

He Merely Didn't Think.

to let his poor old mother go and carry in the word, was just a packhorse for him, but he never understood:—

thought of bringing water from the spring down by the lane helpin' her to gether in the clo's before the rain.

er keep a-waitin' on him, though her back was achin' so—

n't 'cause he didn't love her—he just didn't think, you know.

he went away, and married—left her livin' there alone—

se his wife she didn't want her—she had people of her own—

he carried in the kindin' and he built the fire, too,

to tell the truth, I dunno what there was he didn't do—

to hush now, I tell you! Got to thinkin', to at last

he might of been a little mite more thoughtful in the past.

while the weary mother put her burdens all away,

we went and heard the preacher praise the poor old soul one day,

and stood and looked down at her when she pushed the lid aside—

old hands! I didn't wonder that her boy set there and cried

as if he couldn't bear it—just as if his heart'd break—

and kind of got to seein' what she'd suffered for his sake.

There's a lot of kinds of sinners that the good book tells about—

concernin' which a body needn't ever be in doubt,

there's one sin that I reckon many a man who doesn't think

will be held to strict account for when he goes across the brink—

the wrong that's done a person by another's want of thought

as much as though the injured was the victim of a plot!

—Times Herald.

At the Breakfast Table.

Mamma! Where's my shoes?

I put them in their place in your closet, dear. Make haste, we're at breakfast," called mamma from the dining-room.

"I'll be late to school just because you don't leave my things alone," howled Jack, hurrying in with his strings dangling and a scowl on his face.

Mamma was discreetly busy with her coffee cups.

"Hominy, Jack?" asked papa cheerily. "O dear! I don't like hominy. Why don't we always have oatmeal?"

"Papa likes hominy best, so we take 'em," explained mamma, trying to avert the storm.

"Might have 'em both," muttered Jack, his voice muffled by a large mouthful of the despised cereal.

"Is there griddle cakes, then?" he demanded presently.

"This is ironing morning. Katie couldn't fry cakes to-day."

"What else is she made for?" savagely. "Jack!" Papa looked suddenly up from his paper. His son subsided for a few moments, and table-talk went pleasantly on.

"It looks like the beginning of a bad storm," papa said, glancing at the rain-clouds on the pane. "The youngsters had better go to school prepared for wet weather."

"Yes, the rubbers-and-umbrella brigade to-day," smiled mamma.

"Oh, need I wear rubbers?" complained Jack. "Nobody but little kids wear 'em a day like this. I won't get wet. Need I?"

"Oh, yes, dear. You always walk through all the puddles, you know, and you have a cold already."

"I think it's mean, I do! None of the other big fellows have to wear rubbers like babies. Got my thick boots on all on. I think you're real mean—there!" with a burst of angry tears.

"Jack, leave the table," said his father sternly. "Go and put on your rubbers without a word, and then come and apologize to mamma for your rudeness. It's too bad, dear, looking at mamma's sad face. Your meals are spoiled continually by such tantrums. I will put a stop to them, if I have to whip Jack twice a day."

"But the whipping would only make his temper worse; you've tried that. I've another idea simmering. We'll talk of it to-night"—as Jack came sulkily back.

"Good morning!" cried Jack, dashing into the dining-room next day.

"Morning!" returned papa, gruffly.

"What's this, Evelyn oatmeal? Haven't you learned yet that I don't like oatmeal? I want hominy."

"We had it yesterday, John, if you remember: but I'll see that it is made to-morrow."

"That won't feed me to-day" pushing away his saucer. "Well, what next? Fish-balls? Umph!"

"I thought you liked them," said mamma, anxiously.

"Plenty of things I like better. Have you mended those gloves of mine, Evelyn?"

"Why, no John, you didn't ask me to. I'll do it now."

'No, I can't wait. I should think you might keep my things in better order. I'm behind time for the train, anyway; breakfast was so late. And off rushed papa, without good-bye, slamming the door angrily and leaving a dark shadow behind him.

