

A Little Philosopher.

The days are short, and the nights are long,
And the wind is nipping cold;
The tasks are hard, and the sums are wrong,
And the teachers often scold,
But Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he,
As he whistles along the way?
"It will all come right
By to-morrow night,"
Says Johnny McCree to-day.

The plums are few, and the cake is plain,
The shoes are out at the toe;
For money you look in the purse in vain
It was all spent long ago.
But Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he,
As he whistles along the street?
Would you have the blues
For a pair of shoes,
While you have a pair of feet?

The snow is deep, there are paths to break;
But the little arm is strong;
And work is pay if you'll only take
Your work with a bit of song.
And Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he,
As he whistles along the road?
He will do his best,
And will leave the rest
To the care of his Father, God.

The mother's face is often sad,
She scarce knows what to do;
But at Johnny's kiss she is bright and glad—
She loves him; and wouldn't you?
For Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he,
As he whistles along the way?
The trouble will go,
And "I told you so."
Our brave little John will say.
—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A Lesson in Time.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"O mother, won't you please put a stitch in my glove? I've got the other one on and I don't want to wait to take it off."

Helen hurried into her mother's room on Saturday morning, holding up the ripped glove.

"Are you going out this morning?" asked her mother. "I was hoping you would be able to stay and help me a little."

"Why, mother, it's the only day I have to myself. What do you want me to do?"

"The mending is all behind, and Willie is so restless he doesn't let me settle to do anything long."

Helen loved her mother and her little brother, but this did not prevent a slight scowl from gathering on her pretty, fair forehead. Her mother looked in vain for sewing silk of the required shade in a drawer.

"Things are all at six and sevens here," said Helen, as she aided impatiently in the search.

"Yes, I should like to get my drawers set in good order," said mother with a sigh.

Willie held out his arms to Helen as she drew on the mended glove.

"No, not now, Willie. Sister'll take him by and by."

"Couldn't you stop for a few moments in the kitchen and tell Lina about making something simple for a dessert?" asked her mother.

"Can't she do that much without being looked after? I'll send her to you. I'm in a great hurry."

Mother made no answer as she turned to the piled-up mending basket.

"Here's Uncle Herbert coming. I'm glad, for he always cheers you up when you look so doleful. Good-by. I'll be sure to come back early."

Helen went off with a light step in the unconscious selfishness characteristic of so many young girls, utterly forgetting to observe that her mother stood sorely in need of her kindest ministrations. Uncle Herbert was a great favorite with Helen. He was a minister, so young that it seemed a joke for so large a girl to call him uncle, and so full of good spirits and energy as to make his company always acceptable to both old and young.

"I'm glad you are come to see mother," she said, gayly, as she passed out.

Two hours later, on her way home, Helen tapped on the door of her uncle's study.

"I can't stay a minute," she exclaimed, "I promised mother I'd get home as soon as I could. I just ran up to ask you if you wouldn't call and see Mrs. Hunt's little Charley, who is sick."

"Is this one of your busy days?" asked Uncle Herbert.

"Well, I'm not in school, it being Saturday, but there always seems something to keep me running. I went away down to Alma Sheldon's to take her a book she wanted—she's lame, you know, poor thing. Then I went to help Ruth March out with her missionary report. I was secretary last year, and she is now, and she didn't know how to go to work. Then I took a bunch of flowers over to Mary Lane. All good work, you see, uncle."

"All good work," he repeated, a little seriously. "I wonder if you have time to add to it one other piece of good work?"

"Of course, I can do anything you wish, uncle."

"But you were in a hurry to get home."

"O, I was going to help mother a little, but she'll wait."

"It is an errand in behalf of some one who is worn out in body and discouraged in mind. I really think the case is a serious one, and that the worst results may follow if things are allowed to go on as they are now."

"How shall I begin?" asked Helen, proud of being sought as her uncle's coadjutor.

"Well, what I want of you first is to go down to No. 25 Cedar street. There is a smart little girl there who needs employment, and I have agreed to send her to this person. It will be a great kindness if you will do this errand for me. There is the address to which the girl is to be sent," he said, placing a folded paper in her hand.

"What shall I do next?" she asked, slipping the paper into her pocket.

Uncle Herbert took both her hands and looked earnestly into her eyes.

"I think," he said, gravely, "I can leave that to one so quick of perception and so full of a real desire to do right."

Helen left the house wondering a little at her uncle's serious tones. Reaching No. 25 Cedar street, she easily found the young girl and made made the arrangement for going to the place spoken of.

"Here is the address," she said, taking from her pocket the slip of paper. "It is Mrs. — why?"

A look of surprise came to Helen's face as she read the address.

"My uncle must have made a mistake," she said, with a flush, recalling the details of their conversation. Was there a hidden meaning in the grave look with which he had bidden her good-by?

"And isn't the place open for me, ma'am?" asked the girl.

"I'll see," stammered Helen. "I'll let you know very soon."

She went out and walked hurriedly in the direction of home. Her mother's address was on the card. What did it mean? Was it there merely as the result of absence of mind on the part of her uncle? But he was not at all given to absent-mindedness, and it evident that his whole attention was involved in laying before her this case. Her mother was the "poor woman" "worn out in body and discouraged in mind."

"I might have seen it if I had thought," said Helen, in bitter self-reproach. "The case is a serious one. Does he mean that mother—O, what does he mean? He never looked at me so soberly before."

She hurried home and found the family just arising from the dinner table.

