

## LITTLE THINGS.

The memory of a kindly word  
For long gone by,  
The fragrance of a faded flower  
Sent lovingly.  
The gleaming of a sudden smile  
Or sudden tear,  
The warmer pressure of the hand,  
The tone of cheer,  
The hush that means "I cannot speak,  
But I have heard!"  
The note that only bears a verse  
From God's own Word—  
Such tiny things we hardly count  
As ministry;  
The gleams they have shown  
Scant sympathy;  
But when the heart is overwrought,  
O, who can tell  
The power of such tiny things  
To make it well?

—Haverhill.

## Miss Betty and the Boys.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"No, I can't abide boys. I never could abide 'em. If there's any mischief to be done, they're sure to be up to it. If I'd had my way about things, there wouldn't be a boy on the face of the earth."  
"Oh, that would be a bad state of things, seems to me," said Mrs. Marsh, the genial neighbor to whom Miss Betty Blount was easing her mind on the subject of boys. "Boys have their faults, of course—all folks have; but, after all, I don't know how we could get along without 'em."  
"You don't know 'em as well as I do, or you wouldn't say so," said Miss Betty, with an energetic shake of her head.  
"Well, as I have only four I won't dispute that with you, said Mrs. Marsh, with a smile.  
"I haven't a thing to say, you know against your boys Miss Betty, assured her. "The worst that you can say of 'em is that they follow the others into mischief sometimes. But that's natural, seein' they're boys, and I don't lay it up against 'em that they are, seein' they can't help bein' what they're made. But I can never get over wonderin' why the good Lord in all his wisdom didn't hit on some way of doin' without 'em."

"Well, I can't help saying I'm glad he didn't."  
"Of course you feel that way, but I'm a lone woman, and it's hard I should be livin' in a neighborhood so full of boys."  
Miss Betty's sentiments were so well known among the boys that it is small wonder they took a little mischievous pleasure in justifying her opinion of them. Only two or three of the village lads who daily passed her door on their way to and from school had any real desire to annoy the good lady, for all were agreed in declaring that Miss Betty's bark was worse than her bite. There were but few of them, however, who did not enjoy teasing her a little. If they did not do her a real mischief, they were quite willing to make her believe they had.  
"It's such fun to hear her, said Ned Vale, as, with two or three others, he one dark night stole Miss Betty's favorite white leghorn hen, and hid it in a hut not far from her house. But he was careful to feed and water the poor bird, and after two days took advantage of Miss Betty's absence from home to shut it up in her best parlor.  
"It's no use for me to ask which one of you did it, for you'll none of you tell," said Miss Betty, shaking her finger angrily at the small crowd went by her house next day. "But I only wish I was your mother for one half day."

"I don't wonder you wish it, Miss Betty," said Ned bowing to her. "No lady of taste like yourself could help wishing it; and it's only your selfishness keeps you from wishing it for your life instead of the one half day."  
"But what would you do in the half-day?" ask Joe Summers. "Oh, I know; you'd make a grand feast for us. But, Miss Betty, you could make believe we were all your own sons and you could do it just the same."  
"If I did what I'm thinkin' of, you wouldn't soon forget it."

With a laugh they passed on concocting a scheme for making poor Miss Betty's life a bit den.  
"It's such an amazin' fine day, I've a great mind to get my plants out."

On a bright spring day Miss Betty stood gazing affectionately at her house-plants. They were the light of her eyes and the joy of her heart. To her lonely life they were more than children or friends. She skimped herself of other comforts in order to keep up such a fire through the long winter nights as would place them beyond all possibility of a touch from Jack Frost's dreaded finger. She gave them the sunniest window, and moved them with loving care into the range of sun rays as they traversed her room.  
"Yes, the air is as soft and mellow as a June day. The sun'd fetch out them geraniums in no time at all. It was something of a task, but

Miss Betty never thought of sparing her own strength when the welfare of her pets was concerned. One by one she carried out the pots, some large, some small. Along the south porch they were arranged, forty as thrifty plants as could be seen. She feasted her eyes upon them for a few moments, then brought the watering-pot and sprinkled them, until sparkling in the sun-light, they might easily be imagined to beam with gratitude for the care taken of them.

"Yes, you almost speak, you pretties," she said caressingly touching a half-opened rosebud. "And if you can't speak I know you smile! But they never frown, and that's where they get the better of us poor humans. What do you think of this sunshine and this fresh air, my beauties?"

"Miss Betty," said a little girl, an hour later, coming to her door, "ma wants to know if that knittin's done?"

"Yes, 'tis," said Miss Betty, smiling at the freckled-face lass, for her dislike, and distrust did not extend to girls.

"Then she wants to know if you won't take it home and get some more."

"Yes, I will, Hetty."

"I'll leave the plants out just as long as I can," said Miss Betty to herself, as she made ready for a walk of a mile.

As she went to carry them in her heart failed her.