It had not lifted at dinner that night. Papa grumbled at the cooking, found fault with everything and was so ill-tempered that the meal, usually accompanied by much fun and pleasantness, was more dismal than breakfast had been. Jack held his breath in dismay.

"Don't know where the key to my desk is, Evelyn? And what am I to do now without it? You must have mislaid it. Strange you can't leave my things alone. I think it's a shame!"

But mamma had suddenly covered her face with her handkerchief and left the table.

"Mamma," whispered Jack, stealing into her room and her lap in the dark.

"Well, dear?" her arms closed around him.

"Mamma, what ailed papa? If I was a man, I'd—"

"Perhaps papa didn't think; perhaps he was just cross at everything."

"Papa is naturally impatient, Jack, and if one lets a temper get out from under control it is hard stopping it. It grows worse every day until it becomes stronger than a man himself, and makes life miserable to him and everyone about him. Can't you see for yourself how it would be?"

Jack meditated awhile. "Mamma did papa ever have a temper like mine?"

"Very like, he says, though we can hardly believe it, he controls it so well. Perhaps he was willing for you to see to-day what your temper might become if you let it grow worse, as you are doing now. Do you think we have had a pleasant day, Jack?"

"I guess not. It's been awful."

"And it all came from the unpleasantness of one person, Jack."

There was a long pause. Then Jack suddenly announced with conviction, "Mamma, I believe papa was just putting his temper on, and I know what for. But if I'm as ugly usually as he has been to-day, I guess I'd better begin to stop!"

And he did.—Congregationalist.

The Borrowed Diamond.

The failure of many a young man to succeed in life can be traced to the committing of some irregularity, trifling in itself, yet far-reaching in its results. The following true story well illustrates this:

Phil Dunlap held a clerkship with one of the leading jewelry stores of a large city in the East. He had gone there as an office boy and gradually advanced until, as head clerk, he was intrusted with the keeping of a large stock of precious stones carried by the firm.

Not thought of dishonesty had entered his mind since his connection with the firm, and the prospect of his one day becoming one of the firm was promising. The temptation which brought about his downfall came from an unexpected quarter.

"Phil," said a young man, stepping into the store one evening as Dunlap was about to close up, "Phil, hurry home and dress for the opera this evening."

"By the way, Phil," he added, "it's a pity those splendid diamonds can't be in your shirt front; how it would show up there by the footlights! I have seats in one of the boxes."

At the theatre Harry Child's eye caught the light from a magnificent diamond displayed in Dunlap's shirt bosom. Phil saw it and noted the peculiar look that came into the young man's eye, which asked him, as plainly as if he had spoken, how he dared to borrow for even a night one of the firm's gems. Phil colored and asked himself the same question.

Not only did Harry Child observe the brilliant stone, but hundreds in the theatre noted the scintillating rays. Among them was a young man whose eyes sparkled almost as brilliantly as the diamond. He was an expert and well knew the value of the gem. So interested was he in the diamond that when the opera had ended, and the audience was leaving the house, he managed to reach the side of the young man who had borrowed the stone for a night, and when he parted from him in the crowd he had 'borrowed' the diamond himself. In other words, he was a thief, and, unknown to Phil, he had managed to slip the stone from its fastenings, and the next instant he had vanished.

It was not until Phil reached home that he discovered the theft. Suddenly he gave a great gasp. He had placed his hand to his shirt bosom and started back in amazement and terror. The magnificent diamond which the firm valued at a thousand dollars was gone!

All that night Phil Dunlap walked the floor, after informing the police of the robbery, and when morning came

great circles about the eyes told of the suffering which he had endured.

"Mr. Foster," said he, calling the head of the firm to one side, "you would better send for an officer; I have taken a diamond and it is gone. I have not the money to settle with you."

For a moment the head of the firm looked at the young man in astonishment. Dunlap a thief! It seemed impossible.

"What!" demanded the proprietor, "you a thief, Phil?"

"I did not in end to be one, sir," replied Phil, flushing; "I only thought to borrow it for the night."

