

The "Coming Man."

A pair of chubby legs
Increased in scarlet hose;
A pair of little stubby boots,
With rather doubtful toes;
A little kilt, a little coat,
Cut as a mother can—
And lo! before us stands in state
The future's "coming man."

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars,
And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a lion's light—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some "big fellow's" kite.

Those hands—those little busy hands—
So sticky, small, and brown;
Those hands whose only mission seems
To put all order down—
Who knows what hidden strength may be
Hidden in their clasp,
Though now 'tis but a taffy stick
In sturdy hold they grasp.

Ah, blessings on those little hands,
Whose work is yet undone;
And blessings on those little feet
Whose race is yet unrun!
And blessing on the little brain
That has not learned to plan!
What'er the future holds in store,
God bless the "coming man!"
—The Beacon.

Only a Little Thing.

'What's the matter, Robbie?' Susy was just hurrying out of the little old schoolhouse when she was stopped by the sight of Robbie's forlorn face.

'I can't do my examples.'
'Dear me, Robbie,' said Susy, with a little impatience, 'I'm afraid you're stupid about arithmetic.'

'I guess I am,' said Robbie, with a doleful shake of the head. 'I thought you'd be sure to get 'em right to-day.'

'So did I,' agreed Robbie.
'I stayed in to help you yesterday.'
'Course you did.'

'And came the nearest to not having my geography lesson.'

'Yes,' said Robbie, with another rub at his already red eyes. 'Come on, Susy,' cried one of her school mates. 'The sliding's splendid, and it won't be so much longer.'

'No, indeed, it won't for it's going to snow.'

'Yes, the track'll all be filled in by tomorrow morning.'

Susy ran with the others out into the fresh air, through which the sun shone hazily, as if the weather were making ready for a change. After the closeness of the country schoolhouse, every breath of it seemed full of delight. She tried her best to put Robbie's face out of her mind, and not to think how he must wish to be out.

But Susy was not accustomed to tramping down her better feelings and it would not do. A voice in her heart on other occasions of her giving up her own wishes to give kindly help to others had seemed to whisper:

'Ye did it unto me.'

There had been in it a sweetness which she longed to taste again; a sweetness which may be tasted by any little heart which invites the blessed Saviour to make it His hiding place.

'I guess I'll go and show Robbie,' she said, and would not give up in spite of the clamour of voices.

Robbie was standing at the teacher's desk, to whom he had gone to beg for a little help.

'I haven't any more time to give you,' Miss Lane was saying. 'I went all over it with you yesterday.'

'Yes'm' said Robbie, meekly.
'You must get your geography after recess.'

'Yes'm.'

'And after school you must stay here for an hour and work at your examples.'

'Yes'm,' said Robbie, walking slowly back to his desk.

'I can't stay here myself, as I've done with you three or four times this month. I will leave the key with you and you must bring it to me this evening.'

'Yes'm.'

Miss Lane did not mean to be severe, but she had many things to try her patience, not the least of which was this constant trouble with Robbie's examples.

'You don't think I really meant that you were stupid, did you, Robbie?'

It was Susy's cheery voice which came to him as he bent a very discouraged face over the tiresome examples.

'No,' indeed, she went on. 'I only meant that perhaps you're not quite as bright as you are at most other things. Don't we all know what you are in reading and spelling?'

The pleasant words probably had as much to do with helping as the patient care with which she went over and over the rule, watching to see that no mistake was made in the figuring. Perhaps Miss Lane observed what was going on, and delayed the ringing of the bell for a few minutes. Perhaps Robbie's wits brightened under such kindly help. However it may be, the

examples were so nearly finished that Miss Lane relented on the dreaded hour after school, and no music could have been sweeter to Susy's ears than the whoop and the laugh with which Robbie bounded out with the others as the bell rang for dismissal.

'Yes, it's beginning to snow.'
'I'm glad, for the coasting track was almost bare.'

'I wonder if it'll snow much.'
'Yes, lots, I guess. My father said the clouds looked like it at noon, and he told me to bring an umbrella.'

The chat went on at first; further on the attention of each one was given to holding wraps and umbrellas in the fight with the increasing storm. Faster and faster it came, sweeping over the rolling prairie with a breath that grew every moment keener and crueler. Stumbling almost blindly before its dreadful force, Miss Lane helped on, cheered on her little band, thankful indeed as finally she saw the last one in her care safe within the shelter.