"I can't bear to take you in yet," she said, looking from one to the other as if into the faces of loving friends. "I declare, I can fairly see you a-growin' and a-puttin' out. Yes, here's a bud a-peepin' out that I didn't see this mornin'." It's only half-past two. The boys won't be a comin' home till half-past four. I've a great mind to risk it."

Miss Betty did not, even in the lowest depths of her heart, believe that the boys would with one fell swoop descend on her plants and destroy them. But she felt, no doubt, that there were hands among them that were itching to fling a stone or two at her treasurers.

"No, I ain't forgot the time that stone went a crashin' through the window and broke my first fuchsia bloom," she said.

"Don't talk to me!"

But the sunshine had it. Moving a heliotrope a little further into it, and a begonia a little further out of it, she took her bundle of knittin', and, with quick steps and many backward glances, went on her way.

Reaching the house of her friend, she went around to the back door, and repeating the knock, she slowly opened the door and walked in.

"Bless my heart, Sarah Jane! What's the matter?"  
The mistress of the house lay on her bed panting with the pain which Miss Betty, after a little questioning and examination recognized as an attack of pleurisy. With skillful, willing hands she made her comfortable in bed, and applied hot cloths and other simple remedies until relief came.

"There," she said at length. "Here's your girls from school, and I'll call and speak to the doctor on my way home. Send for me if you should be took worse, and I'll come again."

As her friend had become easier, Miss Betty had realized, with growing anxiety, that the limit of her time was approaching. She bustled out of the house with a hope that she still might reach home before the boys should pass. The country school-house was a long way off, in a direction opposite to that by which she had come, and the boys often lagged and trifled by the way.

As, however, her quick steps bore her on, she became aware of danger, worse even than boys, which might threaten her beloved plants.

The summer sky had become obscured and a cloud was arising whose blackness appalled her. She ran into the doctor's house, found him at home, and gave her message.

"Yes, Miss Blount, I'll go, but not just yet. None of my folks would hear to my leaving them when there's such a storm coming up. And you surely aren't going out into it yourself?"

"I can get home 'fore it reaches here," said Miss Betty. "I left all my plants out, and there won't be a leaf or a flower of 'em if I don't get 'em in from the wind."

"Look here," said the doctor, following her to the door and seizing her arm as she was about to go out. "Do you see that funnel-shaped cloud? Don't you know it might mean death to any man, woman or child that might be out? God knows it may mean that for us in the house, but you musn't go."

Fifteen minutes earlier than this, the schoolboys came within sight of Miss Betty's house.

"Hello! she's got her posies out. Now we can have some flowers."

"She'll make it hot for any one that touches one."

"What can she do? We're a dozen to one."

"That sounds brave, seems to me! Anyway, she isn't at home, or she'd be watching her pets."

"Well, we won't do anything worse than play her a little trick. Let's carry her plants out to the barn and hid 'em. Then we can get behind the hedge and hear her fume. She'll think the wind's carried 'em off."

There was a little debate as to whether this plan should be carried out or a better one devised.

"Look there!" cried one, pointing upwards.

The blackness of the ragged clouds and the carry her plants out to the barn and hid 'em. Then we can get behind the hedge and hear her fume. She'll think the wind's carried 'em off."

"It's a cyclone, I do believe."

"Let's hurry home."

"Stop, boys. If these plants stay out, they'll be blown to smithereens."

"Who cares for that? It'll be the wind's trick, not ours."

"It would be a shame to leave 'em. Just think how the poor old woman dotes on 'em! Here, taking a pot in each hand, open that door. Now, in with 'em."

Already the awesome quiet with which the spirit of the storm seemed gathering breath for its frightful effort made the air feel close and stifling. A few of the boys ran homeward in alarm, but the others held on bravely, and, with quick movements the plants were in a few moments safely housed, and in the first threatening growl of the approaching demon, the boys had scattered far toward their home shelter.

In the first possible moment Miss Betty Blount, in spite of the entreaties of the doctor and his family, hurried toward the little house on the corner.

"Just where the wind would sweep it like the bosom of destruction," she said to herself, tears forcing themselves to her faded eyes. "But it serves me right, it does. To think I could leave 'em so."

"Oh, my!" As she came within sight of the porch, she stood still in dismay. A gnarled old tree which stood at the corner had been blown down, and lay exactly over the place from which the flowers had smiled up at her in the morning.

She walked up to it and peeped under the branches.

"Not a leaf. Not even a broken pot. Could they all 'a' been swept clean away before the tree fell?"

With a forlorn glance around the corner of the house in hope of seeing some fragments of her treasures, she made her way past the tree and into the house.

"I'll look for all the world like a funeral without 'em," she said, with a sob in her voice, as she paused with her hand on the door-knob, scarcely able to summon courage to go in.

And then Miss Betty Blount stood for a moment with wide open eyes. Geraniums, heliotropes, begonias, smiled at her with their brightest smile.

"Just for all the world as if they was a tryin' with all their might to say, 'We're no end of glad to see you back,' she declared to her nearest neighbor, to whom she ran to tell the wonder. "But do you know how they got there? Flowers can smile, flowers can do more'n folks give 'em credit for—they must talk. But I'm ready to own they couldn't 'a' walked in themselves."

