

Counting the Steps.

"O, how many steps there are to take!"
Said Madge in her own sweet way.
"There are steps for baby and grandmam-
ma,
And it's nothing but steps all day.
Now papa calls me, I must surely go
And Tommy says, 'Find my ball,'
But the steps I take for you, mamma,
I never count them at all."

"And why does my darling never count
The steps that she takes for me?
"Because," and closing her lips with a kiss
"I love you so, don't you see?"

She drew away, but the tears ran fast
From eyes that had wearily grown;
For I had so long been counting the steps,
As I took them, one by one—
A child of His yet needing to learn,
With so many steps to take,
Then we never count them as we go,
When taken for Christ's own sake.

[A Step] Downward.

The door of a substantial looking
brown stone house opened as if some
one were in great haste, and a young
girl appeared on the threshold. "Pink,
Pink, wait for me, a voice could be
heard calling from within, and present-
ly a girl bearing a striking resemblance
to the first comer helped to fill
up the doorway.

"Twins, without a doubt," a passer-
by observed to himself, as he glanced
up at the brown-haired, brown-eyed
sisters, between whom a stranger could
not detect a mite of difference. To be
sure, Pink generally wore the color
for which she had been nick-named,
while Brownie clung fondly to her
own sober hue.

"That's the only way we can tell
them apart," their acquaintances would
declare, and indeed some of the in-
imate friends of the family failed to
decide which was Cornelia and which
was Margaret Landon.

Brownie looked down the street and
exclaimed, "Why they're out of sight
already! What was the hurry? The
festival doesn't begin until eight."

"Oh! Miss Particular was afraid of
being late, as usual. She had to look
out for her scholars, and I don't know
what all. So mamma and papa said
they would take the children and walk
on with her."

"It just makes me sick, the fuss they
make over that girl," remarked
Brownie. "I wish she had never come
to live with us. There's going to be
trouble if she stays. We just hate
her, and she acts as if we weren't
worth noticing half the time. Why,
what's this coming? The expressman,
I do declare! and he's bringing a bun-
dle here!"

"This Mrs. Landon's, miss?" the
man asked as he ascended the stoop
with the aforesaid bundle in his arms.

"Yes, I'll take it," said Pink, quick-
ly, and after the man had departed,
she added, "I wonder what it can be?"
Oh! I know! it's Aunt Mary's New
Year's presents for us. She said she
would buy them before she went to the
train and send them up."

"Let's take them up to mamma's
room."

Having carried out this idea, the
girls threw the bundle on the bed and
stood looking at it wistfully.

"Say," suggested Brownie, "Let's
open it. We may as well see the
things now as wait until to-morrow."

"All right; we'll tell mamma we did
it. Here goes," and Pink hurriedly
untied the string, opened the paper
covering, and disclosed to view articles
too numerous to mention. "This is
for Cousin May," she remarked, hold-
ing up a handsomely bound book, "just
what I wanted, and the very volume,
too, that I've been longing for; and
look what she has sent me—a horrid
plaque—I hate plaques! and yours is
a satin jewel case—I can't abide them
either. I wonder if Aunt Mary con-
sidered May more intelligent than we
are."

Brownie wasn't particular what her
present was, but she grieved because
dear Pink was disappointed. "To tell
the truth," she said, rapidly, trying to
think only of her sister's pleasure, "I
don't believe Aunt Mary thought much
about it. She was in a hurry to con-
tinue her journey, so she bought these
things and put our names on any of
them. If you want the book—"

She hesitated, and Pink held her
breath at the suggestion and the pause
implied. Then she said, "Well?"

"Why, we'll put the paper contain-
ing your name on the book, and
May's on the plaque. Aunt Mary
would be willing if she knew."

Pink could not trust herself to
speak. She wanted that book, oh! so
much, but could she ask Brownie to
do a deceitful act on her account?
On the other hand, had she the cour-
age to speak out and prevent the
wrong?

