Grandmother's Maxim.

I never could tell what my grandmother meant,
Ehough she has the wisest of brains;
"I have noticed," she said, "in the course of my life,
That lazy folks take the most pains."

I hated to mend that short rip in the skirt
Of my dress, where the pocket hole strains,
And grandmother saw it and laughed as she said,
'Yes, lazy folks take the most pains."

And that same little rip, when I went out to ride,
Was caught in my bicycle chain;
O! then I remembered what grandmother said,
'That lazy folks take the most pains'.

For instead of an inch I must sew up a yard,
And it's just as her maxim explains;
I shall always believe what my grandmother said,
'That lazy folks take the most pains.'
—Little Men and Women.

Passing It On.

'I wish I could get even with them fellows, I'd just like to pay 'em back; that's what I'd like to do.'

If you could have seen Leonard, steaming himself dry over the register in Miss Seymour's sitting-room, you would have seen a boy who seemed to be trying to escape, in every direction, from his clothes. Toes and elbows were plainly in view. His stout little body seemed fairly bursting through his tight jacket. Below each sleeve stretched a long reach of bare, red wrist, while the edges of his ragged kneepants came so far short of reaching his knees that they had no right to be called knee-pants at all.

There had been sad times in Leonard's home. His father had been 'drunk when he did it,' and was now in State Prison. Since that happened Leonard's mother had washed for a living; and the washing had paid rent and grocery bills, as well as for clothes and coal, and school books for Leonard and the two little brothers.

Hard work it was to get along. Still they managed, till one day Mrs. Connell fell and broke her arm. Then there was only Leonard to keep the hungry mouths filled, and Leonard was only twelve.

His mother cried, poor soul, because he must leave school.

'Never mind, mother,' Leonard had said, 'there's night school, you know.'

So this little fellow, who spent long, hard, days hunting jobs or running errands would trudge each evening to the night school, where sometimes, in spite of himself he would drop asleep over his books as soon as he sat down.

Sundays he went to the Mission. But there came one Sunday when he viewed himself doubtfully, then turned to his mother:

'Do you think I can go looking like this?'

There was no question about it. Besides being absurdly small, the Sunday suit showed holes and ragged edges. Patches would have helped things; but while his mother's arm hung in a sling, patches were impossible. Tears sprang to Mrs. Connell's eyes.

'Never mind, mother,' said Leonard, cheerfully, 'I'll scrub up clean, and I guess I'll do.'

He scoured vigorously, till his hard, red cheeks shone with soap and scrubbing. Then off he went, whistling.

'Leonard,' Miss Seymour said when Sunday-school had closed, 'will you come to my house next Saturday at one o'clock?'

'A job,' thought Leonard joyfully 'Yes'm, I'll come. I'll come all day if you want me.'

'No, come at one,' repeated Miss Seymour. 'Good-bye.'

Saturday was a dreadful day. It rained and snowed and sleeted all at once.

'And you haven't any rubbers,' sighed Mrs. Connell. 'I'm almost afraid to have you go.'

'Oh, I can't disappoint Miss Seymour!' protested Leonard; 'she's expecting me, you know.'

Accordingly, at precisely one o'clock there stood at Miss Seymour's door an exceedingly soaked little boy. However, he was soon simmering comfortably in the delicious warmth of the register, and wondering with all his might what Miss Seymour wanted.

'When you are dried a little,' she began, 'we are going down town,' Leonard stared.

'And you are to have a new suit of clothes,' she continued. 'No, not from me,' smiled the lady; 'they are a present from a class of boys in our morning Sunday-school. There are twelve of these boys. For several years, each Christmas time, their teacher has taken them down town and let each one choose for himself anything he wanted that could be bought for a quarter. Well, this year these boys decided that, if their teacher was willing, instead of getting the usual presents for themselves they would use the money for some boy who had hard times instead of good times; and who hadn't had any Christmas present. Of course their teacher was willing and glad to know his boys were so unselfish. He gave each one the quarter, and the boys put their money all together and came to me to ask if I knew some boy who needed something. When I told them how you helped your mother every day and went to school nights, and to Sunday-school, even when your clothes were old, they wanted the money spent for you. So we will go now and get the very nicest suit three dollars will buy, and it will be a present to you from boys who are willing to go without a present themselves.

Leonard had listened thoughtfully. When Miss Seymour had finished, he said earnestly:

'I wish I could get even with them fellows I'd just like to pay 'em back.'