All night the storm raged, and for two or three days afterward no children could get out in the deep snow.

'There comes Miss Lane,' said Susy, looking out of the window, inside of which she felt as if she had been quite long enough a prisoner. 'I wonder if she has come to tell us when we may go back to school. I hope so. Miss Lane, however, had come on no such errand. After talking for a few minutes with Susy's mother she drew the little girl to her with a very loving hand.'

'Do you remember that I was going to leave Robbie in the schoolhouse last Tuesday?' she asked.

'Yes, for not doing his examples,' said Susy.

'I thought it best, because he is such an inattentive little fellow; it sometimes seems impossible for him to do them when the others are there. Well, you helped him with them and he got out with the others. No one can say, dear, what might have happened that dreadful afternoon but for your loving kindness to him. The storm began so suddenly and became so violent after we left the schoolhouse, that I could scarcely have fought my way back against it, even if I had dared to leave the rest of you. No help could have reached him that night, and—have you heard?—the old schoolhouse was blown to pieces before morning. As far as we can know you saved little Robbie's life.'

'But it was such a little thing to do, such a little thing,' said Susy, her tears coming to her eyes.

'Who can tell what is small and trifling in God's eyes, dear? Very few of us have opportunities of doing great things, little kindnesses are always ready to our hand, always waiting to give us blessed chances to make our sweet home lives sweeter.'

—Christian Observer.

Babies in Other Lands.

The Indian baby is strapped to a birch-bark board, and hung up in a tree or carried on his mother's back. He has no playthings; and, if he cries, no one seems to mind it much.

In South America, some of the cradles are made of palm leaves. A single leaf turned up at the edge holds the baby. This cradle is often hung up in a tree, and the wind rocks the baby to sleep.

In Africa the mother carries the baby in a leather pouch along on her back. When she gets tired of this way, she makes a hole in the sand, under some shady bush or shrub, and tucks the baby into it.

An Eskimo baby is tucked up in his mother's hood. It is a warm place, and travellers say their chubby little faces look very good-natured and happy. When the child comes out of the hood, he is stuffed into a fawn-skin bag; and a string draws the garment together like a pudding-bag, keeping him safe and warm.

In Lapland the cradle is a piece of wood, shaped like a canoe and hallowed out until it is very light. A quantity of grass is put in; and in this soft bed the baby laughs, sleeps, and plays with his simple toys all the very long days. When his mother goes to church, she leaves him outside to keep warm in a hole made in the snow, with a faithful dog to drive the wolves away. Sometimes several cradles are left in a cluster, when the children set up such a chatter as to disturb the meeting.

In Persia, when an Armenian baby is born, it is sprinkled with salt, and left to itself for nearly twenty-four hours. This is done to harden it. The baby is tied in its crib, and the little feet are left bare even in the coldest weather. The mothers blacken the eyebrows and eyelashes; and a little girl's ears are pierced for rings often when a day old, and always before they are four days old.

The day a Chinese baby is born it is called one year old. When the next New Year's Day comes, even if it

happens to be the day after it is born, it is two years old and thereafter every New Year's Day is its birthday. The winter cradle is shaped like an hour glass, open above and below. The waist holds the child in, and the hands are left free to play with odd-looking rattles. If the baby is a boy, the top of his head is shaved when he is four weeks old, and after that is shaved once a week.

In India the baby is rocked in a swing. The mother takes a long cloth and ties the two ends together over a small rafter in the low roof of the house, and puts the baby into the fold of the cloth. When they go out to work in the field, the cloth is fastened to the branch of some tree. When it gets sick, the mother thinks some one of the gods or devils that the family worship must be angry; and so she calls a sacred man, who wears a yellow cloth and pretends to tell secrets, and asks him what is the matter with the child. He takes two or three little idols out of his bag, and puts them down on the ground before him repeating some prayers to them, and then pretends to hear what they say. Then he tells the woman she has not given her offerings properly, and makes her go and bring a few pennies, a little rice, and even a chicken. The seer takes for himself and goes away, telling her the child will get well. —Little Missionary.

A Rat Railroad.

There was recently in Paris a Russian by name of Duorof, who was supposed to know more about the nature of rats than any other man living. He has made a business of training them to do queer things, and at the same time has carefully studied their habits and ways.

A contributor who visited him and his two hundred and thirty free and ordinarily uncaged rats found him in the act of exhibiting his 'rat' railway.

