

Handsome is Who Handsome Does.

One time I met a little girl,
Whose face was fair to see;
Of all the pretty girls I knew,
The prettiest face had she.

"A charming girl," said I.
Aunt Hannah wisely smiled;
"It takes more than a pretty face
To make a charming child."

I wondered what she meant; but ah!
I knew it very soon,
I said no more, "A charming child!"
But sung another tune.

For she—the girl with pretty face—
Was cross as cross could be;
Her snarling words and pouting lips
Soon disenchanted me.

"You see, my dear," Aunt Hannah said
"A handsome face alone
Will never make a charming child,
Nor for cross words atone."

"Handsome is who handsome does
When heart is filled with grace;
And pleasant words are lowlier far
Than many a pretty face."

—Exchange.

In a Boy's Club.

BY MARY J. PORTER.

Tom and Jack were patrolling certain fashionable streets of Boston. Before an old brick house which had long ago seen its best days they saw a furniture cart, partly unloaded.

"Hallo! Wonder who's moving on New Year's morning! Mighty uncomfortable way to begin the year seems to me, specially when the weather's so freezin' cold." Thus Master Jack.

"Don't think I'd care for it myself if I had to handle the furniture," said Tom, "but it's our business now to take the number of this 'ere house and report it at the club this evenin'." S'pose you haint got a pencil about yer, has yer?"

"Waal yes; I pervided myself with a pencil thinkin' we might strike some such affair, yer know; but I rather guess I'll have to write the number on my thumb-nail unless yer has a bit o' paper wid yer."

"Here's a young chap just comin' out o' the house!" exclaimed Tom, ignoring the request for paper. "We'd better tackle him, hisself and carry him along to the club, instead of the number. I say, stranger, what's yer name?"

"Ike Jackson," replied the stranger, looking somewhat surprised at the salute.

"An' where may ye be comin' from?"

"From down Cape Cod way. We're been lookin' for work, father and mother and I. 'S'pose you haven't any for us?"

"S'pose we know where you'd be in the way of findin' some—leastways yourself—don't know nothin' about yer father and mother. Take a walk with us an' we'll tell yer about it."

"Can't go just now. Got ter tend to the movin'." Father don't amount to much, you see, and mother's kind of sickly like, and Nellie and I has to look after things."

"Then we'll lend you a hand with some o' these 'ere movables. 'Do as ye would be done by,' they tell us at our club."

"What's yer club?"

"Oh, it's the place where we spend our evenin's; nice place; warm, too. Go with us ter-night?"

"Yes, if mother's willin'."

"Bargain!" said Tom. "Take hold o' this 'ere washstand, Jack. 'Taint nothin' for two such fellers as you an' me."

Ike's father now appeared upon the scene. With the help volunteered by Jack and Tom, he and Ike quickly disposed of the few "movables" which formed the family belongings.

"Seven o'clock sharp," proclaimed Jack, as he and his comrade were about to resume their walk. "Nice place, yer'll like it."

Evening proved him to be a true prophet. Ike thought the club room the very nicest place he had ever seen. In his short life he had seen few comfortable places, to say nothing of the pleasant ones.

There was a room attached to the parlor of a certain church. It was warm and light and well ventilated. A few pictures hung on the walls. A bookcase, filled with boys' books, stood on one side. A long table in the middle of the room was covered with copies of *Wide Awake*, *St. Nicholas*, *The Youth's Companion*, *Harper's Young People* and other periodicals of the sort. Some boys were reading and looking at pictures. Several seated at small tables were playing quiet games.

Others were playing "Vegetable, Animal or Mineral," and showing a considerable amount of "guessing ability" as they played. Tom, Jack and Ike were at once attracted by a striking picture in *Harper's Weekly*, which they examined at leisure, making remarks that showed them to be quick observers, if not trained ones.

Presently a cheerful looking man

entered, beaming upon them all. With him was a younger man who received many a cordial nod of recognition as he crossed the room.

"That's our secretary," explained Jack to Ike. "He keeps the run of all the fellers. Knows who we are and what we're doin' and ef any of us is in want of anythin'. T'other man's our minister. He's a good un, too. None o' yer foreign-feelin', too good-for-anythin' sort. Seems to care about us. Like's a stout game, too, once in a while." This was uttered in a stage whisper intended only for Ike's ear. Perhaps, though, the minister overheard a part of it, for in a moment he was beside the trio.

"So you have a new recruit, boys."

