A Gentleman.

him for a gentleman
ns that never fail :
was rough and rather worn,
heeks were thin and pa'e--
who had his way to make,
little time to play ;
him for a gentleman
rtain signs to-day.

his mother on the street ;
ame his little cap,
or was shut ; he waited there
ll I heard his rap
k the bundle from my hand,
when I dropped my pen
rang to pick it up for me,
gentleman of ten.

es not push or crowd along ;
voice is gently pitched ;
es not fling his books about
f he were bewitched.
nds aside to let you pass :
always shuts the door ;
ns on errands willingly
forge and mill and store

inks of you before himself ;
serves you if he can,
n whatever company
e mann rs make the man.
r forty 't is the same ;
e manner tell the tale,
I discern the gentleman
signs that never fail.

—Exchange.

A Peck of Trouble.

BY MARY S. PORTER.

Wsht! Don't make any noise, nie.' This in a whisper from Jack esbury. The two boys were play- truant. They had strayed beyond limits of the town into some woods bordered on the highway.

Whose coat is that on the bush der?' whispered Jack. 'Looks Ed Nelson's,' returned Jamie, in same low tone. The companion pt stealthily along, now crouching neath the bushes, now dodging from e to tree, both of them cowardly in consciousness of wrong-doing.

'Be careful,' warned Jack again, as mie unintentionally broke a small nch that cracked in the breaking

d Sunbury, the new superintendent schools, drives along this road every rning. He'd snatch us up in a inkling if he should see us.'

'And he'd have a right to—that's rtain. But I don't believe he's ming now, and I'm going to have a k at that coat. It's Ed Nelson's, rely. Gracious! It just fits me. xactly the thing I need when I walk t on cold nights.'

'What'll the old woman say?'

'Oh, nothing. She won't care.'

Jamie was an orphan. An uncle id for his board with Mrs. Elmer, therwise called by the boys 'the old oman.'

The coat was packed by Jamie in a g which he was in the habit of carry- g in his pocket, and which often oved a convenient receptacle for any easures he might happen to find. Jamie would not have liked to be called young thief, yet such he certainly as.

And about the coat? How did it appen to be hanging in the grove on hat cold morning of the early spring hen its owner was in school?

'Need I wear my coat to-day?' Ed Nelson had asked of his mother after reakfast.

'Oh, yes, Ned. This isn't the sort of weather for making a change in one's lothing.'

'But you said last week that you hought I might leave it off now.'

'So I did, but mother couldn't fore- see the state of the weather. Wear it a little longer. Then when there comes a milder day you may go with- out it.'

Ed put on the coat, not without re- monstrances and complaints. Then he started off for school.

The spirit of disobedience was strong within him that morning. It is one of the worst feelings that boys and girls have to contend with. This time it conquered Ed, because he allowed himself to be conquered. He didn't fight it hard enough. He went down the road feeling cross and sullen. Soon he must pass the woods in which Jack and Jamie were hiding, though he knew nothing of their presence there.

'Take off your coat and hang it on one of these trees,' whispered the bad spirit in his heart. 'Don't do it,' said Conscience. 'Hurry up,' said the bad spirit. 'You can easily put it where it won't be seen from the road and get it again on your way home. Your mother'll never know the difference.'

Ed yielded to the temptation and went on his way with less weight on his back, but with a burden in his heart.

He tried to make things right by saying to himself: 'I'm ever so much more comfortable without the horrid old thing. Mother can't know when she's in the house how it feels out- doors. I believe that if she'd come along with me she'd have told me to take it off when she found out how warm it was.'

Yet all this reasoning failed to bring happiness. Ed was an uncomfortable boy all day. He made trouble for his teacher in school and so brought trouble on himself. That day of Ed's life may be considered a failure.

On his way home in the afternoon he stopped for his coat. But where was it? Certainly not where he had left it in the morning. Could he have mistaken the tree? No, he knew the woods too well. It was impossible. Search as he might, the garment was not to be found. He must go home without it. Instead of entering as usual with a call for 'Mother' at the front door, he skulked around in the rear and went into the kitchen. There the cook informed him that Mrs. Nelson had gone for a drive with an- other lady and would not return until supper-time. Ed considered that he had had a fortunate escape from re- proof, and went into the sitting- room to amuse himself with a new book. At any other time it would have fascinated him, but on this un- happy day it had no power to charm.

He was an only child, and, without any playmates in the house, was accustomed to find his principal diver- sion in books. This resource proving unsatisfactory, he drummed for a short time on the piano and then varied the amusement by drumming on the win- dow-pane. The sounds he succeeded in making did not drown the voice of Conscience, which reproached him so loudly that it seemed as though he could almost hear it speak in tones like those of his own voice.

