

Duty and Inclination.

"Stay at home," said Inclination,
"Let the errand wait."
"Go at once," said Duty, sternly,
"Or you'll be too late."

"But it snows," said Inclination,
"And the wind is keen."
"Never mind all that," said Duty,
"Go and brave it, Jean."

Jean stepped out into the garden,
Looked up at the sky,
Clouded, shrouded, dreary, sunless,
Snow unceasingly.

"Stay," again said Inclination,
"Go," said Duty, "go."
Forth went Jean with no more waiting,
Forth into the snow.

You will smile if now I tell you
That this quiet strife,
Duty conquering Inclination,
Strengthened all her life.

—Selected.

The Girl at the Foot.

"Miss Grafton! Oh Miss Grafton,
Lou Williams has come back."

This was the cry that greeted the
teacher as she entered the class room
one bright morning.

Miss Grafton smiled at the eager
faces, and stopped to kiss a little girl
who was pushed forward by her little
friend. The girl had sky-blue eyes,
wavy brown hair, which had been cut
short during her long illness, and
rosy dimples in her thin cheeks.
She had been away from school for six
weeks, and everybody was glad to see
her again. All the girls were mourn-
ing over the loss of her pretty hair,
except Kitty Lawrence, who said it
was prettier than ever, and she was
going to have her own cut short, just
like Lou's. While they were talking
the bell rang.

"Now, dear, you will have a new
experience," said Miss Grafton kindly.
"You have never tried the back row."

Lou smiled, but there was a queer
lump in her throat as she took her
seat at the foot of the class. It was
the first time she had ever been be-
hind the first row. It seemed very
lonely back there. All her former
companions were quite out of reach;
and though some of them looked back
at her now and then at first, by and
by they gave it up, and appeared to
have forgotten her. The girls near
the foot were very different. They
whispered, passed notes, and prompted
each other constantly. They prompted
Lou, too, much to her discomfort, and
she found it difficult to pay attention
to the recitations with such an uneasy
rustling around her. Before the first
hour was over, poor Lou felt quite
unhappy. When May Whitney asked
her a question, she blushed and shook
her head, to signify that she would not
break the rules by speaking, whereupon
May tossed her curls and said spite-
fully:

"Oh, you sweet little angel!"
Then Lou had hard work to keep
from crying. She thought it was very
hard to be good at the foot of the
class. She wondered how long it would
be before she could get away from
these disorderly girls.

"If I have to stay here two or three
weeks, or even longer," she said to
herself, "how shall I ever bear it?
I'm afraid I shall forget some time and
do something wrong. I wish Miss
Grafton would let me sit on a chair in
the corner; but maybe that would look
like favoritism. Perhaps, mamma
would say I ought to be strong enough
to be good even among these girls, like
the apostles and martyrs."

Just then the bell rang for recess,
and Lou's friends came to take her
down stairs; and twenty minutes was
not long enough to tell of all that had
happened at school while she was
away, and how they had missed her,
and to explain why Dolly Brown's
father had taken her to Europe.

After recess came an exercise which
the girls called "going up and down."
Miss Grafton had been reading ancient
history to the class during the closing
hour on Fridays, and she occasionally
examined them on what she had read.
These examinations were not recorded
in the roll-book, but those who answered
the questions correctly "skipped"
above those who failed; so that this
exercise frequently caused important
changes in the positions of the schol-
ars. Lou usually enjoyed such ex-
aminations very much, and answered
questions very readily; but as she had
so long been absent, she had no hope
of any success. A few attempts, partly
happy guesses, partly dim recollec-
tions of something she had heard her
father reading at home, helped her
over the three or four rounds, and
brought her above half a dozen schol-
ars, though she was still on the back
row.

"Next! next!" said Miss Grafton.
The question was passed rapidly down
the line.

"How funny!" thought Lou; "sure-
ly they know who captured Babylon.
Why, it's in the Bible!"

Two or three hands were raised.
"Well, Julia?"

