Baby Gone to School.

The baby has gone to school, ah, me!
What will mother do,
With never a call to button, or pin,
Or tie a little shoe?
How can she keep herself busy all day,
With the little "hindering thing" away?

Another basket to fill with lunch,
Another "good-bye" to say,
And the mother stands at the door to see
Her baby march away,
And turns with a sigh that is half relief
And half a something akin to grief.

She thinks of a possible future morn,
When the children, one by one,
Will go from their home out into the world
To battle with life alone,
And not even the baby be left to cheer
The desolate home of that future year

She picks up garment here and there,
Thrown down in careless haste,
And tries to think how it would seem
If nothing were displaced.
If the house were always still as this,
How could she bear the loneliness?

Mothers' Boys and Boys Mothers.

Among my many young acquaintances were two boys about the same age and who were born and brought up in the same street and went to the same school, but who were so totally different in their disposition and behaviour as to make me often wonder what there could be that made the one so attractive and welcome, while the other, although, if anything, more carefully trained in the fine points of etiquette, was never a favorite, especially with older people. Harold, the one whom we all loved so dearly, was not handsome, but his pleasant expression and cheerful voice and manner made up for his irregular features. He would come bounding in sometimes rather noisily, and while removing his cap would begin the recital of some exciting thing, and although you would find on investigation that he had been on some errand of mercy to man or beast or bird, he was never the hero of his own story. We called him the Breezy Boy, for the air seemed fresher after his coming. How well I recall an incident which showed the boy's true nature! It was a hot day in July, one of those days when the heat not only descends from the cloudless sky, but seems also to radiate from the parched earth. Harold was passing a neighbor's house and saw standing on the porch a little girl of his acquaintance sobbing bitterly, while her mother was dividing her attention between trying to reassure her and watching something that was fluttering in a tree near by. Harold approached and learned that the pet canary had escaped from its cage and taken refuge in the shade trees. In an instant his jacket was hanging over the bulustrade and Harold was struggling up the trunk of the tree as well as he was able. All his strength was taxed to reach the first limb, and after a moment's pause in which he did not forget to look smilingly down to hide his effort, he again mounted to the upper branches where the canary had been perching but a moment before, only to see him escape his hand and fly to a tree a short distance away. Another outburst of grief from the little maiden brought him quickly down and, regardless of the heat, which combined with his exercise had made him very uncomfortable and not a little out of breath. He called to her to get the cage ready, as he would surely have the bird in a minute, and then as dexterously and nimbly scrambled up the second tree, but with more caution as he approached the bird. I had watched the whole proceeding from my window, and as I saw him take the bird in his hand and began his descent, I went across to where my neighbor and her girl were waiting with the empty cage not a little curious to see how he would manage to get down with a bird in one hand.

A moment more and he was with us, both hands empty, the prespiration streamiug down his purple red face, his hair in disorder and his trousers torn. but such a beaming smile over it all that no one doubted his success, although there seemed to be no evidence of it. Coming quite up to the lady who held the cage, he thrust one soiled and scratched hand into the bosom of his shirt and drew from thence the bird, who seemed neither frightened nor hurt, so tenderly did he hold it and in a way that gave the bird confidence in his captor, so that it seemed almost disinclined to leave his captor. I was touched with two things. The utter forgetfulness of self and ready sympathy and helping hand, and the thoughtful care of the bird that placed it beyond harm, and the tenderness that appealed even to the heart of a canary.

I'll tell you what George would have done in this case. He would have stopped and lifted his cap to the exact point of finished etiquette and enquired in the most deferential way of my friends, all the particulars of the bird's escape. He would have expressed effusively his sympathy, and possibly suggested some allurement to attract the bird, and then continued his journey without another thought about it. The idea of stripping off his coat and venturing up that tree would never have suggested itself to him, and yet to outward appearance he was the more polished little man of the two.

