Nobody Knows But Mother.

Why buttons are missing to-day?
Nobody knows but mother.
Why playthings are strewn in her way?
Nobody knows but mother.
Why thimbles and spools has she missed?
Why burns on each fat little fist?
Why bumps to be cuddled and kissed?
Nobody knows but mother.

Why bats has she hunted to-day—
Nobody knows but mother—
Idly hiding themselves in the hay?
Nobody knows but mother.
Why handkerchiefs wilfully strayed?
Why ribbons for each little maid?
For her care can a mother be paid?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many cares does a mother's heart know?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many joys from her mother love flow?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many prayers by each little white bed?
How many tears for her babes has she shed?
How many kisses for each curly head?
Nobody knows but mother.

—Mary Morrison, in Housekeeper.

How Long it Takes.

'Oh, I'm so hungry!' cried little Johnny, running into the house from play, 'give me some bread and butter, quick!'

'The bread is baking, so you must be patient,' said the mother.

Johnny waited two minutes, and then asked if it was done.

'No,' answered the mother, 'not quite yet.'

'It seems a long while to make a piece of bread,' said Johnny, impatiently.

'Perhaps you don't know, Johnny, how long it does take,' said his mother.

'How long does it take?' asked the little boy.

'The loaf was begun in the spring,' Johnny opened his eyes wide—'it has been doing all summer; it could not be finished till autumn.'

Johnny was glad it was autumn if it took all that while, for so long a time to the hungry boy was rather discouraging.

'Why?' he cried, drawing a long breath.

'Because God is never in a hurry,' said his mother. 'The farmer dropped the seeds in the ground in April,' she went on to say, partly to make waiting time shorter, and more, perhaps, to drop good seed by the wayside; 'but the farmer could not make them grow. All the men in the world could not make a grain of wheat, much less could all the men in the world make a stalk of wheat grow. An ingenious man could make something that looked like wheat. Indeed you often see young ladies' bonnets trimmed with sprays of wheat made by milliners, and at first sight you can hardly tell the difference.'

'Put them in the ground and see,' said Johnny.

'That would certainly decide. The make-believe wheat would lie as still as bits of iron. The real grain would soon make a stir, because the real seeds have life in them, and only God gives life. The farmer, then, makes neither the wheat nor the corn grow; but he drops it into the ground and covers it up (that is his part) and then leaves it to God. God takes care of it. It is he who sets mother earth nourishing it with warm juices. He sends the rain, he makes the sun shine, he makes it spring up; first the tender shoots, then the blades; and it takes May and June and July and August, with all their fair and foul weather, to set up the stalks, throw out the leaves, and ripen the ear. If little boys are starving, the corn grows no faster. God does not hurry his work; but he does all things well.'

By this time Johnny had lost all his impatience. He was thinking.

'Well,' he said at last, 'that's why we pray to God, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' Before now I thought it was you, mother, that gave us our daily bread; and now I see it was God. We should not have a slice if it were not for God would we, mother?'—Child at Home.

Birds that Travel.

It is not an unusual sight on Lake Michigan to see land birds taking a ride on the lake steamers. This is particularly noticeable on the steamers of the Goodrich Line which ply between Muskegon, which is a hundred miles from Chicago, at this season after dark. At sundown or thereabouts masts, spars and rigging of these vessels lying at the dock in Muskegon offer good roosting places for land birds. When darkness comes and the boats move, it is too late for the birds to venture back on shore.

The other morning, just between day break and sunrise, passengers on the decks of the steamer Iowa, thirty-five miles out from Chicago, were entertained by a flock of assorted land birds which circled round the boat, until they were compelled to rest on the rigging. There were two yellow hammers, or flickers; a silent industrious little sap-sucker, which pecked away at ropes and spars as if he were breakfasting heartily on grub; a frightened brown thrasher with speckled breast; a pair of tiny wrens and several grass sparrows. There was also a little colony of bats.

The yellow-hammers, with their long, galloping flights, were restless and nervous. They seemed to be awake to their dangers and to feel safety only in the presence of the boat. The yellow-hammer naturally is a shy bird, and these would fly round and round, resting only for a few seconds at a time on the topmost reaches of the tall masts.