"Nebuchadnezzar."

There was a laugh.

"No. Next! next!"

It was coming down the next line.

Lou's hand was up.

"Next! next! Well, Lou, who was it?"

"Cyrus, of Persia."

"Correct. You may go up. Where did the question begin?"

More than half the class was moving
down, and Lou took a seat beside
Kitty Lawrence, who squeezed her
delightfully.

Then the questioning began again at
the head.

"How did they enter the city?"

Marion, the head girl, started,
flushed, hesitated, and finally sat down
with tearful eyes. Mabel, the second,
looked up in consternation, exclaimed:
"Oh, Miss Grafton!" and gave up
without an effort.

"Next! next!"

Lena Snow hazarded a guess.

"They broke open the gates."

"No; next!"

It ran down the first line—down the
second—that restless "next! next!
next!" Nobody was quite sure how
far it had gone.

Minnie Venn sprang up after she
had been passed, and gasped out:

"Oh, I know!" and sank back in
her seat again.

It was doubtful if even Miss Graf-
ton knew who was next.

Lou held up her hand, for fear she
would be passed. Her heart beat
very fast. At last her turn came.

"They turned the Euphrates into
another bed, and passed over the old
bed to the gates, and then a traitor
inside opened the gates."

"Right. You may go up."

Lou rose, blushing very much, and
took her place. The girls clapped.
They couldn't help it. The girl at the
foot had become the girl at the head.

—Independent.

"My Wagon."

Robbie had a cart given him on his
birthday. Though Robbie was only a
little boy, not seven years old, the
cart was big enough to be of real use.
Dick, who was nearly three years
younger than Robbie, could sit in it,
and then his two brothers could give
him such a nice ride! But the best
thing was to fill the big cart with the
fallen leaves, and take them off to the
stable-yard.

"We'll play the leaves are hay, and
I'm the farmer," said Will.

"No; I'm the farmer; for it's my
wagon," said Robbie. And then, I
am sorry to say, the two boys began
to quarrel.

"Robbie," called mamma, "when
Aunt Mary wanted to give you a
wagon, I said I was afraid you and
Will would quarrel over it. You might
as well take papa's axe and chop up
your wagon at once."

"Chop up my beautiful wagon!
Why, mamma!"

"Yes, for you are spoiling it quite
as badly as if you cut it up. If you
get along pleasantly with it, and take
turns in being the farmer, you will en-
joy yourself; but, just as soon as you
are cross and selfish, you won't have
any fun at all."

Robbie stood sticking the toe of his
shoe in the loose dirt. "It's my
wagon," he was thinking; but then
something whispered, "But you might
play it was Will's half the time,
mamma knows." "I'll tell you,
mamma, Will can be Mr. Post, and
borry my wagon!" And the little boy
ran off, quite ready to be unselfish.

Mrs. Drake laughed, for Mr. Post
was a neighbor who was all the time
trying to borrow everything possible.
He even tried to borrow a horse-shoe.

So Will was Mr. Post, and he and
Robbie and Dick raked and swept the
leaves again and again till every dead
leaf was gathered up and put in the
stable-yard. Then Mr. Post gravely
returned the wagon; and, strange to
say, it was not hurt at all!

"We've had such fun," said the
boys, as they ate their basins of bread
and milk.

"It is really more fun to be kind
and pleasant isn't it?" said mamma.

"Yes, it is," said Will; while
Robbie asked, "Why don't we think
of pleasant plays always, mamma?"

"You must learn, little by little,
to be pleasant and kind, just as Car-
rie learns to knit. If Robbie will only
try to make Will and Dick happy, and
not think about Robbie, and if Will
only tries to make Robbie and Dick
happy, you will soon have to think of
pleasant plays."

"Dick loves everybody," said the
little boy, jumping down to give each
one a "big hug."

"Come, let's give Dick a ride in
our wagon," said Robbie. And no one
heard any more about "my wagon."

—The Observer.