'I'm glad you feel like that,' nodded Miss Seymour 'But I'm sure the boys don't expect to be paid back.'

'Guess not,' agreed Leonard. 'But I would like to get even with 'em'

A thought shone in Miss Seymour's eyes She slipped to the piano and handed Leonard an open singing-book.

'Sing this with me,' she said; then she began:

'Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on,'

and Leonard joined in vigorously,

'Pass it on, pass it on.'

'Let's think of the words,' said Miss Seymour; and as they sang, 'Pass it on, pass it on,' the boy's eyes began to dance.

'Say that's fun, that game is,' he declared.

'What game?' Miss Seymour stopped singing and looked inquiringly.

'Pass it on.' Maybe you never played that game; you used to be a girl, I 'spose; but boys play it lots of times, only they call it 'Pass it along.'

'How do boys play it?' inquired Miss Seymour

'Oh, there's a lot of fellows, and one fellow gives the next one a punch or a kick or anything like that; and then he punches the next fellow—that's passing it along, you see,—and then he punches the next one to him, and they keep on till every fellow's got punched.'

Miss Seymore laughed. 'Yes,' she said, 'and this is the same thing in the song, only the song doesn't tell about punches and kicks. Read the words carefully and see what the song tells about.'

Leonard studied the singing-book.

'Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.'

Then he glanced up, his eyes shining.

'Kindness, that's what it tells about,' he exclaimed. 'And I've had a kindness shown,' he went on, and you mean I can 'pass it on' instead of paying it back. I did want to pay it back; but if I can't do that, I can 'pass it on.'

He sat silent, thinking deeply. 'Say,' he announced, 'I've had twelve kindnesses shown to me, because it was twelve boys gave me my suit. I'll have to do a kindness to twelve fellows.'

A happy light was in Miss Seymour's eyes. 'Yes, she said, 'whenever you put on your new suit and want to pay back the boys who gave it to you, then do something kind for somebody. You'll find chances if you look for them, and when you've done twelve kindnesses, come and tell me about them, will you?'

'If I can remember them I will,' promised Leonard. 'I'm not sure I can remember that many.—Can. Baptist.

Mildred's Cups of Cold Water.

Mildred sat under the shadiest tree she could find that was near the pump. The shade and the pump were both indispensable, it was such a sizzling hot day. The sun had baked all Mildred's mud-pies 'to a turn;' and they stood in little, uneven rows, parched and browned and crisp, waiting to be eaten!

'Oh, deary me! how hot it is! sighed Mildred, trying to cool her warm little face on the soft grass But even the grass under the shady tree was hot.

'But I'm glad I'm me instead of a horse,' mused on the little voice; while Mildred watched a wagon come toiling up the little hill toward her.

'That's Mr. Cooper's horse, an' I guess he's most melted the way he looks. He's all covered over with soapsuds. I'm glad he isn't me'

The poor horse toiled on with drooping head and steaming sides. When he got to Mildred's pump, he stopped wistfully; but the trough was empty.

'G'lang, Dobbin! You can't have any! Mr. Cooper called crossly. 'I'm too wore out to get out o' this wagon again, to say nothin' of pumpin' a mess o' water! You've got to wait! G'lang!'

'Yes, oh, do wait!' cried Mildred, jumping up suddenly. For Dobbin had looked down at her with pleading eyes. And, then, s'posing she'd been Dobbin!

I can uncheck him. I'll stand up on the edge o' the trough,' she said cheerfully. 'And I'll pump. He looks so thirsty!'

Every time the pump-handle went up, Mildred went up, too, and then came down again on the wooden platform with steady little thuds. She could get more water that way.

And so Dobbin had his long, cool drink, and actually went off at a brisk little trot.

After that a good many other panting horses came plodding by with wistful side glances toward the pump; and Mildred's clear, pleasant, little voice offered them all a drink. People rarely stopped at Mildred's pump. It wasn't a public watering-place, and the trough was small and usually empty; and perhaps people had found out how hard the pump-handle worked up and down.

It was hot, hard work. Mildred's face got very red and wet, and her feet ached with the thuds on the platform; and her arms,—oh, deary me! how they ached with the pump-handle!

Between times she rested under the shady tree, feeling so thankful in her heart that she wasn't a horse!

Aunt Winnie watched her from her invalid chair in the window.

'Girlie,' she said softly, when Mildred went in at supper-time 'do you know what you've been doing?'

