

OUR BABY.

BY J. W. CARR.

He's a handsome big boy,
With bonny blue eyes,
And cheeks like roses in bloom;
And he jabbles and prattles,
And drums and rattles,
Our darling boy—our own.
He's papa's boy,
And mamma's joy,
A dainty wee bit of an elf,
And when he looks haughty,
And peeks at me naughtily,
I am only beholding myself.

In his eye there's a twinkle,
In his cheek there's a dimple,
And happiness beams o'er his face;
In his heart there's no sorrow,
No care for the morrow,
No sadness—no, not a trace.
He's happy and blest,
Where'er he's caressed,
And his baby face sends out its rays;
Though he sometimes weeps,
He smiles when he sleeps,
For the angels are whispering praise.

Jessie's Opportunity.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

"Wickliffe," said Mr. Stone one morning as he looked from the perusal of a note he had found on the breakfast plate, and fixed his eyes sternly on the face of his only son—"Miss Hall writes me that you are late at school so frequently that she considers it necessary to call my attention to the fact. There is no excuse whatever for such tardiness, and if it happens again I shall punish you severely. You understand me?"

"Yes, sir," answered Wickliffe, meekly, his eyes on his plate, and his voice trembling a little. "I do try to get to school in time, father, but somehow or other—"

"You are generally late," finished his father, as the boy hesitated. "Well, this bad habit must be broken up, or it will be a hindrance to you all your life. I hope I shall not be called upon to punish you, but shall deem it my duty to do so if occasion requires."

Poor Wick! He found it difficult to eat his breakfast with those ominous words ringing in his ears. He knew by past experience what was meant by punishment as interpreted by his father, and his appetite for the buckwheat cakes on his plate failed suddenly. He didn't look at his mother, for he knew he couldn't bear very well the loving sympathy he felt sure was in her eyes. And he did not look at his sister Jessie for he felt equally sure she wore a look of intense satisfaction.

He and Jessie had quarreled, and had not spoken to each other for two days. It was all about a blue silk umbrella with a gold knob on the handle, which had been a gift to Jessie from her father on her last birthday. Wick had borrowed it one rainy day without asking and had lost it. Jessie, who had a very hot temper, was extremely angry when she heard her brother's confession, and the result was a quarrel, during which both had made some very unjust and unkind remarks.

They didn't often quarrel. Wick loved his sister dearly, and was slow to anger—slow about every thing, in fact—but Jessie's sharp tongue had stung him into saying a good deal that he afterwards regretted. But he wouldn't say so while she maintained that haughty manner and sullen silence. He knew that while she was in that state no apology, however humble, would be accepted.

Jessie had no desire to heal the breach. The loss of her umbrella rankled still, and her anger and resentment received fresh fuel from the fact that she had to carry an old cotton umbrella when she went to visit the art gallery with Stina Ward, whose costume was perfect in every detail, and who smiled faintly—or so it seemed to sensitive Jessie—when the cotton atrocity in all its faded ugliness was raised during a brief shower.

It generally hurt Jessie as much to have Wick reprimanded as to be reprimanded herself. But this morning she was not sorry for him at all, and thought her father ought to have said a great deal more.

"That clock in the hall is to blame for Wick's being late," said Mrs. Stone when breakfast was nearly over, and Wick was gathering up his books. "It runs a little slow. I think I had better alter the pendulum a trifle."

"Do not let him offer that as an excuse," said Mr. Stone. "I will not accept it. He can find out the time by some other clock if the one in the hall is not to be depended on."

"I think I can make it run correctly," said Mrs. Stone.

She went out into the hall, and Wick followed her to get his overcoat from the rack.

"It will keep good time now," she said, as she raised the pendulum of the clock, and turned the hand ahead ten minutes. "You will be able to depend on it after this, I think."

"You are always so indulgent to Wick, mother," said Jessie, when her brother was gone, and Mr. Stone had retired to the library to read the morning paper. "And you make so many excuses for him. And as father says, he has a habit of being slow, which ought to be broken while he is young. You know he is never in time for anything."

"Remember about the note and the beam, little daughter," said Mrs. Stone. "I know some one who ought to try to curb her temper while young, that it may not lead her into sorrow and cause her bitter regret. Score a small victory with each day, and the grand result will be gained before you are really aware of it."

Jessie flushed hotly under her mother's tender glance, and went upstairs feeling decidedly uncomfortable. She had determined again and again to begin a war on her hot temper, but had let one opportunity after another slip by, and now, though she knew she ought to make up that quarrel with Wick, she wasn't ready to do it while her heart was so full of resentment.

