

How My Boy Went Down.

It was not on the field of battle,
It was not with a ship at sea;
But a fate far worse than either
That stole him away from me.
'Twas the death in the ruby wine cup,
That the reason and senses drown;
He drank the alluring poison,
And thus my boy went down.

Down from the heights of manhood
To the depths of disgrace and sin;
Down to a worthless being,
From the hope of what might have been;
For the brand of a beast besotted
He bartered his manhood's crown;
Through the gate of a sinful pleasure
My poor, weak boy went down.

'Tis only the same old story
That mothers so often tell
With accents of infinite sadness,
Like the tones of a funeral bell;
But I never thought once when I heard it
I should learn all its meaning myself;
I thought he'd be true to his mother,
I thought he'd be true to himself.

But alas for my hopes, all delusion!
Alas for his youthful pride!
Alas! who are safe when danger
Is open on every side?
Oh, can nothing destroy this great evil?
No bar in their pathway be thrown,
To save from the terrible maelstrom
The thousands of boys going down?

Phil's Experiment.

'Have I got to rake up these leaves every day,' asked Phil, with a whine in his voice.

'Yes, every day.'
'But what is the use? They keep on falling and make just as big a litter as before.'

'Your room has to be set in order every day,' said his mother, smiling.

'I wouldn't care much if it wasn't,' said Phil.

'And your shirts have to be washed every week. And the dishes you eat from have to be washed three times a day. You keep on eating, you know.'

Phil could not forbear a smile as he slowly raked away at the leaves.

'Seems to me I have to do a good deal of work for other folks,' he went on mournfully. 'I have to pile wood, and cut kindlings, and drive the cow, and water the flowers—and things.'

'Do you have more to do for others than others do for you?' asked his mother.

'Yes, ma'am, I guess so. Anyway, if I could stop doing things for folks, they might stop doing things for me.'

'Do you really mean that?'

'Yes, indeed,' said Phil, eagerly.

'May I try it mamma?'

'If you like. You may try it for a day.'

'Remember then, mamma, nobody's to ask me to do a single thing, and I'll remember to do my part. Hurrah!'

Phil dropped the rake over the small pile of leaves and rushed away to look at his fishing-line, for he had made up his mind to go fishing in the afternoon, and have a pleasant time.

Running hastily to the barn, he fell and tore a hole in his trousers.

'Mamma,' he cried, picking himself up and going towards the house. But he suddenly remembered that mamma was not to be called upon. He ran up stairs to change his torn garments.

'Ah! Two buttons off my other pants, and I forgot to tell about it. Never mind, I can sew them on myself. Often have. It's easy enough to sew on buttons.'

It took him a long time to thread the needle, and then every stitch was a separate trial. But as he sprang to put on his trousers he found that they were sewed to the skirt of the coat he had on. The school-bell was ringing, and he rushed away with the torn trousers on.

But he was late, to his regret, for he had begun school with a resolution not to have one tardy mark during the year.

The tear in the trousers kept catching in things and tearing larger, until he was very much ashamed of it, and was glad at length to hurry home. As he again sewed on the buttons, he could not help wondering if mending one's clothes were not a little harder than cutting kindlings.

'Never mind,' he said to himself. 'Nobody will ask me to do anything after dinner, and I can do just what I please all day, when I get out of school.'

Returning home, he went to the dinner table with a boy's appetite.

'Where's my place?' he asked, seeing no place ready for him.

'Have you forgotten our agreement?' asked his mother.

'Why, no, mamma. I said nobody need do anything for me. I am going to wash my own dishes when I'm done.'

'But do you expect any one to cook for you?'

Phil stared at her a moment, then gave a rather blank look at the roast beef and sweet potatoes.

'I did forget, that's a fact,' he said with a laugh, as he turned and went out.

But there was little spirit in the laugh, and mamma looked after him with a sober face.

'I can't see him miss dinner,' she said.

But his father said, 'Let him learn his lesson well. It will not hurt him.'

