

## Father at Play.

Such fun as we had one rainy day,  
When father was home and helped us play!  
We made a ship and hoisted sail,  
And crossed the sea in a fearful gale—

But we hadn't sailed into London town  
When captain and crew and vessel went  
down.

Down, down in a jolly wreck,  
With the captain rolling under the deck.

But he broke out again with a lion's roar,  
And we on two legs, he on four,

Ran out of the parlor and up the stairs,  
And frightened mamma and the baby there

So mamma said she'd be policeman now,  
And she tried to rest us. She didn't know  
how.

Then the lion laughed and forgot to roar;  
Till we chased him out of the nursery door!

And then he tumbled to a pony gait,  
And carried us all on his back away.

Whippity, "ohity, hieety, heety,  
If we hadn't been, then I don't know!

Till we tumbled off, and he cantered on,  
Never stopping to see if his load was gone.

And I couldn't tell any more than he  
Which was Charlie and which was me.

Or which was Towzer, for all in a row,  
You'd think the people had turned to stone.

Till Towzer's tail was caught in the door—  
He wouldn't berrah with us any more.

And mamma came out theampus to quiet,  
And told us a story to break up the riot.  
—The Standard.

## Miner Tom's Boy.

"My, ain't that a sight!"  
And Miner Tom's boy stood with his  
hands in his pockets, watching Dick  
MacPherson and his father going along  
a crooked street, in the little hill-town  
that was his home.

Not so much of a sight a careless ob-  
server might have said, but Dick and  
his father were without an umbrella in  
the rain, pouring down out of a black-  
ened sky, and Dick had shrunk close  
up to his father's side, and Archibald  
MacPherson had thrown an arm pro-  
tecting and lovingly around his boy.  
Archibald was a big, burly fellow with  
awkward gait, and his clothes were  
shabby, but he had a big heart inside,  
and he loved Dick, and the sight of his  
care for the boy in the wild, sweeping  
rain touched Miner Tom's boy.

That was what he often was called,  
Miner Tom's boy, but his real name  
was "Billy Spaulding;" it was not  
William Spaulding.

Ten minutes after, when Billy  
Spaulding met Dick, he said: "That  
was a boss sight when you and your  
father went up the street."

"How?" asked Dick.

When your father, Dick, put his  
arm round ye."

"Well, Billy, wouldn't your father  
do it to you?"

Billy shook his head. Then he said:  
"We ain't on good terms."

"How so? You ought to be."

"He me to bring in some  
wood. I sez I was tired. He called  
me lazy. I ran out of the house and  
sez: 'Fetch the wood yourself.' That  
was yesterday. He hasn't spoke to me  
since. He never cuddles me up, rain  
or shine."

"O, fetch in the wood. You do the  
right thing yourself."

The two boys parted.

Billy went towards his home.

How unattractive it looked in the  
heavy, chilling rain. Ever since his  
wife's death, Miner Tom had been  
without a housekeeper, save at odd  
times an old woman in the neighbor-  
hood came in to do a little cooking, or  
once a week to look after the washing.

Miner Tom did the ironing and most  
of the cooking.

He was a rough man outwardly, but  
he had his tender feelings, like a ledge  
of rock that may hide in its crevices  
flowers of beauty. Just now he was  
in a very discouraged mood.

Life was like a sled whose runners  
tried to make good time over bare  
ground. His boy, Billy, had refused  
to bring wood for the fire, and what  
did Billy care for his father?

"Nothing or he would have brought  
in the wood," concluded the man.

When night came, Miner Tom would  
go to a mine where he had a job, but  
what did it matter whether he had a  
job or not? Billy did not care for him,  
and nobody in particular cared for  
Miner Tom.

Archibald MacPherson had said:  
"Tom, wash up, slick up, and go to  
church with me next Sunday comin'."

"What's the use?" was Tom's reply.

"Nobly cares for Miner Tom," he  
persisted in saying.

