The Cradle Ship.

by goes a-sailing, and the breeze
esh and free,
is just the queerest craft that ever
ed the sea!
es true make up the crew that
ch on deck must keep,
l a-row ten toes below are passen-
s asleep!
der is the pilot dear—ah, none so
e as she
by goes a-sailing, and the wind is
esh and free!

otler rocks the cradle ship, the
alls- for shores—slip past;
es from the garden blow when
by boy sails fast!
e flies that dolly cries the fears
'll run her down,
s-port! we're not the sort to see a
dly drown
n, you know, we've got the whole
ide carpet for a sea
aby goes a-sailing, and the wind is
esh and free.

aby lies becalmed in sleep, and all
e crew is still,
hat wee ship's in port at last all
afe from storm and ill—
es of love shall shine above, two
ps shall kiss his face
n deep and tranquil s'eep he'll smile
t that embrace!
ther watches, too, at night; while
hrough his slumbers creep
memories of sailing ere the breezes
ell asleep.

—Charles Gordon Rogers
in Watchman.

The Accidental Candy.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

e upon a time there was a beau-
ittle princess who loved to cook.
queen and papa king thought
as very foolish to go pottering
d at work of that kind.
rincesses don't need to cook,' said
een.
t there may be a revolution some
replied the princess, 'and then
uld no longer be a princess, so it
d be very nice to know how to
I might earn a living that way
u and papa king.'
en the king, who had laid off his
n, and was dozing in his easy
waked up suddenly.
That nonsense you are talking!' he
half angrily. 'There can never
revolution here, my people are
yal; besides, if there should such
ng happen, I have plenty of dia-
ds laid away,' and he winked his
eye shyly at the queen, which was
undignified, especially in a king.
owever, in spite of all their talk,
princess kept on going to the
hen. She bothered the servants
ood deal, of course, but they were
id to be cross to her, for who
ld dare to scold a princess? But
did scold a great deal about her
he royal head-cook, who was a man.
o one day, when the princess had
t the whole forenoon in the
hen, and turned out the electric
ts twice when they wanted them
ning, and filled every pan and
in and dish with her messes, the
l head-cook went to the king, and
that, unless the princess was kept
of the kitchen, he should leave
thout warning'
o the law was laid down, and the
r little princess had to submit. She
d one whole day about it, and
n she suddenly had an idea that
e her much comfort.
'I will go into the palace library,'
said to herself, 'and I will hunt
all the old cook-books, and learn
the nice receipts; then, if there
uld come a revolution, I can
them. Papa's diamonds may be
len, but no one can steal away what
put into my head.'
So this sensible little princess now
ng around the library just as she
d hung around the kitchen, and the
hole court was happy over the change,
no one wanted to lose the royal
ad-cook.
One day, as the princess was study-
g a velvet-bound cook-book, she came
on a candy-receipt which caught her
ncy at once.
'I can almost taste that,' she said,
she smacked her lips. Then she
uld think of nothing else but her de-
re to make it. She dropped the
ook on the floor, and said to herself,
er and over, 'Oh, if I only could
ake that.
All sorts of schemes went through
er head. She thought of selling all
er toys, her dogs, her ponies, and
e clothes, and taking the money to
y a little kitchen all her own. But
ho would buy her things? The peo-
le who would be glad to own them
adn't the money, and the people who
d the money wouldn't want her old
ripperies, nor the pets and animals
hat were spoiled by her indulgence.
She couldn't go out and rent some
ne's kitchen, for she was never allow-
d to go outdoors without the royal
head-nurse; and the royal head-nurse
always took her two assistants, and
each of her two assistants took her
two assistants, and each of the two
assistants took her two pages, and
each of the two pages took two lackeys,
and each of the two lackeys took two
'buttons,' and each of the two 'buttons' took two runners. So, how could she wander through the town with this train stopping at all the houses to ask, 'Have you a kitchen for rent?' But at last, as a reward for all her thinking, a daring plan came into her mind.

Early the next morning, long before a soul in the palace was awake, the princess slipped out of her elegant bed, and, feeling around in the dark, found some of her clothes, and got into them as best she could. As she had never dressed herself before in her life, she didn't made a very neat job of it, but that didn't trouble her at all. Then, still in the dark, she hurried down to the kitchen,—she knew the way so well.

