

A Gentleman.
I knew him for a gentleman
By signs that never fail.
His coat was rough and rather worn,
His cheeks were thin and pale,
A lad who had his way to make,
With little time for play,
I knew him for a gentleman
By certain signs to day.

He met his mother on the street;
Off came his little cap.
My door was shut; he waited there
Until I heard his rap;
He took the bundle from my hand,
And when I dropped my pen,
He sprang to pick it up for me,
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push and crowd along;
His voice is gently pitched;
He does not fling his books about
As if he were bewitched.
He always stands aside to let you pass;
He shuts the door;
He runs on errands willingly
To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself;
He serves you if he can;
For in whatever company,
The manners make the man.
At ten or forty 'tis the same,
The manner tells the tale;
And I discern the gentleman
By signs that never fail.

Gypsy Jack.
When the gypsies came and pitched
their tents in the woods about a mile
from town, there was much discussion
among the people. Some said that
the vagabonds were a thieving lot, and
would rob hen roosts right and left;
old women told of things even more
horrible, and said that gypsies had
been known to steal little children.
Most of the people, however, were
kindly disposed toward the brown-
faced strangers, and the town boys soon
learned that they were a good-hearted
lot, particularly the younger ones.

Among the special favorites was
Gypsy Jack, a sturdy chap of fifteen,
with a face as brown as a berry, the
blackest, finest eyes that ever shone
in a boy's head, and teeth as white as
popcorn. He was a clever fellow, and
easily won the love of the town lads
by teaching them many new things
about woodcraft. He could make the
best figure-four traps the boys ever
saw; as a fisher, he could beat all the
rest of the lads, but he showed him-
self to be prince of all when he leaped
upon one of the horses, and while the
animal was at full speed, went through
all the difficult feats bareback, such as
the youngsters had never seen outside
of the circus ring.

"You're the smartest chap I ever
saw," said Will Hale, after Jack jump-
ed down from the horse.

"It's easy enough," remarked Jack,
"the boys crowded around him, their
eyes glowing with admiration."

"Where did you learn it, Jack?"
asked Will.

"I saw it on the circus bills. I
didn't have to learn it; it just came to
me."

"Aren't you afraid to do it?"

"I don't know what that means,"
responded Jack. There was nothing
boastful in his tones. The boys knew
he simply meant that he and fear were
strangers.

"I wonder if there is anything we
can do that you can't do better?" ask-
ed one of Jack's admirers.

"Yes, you can read, you can write.
I can't do either," Jack's voice was
sad, his eyes grew softer, and his lips
trembled.

"That's too bad. Did you never go
to school?"

"No we move around too much.
None of my folks care for books, and
I cannot read books or papers. I
wish I could."

"How long are you going to stay
here, Jack?" asked Will Hale.

"Till cold weather, then we go
south."

"Well, by that time you will be able
to read and write, for I'm going to
teach you."

"But you boys go to school for years.
I thought it took a long time to learn
to read."

"Some things that we learn take
years, but I'll teach you to read. It's
really good fun to read story books and
papers."

"I shall try, if you will help me,"
said Jack.

"Will Hale proved to be an excel-
lent teacher, and Jack surprised his
friends with his wonderful capacity
for learning. His evenings were spent
at Will's home, and he became a great
favorite of the family.

Finally the days grew shorter and the
leaves began to turn red. Jack saw
the approach of cold weather, and it
made him feel sad. The tents would
soon be taken up, and he and his peo-
ple would turn southward, and it would
be the end of the pleasant evenings at
Will's home. One day Will unfolded
his father a certain project which
near his heart. Mr. Hale was a
man, and could easily do as his
son requested, and he was pleased with
his boy's noble intentions. But before

the subject was mentioned to Jack,
Mr. Hale had a long talk with the
boy's father, who, at first, said firmly:
"No, Jack is a gypsy. He could never
settle down to any life but the one he
has known since he was a baby."

"But you will be proud of your boy
when he becomes a smart, intelligent
man, as he surely will. Will you per-
mit me to speak to his mother?"

"He has no mother. She is dead,"
said the man, sorrowfully, as he turned
his face to hide his tears.

"Then let me do what I promise,
by all means. When you are old
your motherless son will be comfort to
you. It is wrong to deprive this fine
fellow of the advantages I can give
him. Your better nature should tell
you that."

"But my life will be so lonesome
without Jack. Yet he wants to learn
so much."

Jack's father was wavering, and a
few more words on the part of Mr.
Hale secured the gypsy's consent.

When the band went away, Gypsy
Jack did not go with it. As the last
wagon disappeared in the distance, he
waved a farewell to his father, and a
great lump rose in his throat as he
turned his back upon the old life.