He was about leaving his rough  
cabin. He heard a step.

"That's Billy, his supper is ready  
on the stove, and I must be off to the  
mine, but I—I'll trounce him before I  
go for not bringing that wood in."

He caught up a lash that hung be-  
hind the door and waited, the muscles  
of his arm stiffening in readiness for  
he first cut.

When the door opened, there was  
Billy, his arms full of wood. "I—I  
thought I would bring in that wood,  
father, and I'm sorry I did not bring  
it before."

If somebody had taken a lash and  
brought it down upon, and disabled  
the arm of the miner holding his  
weapon in readiness, the effect could  
not have been greater.

Miner Tom's arm was powerless.  
He stared in surprise at Billy, and then  
clapping his old black felt hat on his  
grizzled hair, muttered: "Wall, wall!"  
and rushed out of doors.

The next morning, through the little  
mining town went the hasty rumor that  
somebody was hurt at the mine. It  
was enough to start about all the popu-  
lation in a current of rapid travel to-  
ward the mine. Little children ran,  
old men tottered and mothers flew to  
the mouth of the shaft. Billy was  
among the boys that sped like deer.

"Here, here, he comes!" cried some-  
body. "They're bringing him up!"

Up out of the mouth of the shaft  
came two miners bringing a poor, limp  
body, with arms hanging helplessly  
down, and a face pallid as with a death  
stroke.

"Some timber giv' way down in the  
mine and fell on him, and it killed him  
moster," exclaimed one of the men's  
bearers.

"Father, father?" cried a boy's voice  
in distress, and Billy Spaulding sprang  
forward.

"Bear away, there! No place for  
him here! Take Miner Tom home!"  
ordered a voice, and Miner Tom was  
carried home.

When he came to his senses, he found  
himself in his humble cabin home.

The old woman that did a share of his  
housework was crawling about, making  
things tidy, while the tea kettle on the  
stove was singing the old familiar home  
song. Billy sat by the bed, watching  
the patient, who opened his eyes and  
smiled.

"O father, you're better? The doctor  
thinks you'll pull through!"

I hope so. Thank God!" whispered  
the man.

When had Miner Tom thanked God  
before?

"Billy!" he went on to say slowly,  
"I have thought life wasn't worth the  
livin', and I ain't—been what to ye—  
what I oughter—but you fetched the  
wood in and I sez—'Billy cares for me!'  
I've something to live for." And when  
the timber struck me—another was  
comin'—but I said—'For Billy's sake—'  
I'll crawl out of the way, and if—I'm  
spared, try to be a better man—go to  
church with Archie MacPherson and  
be somebody." And the doctor sez I'll  
pull through."

Again he said: "Thank God!" And  
Miner Tom's boy also said in his heart:  
Thank God!"

A boy's obedience had led to a father's  
reformation.—The Presbyterian.

## Could You Have Guessed?

Chrissy and Beth had gone to make  
a visit at their grandfather's in the  
country. The first morning after they  
got there they were awake very early,  
but early as it was when they went  
down stairs they found grandma and  
Aunt Emma there before them, making  
preparations for breakfast. The little  
girls watched these and talked with  
grandma and auntie and played with  
the kitten for a few minutes, and then  
Chrissy said:

"There's grandma coming up to the  
house, Beth! Let's go to meet him."

So off they ran, and after exchanging  
good morning kisses with grandma, they  
walked along, one on each side of him.  
Beth got hold of one hand, then Chrissy  
wanted the other but grandma was hid-  
ing something in that hand and so kept  
it behind his back out of sight.

"I will give the thing I have in my  
hand to the one who guesses first what  
it is," said he, "and I will tell you a  
riddle about it to help you."

"O, goody!" exclaimed Beth.

"That will be lovely," said Chrissy.

They listened attentively while  
grandpa slowly and more than once re-  
peated the riddle:

"In marble walls as white as milk,  
Lined with a skin as soft as silk,  
Within a fountain crystal clear,  
A golden apple doth appear.  
No doors there are to this stronghold,  
Yet things break in and steal the gold."