Phil went out to the orchard and stepped, not troubling himself to think whether anyone had raised them for him, and rejoicing in the reflection that when picking time came he would not have any part of that work to do.

He went fishing, and on the way home he had the satisfaction of sitting on the fence to watch his brother Ben drive the cow home. Ben hailed him:

'The Pratts have come to tea.'

'That's jolly,' shouted Phil, springing from the fence and running home, leaving Ben to plod along with the cow.

He hurried to his room. The bed was not made and everything he had touched that day lay where he had left it, which did not trouble him.

'Hello—no water!' he exclaimed as the empty pitcher flew up in his hand.

But bethinking himself, he ran for his own water.

'Now for a clean collar.' But his face fell as he saw none in his drawer.

What did he want of a collar anyway, no one would expect to see him at the tea-table.

But as he lay awake, after going to bed, restless, and a trifle hungry, he began to wonder if his bargain was altogether a satisfactory one. He recalled something he had heard his mother say about it, being impossible for anyone to live unto himself, or to escape the duties and responsibilities owed by each to others, and that all peace and harmony and happiness depend upon the good-will and cheeriness and loving kindness with which these duties are performed.

Next morning he awoke at the sound of the breakfast bell to a keen perception of the delightful smell of mutton-chops, buckwheat cakes, and other good things.

'Well,' he exclaimed, jumping up, 'I'm not going to live another day on apples, if I know myself. After all, he went on as he dressed himself, it's a mean, sneaking thing to try and shirk things. I get all I want to eat, and good, too,' and he sniffed eagerly at the appetizing smell came stronger, and it's a pity if I can't do a little to help on.'

He went out and had the leaves raked before breakfast, at which he appeared with a glowing color and a side-long glance at mamma.

'I think I've tried it long enough, mamma,' he said with a smile. 'I believe I'll do chores and board with you, if you'll take me back.'

'I will,' said mamma, passing him the hot cakes.—Our Crucifix.

A Suspension Bridge.

'They are coming toward the bridge; they will most likely cross by the rocks yonder,' observed Raoul.

'How—swim it? I asked. 'It is a torrent there.'

'O, no!' answered the Frenchman. 'Monkeys would rather go through fire than through water. If they cannot leap the stream, they will bridge it.'

'Bridge it—and how?'

'You will see in a moment,' my companion replied.

Presently the monkeys appeared upon the opposite bank, headed by an old gray chieftain, officered like so many soldiers. One, an aid de camp, or chief pioneer perhaps, ran out upon a projecting rock, and after looking across the stream, as if calculating the distance, scampered back, and appeared to communicate with the leader. This produced a movement in the troops. Meanwhile several of the monkeys (engineers, no doubt) ran along the bank, examining the trees on both sides of the array. At length they all collected around a tall cotton-wood which grew over the narrowest part of the stream, and twenty of the thirty scampered up its trunk. On reaching a high point, the foremost, a strong fellow, ran out upon a limb, and taking several turns of his tail around it, slipped off and hung head downward. The next on the limb, also a stout one, climbed down the body of the first, and whipped his tail tightly around the neck and forearm of the latter, dropped off in his turn, and hung head down. The third repeated this manoeuvre upon the second, and the fourth upon the string rested his forepaws upon the ground.

The living chain now commenced to swing backward and forward, like the pendulum of a clock. The motion was slight at first, but gradually increased, the lowermost monkey striking his hands violently on the earth as he passed the tangent of the oscillating curve. Several others upon the limbs above aided the movement. This continued till the monkey at the end of the chain was thrown among the branches of a tree on the opposite bank. Here, after two or three vibrations he clutched a limb, and held fast. This movement was executed adroitly, just at the culminating point of the oscillation, in order to save the intermediate links from too sudden a jerk. The chain

was now fast at both ends, forming a complete suspension bridge, over which the whole troop, to the number of four or five hundred, passed. It was a comical sight to witness the quizzical expression of countenance along that living chain.