While her sister was wavering,
Brownie quickly settled the question
herself, Pink's name was laid in the
book, and her cousin's name fastened
with a string to the plaque. Then

the bundle was tied up just as it had
been before, and the girls slowly
started on their way to the festival.

"Brownie," said Pink, who was the
first to break the silence, "I almost
wish we hadn't."
"Well, you didn't."
"Yes, I did; we are one, you know,
and are responsible for each other's
actions."

"Pshaw! don't try to make me re-
gret it, now that it's done. Pink I did
it for love of you. I couldn't have
done it for myself. And, after all, I
merely rectified Aunt Mary's mistake.
Let's think no more about it. Now
here we are at the church, and we're
as late as can be."

When the girls entered the lecture
room where the festival was being
held, they found that the principal
speaker for the evening was just
finishing an address.

"My dear young people," he was say-
ing, "beware then of that downward
step. It may be a wrong thought, it
may be an act of deceit, it may even
be a deliberate lie, but whatever it is,
it leads to a lower step, and that to a
still lower, until we find ourselves go-
ing downward rapidly. Let us strive
every day to take the higher steps
which lead in the end to the Home of
Everlasting Happiness."

It seemed to Pink as if the words
had been said directly to her and
Brownie. She glanced toward her
sister, wondering if they had startled
her, but Brownie appeared to be en-
grossed in a refractory glove button,
and apparently had paid no attention
to the speaker. "I wish we had not
touched the bundle," Pink kept saying
to herself, "or if we had only gone
back and undid the mischief."

"Wasn't Mr. Loyd's address inter-
esting?" were May's first words when
the exercises were concluded.

"Didn't hear much of it," Brownie
replied carelessly, "we came in late."

Pink said nothing, but her eyes looked
daggery at innocent May.
On reaching home, Mrs. Landon
espied some mail in the letter box.

"Why, here's a letter from your Aunt
Mary, too. It's a wonder you girls
didn't notice it when you were coming
away."

"We didn't think to look," answered
Brownie. "The bundle came and we
carried it up to your room."

Before they removed their wraps
the letter was read aloud, and this is
what it said:
"My dear ones:—I hope you will be
pleased with my selections. In my
hurry I fear I made a mistake. I
meant the book for Pink; it is one she
has wanted, I know. So if I have put
the wrong name on it, please see that
my mistake is corrected. Wishing
you a happy New Year, I remain,
Your loving Aunt Mary."

"Very well," remarked Mrs. Landon,
"that matter shall be attended to, but
nothing is to be touched to night.
Now off to bed, all of you."

Brownie was the last to kiss her
parents good night. Turning to go up
to her room, she saw a girlish form
disappearing down the lower stairs.

"What's Pink up to now, I wonder?"
she said to herself, and hastily ran in
pursuit of the fleeing figure.

There was no light in the sitting
room, but Brownie could see the sup-
posed fugitive standing before the ice
pitcher, as if about to take a drink.

"Say," she whispered, "it's all right
now, isn't it? The change would have
been made anyhow, even if we hadn't
opened the bundle and put your name
in the book. I wouldn't have had
May keep it from you for the world."

At that moment a light could be
seen through the crack of the door.
The next instant the door was thrown
open and Pink entered with a candle
in her hand. Brownie gazed at her in
consternation, and then turned and
discovered that she had been betray-
ing herself to May.

The three girls stared at one another.
Then May said, with a pained look,
"If I had supposed you had taken me
for Pink, I should have spoken at
once. As it is—"

"As it is," cried Brownie, excitedly,
"you know all."

Pink instantly comprehended, and
tears of anger and mortification filled
her eyes.

"Never mind, girls," added May,
kindly, "let's forget the matter. I
don't care about the book. I'd rather
give up twenty books than have you
girls dislike me. Can't we try to be
more like our Savior and give to each
other some of the love he has bestowed
on us?"

