

The Little Armchair.

Nobody sits in the little armchair;
It stands in a corner dim;
But a white-haired mother gazes there,
And yearningly thinking of him,
Sees through the dusk of the long ago
The bloom of her boy's sweet face,
As he rocks so merrily to and fro,
With a laugh that cheers the place.

Sometimes he holds a book in his hand,
Sometimes a pencil and slate.
And the lesson is hard to understand,
And the figures hard to mate;
But she sees the nod of his father's head,
So proud of the little son,
And she hears the word so often said:
"No fear for our little one."

They were wonderful days, the dear, sweet days,
When a child with sunny hair
Was hers to scold, to kiss, and to praise,
At her knee in the little chair.
She lost him back in the busy years,
When the great world caught the man,
And he strode away past hopes and fears
To his place in the battle's van.

But now and then in a wistful dream,
Like a picture out of date,
She sees a head with a golden gleam
Bent over a pencil and slate.
And she lives again the happy day,
The day of her young life's spring,
When the small armchair stood just in the way,
The centre of everything
—Harper's Bazar.

How Tom was Cured.

"Well, Tom, my boy," said papa, looking up from his breakfast one bright Sunday morning, as his little son came limping to his place at the table, "what's the matter this time? Lame again?" Tom looked a little suspicious; as he saw a suggestion of a twinkle in his father's grave eyes.

"Now, papa," he said, quite solemnly, and with a much injured look, "I've hurt my leg just terrible; I have, for truly, and 'taint just 'count of Sunday, eiver."

Tom was six, but his tongue still tripped over many of the words, and he often talked crookedly when he was a bit embarrassed.

"Never mind," said papa, with a laugh; "I don't believe it's serious. Eat your breakfast quickly, or you won't be ready to go to church with me."

Tom looked dismayed, and the little mother, who never failed him in trouble, this time had contented herself with putting sugar and cream in his oatmeal, and bidding him make haste.

Papa finished his meal, and went into his study to look over his morning sermon. In a few moments mamma followed him.

"Will," she said, "I don't know what to do with Tom. This intermittent lameness which attacks him every seventh day has recurred, and the case calls for serious attention. I can tell the child he must come to church, of course, and can show him that I think him not truthful."

Papa knit his brows. "Tom doesn't mean to be untruthful," he said; "he deceives himself. I wish we could shame him out of this."

Mamma looked up suddenly. "I have an idea," she said, and she whispered in his ear. Papa laughed aloud.

"All right," he said; "I'll see Alec after service."

The house was very quiet after every one had gone to church. Tom sat reading by the long open window that looked across the lawn, and tried not to remember that mamma had said it would be better for him to stay indoors.

The soft, warm sunshine crept across the grass, and the old apple tree tossed its blossoms in the breeze in the most tantalizing way, as much as to say: "See how lovely it is out here." Up in the branches a robin perched, and looked at Tom with his head on one side. "Cheer up, cheer up," he called; "come here, here, here."

"I can't," said Tom; "I'm lame." Then he looked down, ashamed, and his cheek grew quite pink. He wondered if the robin really knew.

By and by a white butterfly sailed directly past the window. It looked almost like the leaf of an apple blossom. Tom caught his hat and was off like a flash.

The lame leg made as good time as the well one as he scampered down the path in hot chase after the white butterfly. From branch to branch, now low, now high, sometimes just near at hand, sometimes almost out of sight, it went, and Tom kept pace as only a small boy sound in mind and limb could do. The minutes flew by, and Tom did not see the three people who were walking slowly up the path.

One of them—it was Uncle Alec, the doctor—burst into a peal of laughter, and Tom, away over by the hedge, heard and fled into the house by the side door.

They had seen him, but he did not know that that was why Uncle Alec had laughed. What did Uncle Alec

come home with papa and mamma for? He always went to grandma's after church. But Tom was settled again in the big chair, industriously studying his Sunday-school lesson, when mamma came in.

"How is the knee, Tommy?" she said. "I've brought Uncle Alec home with me to see it. You have been lame a good deal lately, and I thought it quite time something was done."

Tom dropped his book in dismay. "I don't need Uncle Alec, truly I don't," he said, eagerly. "It will be all well in the morning, I shouldn't wonder, and if I's you, mamma, I'd jest let it go—I would, honest."

But all in vain. Uncle Alec came in, and papa, and they sat down beside the big chair.

Mamma unbuttoned the shoe and drew off the stocking very slowly. "Does that hurt?" she asked. Tom hung his head. His face was very red now, and his voice was very low as he said, "No'm."

