

Johnny's Happiness.

BY KATE A. JOES

Little Johnny on the corner,
With his papers 'neath his arm,
Looked this morn to bright and happy,
That I said to him, "What charm
Have you found, my little laddie,
That you look so bright and gay?"
He answered, "Mister, say,
Don't your preacher tell you Sundays
What you ought to do each day?
I see our preacher at the mission
And he says we must watch and pray
And have a chance to help somebody,
For a chance to make them glad;
For our days will not be wasted,
For our hearts grow hard and bad."

"I haven't any money,
I helped poor Nanny the e
Home her load of washing
Yonder 'cross the square.
I told poor little Tommy,
An' when I saw him crying so,
He hadn't sold his papers,
I didn't let him cry, but let it go;
I'd help him, if he'd let me,
After I had sold my line.
I just oughter seen him laugh then,
And his eyes begin to shine.
I wonder I feel jolly;
Do you think you'd be sad
If you made two people happy?
Don't you think you would be glad?"

Stanley's Contraction.

Stanley Morris was a bright, merry
fellow; at the time of this story
he was only ten years old.

Large boy, twice as old as Stanley,
more than twice his size, lived
in the door to the little golden-headed
bird, and was very fond of his very
kind friend. The big boy's name
was Martin.

Now, Martin had a boy's propensity
for teasing, and he often teased Stanley
the tears came to the little chap's
eyes and a troubled feeling came
to his heart. But Stanley loved Martin
considered him an oracle in knowl-

One morning little Stanley got out
to wrong side of the bed, and con-
tinued to cry and cry. His
mother continued until his mamma
obliged to punish her little son.

One day, she administered a dose
of Solomon's remedy for a naughty
boy. Stanley, full of indignation at
the use heaped upon him at the
opportunity sought out Martin
and his ear poured out his story of
what his mamma really whip-

Stanley said, "pon my word!" was
a pathetic answer.
"Oh!" and Martin pretended
horror, although he knew that
his mamma was kind and judi-
cious would not needlessly punish
him.

Stanley well say "oh, oh!" Martin,
truly hurtled me, and I don't
know many more! said Stanley, and
were his air and tone that
the boy laughed outright.

"All you that I'll do, Stan," he
merry twinkle in his eye; "I'll
do you of your mother."

"What?" inquired the youngling,
puzzled.
"I'll make a contract with you
mother."

"Is a contract, Martin?"
Stanley said, "Oh, it's a bargain. I'll
do your mamma. You see, my
mamma, and I want one
far away, and I want one
near."

Stanley answered Stanley; he knew
that he lived with his uncle, so as
to go to school. After a pause he
said, "I understand," he said;
"you give me for my mamma?"
Stanley said, "I will
contract with you, but if you
contract you must give me
money."

Stanley said, "the—contraction
and the little fat hand was
ready out for the shining silver
coin."

"I haven't been doing anything to
him, Mrs. Morris. What does he say?"
"Why, he says you bought me, his
mamma, away from him, and won't do
the bargain back, either. And I can't
put the child away to bed in such a dis-
tressed state of mind. What's to be
done?"

All this while Stanley stood sobbing,
not daring to throw himself into his
mamma's arms, and so he leaned
against her chair.

"Well," said Martin, "this chap came
to me this morning, complaining of his
mamma. She had punished him, and
he did not like her any more. Isn't
that true, Stan?" and the larger boy
turned to the smaller.

"Yes, it's true—yes, but—I didn't
know—how—bad I'd feel," sobbed the
little fellow, his head sinking down
upon the back of the chair. "I do—
want—my mamma—I do; I do!"

At this juncture mamma smiled
faintly at Stanley giggled outright.
The former, however, at once looked
sober as she said: "Now, Martin, stop
this nonsense without delay; remember
the child is suffering; it is real to him."

"What do you want to do, Stan?"
asked Martin.
"I want you to take your money and
give me back my dear mamma. Please
do, Martin!"

"Well, I suppose I shall have to do
so. Give me my dollar and take your
mamma; but hereafter you had better
appreciate her, as you may lose her
again."

Mamma opened her arms and Stanley
sprang into them, laughing and crying
together, and Martin picked up the
dollar from the floor and smilingly ran
off home.

"I won't make any more contrac-
tions," murmured Stanley, as mamma
led him off to bed.—Anna D. Walker,
in Christian Intelligencer.

The Kitten Saint Paul.

A lady who lived on the second floor
of an apartment house received as a
gift the most beautiful kitten you ever
saw; and of course, she wanted to keep
him to pet and have with her as long
as possible.

