s- b- en- st- ng- b-
-r- p- nt- s- -fr- -d- f- -p- p-."

No. 161.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.
(BY B. L. SMITH, Central Hampstead.)
o A letter.
o o o A fashion.
o o o o A man's name.
o o o To produce in clear profit.
o A letter.

No. 162.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.
(G. A. GRASS, Waasie Station.)
Is a letter.
Is a small insect.
Is a girl's name.
Is a mineral.
Is a letter.

No. 163.—WORD-SQUARES.
(BY "FANSY," Fton Junction.)
I. A ceremony; a metal; a verb
finishes.
II. A part of duration; a metal; to
make a noise; a girl's name.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

—[The Mystical Circle.]—

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