It consisted of a narrow track laid in a circle, upon which were three passenger-carriages, large enough to hold five or six rats apiece, a luggage-van, and a pretty little engine.

Presently a cage was brought in which contained a considerable number of rats. Duorof clapped his hands together three times, and all the rats came running out of the cage and swarming into and about the little station.

He clapped his hands again, and half a dozen black and sleek rats—very respectable, corpulent fellows—climbed into the first carriage, which was a first-class.

Once more Duorof clapped and a half-dozen black and white rats, quite regularly marked, got into the second-class carriage, while an indiscriminately marked and rather disreputable-looking company scrambled into the last carriage, which was third-class.

A black rat, who did duty as the station-master, promenaded up and down on the platform of the little house, while two or three small white rats dragged some little trucks into a luggage-van. These were the porters.

A whistle was heard, the driver-rat climbed upon the engine, and a pointsman rushed to the points. Again the whistle sounded, and the train moved off round the track.

The training of the rats to the performance of this feat was, M. Duorof declared, extremely easy, except in the case of the porters, whose education had caused him a great deal of trouble. Each party of 'passengers' had been placed, one party at a time, at their breakfast hour, opposite the carriage to which they belonged, in which some soaked bread had already been placed. At his signal they had been liberated, and had quickly found the bread. —Harper's Young People.

BEATEN BISCUIT.—Aunt Hannah's pride was her old fashioned beaten or kneaded biscuit, and this is her recipe: One quart of best flour, half a teaspoonful of lard chopped fine and rubbed thoroughly into the flour. Mix with cold water just as stiff as possible, so stiff that you feel almost hopeless of ever doing anything with it. Put it on a board and knead until it is perfectly pliable and makes a popping sound under your hand from the air bubbles breaking in it, and until you can pull it down in long strips. These tests are infallible, but you have to knead hard and long before the dough will answer to them. When it does you can make the biscuit. Break off pieces about the size of an egg, mold them into round balls, and roll three quarters of an inch thick with a rolling pin. Stick through and through five or six times with a fork. The oven must be well heated, but not too hot, or they will be underdone in the middle and all their excellence ruined. They will cook in twenty minutes, if the oven is properly heated. A quart of flour makes twenty-four biscuits of ordinary size. —Ladies' Home Journal

Home Hints.

Always cut onions, turnips and carrots across the fibre.

Salt rubbed on the black spots on dishes will remove them.

Use a short handled paint brush to wash the outside of window sills.

Wood ashes very finely sifted are good for scouring knives and tinware.

Try thin slices of pork on the breast of a turkey or chicken when roasting.

To clean a sewing machine of oil and dirt, go over it with a rag with coal oil.

Machine oil can be removed by rubbing it with brown soap in cold water, before the whole piece is washed.

Rain water and white castile soap in a lukewarm suds are the best mixture in which to wash embroideries.

If a shirt bosom or any other article has been scorched in ironing lay it where the bright sunshine will fall directly on it.

To take out mildew: Mix soft soap with powdered starch, half as much salt, and the juice of one lemon: lay it on the part, on both sides, with brush; let it lay on the grass day and night till the stain comes out.

An old housewife says that the toughest beef and chicken can be made tender and palatable by using a spoon of good cider vinegar in the pot in which it is boiling, or in the juice in which the same are baked when roasting. It does not injure the flavor in the least.

All Sorts.

Happy is he who has learned to do his work conscientiously, and then, without anxious questionings or haunting fears, leave the results wholly with God.

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Irate German to stranger who has stepped on his toe: 'Mine friend, I know mine feet are meant to be walked on but dot privilege belongs to me.'

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Everything that happens to us leaves some trace behind; everything contributes imperceptibly to make us what we are.

A BOY'S ESSAY ON BREATH.—Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, and sometimes with our livers, except at night, when our breath keeps life going through our noses while we sleep. If it wasn't for our breath, we should die, whenever we slept. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe: they should wait till they get out doors. For a lot of boys staying in a room make carbonic acid; and carbonic acid is more poisonous than mad dogs though not just the same way. It does not bite; but that's no matter as long as it kills you.'

Don't commit suicide on account of your "incurable" blood disease. The sensible thing for you to do is to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. If that fails, why then—keep on trying, and it will not fail. The trouble is, people get discouraged too soon. "Try, try, try again."

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