The sparrows were only a little nervous, huddling together and twittering their fears. The wrens were tame beyond belief, even hopping under the chairs in which passengers sat. Circumstances pointed to the fact that they were at home somewhere among the timbers of the lower decks. The bats evidently were, for they flew in and out through the boat as if perfectly at home. One of them, however, missed an open window and struck the side of the pilot-house, falling on deck. A passenger clapped his handkerchief over the little creature and made him a prisoner. He put bat and handkerchief into hand-bag, only to find an hour later that the bat had eaten out the center of the square of linen.

But it is a very easy way for country birds to visit a big city free of cost. They may go to bed in Michigan and awaken only a few miles out of Chicago. With a little exercise they land among the ships, freight cars and tall elevators at the mouth of the Chicago River with appetites whetted for breakfast. Grain eating birds may get it easily enough, but the yellow-hammers, the thrashers and the sapsuckers must find pretty hard picking, even in the big parks. They do not find much sympathy, however. Tramp birds which will steal rides must take the consequences.—Ex.

The Boy and the Farm.

If you are a farmer and you want your son to be a farmer after you, teach him from his earliest boyhood to respect his father's calling. Instill into his mind the fact that great men of all ages were sons of farmers. Teach him never to feel shame at the senseless and threadbare jokes of would-be humorists over Old Hayseed and his lumbering market-wagon and his quaintness of speech when he visits the city and stares around at the sights, and does not make half so much a fool of himself as the average city man when he comes to the country.

Do not fill his life entirely with work. Recreation is as necessary to happiness and to a healthful development of the spiritual and physical faculties as is pure air, and there is untold wisdom in the old saw, 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.'

Encourage him when he tries to do, even if he fails. Failures which teach us how to avoid future disasters are successes. Make him feel that you rest upon his faithfulness and truth in whatever you intrust to him. Do not blame him when he is not at fault, even if things do not turn out as you have expected. Never disparage his efforts. Continual disparagement breaks a boy's spirit, and there is nothing more inspiring, nothing more refreshing in this world than the broad, courageous, undismayed hopefulness of a manly boy.

Take him into your confidence early. Let him know what you are going to plant in the ten acre field, and how you propose to make the upland wheat-field pay.

Don't snub him. That man who snubs a boy is unworthy to be the father of a son. Let him have the money he earns. You would have to pay the hired man for taking care of the calves and the colts; why not remunerate your boy? Do not disgust him with farming in the beginning by telling him that he does not need anything but his board and clothes now, because he will have 'it all' when you are gone. Give him something now. Five dollars when a boy is ten years old is more to him than five thousand will be when you are dead and gone and he has the farm.

Do not devote all the land to corn and potatoes, and 'things that pay.' The garden and the orchard are important factors in the life on the farm, and the flowerbed ought to receive just as much attention as the onion bed where you expect to raise the strongly-flavored candidates for the first premium at your country fair next fall.

Do not starve your family for the sake of taking the best of everything to market. A broad and generous soul cannot develop in a starved body. Live in just as good a house as you can own, free of mortgage. Have a pleasant, sunny living room with books and papers and music. Encourage your boy to invite his friends there, and yourself greet them cordially when they come. The lack of social privileges at home is one fertile cause of the temptation exerted by city life on the country young man.—New England Farmer.

A Hustling Boy.

It has been a number of years ago, but it is no less a fact, that a boy who had acquired a meager education was thrown upon his own resources for a livelihood right in the commencement of his teens. He went to a groceryman on Market Street, in a large city, and applied for work. With some difficulty he secured a place as a sweep. He started in with push and grit and really did a great deal of hard work for very little pay, but he strove to do his work well. From the start he was punctual and unflinching. He had not been at the work long until a friend, passing him when he was sweeping the sidewalk, said to him: 'Joe, what are you doing?' 'I'm sweeping myself into a job;' and he was, for it was not long until he got the confidence of the house in which he worked and was promoted to a more desirable position, but no less work. He was willing, however, and every minute was employed. He hustled in everything he was called on to do. Soon the neighboring places of business began to see Joe and to talk about Joe and began to covet Joe. Why? Because Joe was a mover. He was willing to put his hands to anything needed to be done. His heart was on the advancement of the firm's interest.