When she was safely in the dear delightful room, she turned on the electric lights. She knew more about them than she did about dressing herself, for she had watched the cook manage them.

The first thing that caught her eye was a saucepan standing on the range, and into this she quickly put the stuff for her candy. When it was cooked she turned it out on a buttered plate, and then put it into the refrigerator to cool. In a few minuter she took it out, and broke off a little piece to eat. But, lo! it tasted of chocolate. Now the princess liked chocolate very much but she knew she hadn't put any into that candy. She caught up the empty saucepan, and looked at it sharply, then she understood- The chocolate for the royal supper the night before had been cooked in that saucepan, and the lazy dishwasher had neglected it, and left it standing on the range with the dregs of the chocolate in it.

"Why, it's chocolate candy!" she said to herself, "and none of the books tell about that. I've made a - a—what is it? Oh, I know,—a discovery. How fine that is, a discovery by a princess! But I'll put it back in the refrigerator to get a little harder, then I'll carry it away upstairs."

Just as she closed the door of the refrigerator, she heard a footfall on the backstairs. She knew that step,—it was the royal head-cook! Like a flash she went out of the kitchen, but, in spite of her quickness, as the royal head-cook came in at the other door he caught a glimpse of her flying white skirts.

'Umph!' he said, 'disobeyed the royal command! What kind of a mess has she been making now, I wonder?'

Then he sniffed and sniffed the fragrant air of the room, took up the saucepan, and sniffed at that, and finally he opened the door of the refrigerator, then he stopped sniffiing and began eating.

'Ah! he thought, 'if I could make such candy as that, I shouldn't need to work any more even for a king. I wonder if she'll tell me how she made it? But—Ah! I know a better way. I'll take it to my friend the chemist, and he will tell me exactly what is in it. Then, when I put it on the market, the princess will never dare to tell all she knows about it,' and he chuckled softly.

It was not long before every one was buying and praising the new chocolate candy, and the royal head-cook was no longer a cook, but was rich and famous. He was so false and deceitful that he even allowed the king to knight him for the discovery of chocolate candy.

The poor little princess knew it was her discovery, but she hadn't been taught, as you have, that half the sting is taken from wrong-doing when we 'own up.' So she kept still, and let the bad cook have all the glory. That was the price she paid for disobedience.

So just how the chocolate candy was discovered has never been revealed until now, and you must remember it is a great secret.

How did I find out about it?

Oh! that's another and a still greater secret, and one that I cannot reveal even to you.—S. S. Times.

A Self-Denial Toothache.

"Papa, Emma said, leaning against Mr. Wayland's chair, "isn't this pretty?"

Her father took the card she handed him and looked at it carefully.

"Very pretty," he said. "What are you going to do with it?"

"I got it at the Sunbeam meeting," explained the little girl. "You see those little stars make the big one? Well, every time I give a penny, I can stick a pin through one of them. We are going to keep a whole month of self-denial this year, and I am going to see how many of these stars I can punch."

"And to begin with," said Mr. Wayland, laughing, "you would like to have your father perforate some fifteen or twenty of them."

"I don't know what it is, but Mrs. Moore said we mustn't ask anybody for money. We've got to make it or give it ourselves. I think I will shake ten cents out of my bank now."

Emma, by tiptoing, could reach the little bank on the end of the mantelpiece. Seating herself on the floor and carefully spreading out her dress to catch the money, she shook the little safe vigorously.

"How much money have you got there, puss?" asked Emma's big brother, Rob.

"Fifty-three cents last time I shook it all out," she replied. "I'm going to get ten cents now for my Star Card."

"Why, little sister, you will never accumulate a sufficient fortune to care for me in my old age if you continue to make such heavy drafts on your capital."

Emma was too used to her brother's fun to notice his words. Then she was occupied in holding the bank over her head and peeping into a slot at a penny so finely balanced on the edge that it seemed undecided whether to fall out or slide back into a remote corner.

* * * * * * *

"Remember that half the time has already passed," said Mrs. Moore at the next Sunbeam meeting. Emma remembered this, and also that only ten of the stars on her card had been punched.

All the week her little head was full of plans, but none of them proved successful. Her mother paid her the three pennies she brought back as change after going on an errand, and this was all she had added.

On Wednesday afternoon of the last week, Emma came home with a bad toothache.

"Come close by the fire and get your face hot," said her mother. "That will make the naughty tooth better."