She had been obliged to leave school for a time on account of some affection of her eyes, and as she could neither sew nor read, time hung rather heavily on her hands, and she was able to do more thinking than she exactly liked. And, of course, she could not help thinking of Wick.

She remembered during the day a good many little sacrifices Wick had made for her at different times, and how ready he had always been to do favors for her. He had always declared, too, that she was the prettiest girl in town.

Jessie's resentment softened a little as she recalled these things, but returned in full force when she happened to glance towards the corner in which stood the old cotton umbrella.

"No, I won't apologize to him," she muttered. "He deserves every word I said and more too. The idea of his daring to take my umbrella. He might have known he would lose it."

She did not see her brother again until the next morning at breakfast, and then she took no notice of his presence, addressing her conversation entirely to her mother.

But, as Mr. Stone had taken his breakfast at six o'clock that he might catch an early train, and Mrs. Stone was suffering from a nervous headache, the conversation was not very animated. Wick devoted himself entirely to his breakfast, and was quite as careful not to look at his sister as she was not to look at him.

"Now, Wick, get off to school as soon as possible," said Mrs. Stone, as her son rose from the table. "You must make it a point to be punctual after this."

"No danger of being late this morning," said Wick. "Why, it's only five minutes past eight! I have time to work on my chessmen a little."

And he ran up stairs to get out his tools and the chessmen he was carving as a birthday gift to a favorite uncle.

Mrs. Stone went up stairs, also, to lie down; but Jessie lingered in the dining room to water her plants and feed the canary.

While she was thus engaged Jane, the cook, came in to clear the table.

"I suppose you had our breakfast a good deal earlier than usual this morning, Jane, on account of getting some ready for papa," said Jessie. "It's only a little after eight now."

"I don't think it was any earlier, Miss," rejoined Jane, "and if it's by the hall clock you're going, there's no telling what time it is. Last night I hit against the clock when I was going through the hall and stopped it. But I didn't know it until I came down stairs this morning, and then I set it by guess."

Jessie scarcely heard the last words. Her thoughts had flown to her brother. Wick was up stairs working on his chessmen, happy in the thought that he need not start for school for half an hour yet.

Jessie ran quickly up to her own room and consulted the watch on her bureau. The hands pointed to twenty minutes to nine. Wick would require fifteen minutes to get to the school-house. That gave her just five minutes to think.

She thought of the loss of her nice umbrella, and recalled with a pang her feelings at having to carry the old cotton one when she went out with Stina Ward. And Wick had said so many hateful things! She had said hateful things herself, but the loss of her umbrella gave her a certain right to say them.

But suddenly there came into her mind the words her mother had said about scoring a small victory every day over her temper. Here lay the opportunity to score a very great one. But would she take advantage of it?

She heard Wick whistling over his work. Time was passing. She must decide at once whether to seize this

opportunity or not. Another five minutes delay, and it would be too late. Wick's punishment would be assured, for had not his father said he must not rely on that hall clock?

"I—I will tell him," thought Jessie, something like a sob escaping her lips. "I'll be stronger than my temper this once, anyhow," and not giving herself time to change her mind, she ran across the hall, and threw open the door of her brother's room.

"Wick," she said, "the hall clock is half an hour slow. You mustn't lose a minute or you'll be late. It's a quarter of nine."

Wick sprang to his feet, seized his cap, caught up his bag of books, and was off like a shot.

Not a word of thanks did he utter, but nevertheless, Jessie's heart felt wonderfully light as she went back to her room.

She was putting the top drawer of her bureau in order at twelve o'clock, and was so busy that she did not hear the door open, and turned with a start when she became conscious that some one was standing beside her—turned to have a pair of arms thrown about her, and to hear her brother say:

"Jessie, I didn't have time to thank you this morning for what you did. It was awfully good of you—and after I'd lost your umbrella, too! It was real noble of you. And I'm going to buy you another umbrella this very day. I felt awfully about losing that umbrella, and—why, Jessie, are you crying?"

Yes, strange to say, Jessie was crying. And she refused to say why. She only begged Wick in a very broken voice—after kissing him—to go out and let her be by herself.

And Wick went, looking very much puzzled. But he noticed one thing—from that day dated Jessie's ability to control her temper. — *Ladies' Home Journal.*

How an Ocean Cable is Made.

Let us first see what a submarine cable is, and how it is made. To do this a visit must be made to the enormous factory on the banks of the Thames a few miles below London. Here the birth of the cable may be traced through shop after shop, machine after machine. The foundation of all is the conductor, a strand of seven fine copper wires. This slender copper cord is first hauled through a mass of sticky, black compound, which causes the thin coating of gutta-percha applied by the next machine to adhere to it perfectly, and prevents the retention of any bubbles of air in the interstices between the strands, or between the conductor and the gutta-percha envelope.