The girls were astonished to hear
these words from May. She had said
so little to them since she entered the
family that they imagined she despised
them. The truth was that they had
treated her so coldly that she shrank
from making any advances. But now
she held out her arms and they will-
ingly received her loving embrace, and
the girls, wondering as much at them-
selves as at the cousin whom they
were only beginning to understand,

kissed her affectionately before start-
ing again for their room.

That night Pink fell into an uneasy
sleep. Her dreams seemed to be of
nothing but downward steps, and once
she was falling swiftly to the bottom.
She woke with a start and found that
Brownie was up and sitting in a chair
by the window.

"What is it, Brownie?"

"Pink, I can't sleep. That down-
ward step haunts me. Ever since we
heard those words they have been
ringing in my ears. We have been
taking downward steps; lately, and we
will still be going downward if we de-
ceive father and mother in regard to
that book. We must confess our
wickedness to them and to Aunt Mary.
I have tried to think it is all right,
but I can't be convinced. I know
you are suffering, too, dear. In the
morning we can tell the others, but
now let us tell God about it."

"Yes, Brownie, we were one in guilt;
let us be one in asking forgiveness."
United Presbyterian.

Boy Character.

It is the greatest delusion in the
world for a boy to get the idea that
his life is of no consequence, and that
the character of it will not be noticed.

A manly, truthful boy will shine like
a star in any community. A boy may
possess as much of noble character as
a man. He may so speak and so live
the truth that there shall be no dis-
count on his word. And there are
such noble christian boys; and wider
and deeper than they are apt to think
is their influence. They are the king
boys among their fellows, having an
immense influence for good, and loved
and respected because of the simple
fact of living the truth.

Dear boys, do be truthful. Keep
your word as absolutely sacred. Keep
your appointments at the house of
God. Be known for your fidelity to
the interests of the church and Sun-
day-school. Be true to every friend-
ship. Help others to be and do good.

KINGSLEY AND THE BUTTERFLY.

As everybody knows, Charles Kings-
ley loved well "both man and bird and
beast." This feature in his character
was curiously displayed one Sunday
in church. He was just about to enter
the pulpit to preach his sermon when
all on a sudden he disappeared from
the view of the congregation. What
was amiss? It was soon seen, how-
ever, that nothing serious had hap-
pened. He had only stooped in
search of something on the floor, which,
when found, he had taken to the vestry.
And what was this something, do you think?
An injured butterfly which was fluttering
about. Being unable to fly away,
owing to its hurt Kingsley was afraid
it might be trodden on, and so he had
interrupted the service of the church
until he had removed the wounded in-
sect out of harm's way.—London Tid-
bits.

Home Hints.

The days of house cleaning have
come—the saddest of the year.

Mint Sauce—Pick, wash and shred
fine some fresh mint, put on it a tea-
spoonful of sugar and four teaspoon-
fuls of vinegar. Nice with mutton
and lamb.

Pour on four tablespoonfuls of
whole flaxseed one quart of boiling
water and add the juice of two lemons.
Let it steep for three hours, keeping
it closely covered. Sweeten to taste.
Excellent for colds.

Egg Sauce for Fish—Take one cup-
ful of butter, rub into it one teaspoon-
ful of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt,
and a quarter of a teaspoonful of black
pepper; then add a pint of cold water.
Heat it, stirring all the time; when it
begins to simmer, remove it from the
fire, and add two hard-boiled eggs
chopped fine.

A Dish of Happiness—Take one
large spoonful of usefulness, one cup
of love for mother, another cup of love
for your little brothers and sisters a
whole pound of wishes to make others
happy, and a very small teaspoonful
of wishing to be happy yourself; mix
it all up together, and see if it doesn't
make the nicest kind of an afternoon
for anybody.

There is nothing better for a styte
than what is known as an alum curd.
Whip the white of an egg until well
broken then stir and beat into it as
much alum as will make the mixture
about the consistency of a salve. Ap-
ply copiously on a soft cloth and re-
new frequently. This will be found
very soothing also where an ingrowing
toe-nail has formed a proud flesh.