I happened to be at the house of Harold's mother the same evening, and I think I solved the problem. Harold's father was resting after dinner in an easy chair, enjoying his evening cigar; his mother was mending his torn trousers, when Harold came in and going straight to his mother, put his arm about her neck and said a little German sentence (very bad German at that) which meant that he was sorry the naughty canary bird made her so much trouble. Harold had commenced his German lessons only a few months past, and as his mother was taking lessons with him, they had all their little confidences in the new language. The father observing that there was an apology implied in the manner of Harold, not understanding the words, remarked, 'Well, my son, what have you been up to today that your mother has trousers to mend at this hour?'

'Up to,' said Harold, not disrespectfully, 'Up to a tree.' The mother smiled. 'What do you mean by that?' said his father. 'You and your mother are such chums of late. In fact you are your mother's own boy, and I'm not a little jealous of you. Come here and tell me the true episode.'

'Well,' said Harold, without the least show of heroism, Mabel's bird got out of the cage and flew up in one of the big maple trees. I tore my trousers trying to get it for her, and, oh! how that bird did tickle me with its wings. You see I had to climb down with the bird, and to have the use of my hands I put it in my bosom, and I could feel its little heart beating with fatigue and fright. But mother has taught me how to handle birds so as not to hurt or alarm them, and so I had actually to drive him on to his perch, he clung so to my hand; but father, you should have seen little Mable's face. I'd climb a dozen trees a day for such a look of gladness!'

'And I'd mend a dozen pair of trousers a day for such a deed of disinterested kindness. Harold you make every stitch a pleasure, and I'm proud of you, my boy.'

His father shook hands with him. But the look on his mother's face and the caress he gave her as he seated himself beside her and took a book to read aloud while she finished the repair, was a look into the hearts of both and I knew that Harold was a mother's boy because she was a boy's mother.

How few mothers of boys consider that their comraderie is sometimes the anchor to the boy's heart. That to have a mother companion instead of a mother dictater, would be the sign of a happy boyhood and the seal of a noble manhood.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

"In a Minute."

'Don't fret. I'll be there in a minute.' But, my friend, a minute means a good deal, notwithstanding you affect to hold it of no consequence. Did you every stop to think what may happen in a minute? No. Well, why you are murdering a minute for yourself and one for me, before we get ready for the business we have in hand, I will amuse you by telling you some things that will happen meantime.

In a minute we shall be whirled around on the outside of the earth by its diurnal motion of a distance of thirteen miles. At the same time we shall have gone along with the earth on its grand journey around the sun 1,080 miles. Pretty quick travelling, you say? Why, that is slow work compared with the rate of travel of that ray of light which was just now reflected from that mirror. A minute ago that ray was 11,160,000 miles away.

In a minute, all over the world, about eighty new-born infants have each raised a wail of protest as if against thrusting existence upon them while as many more human beings, weary with the struggle of life, have opened their lips to utter their last sigh.

In a minute the lowest sound your ear can catch has been made by 600 vibrations, while the highest tone reached you after making 2,228,000 vibrations.

In a minute an express train goes a mile, and a street-car thirty-two rods the fastest trotting horse 148 rods and an average pedestrian has gone over 16 rods.

Each minute, night and day, by the official reports, the United States collects $639, and spends $461. The interest on the public debt was $96 a minute last year, or just exactly equal to the amount of silver mined in that time. The telephone is used 136 times.

But I am afraid that you will forget that we are talking about a minute, sixty seconds of time. No? Well. then, every minute 600 pounds of wool grows in this country, and we have to dig 61 tons of anthracite coal and 200 tons of bituminous coal, while of pig-iron we turn out 11 tons, and of steel rails 3 tons. In this minute you have kept me waiting. 15 kegs of nails have been made, 12 bales of cotton have been taken from the fields, while $66 of gold have been dug from the earth. In the same time the United States mints turned out coins to the value of $121, and 42 acres of the public domain have been sold or given away.—*Cleveland Press.*

An Austrian Banker.