An ounce of cheerfulness is worth a
pound of sadness to serve God with.—
Fuller.

Pegging Away.

"Professor Blank says there isn't
any such thing as genius, alone and by
itself; it is all hard work and the
faculty of 'pegging away.' He is
fond of that phrase. He says he has
been practicing a piece five years, and
expects to learn it yet if death does
not overtake him meantime."

Professor Blank is a musician
among the foremost in rank on this
side the Atlantic, with a genius, no
doubt, for music, but a genius also for
pegging away, and without this last the
first would never have lifted him into
fame.

Meissonier had a genius for painting
but what wonderful industry he pos-
sessed, what application, what a capac-
ity for details, what tireless devotion
to his art! I. J. Jerome is as much
an illustration of "pegging away" as
Meissonier, and so of all our great
painters, poets, and writers. Fame,
and all that fame brings, does not
come to them while they sit with
folded arms and at ease, but while
every faculty is alert and active and
incessantly at work to realize the
dreams and conceptions that haunt
and beckon them on. Suppose any
one should undertake merely to copy
in his own hand the writings of
Dickens, of George Eliot, of Robert-
son the historian, of our own Dr.
Phillip Schaff, or of any one of the
prominent editorial writers in our city
of New York, what a task he would
undertake! But each author and
writer first collected, thought out, and
arranged his material, wrote it out,
often re-wrote parts or the whole of it,
corrected and revised it in the manu-
script and in the proofs, before giving
it to the world. It takes a great deal
of "pegging away" to make even a
poor book! How much more to
achieve works that are immortal! It
is said that Demosthenes wrote out in
his own hand several times over, and
committed them to memory, the
speeches Thucydides puts into the
mouths of his great men in his famous
history, in order that his whole soul
and all his utterance might be imbued
with the spirit and eloquence of those
speeches. Truly "he counted not his
life dear unto him" so he might save
the Hellenic nation he so loved!

Not in great and mighty things alone
does "pegging away" count, but in
the humblest details and duties of
daily life. The unwearied householder
who patiently darns stockings and
washes dishes and sweeps and dusts
and keeps her children clean and their
apparel whole and looks after their
welfare, morally and intellectually,
and makes the home a nesting-place
for virtue is doing as necessary work
in her way as any statesman in con-
gressional halls. Work manfully,
then, fellow-laborer. In due time the
reward will come. Nay, it comes each
day in the consciousness of duty well
done, sacrifices cheerfully made, and
home made happy.

DON'TS.

DON'TS FOR ALL.

1. Don't be idle. It is work that wins.
2. Don't deceive.
3. Don't be clannish.
4. Don't be envious.
5. Don't talk too much.
6. Don't send comic valentines.
7. Don't write anonymous letters.
8. Don't seek revenge.
9. Don't eaves-drop.
10. Don't perpetrate or repeat stale tricks.

DON'TS FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

1. Don't wear tight boots.
2. Don't use tobacco or rum.
3. Don't be seen in or about a saloon.
4. Don't loaf.
5. Don't marry a girl who calls her mother "the old woman," chews wax or keeps a poodle.

DON'TS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

1. Don't wear tight shoes.
2. Don't be too much of a lady (?) to work.
3. Don't compress your bodies for the sake of having a handsome form.
4. Don't chew gum.
5. Don't keep a poodle.
6. Don't powder and paint.
7. Don't marry a dude or a man that is profane and uses tobacco or intoxicants, nor one that will boo-hoo and cry if you say you won't marry him.

Home Hints.

Do you know:

That white spots can be removed
from furniture by holding a hot iron
over, but not on the place?

That oranges and lemons, with
green leaves intermixed, make a
pretty dish for decorative purposes?

That pearl knife handles should be
rubbed with a salt rag dipped in fine
table salt, then polished with leather?

That a little soap and warm water
applied frequently, is better for clean-
ing your lacquered brass than all the
cleansing materials in the world?

That you can tell if the bed is damp
by laying your hand-glass between the
sheets for a few moments? If the
sheets are not properly dried, the glass
will be clouded.