'Yes'm: resting—and pumping,' Mildred said promptly.

'And giving a 'cup'—a great many beautiful, kind cups—of 'cold water,' dear!' Aunt Winnie added with a hug.—Zion's Herald.

Old Maggie.

A group of young folk from the high school stood on the corner, giggling at old Maggie, the brown mare, who, hitched to a post near by, stood patiently switching away at the flies. The young folk laughed at her rough hide, her stumpy tail, and clumsy feet. They called her 'Nancy Hanks,' 'Gunpowder,' and 'Bucephalus.'

The next morning, when the gigglers filed into the school room, they saw on the black-board this:

'EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN OLD HORSE.

'I am only an old horse; but, when I was young, I was handsome, and I took a pride in letting no one pass me. Now I can do little, but I try to do that well. I take invalids and timid old ladies out driving. I let little children drive me; and they can slap the lines, rattle the whip, and shout as loudly as they wish; it doesn't try my nerves. Sometimes they climb my back for a ride. I step very carefully, so they won't fall off. So I do when the baby toddles around, and I am cropping grass on the lawn. I am always ready to carry picnic parties to the woods. I go for the doctor. I take guests to the train. I never shy at tooting engines, bicycles, baby carriages, or wheelbarrows. I take grandma to the weekly prayer meeting and sewing society. I don't remember ever playing a mean trick in my life. Some time in the future you may be old, poor and slow. How would you like to be laughed at?'

The scholars read the words, looked at one another, giggled a little,—very feeble giggles,—then, with flushed faces, bent over their books.

But they were thinking! Mary E. Q. Brush, in Youth's Companion.

To Keep Furniture Looking New.

It seems nearly impossible to keep furniture looking fresh, when dirt, like the poor, is always with us. When there are steam and dust, and, in most homes, children who will make finger-marks, the task seems doubly difficult. There is a simple mixture of kerosene and linseed oil, two parts of the kerosene to one of the linseed oil, which makes the best polish that has come to my notice This should be mixed only a little at a time. Some use turpentine, but this is not nearly as trust-worthy, as it will dull instead of brighten the polish in time. After the piece of furniture to be treated has been well dusted take a soft piece of flannel and dip it in the preparation, rub a small surface of the woodwork, and then take another small surface, allowing the first to stand while this is being done, then take a clean flannel, rub until the polish shines to suit you. This will leave a polish brilliant and beautiful. If this polishing takes place occasionally, the furniture may be kept looking like new for an almost indefinite time; I might say indefinitely, if it is all of wood Be sure the rags are absolutely clean and free from dust; the same ones may be used and washed to use again as long as they last.

When there are upholstered cushions on the chairs or other furniture, dust well with a whisk broom, and then rub rapidly with a flannel wet with gasolene. There must be no fire in the room during this process, and not even a match struck in it until the odor has evaporated; it will be best to set such pieces out of doors to clean them, if possible.—Ross Seelye Miller.

What a Book Said.

'Once on a time, a library book was overheard talking to a little boy who had just borrowed it. The words seemed worth recording, and here they are:—

'Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed to be seen when the next little boy borrows me.

Or leave me out in the rain. Books can catch cold, as well as children.

'Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It would spoil my looks.

'Or lean on me with your elbows when you are reading me. It hurts.

'Or open me and lay me face down on the table. You wouldn't like to be treated so.

'Or put in between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of thin paper. It would strain my back.

'Whenever you are through reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place, don't turn down the corner of one of my leaves, but have a neat little book-mark to put in where you stopped and then close me and lay me down on my side, so that I can have a good, comfortable rest.

'Remember that I want to visit a great many other little boys after you are through with me. Besides, I may meet you again some day; and you would be sorry to see me looking old and torn and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean, and I will help you to be happy.'—D. Appleton & Co.

The Squirrel Who Loved Music.

I have just read about a sportsman who one day, in the woods, sat very still, and began to whistle an air to a red squirrel on a tree.

'In a twinkling,' says he, 'the little fellow sat up, leaned its head to one side, and listened. A moment after he had scrambled down the trunk; and, when within a few yards; he sat up and listened. A moment after he had scrambled down the trunk; and, when within a few yards, he sat up and listened again. Pretty soon he jumped upon the pile of rails on which I was, came within four feet of me, sat up, made an umbrella of his bushy tail, and looked straight at me, his little eyes beaming with pleasure. Then I changed the tune; and, chut! away he skipped! But before long he came back to his seat on the rails; and, as I watched him, it actually seemed as if he were trying to pucker up his mouth to whistle. I changed the tune again; but this time he looked so funny, as he scampered off, that I burst out laughing, and he came back no more. I had much more enjoyment out of this squirrel than if I had shot him'—St. Nicholas.

