

A Complaint.

I have a little brother boy,
But he's so very small,
I can't see what he's made for -
He's just no good at all.

No one could call him handsome;
He's only eight weeks old;
He stays in bed 'most all the day,
And doesn't like the cold.

He cannot talk as I can,
Nor eat nice meat and bread;
He cannot even walk around
Or stand upon his head!

But what provokes me most is
To hear him wail and cry;
Then mamma hugs and kisses him
And sings a lullaby.

But if I fall upon the floor
And hurt my precious head,
Nurse says, "You are too big to cry -
I'll put you right to bed!"

And I am only three years old,
With lovely curly hair -
I only cry for kisses;
Now, do you think it's fair?

—The Outlook.

Hugh's Two Victories.

How the boys in Miss Temple's class did act that warm July afternoon! There were five of them, and all but one seemed possessed with the spirit of mischief and inattention. Neither reproof nor appeal from their young teacher had more than momentary effect; as soon as her eye was turned from the two irrepressibles on her right to the two on her left, the disorder she had for an instant interrupted resumed its sway.

Her feeling of relief when the bell rang for the closing exercises was mingled with bitter discouragement that her work and her influence were so useless. Opposite to her sat a dark, thin faced boy who had taken no part in the exercise, except to answer the questions put to him. As he was leaving, Miss Temple said to him:

"I thank you for your good behavior, Hugh. It is great comfort to me to have one boy that I can depend on."

The boy looked at her in surprise.

The idea of deserving any special praise for his good behavior was new to him. He had been good simply because he had not felt like being bad, and he had thought nothing about it.

He had only been in the class about three months since he had come to Millvale to live with his uncle. His mother had died, and he was left alone.

He had entered a home more comfortable in material things than his old one, but there was no happiness in it for Hugh. His uncle was indifferent to him and his aunt could not see why they should be bothered with that boy, who did not earn his salt.

That day her tongue was sharper than ever, and Hugh left the house with a feeling of utter hopelessness; he felt like a thief to be eating his uncle's bread, when he could not work enough to pay for it.

How he longed for his mother, she had always called him her comfort, but since she was gone, nobody cared for him, and he was of no use whatever in the world.

But as he walked home there was a warm glow around his heart, little as he felt he deserved his teacher's kind words; but he resolved that in future there should be some grounds for her commendation.

The next day a new family moved into the house next to Hugh's uncle's. There was a boy a little younger than Hugh in it, and after they had eyed each other for a day or two, the new boy asked Hugh over to see his rabbits, which polite attention Hugh reciprocated by an invitation to Sunday school.

He regretted it, however, the next Sunday, for Harry was quite in his element with the other mischief makers in the class, and paid little heed to Hugh's repeated nudges and admonitions. As they went home, Hugh said:

"I wish you wouldn't throw paper wads in Sunday school."

"Why not?" began Harry. "I'll throw 'em if I want to, I guess."

"Well, I think it's mean the way those boys act. Miss Temple is real nice and kind, and they act awful. That Tim Roberts is the meanest boy, anyway, that ever lived, I think. He ought to be licked. I will lick him, too," he continued with sudden resolution, "if he doesn't behave. I could do it, I know, and I will."

Accordingly, the next Sunday Hugh marched into Sunday-school a self-appointed policeman, and announced his determination as follows:

"Look here, you fellows, we've got to keep better order in this class, and if you don't do it, I'll lick you."

"Well, who are you?" "I'd like to see you!" "You better try it!" burst out the astonished chorus.

"I can do it, if you come one at a time, fair play, and I will do it, too, you'll see."

Miss Temple entered then, but Hugh's threats bore no fruit that day, except to create worse order than usual, and to make the teacher feel

more hopeless. Theirs was the last class dismissed; the other scholars had scattered, and the six lads started up street alone.

"Hi, hi!" shouted Tim Roberts, prancing around, "he was going to lick us, he was! Like to see him do it!"

"Come up this street here, and I will!" cried Hugh.

None of the others cared to risk the same treatment, and as Tim, though a ringleader in their mischief, was not a particular favorite with the boys, no one was inclined to resent his defeat.

The next Sunday Tim was absent from the class, and it was to this fact that Miss Temple attributed the unusually good order that prevailed among her boys, not knowing what wholesome respect they now felt for Hugh's prowess. The following week his place was still vacant, and she began to make inquiries.

"Tim says he ain't never coming to this school any more," quoth Bert King.

"Why not?" asked the teacher, rather surprised, for Tim had been one of the most regular attendants.

"Dunno," a boy's usual answer when he wishes to be non-committal.

Hugh was too honest to keep silence. "I know why he isn't coming. I licked him because he wouldn't behave and so he won't come as long as I'm here."

Miss Temple could hardly repress a smile.

"Do you think that is a good way to enforce order? How long do you suppose we would have a school at that rate?"