A man over the street from where Joe worked said to him one day: 'Joe, I would be very much pleased to have you in my employ, and I am willing to pay you five dollars per month more than you are getting in your present employment if you will come and work for me.' 'Well,' said Joe, 'I like Mr. Bachelor, and Mr. Bachelor likes me, and I might rue a change even at five dollars' difference in the month.'

Seeing Joe's great firmness and his tact of holding on to a good thing when he had it, he further tempted him by saying; 'I'll give you ten dollars per month more than you are getting from Mr. Bachelor if will work for me.' Joe stood and scratched his head a little, and said: 'I'll give you an answer later.' Joe told his employer of the offer the man over the street made and Mr. Bachelor replied: 'Well, Joe, if you are worth ten dollars a month to any other man in the city more than I am paying you, you are worth it to me. So, you may go ahead with an advance of ten dollars on the month for your wages.'

Joe's wages were advanced from time to time, and also was he advanced to higher places of trust, until, by and by, he became a partner in the firm, and rose to a man of money and influence in the community where he lived.

He was a trusty, hustling boy, and, by doing menial work quick and well, success has crowned him in all the pursuits of life.—Chris. Standard.

Don't Tell a Lie.

'Let's play ball,' said Teddy.

Teddy had a tennis racket; Dottie got a ball, and they had a fine game.

Crash! went a pane of glass in the window.

Then both the naughty little tots remembered that mamma had told them not to play ball in the dining room.

'What shall we do?' said Teddy.

'Don't let anybody see it,' said Dottie.

'And when they do, let's say we don't know.

When Teddy and Dottie went to bed they both felt very sober.

Mamma heard them say their prayers, then she kissed them and went quietly down-stairs.

Then Teddy said: 'Let's tell.'

'Let's,' said Dottie.

They called mamma, and said to her: 'Mamma, we broke the dining-room window.'

'We played ball,' said Dottie.

'And we thought we wouldn't tell,' said Teddy.

'And then we thought we would,' said Dottie.

'My dears,' said mamma, 'I am sorry you did not obey me about playing ball in the house. But I am very glad you did not make things worse by telling a lie. Our Saviour forgives our sins when we are sorry for them, but a lie leaves an ugly stain on a little heart and a little tongue.'

When mamma was gone down Teddy said: 'I'm glad we didn't tell a lie; for, don't you see, we couldn't ever untell it.'

Dear little children, remember that you can never untell a lie. Be thankful if you can say, 'I have never told a lie.' And try with all your hearts always to be able to say so.

One truth in the life is better than a hundred in the memory.

Making a Baby Strong.

There is a physician in West Philadelphia who has a son one year old, and this baby is probably the strongest human being for its age and weight in the world. Its father will hold a cane in his two hands, and the baby, grasping it, will draw itself up to its chin three times. That is but one of its numerous feats of strength. The physician says that his boy's unusual muscular development is due to a daily massage treatment. Every morning he lays the little fellow naked on a blanket and kneads his muscles for thirty minutes. Once a month he weighs the baby and measures its calves, chest, arms, etc. The monthly increase of weight and girth is remarkable. The baby has never had shoes or stockings on its feet or a hat on its head, and in the summer it wears only a little sleeveless dress that comes to its knee. It gets a cold bath every morning.

If nothing goes wrong, the physician often declares, this child will be one of the strongest men the world has ever seen. He will never get bald, and he will never lose a tooth. As for his muscles, with massage and a course of exercise that I have laid out, they will be big and supple all over the body. All his flesh will be when tense as hard as steel, and when relaxed as soft as the flesh of a young girl.—Philadelphia Record.

Home Hints.

Distressing vomiting may be relieved by applying to the stomach a hot compress or woollen pad brought from the oven.

Half a lemon dipped in salt will do all the work of oxalic acid in cleaning copper boilers, brass tea kettles, and other copper and brass utensils.

To remove mildew from linen, mix soft soap with powdered starch, half as much salt, and the juice of a lemon. Lay on the linen with a brush, and expose on grass.

When buying chops, remember that the most tender, the best flavored and the cheapest in the end are the loin chops. These have the tenderloin and comparatively little bone. Rib chops are not economical, as the flank forms too large a part.

