

One at a Time.

One step at a time, and that well placed,
We reach the greatest height;
One stroke at a time, earth's hidden stores
Will slowly come to light;
One seed at a time, and the forest grows;
One drop at a time, and the river flows
Into the boundless sea.
One word at a time, and the greatest
book
Is written and is read:
One stone at a time, a palace rears
Alone its stately head;
One blow at a time, and the tree's cleft
through
And a city will stand where the forest grew
A few short years before.
One foe at a time, and he subdued,
And the conflict will be won;
One grain at a time, and the sands of life
Will slowly all be run.
One minute, another, the hours fly;
One day at a time, and our lives speed by
Into eternity.
One grain of knowledge, and that well
stored,
Another, and more on them:
And as time rolls on your mind will shine
With many a garnered gem
Of thought and wisdom. And time will
tell
"One thing at a time, and that done well,"
Is wisdom's proven rule.
—Author Unknown.

What Squared Tom's Account

Tom sat by the library table, working over his arithmetic lesson. He was trying to find out how much seven yards of calico would cost if one yard cost eleven cents, and his paper was covered with figures. Finally he took a new piece and began again:
To 7 yds. calico at 11 cts. \$.77
And as he finished the last seven, his father looked over his shoulder.
"Bills, Tom?" he asked. "That's right. I only hope you will never get as many as I have." And he dropped into the arm-chair by the fire, tired with the day's work, and glad to be at home again.
Tom came over and leaned against his father's knee, for the few minutes' talk before dinner that they always had together.
"Papa," he asked, "when a man does any work, oughtn't he to be paid for it?"

"Certainly," was papa's reply, "if he asks a fair price."
Then they began to talk of something else, and papa forgot the question and his own reply long before dinner was ready.
The next day was Saturday, but Tom stayed in the house, working busily at his arithmetic. Mamma was quite worried; she had never before known the boy to study on a holiday, or to refuse to go skating with Ned and Jack. He worked all the morning, lying in the cushioned window-seat, and not until after lunch did he give a thought to the new skates. Mamma told Kate that she was afraid Tom was not well, and she really looked relieved to see him flying down the hill in the afternoon. Wonder of wonders! he was not late to dinner, but came in early, and slipped into the dining-room before any one else had come down. He looked a little conscious when a note dropped out of each napkin, and waited impatiently to see them unfolded. Kate opened hers first and glanced through it, breaking out into merry laughter. Tom looked cross. Kate always laughed at him. He wished he was sixteen and she was twelve, he would laugh at her all the time.
"Why, Tom," she was saying, "what perfect nonsense! Mother, did you ever see anything like this? Tom has sent me a bill for helping me yesterday!"

In the meantime mamma and papa had opened their notes and discovered that they too had received bills from Tom. Papa's ran this way:
Mr. E. W. Ellis,
In account with Tom Ellis.
To 2 running up stairs at 1 ct. \$.02
" 3 bringings of papers at 2 cts.06
" 1 finding slippers at 5 cts.05
Sum total \$.13
Received payment,
Mamma's was a little different, but these were the items:
To 1 going to tell Bridget something at 2 cts. \$.02
" 3 harryings up when I didn't want to at 5 cts.15
" 2 errands at Jones' store at 10 cts.20
Total \$.37

Kate had the worst of all. This is the way hers read:
To 4 going to Mollie Brown's at 5 cts. \$.20
" 1 taking note to Professor at 10 cts. 10
" 1 holding worsten (cause I hate it) at 25 cts.25
" 2 taking books to Library at 4 cts.08
Total \$.63
Papa put his down without saying anything, and mamma looked at Tom with a queer little smile, remarking, "Well, Tom, it seems that the family owes you more than a dollar."

"Yes, mam," said Tom, cheerfully; "and papa said if a man asked a fair price for his work, he ought to get it."

And if you could pay up tonight, I could get that dandy big jack-knife on Monday—the one like Ned's you know.
The family didn't say whether it intended to 'pay up' at once or not, and Tom felt a little doubtful, when he found papa and mamma talking in the study together afterward, just how his plan would succeed.
However, at breakfast he found beside his plate a dollar bill, a ten-cent piece, and three pennies, and the three bills waiting to be receipted. He signed 'Tom Ellis' in big letters to each one, and pocketed the money, thinking of the big knife that he was going to have.
The first thing he did when he came home from school in the afternoon was to run to mamma and show her the four blades—two big ones and two little ones—and she was almost as much pleased as he. At dinner-time he was quite surprised to find in his napkin, this time, three little notes, just like the ones he had sent to papa and mamma and Kate the night before. He didn't open them until after dinner, because the little doubtful feeling had come back, and he thought he would rather be by himself. When, finally, he did look at them, this is what he found:—
Tom Ellis in account with
Mr. E. W. Ellis.
To 1 pair skates mended \$.15
" 2 pencils sharpened02
" 1 St. Nicholas bought25
Total \$.42