"It matters not what you call it, young man," said Mr. Foster, harshly. "I call things by their right names. If you took the diamond, you stole it, and there's but one course to pursue. I will credit you with the wages due, and you must settle the balance within six months, or we shall appear against you! You are discharged."

"Sorry, old fellow," said one of the clerks, as Phil Dunlap passed out. Yes, they were all sorry, even the man who had discharged him, but it is the way of the world to look severely at an act of dishonesty, and it prevented Mr. Foster from giving Phil a chance to redeem himself.

This took place more than twenty years ago. To-day Phil Dunlap—or the man whom I have called Phil Dunlap—is holding a minor clerkship in a provision store. He is qualified to fill a position in any first-class jewelry store, but the ghost of that early indiscretion has a hateful habit of turning up when a better position is sought. A recommendation is asked, and Mr. Foster has but one reply: "I cannot recommend him—he was dishonest while in my employ."

That was an expensive ornament that Phil Dunlap wore for a few hours, yet it was no more costly than the irregularity of many another young man. The lesson may well be taken to heart.—Forward.

Giving, a Measure of Love.

There are several ways of giving, some of which are not very commendable. Some give because they have been asked to give, or because they may be considered mean if they do not give, or because others are giving. Some give indiscriminately. They make no inquiries regarding the object for which the appeal is made—the worthy and the unworthy are treated alike. It need scarcely be said that those who give in this indiscriminate fashion are certain, sometimes, to lend their support to objects which are anything but commendable. Some give whenever they 'feel like it.' But this is a poor rule, because they may not feel inclined to give when aid is solicited for a really deserving object, whereas they may be inclined to give when an urgent and eloquent appeal is made for an undeserving one. Others give by impulse, the measure of their giving being generally determined by the persuasiveness of the appeal. Others, again, are willing to give, because, as they say, "they will never miss what they give." That rule cannot certainly be commended, because every man who gives what he ought to give will surely miss what he has given. The opposite rule is almost equally unsatisfactory, because while one man of generous nature may part with large sums and never miss them, another of a hard, penurious turn of mind will greatly miss a very small sum from a very large pile.

But there is a better way than any of these. What is it? To give a tithe of the income. It may be said that the tithe is a Jewish regulation, and that Christians are under no obligation to observe it. But before we dismiss the subject in that summary fashion, it might be well to consider it. The tithing system is not simply a Jewish system, though it was incorporated into the legislation of Moses. Jacob, who lived two thousand years before the law was given at Sinai, promised to give a tenth to God, and even in the time of Abraham tithes are mentioned. And Jesus certainly did not abolish the tithing system. Indeed, so far as he gave any deliverance upon it, he seemed to be in favour of its continuance. Speaking to the Pharisees, he said, "Ye tithe mint and rue and all manner of herbs, and pass over judgment and the love of God; these ought ye to have done and not to leave the other undone" (Mark 11: 42). And even if it be said that, inasmuch as we are not under law now, we are under no obligation to give a tithe of our income, it is surely a sufficient reply to say that we, who live under the dispensation of grace, should contribute as liberally as did those who lived under a dispensation of law. Matthew Henry once said: "The tithe is a very fit proportion to be devoted to God. Many others have allowed the tithing system for years, realizing that it is 'a fit proportion.'"

There are two or three very manifest advantages in following this system. (1) The tithe is easily computed, our money being decimal currency. (2) To give on this principle ensures system. Giving will be no longer spasmodic and haphazard, but regular. (3) It will be proportionate also, because as the income increases contributions will increase, and the giver will follow the apostolic direction. "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God has prospered him.—Onward.

A Loose Alligator in an Animal Store.

An alligator, eight feet eight inches in length, caused consternation among patrons and employees in a wholesale animal and bird store on Market Street recently. The animal attacked one of the employers at a time when several women customers were in the store. Although the cage is strong, the alligator succeeded in forcing the iron fastenings. The employees rushed toward the doors, shouting to the customers to follow them. The women became panic-stricken, and several of them had to be carried or dragged from the store. No sooner had the alligator made its appearance than a howl went up from the monkey cages. The alligator started toward a cage in which were two large baboons, and, despite its iron bracing, the reptile's mighty jaws demolished it in short order. One of the baboons attempted to get away, but it leaped directly into the jaws of the alligator, and the next instant its life had been crushed out. The other baboon made no effort to escape, and before the attendants could prevent the reptile had killed it also.

