

### A Noble Coward.

I know a little hero,  
Whose years are only ten;  
A brave and manly fellow,  
This boy whose name is Ben.  
I will tell you of his bravery  
And how he won the fight,  
As you may when you are tempted  
To do what isn't right.

"Such a jolly lark," his comrades  
Said yesterday to Ben;  
"No fun like this all winter  
If things work well," and then  
They told him of some mischief  
They were planning out to do.  
"Rare sport," the name they gave it;  
"Of course you'll help us through."

Ben stood and thought a moment,  
And then he shook his head;  
"No, boys, you are quite mistaken,  
This little fellow said;  
"I cannot help you in it"—  
And then his face grew bright  
With the courage of a hero—  
"Because it isn't right."

His comrades were indignant.  
"That's a good excuse!" they cried;  
"You're afraid, that's all the reason!"  
Then my little man replied,  
"You may say that I'm a coward,  
If you like, but I won't do  
What's not right because you dare me  
To take part in it with you!"

Nobly spoken, little hero!  
He's a coward who would do  
The wrong for fear of laughter;  
To your manliness be true.  
He is brave who in temptation  
For the right takes sturdy stand.  
Give us many more such cowards,  
For their cowardice is grand.

### What a Boy Can Do.

These are some of the things that a boy can do:  
He can whistle so loud that the air turns blue;  
He can make all sounds of beast and bird,  
And a thousand voices never heard.

He can crow or cackle, or he can cluck  
As well as a rooster, hen or duck;  
He can bark like a dog, he can low like a cow,  
And a cat itself can't beat his "me-ow."

He has sounds that are rattled, striped and plain;  
He can thunder by as a railway train,  
Stop at the stations a breath, and then  
Apply the steam and be off again.

He has all his powers in such command  
He can turn right into a full brass band,  
With all of the instruments ever played,  
As he makes of himself a street parade.

You can tell that a boy is very ill  
If he's wide awake and keeping still;  
But earth would be—God bless their noise!  
A dull old place if there were no boys.  
—Exchange.

### The Ideal Boy.

We are all acquainted with the ideal girl. If we are not, it is our own fault. Most of our popular papers and magazines are continually publishing articles entitled "Hints for Girls," "What a Girl Should Learn," "How Girls Should Behave." In these little homilies—chiefly written by men, I believe—the ideal girl is portrayed in glowing colors. She possesses every attraction of body, mind and soul. We are most grateful for the suggestion. We are desirous to improve. We heartily welcome all "hints" and "helps" that are really such, but we miss the ideal boy. He has certainly been grievously neglected. We have carefully perused many a paper, only to find him tucked away into obscure corners, "few and far between." It is in view of this strange oversight that we offer the following suggestions.

In the first place, the ideal boy is a boy, not a girl,—not a girl-boy, nor fop, nor prig, but a genuine boy, as nature intended him to be. He is full of animal spirits, overflowing with fun, realizing as no one else can the intense delight of living. He exults in his height and weight, proudly exhibits his muscle to admiring friends, glories in the size of his feet. He knows how to swim and row; he can hunt and fish; he runs and jumps like an athlete, and undertakes tennis and base-ball.

In the second place, the ideal boy is a manly boy. He scorns to do a mean thing. He does not think it necessary to manliness to smoke or chew tobacco. He does not use language that he would rather his mother should not hear. He never sees the fun in tormenting a helpless animal or a little child. He is a champion of the poor and oppressed everywhere. Like brave Sir Galahad,

"His strength is as the strength of ten  
Because his heart is pure."

The ideal boy is a polite boy, if it is true that

"Politeness is to do and say  
The kindest thing in the kindest way."

He may have learned few rules of etiquette; but he shows a kind and unselfish nature, which is the basis of all true politeness. His behavior at home would grace the grandest reception. He does not take off his manners with his Sunday coat, and he never speaks to his mother in any but a respectful way. He is kind and obliging,

and always ready to do a favor, as his neighbors very well know. The ideal boy is not wise in his own conceit. He does not for a moment suppose that his knowledge exceeds that of his father, grandfather, teacher, and the whole world put together; nor does he imagine that all wisdom will die with him. He realizes that he has a great deal to learn, and then sets about learning it. He keeps up with the times. He asks questions about what he does not understand. He finds out that he can learn something from everybody and everything. He knows how to choose the wheat and reject the chaff. By reading, study, and intercourse with the wise and good, his thoughts broaden and widen like a mighty river. His mind becomes a rich storehouse of information to prove invaluable in after life.