"Well, I don't know; I think he better be out of the school than act the way he did when he was here."

Miss Temple detained Hugh as he was leaving.

"You don't know how sorry I am to have Tim stay away from Sunday-school, as well as to know that you have been fighting with each other; and I'm afraid he will never come back unless you go to him and tell him you are sorry you began it."

"But I'm not sorry," protested Hugh. "He ought to be licked."

"But you are sorry to have him kept away from school, aren't you? Perhaps you don't know, Hugh, what a hard time Tim has. His mother died about three years ago—Hugh felt a throb of sympathy—he has a stepmother who is not kind to him, and two overbearing stepbrothers—more throbs—and this school is, so far as I know, the only thing he has in the world to influence him for good, and I am so anxious to keep him in it."

Hugh's conscience and heart fought a battle with his pride that night, and the result was that early the next morning he set forth for Tim's home, carrying under his coat one of the three tame pigeons his aunt had let him keep, because she could not very well drive them away.

Tim came scowling out of the kitchen and at sight of him Hugh forgot the speech he had been composing and stammered confusedly:

"Here's a pigeon for you, Tim."

"A pigeon! What for?"

"Why, I thought maybe you'd like it. I—I'm sorry I fought you, Tim, and—and won't you come to Sunday-school?"

"I don't want your pigeon, muttered Tim, very red in the face, and wriggling his toes in the dirt.

"O, you better have it," responded Hugh encouragingly.

The bird circled around them and came back to Hugh's shoulder.

"It's just as tame."

"It's a beauty," said Tim admiringly. He put up his hand to caress it, and it fluttered to his shoulder, and Tim accepted the olive branch it bore.

"You may as well take it home," he said, "I couldn't keep it if I had it, but it's a perfect beauty, and I guess I'll come to Sunday-school next Sunday."

—N. Y. Observer.

May's Sunday-School Lesson.

May stood by the window, pouting, and drumming on the pane.

"I think it's too bad," she said to mamma, who sat sewing.

I would rather you would mind Dot for a time, while I finish this," answered mamma, who looked tired.

"But you said you always wanted me to study my Sunday-school lesson before Sunday, and now I want to, and you won't let me, and Ida will wonder why I do not come over. Dot's all right, playing with her blocks. I should think you would want me to go and study, and Ida will be so disappointed, when I said I would come."

"Well, then, May, go," said mother quietly, and turned to her work without another word. May looked at her to see if she really meant it; for she could hardly believe she had made mamma see the thing as she saw it.

And she was not quite sure she had, when, running by the window, she noticed mamma had dropped her work and had taken Dot, who was fretting,

in her arms. But she ran down the street and gaily trilled by Ida's house, as she went up the path. The door opened, and a bright-eyed little girl stood there smiling, clad in a long-sleeved apron.

"It's you, May, she said, glancing at the quarterly May held. 'I am so sorry to disappoint you, but mamma asked me to clean the silver this afternoon, as Maria is away. Just look at my hands! I knew you would be disappointed, too, but I thought you would understand why I wanted to help mamma; you have such a dear one of your own. So we will have to wait till next week. And mamma said she would help me to-night, and that will be pay enough. I must not stay any longer now. Come in, won't you?'

May declined, and as the door closed on Ida's bright face, she walked slowly toward home, rolling her lesson quarterly and thinking very hard. As she turned into the yard, she heard Dot crying, and going past the window, she saw mamma's work still on the floor, and the baby in her arms.

Back again so soon? said mamma, as May entered. Dot stopped crying to look at her.

"Yes," she faltered, putting off her hat. "Ida couldn't study just now."

"Why?" asked mamma.

"Cause she was—helping—her—mamma," burst out May, and running to her mother, she buried her head on her shoulder, while the sobs came fast.

"Oh, is that it," said mother, comfortingly, stroking the yellow hair. "Well, May, you can do that as well as Ida. Here is Dot, who still wants sister; and by-and-by when the sewing is done and Dot is asleep, you and I will study the lesson together."

May raised her head.

"That's just what Ida and her mamma are going to do," she said, surprised. "Is it not a good way when Ida is too busy to study with you?"

"O mamma," said May, coloring, "I did not mean to be so selfish! You know I'd rather you would help me than any one else. And perhaps it was because I wanted to see Ida more than it was the lesson."

"I do not wonder you wanted to see a little girl like Ida," said mamma with a kiss; "I am glad you did."—New York Observer.

Cruelty on the Farm.

It is cruel to allow a horse to stand uncovered in a chilling wind after having been driven. A sheltered spot should be chosen, if possible, and the animal well blanketed. The story has recently been heard of a college student who left his horse standing all night in a raging snow-storm, having forgotten the animal, and then related the circumstance as a nice joke on himself.

