Please, fifty cents to buy a hat Asked May of Mr. Tripps; 'Can't spare it, May," came curt and

From out her parent's lips.

Poor, disappointed, little May Went on her way to school: While scalding tears rolled down her checks For, she thought her father cruel.

The father, meanwhile, sauntered out. And walked across the street : Some idlers in the bar-room stood, And he gave them all 'a treat.'

And as he laid the 'fifty cents,' On the counter, by his side; The keeper's daughter entered in, Well dressed, and full of pride.

'I just want fifty cents," she said. "To buy a new straw hat ": Her father pushed the money o'er, And said, "There, Fas, take that !"

The girl departed, smilingly, And, Tripps just stood and gazed; He paid for that girl's hat just then ! It made him so amazed!

"I got that girl the hat," he said. 'That I would not get for May,' Then Tripps all to himself declared, "She'll have one right away !",

And as he left for home that night, To mutter, he was heard: "I'll never drink another drop i" And he truly kept his word. -Halifax Witness.

Anne.

BY KATHIE. "Mercy's sakes, she has red hair! exclaimed Mrs. Brown.

"Why, I don't see how that can be." answered a feeble voice from the bed, "her father has brown hair and I have black. You may be mistaken. Look again, won't you?"

"Well, it's red, and that's all you can make of it," said the nurse, holding the new baby's head very close to the little six-paned window; "it's fire red, and that's all you can make of it. Truly the ways of Providence are mysterious and past findin' out."

"Well, I'm very sorry," answered the young mother; "maybe it will be auburn or golden. I'm sure there are some very pretty shades of hair of that color. Bring her to me a little while."

April was just verging into May, and through the little six-paned window the mother could see the orchard pink with buds with here and there a pluster of white opened blossoms. trees, the clouds chasing each other the father was mending the fence and whistling merrily. The mother's face grew anxious.

"I'm sure it's an uncommonly pretty baby," she thought, "and it surely is not its fault that it has red hair. I I hope the father won't take a dislike to it," and she stroked the little head

tenderly. The father, having finished his work threw his tools over his shoulder and came through the orchard toward the ouse. Mrs. Brown met him with a face full of bad tidings.

"What is it?" he asked quickly; "is anything wrong with the mother or the little daughter ?"

"No sir, but the baby has red hair. We've just made sure of it, though we've suspicioned it before."

"Red is it! Well, what of that? only shows it's good Scotch-Irish lood. Why, it's inherited from it's great Aunt Anne. What do you say, nother, let's call her Anne."

he grew up her hair was neither uburn nor golden, but just red.

I wonder if grown peop!e ever stoped to reflect how sensitive children eel when their looks are made the ubject of out-spoken frankness. Beore Anne was five years old, her bair d become to her a subject to be pecially avoided. Some unwise fiends pointed out to her mother the uty of teaching her to control her emper while she was young, fiery empers belonging necessarily to red air, and shook their heads in unbelief hen her mother said Anne had the meetest and sunniest of tempers. ude cousins pretended to warm their ands in it, would-be wits joked about er always carrying her own fire and e poor child grew shy and constrain-, and carried about with her a sense st of her brothers and sisters.

She was an imaginative child, living uch in her own thoughts, loving early the wild roses and wind-swept of her western home.

self, and in his ear was poured all the childish troubles of her school life, sure always of his ready sympathy. He it was that told her "the outside the ticks and lizards. The soil is very ple would think twice of the color of her hair if her heart were kind and her hands helpful."

of school hours her bright head could an old cabin that once stood there. be seen following him across the field or peeping up from the middle of a lean, lank, white-headed boy. If ever load of hay or grain. To her he talked a boy came from abject poverty, that freely of his farming prospects and one did. When only seven years of age well as ministers do, sometimes confided to her his pressing he would walk to Hodgenville with a

to touch her hair and turn it a beautiful brown, the other was to get some money to help the dear father.

made.

"What remarkable hair, Jennie," said the young man to his companion, "it is the very tint I want in my picture. I must paint it."

"Little girl," he said to Anne, "do you want to earn money?"

Anne started. If she only could, but with her shyness of strangers she stood with downcast eyes and flushed

"If you will allow me to paint your hair I will pay you well for sitting." Paint her hair! What a happy

thought. Then perhaps she would look like the other school children, or even like mama whose hair was so black and glessy.