Finally, the ideal boy is a boy with an aim. He means to make the most of himself. Whatever he does is done as well as he can do it, whether it be translating Homer and Virgil, sweeping out an office, or selling goods at a counter. He cultivates business habits of exactness, frugality, order, punctuality. It does not take the united efforts of mother and sisters to get him started to school in time. He begins at the bottom of the ladder, as all great men have done before him; but he does not stay there. He knows that there is plenty of room at the top, and he means to get there some time. Meanwhile, instead of waiting for a "lucky chance," he begins to climb the rounds one by one. He means business.

Such is the ideal boy. Would that there were more like him! As the boy is, so the man will be. Good sons and kind brothers make noble citizens, on whose shoulders our country's welfare will soon rest. May God grant that, when the fathers lay the burden down, the sons may step into the ranks, well fitted for the grand work that they are called to do!—*Golden Rule.*

### Men Who Conquered Circumstances.

Young persons who are given to complaining that "circumstances are all against them," ought to study carefully such examples as these—cited in the *Youth's Companion*:

Take Thomas Ball, the sculptor, for instance. He was but twelve years old when his father died. The poor widow—Thomas' mother, young herself, and far from strong—had five young children. There was no more school for Thomas, after his father's death. He must go to work and help to support the rest. He got a place in a grocery store, where they gave him a dollar a week!

Not much, that—but what a difference it made to the poor little family! From the time he was twelve, young Ball had always to work for the others, until they were all grown up.

He had little instruction, even in his art, and he never had that little until after he had earned the money to pay for it. But—he succeeded.

Then there was that other sculptor, Hiram Powers. Hiram was the eighth of nine children, and he was a very small boy when his father died; and like Ball, he had to go to work for the family. He had been born in Vermont, but his parents had moved out to Ohio in that way poor people have of roaming hither and yon after better luck.

It was in Ohio that the father died, and in Ohio that Hiram fought his youthful battle. For seven years he had charge of the wax figures in a Cincinnati Museum, and it was while there that he felt an impulse toward his future art, and tried his prentice hand at modeling in clay.

But it was not until he was thirty years old that he was at liberty to strike out for himself, and he was thirty-two before he had money enough to go to Italy. Yet he was to be the sculptor of the "Greek Slave!"

Peter Cooper, who founded the Cooper Institute, had a still harder struggle, because, as a boy, his health was of the frailest. He went to school but one year of his life, and during that year he could only go every other day. But when he was eight years old he was earning his living, by pulling hair from the skins of the rabbits his father shot, to make hat-pulp.

He had not "half-a-chance." It seemed almost literally that he had no chance at all. He went to New York, when he was seventeen years old, to make his fortune. He walked the streets for days before he got a place, and then apprenticed himself to a carriage-maker for five years, for his board and two dollars a month.

He had neither time nor money for what people call pleasures—but he had the pleasure of hope. While he was working for fifty cents a week, he said to himself: "If I ever get rich, I will build a place where the poor boys and girls of New York may have an education free"—and he did it.

William Hunt, the painter, used to say:

"Don't talk of what you want to do—DO IT!"

### Apron-strings.

"I promised my mother I would be home at six o'clock."

"But what harm will an hour more do?"

"It will make my mother worry, and I shall break my word."

"Before I'd be tired to a woman's apron-strings!"

"My mother doesn't wear aprons," said the first speaker, with a laugh, "except in the kitchen sometimes, and I don't know as I ever noticed any strings."

"You know what I mean. Can't you stay and see the game finished?"

"I could stay, but I will not. I made a promise to my mother, and I am going to keep it."

"Good boy!" said a hoarse voice just back of the two boys.

They turned to see an old man poorly clad and very feeble.

"Abraham Lincoln once told a young man, the stranger resumed,

"to cut the acquaintance of every person who talked slightly of his mother's apron strings; and it is a very safe thing to do, as I know from experience. It was just such talk that brought me to ruin and disgrace, for I was ashamed not to do as other boys did; and when they made fun of mother I laughed too—God forgive me! There came a time when it was too late,"—and now there was tears in the old eyes,— "when I would gladly have been made a prisoner, tied by these same apron strings, in a dark room with bread and water for my fare. Always keep your engagement with your mother. Never disappoint her if you can possibly help it; and, when advised to cut loose from her apron-strings, cut the adviser, and take a tighter clutch of the apron-strings. This will bring joy and long life to your mother, the best friend you have in the world, and will insure you a noble future, for it is impossible for a good son to be a bad man."

It was an excellent sign that both boys listened attentively, and both said "Thank you" at the conclusion of the stranger's lecture; and they left the ball-grounds together, silent and thoughtful. At last the apron-string critic remarked, with a deep-drawn sigh,

"That old man has made me goose-flesh all over."