After the troops had passed, one monkey attached his tail to the lowest on the bridge, another girdled him in the same manner, and another, until a dozen more were added to the string. These last were powerful fellows, and running up to a high limb, they lifted the bridge into a position almost horizontal. Then a scream from the last monkey of the new formation, warned the tail end that all was ready, and the next moment the whole chain was swung over and landed safely on the opposite bank. The lowermost links dropped off like a melting candle, while the higher ones leaped to the branches and came down by the trunk. The whole troop then scampered off into the chapparal, and disappeared.—Reid's Adventures in South America.

Nevers—For Boys.

Never make fun of old age, no matter how decrepit, or unfortunate, or evil it may be. God's hand rests lovingly on the aged head.

Never use intoxicating liquors as a beverage. You might never become a drunkard, but beer, wine, and whisky will do you no good, and may wreck your life. But be on the safe side. Make your influence count for sobriety.

Never make sport of one of those miserable creatures—a drunk man or woman. They are wrecks; but God alone knows the stress of the storms which drove them upon the breakers. Weep, rather than laugh.

Never tell or listen to the telling of filthy stories. Cleanliness in word and act is the sign manual of a true gentleman. You cannot handle filth without becoming fouled.

Never cheat nor be unfair in your play. Cheating is contemptible anywhere, at any age. Your play should strengthen not weaken your character.

Never call anybody bad names, no matter what anybody calls you. You cannot throw mud and keep your own hands clean.

Never be cruel. You have no right to hurt even a fly needlessly. Cruelty is the trait of a bully, kindness the mark of a gentleman.

Never lie. Even white lies leave black spots on the character. What is your opinion of a liar? Do you wish other people to have a like opinion of you self?

Never make fun of a companion because of a misfortune he could not help. Never hesitate to say no when asked to do a wrong thing. It will often require courage—the best kind of courage, moral courage—but say no so distinctly that no one can possibly understand you to mean yes.

Never quarrel. When your tongue gets unruly lock it in—If need be bite it. Never suffer it to advertise your bad temper.

Never make comrades of boys who are continually doing and saying evil things. A boy, as well as a man, is known by the company he keeps.

Never be unkind to your mother and father. When they are dead and you have children of your own, you will discover that even though you did your best, you were able to make only a part payment of the debt you owed them. The balance you must pay over to your own children.

Never treat other boys' sisters better than your own.

Never fancy you know more when fifteen years old than your father and mother have learned in all the years of their lives. Wisdom is not given to babes.

Never lay aside your manners when you take off your fine clothes.

Never be rudely boisterous at home or elsewhere.

Never forget that God made you to be a joyous, loving, lovable, helpful being. Be one.—Independent.

A Successful Experiment.

It is sad to know that a part of the human race lies down at night hungry. Yet it seems still sadder that there are constantly around us, in our homes, perhaps, hearts which are starving for a little appreciation.

Just what put the idea into her head Mildred never quite knew. It was certain that when she came down stairs on this particular morning, she had resolved that through the day she would say every appreciative word she could honestly utter.

'How nice these muffins are!' she exclaimed at the breakfast-table as soon as the meal had fairly begun. Mrs. Marsh looked surprised. She had been dreading comment on the coffee, which was not as clear as usual that morning. The family tasted the muffins critically.

'Light as a feather,' declared Mr. Marsh. 'Mother's muffins are always

good,' said Jack. And then the conversation at the breakfast-table went on most pleasantly, and no one thought to grumble.

Bridget was scrubbing the front steps when Mildred put on her things to go to school. 'You did up my lace collar beautifully,' the young girl said, pausing at the door. 'I believe it looks better than when it was sent to the laundry.'

'That's a good thing, sure,' answered Bridget, smiling. And then, for some reason, she went back and scrubbed a corner of the upper step which she had passed over earlier.

'That explanation of yours helped me to see into the seventh example perfectly,' Mildred said, lingering after the class in algebra had been dismissed. 'Thank you.'

The pale teacher looked up and smiled. She had a sudden refreshed, rested feeling.

After school Mildred went into the shoe store for a pair of rubbers. 'My last ones wore splendidly,' Mr. Grote, she said, as she stood waiting for her change. And the angular Mr. Grote actually tipped over a pile of shoe-boxes in his astonishment. He was used to complaint, but appreciation of his really excellent goods was so unusual that he felt fairly embarrassed.