Then the children tried to guess the  
answer, and they thought so hard that  
the funniest little wrinkle came into  
Chrissy's forehead, and another ex-  
actly like it into Beth's, but with all  
their thinking they could not find out  
what it was until grandpa said:

"Do you want to go over to the  
barn and hunt for some more like it?  
I think there will be some there."

"Eggs! eggs!" screamed both girls  
in a breath. "Is it an egg, grandpa?"

For answer he opened his hand and  
showed them a smooth white egg, say-  
ing, "Well, whose shall it be? You  
both guessed it at once."

"You might give it to us both, and  
then if I gave you my half of it and  
Beth gave you hers, it would be your.

again, and you could have it poached  
to eat with your breakfast," suggested  
Chrissy.

Beth assented to this, and so grand-  
pa thanked them both very politely,  
after which they all went to the barn  
and had great fun looking for eggs.

When they had found all they could,  
and had started to go back to the  
house, they saw Aunt Emma come out  
of the kitchen door and begin ringing  
a bell to call them in to breakfast.

The children waved their handker-  
chiefs to her to show that they heard  
and were coming. As they were walk-  
ing back Chrissy asked her grandpa  
if he made up the riddle about the egg  
himself.

"No," said he, "it was in a book of  
nursery rhymes I used to have when I  
was a little boy."

"There is one thing in it I don't  
understand," said Beth; "that about  
the 'skin as soft as silk.'"

"I don't either," said Chrissy; "I'm  
sure an eggshell isn't much like silk."

"We'll examine one and see," said  
grandpa, and as they had reached the  
house by that time he asked Aunt  
Emma to break an egg. Then the  
girls saw the thin silky covering just  
inside the shell, which they had never  
noticed before.

"There is a great deal to be seen if  
you only keep your eyes open," said  
grandpa.

A few minutes afterward they were  
all seated around the table eating some  
of the eggs and the other good things  
provided for breakfast.—N. Y. Advo-  
cate.

## Sponges.

When you use your sponge, do you  
ever ask yourself where it came from,  
whether it grew or was made?

The sponge is a collection of animals, really,  
which lay eggs that hatch and increase  
the size of the sponge. The best  
sponges are found in the Mediterranean.  
They used to be caught by naked divers,  
and even with them; but they have  
grown scarce, and are caught in deep  
waters that require expert divers in  
diving suits. Sponges are found in  
the Pacific Ocean, the Atlantic and the  
Indian Ocean.

The Greeks are said to be the best  
divers in the world. A glass is placed  
at the end of a large tube. The boat  
engaged in sponge-fishing goes slowly  
over the ground while an expert  
watches the bottom through the large  
tube, the glass of which is beneath the  
surface. The water is so clear that  
the bottom can be seen at a great  
depth. When the sponges are dis-  
covered, the divers put on their suits  
and go to the bottom, and the sponges  
are brought to the surface.

In the waters of the West Indies  
the sponges are secured in comparatively  
shallow water. A box or bucket is  
used, with a pane of glass inserted in  
the bottom. The sponge-fisher puts  
his face into this, and when he dis-  
covers sponges brings them to the  
surface with a hook. The large woolly  
sponge, as you would imagine, is called  
a sheep sponge.

All sponges have to be prepared for  
market. As is taken from the water they  
are unfit for use, and must be cleaned,  
and bleached to some extent. The  
very white, hard sponges are over-  
treated, and not so good as those  
cleaned without too free a use of acid.  
The best sponges are found in the  
deep sea waters.

## A Kangaroo's Instinct.

A gentleman living in the wilds of  
Australia beguiled the lonely life there  
by taming various animals. His pets  
almost filled the place of the missing  
family.

A kangaroo was a great favorite.  
But he did not care to keep his twin  
babies, so when he thought they were  
old enough to be safely taken from the  
mother he gave one to a friend "in the  
bush," who lived about eight miles  
south of his place, and the other to a  
gentleman twenty miles north.