Corn Pudding.—In addition to the merit of being good to the taste, corn pudding has another of being the sort of dish which can be prepared for the baking and set away, long before time to put in the stove. For a small one, use half a can of corn, one egg yolk, a half cupful of milk, one heaping teaspoonful of butter, one scant teaspoonful of sugar, salt and pepper to taste

Baked Eggs.—For baked eggs put a tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan and as soon as melted add a teaspoonful of flour and stir until smooth and bubbly. Draw the pan to one side of the range and add gradually one cupful of warm milk, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of white pepper. Boil up once, stirring carefully and then pour into a deep, buttered plate or baking dish. Break six or eight eggs carefully and drop into the sauce, sprinkling over them a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Place in a moderate oven and bake five or six minutes until the whites are set. Serve at once in the dish in which they are baked.

Try.

For nervous headache, bathing the back of the neck in hot water.

For sick and nervous headache, rubbing peppermint oil on the temples.

For burns, lime water and sweet oil.

For the beginning of a 'runaround,' pricking it and painting it with iodine.

For an incipient boil, muriated tincture of iron.

For rheumatism, oil of wintergreen, internally and externally.

For breaking up a cold, twelve drops of camphor in twelve teaspoonfuls of water, taken by the teaspoonful each half hour.—American Journal.

BE THERE A WILL, WISDOM POINTS THE WAY. -The sick man pines for relief, but he dislikes sending for the doctor, which means bottles of drugs ever consumed. He has not the resolution to load his stomach with compounds which smell villainously and taste worse. But if he have the will to deal himself with his ailment, wisdom will direct his attention to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which, as a specific for indigestion and disorders of the digestive organs, have no equal.

Toledo; Ont.

Mr. Lewis Johnston of this place was taken down with Rheumatism, had two doctors in attendance, was getting no better. Three days after he started taking Milburn's Rheumatic Pills he was out of bed and in one week was well and able to go about.

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION regarding the popular internal and external remedy, Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil—do not, so far as known, exist. The testimony is positive and concurrent that the article relieves physical pain, cures lameness, checks a cough, is an excellent remedy for pains and rheumatic complaints, and it has no nauseating or other unpleasant effect when taken internally.

Not Afraid.

The little daughter of a distinguished French scientist had never seen a monkey. So, when an organ-grinder accompanied by Jocko in cap and jacket appeared before the house, her father took her out on the sidewalk to view the creature's antics, expecting that she would be much amused; but, after a single glance, the little maid hid her eyes against her father's coat-skirts, and refused to look again, seeming much frightened and distressed.

He soothed and coaxed her, wishing to overcome her fears, but for some time in vain. She would not for a moment think of feeding the monkey with a biscuit, as she was urged to do. Indeed, she would not even lift her face.

But you are really very silly, the father said at last, turning to take her indoors. He is such a harmless little animal!

Animal! cried the little girl, stopping short. Oh let me feed it, papa: that will be fun! I don't mind animals, but I thought it was such a dreadful little boy!

Milk by the Yard.

If you wou'd get the advantage over an Irishman possessed of the pure mother wit, you will need to get up early in the morning, and keep wide-awake all day.

On seeing a notice in the window of a country general shop that everything was sold there by the yard, an Irishman entered.

Do you sell milk? sa'd he.

Yes, said the shopman.

Then give me a yard, said the customer.

All right, said the shopman; and, dipping his finger in a milk can at his side, he drew it a yard in length on the counter. Looking up triumphantly, he asked:

Do you want anything else, sir?

No, said the witty customer; but jist rowl it up in a bit o' paper, and I'll take it home wid me.

Rose, Bird and Brook.

'I will not give away my perfume, said the rosebud, holding its pink petals tightly wrapped in their tiny green case. The other roses bloomed and people were made glad by their beauty; but the selfish bud withered away.

'No, no,' said a little bird, 'I do not want to sing.' But when his brother soared aloft on joyful wings and sang with all his might, the little bird looked sorry and ashamed.

'If I give away all my wavelets I shall not have enough myself,' said the brook. And it kept all its waters in a hollow place, but it formed only a filthy little pool.

A boy who loved a fresh, wide awake rose, a singing bird and a leaping brooklet, thought on these things, and said: 'If I would be loved I must share all that I have with others.'—Kind Words.

Touching the heart of a child with God's truth, is the greatest thing that can be done in this world.

The possibilities for good in one child started right, are greater than in any army of men who have gone wrong.

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