"Your dinner is keeping hot for you dear," said her mother.

"Don't bring it yet, Lina," said Helen. "Come, mother, I want to see you lying down before I touch it. I'll see to Willie. And it's strange if I'm not equal to him and the mending basket, too."

"You can do anything when you try," said her mother, with a fondness which brought a stab to Helen's heart with the thought of how little her trying had been put forth in behalf of this dear one.

"Mother," she said, as she bent over her pillow for a loving kiss, "did Uncle Herbert say anything to you about a girl to help you?"

"Yes," and Helen knew from the tone that there was no double meaning in her words, "he thinks I ought to have some one to lighten the work a little. But I dread an inexperienced stranger." "Wouldn't I do mother?"

"Indeed, my darling, I don't want any better help than you can give me if you will."

"Some girls learn it too late," said Helen to herself as her mother's pale face dwelt on her mind. "Thank God, I have learned it in time."

Studying Geography.

George Jewett was the envy of all the boys and girls in his geography class at school, and the pride of his teacher. He seemed to have a genius for geography. He could give the boundaries of all the countries on the globe, tell the direction of the mountain chains, the courses of the principal rivers, the capitals of the various countries, and was accurate in all the details of capes, promontories, isthmuses, etc.

There is always a reason for things. When he was a very little fellow his mother bought a small globe five or six inches in diameter, and when Mr. Jewett was away from home, as he was much of the time during one summer, this little globe was put in

the center of the table at meal-time, and the table talk took the form of geography. Mrs. Jewett had been a teacher before her marriage, and always a great reader of travels, and she had that invaluable habit of always finding every place mentioned on the map and every new word in the dictionary. As she had required of herself, while teaching, to hear the map questions answered without an atlas before her, she was "up" in that department.

George and his brother were encouraged to select the country or the locality that should form the topic of conversation, and what Mrs. Jewett didn't know or had forgotten she studied up in the gazetteer and geography. There were review lessons in which, globe in hand, the boys retold stories of travel and adventure, giving names and localities, and pointing them out. Thus was laid a good foundation for thorough acquaintance with the text-books studied at school, and such a love for the study that the mastery of its details was not work, but play.

Later the mother taught them the first principles of physical geography and climatology, and so prepared their way in these branches.

Among the fine results that naturally followed this method of instruction was the habit of discussing at meal-time something intrinsically interesting and instructive, so that the table-talk did not degenerate into mere senseless babble.

Came Back in a Saucer.

It is usually the owner who tries to find his lost jewels. A lost jewel that tried to find its owner would have a story worthy of the "Arabian Nights," and it is pretty nearly that kind of story that Mr. H. L. Constine, of New Orleans, told a reporter of the Seattle Press:

"When I was in Atlanta, Ga., some time ago," said Mr. Constine, "I was invited by a friend to visit a peach cannery in which he was employed. After I had completed my tour of the cannery I missed a valuable charm that I had been wearing on my watch-chain. I was sorry to lose it, for it was a gift from a dead sister. I offered a liberal reward, but to no purpose.

"I returned home, and gave up all hope of recovering the charm. About two months ago I came to the Pacific Coast on business.

"I arrived in Seattle about two weeks ago, since which time I have been visiting friends who live near Yesler Avenue. Yesterday noon I was down town, and stepped into a restaurant for lunch.

"After eating a hearty lunch, I called for some peaches and cream. I started to eat the peaches, and was in the act of cutting one of them with a spoon, when the spoon struck some hard substance. I worked the substance out, and held it up to the light. It was my missing charm.

"The story is a strange one," concluded Mr. Constine, "and I should hardly be willing to believe it myself if told to me by a stranger, but nevertheless every word of it is strictly true. The only way that I can account for the mysterious disappearance and recovery of the jewel is that it became disengaged from the chain when I was watching the performance of a new coring and paring machine, in which I was much interested, and fell among the peaches without my noticing it."

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No. 50.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In man, but not in boy;
In king, but not in queen;
In girl, but not in woman;
In time, but not in age;
In oak, but not in birch;
In morning, but not in night.
My whole is a woman mentioned in the Bible, who was stricken with leprosy.

No. 51.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A letter; cunning; a musical instrument; to strike lightly; a letter.

No. 52.—TRANSPPOSITION.

Ew kolo gonla het hinangi yaw
Ot ose hte legan's cafes.

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Bronchitis, colds, coughs, asthma, and even consumption in the early stages, yield to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Singers, actors, auctioneers, public speakers, clergymen, teachers, lecturers, and all who are liable to disorder of the vocal organs, find a sure remedy in this wonderful and well-known preparation. As an emergency medicine, in cases of croup, whooping cough, etc., it should be in every household.

"Two years ago I suffered severely from an attack of sore throat

And Bronchitis

It seemed as if I could not survive, all the usual remedies proving of no avail. At last I thought of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and after taking two bottles of this medicine I was restored to health."—Chas. Gambini, Smith's Ranch, Sonoma Co., Cal.

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Cured By Using

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"In January, 1889, I was taken down with measles and scarlet fever, and exposing myself too soon, caught a severe cold which settled on my lungs. I was forced to take so my bed and was so ill that the doctors despaired of my recovery, supposing me so in quick consumption. Change of climate was recommended, but I began to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and soon found relief. After using several bottles, I was well that I am now as well and rugged as ever."—John Dillander, Cranesman of Steam Shovel, G. S. & S. F. R. R. Co., Justin, Texas.

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