

Why Mother is Proud.

Look in his face, look in his eyes,
 Regal and blue and terrible wise—
 Regal and blue and quick to see
 When mother comes in as tired as can be;
 Quickest to find her the nicest old chair,
 Quickest to get on the top of the stair,
 Quickest to see that a kiss on her cheek
 Would help her far more than to chatter,
 to speak.

Look in his face, and guess, if you can,
 Why mother is proud of her little man.

The mother is proud—I will tell you this;
 You see it yourself in her tender kiss.
 But why? Well, of all her little dears
 There is scarcely one who ever hears
 The moment she speaks, and jumps to see
 What her want or her wish might be—
 Scarcely one. They all forget,
 Or are not in the notion to go quite yet;
 But this she knows, if her boy is near,
 There is somebody certain to want to hear.

Mother is proud, and she holds him fast,
 And kisses him first and kisses him last:
 And he holds her hand and looks in her
 face,
 And hunts for her spool which is out of
 place,
 And proves that he loves her whenever he
 can;
 That is why she is proud of her little man.
 —The Independent.

Poetic Justice.

"Father, what is poetic justice?"
 asked Fred Stanley at the tea-table.
 "Bless the boy! What put that into
 his head?" said mother.
 "Why, there was something about
 it in our reading lesson to-day, and
 when I asked Miss Thompson what it
 meant she said we should see how
 many of us could find out for ourselves
 and give her an illustration of it to-
 morrow; but I don't know how to find
 out, unless you tell me, father."

Mr. Stanley looked thoughtful for a
 moment, and then smiled, as if struck
 by some amusing recollection.

"Poetic justice," he said, "is a kind
 of justice that reaches us through the
 unforeseen consequences of our unjust
 acts. I will tell you a little story,
 Fred, that I think will furnish the
 illustration you are after."

"I recall a summer afternoon, a
 good many years ago, when I was not
 as large as I am now. Two other boys
 and myself went blackberrying in a big
 meadow several miles from home. On
 our way to the meadow, as we paddled
 along the dusty highway, we met a
 stray dog. He was a friendless, for-
 lorn-looking creature, and seemed de-
 lighted to make up with us, and when
 we gave him some scraps of bread and
 meat from our lunch basket he capered
 for joy and trotted along at our
 side, as if to say, 'Now, boys, I'm one
 of you.' We named him Rover, and
 boy like, tried to find out how much
 he knew, and what he could do in the
 way of tricks; and we soon discovered
 that he would 'fetch and carry' re-

markably well. No matter how big the
 stick or stone, nor how far away we
 threw it, he would reach it and drag it
 back to us. Fences, ditches, and
 brambles he seemed to regard only as
 so many obstacles thrown in his way
 to try his pluck and endurance, and
 he overcame them all.

"At length we reached the meadow,
 and scattered our quest of black-
 berries. In my wanderings I discovered
 a hornet's nest, the largest I ever saw,
 —and I have seen a good many. It
 was built in a cluster of blackberry
 vines, and hung low, almost touching
 the ground. Moreover, at was at the
 foot of a little hill, and as I scampered
 up the latter I was met at the summit
 by Rover, frisking about with a stick
 in his mouth. I don't know why the
 dog and the hornet's nest should have
 connected themselves in my mind, but
 they did, and a wicked thought was
 born of the union.

"'Rob! Will! I called to the other
 boys; 'come here; we'll have some
 fun.'"

"They came promptly, and I ex-
 plained my villainous project. I
 pointed out the hornet's nest, and
 proposed that we roll a stone down
 upon it and send Rover after the
 stone. 'And, oh cracky, won't it be
 fun to see how astonished he'll be when
 the hornets come out,' I cried in con-
 clusion. They agreed that it would
 be awfully funny. We selected a good
 sized, round stone, and called Rover's
 special attention to it, and started it
 down the hill. When it had a fair
 start we turned the dog loose, and the
 poor fellow, never suspecting our
 treachery, darted after the stone with
 a joyous bark. We had taken good
 aim, and as the ground was smooth
 the stone went true to its mark, and
 crashed into the hornet's nest just as
 Rover sprang upon it. In less than a
 minute the furious insects had swarm-
 ed out and settled upon the poor ani-
 mal. His surprise and dismay fulfilled
 our anticipations, and we had just be-
 gun to double ourselves up in parox-
 ysms of laughter, when, with frenzied
 yelps of agony, he came tearing up the
 hill toward us, followed closely by all
 the hornets.

