

## Kissed His Mother.

She sat on the porch in the sunshine;  
As I went down the street,  
A woman whose hair was silver,  
But whose face was blossom-sweet,  
Making me think of a garden  
Where, in spite of frost and snow,  
Of bleak November weather,  
Late fragrant lilies grow.

I heard a footstep behind me,  
And a sound of a merry laugh,  
And I knew the heart it came from  
Would be like a comforting staff  
In the time and the hour of trouble,  
Hopeful, and brave and strong,  
One of the hearts to lean on  
When we think that things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch,  
And met his manly look;  
A face like his gives me pleasure,  
Like the page of a pleasant book.  
It told of a steadfast purpose,  
Of a brave and daring will—  
A face with a promise in it  
That God grant the years fulfil.

He went up the pathway singing;  
I saw the woman's eyes  
Glow bright with a wordless welcome,  
As sunshine warms the skies.  
"Back again, sweetheart mother!"  
He cried, and bent to kiss  
The loving face that was lifted  
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on;  
I hold that this is true:  
From lads in love with their mothers  
Our bravest heroes grew.  
Earth's greatest hearts have been loving  
Hearts  
Since time and earth began.  
And the boy who kissed his mother  
Is every inch a man.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

## Tom and the Ten Cent Piece.

There was a bright, new ten-cent piece on mamma's bureau close to the fluffy lamp mat. Mamma was making button-holes in Tom's new trousers. Tom was dusting the bureau, that is, he was making queer-looking T's on the woodwork with the tip of his forefinger before Nelly came with her dusting cloth. That was a most interesting ten-cent piece. It looked at Tom as if it wanted to belong to him. Tom made a fresh T and gave the little ten-cent piece a shove that sent it half-way under the fluffy mat. Then he made another and the ten-cent piece slipped completely out of sight.

"Tom," said mamma, without raising her eyes from her work, "there's ten cents on my bureau; I want you to give it to Jane to buy a loaf of bread for luncheon. Do you see it?"

"No, ma'am," answered Tom hesitatingly.

"It must be there. Look again," said mamma.

"I don't see it anywhere," Tom replied more decidedly.

"That is strange. I thought I put it there. Never mind, Nelly will find it."

Not long after this Tom was playing in the front yard with his friends, Ned Baker and Raymond Green.

"I say, fellows, I'm awful hungry," said Ned. "If we only had a dime now! Stein's got some daisy chocolate eclairs in his window this morning."

"I haven't a cent," said Raymond.

"Neither have I," said Tom.

"I'm sure I haven't," said Ned.

"Let's look out in the street; people often drop money; maybe we'll find some."

"Wait for me, boys, I'm going in the house for a minute," said Tom.

Tom went slowly upstairs to mamma's room. Then he walked to her bureau. All the crooked T's had been brushed away with Nelly's dusting cloth, and the ten cent piece—no, it was still under the fluffy mat. Now it was in Tom's pocket.

"What do you want from the bureau?" inquired mamma.

"Nothing," answered Tom; "only wanted a pin, and I've got it."

The three boys searched everywhere, up and down the pavement; they peered into cracks and corners, and kicked at stray leaves, but not a coin did they find. Ned and Raymond went on a little. Tom turned back, and then exclaimed: "I've got ten cents!"

"Where did you find it? You're the luckiest fellow! Ned and I walked all along that crossing without seeing it. It doesn't look as if it had been in the mud long, either."

"Of course not," said Tom, "I've wiped it off."

Did the boys enjoy their chocolate eclairs? Ned and Raymond said they were delicious; they just melted away in their mouths, and they did not see why Mr. Stein couldn't sell three for five cents instead of two. It was so hard to divide four things among three people. Tom hardly touched his, so the others had nearly two apiece, after all.

"What's the matter with you, Tom," asked his friends, "do you think they taste muddy?"

Tom reddened: "I don't feel good, boys. I'm going home."

Tom had commenced to think. He was counting up.

It was not pleasant to find himself a thief and a liar—a liar and a thief.

"I did not see that ten-cent piece on mamma's bureau when she asked me," said Tom.

"Yes you did," said Conscience, "you saw it under the mat where you put it. That T you made didn't stand for Truth, it meant Thief."

"O," said Tom, "well, I didn't tell the boys that I found it in the mud."

"But they thought you told them so. You made them understand you that way."