"Bran new," answered Jack; "just moved in town ter-day. I've got his street number here, ef it isn't rubbed off o' my thumb. 97—street. That's it. He's got a note, too, Mr. Smith. It's from his Sunday-school teacher down Cape Cod way, a recommendin' him to us or somebody. Show yer credentials, Ike."

Thus addressed Ike took from his pocket a note which proved to be as described. Rev. Mr. Smith read it with satisfaction.

"So you are looking for work, my boy. I notice that one of our large dry goods stores is advertising for cash boys. Perhaps you may get a situation there. I'll speak to the secretary about you."

A few minutes later the secretary approached, offering a cordial shake of the hand. He proposed to call for Ike the next morning on his way to business and to introduce him at the dry goods store already spoken of.

This proposal filled Ike with the wildest dreams of delight. Young as he was he felt the weight of family cares. He father was a man of good intentions who never accomplished anything. The move into the city had been his most active undertaking in many a day and this had been at the suggestion of his wife and son. They were heartily tired of trying to live upon nothing, and felt as though they must do all in their power to earn a living. Now here was a chance for Ike. He would really make a little money. It might be enough to get food for the family. Who could tell?

The secretary was as good as his word. He duly escorted the boy to the store where cash-boys were wanted. Ike succeeded in getting a place. Before leaving him the gentleman said, "Come to the club-room tonight. We want you there."

Needless to say this invitation was accepted. Any one who has been accustomed to several months of shivering each winter is apt to enjoy a warm nest when he finds it. One, too, who has been living a life of loneliness is likely to jump at the chance of companionship. So it is not strange that Ike went again to the club-room.

The second evening there were no games. The books and papers were all put in their places. No one was reading. This was the night for the boys' prayer-meeting. A manly fellow about twelve years old conducted it. A young lady, specially invited, played on a small organ. They all sang, some in tune and some out of tune, but all trying their best. Most of them repeated verses from the Bible and several made short prayers in which they expressed the honest desires of their boyish hearts.

Ike looked in vain for the secretary and the minister. They did not appear until after the meeting. Then they came, as they said, "Just to shake hands all around." Ike went home and told his mother that that was the best lot of boys he'd ever seen. He had never seen many "lots," it is true, but the boys at the club were a fine set, though none of them lived in houses with brown-stone fronts and none of them had been born with silver spoons in their mouths. It would take too long to tell of all the different ways in which they received help from the club and of the ways in which they helped one another.

We may believe, though, that they heartily agreed in calling it "a downright good thing," since all were as earnest as Tom and Jack in getting in new members.

Before the winter was over there was scarcely space in the club-room for the crowd of boys. Their numbers were to be counted by the score. What they gained no one could measure.

Are there not other boys who would like to begin the new year by getting up such a club for themselves? If any who read this story like the idea let them talk about it to some grown-up friend who will help them, and probably the idea may soon become a fact.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

BOILED FROSTING.—One pint granulated sugar mixed with milk enough to thoroughly dissolve it; boil till it strings, then take off fire and beat till it begins to sugar; spread on the cake and sprinkle with cocoanut.

The Temperance Lecture.

It snowed hard.
And outside the nursery windows
the winter wind was blowing almost a gale.

"What can we do now, mamma?" said the five children who belonged to this nursery.

They had played "five little pigs," and visit, and school, and their toys had some way grown tired of being played with, so Beth said.

So mamma thought about it, and by and by she said: "Let's have a lecture-course and each give a lecture."

"Oh, lectures are dry, aren't they?" said Arthur.

"Not always," said mamma. "Beth shall give the first one. So she can go over in the corner and study about it, and the rest of us can dress up and buy our tickets."

Arthur sold the tickets, and the twins, with Ned and mamma, tied on long aprons and ribbons, and sat in state in the front seats.

Then the lecturer, looking a little shy, came forward and bowed, and the audience applauded very loudly, and the lecture began.

"My subject is Temperance, and I do hope you'll pay great 'tention, 'cause it's a very true subject. [Applause.] I do wish't men wouldn't get drunk ever."

"It's so dreadful smelly to go by a saloon. I don't see how they can."

"I wish't the police wouldn't let one saloon be in this town, but I've often thought 'twas probably because they like them their own selves."

"If women, like you and me, mamma, were policemen, we wouldn't have any such doings. [Applause.] Men are generally meaner'n women 'bout such things. [Loud groans from Arthur and Ned.] 'Course 'cept papa and some. [Arthur and Ned think they are some, so they applauded.]