"'Run!' I shouted, and we did run;
 but the maddened dog ran faster, and

dashed into our midst with piteous ap-
 peals for help. The hornets settled,
 like a black, avenging cloud, all over
 us, and the scene that followed baffles
 my power of description. We ran, we
 scratched, we rolled on the ground,
 and we howled with agony, till the
 meadow was, for the time being, turned
 into a pandemonium.

"I have never known just how long
 the torture lasted, but I remember it
 was poor Rover who rose to the emer-
 gency, and with superior instinct
 showed us a way to rid ourselves of
 our vindictive assailants. As soon as
 he realized that we too were in distress,
 and could give no assistance, he ran
 blindly to a stream that flowed through
 the meadow not far away, and, plung-
 ing in, dived clear beneath the sur-
 face. We followed him, and only
 ventured to crawl out from the friend-
 ly element when we were assured that
 the enemy had withdrawn. Then we
 sat on the bank of the stream, and
 looked at each other dolefully through
 our swollen, purple eyelids, while the
 water dripped from our clothing, and
 a hundred stinging wounds reminded
 us what exceedingly funny fun we had
 been having with Rover.

"The poor dog, innocent and free
 from guile himself, judged us accord-
 ingly, and, creeping up to me, licked
 my hand in silent sympathy. Then
 some dormant sense of justice asserted
 itself within me.

"'Boys, I said, 'we've had an aw-
 ful time, but I tell you what, it served
 us right.'"

"Neither of them contradicted
 me, and, rising stiffly, we went
 slowly homeward, with Rover at our
 heels.

"That, my boy," said Mr. Stanley
 in conclusion, "is a good instance of
 poetic justice." —Sel.

Be Slow to Accuse.

"Mother, I cannot find my seventeen
 cents anywhere," said Arthur, coming
 into his mother's room with quite an
 anxious face. "I put it here in my
 pocket. It had been hanging up in
 the hall to-day, and I do believe that
 new girl has taken it out. She saw
 me have it last night and put it away."

"Look in your other pocket, Arthur.
 A little boy who is so apt to forget
 things must not be too positive that
 he puts his money in his pocket-book.
 And never accuse anybody of stealing
 without a shadow of evidence. This
 is very sinful as well as unkind. What
 if Susan should lose her money and
 accuse you of stealing it? Remember
 the Golden Rule."

"But, mother, she looked guilty
 when I said I had lost it, and that I
 knew some one had taken it out of my
 pocket."

"But very likely she did look con-
 fused on hearing you make such an
 unkind speech. She knew very well
 that there was no one in the house
 you could suspect of taking it but her-
 self. You might as well have said so
 in plain words. An innocent person
 is more apt to look guilty, when accused
 of a crime, than one who is hardened
 in wrong-doing. The latter usually
 has a face ready made to suit any
 occasion. A gentleman once said that
 the most guilty-looking person he
 ever saw was a man arrested for steal-
 ing a horse which afterward proved to
 be his own."

"But what has become of my money,
 mother? It is gone, that is certain."

"I believe you lost a fine top once,
 that it was supposed a little neighbour
 had stolen," said his mother, with a
 smile.

"But I cannot have left this in the
 grapevine arbour this winter weather."

"But there are plenty of other
 losing places about. Did you have on
 that jacket last evening?"

"No, mother, I believe I had on my
 grey one, but then I know I put it in
 my pocket-book."

"Don't say you know, my dear, for
 it may be an untruth. Please bring
 me your grey jacket."

Arthur walked slowly up to his
 room, but he walked back more slowly
 still, and looked very foolish when he
 came into his mother's room again.

Mother comprehended it all at a
 glance, and smiled as she said:—

"I wonder who looks guilty this
 time?"