"Tom," asked mamma anxiously that night, as she waited for her little son to get into bed, "what's wrong about you? You don't seem like yourself at all."

"I'm all wrong, mamma," cried Tom, "making a motion as if to throw myself into her lap, then drawing back. 'No, no, don't touch me, don't kiss me. You couldn't if you knew.'"

Little by little mamma heard the whole shameful story of Tom's wrongdoing, then she held him in her arms, her eight-year-old boy, and he could feel hot tears drop on his head.

"I'm sorry, Tom, so sorry, but I forgive you wholly. There is some one else you must tell, some one who is far more grieved than I am. Do you know who?"

"Yes," whispered Tom, and kneeling by his bedside alone in the moonlight, he made full confession to the One who is always ready and willing to forgive, and before he closed his eyes for the night, the peace of God filled his repentant heart. Was that the end? Not quite. There was another test for Tom.

Ned, Raymond and Tom were joined by Walter Brown on their way to school Monday morning.

"What do you think, Walter?" asked Ned as they crossed the street.

"Tom found a ten-cent piece here in the mud, Saturday."

Something came up in Tom's throat and almost choked him, but he managed to blurt out: "I didn't find that money. I put it there myself. I took it from mamma's bureau."

Did it ever take so long before to walk to school? There was nothing to talk about. Tom felt ashamed, and yet so happy that he had told the truth this time. The other boys each thought to himself: "It must have been tremendously hard to have told that. I don't believe I could have done it. That Tom Martin's got real grit anyway. I'd trust him with a thousand dollars if I had it."

## The Little Hero.

Can a boy be a hero? Of course he can, if he has courage and good opportunity to show it. The boy who will stand up for the right, stick up for the truth, resist temptation, and suffer rather than do wrong, is a moral hero. Here is an example of true heroism.

A little drummer-boy, who had become a great favorite with the officers, was asked by the captain to drink a glass of rum. But he declined, saying, "I am a cadet of temperance and do not taste strong drink."

"But you must take some now," said the captain, "you have been on duty all day, beating the drum and marching, and you must not refuse. I insist upon it." But still the boy stood firm and held fast to his integrity.

The captain then turned to the major and said: "Our little drummer-boy is afraid to drink. He will never make a soldier." "How is this?" said the major in a playful manner. "Do you refuse to obey the orders of your captain?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I have never refused to obey the captain's orders, and have tried to do my duty as a soldier faithfully; but I must refuse to drink rum, because I know it will do me an injury."

"Then," said the major in a stern tone of voice, in order to test his sincerity, "I command you to take a drink, and you know it is death to disobey orders!"

The little hero, fixing his clear blue eyes on the face of the officer, said: "Sir, my father died a drunkard; and when I entered the army, I promised my dear mother that I would not taste a drop of rum, and I mean to keep my promise. I am sorry to disobey orders, sir; but would rather suffer than disgrace my mother and break my temperance pledge." Was not that boy a hero?

The officers approved of the conduct of the noble boy, and told him, that so long as he kept that pledge, and performed his duty faithfully as a soldier, he might expect from them regard and protection.

## Manners for Boys.

Poor fellows! how they get hectorated and scolded and snubbed, and how continual is the rubbing and polishing and drilling which every member of the family feels at liberty to administer! No wonder their opposition is

aroused, and they begin to feel that every man's head is against them, when, after all, if they were only in a quiet way informed of what was expected of them, and their manliness appealed to, they would readily enough fall into line.

So thought "Aunt M.," as she pointed out the following rules for a little twelve-year-old nephew, who was the "light of her eyes," if not always the joy of her heart; for, though a good-natured, amiable boy in the main, he would offend against the "proprieties."

First come manners for the street: Hat lifted in saying "good-by" or "How do you do?" Hat lifted when offering a seat in a car or acknowledging a favor. Keep step with any one you walk with. Always precede a lady upstairs, and ask her if you may precede her in passing through a crowd or public place. Hat off the moment you enter the street door and when you step into a private hall or office.

Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her.

In the parlor stand till every lady in the room is seated, also older people. Rise if a lady comes in after you are seated and stand till she takes a seat. Look people straight in the face when speaking or being spoken to. Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them.