The second one was mamma's:—
To 1 pair trousers mended \$.25
" 10 buttons sewed on10
" 1 pair mittens mended10
" 1 geography covered10
" help with lessons20
Total \$.75
The third was Kate's. 'She's forgot some things,' Tom murmured to himself as he read it over.
To 1 skate bag made \$.15
" 1 splinter taken from hand05
" 3 buttons sewed on shoes03
" finding cap and mittens10
" picking up school books10
Total \$.43

'She didn't say anything about making candy for the fellows yesterday, or coming to school with my slate when I forgot it, or showing me how to do that ninth example.'
Very quietly Tom sat for a while, and as he sat there he thought it all over; he remembered ever so many things that papa and mamma hadn't put in their bills. Then he took his slate and pencil to count up all he owed.
It was not very hard to do, and soon the answer \$1.60—started in his face. Slowly he got up from his chair, slowly went over to the closet, and brought out his red bank in which he kept the money he was saving for his share in the big 'bob' that the boys were having made. There wasn't any way out of it. If papa and mamma and Kate asked a fair price for what they had done for him, he surely ought to pay their bills as they had paid his.
He wouldn't have cried for the world, but his throat felt very lumpy when the bank was opened, and all the precious dimes and nickels and pennies were in his hand—two dollars and three cents.
Then he took his slate again, and did an example in subtraction—\$1.60 from \$2.03 leaves \$0.43. Back in the bank went forty-three cents, and then, dividing the rest according to the bills, he took the money and went upstairs and paid his debts. Kate was going to say, 'Keep it, Tom dear; I don't want your money,' but a look at mamma's face warned her. She receipted her bill, mamma and papa signed theirs, and Tom, with a very sober face, kissed the family all good-night.
But the little mother's heart went out after the boy, and when he was safely in bed she came in and knelt down with her arms around him.
"Tom," she whispered in his ear, "mothers and little boys don't ever do things for each other for money, or fathers or sisters either, Tom. What do they do them for, dear?"
And Tom replied steadily and slowly, "Never for anything but love, mother dear.—S. S. Times."

Not so Easy as it Looked.

Said Ted to Tim, as the twins sat upon opposite arms of Uncle Rob's armchair.
"Tim, we're visitors."
"Yes, we're visitors, Uncle Rob," echoed Tim.
"Ah!" exclaimed Uncle Rob.
"It's a very rainy day, Tim," went on Ted.
"Very rainy, indeed, Uncle Rob," reiterated Tim.
"And what follows?" calmly inquired Uncle Rob.
"Well, Tim," said Tom, cheerfully; "and papa said if a man asked a fair price for his work, he ought to get it."

Tim answered Ted, decidedly.

'That's what mamma always says when we have company,' finished Tim triumphantly.
'Well!' ejaculated Uncle Rob. He put down his paper suddenly. 'I'll entertain you! How many days would it take to cut up a piece of cloth fifty yards long, if a yard was cut off each day?'
'Fifty!' shouted Ted without thinking a minute.
'Pshaw! Uncle Rob, don't ask us those foolish easy puzzles. They're as old—old as the hills!'

'Seems to me,' retorted Uncle Rob, 'if they are old they are not so wonderfully easy as you think. You're wrong, Ted. You've got to give me a better answer, or I won't think much of your smartness. Now, here's another awfully easy one—as old as the hills, too. But it puzzled many a small boy before you. If a goose weighs ten pounds and half its own weight, what is the weight of the goose?'
Tim was just going to call out, 'Fifteen pounds,' but Uncle Rob's solemn expression disconcerted him. Instead he pursed up his mouth and looked at Ted, and Ted wrinkled his brows and looked at Tim.
'It's very easy, indeed,' replied Uncle Rob. 'And here's one more of the same sort: A snail climbing a post twenty feet high ascends five feet every day, and slips back four feet every night. How long will it take him to reach the top?'
'A snail?' sighed Ted, thoughtfully.
'Yes, a snail,' repeated Uncle Rob. 'Seems as if he only got up one foot each day at that rate,' considered Tim.
'So he did!'

'And the post was twenty feet high?'
'Yes, Ted, twenty feet.'
'Well, then,' pursued Tim, 'it must have been two—entire—'
Uncle Rob laughed.
'Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. You boys each take a pencil and paper, if you find them necessary, and work out those three puzzles. And when you each bring me the right answer we'll go to the park and rest our brains for the afternoon.'
Then Uncle Rob went back to his paper, and Ted and Tim slipped softly down from the arms of his chair and went to the drawer of the library table to hunt for lead pencils.—*Harpur's Young People.*

Rice a Strong Diet.