The years passed rapidly, and Jack
and Will went to college, where they
both acquitted themselves with honor.
One June day, on the eve of their
graduation, a handsome young fellow
started his hearers with his matchless
eloquence. There was an admiring
crowd in the old stone church, and
the first man to shake his hand was a
plainly dressed, dark-browed man,
who said: "Jack, I wish your mother
could see you; she'd be so proud."

The years that followed brought
money and honor to the brown-faced
lawyer, as well as to his fairer
partner, Will Hale. Gypsy Jack is
one of the rising men of central New
York, but no one knows him now by
that romantic name.—*Congregationalist.*

The Girl to be Avoided.
She is the girl who takes you off in
one corner, and tells you things that
you wouldn't repeat to your mother.

She is the girl who is anxious to
have you join a party, which is to be a
"dead secret," and which, because
people are very free and easy, makes
you uncomfortable, and wish you were
at home.

She is the girl who tries to induce
you, "just for fun," to smoke a cigar-
ette, or to take a glass of wine, and
you don't know, and possibly she
doesn't that many of the sinners of to-
day committed their first sins "just
for fun."

She is the girl who persuades you
that to stay at home, and care for and
love your own, to help mother, and to
have your pleasures at home and where
the home people can see them, is
stupid and tiresome; and that spend-
ing the afternoon walking up and down
the street, looking at the windows and
people is "just delightful."

She is the girl who persuades you
that slang is witty, that a loud
dress that attracts attention is "sty-
lish," and that your own simple gowns
are dowdy and undesirable. She
doesn't know, nor do you, how many
women have gone to destruction be-
cause of their love for fine clothes.

She is the girl who persuades you
that to be on very familiar terms with
three or four young men is an evidence
of your charms and fascination, in-
stead of being, as it is, an outward,
visible sign of your perfect folly.

She is the girl who persuades you
that it is a very smart thing to be re-
ferred to as a "gay girl." She is very,
very much mistaken.

And, of all others, she is the girl
who, no matter how hard she may try
to make you believe in her, is to be
avoided.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

**The true story of the Kil-
kenny cats.**

Who does not know the rhyme, so
often used to point a moral for quar-
relsome children?

Each cat thought there was one cat
too many,
So they quarreled and fit,
They scratched and they bit,
Till, excepting their tails
And some scraps of their nails,
Instead of two cats, there wasn't any.

Not everybody knows, however,
the bit of history in which the rhyme
had its origin, and which is told in
Harpers Young People.

Not everybody knows, however, the
true story of the cats. In 1798 or
1803—historians differ about so im-
portant dates as this—Kilkenny was
garrisoned by Hessian soldiers during
a rebellion in Ireland. One night
some of the soldiers amused them-
selves by cruelly tying the tails of cats
together, and throwing the animals
across a clothes-line to fight. An
officer entered the room to stop this
inhuman sport; but a soldier who saw
him coming gave a great slash with a
sword and cut off the tails of both cats

The cats escaped out of the window, but
the bloody tails had to be accounted for.
The quick-witted soldier who had cut
the feline knot coolly replied to the
officer's question that the cats had
devoured each other, with the excep-
tion of their tails; and the story was
thought to be so good that it was per-
petuated in verse.

A Desert Caravan.
A great caravan in march is a superb
spectacle, alas, too infrequent now in
northern Africa. At first Arabs alone
can detect it, a mere speck lost in a
dusty halo, whence it emerges at
length, a tawny-coloured mass possess-
ed of a strange motion, the swarming
of a thousand lives in one. Here and
there silhouettes of straggling camels
stand profiled, like hieroglyphics, on
the fiery sky, as, insensibly trailing its
snake-like curves, the convoy advances.
Hours after being sighted, it passes in
slow file, led by a vanguard of blood-
ed camels, whose gait and bearing have
an air of arrogance not customary to
that race of proletarians, the chieftains
seated aloft in their floating burnouses,
alert of eye, with gun in hand, statu-
esque guardians of the convoy-trea-
sure. Behind them the camels of bur-
den, exhausted less by loads than by
the fatigues of the journey, their legs
and croupers bald and scarred by blows,
struggle forward languidly thrusting
out the tongue as they press their huge
spongy feet in the yielding ground.
What resignation in their soft, staring
eyes! Verily, no philosopher knows
better that those poor brutes how in-
sane are the revolts against inexorable
fate. Near at hand walk the drivers,
their emaciated features savagely il-
luminated by eyes of fire, and white,
gleaming teeth piercing their parched
lips. Of all who started with the car-
avan, how many have fallen by the
way, abandoned to agonize alone in
the desolation!—*From "A Saharan
Caravan," in March Scribner.*

A Spider's Bridge.
There is a great deal of clever
thought in the head of a spider. A
naturalist once caught one in his gar-
den, and brought it into the house to
put its cleverness to the test.