But there was one drawback. Mrs.
Phelps was a great believer in the
virtues of fresh air for animals of both
the higher and lower order; and how
was she to keep a kitten neat and
healthy in a flat where there was so
little opportunity for 'airing,' and
proper out-of-door exercise?

Her one little maid had quite enough
to do already, so she was out of the
question. At last a happy thought
struck Mrs. Phelps. She said: "I
will lower him to the back yard in a
basket, as the faithful old did for
Saint Paul. And, if he learns the
trick, he shall be named Saint Paul."

Well, the kitten remained at the
flat. He was a dear, playful little
creature and a perfect beauty. The
first time it was thought necessary to
give him fresh air a clothes-line was
firmly fastened to the handle of a stout
market-basket, in which Saint Paul
had been put. He did not seem to
mind it a bit, but put his little paws
up on the edge of the basket, and,
looking at his mistress, seemed to say,
"Well, what next?"

He did not have to wait long to find
out; for in another minute the basket
was about ten feet below the window-
ledge, and steadily going down. He
did not like his sensation and growled
forth his displeasure.

When the basket got within two or
three feet of the ground, he jumped
out, looked around, and then scampered
off to play.

When he had been out an hour or
two, his mistress went down to the
yard, picked the kitten up, fed him a
little tidbit, and played with him a few
moments before putting him back into
the basket. She had previously in-
structed Maggie, the maid, to com-
mence a steady, even, hand-over-hand
pull on the rope. And the ascent was
safely made, although he protested
against the procedure every inch of the
way. In fact, he seemed more fright-
ened at being hauled up than at being
let down.

The lessons were given twice a day.
Each time he showed less fear. By
the afternoon of the third day the little
animal jumped into his basket, which
was kept in a corner near the window,
looked up at his mistress and said,
"Meow! meow!" And this time he was
lowered to the ground with seeming
enjoyment, looking up to the neigh-
boring windows as much as to say,
"Don't you see what a great cat I am?"

And they did see what a great cat he
was. From one window to another
could be heard, "Come, hurry up!
Those folks in that big flat are going to
let the kitten down. Come and see!
It's such a cunning little thing!"

After due training, he would, of his
own accord, get into the basket when
he wanted to go down; and when he
got tired playing in the yard, he would
call to be hoisted up. When he had
grown out of his kitten days and was a
great, big Tom-cat, he was too heavy
for Maggie to draw up in the old hand-
over-hand way. So his mistress had a
pulley and tackle rigged for him.

He learned almost anything that
they attempted to teach him. But he
never would tamely submit to being
bathed. It required the entire family
to accomplish that feat. And he
avenged himself by splashing and
throwing water over every one who
came near him. At this time Saint
Paul was so famous and so beautiful
that, in spite of the most watchful
care, he was stolen. A reward was
offered for his return, commencing
with one dollar, and finally going up
to twenty dollars; but he was never re-
covered.—Little Men and Women.

Waiting for Something to Turn Up.

It seems strange that in this big and
needy world any man should say, "I
can't find anything to do." There is
certainly enough to do, and yet so
many do it. The difficulty lies

somewhere between the man without
work and the thing that needs to be
done, and it lies nearer to him than to
the object that is waiting to be used.

I have seen great stones in a field,
too great to be moved with the ordinary
strength of the hand, and too stubborn
to move themselves. Always one of
two conditions exist, if not both: the
stones are in the way, or they are
needed somewhere else. I hitch the
old bays to the stone boat and arm
myself with the crowbar and go after
those stones. Every man has a crow-
bar, a God-given leverage, and if a
stone is in his way he can do much
toward removing it; and if he needs a
stone, he finds it somewhere, and he
can turn it up and roll it over until it
serves his purpose.

Why is it that our neighbor, crippled
handed Jim Tanner, always has some-
thing to do? And why is Mick Dawson
always busy, serving some one and
helping himself? Why don't you find
something to do? Young Doles there
lets the weeds grow all over his yard,
and all along his sidewalk, and never
seems to notice that pales are missing
from his front fence. Do you suppose
any one is anxious to take him in as a
partner? Will any be likely to help
to set him up in business?

Tom Painter has nothing to do, and
his large family is in want. He has
just lately refused several jobs because
he could not get a price sufficient to
yield him three or four dollars a day.
But his neighbor, Ridgeway, a hard-
handed, common sort of a man, has
taken the same jobs and is making a
dollar a day. That may not seem to
be big wages, but it is a hundred times
better than nothing.

"I am looking for a man," said a mer-
chant.
"I'll tell you where to find him,"
said I. "He lives in your part of the
town. Sid—"

"Oh, I know him; I don't want him.
He's no account. He won't work. His
gate has been off its hinges all the year,
and every other board of his walk is
either gone or loose. He won't suit
me."