"Oh, mother, I am sorry, but I did
 not mean to accuse Susan so wrongly.
 I remember now just as plainly as
 can be wrapping up those three-cent
 pieces and two pennies in that bit of
 paper and putting it into my jacket pocket."

"It is a serious thing, Arthur, to
 make such charges as you did a
 moment ago against an innocent per-
 son. What if you had mentioned it
 among your schoolmates! It would
 not be long before it would be told
 about: 'Susan, at Mr. Reynold's
 steals. I wonder they keep her.' If
 she ever wished to get another place
 it might be a very difficult matter.
 Though you contradict the story after-
 wards, it would never undo the mis-
 chief. Many will repeat an injurious

story who will never take the trouble
 to correct it. I will pray for you,
 dear boy, that you may learn to cor-
 rect this sinful habit; and I hope you
 will pray with me. You will never
 improve a bad habit until you pray
 over it. Run now and tell Susan that
 you have found your money; and try
 to make some amends for your injus-
 tice by being more than usually
 thoughtful and obliging."

What all Boys Should Know.

Don't be satisfied with your boy's
 education, says "School Supplement,"
 or allow him to handle a Latin or
 Greek book until you are sure that
 he can—

Write a good legible hand.
 Spell all the words he knows how to
 use.

Speak and write good English.
 Write a good social letter.

Write a good business letter.
 Add a column of figures rapidly.

Make out an ordinary account.
 Deduct 16 2/3 per cent. from the face
 of it.

Receipt it when paid.
 Write an ordinary receipt.
 Write an advertisement for the local
 paper.

Write a notice or report of a public
 meeting.

Write an ordinary promissory note.
 Reckon the interest or discount on
 it for days, months or years.

Draw an ordinary bank check.
 Take it to the proper place in a bank
 to get the cash.

Make neat and correct entries in
 day-book and ledger.

Tell the number of yards of carpet
 required for your parlour.

Measure the pile of lumber in your
 shed.

Tell the number of bushels of wheat
 in your largest bin, and the value at
 current rates.

Tell something about the great
 authors and statesmen of the present
 day.

If he can do all this and more, it is
 likely he has sufficient education to
 enable him to make his own way in the
 world. If you have more time and
 money to spend upon him, all well
 and good—give him higher English,
 give him literature, give him mathe-
 matics, give him science, and if he is
 very, very anxious about it, give him
 Latin and Greek, or whatever the
 course he intends pursuing in life
 demands.

What's the Harm?

Harry A. was a large, stout, healthy,
 fine-looking boy of sixteen, whose
 great ambition it was to be as large as
 his father, who was a six-footer and
 wide in proportion; and he seemed in
 a fair way to realize his ambition, for
 he was growing fast and strong. One
 day a gentleman, a friend, met Harry
 puffing away at a cigar with all his
 might.

"Why, Harry!" he said, "I didn't
 know you smoked."

"Oh, yes. What's the harm?" was
 the reply.

"Well, let me tell you one harm it
 will do. It will stunt your growth.
 You will never make such a man as
 your father is if you keep on."

"I'll risk it," was the laughing re-
 joinder, as they went their separate
 ways.

That was four years ago. Harry
 kept on smoking. He is twenty now,
 and is a short, pale, spindling youth,
 with digestion out of order, frequent
 headaches, nervous and irritable, and
 with not the slightest hope in the world
 of ever competing with his father in
 either bodily or mental size. His phy-
 sician says it all comes from his smok-
 ing, yet he will not give up his beloved
 cigars; preferring to go through life
 half the man he might be, rather than
 to give up a debilitating and offensive
 habit. —Sel.

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OUR MOTTO: Onward! Upward!

[The Mystery Solved.—No. 32.]

No. 185.—
 1. v 2. c
 t i n e r a
 v i p e r c r o w n
 n e p a w l
 r n

No. 186.—
 "The merry mice stay in their holes,
 And hide themselves by day;
 But when the house is still at night
 The rogues come out to play."

No. 187.—Hattie.

No. 188.— A
 A N T I E
 T I M
 E

No. 189.—Empty kettles make the
 most sound.