The uproar made by the other terrified animals disconcerted the alligator for the moment, and the attendants, who had by this time been reinforced in numbers, started in to capture the saurian. A noose was thrown over the animal's head and securely fastened. A similar noose was fastened about its tail, and it was securely lodged in another cage. While this was being done the reptile's tail struck one of the employees, and knocked him against a plate-glass shattering it and cutting him on the hands and face.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Few Sweets.

Butter Scotch.—Place in a granite or porcelain-lined kettle two cups of good molasses, one cupful of sugar (either brown or white) and three-fourths of a cupful of butter. Boil rapidly, stirring constantly, for about fifteen minutes or until it snaps in ice water. Pour into square buttered tins, allow to cool, then turn carefully out on a board, and mark the desired sizes (about one and a quarter by two inches), then cut through and wrap each piece in wax paper.

Peanut Molasses Candy.—Place in a good sized kettle one quart of good molasses, one cupful of sugar and one-fourth cupful of butter. Boil rapidly, stirring constantly, until it will snap sharply in ice water, then add a level teaspoonful of baking soda and stir a moment. Have ready one quart of shelled peanuts, i.e., have them shelled, skinned and broken into halves. Add them to the candy and stir rapidly and just enough to mix well, and pour at once into flat, square, greased pans. When partly cold, mark into blocks and cut through. If wrapped neatly in waxed paper and kept in a dry place, this will keep nicely for weeks.

Chocolate Caramels.—One cupful molasses, one cupful brown sugar, one half cupful of rich milk, one-fourth cupful of butter, one-fourth pound of unsweetened chocolate, one teaspoonful of vanilla.

Put the molasses, sugar, milk and butter over the fire and stir constantly until it thickens (about one-half hour). Have ready the chocolate, which should be shaved, and melted over steam. Add this to the other ingredients and continue stirring until, when a small quantity is dropped into ice water, it will snap. When it reaches this point, add quickly a teaspoonful of vanilla, stir until mixed and pour at once into a square, greased pan. Allow it to become almost cold, then turn out carefully on to a board, mark in one-inch squares and then with a long, strong knife cut into squares. Wrap each caramel neatly in a square of waxed paper.

Cream Candy.—Place over the fire in a granite saucepan, three cupfuls of granulated sugar, with half a cupful each of water and vinegar. Boil rapidly without stirring until it begins to change color. Have some ice water at hand and begin "trying" the candy by dropping into half a teaspoonful of the boiling mixture. When it will "snap," remove from the fire and pour at once into pie tins. Do not scrape the kettle. Allow it to become cold enough to handle, then add any flavoring extract preferred, remove from the tin.

and begin at once to pull, continuing this process until it is perfectly white, working with all possible rapidity and in a warm place. Form into neat bars, or cut at once into short pieces with shears. This will keep for some time if securely covered and kept in a dry place.

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MAKE THE MOST OF YOURSELVES.— Shake off your listless, shuffling ways, boys, gather up your God-implanted energies, and set about making all there is to be made of yourselves. Now is your spring-time—your budding, growing, improving time; make the most of it, and fill each day to the very brim with sturdy activity and manly action. Throw back your shoulders; straighten up; look with a keen, straight glance out upon the great work field of the world, and see what it can teach you. The world has little need of you as yet, but you have great need of the world. It is full of experiences, and object-lessons, and hints and suggestions, for the days coming to you. Use your tongues little, but use your eyes constantly. If young people would only use well their keen, quick eyes, and be governed by what they see, they would be spared many a slip and tumble into pitfalls that the ones in advance of them are just drawing themselves away from.—Selected.

When a man thinks that he cannot submit his will to God's will without losing his self-respect, it is because his sense of self-respect is more highly developed than his sense of the respect that is due to God.

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