The thing was getting to be almost unbearable when, at length, his mother returned, bringing her friend into supper. Soon came his father from business and the home-coming was followed by the evening meal.

Remarking afterward that he was tired, Ed went early to bed, while the mother was still chatting with her friend. Somewhat later he heard the shutting of the front door and knew that his father had gone out.

Ed was usually a sound sleeper. He had only to lay his head on the pillow, close his eyes and float off into dream- land. But on this particular evening the case was different. He tossed and tossed, but slumber would not come. He heard the clock strike eight, heard the carriage come for his mother's friend, heard her leave-taking and departure. Still the time dragged on, and at last the clock struck nine.

Later his father returned. Ed listened guiltily while Mr. Nelson told his wife a strange tale. 'What do you think I have here, Nellie? It's our Ned's coat. I recognized it on a boy down town and took it from him at once. He owned to having found it in the woods to-day and appropriated it to his own use. I threatened to have him arrested, but he begged so hard that I finally let him off. How do you suppose he got the thing?'

'I'm sure I don't know,' said Mrs. Nelson. 'Ed certainly wore it to school, for I buttoned it on him my- self.'

'You don't suppose that he would have been guilty of disobeying you by taking it off and leaving it in the woods, do you?'

'Oh, no,' replied Mrs. Nelson.

The father and mother were just then interrupted and startled by a shout from Ned. 'I did, father; I did.'

They both hurried upstairs to their son's room, where they found a fright- ened and penitent boy. They were ready to forgive him when he begged with tears for their pardon, but it was a long time before he became sufficient'y quiet to sleep.

The next morning he awoke with a sore throat and fever, and with a sense of having suddenly become a hundred years old. Mrs. Nelson sent for a physician, who pronounced the case a serious one.

Then came days and weeks of suffer- ing, followed by a feeble condition that tried Ed's patience even more than pain itself.

Through all his mother attended him with marvelous sweetness and watchfulness. At length, when the trees were green with foliage; when grass covered the fields and flowers were blooming in the garden; when overcoats and all winter wraps were safely packed away from the ravages of moths, Ed took once more the familiar road to school.

He was a wiser boy than when he had last trodden that way, for he had learned that it is a very foolish as well as a wicked thing for a boy to disobey his mother.—Christian Intelligencer.

The Boy Who Deserved a Chance.

Mr. Gibbons, a gentleman well known in Ridgeley as a member of a successful business firm there, entered the main room of its high school one morning and asked to see the principal.

'Mr. Reynolds,' said he, when that person appeared, 'we have a good chance for a boy in our establishment. We want a bright boy, one who is thoroughly honest and dependable, and one who is capable of advance- ment. Then, too, he must have no bad habits. Have you such a boy here who desires to go to work soon?'

'I think we have,' returned the principal; 'but we would do well to consult Miss Adams, the teacher of the first class. She naturally knows more about her boys than I do.'

When Miss Adams was consulted, she quickly replied: 'Yes, I have two bright boys, either of whom would be capable of filling the position you mention. The only trouble is, I hardly know which to recommend. They are equally brigh' and studious. They both finish the course this term, and are anxious for positions, their parents being rather poor people. They are John Miller and Howard Jackson.'

'Yes, I, too, thought of those boys,' said Mr. Reynolds, 'but did not know which to give the preference.'

'How about their conduct?' Mr. Gibbons inquired.

'Perfect, both of them,' Miss Adams smilingly answered. 'Both are pleas- ant boys, too - the kind one likes to deal with. In fact, I cannot think of any way in which one is superior to the other.'

'Suppose you have a private inter- view with John and Howard,' Mr. Reynolds suggested to Mr. Gibbons. 'Perhaps you could detect a difference that we have not discovered.'

Accordingly the boys were sent to the principal's office, one at a time, to see Mr. Gibbons. After the inter- views, that gentleman surprised both Mr. Reynolds and Miss Adams by saying: 'I find that John Miller is far more deserving than Howard Jack- son.'

'I am curious to know how you made that discovery,' the teacher said.

'By questioning them in regard to what they proposed to do when they left school,' was the reply. 'I find that Howard is inclined to be selfish. He is anxious to get work, but it is merely to procure those things for himself that his parents have not been able to supply him with. He seems to be a good, honest boy, and he feels that he has come to that age when he ought to work for what he gets, and not look to his parents for it, but he has no idea that his parents have any right to look to him for help. I even mentioned that they had worked hard —I know them both, although I never met the boy before—but he looked upon that as a matter of course, and went on to tell what he meant to do for himself. He has even picked out the kind of a bicycle he intends to get as soon as he can raise money enough, and I know that his mother has gone without many a necessary article of clothing herself in order to keep him decently dressed while he is at school. John, on the contrary, is anxious to get to work because he realizes that his parents have been working hard for him all his life, and he wants to do what he can for them now. He speaks particularly of his mother. He thinks she ought to have an easier time and more comforts than she has had in the past. It seems to me that a boy who appreciates what his mother has done for him is the right sort. He is the kind we want anyhow, for we mean to be as helpful as possible to our boys, and we like to have them appreciate our efforts in their behalf. Yes, indeed, John is the boy who deserves this chance, and he will get it, you may be sure.'—Christian Work.