Sid is waiting for something to turn
up. And it won't be very much that
will turn up for him.

Apply your leverage. That is what
Jim Tanner does. He has not had as
much education as you, his boyhood
training was not in his favor, but he
finds plenty to do, and keeps his
family comfortable. You can hardly
expect anything of real worth to turn
up your hand if you do not turn your
hand to something, as the farmer
applies the crowbar to the stone that
is either in his way or may be used to
better advantage elsewhere.

Be diligent in business. "You have
no business?" Then make some. Take
your hands out of your pockets and
move with a business air at least. If
you are a stranger, just come to town
to live and find something to do—not
as a tramp—they will say: "Who is
that? He seems to have some respect
for himself. He looks as if he might
amount to something." Or, if you are
an old citizen, well known, they will
say: "Jim means to do better. We'll
help him." You never tried that. If
you did you quit it too soon, if to-day
you are at the same old task, waiting
for something to turn up.—New York
Observer.

A Queer Nest.

When little Marjory was five years
old, Aunt Ruth gave her the dearest
little pair of red slippers you ever saw.
How pleased Marjory was with them,
and how tightly she hugged Aunt Ruth,
as she said, "I think you're the nicest
auntie ever was, I do."

The next week mamma took little
Marjory with her into the country to
visit grandmother for a few weeks, and
of course the new shoes had to go, too.

One day one of the little red shoes
was missing. Grandma, mamma, and
Marjory hunted everywhere, but it
was nowhere to be found.

But while Marjory was out in the
fields one afternoon, gathering flowers,
and chasing the butterflies with Bowser
she heard a "Tweet, tweet," and then a
little brown bird flew right up from
almost under her feet.

Marjory stepped right on the spot,
and she looked down, and what do you
suppose she saw? In a hollow in the
ground was the little red shoe, filled
with bits of straw and grass, and within
were four tiny eggs.

"Why-ee," cried Marjory, and then
she turned and ran home as fast as
her little feet could carry her.

"O mamma, mamma, what do you
suppose I've found? I know you'll
never guess, so come with me quick,
and I'll show you."

Mamma was as much surprised as
Marjory to find the little shoe in such
a strange place.

"Please, mamma, can't I have the
eggs? I begged Marjory, earnestly
"Why, darling, how do you suppose
poor little birdie would feel if you
should take away her eggs? Leave it
in the nest, dear, and by and by you

will find four little baby birds in place
of the eggs. Won't that be nice?"

Marjory thought it would, and so
waited patiently for the little eggs to
hatch, and sure enough, in a few days
four downy baby birds were opening
their mouths wide for the food which
the papa bird brought them.

Marjory watched 'her birdies' grow
day by day, until at last their little
wings grew so strong that they flew
away, and left their snug little red
house forever.

Then mamma took away the little
weather-morn shoe, and now it stands
(filled with straw and grass, just as the
birdies left it) at home on Marjory's
little dressing-case.—The Child's
Hour.

A Dainty Cat.

There is a cat in Boston that has
learned to be extremely tidy. She
lives in an office; and, when meat and
bread or any food is given her to eat,
it is usually spread out on a piece of
paper. When she has finished or
eaten all she cares to, she carefully
and patiently folds the paper into a
package, skilfully using her paws and
her mouth to accomplish it. When
she has made this into as neat a
package as she can, she carries it to
some out-of-the-way corner or nook,
where she puts it away till she wants
to finish it.—Pac fic.

It is said that the soldiers who had
taken Hood's Sarsaparilla stood the
long marches in Cuba much better than
the others.

Animals, a writer alleges, as an ex-
ample to the man, eat first and sleep
after. The long intervals between
supper and breakfast, and the empti-
ness of the stomach during sleep, is
injurious, and to it is attributable
much of the emaciation, sleeplessness,
and general debility met with. He
advises the weak and sleepless to take
a light, simple meal before
going to bed, if they would improve
their health. A bowl of milk and
bread or a little oatmeal, regularly
taken for a few months, will have a
surprising influence in toning up the
system and increasing the weight and
strength. This is a simple treatment,
and might be found advantageous.—
Health.

Don't go out bare-headed to put
your wet clothes on the line in winter
weather. It is a foolish and unneces-
sary tax upon the system, and injurious
to the hands. Gloves and mittens
work on ordinary occasions are apt to
be more or less soiled, and are not
suitable for handling clean clothes.
Have a pair for this very purpose.
You can cut them from clean flannel
(white seems the most suitable), and
line them with another thickness
of flannel—or make them double—if
the flannel is thin. These should be
kept in a clean place ready for this
particular business, and nothing else.
A good and handy place to keep them
is in the clothes-pin bag.—Christian
Leader.