Uncle Alec pressed his fingers slowly and gently on every part of the strong, brown little knee, on which a tiny black and blue spot showed faintly.

"Does this hurt, Tom?" he said, pressing his thumb on the bruise he could hardly see.

"Not much," Tom said, reluctantly. But Uncle Alec was quite decided. "We'll bandage it for a week," he said, cheerfully; "and then you will be quite well again."

"A week!" Tom's heart sank nearly to his shoes.

"Can I go out?" he asked, with a lump in his throat.

"Not to play," replied Uncle Alec; "you may drive out with mamma, but you must be quiet."

Tom thought of the brook where he and Ned were going to look for minnows to-morrow after school, and of the new swing papa made in the barn, and he wanted to scream out. "I'm not lame, not one bit, and I'll go to church every day if you don't put a bandage on," but he was not brave enough yet to own that he had done wrong, and the words died on his lips.

Jane brought the pasteboard, and the cotton, and the long white bandage, and Uncle Alec drew it on smooth and tight, just leaving it so he could bend the knee a little, and then over it all he put wet starch, like that that Ellen used on Mondays.

The foot was put on a chair, and Ellen brought him his dinner on a tray. That was fun. He liked all the little dishes and the little after-dinner coffee cup full of "cambric tea," but at supper time he was tired of sitting still, and a big tear-drop fell—splash—right into his preserves.

The next day the bandage was very stiff. He walked slowly around in the garden, and drove to the market with mamma, but it was a long day. He was glad the girls were away, for he was growing ashamed of himself.

Tuesday he cried three times, and was very cross. Mamma's heart ached for him, and she begged papa to take off his bandage.

But papa only said, "wait a little." Wednesday morning the poor little leg was very uncomfortable, but Tom's conscience troubled him more than the knee. After prayers he called papa back, and all the rest went out of the room.

Then he threw himself in his father's arms and sobbed it all out: "O papa, I'm so sorry, dreadful sorry, and I'll never do it again, and I'll go to church free times every Sunday till I die—I truly will."

Papa laughed with the tears in his eyes, and then mamma came in, and in a few minutes they cut off the hateful bandage, and Tom was free again.

That night, as mamma was sitting by his bed, the little boy said, very softly, "Mamma, does God know that I wasn't lame?"

"Yes dear."

"And the robin, too?"—The Churchmen.

A Self-Made Astronomer.
Prof. E. E. Barnard, of the Lick Observatory, in California, is essentially a self-made astronomer. In boyhood he had barely more than a month's schooling. His mother attempted to supply the defects of his education. She taught him Greek, and did much to develop in him a passion for study.

He had to earn his living, and began as a photographer's assistant in Nashville. The wages were small, but he was thrifty. He was also generous, and not infrequently had money to lend to friends in need. A companion, after imposing upon his good nature several times, begged hard for a few dollars.

"I will leave you this parcel as security," he said, apologetically.

"I don't want security," replied young Barnard. "Take the money, and repay it when you can."

The borrower forgot to take away the parcel. Barnard unwrapped it.

It was a book—one of Dick's astronomical works. He sat up all night poring over its pages. It was a revelation of celestial scenery and systems of worlds that fascinated his imagination.

From that night he began to read everything he could find on astronomy. He bought a spy-glass with an inch aperture, and spent hours on his roof stargazing. He obtained at second-hand the tube of a larger spy-glass. He fitted an eyepiece to one end, and sent to Philadelphia for an object-glass. He kept at work in the photographer's shop, but his heart was among the stars.

Subsequently he procured a five-inch glass. With this he discovered from his housetop two comets in advance of all the professional astronomers.

There was commotion in Vanderbilt University when it was known that an amateur in a photographer's gallery had seen in the heavens what the professors could not find with superior appliances. They invited Barnard to make use of their six-inch telescope. He rewarded them by discovering six comets in four years.

The Lick Observatory in California then enlisted his services. With the thirty-six inch refracting telescope, the largest in the world, he discovered eight comets, making a phenomenal record of sixteen for ten years. He also discovered last August the fifth satellite of Jupiter. This feat made him famous among astronomers.

One of his discoveries was made accidentally. He was photographing a region in the Milky Way. He noticed a suspicious streak in his plate. The next night the telescope revealed a comet.

His early training in photography was not wasted. He devised a new method of photographing the nebulae in the Milky Way by cloaking or veiling the bright stars, and thereby bringing out the intervening patches. His work in stellar photography has been essentially original.