One envelope is not sufficient, however, but the full thickness of insulating material has to be attained by four more alternate coatings of sticky compound and plastic gutta-percha. The conductor is now insulated, and has developed into "core." Before going any further the core is coiled into tanks filled with water, and tested in order to ascertain whether it is electrically perfect, i.e., that there is no undue leakage of electricity through the gutta-percha insulating envelope.

These tests are made from the testing-room, replete with beautiful and elaborate apparatus, by which measurements finer and more accurate than those even of the most delicate chemical balance may be made. Every foot of core is tested with these instruments, both before and after being made up into cable, and careful records are preserved of the results.

After the core has been all tested and passed, the manufacture of the cable goes on. The core travels through another set of machines, which first wrap it with a thick serving of tarred jute, and then with a compact armor of iron or steel wires, of varying thickness according to the depth of water in which the cable is intended to be laid. Above the armor in order to preserve the iron from rust as long as possible, is applied a covering of stout canvas tape thoroughly impregnated with a pitch-like compound, and sometimes the iron wires composing the armor are separately covered with Russian hemp as an additional preservative against corrosion.

Cultivating the Voice.

"Mamma, mayn't I have something to eat, I'm so hungry?" whined Willie Cooper, as he came in from school, to his mother.

"Certainly, my dear," replied the mother, "but you must ask in a different tone from that. Now, smile and say, 'Mamma, please give me something to eat,' in this tone," and she spoke in cheerful accents to show him how.

It took two or three trials, but at last Willie got all the whine out of his voice and all the cloud out of his face, and was given a generous slice of bread and butter to "stay" his hunger till supper time.

It was by no accident that all the Cooper children had pleasant voices,

and clear and distinct enunciation of what they said; for the cultivation of their voices had begun very early in their lives, so their vocal organs had no opportunity to form wrong habits or learn bad ways. They had not been allowed to talk bad grammar, to clip their words, to indulge in slang, to whine, and the example of the clear, sweet, ringing cadences in which their parents spoke was more potent, perhaps, than any other influence in forming their habits of speech.

A child may be indulged in whining until its vocal organs are so set that it can not speak without whining, or it may be allowed to talk in a high, shrill key until it loses command of the lower register, and can use only the high key. It may be taught to speak with distinct articulation, with natural resonant tones, with grammatical propriety and correctness, until this shall become a part of him and an inalienable possession.

One great trouble in doing a mean action is that you are compelled to associate with yourself afterwards. If you could only have "nothing to do with a man who was guilty of such meanness" it would be a relief.

By flowers, understand faith; by fruit, good works. As the flower is before the fruit, so is faith before good works; so neither is the fruit without the flower, nor good works without faith.—Bernard.

The Christian's cup may be full of sorrow, but for him the overflowing drop is never added.

God never imposes a duty without giving the time to do it.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASTIME.

Edited by C. E. BLACK, —
—ST. JOHN, N. B.

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OUR MOTTO: ONWARD!!

[The Mystery Solved.—No. 4.]

No. 18.—Potato.

No. 19.—Telephone.

No. 20.—Catamaran.

No. 21.—Sunflower.

No. 22.—Carrie Wade.

—[The Mystery.—No. 7.]—

No. 36.—ANAGRAM. (One word).

MR. ELI LE MOT.

No. 37.—DROP LETTER. (One word).

—A—J—J—E.

No. 38.—DELETED.

Delete the name of one who is more

blessed than a receiver, and have what

many have moved and could not lift.

(PUZZLES BY CARIE WADE).

No. 39.—DIAMOND PUZZLES.

1. A letter; a small house; to cheat;

a number; a letter.

2. A letter; a plant; a young lady;

a drink; a vowel.

3. A letter; a verb; a store; a part;

a letter.

4. A letter; a number; a fight; a

useful article; a letter.

No. 40.—ENIGMA.

In many, not in few;

In close, not in shut;

In wet, not in go;

In nest, not in cap;

In rat, not in mouse;

Whole is a worker.

No. 41.—CHARADE.

My first is a colour;

My second is a part of the body;

My whole is a poet.

—[The Mystery Solved in three weeks.]—

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I have used them in my family and caused them to be used among my friends and employes for more than twenty years. To my certain knowledge many cases of the following complaints have been completely and permanently cured by the use of Ayer's Pills alone: Third day chills, dumb ague, bilious fever, sick headache, rheumatism, flux, dyspepsia, constipation, and hard colds. I know that a moderate use of Ayer's Pills, continued for a few days or weeks, as the nature of the complaint required, would be found an absolute cure for the disorders I have named above."—J. O. Wilson, Contractor and Builder, Sulphur Springs, Texas.

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