Fruit Tapioca.—Soak three-quarters
of a cupful of tapioca over night;
drain, turn in a double boiler, add
four cupfuls of hot water, and cook
till clear and transparent. Take from
the fire, stir into it one pint of fresh
fruit (strawberries, raspberries, or
other small fruit), sweeten to taste
and serve hot or cold with whipped
cream.

Permanent Cures

Of such diseases as Salt Rheum,
Scrofula, Sores, Ulcers, Dyspepsia and
Constipation are made by E. B. B.
The daily papers are full of statements
of those who have been permanently
cured by E. B. B.

Always on Hand.—Mr. Thomas H.
Porter, Lower Ireland, P. Q., writes:
"My son, 18 months old, had croup
so bad that nothing gave him relief
until a neighbor brought me some of
Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which I
gave him, and in six hours he was
cured. It is the best medicine I ever
used, and I would not be without a
bottle of it in my house."

THEY DROVE PIMPLES AWAY.—A
face covered with pimples is unsightly.
It tells of internal irregularities which
should long since have been corrected.
The liver and the kidneys are not per-
forming their functions in the healthy
way they should, and these pimples are
to let you know that the blood protests.
Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will drive
them all away, and will leave the skin
clear and clean. Try them, and there
will be another witness to their ex-
cellence.

A big yield of both
profit and satisfaction
will result if you plant
FERRY'S Seeds

They are always the best.
Do not accept any cheap
imitation—buy none but Ferry's.
Sold by all dealers. Write for
the 20 Seed Atlas—Free.
D. M. FERRY & Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

MUNN & CO.
SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN
AGENCY FOR
PATENTS

A pamphlet of information as to
the laws, showing how to
Obtain Patents, Copyrights, Trade
Marks, Copyrights, and Trade
Names.
MUNN & CO.,
361 Broadway,
New York.

Typewriting
By Touch

Without looking at the keyboard
the same as in piano playing, and using
all the fingers, is the system now
taught in this college.

By the new method greatly increased
speed, ease and efficiency are secured;
and injury to the eyes caused by con-
stant change of focus in glancing from
machine to manuscript, as in the com-
mon method, is avoided.

SHORTHAND.—The Isaac Pitman
BUSINESS.—The latest and only
up-to-date system, and we are the
only ones who can use it in this
locality.

Send for catalogues.

S. KERR & SON

Professional Cards.

DR. ATHERTON.

Late Lecturer on surgery, Women's
Medical College, Toronto, and Surgeon to
St. John's Hospital for Women, Toronto
has resumed practice in Fredericton, N. B.

H. F. McLEOD, B. A.

BARRISTER,
CONVEYANCER &c. &c.
McLeod & Co. (Incorporated) 111-113
FREDERICTON, N. B.

\$18,000.00

Low Interest and Easy Term

As Solicitor for several persons desiring
to loan amounts of from \$100.00 to \$500.00
on first Mortgage security, I am pre-
pared to invest \$18,000.00, repayable as
desired.

Also as Solicitor for The Reliance Loan
and Savings Company I will make loans
to assist building or purchase of dwellings.
Principal and interest repayable in monthly
installments. Why pay rent when by this
method the same money will in a few years
make you owner?

P. O. Box 402,
Fredericton, N. B.

D. McLEOD VINCE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW

NOTARY PUBLIC, etc.,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

VIRGINIA FARM FOR SALE

800 ACRES. Land lays well. Well watered
Large amount of hard wood timber near
railroad. Dwelling and outbuildings
Price only FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, Good
title. Write for free Catalogue.
B. R. CHAPMAN & CO., Richmond

Manchester, Robertson

and Allison
St. John, N. B.

Dry Goods, Carpets, Curtains

Silks, Millinery, Furs, Cloaks,
Dress Goods, Men's and Boys
Clothing Gents' Furnishings

Our New Furniture Department contains
an immense stock of
Fine Furniture
in Parlor Suites, Bedroom Suites, Dining
Tables, Sideboards, Rocking
Chairs, Easy Chairs, Brass
and Iron Bedsteads,
and all kinds of Household Furniture
at lowest prices.

CLIFTON HOUSE

Princess & 143 Germain Sts.
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

A. N. PETERS, PROPRIETOR.

TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION.
HEATED BY STEAM THROUGHOUT

Dragon Blend

—AND—
Griffin Blend

TEAS

are unexcelled. Ask your Grocer for
them. Wholesale only by

A. F. Randolph & Son