"The reason we are so rich [groan from mamma] and well brought up [another], and are such good children [great applause], is 'cause papa is a 'spectable minister and can't do such things as drinking and smoking without disgracing us all. I never liked being a minister's child till I thought about that. I always thought it would be more fun to belong to a candy man and not have to be an example to other children, but I feel more comforted about it now. That's all."

Great applause, and the ringing of the teabell is heard.—*Youth's Companion*.

How He Began.

A good many of the boys who read these pages will soon be "earning their way" in the world, if they are not already doing so. Here is a word to encourage them:—

Just above the wharves of Glasgow, on the banks of the Clyde, there once lived a factory boy whom I will call Davie. At the age of ten he entered a cotton factory as a "piecer."

He was employed from six o'clock in the morning till eight at night. His parents were very poor and he well knew that his must be a boyhood of very hard labour.

But then and there, in that buzzing factory, he resolved that he would obtain an education and become an intelligent and useful man. With his very first week's wages he purchased Rudiman's "Rudiments of Latin."

He then entered an evening school which met between the hours of eight and ten. He paid the expenses of his instruction out of his own hard earnings.

At the age of sixteen he could read Virgil and Horace as readily as the pupils of the English grammar schools.

He next began a course of self-instruction. He had been advanced in the factory from piecer to a spinning-jenny.

He brought his books to the factory, and, placing one of them in the "jenny," with the lesson before him, he divided his attention between the running of the spindles and the rudiments of knowledge.

He entered Glasgow University. He knew that he must work his way; but he also knew the power of resolution, and he was willing to make almost any sacrifice to gain the end.

He worked at cotton-spinning in the summer, lived frugally and applied his savings to his college studies in the winter.

He completed the allotted course, and at the close was able to say, with praiseworthy pride: "I never had a farthing that I did not earn."

That boy was Dr. David Livingstone.

Home Hints.

WHITE ICING.—White of one egg whipped to a stiff froth, thickened with pulverized sugar; flavor with lemon.

CHOCOLATE ICING.—One cup sugar, one half cup water; boil fifteen minutes, then beat to a cream, and add three tablespoons grated chocolate.

Young Peoples' Column.

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

Devoted to Puzzles, Solutions, Letters, Stories.

The Mystery Solved.—No. 3.

No. 11.—Where is the word "Elm" found in the Bible, and how many times? Once. Hosea 4: 13.

No. 12.—
1. c 2. p 3. c
tea tea ale
cents pears cloak
ate art ear
s s k

No. 13.—Georgia.

No. 14.—
J
C A T
J A M E S
T E A
S

No. 15.—A, arc, enter, Eughris, augimetry, orthography, centrally, Rio ally, amply, yhy, y.

The Mystery.—No. 5.

No. 24.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

(BY MYRTLE A. VANWART, Norton St.)

"T-e w-v-s b-c-m-i-i-d-n-s-e-t,
-h-w-t-r-e-e-h-s-o-b,
B-r-f-r-i-f-m-t-e-c-a-s-a
-a-o-s-f-i-i-n-r-o."

No. 25.—TRANSPPOSITION.
(BY ANNIE L. BREWER, Nashua, N.H.)

"Tlesu nareos ththoreg thais hte dolr."

No. 26.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
(BY "PANSY," Fton. Junction.)

My 1, 12, 15 is a girl's name.
My 6, 10, 4, 5, 22 is a confusion.
My 8, 14, 15, 13, is a dis. adjective.
My 16, 1, 19, 3 is part of an animal.
My 2, 19, 20, 21, 18, 22, is not large.
My 6, 1, 17 is a horse.
My 9, 7, 22, 5, is a verb.
My 23, 1, 19, 3, is a part of a fence.
Whole consists of 24 letters and is a proverb.

No. 27.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

In cat, not in dog;
In ark, not in house;
In rap, not in knock;
In cap, not in hat;
In arm, not in leg;
In lass, not in lad;
In speak, not in talk.
Whole is a dead body.

No. 28.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.
(BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

1. A vowel; amidst; a girl's name; to expire; a vowel.
2. A letter; a drink; to swell; part of the head; a letter.
3. A letter; to strike; a kind of boat; part of the foot; a vowel.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

The Mystical Circle.

MYRTLE A. VANWART, Norton Station, has our thanks for the nice puzzle. No. 9 is correctly solved.

Yes, you are a help. We are pleased to have the work from your pen. Yes, always send answers to the puzzle you send to insure publication. M.S. for the paper is sent in some time ahead, for instance, the copy for Feb. 5th is mailed today, Jan. 26th, and so on. Write again.

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