The pain went away for a time, but in the night Emma woke with the tears streaming down her face. In spite of all Mrs. Wayland did, it was long before she could sleep again.

The next day her poor little face was swollen and the ache was again in the tooth.

'We must take her to the dentist,' said her father.

Emma put her head down on his shoulder and sobbed. 'He—he said he wouldn't hurt me before, and he d-did.'

'Never mind, darling, I will give you—let's see—will a bright new quarter do?'

'And mother will pay you, too dear,' said Mrs. Wayland.

A few hours later Rob found a pale little girl on the sofa holding two quarters in her hand.

'They have been telling me how brave you were, puss,' he said, 'and that you did not cry any more than you just had to when the tooth came out. Now shut your eyes and hold out your hand. That is for being so good,' and he closed her fingers on a ten-cent piece.

'O Rob, I'll most have all my stars,' and Emma gave him a big hug.

'What! all this money to go on the Star Card?' he asked.

Emma nodded.

'Well, how are going to say you made it?'

'I'll say,' replied Emma, quietly, 'that I had the toothache.'

She never quite understood why Rob laughed so long.—Unidentified.

A Bird Tragedy.

One evening recently, while lying in my hammock, I noticed a wounded robin fluttering aud hopping across the lawn. It was making its way toward a maple-tree in which I knew a pair of robins had their nest.

Having reached the foot of the tree, it made several futile efforts to fly up into the branches, but only succeeded in fluttering around in a circle near the ground, as one wing was broken.

It seemed to be a hopeless struggle, and I wondered how it would end.

I had recently been reading "Wake Robin," and these words of John Burroughs's came to my mind: "One may go blackberrying, and make some discovery. Secrets lurk on all sides. There is news in every bush. What no man ever saw may the next instant be revealed to you."

I do not suppose that the scene which followed is the first instance of the kind that has been noticed; but it was new to my eyes, and I watched it with eager interest.

The repeated efforts of the bird to reach its nest attracted the attention of its mate She soon flew down beside him, emitting piteous little notes. After hopping anxiously around him for a few moments, she flew away; and the wounded robin settled quietly down in the grass.

In three or four minutes the mate returned with a large worm in its bill, which it deposited by the side of the sufferer. The worm was eagerly devoured by Mr. Robin, who then again rested in the grass, his mate meanwhile having returned to her nest.

Presently the robin, having apparently regained some strength, began to chirp, and was answered from the branches above. His mate again flew down to his side; and now the robin made a desperate attempt to fly or spring up, his mate with outstretched wings got under him, and by their united efforts they gained the branches and their nest.

I heard them chirping for quite a while, evidently trying to find a comfortable position for the wounded bird, It was now dark. My heart throbbed in sympathy for the helpless little creatures. I resolved to be up early. and place food and water near them.

Alas! when I went out in the morning, the robin was dead. I examined his injuries, and found his side had been crushed in, evidently by a stone thrown by a thoughtless boy.

"Oh, boys, boys," I cried in my indignation, "how can you be so cruel or thoughtless? Thoughtlessness that brings pain and death to these little creatures is a crime. Think not that He who grieves at the sparrow's fall will hold you guiltless when you ruthlessly take the life which you can never restore!"

I buried the robin at the foot of the maple. The only requiem was the short, sharp chirps of the bereaved mate, who watched me for a while from a safe distance, then flew away, never to return.—A. R. McAlpine.

Gluttony.

Gluttony is a prolific source of disease. The excess of food taken in clogs the system. The natural process of blood purification is defeated. Some portion of the five hundred grains of urea which should be eliminated in every twenty-four hours is retained; the kidneys suffer; the liver grows lazy; the skin becomes dry; the tongue parched and pasty. Biliousness ensues. Dyspepsia develops. Headache follows. Neuralgia becomes chronic. There is nervousness and despondency. Tumors grow, and our glutton is an invalid for the rest of his life.

Every mother and every wife should know that many a drunkard is made by overseasoned food at home. An irritable condition is established, which imperiously demands that the stimulation shall be kept up. There comes into existence an irritation of the delicate membranes which only more excitement can satisfy.

Lord Byron knew 'the very devil' was in the hot dishes he craved, but was at last 'willing to go to Tophet for the privilege of indulgence.'