Surely the strangers looked kind, and how nice it would be to be free from the teasing comments of those rude school-boys.

"I will give you five dollars if you will let me paint your hair. If you will do so come to the farm house over there where we board, about one hour before school time."

How many times Anne turned this offer over in her mind that day. Five dollars was to her such an immense sum. How glad her father would be to get it and how much it would help him. And then to have her hair painted. She would not say anything about it to him yet for he liked her hair just as it was and she had a dim idea that he might object. Besides she wanted to surprise him. Perhaps the stranger had red hair when he was a little boy She could see through the tops of the and remembered how bad he felt about as before. He gave away a silver it. She could think of no other moacross the sky. Back of the orchard tive for his kindness. It was only candy. Then he said: after a long struggle with her shyness that she forced herself to appear before the artist.

"How perfectly lovely her hair is, ter." Ned," said the artist's young wife. fortune will be made.

Anne opened her eyes wide. No one but her father had ever called her hair beautiful.

Patiently day after day she sat her hour out, and the artist worked diligently, and each night when she reachpiece in her hand and told her he something else." would need her no more.

"Is it black now?" asked Anne ever since .- Our Little Ones. eagerly.

"Black !" said the artist, "I don't know what you mean, my dear."

"My hair," said Anne. "You said you would paint it, you know." Anne is grown up now, but she And Anne she was called, and as thinks she will never forget the bitter disappointment she felt when the artist showed her his picture and explained why he wanted to paint her hair. It was so new to her to think it beautiful, even in an artistic sense, that she could scarcely keep back her

That night she gave the money to her father and told him how she had

"My little Anne," he said, "I would not have one hair of your dear little head changed for all the gold the artist could give you. Bless you for

your loving little heart!" The young artist's picture was a success, and I am glad to state that it lessened Anne's trials a great deal, as she, now that she felt herself no onsequently never getting cold, until longer absolutely horrible in everybody's eyes, lost much of the self-consciousness that had made her shy and wronging the community at large unsociable, and her schoolmates findhaving hair so totally unlike the ing what a warm, generous heart she had, grew too fond of her to tease her. - Interior.

## For the Boys

The great men come out of cabins as ring most of all the companionship a rule. Columbus was a weaver, her father, who saw only beauty in Haley was a soapmaker, Homer was a tumbled crown of hair that seemed beggar, and Franklin, whose name th an offense to all the rest. To will live while lightning blazes on a a alone she was her sweet natural cloud, came from the printer's desk.

Fifteen years ago I rode horseback through Hardin and La Rue counties, Kentucky. We call that the land of of the head mattered little if the inside | poor, so poor that it will not raise were well furnished, and that few peo- | black eye peas unless you take them | without the eyes.

Riding along that day I came upon hold. a spot of rank weeds, where the soil "They were great comrades, and out had been made rich by the decay of

Out of that cabin, years ago, came a a city by the sea, need for money to carry on his affairs. basket of eggs to sell. The boys So at the age of ten Anne had two laughed at him. They said his clothes great wishes, one was for a good fairy | were like Jcseph's, because of so many colors. But he was industrious, honest and sober. After a while he was old nant. enough to leave home, so he went One morning on her way to school down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers she stopped to watch the shadows chase on a flatboat. Then he returned, and, each other across a field of ripening crossing over into Indiana, he there wheat. Lightly the wind lifted the split rails awhile; then on to Illinois, little sailor hat and tossed the bright | where he practiced law; then on to the hair about the pretty face. Two presidental chair. And in his death young people passing by stopped to he bore the shackles of four million look at the picture she unconsciously slaves and linked his name with that of liberty.

## How Jimmy was Cured.

Jimmy was the stingiest boy you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a cent, nor a bite of an apple, nor a crumb of candy. He couldn't even bear to lend his sled or his hoop or his skates. All his friends were very sorry he was so stingy, and talked hall to him about it; but he couldn't see any reason why he should give away what he wanted himself.

"If I didn't want it," he would say, should I give it away when I want it

"Because it is nice to be generous," said his mother, "and think about the happiness of other people. It makes you feel happier and better yourself. If you give your sled to little ragged how soon I can go to the next corner Johnnie, who never had one in his life and back." you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than if you had kept it yourself." "Well," said Jimmy, "I'll try it."