An Austrian Banker lately went to Vienna on business. He arrived in the evening, travelling with a large, handsome dog. The two put up at a hotel, and the next morning the gentleman went out, bidding care to be taken that his dog did not stray from the house. The chamber-maid went to make up the banker's room. Bruno was very pleased to see her, wagged his huge tail, licked her hands, and made friends thoroughly until, her business being done, she was about to leave. Not so. Bruno calmly stretched himself full length before the door. He explained as fully as possible that 'he knew his duty.' No one should leave his master's room in his absence. When the girl tried to pull the door open sufficiently for her to slip out he growled, showed his teeth, and finally tried them on her legs.

The woman's screams brought another maid, and yet another, and then in succession all the waiters. Bruno was glad to let them all in, but he allowed no one out. The room became pretty well crowded, and every bell in the house meanwhile rang, while the walls echoed cries of 'Waiter! waiter!' Finally the lady who kept the hotel appeared and pushed her way irately into the room, asking angrily, as she walked in, what sort of panic they were all holding here. Bruno let her in too, but not out again—oh, no! When the lady's husband appeared she called loudly, for heaven's sake, to keep outside, to send messengers scouring the city for the banker, and meanwhile to endeavor to pacify the angry customers down stairs.

That Austrian banker was a welcome man when he arrived.

A Word With Boys.

When a boy is patient and persevering, and conquer difficulties, it is a sign he will make his mark in the world. If he worries, and frets, and stews, it is a sign he is likely to die prematurely, or live to little purpose. If he is in a hurry to spend his money as he gets it, he will never be rich, but a spendthrift. If he hoards up his pennies, and will not part with one for any good cause, he is likely to be a miser. If he is careful, and economical, and generous, he may or may not be rich, but he will have the blessings of God; and if he is a christian who attends to his religious duties, he will never want. If he is obedient to his parents, he has the promise that his 'days shall be long in the land'. If he is lazy and indifferent, and neglects his duties, he will grow up a dunce, and men cannot respect him. If he reads novels, or trashy, vile papers, instead of bright, helpful literature, he will probably end his days in prison. If he loves his religion, and his church, and his Sunday school, he will be good and useful, and occupy an honorable position among men. Are you patient persevering, prayerful, contented, careful, generous and good, my reader? Are you trying to be? If not, decide to do so at once.

Dogs Helping Each Other.

A horse trough in one of the suburbs of Sydney was the scene of a funny incident the other afternoon. Two dogs, water spaniels, were trotting along, when they came to this place, and stopped for a drink. They were both thirsty, but neither was tall enough to reach the trough; and they talked the matter over as dogs will, and wondered why they had not been treated with as much consideration as horses. Presently they solved the problem. One of them ranged himself under the edge of the trough; and the other resting his hind feet on his companion's back, was able to reach the pool and slack his thirst. When he had finished he hoped down, seemed to say that the water was good, and then in turn ranged himself under the edge of the trough, and the other reached up for the drink he had earned When he was satisfied they trotted away together, as well contented as any man cou'd be who had met a problem and vanquished it.—*The Dawn.*

ABOUT CARD PLAYING.—I have all my days had a card-playing community open to my observation, and I am unable to believe that that which is the universal resort of the starved in soul and intellect, which has never in any way linked to itself tender, elevating or beautiful associations—the tendency of which is to unduly absorb the attention from more weighty matters, can recommend itself to the favor of Christ's disciples. The presence of culture and genuis may embellish, but can never dignify it. I have this moment ringing in my ears the dying injunction of my father's early friend, 'Keep your son from cards. Over them I have murdered time and lost heaven.'—*Dr. J. G. Holland.*

Home Hints.

Royal Fruit Cake.—Take five cups of flour, five eggs, one and a half cups of brown sugar, the same amount of butter, two pounds of currants, two pounds of raisins, half a pound of citron, one cup of molasses, a small teaspoonful of soda, one-half a cup of milk, one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice, and one whole nutmeg. This should be baked for two hours in loaves. Line the pans with thick brown paper.