It is cruel to young colts to keep them confined all winter closely tied in stalls. It is unmitigated cruelty to keep the heads of cows fastened in stanchions, stabled from early autumn until spring, without a chance for pure air or exercise. It is equally cruel to allow stock to be tortured with cold and wet in the open fields during winter days.

It is wrong to permit irresponsible hired men to kick, stone, or club farm animals, as many of these men will do on little provocation. It is cruel to place a frosty iron bit into a horse's mouth. On the advent of winter these bits should be covered with leather, if kept in a place where they may become frosty.

It is cruel to keep a half-starved dog on the premises. If he cannot be fed, he should be shot before he goes mad from neglect.

The check-rein is usually unnecessary, and is often made an instrument of torture to the horse. Its use should be discouraged so far as is possible.

There is much thoughtless cruelty on many farms from neglect regularly to feed and water animals. Many farmers seem to think that sheep, chickens, and other animals do not need water at all. They do need it, and probably suffer severely at times for the lack of it.

It is cruel to the wife to require her to cut the firewood, to deprive her of a good garden well stocked with a variety of vegetables, to require her to carry water for all domestic purposes from a spring a long way off, or to use hard water, when a supply of rain water could easily be stored in a cistern. It is positively cruel to leave her without help when one or more men are always employed on the farm, and for whom she must cook. The wife should be an equal partner, not only of joys and sorrows, but also of the income of the farm.

It is cruel to the boys and girls of the farm not to supply them with at least a few good books and papers. They need these as much as food and clothing. They need also certain holidays, for hunting, fishing and picnics. Youth cannot be made old at once, and it is cruelty to make the attempt.

Cruel acts degrade men. Children

may be seriously influenced by many necessary, but pain-inflicting operations of the farm, such as killing animals, etc. So far as possible, children should not witness those things. —The Examiner.

A Heroic Physician.

There are doctors and doctors, but one of the most intelligent of all these friends of humanity was one who had the courage recently to give a bit of advice to the head of a family not many miles from New York. The head of the family was robust but exacting, healthy but irritable—in short a veritable Hector.

I don't know what is the matter with my family, doctor, he said, but my wife is nervous, my children are suffering from something, I don't know what—in fact, the whole house is upset. Even the servants seem vacillating and bordering on nervous prostration.

I think it would be all right, said the doctor, if you would take a six months' tour of Europe—alone.

I cried paterfamilias. The only well member of the family?

Yes, said the doctor, gravely. You ought to travel—for the health of your family.—Harper's Magazine.

Home Hints.

Gingerbread Cake.—Beat one and one-half pounds of butter with three and one-half pounds of castor sugar, till it is all thick cream, then add to it five larger or six small eggs, three-quarter ounces of ground ginger, and a few drops of essence of lemon and make it into a stiff paste with three and one-half pound of flour. Roll it out, and bake in a slow oven.

Indian Sauce.—Four tablespoonfuls of cold gravy, one tablespoonful of chutney paste, one tablespoonful of ketchup, one tablespoonful of vinegar, two teaspoonfuls of made mustard, two teaspoonfuls of salt. Mix all these ingredients smoothly in a soup plate, to which add the cold meat to be deviled and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Cook until thoroughly heated through, and you will have a good sauce.

To Relieve Earache.—Let the sufferer lie with the aching ear uppermost, and tuck a thick, folded towel around the neck. Then with a teaspoon fill the ear with warm water. Continue this for fifteen or twenty minutes, filling the ear with water as it overflows on the towel. The patient should then turn over, and let the water run out, when the ear may be plugged with a bit of cotton which has been dipped in warm glycerine. This may be repeated until relief comes.

The best thing about a secret is to know when, how, and to whom to tell it.

All Sorts.

I would send you a kiss, papa, wrote little Lucy, who was away on a visit, but I have been eating onions.

Make it a point to see that your blood is purified, enriched and vitalized at this season with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

You never saw my hands as dirty as yours, said a mother to her little girl. No; but my grandmother did, was the reply.

One of the best evidences that Ayer's Hair Vigor is an article of exceptional merit is the fact that the demand for it is constantly increasing. No one who uses this incomparable dressing thinks of trying any other preparation for the hair.

Stranger (in Kansas): Can you direct me to the county seat? Mr. Dugout (sadly): No-o, I can't, stranger. There was a cyclone here last week, and I ain't heard yit just whar the county seat went to.

Ten people out of a dozen are invalids," says a recent medical authority. At least eight out of these ten, it is safe to allow, are suffering from some form of blood-disease which a persistent use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla would be sure to cure. Then, don't be an invalid.

It is evident, said the judge, that you shot this man with malice aforethought. No I didn't, yer Honor, replied the prisoner, it was plain buckshot.

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The wife of a negro minister in Morristown, New Jersey, snatched the money her husband had just received as his salary and made off with it. The minister chased her. She ran to the police station, where, after hearing the statements on both sides, a justice told the woman that she was entitled to keep the money. The husband threatens to sue for the return of his salary.

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