

In the Country.

It seems to me I'd like to go where bells don't ring nor whistles blow, where clocks don't strike, nor gongs sound, and I'd have stillness all around.

Real stillness, but just the trees' low whisperings, or the hum of bees, or brooks' faint babbling over stones, or strangely, softly tangled tones.

Maybe a cricket or katydid, or the songs of birds in the hedges hid, or just some such sweet sounds as these, will fill a tired heart with ease.

Whether for sight and sound and smell, like a city pretty well; or when it comes to getting rest, like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must just quit the city's din and dust, and get out where the sky is blue; and say, now, how do s it seem to you? —Eugene Field

Two Ways of Enjoying a Treat.

BY ADELINE M. TIRRELL.

Ronald and Rollo had been spending their holiday with Aunt Esther. The lived almost out into the country. Ronald and Rollo often walked out here on Saturdays. When they started for home that afternoon, Aunt Esther gave them each a bag filled with frosted cup-cakes. Aunt Esther was a dainty old lady, with a pleasant smile for everybody. Ronald and Rollo thought that there never was another auntie so nice as Aunt Esther, and they always had happy times when they visited her. Ronald said that Aunt Esther's barn was just the place for boys to play in; and Rollo said that he pitied the boys who had never tasted Aunt Esther's cooking, especially her cup-cakes. When she made them good-by that afternoon, Aunt Esther said,—

'I have given you more cakes to-day than you need, but I thought that perhaps you might enjoy them better if you had the opportunity to let some other boy enjoy them with you.'

'O auntie!' said Ronald. 'There is no danger but that I can enjoy all of mine.'

Aunt Esther smiled; but all that she said was,—

'There is more than one way of enjoying our treasures.'

The boys went home by different streets. Rollo was going down by the rubber factory to do an errand for mamma. Somehow, it was usually Rollo who did the errands. Ronald wished to go home by a shorter way. As Rollo went down the street, he saw Jimmie Curran walking painfully along on his crutches. Jimmie was the son of the woman who did washings for Rollo's mother. Jimmie had been hurt on the railroad track, and it was said that he would never walk again like other boys. Rollo pitied him; and, as he saw him that afternoon, he wished that he could do something to make him happy. Then he thought of Aunt Esther's cup-cakes, and he took out one and gave it to Jimmie.

'Oh, thank-ee!' said Jimmie; and his freckled face was so beaming with smiles that Rollo was glad that he had shared his treasures.

'I am glad that I gave one to Jimmie,' said he. 'I have five left now.' But he had not gone far when he met an old woman selling lead-pencils. She was old, and she was thinly clad. Rollo wished that he had some money to buy something of her, for he felt sure that she had had little to eat that day.

'Why!' said he suddenly. 'There are Aunt Esther's cup-cakes! How good one would taste to the old lady if she is hungry!'

'Thank you, dearie!' said the poor old creature, as Rollo handed her one. 'It has been many a dreary day since a body has done me such a kindness.'

And Rollo was not sorry that he had again shared his treasures.

'I have four left,' said he. 'Four will do for me.' But he had not reached the end of the street when he met a little beggar-girl. She held out her hand to him, and there were tears in her eyes.

'She must be very hungry,' said Rollo, 'or she would not be crying.' And he opened his bag, and took out another of Aunt Esther's cup-cakes.

'Oh, what a good boy!' said the little girl.

'There goes another of my treasures,' sighed Rollo. 'But the little girl looked so happy that I do not feel bad about it. Three are left for me yet.'

But he had hardly turned the street corner when he met a little boy crying because he had lost a nickel. Rollo stopped to comfort him, and the little boy said:

'It was a birthday present from my uncle, I was going to buy me a little cake with it.' 'Surely,' thought Rollo, 'it would be too bad for the child to go without his birthday eating.' And so he handed him one of Aunt Esther's cup-cakes. The little boy laughed for joy, and Rollo said:

'I am glad that I could make him so happy. Two are left for me now.'

But just then a hungry dog came along, and began to sniff at Rollo's bag. It kept following Rollo; and it whined so piteously that at last Rollo opened the bag again, and gave it a cup-cake. The dog licked Rollo's hand, to show its gratitude.

'I have only one left,' said Rollo. 'But I should hate to remember that I did not feed a hungry dog.'

Rollo sat down under a tree to rest, and he ate the one last cup-cake himself. He thought that he had never tasted anything so good, and it is pleasure was made greater by the thought of how the other cup-cakes had given pleasure.

When he reached home, he found Ronald on the piazza looking cross and uncomfortable.

'How have you enjoyed your cup-cakes?' asked Rollo.