"O Dick," said his companion, "just think what lovely mothers we have both got!"

"Yes; and if anything were to happen to them, and we hadn't done right! You'll never hear 'apron-strings' out of my mouth again,"—*Harper's Young People.*

### An Object Lesson.

There are many kinds of fashionable foolishness, some of which are best corrected by a lesson in kind. A writer in the *Boston Post* reports such a lesson, which might well be tried in many families. The younger members of the family of one of his friends had fallen into the way of using many senseless phrases. With them everything was "awfully sweet," "awfully jolly," or "awfully" something else.

One evening this gentleman came home with a budget of news. An acquaintance had failed in business. He spoke of the incident as "deliciously sad." He had ridden uptown in the car with a noted wit, whom he described as "horribly entertaining," and, to cap the climax, he spoke of the butter which had been set before him at a country hotel as "divinely rancid."

The young people stared, and the eldest daughter said, "Why, papa, I should think you were out of your head."

"Not in the least my dear," he said pleasantly, "I'm merely trying to follow the fashion. I worked out 'divinely rancid' with a good deal of labor. It seems to me rather more effective than 'awfully sweet.' I mean to keep up with the rest of you hereafter. And now," he continued, "let me help you to a piece of this exquisitely tough beef."

Adverbs, he says, are not so fashionable as they were in his family.—*Sel.*

### Beds that need to be Looked at

Beware of the beds! There is a sanitary enthusiast at Heddensfield who is warning the world of the frightful consequences of neglecting this maxim. It has been estimated, he says, that 20,000,000 beds are in use in this country, of which 10,000,000 have not been opened for ten years, and have during that time remained wholly unpurified. As this apostle of "bedroom sanitation" puts it, "all sorts and conditions of people have used them." Sometimes they have been beds of sickness; deathbeds; a vast number of them have been, some many times. But, as he moan-

fully observes, "as soon as vacated they are again ready to do their insidious work." Seriously, the common neglect of the duty of opening and cleansing beds can hardly fail to be productive of disease. We might do worse in this regard than follow the practice on the Continent, where the bed cleaner, with his two sticks for beating the contents of beds and mattresses, after exposing them to sun and air, is a regular Spring visitor in all well-regulated households.

### Home Hints.

**TO REMOVE OIL STAINS.**—Take three ounces of spirits of turpentine and one ounce of essence of lemon; mix well and apply it as you would any other scouring drops. It will take out all the grease.

**PRESERVED APPLES.**—Weigh equal quantities of good brown sugar and of apples; peel, core and mince them small; boil the sugar, allowing to every three pounds a pint of water; skim it well and boil pretty thick; then add the apples, the grated peel, of one or two lemons, and two or three pieces of white ginger, if you have it. Boil till the apples look clear and yellow. This preserve will keep for years.

**TOMATO SAUCE.**—This is a good way: Cut into quarters two quarts of tomatoes and sprinkle them over with salt; let these remain until the next day, when the juice should be squeezed from them and boiled with a quarter of a pound of shalots, some whole peppers and bruised ginger; boil the mixture slowly for half an hour and strain it; pulp the tomatoes through a strainer, add them to the liquid and boil again slowly for another half-hour.

**HOW TO SELECT FLOUR.**—First look at the color; if it is white with a slightly yellowish or straw-colored tint, buy it. If it is very white with a bluish cast, or with white specks in it, refuse it. Second, examine its adhesiveness; wet and knead a little of it between your fingers; if it works soft and sticky it is poor. Third, throw a little lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it falls like powder it is bad. Fourth, squeeze some of the flour in your hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, that, too, is a good sign. Flour that will stand all these tests it is safe to buy. These modes are given by old flour dealers, and they pertain to a matter that concerns everybody, namely, the staff of life.

**TO REMOVE FRUIT STAINS.**—Moisten the stained spot, and hold it under a burning match, and the sulphurous gas will cause the stain to disappear. This will not do, however, for colored goods, as it will take out the color. But if, while the satin is fresh, you put it over a cup and pour boiling water through it, it will almost always take out the spot if it is done before washing. Soap almost invariably fixes any stain. It is well, too, to remember at this season of the year that you can prevent your pretty new gingham from fading if you let them lie for several hours in water in which has been dissolved a goodly quantity of salt. Half a pint of salt to a quart of boiling water is the rule. Put the dress in it while it is hot, and after several hours wring it out dry and wash as usual.

The virtue of a man ought to be measured not by extraordinary exertions, but by his every day conduct.—*Pascal.*

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