Bessie's Verse.

Bessie was a very little girl. She had learned the verse, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' to repeat at a meeting. She stepped on the platform and began, 'Suffer—' It was the first time she had ever tried to speak before so many people. She was frightened, and stopped for a moment, then bravely began again, 'Suffer the little—'Again her fear overcame her, but, being a resolute little one, she made a third attempt, and said, 'Suffer the little children.'

The third time she looked at the upturned faces and stoppod. At last she repeated, not exactly the verse, but these words, Jesus wants us all to come to him and don't anybody try to stop us.' Which was better, to repeat the exact words or to have their meaning in her little heart?—The Sunbeam.

CHILDISH POLITENESS.—A mother was lamenting the fact that her children were rude to other little girls and boys who came in to play with them. 'They mortify me dreadfully!' she explained. 'They treat their guests as they treat one another and not as company.'

An elderly relative who chanced to be present, asked: 'And why not? You wish them to be natural do you not?'

'Why, yes,' was the hesitating answer, 'I suppose so. But they must be polite, must they not?'

'Certainly,' said the frank relative. 'They should be both natural and polite. To be rude should be the unnatural thing. From the first they should have been taught to be polite to one another as they would be to outsiders.'

The weary mother sighed helplessly. She had not trained her children in that way. Few mothers do. In too many homes brothers and sisters, from babyhood up to the time they have reached man's and woman's estate, feel that to one another they may speak as rudely and brusquely as they like. Naturally, if they treat other children with courtesy, it is with a forced courtesy, and sits ill upon them In one household the parents insist that the small people shall be courteous to one another. 'Do this,' 'Give me that,' 'Yes!' 'No!' are forbidden forms of speech. A request must always be preceded by a 'Please,' and a favor received with a 'Thank you,' while even the tiniest of the brains remembers to lisp, 'You're welcome' to the sister or brother who has thanked him. 'Yes, Harry,' 'No, Charley,' have become as much habits of speech with those little ones as are the brusque affirmatives and negatives used in many nurseries. And the mother of these boys and girls has seldom cause to blush because of her children's rudeness to outsiders.—Harper's Bazar.

Prayer.

Jesus never taught His disciples how to preach, only how to pray. He did not speak much of what was needed to preach well, but much of praying well. To know how to speak to God is more than knowing how to speak to men. Not power with men, but power with God, is the first thing. Jesus loves to teach us how to pray.—Andrew Murray.

Home Hints.

Oatmeal.—Put three tablespoonfuls oatmeal into a double boiler, add one and a half cupfuls cold water and one-quarter teaspoonful salt, place it over the fire, cover, and cook till done, which will take from fifteen to twenty minutes. Serve with cream and sugar.

Ham Omelet.—Separate four eggs, beat the whites to a stiff froth, and mix the yolks with four tablespoonfuls cold water, half teaspoonful salt, and a pinch white pepper; add the yolks slowly to the beaten whites, while stirring constantly; place a good-sized frying pan, with one tablespoonful butter, over the fire; as soon as hot pour in the egg mixture, slip a broad-bladed knife under the omelet, and shake the pan until the omelet loosens from it and has obtained a light-brown color; then sprinkle over two ounces fine-chopped boiled ham, place the pan for a few minutes in a hot oven, then double it over, and slip it on a hot plate.

Biscuits.—Put half a pint flour into a sieve, add half teaspoonful baking powder, one teaspoonful butter, one-quarter teaspoonful salt, half teaspoonful sugar, rub the butter fine in the flour, add half cupful milk, mix the whole into a dough with a knife, turn it onto a board, work it lightly with the same knife to smooth the dough, roll it out to half inch in thickness, cut it into rounds with a small cutter, place the biscuits in a buttered pan, close together, brush them over with a little melted butter, and bake in a quick oven.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion is occasioned by the want of action in the biliary ducts, loss of vitality in the stomach to secrete the gastric juices, without which digestion cannot go on; also being the principal cause of Headache. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills taken before going to bed, for a while never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. F. W. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ont., writes: "Parmelee's Pills are taking the lead against ten other makes which I have in stock."

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