First he took a basin and fixed a tall
stick in it, so as to stand upright
steadily. Then he filled the basin
with water. On the top of this tiny
flagstaff, he put the spider—a regular
little Robinson Crusoe stranded on a
desert island. Then the naturalist
watched to see if the insect would hit
upon a plan for getting away. The
spider was very much perplexed. He
scampered down the pole to the water,
stuck out a foot, got it wet, shook it
as a cat does, and ran back up to the
top. A second time he went down
and made sure that the water lay all
around the stick. Having satisfied
himself that no way of escape lay there
he returned to the mast-head. A sud-
den thought seemed to strike him. He
held up one foot, then another, and
fidgeted about for a bit. What was he
doing? He was feeling whether there
was enough wind moving in the room
to float one of his silken clues as far as
the edge of the basin.

There evidently was. So he began,
in true spider fashion, to spin the web
out of his own body, and let every
breath of air float it out further and
further toward the mainland.

At last the end of the sticky thread
caught. He drew it tight, and then,
like a clever gymnast, ran down it
safely ashore.—*Ex.*

PUZZLER'S PASTIME.
Edited by C. E. BLACK,
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Devoted to
Puzzles, Solutions, Letters, Stories, etc.
—Look up! Lift up!—
—The Mystery Solved.—No. 17. —

No. 86.— H
E
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No. 87.—1. Condor. 2. Emu. 3.
Ostrich. 4. Owl.

No. 88.—Sauer Kraut.

No. 89.—Marguerite.

No. 90.—Lee, beryl, eye.

No. 91.—Miscellaneous.

The Mystery.—No. 20.—
No. 107.—DROP-LETTER.
"a-p-i-t-e-a-t-a-f-n-e-h-i-d-m,
n-t-e-a-t-a-g-t-e-h-n-e-s-a-d-n."

(Five Puzzles from "Gyp." Westfield
Centre.)

No. 108.—DROP-LETTER.
A-t-t-h-n-i-e-a-e-n-n.

No. 109.—DROP-LETTER.
-v-l-e-o-i-t-a-e-i-t-i-k.

No. 110.—SQUARE WORD.
x x x x A part of the body
x x x x A cluder.
x x x x Misuse.
x x x x Substance gathered from
trees.
x x x x A river.

No. 111.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
I am composed of 8 letters and am a
house plant.
My 8, 4, 5, of the male sex.
My 1, 6, 5, an intoxicant.
My 5, 6, 1, 2, 3, a river.
My 8, 2, 4, 5, low.
My 5, 4, 8, 2, a noun.

No. 112.—TRANSPOSITION.
A fots sewran netthur wyas thrav.
(Two Original Puzzles by A. L.
Breuer. Nashua, N.H.)

No. 113.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.
In June, not in July;
In April, not in May;
In year, not in day;
In carry, not in take;
In late, not in early;
In run, not in walk;
In evening, not in noon;
In city, not in town;
In in, not in out;
In table, not in chair;
In yes, not in no;
My whole is the name of a great
power.

No. 114.—DECAPITATIONS.
(1) Beheld wickedness, and leave a
solid substance.
(2) Beheld a dish, and leave a bird.
(3) Beheld to baffle, and leave a
liquid.
(4) Beheld a building, and leave a
river of England.

The Mystery Solved in three weeks.
—THE MYSTICAL CIRCLE.—
T. M. GAYTON, Yarmouth, N. S.,
casts the first vote in Voting Contest.
"Gyp." Westfield Centre, has thanks
for nice batch of puzzles, some of
which we publish this issue. Will be
pleased to have more. Your solutions
to all in No. 18 correct. That old
Riddle (No 96) is without answer, but
it does not seem to me that your an-
swer—A whale—can be correct. We
await the opinions of others.

BESSIE M. BURNETT, Sussex Vale,
also thinks answer to No. 96 is A
Whale. Nos. 93, 4 & 5 correctly
solved.

UNCLE NED.

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ly at the point of death with that ter-
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MENT cured her; and I would ear-
nestly recommend it to all who may be
in need of a good family medicine.

JOHN D. BOUTILLIER.

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MY LITTLE BOY.
GENTLEMEN.—My little boy had a
severe hacking cough and could not
sleep at night. I tried Hagyard's
Pectoral Balsam and it cured him very
quickly.

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my bed with inflammation of the lungs
and was given up by the physicians. A
neighbor advised me to try Dr.
Thomas' Electric Oil, stating that his
wife had used it for a throat trouble
with the best results. Acting on his
advice, I procured the medicine, and
less than a half bottle cured me; I cer-
tainly believe it saved my life. It was
with reluctance that I consented to a
trial, as I was reduced to such a state
that I doubted the power of remedy to
do me any good."

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medicine. I was for a long time
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Even if they only cured

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