Equal portions of cornmeal and red
lead mixed with molasses and spread
on plates will destroy roaches. I put
it in several dishes and set them on
the floor, and at 9 o'clock set them
out to see if they ate it. The dishes
were so covered with roaches that the

mixture was scarcely visible. The
next night there were fewer at the
feast, and in a week not a roach was
seen. I lived seven years thereafter
in the same house and never saw one.
To make lime water put about a
pound of unsalted lime in a large bowl
pour over this three quarts of boiling
water. Let it stand for ten minutes
then stir well with a stick. Place the
bowl in a cool place for eight or
ten hours; at the end of that
time pour off the clear water
letting the sediment remain in
the bottom of the bowl. Bottle the
clear water and keep it in a convenient
place. A tablespoon of this may be
added to a glass of milk to be given
to a patient with an acid stomach. In
case of burns cover the burned parts
with a cloth wet by pouring on a little
of the water as often as the cloth dries.

All Sorts.

It is said that some of the health-
iest children in the world are found in
the Scottish Highlands, where shoes
are seldom worn at an earlier age than
twelve or thirteen.

Boys and girls from Maine remem-
ber Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.
Now don't deny it.

"I hear you have been sick."
"Yes, I've been sick,—very sick.
Had brain fever, and right in my
head, too—the very worst place I
could have it."

The best medical authorities have
pronounced Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be
the most skillfully-adjusted combina-
tion of alteratives and tonics known
to pharmacy. It is this fact which
has earned for it the well merited
title of the Superior Medicine.

"What did the minister preach
about?" asked the housewife who had
stayed at home to get the family din-
ner.

"He preached about Lot's wife."
"Well," said she, "I should like to
have him preach about the wife's lot."

An occasional bottle of Ayer's Sar-
saparilla does more to correct the
tendency of the blood to accumulate
humors, and keep the organs sound
and healthy, than any other treatment
we know of. "Prevention is better
than cure." Try it this month.

There are lots of people who mix
their religion with business, but for-
get to stir it up well. As a result the
business invariably rises to the top.

Real merit is characteristic of Hood's
Sarsaparilla, and is manifested every
day in the remarkable cures the medi-
cine accomplishes.

An Englishman sat at a restaurant
table critically viewing the soup he
had ordered.

"What is it?" said he.

"It's bean soup," answered the wait-
er.

"I don't care what it's been," retort-
ed the Englishman, "I want to know
what it is."

One Better Than Thirteen.

William F. Goetehins, Esq., con-
tractor and builder, office 552 Seventh
Avenue, New York City, writes: "I
have suffered from dyspepsia for a
number of years and was confined to
my house for five months. Have had
thirteen New York and Mount Ver-
non doctors (will name them if neces-
sary) attending me but failed to get
any benefit. I tried K. D. O., and am
pleased to say the effect was magical.
I have tried probably every known
remedy for dyspepsia, and found none
to benefit me, until I took K. D. O.
I recommend K. D. O., as the dyspep-
tic's best friend. Try it and prove
what I say."

Kept After School.

"I am sorry," said the teacher,
"To keep you, Tom and Joe;
I do not like to punish you,
Because it grieves me so."
But hopeful Tommy whispered
To naughty little Joe,
"If she's so very sorry,
May be she'll let us go!"

ABOUT TWO months ago I was nearly
wild with headaches. I started taking
Burdock Blood Bitters, took two
bottles and my headaches have now al-
together disappeared. I think it is a
grand medicine.

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were beyond the skill of the best phy-
sician. Had they used Bickie's Anti-
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late, their lives would have been
saved. This medicine has been equal
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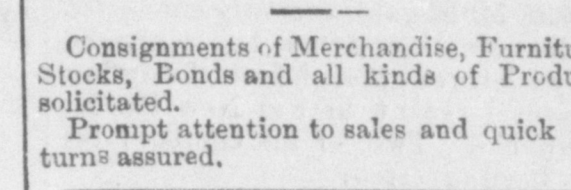
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