After Mildred had gone, he found himself whistling a gay melody he had known in his boyhood, and the suggestion of a smile lingered about his thin lips.

These were little things, but one girl at least, thought the experiment worth repeating indefinitely.—Bible Student.

Charlie's Photograph.

'I declare,' exclaimed Mrs. Richardson, 'I don't know what in the world to do with Charlie to break him of his careless and slovenly habits.'

'Why, what has he been doing now?' asked Mr. Richardson.

'Oh, he is so untidy about making his toilet. He puts the hairbrush in the water and leaves it there till it is soaking wet. When he comes in from his play for dinner he puts a little soap and water on his face and then wipes it off on the towel. What shall I do? Here he has left almost a picture of his features in dirt on this clean towel.'

Mr. Richardson made no reply, but, going to the attic, he soon returned with a long, narrow picture frame, which once upon a time had been used to inclose a panel picture. Measuring, he found that the towel would almost exactly fit it, and, taking a few tacks, he cleverly fastened it to the back of the frame, and then, going to his desk, he wrote this placard:

'Charlie's Photograph.'

This he fastened to the bottom of the frame, and then hung the whole up on the wall right beside the wash-stand. Then Mrs. and Mr. Richardson watched the next time Charlie went to wash his face. He rushed breathlessly into the room as usual. They heard him splash in the water for an instant, and then there was a moment's pause, as though he were searching for the towel. Next they heard a low exclamation of surprise, and presently he came out of the room looking very much ashamed. He hung his head sheepishly during the entire meal, but after it was over said, in a low tone: 'Mamma, if you will please take my photograph down from the wall, I'll promise you not to wash any more in that way.'—Author Unknown.

A Cat That Reads.

'I have a cat,' said a lady, 'that knows when a letter comes to her.'

'A letter!' exclaimed the hearer, in surprise.

'Yes, a letter; and if you don't believe it I will prove it to you. Just wait a minute until I direct one.'

My friend left the room, and in a few minutes returned with a sealed envelope addressed to Miss Pussy, No. —Marlboro Street, city.

'Now,' said she, 'if you will kindly post that for me to-night, and be here when the postman comes around on his first delivery to-morrow morning, you will see that I am telling you facts.'

I mailed the letter as she asked and was at my friend's home promptly the next morning. Soon the bell rang, and shortly afterward the servant entered with a bundle of letters, among which was that for Miss Pussy.

Placing them near the cat on the floor, my friend said, 'Now, Miss Pussy, pick out your letter.'

Sure enough, Pussy at once showed an interest, and in a moment had pushed aside with her paw the envelope addressed to her.

I was almost too surprised to speak, when my friend said: 'Wait a moment. She'll open it and eat up all that is in the envelope. Just watch her do it.'

Scarcely had she said this when Miss Pussy had torn the envelope open and was enjoying her letter very much. The envelope was filled with fragrant catnip.—Success.

All Sorts.

Watts: It takes travel to bring out what there is in a man.'

Potts: Especially sea travel.

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What an aristocratic air Mrs. High-roller assumes.

Yes; she reminds me of the best milliner in a small town.

I wish, said the young man, that you would be less formal, and call me by my first name. I'd rather not, replied his fair companion; your last name suits me. A few minutes later they were discussing the merits of the different firms that supply furniture on the installment plan.

There was an embarrassing scene at a recent wedding in Yorkshire. All had gone merrily until the bride-groom was called upon to produce the wedding-ring. In vain he felt in his trousers pocket for the indispensable trifle. Nothing could be found, except a whole through which the ring had evidently fallen into the boot. What was he to do? Take your boot off, said the parson. The suspense and silence were painful. The organist at the parson's bidding struck up a voluntary. The young man removed his boot. The ring was found, also a hole in the stocking, and the worthy minister remarked, evidently with more than the delay of the ceremony in mind, 'Young man, it is time you were married.'

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