In the dining-room, take your seat after ladies and elders. Never play with a knife, fork, or spoon. Do not take your napkin in a bunch in your hand. Eat as fast or as slow as others, and finish the course when they do. Rise when ladies leave the room and stand till they are out. If all go out together, gentlemen stand by the door till ladies pass. Special rules for the mouth are that all noise in eating and smacking of the lips should be avoided. Cover the mouth with hand or napkin when obliged to remove anything. Use your handkerchief unobtrusively always.

Do not look toward a bedroom door when passing. Always knock at the door of private rooms. These rules are imperative.

There are many other little points which add to the grace of a gentleman, but to break any of these is almost unpardonable.—Selected.

## Child Life in Siam.

When the Siamese young folks get up in the morning they do not go to the washstand to wash their faces, for the simple reason that Siamese houses can boast of no such article of furniture. So our little Siamese friend just runs down to the foot of the ladder—for the house is built on posts—to a large jar of water with a cocoanut shell dipper. There she washes her face by throwing the water over her hands and rubbing them over her face.

She needs no towel, for the water is left to dry. She does not brush her teeth, for they are stained black by chewing the betel nut. Her hair does not require combing, either, for it is all shaved except a little tuft on the top of the head, and that is tied in a little knot, and not often combed.

After breakfast is over, the children go off and find some pleasant place in which to play. The girls play at keeping house, and make dishes of clay dried in the sun. Little images of clay washed with lime are their only dolls.

The boys of Siam are very fond of pitching coins, and spend much of their time in this game. They play leap frog, and very often jump the rope. Now that so many foreigners come to this country, they have learned to play marbles, too.

In the month of March, though usually dry and hot, winds are blowing. At this time, the Siamese, young and old, are much engaged in playing games with kites, which are fitted with whistles, and the air resounds with the noise produced by the toys and the shouts of the multitudes of the people engaged in the sport.

As the streets in Siam are almost all rivers and canals, the Siamese boys and girls early learn to row, and paddle their little boats almost as soon as they learn to swim, which they do when they are only four or five years old.—Selected.

Boil a new clothesline and it will not sink in after use.

Vinegar bottles may be cleaned by crushed egg-shells shaken in them with soap and warm water. Rinse in clear, cold water and shake as dry as possible before using.

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—The Mystery Solved.—No. 7.—

No. 31.—Hypnotism.

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No. 34.—Patient.

No. 35.—"It is never too late to learn."

—The Mystery—No. 10.—

No. 47.—ENIGMA.

In Sam, but not in James;

In London, but not in Thames;

In John, but not in Charles;

In Sussex, but not in Carlisle;

In Henry, but not in Cnut;

Whole is useful, but an evil root.

No. 48.—DROP-LETTER.

-a-c- a-d -r-y.

No. 49.—CHARADE.

Without my first we could not do;

my second is sometimes beautiful; my

whole is a flower.

No. 50.—Pt.

Wrap you the cat, I sing.

No. 51.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole, consisting of 6 letters is

a well known man to all newspaper

readers.

My 6, 3, 4, 1 is a ceremony.

My 2, 5 is a verb.

\* The Mystery Solved in three weeks. \*

—CHAT.—

—OUR LETTER BOX.—

UPPER WOODS HARBOR,

Feb. 18, 1893.

DEAR UNCLE NED,—

This is my first

attempt at trying for a prize, and I

hope I shall succeed. I am a reader

of the INTELLIGENCER and the "Puzzlers

Pastime."

Your loving niece,

EFFIE P. KNOWLES.

—LOVE—

COVERETH

A MULTITUDE

OF SINS.

1 Peter 4:8.

—OUR STORY.—

How Dollars Grow.

"How I wish that dollars grew

On a bush!" said Little Sue—

Pretty, blue-eyed Susie Snow—

Thinking in an idle way

Of a doll she saw one day

In a window placed for show.

"Go and seek for them awhile,"

Answered grandma, with a smile,

"Where the berry-pastures spread:

Go with pails and baskets, quick,

Where the blueberries are thick;

There the dollars are," she said.

Little Sue ran down the hill

Crossed the brook beyond the

mill,

Reached the pastures stretching wide,

With a shining prize in view,

Now her fingers almost flew,

Gathering fruit on every side.

When the busy day was spent,

With the berries home she went,

"Oh!" she laughed, as Grandma Snow

Measured them, and ever time

Counted in a silver dime—

"Now I see how dollars grow."

—M. E. N. Hatheway, in Our Little Ones.

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