His career, like that of Faraday, shows what a poor, uneducated boy can make of himself. There were fortuitous chances in his life, such as his early employment and the reading of Dick's book; but inherent force of character enabled him to gain world-wide distinction as a scientific investigator.—*Youth's Companion.*

Summer Hints.

Bathe daily.
Save your steps.
Drink milk slowly.
Eat your meals slowly.
For insomnia take a cold bath at bedtime.

Sponge your babies with cold water at bed-time.
Have your house gowns made with open necks and elbow sleeves.
Have mercy on your cook in your arrangements of meals for hot days. Allow double the amount of time in catching boats and trains than you do in winter.

Press towels, folded as usual, through your clothes-wringer and thereby save your laundress.
Give your children water to drink during the hot weather. They need this to make up for the loss from perspiration.

Place a large dish of water in a room where the heat is oppressive. Change once or twice and the temperature will be perceptibly lowered.
Before going for a midday sail rub your face, neck and hands with simple cream, and powder gently with cornstarch. Wipe the powder off, and on returning wash well in warm water and with castile soap.

Sleeping-Rooms.

What shall we put into our sleeping-rooms? Nothing that cannot be cleaned or removed. The "ideal" sleeping-room will have neither paint nor paper on its walls. The woodwork will be of hard wood, finished in oil, or simply varnished. The walls should be finished in hard plaster, and tinted; then they can be easily cleaned. The windows will be low and of large size, to let in all the sun and air possible. The floor will be of hard wood, oiled or varnished, and have the dust wiped up every day. There will be a fireplace, where a little fire on the hearth in cold weather will help ventilate, especially in cases of sickness.

We may have rugs on our floor as cheap or costly as our purses will allow, but the less we have the better the air. The draperies at the window will be of thin washable material, and often washed. The furniture will be light, without carvings to catch the dust. Stuffed chairs, lounges, and wollen hangings will not find a place here. A set bowl, with hot and cold water, is very convenient, but not always safe; therefore leave it in the bath-room; have a portable one in the sleeping-room, and be on the safe side.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Patiently await the coming of your turn; do not follow with the eyes the food served to others.

Never unnecessarily handle the dishes, or in any other manner exhibit nervousness or impatience.

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* * Onward and Upward. * *

The Mystery Solved.—No. 27.

No. 154.—Puzzles.
No. 155.—1, pastime, 2, onward.
No. 156.—"Look before you leap."
No. 157.—"The pen is mightier than the sword."

No. 158.—
O L D
C L O U D
D U N
D

No. 159.—Fredericton.
No. 160.—1, S-tool, 2, S-story, 3, T-rue.

—[The Mystery, No. 30.]—

No. 173.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
I am composed of 25 letters.

My 2, 3, 20, 5, is what Adam wished for.

My 14, 5, 1, 25, 6, 24, speaks of sorrow.

My 13, 23, 25, 12, 10, 19, is a household necessity.

My 4, 12, 15, 6, 7, 8, a part of the year.

My 9, 21, 6, 22, 24, 25, the dread of the slaves.

My 11, 3, 8, 16, a ruler.

My whole is a proverb of Solomon.

—[The Mystery, No. 30.]—

No. 174.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
Whole I am a column of this paper.

My object and endeavour shall be to 11, 14, 2, 7, 15, and 10, 5, 9, 11, 7, 6.

If sometimes you are lead into a 14, 11, 3, 9, or are 9, 16, 13, 12, 11, 1, 10, 6, 8, in some 10, 2, 16, or 1, 2, 4, 3, 5, 15, you are free to make a proper 12, 15, 1, 11, 12, 18, 6, 9.

—[The Mystery, No. 30.]—

No. 175.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.
In slate, not in book;

In meadow, not in brook;

In metal, not in wood;

In bonnet, not in hood;

In road, not in street;

In mutton, not in meat;

In rain, not in snow;

In high, not in low;

In speak, not in talk;

My whole is a musical instrument.

THREE BY "GYE."

—[The Mystery, No. 30.]—

No. 176.—DROP LETTER.
-o-e-i-h-e-s-a-o-

—[The Mystery, No. 30.]—

No. 177.—PL.
Sum chat his cramb.

—[The Mystery, No. 30.]—

No. 178.—DIAMOND.
A letter; a verb; a tale; before; a letter.

—[The Mystery, No. 30.]—

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Lot 5, P. E. I.

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JOHN MADER.

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Bridgewater.

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ACHE

is the base of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure 2 while others do not.

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