'I liked them very much,' said Ronald. 'But they tasted so good that I ate them all at once, and there were so many of them they gave me a headache. How have you enjoyed yours?'

Rollo told him how he had enjoyed them with others, and Ronald said:—

'How foolish to give them all away! I had chances enough to give mine away, but I chose to enjoy them myself.'

But that night while Roland tossed and tumbled with a headache, Rollo slept peacefully, and dreamed of a cheered old woman, some happy children, and the gratitude of a hungry boy. Which boy got the most enjoyment out of his treasures?—Chris. Register.

Mr. Snail's Downfall.

Perhaps our readers never knew that 'once upon a time' the snail or'd fly. If they didn't, and were also unaware of the reason why he now crawls, they should read the story Aunt Matilda tells the readers of 'St. Nicholas' concerning Mr. Snail and his downfall:

Seated at the table, the children were enjoying their luncheon, and Aunt Matilda was busily engaged in waiting upon them, when one of them asked in rather a rude manner to be helped to something. Without seeming to notice the child's rudeness, the old woman, after quietly helping the little one, said: 'Yo' know, children, dat it don't cost nuthin' to be perlit, but, at de same time, yo' is gwine to git a lot mo' by bein' so in dis here w'ld.'

The little ones had ceased eating as the old woman spoke, wondering to which one of them her words were addressed. But she seemed to be speaking to all of them and she continued: 'Perlitness makes mighty easy goin', no matter whar yo' is trabin', and de want of it is a load dat pulls yo' back mo' an' mo' de furdur yo' go. Yo' know, de snail he flew high an' he flew fast till his impuriteness done stop him.'

'Why, Aunt Matilda,' exclaimed the children, in surprise, 'the snail never could fly!'

'Mr. Snail flew once on a time, children,' the old woman insisted; 'an' he'd been a-flyin' yit, 'cordin' to Mr. Wuzzle Wuzzle, but fur his impuriteness. Yo' see, honeys, de snail in de olden time wasn't de po', misburil creature dat yo' see him now. No indeed. Fur, as Mr. Wuzzle Wuzzle tells me, den he was fine of color, an' flew high as any bird yo' ever see.'

'How did the Wuzzle Wuzzle Man come to know a l' that?' inquired one of the children.

'Well, children,' evasively replied Aunt Matilda, 'I ain't sayin' as how Mr. Wuzzle Wuzzle know all dat. I jes' tells yo' as he done told it to me. He allow dat Mr. Snail in de olden time fly fas', an' dat Mr. Snail fly high, an' dat he was all I tells yo'. How somever, de lor, which is de king of de beasts, as he was den, give a feast one day. To dat feast King Lion 'vited all de beasts, all de birds, an' all de res' of de w'ld. An' children, dey all come; fur, while dey was den dat ain't likin' him, dey know dat when King Lion say 'Come,' he don't say, 'Come if yo' kin,' or 'Come if convenient,' an' so dey all come.'

'Where did the lion give the feast?' interrupted one of the little ones.

'Dat I disremember, honey,' replied the old woman, 'but de feast was given, an' dey was all havin' a fine time as yo' want to see, when Mr. Snail, who sot nex' to Mr. Fox at de table, findin' dat de soup want jes a pinch of salt, says to Mr. Fox, 'Pass dat salt dis way.' He never say, 'May I trouble yo' fur de salt?' or 'Be good 'nuff to pass de salt dis way,' or 'De salt, if yo' please.' No indeed; he didn't nuthin' 't all like dat, spite de fac' dat he was riz well as de best of 'em. He jes say, 'Pass dat salt dis way.' All dem dat hear him mighty 'sprised to hear such impuriteness, an' as Mr. Fox puritly pass de salt to Mr. Snail, all look at King Lion to see

what he gwine say or do 'bout it.'

'And did the lion do or say anything, Aunt Matilda?' chorused the children.

'King Lion didn't do anything, an' he didn't say anything, jes den, he resumed; 'but when de feast was over, an' dey was all 'bout to leave de table, he say, lookin' down to whar Mr. Snail sot: 'Dar isn't anything dat I knows of so easy as bein' perlit, an' dar isn't any place whar de want of it l'ks so mean; s at de table, 'specially when yo' is 'vited to some other table dan yo' own. I is sorry to say, King Lion go on, look'n' mighty fierce toward Mr. Snail, 'dat one of yo' sittin' at dis here table done furgit a l' die. Such furgitful ess I can't afford to let go by widout noticin' of it, an' widout mentionin' any names, I is 'bliged to say dat af'er dis day de one I has in mind w'll be hidden from de rest of yo', an' dat he'll crawl 'long de face of de earth, 'stead of flyin'!'