That the yolk of an egg in half a
pint of tepid rain water, with a little
powdered borax added, with a tea-
spoonful of spirits of camphor, will
take spots out of black goods?

That a capital wash for stained
boards is made by boiling one-half
pound of slacked lime and one pound
of soda in six quarts of water for two
hours! Let this settle, then pour off
the clear part for use.

That teapots should be washed
thoroughly with strong soda and
water, and then rinsed well and per-
fectly dried each day, if one would
prevent the curious, haylike smell
often noticed in a teapot!

That nothing is better for restoring
the brightness of polished tables than
rubbing them with a linen rag dipped
in cold drawn linseed oil?

That a good handful of salt should
be added to the water in which mat-
ting is washed? The salt keeps the
matting in color. Do not use soap.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASTIME.

Edited by C. E. BLACK.

—ST. JOHN, N. B.

—:—

Devoted to

Puzzles, Solutions, Letters, Stories, etc.

OUR MOTTO: ON WARD!!

|The Mystery Solved.—No. 21.|

No. 116.—I.

A little word is not a little thing
For it may mar and it may make a
king.II. Be not simply good, be good for
something.III. Remember that today shall
never dawn again.

IV. DR. McLEOD and UNCLE NED.

No. 117.—Washington.

No. 118.—Palestine.

No. 119.—(1) Ellen. (2) Nancy.
(3) John.

—|The Mystery.—No. 24.—|

No. 129.—HIDDEN NAMES.

(1) I am glad to see you.
(2) Did you have a good time?

—:—

Fo. 130.—SQUARE PUZZLE.

A large plant; a mineral substance;
to watch; an etymon.

—:—

No. 131.—DIAMOND.

A letter, a point of time; made of
wood; idle; a letter.

—:—

Middleton, N. S.

—:—

No. 132.—ENIGMA.

(BY M. R. McLEOD, F'ton.)
In book, not in paper;
In eight, not in six;
In get, not in have;
In out, not in in;
In neither, not in either;
In inn, not in hotel;
In Ida, not in Jennie.
Whole, a plant.

—:—

No. 133.—ENIGMA.

In come, not in go;
In laugh, not in cry;
In paper, not in cloth;
In skirt, not in waist;
In Aunt, not in Uncle.
My whole is a girl's name.

—:—

Kentville, N. S.

—:—

(BY A. H. RING, Kentville, N. S.)

T-e-h-k-g-r-a-v-r-r-l-n-t-t-
m-n-g-n-w-n-h-t-e-n-o-h-e-d-
o-l-o-

—:—

—The Mystery Solved in three weeks.—

Minard's Liniment cures La
Grippe.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents. I sprained my leg so badly
that I had to be driven home in a car-
riage. I immediately applied MIN-
ARD'S LINIMENT freely and in 48
hours could use my leg again as well as
ever.

JOSHUA WYNAUGHT.

Bridgewater, N. S.

That string on your finger means
"Bring home a bottle of MINARD'S
LINIMENT."My friend, look here! you know how
weak and nervous your wife is, and
you know that Carter's Iron Pills will
relieve her, now why not be fair about
it and buy her a box.Money saved and pain relieved by
the leading household remedy Dr.
Thomas' Electric Oil—a small quantity
of which usually suffices to cure a cough,
head a sore, cut, bruise or sprain, re-
lieve lumbago; rheumatism, neuralgia,
excoriated nipples, or inflamed breast.

IT PAYS

To be cautious in the choice of medi-
cines. Many are injured by trying ex-
periments with compounds purporting
to be blood-purifiers, the principal
recommendation of which would seem
to be their "cheapness." Being made
up of worthless, though not always
harmless, ingredients, they may well
be "cheap;" but, in the end, they are
dear. The most reliable medicines are
costly, and can be retailed at moderate
prices only when the manufacturing
chemist handles the raw materials in
large quantities. It is economy,
there