This appears to be the belief of the Japanese, and there seems to be good evidence for it. A traveler in that far-off country says: 'The Japanese have made a race of giant men—a race of wrestlers. These wrestlers often weigh 200, 300 and 400 pounds. At the Imperial Hotel, in Tokio, they brought their champion wrestler to my room. He was prodigious in size and as fat and fair as a baby. He was a Hercules in strength, but looked like an overgrown cherub of Correggio.'
'What do you eat?' I asked.
'Rice—nothing but rice.'
'Why not eat meat?'
'Meat is weakening. Beef is 70 per cent water. Rice is 80 per cent food. I ate lean beefsteak once, and my strength left me. The other man ate rice, and threw me down.'
'My courier said, 'This wrestler is the Sullivan of Japan. No one can throw him.''
That rice, which every chemist knows to be mostly composed of starch should possess such elements of force appears almost incredible. If we had been told that these wrestlers lived on wheat, or corn, or barley, we should be quite ready to accept it. Yet the strong porters of South America are said to live much on rice.
But if meat is really so essential in the generation of strength as is popularly supposed, how shall we account for the extraordinary physical endurance and longevity of the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the elephant, and the horse?—*Phrenological Journal.*

The Spider as Engineer.

An account is given in *Nature* by Mr. R. Philip of Buenos Ayres of an interesting instance of the use of a stone by a spider as a ballast for his web. A web was noticed stretched between two feet at a distance of about ten feet from one another. From it hung a thread about two feet long, and attached to its lower end was a small pebble about the size of a pea, the stone hanging free about four feet from the ground. The stone had evidently been made use of in this special manner by the spider for the definite purpose either of keeping the web taut or as ballast to give it stability against the wind; for, on lifting the stone to remove the pressure, it was observed that the web became limp and slack, and was stirred out of position by the least breath of air. This was noticed by a score or so of members of the German 'Turnverein' there in the garden of whose premises the occurrence took place.

Home Hints.

USE WARM rain-water for bathing. Eat in moderation, avoiding indigestible food and strong tea and coffee. Get as much out-door exercise as possible when weather permits.
THE VALUE of butter milk is steadily growing in appreciation. A medical writer claims its use will sometimes cure the craving for alcohol, and that it has seemed to effect a cure in cases of Bright's disease.
DO NOT WEAR the same stockings on two successive days, but keep two pairs going alternately, hanging each to dry and air when not in use. Every night bathe the feet in tepid water and rub hard with a coarse towel.
THE NEXT TIME you get a speck of dust or metal in your eye just shut it and keep it shut for over a minute. Nature will then come to your relief, and there will be enough tear-like moisture to get rid of the obstruction, which will be found in one of the corners when the eye is finally opened.

RISE CAKES—Dissolve a cup of cold boiled rice in a little milk, pour this into a pint of flour, add two well-beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of melted butter or nice drippings, and enough milk to make a thin batter. Beat all well together and bake in muffin rings on a hot griddle.
All Sorts
When a young man detects the first evidence of hair on his upper lip he feels elevated, when in reality it is a sort of coming down.
'All run down' from weakening effects of warm weather, you need a good tonic and blood purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try it.
He: 'After looking for my hat an hour I found it on top of the folding bed. I wonder upon what fool place I'll find it next?'
She: 'On the top of your own head most likely.'

Jamaica Ginger is nowhere, beside Johnson's Anodyne Liniment for all summer troubles.
'What's this card in your pocket, John?' asked his wife.
'That?' Oh, before I went to lunch that was a bill of fare. Now it is my table of contents.'
As an after-dinner pill to strengthen the stomach, assist digestion, and correct any bilious tendencies, Ayer's Pills are considered the best. Being sugar coated, they are as agreeable as any confection, and may be taken by the most delicate.
'Does your daughter speak the foreign languages?'
'Not very much, but she has learned to say 'Yes' in six of them.'
During the dog-day season, the drain of nervous and vital energy may be contracted by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In purifying the blood, it acts as a superb corrective and tonic, and enables the system to defy malarial and other climatic influences.
A great big hulking fellow was brought before a justice for drunkenness and disturbing the peace.
'Your business,' demanded the magistrate.
'My business?' Reflectively, after a moment's pause, 'my wife is a washwoman.'

REV. H. BURGESS, River Philip, N. S. writes: Allow me to thank you for the K. D. C. sent me some time ago. You will be glad to know that in every case where it has been used it has proved beneficial.
'There is not a minute in the day that I can have a quiet half-hour to myself!' exclaimed the old lady, much annoyed with visitors.
You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.
Skeptism.—This is unhappily an age of skepticism, but there is one point upon which persons acquainted with the subject agree, namely, that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is a medicine which can be relied upon to cure a cough, remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.
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