The sled was sent off. "How soon shall I feel better !" he asked by and by. 'I don't feel as well as I did when I had the sled. Are you sure I shall feel better?" "Certainly," answered his mother,

"but if you should keep on giving something away you will feel better all the sooner." Then he gave away a kite, and thought he did not feel quite as well

piece that he meant to spend for "I don't like this giving away things it doesn't agree with me; I don't feel any better. I like being stingy bet-

Just then ragged Johnnie came up "If you can get the exact tint your the street dragging the sled, looking proud as a prince, and asking all the boys to take a slide with him. Jimmy began to smile as he watched him, and garden ground to raise something to

"You might give Johnnie my old overcoat; he's littler than I am, and he doesn't seem to have one. I think-I sat by. ed home Anne looked in the glass but | guess-I know I'm beginning to feel could see no change in her hair. At so much better. I'm glad I gave last the artist placed a five dollar gold Johnnie my sled. I'll give away

And Jimmy has been feeling better

Eat slowly, and do not fill the mouth with large quantities. Eat the food served, or quietly leave t upon the plate without remark.

### OUZZLER'S ASTIME.

Edited by C. E. BLACK,-— St. John, N. B. -:0:---

Devoted to Puzzles, Solutions, Letters, Stories, etc.

-Look up! Lift up!

The Mystery Solved,-No. 23.

No. 128.—Physician.

No. 129. - Physic an.

No. 130.-Physician.

No. 131.-Spurgeon.

No. 132.— AN INERT

- | The Mystery, | No. 26-

No. 148.--PI. "Lalis tonold ghatt tiligres." ---0:---

> No. 149.—DROP-LETTER. ·h-l-r-l-v-t- a ·h-e-f-l-l-e-.

No. 150.—Cross-Word Enigma. In merry, but not in sad ;

In good, but not in bad; In onion, but not in plant ; In give but not in grant;

In young, but not in old ; Whole is oft handled, but it few can

No. 151 .- NUMERICAL ENIGMA. My whole, consisting of 9 letters, is

My 8, 7, 1, 5 is a great number, My 6, 7, 4, 3, is what carpenters' as My 2, 9 is an adjective.

Nc. 152,-DIAMOND. A letter from home; an insect; raised by farmers; a weight; a conso-

No. 153.-Anagrams. (1) Develop ice. (2) I miss no ray.

The Mystery Solved in three weeks. \*

-- OUR STORY.---

ALFRED'S PLEASANT AFTER-NOON.

It was a beautiful day, and Alfred took his velocipede out to ride up and down the smooth asphalt pavement in front of the house.

"None of the boys are out, mother, and I'll have the whole street to my self," he said as he went through the

He got on the velocipede and rode up and down a few times; but he did not feel very happy.

"Oh dear," he said, "this is no fun; "p'r'aps I would give it away; but why I wish some of the boy's were here." is the bane of we make our One boy was there. Steve Palmer was standing down at the corner, and the next time Alfred passed on his velocipede, he called out.

"Oh my ! ain't that a daisy !" "Yes, indeed," said Alfred; "see

So Steve sat down on the steps of the nearest house and watched Alfred ride up and down. But even then Alfred did not feel very happy; and after a while he said, "Now, Steve you get on and try it."

Steve jumped up and went spinning away up the street so quickly that Alfred waved his cap and hurrahed. Then Alfred stood on the axle while Steve worked the pedals; and so they went up and down till supper-time. When Alfred went into the house

his mother said, "So you did not have the street all to yourself, did you, "No, ma'am," said the boy. "Steve came over and I was glad he did. It's

lots more fun with two than with only

A CROP FOR GOD. "Father, what crop had I better plant for God," asked a little boy, whose father had given him a bit of

turn into missionary money: "Will beans or onions fetch most ?" "I can tell you," said Aunty, who

"What?" asked the little boy.

"I would lay out four beds in my garden ; plant the seed of love in one, the seed of obedience in another, truth in a third, and humility in a fourth. These will raise a beautiful crop for God."

"O Aunty," said the little boy, "I am trying to raise these seeds every day in my own heart, but my mother says the weeds grow fastest. Ch, I have to dig so !"-Christian Observer.

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