

When Mother Looks.

I remember such a lot of things
That happened long ago,
When me and Jim was six years old,
And now we're ten or so.
But those that I remember best—
The ones I most can see—
Are the things that used to happen
When mother looked at me.

One time in church, when me and Jim
Was snickerin' out loud—
The minister was prayin', and
The people's heads was bowed—
We had the biggest kind of joke
About the bumblebees,
But things got quieter rather quick
When mother looked at me.

And then there's some times when I think
I've had such lots of fun
A-goin' in swimmin' with the boys
Down there by Jones's run;
But when I get back home again—
Just 'bout in time for tea—
There's a kind of different feeling comes
When mother looks at me.

That time when I was awful sick
An' the doctor shook his head,
An' ev'ry time he came around
His eyes was wet and red,
I remember her hands on my face
How soft they used to be—
Somehow the pain seemed easier
When mother looked at me.

It's funny how it makes you feel—
I ain't afraid of her—
She's about the nicest person
You'd find 'most anywhere;
But the queerest sort of feeling,
As queer as queer can be,
Makes everything seem different
When mother looks at me.

—Youth's Companion.

A Lesson in Provoking.

"Please don't, Marion. Now, Marion
Benson, you are just too mean, and I
can't stand it another minute."

"Girls," called Mrs. Benson from
her room, and the two little girls came
in. They were twins, and looked so
much alike that even their father had
sometimes to look twice before he
knew which was Margery and which
was Marion.

"Mother, Marion doesn't give me a
minute's peace. I wanted to finish
painting a picture to show father to-
night, and she keeps teasing me so and
shaking the table, till I expect to spoil
it every minute."

"It's too fine to stay indoors," broke
in Marion. "I want her to come out
to the orchard; it isn't healthy to sit
in the house too much."

"But you shouldn't take that way
of asking her," said mother gravely.
"This teasing habit of yours is a very
bad one, and makes a great deal of
trouble."

The mischief died out of Marion's
eyes, and she looked ashamed.

"But, Margery," mother went on,
"nothing should make you speak to
your sister as you did just now."

"She does provoke me so," murmured
Margery.

Mrs. Benson was silent for a moment.
These little quarrels between the
sisters were becoming too frequent,
and she had been wondering how she
could put a stop to them.

"Then, Margery," she said at last,
"why don't you try provoking her?"
"Why, Mother Benson, haven't you
always taught us never to fight back,
and always to 'do unto others,' and all
that, ever since we were little chil-
dren?"

Margery was astonished, and Marion
interested.

"Bring me my Bible, dear," was the
only reply.

"O, let me get mine, too; I always
remember so much better when I read
out of my own." And Margery went
off to her room.

"Bring mine, too!" shouted Marion.
So they all three sat down, and
mother helped the little girls to find
the place, and then read, "And let us
consider one another to provoke unto
love and to good works."

"I thought provoke meant to tease,"
said Marion, after a pause.

"We always use it that way now,
but it has another meaning," said Mrs.
Benson.

So they went to father's big dictio-
nary, and, finding the word, Margery
read slowly, "Provoke: to make
angry, to offend." Then a little
farther down, "'To stir up, to induce.'"
It kind of means to persuade, doesn't
it?" she asked.

"Yes," answered her mother.

And then they were all still a
moment, till Margery said, "We'd
better learn that for next Sunday's
verse."

The next night as the girls were
going to bed, their mother came in for
her little bedtime talk. They chatted
away about the happy day they had
had, then said their prayer, and tumbled
into bed.

"Mother," said Marion, and her
mother stooped for a good-night kiss.

"Margery provoked me to-day."

"Did she," said her mother, knowing
that there was more to come.

"Yes, she provoked me to a good
work," went on Marion. "She was
reading, and I wanted her to go down

to the big barn to see the new little calf,
and she said she would if I'd dust our
room. It was my day and I had for-
gotten it; so she helped me to do it,
and then went with me."

"And have you provoked Margery
that way, little daughter?"
"No, not yet," said Marion, sleepily,
"but I'm going to tomorrow; I've got
it all planned."—Sunday School Times.

Teddy's Lesson.

"Come, Teddy," said Mrs. West.
"It's time for the cows to come home."
But Teddy was reading a story about
a shipwreck, and did not want to be
disturbed just then.

"O mother! wait a little while," he
said.

A little later Hester came to the
door.

"Teddy, you ought to get the cows,"
she said.

"Both the cows!" replied Teddy,
crossly. And his sister went away.

Soon a man's face appeared at the
window.

"Edward, the cows!" said Mr. West.
And, when his father spoke like that,
Teddy lost no time in obeying.

Sulkily, he laid down his book, and
walked through the kitchen, where his
mother and sister were cooking the
supper and his father was piling up
the kindling wood for the morning's
fire.

"I hate cows!" Teddy grumbled, as
he walked slowly across the pine floor.
"They're a bother, and I wish we
didn't have any. I wish nobody had
any. Cows are no good any way,—
just in the way. I hate cows!"