Often it is only by keeping harmful things out of sight that men are prevented from imbibing them.—The Home Queen.

No Prayer in It.

Two children, Lillian and Amy, had been taught always to kneel befor going to bed and say their prayers. One night their mother was away at bedtime, and so they were left to their own devices.

'I am not going to say my prayers to-night,' announced Lillian when at length she was ready for bed.

'Why, Lillian!' expostulated little Amy, with round eyes of astonishment.

'I don't care, I am not going to say them! 'Tisn't any use.' So saying she tumbled into bed, while Amy knelt by the bedside with folded hands.

The little prayer finished, and the light extinguished, Amy crept into bed. A silence ensued, broken only by Lillian's restless turning to and fro. At length, giving her pillow a vigorous thump, the latter exclaimed petulantly, 'I wonder what's the matter with this pillow?"

Then came a sweet little voice from Amy's side of the bed:

'I guess it's 'cause there isn't any prayer in it.'

A few minutes more of restlessness and Lillian slipped out of bed and repeated the familiar prayer. Then peace and quiet brooded over the scene, and soon two little girls were sound asleep.—Selected.

Lend a Hand.

Lend a hand to the fearful.
Lend a hand to the tempted.
Lend a hand to the doubting.
Lend a hand to souls in the shadow.
Lend a hand to the student at school.
Lend a hand to those who are often misjudged.
Lend a hand to the soul crushed with unspeakable loss.
Lend a hand to the poor fighting the wolf from the door.
Lend a hand to those whose lives are narrow and cramped.
Lend a hand to those upon whose lives the sun seldom shines.
Lend a hand to the warrior who is fighting his battles alone.
Lend a hand to the boy struggling bravely to culture his mind.
Lend a hand to young people whose homes are cold and repelling.
Lend a hand to those whose surroundings are steadily pulling them down.
Lend a hand to the prodigal sister. Her life is as precious as that of the prodigal brother.
Lend a hand to the girl who works, works, works, and knows nothing of recreation and rest.
Lend a hand—an open hand, a warm hand, a strong hand, an uplifting hand, a hand filled with mercy and help.—Silver Cross.

A Difficult Passage.

Dr. Joseph Parker offers the following explanation of one of the sayings of Jesus that has puzzled many:

"All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers." Well, Moses came before him, many of the great teachers and moralists came before him; what is this that he saith? All that came before him are thieves and robbers? We cannot tell what he saith. But he said so much other than this that the greater quantity helps to relieve the darkness of the smaller, helps indeed to make that smaller a puzzle for the education rather than for the destruction of faith. "All that ever came before me." What was the year in which Plato came? and what was the year in which the great Latin moralist taught? What was the age in which the great Moses read the tables of the law to the people? My good people, you are altogether on the wrong track of inquiry. "All that ever came before me" is not a clock phrase, is not a time quantity: any man that sets himself "before" Christ, in front of Christ, who attempts to supersede Christ or to render Christ unnecessary, he is a thief and a robber, whenever he lived. and even if he be living to-day.

Eating and Sleeping.

Food supplies the substance for repairing the wastes of the body, and gives strength. Sleep affords the opportunity for these repairs to be made. Both are necessary to health. If you can't eat and sleep, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It creates a good appetite and tones the digestive organs, and gives the sweet, restful sleep of childhood. Be sure to get Hood's.

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The Cork-Tree.

Some children fancy that corks grow out of bottles, instead of being made of the bark of a tree which grows in Italy, Spain, and other southern countries.

The cork-tree is an evergreen about the size of our apple-tree. The bark is stripped in order to obtain the cork, which is soaked and then dried. The moment the bark is peeled off, the tree begins to grow another cork skin, and each new one is better than the last, so the older the better the cork.

The trees are stripped about every eight years, and so strong does it make them, that they often live to the age of two hundred years. Besides its chief use as stoppers for bottles, cork is made into buoys, in making life-preservers to save people from drowning, soles of boots and slippers, fancy rock work, largely for life-boats, and sometimes for artificial limbs. After the bark is stripped off, it is trimmed and dried, and flattened out. Then it is packed, and shipped to all parts of the world.

The covetous person lives as if the world were made altogether for him. and not he for the world; to take in everything, and to part with nothing. —Robert South.

It is not hard to find people who are willing to give up some sins, but the tug comes when they are asked to give up all sin.

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