BABOO ENGLISH.

Examples of the quaint English written by Hindoo and other Indian clerks have, from time to time, found their way into the press, and the fol- lowing letter is about as amusing as anything we have seen in print. We hardly supposed that the fame of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People had spread so far among the not very pale inhabitants of the Indian Empire, but apparently their advertisements have penetrated sufficiently far to suggest to one enterprising native the desirability of entering the company's service. The judicious intimation that this gentleman's ailments only com- mence after business hours is especi- ally amusing:

Calcutta, November 7th, 1899.

Honored Sir—I can't help but to take it to your kind notice, that I am greatly suffering from a bad attack of fever to my system. Last fortnight I have been in a hospital, but I got no relief. Though somewhat cured, yet that's nothing. The doctors there told that I shall soon within six months get paralysis. I am now 19 years old, the case would be very severe to. Don't leave me hopeless, do try kindly. If I don't get any relief from it. It is sure, no doubt, I shall commit suicide for I can't bear this horrible torture. By day I live alright, as an ordinary person. I do everything, but as night falls I get into my bed and keep up whole night in agony. I have nobody in this world neither I have got a penny. If you kindly take me to you, and keep me under your treatment, I shall be so much benefited and so highly obliged to you for life as I can't speak out you shall be the saviour of my life. I pray you heartily, kindly rescue me from this horrible pain. Do to me as you would do were you my father. Oh Lord, look over me to your wretched son, who is now goin to die in agony. You are great and rich, we are wretched and poor; if you don't look over us like father and mother in this greatest danger, our case is fatal; we get nobody to say. Be kind enough and do stand by me and take me as father of my own. It is very very simple thing for you. I promise you, I shall work in your office 8 or 9 hours a day, faithfully as I shall land there free of charge. Kindly excuse me for the trouble that you shall take for me. Have mercy on me as your own son. Save me, save me please. Reply me very kindly and soon.

I have the honor to be, your most affectionate and ever obedient.

A Battle Won.

'Mamma, does Satan always go when we say, 'Get behind me?'

'I think so, if we really mean it.'

That's the trouble; I'm afraid I didn't mean it. I just couldn't. I said it and said it, but he kept on talking in my heart—and I listened. Oh, such a time as I had! I cried a little bit, and then I got mad at myself for acting so over a little thing, and said as hard as I could, and meant it, 'Get thee behind me;' then I went right off and did what I ought to be- fore he had time to get back—and I feel better if I did lose my quarter.'

'That's the way to gain a victory every time. Now tell me what the battle was about.'

'You know, at school we write our spelling on our slates, then change slates and mark what words are missed. Mr. Pettit said he'd give a quarter to any one that wouldn't miss a word all term. I never missed until to-day. Bertha Hanel had my slate, and when she passed it back, she looked at me so funny; but there wasn't a word marked, so when my name was called I said, 'Not any.' Then I noticed that merit was spelled 'ite,' and the slate was smeary as if she'd marked and rubbed it out. I don't see how it happened; I knew granite had an 'e' and merit didn't, but there it was; and I had lost my quarter—if I told.

'Then something said I needn't tell —it wasn't marked, and I knew how to spell it any way. No one would know. I looked at Bertha and she laughed—she knew I saw it and would think I meant to cheat, but she wouldn't dare tell, for she saw it, too, and didn't mark—the cheat was hers, not mine.

'I tried to study, but I kept think- ing about that word, and knew I ought to go and tell—then I'd listen to the whispering again. I knew it was Satan, but he wouldn't go away, and after awhile I cried—I wouldn't feel that way again for piles of quarters, and when I did go and tell, and Mr. Pettit said, 'That's right, my child,' I felt so good and easy; and when I studied something kept whispering, 'That's right, my child,' and 'twasn't Satan, because he'd gone away.'

'Yes, Mabel, you've gained a victory worth a great many quarters,' said mamma, gravely, 'and when you are tempted again, be sure you listen for the voice that says, 'That's right, my child.'

This little story has a sequel, for Mabel hurried home from school next day to cry—

'O mamma! I haven't lost my quarter after all. When spelling came to-day Mr. Pettit said we must be very careful to mark the slates correct- ly; but if mistakes were made he hoped all were as honest as the little g'rl who came and told him yesterday of the word she missed although she lost her quaater. He said some more that I'm afraid he wouldn't if he had known how I was tempted, mamma.