An hour later the cows were safe in
the barn for the night, and Teddy was
in a better humor. He was hungry,
too, after the walk to the meadow and
back in the fresh, bracing air.

A fine round of meat was smoking
on the table, but there was none on
Teddy's plate.

"This is beef," said Mr. West. "I
did not give you any, because you hate
cows, Teddy." Teddy opened his
mouth, and then closed it again with-
out a word.

"I won't give you any butter,
Teddy," said Mrs. West, "because we
get our butter from the cows; and you
hate them so."

Hester poured out the milk for the
other children, but to Teddy she gave
a glass of water.

"Cows are such a bother," she said
soberly. "I know you don't want
any milk."

Teddy looked wistfully at the plate
of creamy cheese, but it was passed to
every one but him. But, worst of all,
when the custards were brought in,
sweet and brown, in their little white
cups, Teddy was passed by.

"Of course you wouldn't eat custards,
for they are made mostly of milk; and
cows are no good," said Aunt Hetty.

Teddy looked as if he would cry.
"—I haven't had anything to eat,"
he blurted. "Just bread, without any
butter, and potatoes and water. I
wish I hadn't said those things about
the cows."

Everybody smiled then, and no one
objected when Hester passed to him a
cup of custard.—Exchange.

Boy Wanted.

When I was fourteen years old it
became necessary for me to go out into
the world and earn my share of the
family expenses. I looked about with
small success for a week or two, and
then I saw a card hanging in a store
window, "Boy wanted."

I pulled down my hair, brushed the
front of my jacket and walked in.

"Do you want a boy?" I asked of
the clerk.

"Back office," he said.

I walked back to the little den with
a high partition around it, and push-
ing open the door, which I noticed
was slightly ajar, cap in hand, I step-
ped in.

It was a chilly day in November,
and before I spoke to the proprietor,
who was bending over a desk, I turned
to close the door. It squeaked horribly,
as I pushed it shut, and then I found
that it wouldn't latch. It had shrunk
so that the socket which should have
caught the latch was a trifle too high.

I was a boy of some mechanical genius,
and I noticed what the trouble was
immediately.

"Where did you learn to close
doors?" said the man at the desk.

I turned around quickly.

"At home, sir."

"Well, what do you want?"

"I came to see about the boy want-
ed," I answered.

"Oh!" said the man, with a grunt.

He seemed rather gruff, but somehow
his crisp speech didn't discourage me.

"Sit down," he added, "I'm busy."

"If you don't mind," said I, "and
if a little noise won't disturb you, I'll
fix that door while I'm waiting."

"Eh," he said quickly. "All right.
Go ahead."

I had been sharpening my skates
that morning, and the short file I used
was still in my pocket. In a few
minutes I had filed down the brass
socket so that the latch fitted nicely.
I closed the door two or three times
to see that it was all right. When I
put my file back in my pocket and
turned around, the man at the desk
was staring at me.

"Any parents?" he asked.

"Mother," I answered.

"Have her come in here with you at
two o'clock," he said, and turned
back to his writing.

At twenty-five I was a partner in
the house; at thirty-five I had a half
interest; and I have always attributed
the foundation of my good fortune to
the only recommendation I then had
in my possession—the file.—Cleveland
Plaindealer.

Success.

"I tell you, boys," said the school-
master, "it doesn't depend half so
much on special talent as on energy
and ambition for success in life.

You've got to work, work, work, and
dig, dig, dig, right at a thing, if you
are going to succeed. If you have a
special talent, all the better; but the
finest talent in the world will not
amount to much without invincible
energy and industry along the line in
which your talent leads.

"There were two boys at school
together. One could draw and carica-
ture everything; the other could not.
But one day one twitted the other:

"You couldn't draw a cow so it
could be told from the side of a house."

"I can," said Morgan Gray.

"Let's see!" cried Elliott Mandall.

"O, such a cow! Is it a cow? or a
horse? or a dog? or a cat? or the side
of a house? See, boys! See this cow!"

Ha! ha! Morgan Gray's cow! O, boys,
this is too killing. Ho! ho! ha! ha!
My kingdom for a cow!"

"He didn't mean to be cruel, but he
could take a pencil and switch off a
cow, or any other creature in a
minute."

"I can, and I will—some day,"
said Morgan Gray; and from that
moment, though with no special genius
(except for labor), he worked in that
direction, until to-day he is one of our
leading artists.

"He just went right into the work.
He studied anatomy to get the right
direction of veins and muscles—all for
his work. He would sit for hours
before a glass, distorting his face in
various ways, and then trying to get
the lines on paper, as he struggled for
some particular facial expression. It
was solid, hard work for him—but he
succeeded."

"One other thing, boys; don't divide
your energies. Decide on what you
want to do, and then do that thing.
Don't dabble in half a dozen different
lines trying this and trying that.
Where is Elliott Mandall to-day? Dilly-
dallying between literature, art and
music—able to do a little in each, but
not much in any one."