Breakfast Dish.—A savory breakfast dish is made from ripe tomatoes and a little cold boiled or broiled ham. Chop the ham fine, and use from a half-cup to a cupful, and put it in a saucepan with three firm tomatoes peeled and cut in slices. Add a half-tablespoonful of butter, and cook a few minutes, then add two raw eggs. Mix thoroughly, and cook until the eggs are set; season with white pepper, and serve on well-browned toast, sprinkled with chopped parsley.

A Perfect Oyster Omelette.—An oyster omelette is very appetizing, but few succeed with it. Allow a dozen large oysters to half as many eggs. Beat yolks and whites separately and to the yolks add a teaspoonful of minced parsley, four tablespoonful of milk and one of flour, with pepper and salt to taste; beat into them also one tablespoonful of melted butter. Have your pan—a large one for such an omelette—very hot, and put into it two tablespoonsful of butter to heat, but not too hot. To insure success the oysters should be first drained and dried and then fried a light brown in a little very hot butter, then set aside in a hot place until the eggs are ready. When the pan is just right, beat the whites into the yolks vigorously, pour the eggs into the pan and keep it over an even but not fierce heat. Detach the edges constantly, and when the omelette is set put the hot oysters in the middle and fold over; dish and serve just as soon as possible. Plates for omelette should always be heated.

All Sorts.

In Greenland the 'candle fish' is used as a lamp. It is about six inches long and burns for 15 minutes.

The only way to cure catarrh is to purify the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and tones up the whole system.

Maude—'Have you decided how you are going to vote?'

Miss Quivers—'Oh, yes. I'm going to vote in my new black cloth street gown with pearl buttons.

Editors as a rule, are kind-hearted and liberal. An exchange tells of a subscriber who died and left fourteen years' subscription unpaid. The editor of the paper appeared just as the undertaker was screwing down the coffin lid, put in a linen duster, a thermometer, a palm leaf fan and a recipe for making ice.

REV. GEO. H. LONG, BOISSEvain, Man., writes: For year I have been a victim of dyspepsia. Because so bad I was put upon a milk diet. Have taken four packages K. D. C. and enjoy better health since I began its use than for years before. I can heartily recommend K. D. C.

Teacher:—'What is the meaning of the word excavate?'

Scholar:—'To hollow out.'

Teacher:—Give me a sentence in which the word is properly used.'

Scholar:—The small boy excavates when his papa licks him.'

If the hair is falling out and turning gray, the glands of the skin need stimulating and color-food, and the best remedy and stimulant is Hall's Hair Renewer.

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favourite with ladies and children.

"He's a Little Feller."

Walking down the street the other day, I saw a newsboy seated on a grating in the sidewalk, up through which came a little warmth from the basement below. He had something beside him covered up with a dirty, ragged old hankerchief, and as I sat down alongside he cautioned,—

'Look out, now, don't hurt him.'

'What is it?'

He lifted the hankerchief with the greatest care, and there, on one of the iron bars, huddled up and half frozen, was a little brown sparrow just able to fly.

'Where did you get him?'

'In the street out there. Got so cold he was tuckered.'

'What will you do with him?'

'Get him good and warm and let him go. He is such a little feller, and so he orter have a fair show.'

'And he shall,' said I.

I added my efforts to Jack's and after a few minutes the bird began moving about in a lively manner and giving vent to his satisfaction in a series of chirps. Jack lifted him, gave him a toss in the air, and away he sailed for his nest under a cornice.

'He's all right now, Jack.'

'Yes, 'cause he's had a boost. Boys kin git along most anyhow,' said Jack, as he shivered in the cold blast, sweeping up from the river, 'but birds are such little fellers that we've got to sort o' h'ist and tote 'em round now and then. He's all right now, and we're all right, and good-bye to you.'

'Good-bye, Jackie,' I said, involuntarily raising my hat as the tattered, kind-hearted chappie flew round the corner.

Ignoramus: "How did England's great comic journal come to be called *Punch*?" Wiseacre: "From the *madus operandi* of getting a joke into an Englishman's head." *Puck.*

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