—The Mystery—No. 35.—

No. 200.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.
 (BY SORETTA M. LONDON, Bloomfield,
 Carleton.)

A letter.
 A beverage.
 A man's name.
 A part of the body.
 A letter.

No. 201.—PI PUZZLE.
 (BY S. M. LONDON, Good's Corner.)

"A sumfule a kobo fo tytherio;
 Het vleae rtoefeh rea yead;
 Eht trefet ceirsem slyloe idejno;
 Hte tlite si odgs aspiars."

No. 202.—DROP VOWEL.
 (BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

Pr-m-s-s m- g-t fr-nds b-t-t-s
 p-rf-rm-n-c-s th-t k-p-s th-m.

No. 203.—DROP LETTER.
 (BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

T-a-m-n-a-s-b-d-e-e-w-s
 U-o-i-h-o-d-o-n-e-l-r-c-m-l-s
 B-t-s-h-c-n-p-r-e-v-w-a-s-i-h-
 A-d-o-t-e-i-h-l-t-u-h
 T-a-m-n-s-n-h-p-l-s-p-i-h
 A-d-h-l-y-o-d-o-n-u-h

No. 204.—TRANSPOSITION.
 (BY CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek.)

Not hentgs llouynton reft ta fo royu a
 sewi nam,
 Het ginth uoy tane lhrp dan het thgin
 you nac.

No. 205.—TRANSPOSITION.
 (BY MARY WARD, Minneapolis, U. S.)

Redisnoc dan erah em; O rOld ym
 oGd; nethgil enim ayee: tael I peels
 het eleps fo htaed.

No. 206.—DROP VOWEL.
 (BY MARY WARD, Minneapolis, U. S.)

m lph nd mg, th bgning nd th nd,
 th frst nd th lst.

No. 207.—DIAMONDS.
 (BY MARY WARD, Minneapolis, U. S.)

(a) A consonant: the upper ex-
 tremity; a certain kind of animal; to
 fondle; a letter.

(b) A letter; a useful article; a
 subject; something to eat; a conso-
 nant.

No. 208.—DROP LETTER.
 (BY MARY WARD, Minneapolis, U. S.)

B-h-l, t-e-e-e-t-u-a-o-e-t-s-w.

No. 209.—BIBLE QUESTION.
 (BY MARY WARD, Minneapolis, U. S.)

Are the following words mentioned
 in the Bible? If so, where?
 (a) Grey-hound, and (b) Invent.

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

Be Careful.

Be careful of your associations. Bad
 company is not better than none at
 all.

Be careful what you say? You can
 recall some things, but never spoken
 words.

Be careful in your habits and in
 your dress! Neatness and good man-
 ners should be necessities.

Be careful of your diet! Proper
 food and drink have much to do with
 happiness.

Be careful of your health! Money
 can not buy it—then why should you
 squander it?

Be especially careful at this season of
 the year! The air is full of poisons.
 Malaria is abroad. You need to ex-
 ercise great care.

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 Garget in Cows.

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 biliousness, headache, constipation and
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 fort. A man can't stand everything.
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 cough, night sweats, was greatly re-
 duced in flesh, and had been given up
 by my physicians. I began to take
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 using two bottles of this medicine, was
 completely cured."—Anga A. Lewis,
 Ricard, N. Y.

Professional Cards.

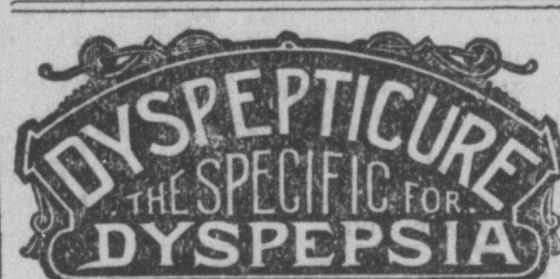
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 Even if they only cured

HEAD
 Ache they would be almost priceless to those
 who suffer from this distressing complaint,
 but fortunately their goodness does not end
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 these little pills valuable in so many ways that
 they will not be willing to do without them.
 Even if they only cured

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 CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small
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