'An' from dat day to dis, children,' said the old woman impressively, 'Mr. Snail done hid h'self in a shell, an' crawls 'long, 'bout de mos' 'spiesdest creature in all de w'ld.'

If I Were a Girl.

If I were a girl, but warped and guided by the knowledge of life that comes with maturer years, there are some things frequently done by well-intentioned girls in this year of grace that I would try to leave undone, and some other things frequently neglected by them that I would try to do.

If I were a girl I would determine to have, if possible, a sound, beautiful, well knit body. I would not ruin my digestion by eating caramels, nor my nerves by keeping late hours, nor my lungs by breathing bad air and wearing uncomfortable clothing. I would have my regular hours of eating and sleeping, and not be tempted from them oftener than once or twice a year. I would have my own ideas of what was sensible, economical, and appropriate in dress, and never be tempted from them on any occasion.

If I were a girl I would learn, as early as possible, to do the homely duties which come to the vast majority of women sooner or later. I would learn to make and mend my own clothes, to sweep, and dust, and iron, and cook, and to do all these things so easily and well that the doing could never be drudgery.

If I were a girl I would not make a confidential friend of a new acquaintance. I would know just as many pleasant people as it was possible for me to know, but I would try them for a long, long time before I began to share my innermost thoughts and feelings with them.

If I were a girl I would try very hard to keep my lips clear of slang, hasty words, and stupid gossip. I would not seek a reputation for vivacity and 'smartness' at the expense of candor and kindness. I would resolve, and resolve with all my might, to say what I meant and to mean what I said.

If I were a girl I would learn some things about the events and the prominent characters and questions of the day. I would learn to place the central figures of history—to know whether Socrates was a Greek or a Roman, and how and where Joan of Arc achieved immortality. I would not go through life tortured by an ignorance which may be remedied wherever the English language is known and a public library is accessible.

If I were a girl I would not spend hours in reading light novels—even harmless ones—when the same time wisely used would give me a life-long acquaintance with Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, Scott, Thackeray, Macaulay, Dickens, George Eliot, Hawthorne, the Brownings, Tennyson, Longfellow, and still others of the masters of literature.

If I were a girl I would be a Christian, and I would not be ashamed to own that I bore the name. If I could not be a wise, mature and influential Christian, I would be content to be an honest Christian girl, and wait for time and training to do the rest. I would let my position regarding the dance, the card table, and the theater to so clearly defined that I need not go through the agony of decision every day I lived. I would try not to make myself and my religion offensive by cant and 'goodishness,' but I would try to have it understood which side I was on and why I was there.

To put it briefly, if I were a girl, and if youth could look forward as easily as later life can look backward, I would begin to be in girlhood what I shall wish in old age I had become.

For the achievement it is necessary but to speak and live up to a resolute 'I will.'—Missionary Tidings.

Dyspepsia Eight Years.

Nine bottles of Laxa Liver Pills cured me of Dyspepsia and Pains in the Stomach after I had suffered 8 years and could get nothing to do me any good.

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Nice to Have Around.

Among the Summer visitors that thronged Primrose farm, none were so popular as a maiden of fourteen.

'It is strange what makes everybody like May Stultz so; I am just as good as she is,' said Jennie Dine, enviously.

There was a smile in the eyes of the farmer's wife, as she replied, 'May is such a nice little body to have around.'

'And why ain't I, too?' inquired Jennie, in an injured tone.

'Why, you are, certainly,' smiled the farmer's wife; 'but then May is extra nice. I am always sorry to see her go home. I miss her for months.'

'She has such helpful little ways,' spoke up grandma.

'And don't I help too?' asked Jennie.

'Why, yes, you are good, too,' said grandma; 'but there is a difference. Watch May, and see how it is.'

So Jennie determined to study May, and when she awoke the next morning and saw her friend standing before the glass putting the finishing touches to a bit of lace about her throat, it was the first thing she thought of.

'What are you doing up so early?' she asked. 'Isn't breakfast an hour later on Sunday morning?'

'Yes, I know it is, but I don't like to be in a hurry on God's day. Now I shall have time to bring in a few flowers for the table, and some peppermint all wet with dew for poor Mrs. Melvil who has the dyspepsia so, and not keep everybody waiting, either,' and she glided out of the room.

Two hours later, a half dozen guests or more were flying about the cool, airy bedrooms, getting ready for church.

There was quite a flutter for brushes, combs, shoes, books and glove buttons. One young lady said her back hair looked like a fright; another was in such a hurry that two or three buttons broke from her shoes and went rolling off to one corner, and another was doing her best to draw on a pair of old gloves.