"Now, boys, you are going home
for the holidays; many of you will not
return, but will go into the world to
succeed or fail, according as you work.
"Use the talent God has given you.
Decide on what you want to do or be-
come. Make your mark and then aim
for it. Consecrate your energy. But,
above all, work, work, work; and dig,
dig, dig! Be not discouraged, but
persevere, and surely success of the
best kind will attend you, for you will
have done the best of which you are
capable. And the Lord asks no more,
neither any less, of any man."

—The Western Union Telegraph Com-
pany has recently worked direct, as it
is called, from New York to Mexico
City, a distance of 3,490 miles. This
means that a message was sent this
great distance without repetition.

At a recent fire in New York City
a blind man, August Ahrens by name,
proved to be a hero. He not only
succeeded in turning on the alarm,
but also groped his way through the
house, awakening all the inmates. He
saved twenty or more lives.

The need of a good Spring Medicine
is almost universal and Hood's Sarsa-
pilla exactly meets the need. Be
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Johnny felt as if this was more than
he could bear, but a funny gleam in his
mother's eye kept his heart from being
quite broken.

"Please, mamma, I'll never do it
again!" he cried in humble tones.
"Poor kitty I see now just how bad I
made her feel."

Johnny was then washed and com-
forted, but he did not soon forget the
little lesson of kindness to those in mis-
fortune.—Sunbeam.

Doing Errands With The Heart.

Tom was reading about a boy who
did errands with his heart as well as
his hands and feet. Did errands with
his heart! Tom said, in a vexed tone.
That is a silly way to talk.

Grandma, who heard Tom's remark,
said, "Will you go to the attic, Tom,
and bring down an old jacket that you
will find on the old blue chest?"

Tom drew a long sigh; then he
frowned and stretched and yawned, as
he said to his sister, "Can't you go?
You are not doing anything."

Belle did not wish to go, so Tom
dragged himself slowly out of the
room, and after a while came back
with a sour face, and drawing the
jacket along by one sleeve.

It seems to me, said grandma, that
you are not much like the boy in your
book.

Why, grandma?

Because you do errands with your
hands and feet, but not with your
heart. Your feet and hands obeyed,
but the best part of obedience was left
out. If I should ask you to go to my
closet for a bag of candy for yourself,
would you go for it just as you went
for the jacket?

Tom thought he would go fast
enough for that.

Then said grandma, Real love doth
not seek one's own pleasure, but is
kind, and patient, and unselfish.

If an errand is done, what does it
matter how it is done? asked Tom.

Service without love is like sounding
brass or a tinkling cymbal, said grand-
ma.

Then Tom understood about the boy
who did errands with his heart, and
when his mother called him to get a
pail of water for her, he tried to be
like that boy.—Westminster Junior
Lessons

All Sorts.

Mistress—Why were you dismissed
from your last place? Up-to-date
Servant Girl—Well, I like your inquisi-
tiveness! Did I ask you why you
last girl left you?

Lady: Now that you have partaken
of a good dinner, are you equal to the
task of sawing some wood? Tramp:
Madam, equal is not the proper word;
I'm superior to it.

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Mission for Converting Irish Catholics:
so no money need pass between us.

A small Scotch boy was summoned
to give evidence against his father, who
was accused of making dis urances
in the streets. Said the bailie to him:
Come, my wee mon, speak the truth,
and let us know all ye ken about this
affair.

Weel, sir, said the lad, d'ye ken In-
verness Street?

I do, laddie, replied his worship.

Weel, ye gang along it and turn into
the square, and cross the square—

Yes, yes, said the bailie, encourag-
ingly.

And when ye gang across the square
ye turn to the right, and up into High
Street, and keep on up High Street till
ye come to a pump.

Quite right, my lad; proceed, said
his worship; I know the old pump
well.

Weel, said the boy, with a most in-
fantile simplicity, ye may gang and
pump it, for ye'll no pump me.

Lads should be taught that the
mere fact of raising a hat gracefully
may be a meritorious action in its
place, but is not the sum and sub-
stance of courtesy; that courtesy is a
state of the heart, and not a bend of
the back—a sentiment, and not a genu-
flection.—Hackwood.

Sores Gone. Skin Clear.

Mrs. Philip Mitchell, St. Mary's,
Ont., says:—"My little boy, aged 10,
was a complete mass of sores, caused
by bad blood. We could find nothing
to cure him. Finally I got a bottle of
Burdock Blood Bitters, and before
half the bottle was gone he began to
improve, and by the time the bottle
was finished he had not a sore on him."

Try it.—It would be a gross injus-
tice to confound that standard healing
agent—Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil with
the ordinary unguents, lotions and
salves. They are oftentimes inflama-
tory and astringent. This Oil is,
on the contrary, eminently cooling and
soothing when applied externally to
relieve pain, and powerfully remedial
when swallowed.

Colic and Kidney Difficulty. — Mr.
J. W. Wilder, J. P., LaFargeville, N.
Y., writes: "I am subject to severe
attacks of Colic and Kidney Difficulty,
and find Parmelee's Pills afford me
great relief, while all other remedies
have failed. They are the best medi-
cine I have ever used." In fact so
great is the power of this medicine to
cleanse and purify, that diseases of
almost every name and nature are
driven from the body.

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