The mother kangaroo mourned for  
days hopelessly, then one morning she  
was missing. A few days later she  
was found in the morning ensconced  
in her old haunt, contentedly crooning  
over the babe supposed to be south.  
She was kept more confined after this,  
but one night she managed to escape  
again, and in a few days returned with  
the other. No effort afterward was  
made to kidnap her babies, and she  
cared for them fondly till at last they  
died. They had never been strong  
nor taken kindly to their life of cap-  
tivity, a fact common to most wild  
animals. An old animal may do well,  
but their young rarely.

How did she trace out these widely  
separated young kangaroos?—Keziah  
Shelton.

## What Puzzled Margery.

This is Margery's first year in school,  
and she is greatly interested in every-  
thing that occurs. One morning re-  
cently, she came home at noon greatly

excited: "O mamma," she said, "what  
do you think? Our teacher stopped  
right in the middle of a music-lesson  
and asked us how many turnips there  
are in a bushel. We just couldn't un-  
derstand what that had to do with our  
music."

Mamma couldn't understand it either,  
and the more positive Margery grew  
about the matter, the more her mama  
felt she must be mistaken. Finally,  
to satisfy her own mind, one morning  
when she met the teacher, Margery's  
mamma asked her what she had meant  
by asking the children how many  
turnips there are in a bushel, during a  
music-lesson.

The teacher, too, was just as puzzled  
as Margery had been.

"Why, surely, I didn't ask such a  
question as that," she said. Then,  
after thinking a moment, she exclaimed  
laughing:

"Why, I asked the children how  
many beats there are in a measure!"

Margery's bright mind had done  
the rest.—Companion.

## A Word as to Boys.

Mother, says an exchange, train  
your boys to be neat in the house.  
They should be taught to look after  
themselves, and to keep their hats and  
coats in their proper places. Teach  
them this habit, and you will save  
many annoyances, and you will also do  
a kindness to the boys by teaching  
them neatness and self-respect.

Boys, as well as girls, should be  
taught to help in the house. How  
often we have been disgusted to see  
that the girls are made to help at the  
housework while the boys are allowed  
to play checkers, or sit at the fire  
toasting their toes.

A boy can help clear away after a  
meal, sweep the floor, polish the stove,  
or wash the dishes, just as effectively  
as a girl. He, as a rule is stronger.

He will love his home more, and  
when he becomes a man, and has a  
home of his own, he will respect his  
wife all the more for having been  
taught to respect his mother and  
sisters.—Michigan Presbyterian.

## Home Hint.

Sauce.—One desert spoon butter and  
one cup sugar blended together; stir in  
egg; put over boiling water till of the  
consistency of honey, stirring occa-  
sionally.

Puff Pudding.—Five tablespoons  
floor, five tablespoons milk, five eggs;  
stirred smooth, turn on one pint boil-  
ing milk. Bake twenty minutes; serve  
with dry sauce.

Queen of Pudding.—One pint bread  
crumbs, one pint milk, yeks three  
eggs; put in oven until stiff. Place  
preserves over this, and beat whites of  
eggs to a stiff froth; add to top of pud-  
ding and brown.

Sauce.—To four large tablespoons  
white sugar add two tablespoons of  
butter, and one tablespoon of flour;  
stir to a cream in an earthen dish; beat  
white of one egg to a stiff froth and  
add, then pour in a gill of boiling  
water, stirring very fast. Flavor to  
taste.

## All Sorts.

A dress does not make a woman but  
it often breaks a man.

Neuralgia is the prayer of the nerves  
for pure blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is  
the One True Blood Purifier and nerve  
builder.

The trouble with too many ob-  
servers, said Uncle Moe, is that you  
wants to lib sinners and die Christians.