May Stultz was ready and waiting, but as one after another made some complaint, she went about in a quiet way, helping all she could.

With another hairpin or two she gave another look to Stella Wharton's back hair; she hunted up the lost buttons and brought out some patent fasteners for them; she arranged a lady's lace veil; she fastened up a skirt that was too long; she buttoned grandma's glove and then left a kiss on the withered cheek, while a girl of twenty cried:

'It is too bad to make such a lady's maid of May.'

'Oh, I like it!' smiled May. 'It is such a comfort to see everybody contented.'

'We couldn't any of us get along without you,' said the farmer's wife, with a meaning smile over to Jennie.

Jennie blushed, for she now understood what May so popular. No wonder everybody liked to have her around!—Mrs. A. E. C. Maskell in Christian Work.

'A Penny Saved is a Penny Earned'

Economy is the lesson taught by this saying. It is true economy to take Hood's Sarsaparilla at this season because it purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood and thus prevents sickness and puts the whole system in a state of health for the coming season. Every bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains 100 doses—positive proof that it is economy to take only Hood's.

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Enjoying Herself.

Lettie was always wanting to 'have a good time,' and mourning over the delightful opportunities that other girls had which she had not.

'I never have any chance to enjoy myself,' she said complainingly.

Aunt Hannah glanced at the discontented face with the frowning line between the brows, and the dejected droop of the young mouth, and answered with ready sympathy:

'No you don't, that's a fact. I's a great pity, but I really don't see how you can enjoy yourself at all. Now, there's your mother; everybody can enjoy her, even though she is an invalid, shut up in her home most of the time. She is always bright and cheery, interested in what is going on in the world, ready to forget herself in the pleasures and sorrows of others. You can enjoy your father, too, and I've no doubt he enjoys himself, though he does have to spend his days in his dingy, up town office, without much time for picnics and concerts. He's doing his share of the world's work—good, useful work—and has a kind word and helping hand for everybody near him. I should think you might even enjoy Bridget, for she goes singing about her sweeping and dish-washing, trying to live for somebody besides herself. You can't enjoy anything that hasn't in it something enjoyable, and so I really don't see how you can enjoy you self, poor

child! The worst of it is that other people don't have much chance to enjoy you, either.'

Then Aunt Hannah walked calmly away to her dairy, leaving the astonished Lettie with something to think about.—F. Ward.

A Clever Hen, A True Story.

One day in early Autumn, when the sunflower seeds were fully ripe, I spied our hen, Speckle, pecking away on the brown stalk of one of the tallest bushes. My curiosity being aroused, I stood and watched her. To my surprise, she pecked away with a will till a number of seeds had been shaken from the seed disc. Then she picked them from the ground until she had eaten quite a good dinner. Day after day I saw her do this.

Finally, the other chickens discovered that there would be seeds on the ground when Speckle went to the bush, and then she had a hard time of it. As soon as she would go to the bush, the others would flock around her, and eat the seeds as fast as she could shake them down. Undaunted though, she would work away until the rest were filled, and then get a paltry share from their leavings.

Though the chickens knew perfectly well that there would be seeds on the ground when Speckle pecked the bush, still none of them caught Speckle's idea of shaking a bush for themselves—and there were plenty of them—so I concluded that Speckle was an exceptionally brilliant hen.—Every Other Sunday.

Home Hints.

The care of cuffs. A loop of elastic cord, sewed on the under side of the dress-sleeve lining, to slip over the cuff-tud, is recommended instead of a pin to hold the cuff in place.

A cure for sickness. Buttermilk is a good remedy for vomiting arising from irritability of the stomach and other causes. Hot water—really hot, not tepid—has also a wonderfully soothing action on the stomach. It should be sipped slowly.

Chocolate rice. Make a rice pudding with one pint of milk, and bake it in the ordinary way. When half cooked, stir in one ounce of grated chocolate which has been heated in the oven, and a few drops of vanilla essence. Beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth, stir in a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, and pile on top of the pudding when cooked; place again in the oven for a moment, to brown.

Drink milk slowly. Drinking milk is often a source of discomfort, if not of positive indigestion. The curd of milk is acted upon by the gastric juice of the stomach, and when a large quantity of milk is taken at once, this curdling process is apt to disagree. The proper plan is to sip the milk so as to give time for its digestion. This rule applies to infant feeding as well as to that of adults.

Nature has made occupation a necessity to us; society makes it a duty; habit may make it a pleasure.—Capelle.

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SKEPTICISM.—This is unhappily an age of skepticism, but there is one point upon which persons acquainted with the subject agree, namely, that Dr. Thomas' Ecodic Oil is a medicine which can be relied upon to cure a cough, remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.

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