"Well," said the neighbor, "I was so busy myself a-lookin' out for things 'fore the storm came, not to speak of bein' flustered, to take much notice, but I did catch a sight of the school boys coming along, and while I was a-rushin' in and out with my clothes off the line, they were rushin' in and out with your plants—sure's you live!"

"Them—boys!"

Miss Betty went home and set in order the pots hastily placed in the room, thinking all the while as deeply as one has to think in reconstructing the notions of a life-time.

When the boys next passed Miss Betty invited them in to a substantial lunch of mince-pies, gingerbread and apples, after which of their own accord, they cut away the fallen tree and restored the little front yard to its accustomed neatness. Not a word was spoken of past disagreements, but from that day forward Miss Betty and the boys were fast friends.

"Seems to me they have fixed up a wonderful nice place for your plants," said Mrs. Marsh a couple of months later, stopping to admire some shelves on the porch.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Betty, beaming at the clumsy fixtures. "And you'd better come 'round to the back yard and see the walk they've laid out to the well. They do many and many a good turn for me, bless their hearts!" "You see," she added, with a twinkle in her eye, "I'm a lone woman, and I never could get along in a neighborhood where there wasn't plenty of boys."

Does He Mean You, Mothers?

"Father Mossback" has recently written a letter to Mrs. Bates, in which he affectionately suggests that she sharpen up her sight and

look a little into the conduct of her son.

When some other young man went wrong, you always remarked, "Well, my boy wouldn't do anything like that. I have perfect confidence in his integrity." When Johnny Jones was brought home drunk and the scandal mongers' tongues were all set wagging, you said, "My Johnny never tasted a drop of liquor in his life." You believed that the curious smell in his breath the other night was due to a dose of medicine he had just taken, as he told you, and you have often said that he is very fond of cloves and coffee-berries and that is the reason he is chewing them all the time. And you always assure every one that he is obliged to smoke cigarettes to prevent hay fever; and as for that loud and flashy girl you met him walking with on the street, you have no doubt, as he told you, that it is one of his old classmates at the high school.

When he let himself in with the latch-key at two o'clock the other morning, you gave yourself no uneasiness, for did he not tell you that he had been watching with a sick friend? O Mrs. Bates, Mrs. Bates, I fear that your good motherly heart has been imposed upon. It is possible even for your boy to go to wrong. It may be possible for him to drink and carouse and lie and steal.

Many another mother has been just as blind, and has had her eyes opened in a terrible manner after many days. Open yours, I pray you, before it is too late.

## Rules for Using Books.

Never hold a book near the fire. Never drop a book upon the floor. Never turn leaves with the thumb. Never lean or rest upon an open book.

Never turn down the corners of leaves.

Never touch a book with damp or soiled hands.

Always keep your place with a thin bookmark.

Always turn leaves from the top with the middle or forefinger.

Always open a large book from the middle, and never from the ends or cover.

Never open a book farther than to bring both sides of the cover into the same plane.

Never cut the leaves of a book or magazine with a sharp knife, as the edge is sure to run into the print, nor with the finger, but with a paper-cutter or ordinary table-knife.

Never hold a small book with the thumb pressed into the binding at the lower back, but hold it with the thumb and little fingers upon the back.—Etc.

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He put up her umbrella, then took a string from his pocket and tied her packages together.

As she thanked him, telling him he was very polite to do so much for a stranger, he replied: "Oh, it's no trouble, ma'am! I like to help people."

Take from man Hope and Sleep, and you make him the most wretched being on earth.—Kant.

## Minard's Liniment, Lumberman's Friend.

We find the best Condition Powders "Maud S."

Mrs. Jane Vansickle, Alberton Ont. was cured of liver complaint, after years of suffering, by using five bottles of B. B. B. She recommends it.

Thomas Myers' Bracebridge, writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is the best medicine I sell. It always gives satisfaction, and in cases of coughs, colds, sore throat, &c., immediate relief has been received by those who use it."

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Nothing creates more disease, discomfort and distress than constipation of the bowels, in B. B. B. we have a remedy sure to remove and cure it.

# "German Syrup"

Here is something from Mr. Frank A. Hale, proprietor of the De Witt House, Lewiston, and the Tontine Hotel, Brunswick, Me. Hotel men meet the world as it comes and goes, and are not slow in sizing people and things up for what they are worth. He says that he has lost a father and several brothers and sisters from Pulmonary Consumption, and is himself frequently troubled with colds, and he often coughs enough to make him sick at his stomach. Whenever he has taken a cold of this kind he uses Boschee's German Syrup, and it cures him every time. Here is a man who knows the full danger of lung troubles, and would therefore be most particular as to the medicine he used. What is his opinion? Listen! "I use nothing but Boschee's German Syrup, and have advised, I presume, more than a hundred different persons to take it. They agree with me that it is the best cough syrup in the market."

Hereditary Consumption

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