'Then Bertha raised her hand and spoke right out, 'if it is Mabel you mean, sir, she never missed that word. I put the 'e' on merit just for fun—I won't do it again.'

'Mr. Pettit smiled and said the deed was just the same, and he hoped I'd win the quarter yet. I hope so, too, mamma; but I don't care half so much as I did yesterday when Satan kept whispering. I'll have it honest, or not at all.'—Ida Kays, in Christian Work.

Lesson For A Boy.

I had overheard a conversation be- tween Karl and his mother. She had work for him to do, which interfered with some of his plans for enjoyment, and though Karl obeyed her, it was not without a good deal of grumbling. He had much to say about never being allowed to do as he pleased; that it would be time enough for him to settle down to work when he was older. While the sense of injury was strong upon him, I came out on the piazza beside him, and said: 'Karl, why do you try to break that colt of yours?'

The boy looked up in surprise. 'Why, I want him to be good for something.'

'But he likes his own way,' I ob- jected. 'Why shouldn't he have it?'

By this time Karl was staring at me in perplexity. 'I'd like to know the good of a horse that always has his own way!' he said, as if rather indig- nant at my lack of common sense.

'And as for working,' I went on, 'I should think there was time enough for that when he gets to be an old horse.'

'Why, don't you see, if he doesn't learn when he's a colt—' Karl began. Then he stopped, blushed, and looked at me rather appealingly. I heard no more complaints from him that day.—Church Record.

A Record of Blood.

The record of Hood's Sarsaparilla is literally written in the blood of millions of people to whom it has given good health. It is all the time curing diseases of the stomach, nerves, kidneys and blood, and it is doing good every day to thousands who are taking it for poor appetite, tired feel- ing and general debility. It is the best medicine money can buy.

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Has Thirty Thousand Teeth.

'It is a fortunate thing for man and the rest of the animal kingdom,' said the naturalist, 'that no large wild animal has a mouth constructed with the devouring apparatus built on the plan of the insignificant looking snail's mouth.

'The snail eats with his tongue and the roof of his mouth. The tongue is a ribbon which the snail keeps in a coil in his mouth. This tongue is in reality a band saw, with the teeth on the sur- face instead of on the edge. The teeth are so small that as many as 30,- 000 of them have been found on one snail's tongue. They are exceedingly sharp and only a few of them are used at a time—not exactly only a few of them, but a few of them comparatively, for the snail will probably have 4,000 or 5,000 of them in use at once.

'He does this by means of his coiled tongue. He can uncoil as much of this as he chooses, and the uncoiled part he brings into service. The roof of his mouth is as hard as bone. He grasps the leaf between his tongue and that hard substance and, rasping away with his tongue, saws through the toughest leaf with ease, always leaving the edge smooth and straight.

'By use the teeth wear off or become dulled. When the snail finds that this tool is becoming blunted he uncoils another section and works that out until he has come to the end of the coil. Then he coils the tongue up again and is ready to start in new, for while he has been using the latter portions of the ribbon the teeth have grown in again in the idle portions— the saw has been filed and reset so to speak—while he is using them the teeth in the back part of the coil are renewed. So I think I am right in saying that if any large beast of prey was fitted up with such a devouring apparatus as the snail has it would go hard with the rest of the animal king- dom.'—Chicago Tribune.

How One Fox Helped Another.

Joseph Maybaugh, a farmer who lives near Dundee, O., trapped a large red fox, and, carrying it home, placed it in his corn crib until he could notify his neighbors and have a chase. The next morning the fox was gone. In- vestigation proved that its mate had assisted the prisoner in making its escape. The fox had worked away on the inside until it had bitten a board loose from its fastenings. This, how- ever, was not sufficient to permit it to get out unless the board was lifted up. The board was held up from the out- side, as the teeth-marks on it show, until the prisoner crawled to liberty. Tracks of another fox were seen, and there is no doubt that the mate came after the fox inside the crib had loosened the board and held it up. This is one of the brightest fox tricks that old hunters in the neighborhood have yet encountered.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HEADACHE ALL GONE.

Mr. Melbourne Parker, Torbrook, N. S., writes: "I have used Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders, and after taking one or two felt better at once, and was able to get up and go on with my work." Price 10c. and 25c. all dealers.

STILL ANOTHER TRIUMPH — Mr. Thomas S. Bullen, Sunderland, writes: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with Piles; and frequently I was un- able to walk or sit, but four years ago I was cured by using Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. I have also been sub- ject to Quinsy for over forty years, but Eclectric Oil cured it, and it was a permanent cure in both cases, as neither the Piles nor Quinsy have troubled me since."

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