"Prepare for the worst, but hope for  
the best," says the old proverb. Hope  
for health, but be prepared for colds,  
coughs, croup, bronchitis, pneumonia,  
or any other throat or lung difficulty  
by having Ayer's Cherry Pectoral  
always at hand. It is prompt to act,  
sure to cure.

She—Mr. Doostop, it is eleven  
o'clock.

He—Yes. At twelve o'clock the  
last car passes your door. I will now  
begin to say 'good night.'

The very kindest thing a friend can  
do for us is to admonish us when we  
are going wrong.

"Turn the rascals out!"—the familiar  
party-cry—may be applied to microbes  
as well as to men. The germs of  
disease that lurk in the blood are  
"turned out" by Ayer's Sarsaparilla as  
effectually as the old postmasters are  
displaced by a new administration.

Elevator boy to fat old lady:—"Goin'  
up, mum?" Old lady—"Yes, I'm  
goin' up, but sakes alive, a little boy  
like you can't pull me up on that thing."

Tom—Scientists say that the earth  
wabbles in her orbit.

Dick—I've noticed that myself when  
I've been going home from the club,

## Friction—What It Will Do.

"O, Frank, come and see how hot  
my saw gets when I rub it; when I  
draw it through the board while it is  
almost hot enough to set fire to it."

"That's the friction," said Frank,  
who was two years older.

"Yes," said Sister Mary, who was  
passing, "it's friction. Do you know  
what it makes me think of?"

"No. What?" asked both boys at  
once.

"Of two little boys who were  
quarreling over a trifle this morning,  
and the more they talked the hotter  
their tempers grew, until there was no  
knowing what might have happened  
if mother had not thrown cold water  
on the fire by sending them into separ-  
ate rooms."

Eddie understood and looked a little  
amused. He began at once to talk  
about something else.—Exchange.

## He Knew How.

A Maine newspaper says that a horse  
in that town wanted a drink. He went  
to the fountain, where he found another  
horse harnessed to a wagon standing  
in such a way that he could not reach  
the water. He took the bridle of the  
horse that was in his way, and pulled  
it until he had backed him from the  
water; and then he got his drink.—  
Exchange.

If you desire a luxurious growth of  
healthy hair of a natural color, nature's  
crowning ornament of both sexes, use  
only Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair  
renewer.

The great demand for a pleasant,  
safe and reliable antidote for all affec-  
tions of the throat and lungs is fully  
met with in Bickle's Anti-Consumptive  
Syrup. It is a purely Vegetable Com-  
pound, and acts promptly and magi-  
cally in subduing all coughs, colds,  
bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs,  
etc. It is so palatable that a child  
will not refuse it, and is put at a price  
that will not exclude the poor from its  
benefits.

TELL THE DEAF.—Mr. J. F. Kellock,  
Druggist, Perth, writes: "A customer  
of mine having been cured of deafness  
by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric  
Oil, wrote to Ireland, telling his friends  
there of the cure. In consequence I  
received an order to send half a dozen  
by express to Wexford, Ireland, this  
week."

A Dinner Pill.—Many persons suffer  
excruciating agony after partaking of  
a hearty dinner. The food partaken  
of is like a ball of lead upon the  
stomach, and instead of being a healthy  
nutriment it becomes a poison to the  
system. Dr. Parmenter's Vegetable  
Pills are wonderful correctives of such  
troubles. They correct acidity, open  
the secretions and convert the food  
partaken of into healthy nutriment.  
They are just the medicine to take if  
troubled with Indigestion or Dyspepsia.

BRISTOL'S  
Sarsaparilla  
Cures Rheumatism, Gout,  
Latic, Neuralgia, Scrofula,  
Eruptions, and all Eruptions.

BRISTOL'S  
Sarsaparilla  
Cures Liver, Stomach and  
Biliary Troubles, and Cleanses  
the Blood of all Impurities.

BRISTOL'S  
Sarsaparilla  
Cures Old Chronic Cases where  
all other remedies fail.  
Be sure and ask your Druggist for

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