

Grandma.

Grandma puts her glasses on and looks at me—just so—have done a naughty thing, sure, somehow, to know, is it she can always tell very, very, very well?

She says to me: "Yes little one, I've written in your eye!" I look the other way, and turn, and seem to try to look for something on the floor, sure to know it all the more.

Should put the glasses on and look in grandma's eyes, you suppose that I should be very, very wise? What if I should find it true? Grandma had been naughty, too? What if I am thinking of, dream that grandma could anything in all her life sweet and kind and good? I try myself to be better than when she looks at me eyes so loving all the day never want to run away.

—Sunshine.

Candy Pull in the Dark.

MS. C. F. KRASER, OF HALIFAX SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND.

May we borrow your kitchen? I asked the blind girls of our frequently make of me.

Andy party? I replied interrogatively, and at the prompt answer I gave my consent, stipulating for the benefit of my own sweet that samples of the evening's shall be brought me, after a amount has been set aside for the benefit of the younger pupils.

me! I should be afraid they burn themselves, or perhaps set on fire," said a solicitous visitor one evening when the deputation smilingly departed.

My laughing answer that I feared of these disasters, the good postulated still further. "You do not trust these girls alone, some seeing person to help and to watch over the fire?" he said.

For answer a half hour later I came with me to my cozy room. The fragrant aroma of boiling molasses stole through the crack of the door as we pushed it ajar while a merry hubbub told that a good time was in progress.

Just gave a little start of surprise. I don't understand this in the whisper. She exclaimed in a whisper. "Is not lit, the blinds are closely and there is nothing but the light from the front of the stove what is going on. I am sure very unsafe."

She stood in the hallway, accusing eyes to the flickering light, which seemingly came from the steady flame of the iron stove against the sides of the door.

she said brightly, "Mary, Maude are to get the platters ready. Water is in a small dish in the corner of the second shelf of the tray. Please remember that the platters are to have an extra greasing, are rough on the bottom and are sometimes sticks."

and became not a little interested. "That young woman is evidently Mistress of Ceremonies," she said, "the one who she meant by the head."

girls always call Alma the little leader," I said softly. "She is able and knows how to carry over she undertakes."

try in the dark, a rattle of tins, very, combined with the sound of paper and vigorous rubbing, that the instructions were being passed out to the letter. Then the voice of the young housekeeper was heard.

her cup of cold water, Dora, and at once a tap was turned and filled and a small girl was crossing the kitchen.

It was evident that the crucial moment arrived, for the molasses, of balling in the cold water, so the young cook announced the mush.

How does she know? She can't see," said my friend, and I measured something about the use of the sense of touch, but the spoon ceased its regular work and the stirrer said, "Nelly come here for a few minutes finger nails are smarting to."

slender girl moved slowly to the room, but our attention was diverted from her by the the Mistress of Ceremonies, spoke from a distant corner, once a crunching sound had daily proceeding.

he nearly ready with the pea and Andy?" she asked. "You have been careful not to on the floor—"

"Nor to leave the inner brown coat on the nuts, in order to tickle the throats of those who eat our candy," interrupted Jennie saucily. While Lula added teasingly:

"Don't fuss, old lady; we have done everything just as your own particular self would wish."

Just here the housekeeper's nose and ears warned her of danger, and she hurried back to her post. Under the less vigorous rule of her successor, the molasses had frothed lightly to the brim of the pot, and a tiny trickle had already run on the stove, whence arose a smell of scorching. A few strong, roundabout strokes at once brought the seething pot to order, but immediately a new excitement arose. Dora, in the course of an excited trip with the testing cup, inadvertently trod on the tail of the cat, who uttered a doleful "miaow" as she sought refuge under the stove.

"I'm so sorry, pussy! I hadn't the least idea you were there," began Dora apologetically, at which the girls burst into peals of irresistible laughter.

"But you all know I would not have hurt her for worlds!" began Dora, with a trace of grievance in her voice.

"Don't fret, Dora. A tiny thing like you couldn't hurt her much, anyhow," said the cook soothingly. "Please forget all about it, and bring me fresh water quickly, for I think the candy is nearly ready."

The testing was evidently satisfactory, for immediately the pot-broth was laid on the table, while the cook with the aid of a helping hand, carried the pot to the table, rested it on the block for a moment, and then, tilting it forward allowed the thickened molasses to spread out on the waiting platters, which were at once set outside on the window ledge to cool. A small quantity of molasses which had been reserved for taffy was retained in the pot and again set to boiling.

But the little housekeeper was by no means through her duties. "There is a saucer of flour on the shelf over the sink, girls," she announced. "Rub your hands well with it, so that there will be no burns or blisters to complain of later on."

It was not long before the platters were brought in and great lumps of the soft substance were given around. Jennie and Lula whose knowledge of this stage of work evidently exceeded that of the others, combined their portions, and pulled and stretched the soft, yielding mass from each other's outstretched hands until, as Lula expressed it, the consistency changed from soft dough to that of spun spun.

The others worked singly, but evidently with excellent results, for when the taffy mixture had been set aside to cool, the cook had nothing but words of encouragement or approval to give her assistants.

"Don't stop, girls, even if your arms do get tired!" she urged. "The candy hardens quickly, and must be worked while it is soft. And don't try to whiten it with flour, either, Nelly," she added, as she recognized the girl's suspicious nearness to the flour saucer.

"Work the air well through it, and it will whiten in the proper manner. Jennie and Lula, yours must nearly be ready by this time. I will flour the bread-board while you pull out long thin strips that will make a pretty braid."

Since the real work of candy-making was really over I drew my friend into my own sitting-room, whereupon she at once began asking many more questions.

"Will they not leave the kitchen in a terrible state?" she asked. "I should expect to find molasses over everything; though to be sure," she added reflectively, "everything seemed to be done in a very orderly manner—so far, of course, as one could judge in the dark."

"They will leave the kitchen in the same condition in which they found it," I answered her. "The pot will be filled with water and left to soak over night, but they will come early in the morning before we are astir and give it a thorough washing. The floor will be neatly brushed up and the stove top left scrupulously clean. Oh, I assure you our girls are by no means the bad housekeepers you think them."

Just here the little housekeeper, flushed but radiant, came to my door. "We have such good luck to-night!" she said happily. "The worked twists and braids are better than ever before, and I am sure you will have no fault to find with the taffy."

While my friend and I were showing our appreciation of the toothsome dainties in the most practical manner, a chorus of "Good-night" and "Thank you so much for the kitchen," greeted us, and presently the retreating foot steps of the girls could be heard in the corridor.

"They are really wonderful girls," said my friend slowly as she nibbled at a bit of the crisp taffy. An hour ago I did not believe it possible that they

could make candy at all, but now," she added with a smile, "I can truly say that the candy pull in the dark has been an unqualified success.—Presbyterian Witness.

Finding the Owner.

"It's mine!" said Fred, displaying a white-handled pocketknife, with every blade perfect and shining. "Just what I've always wanted!" And he turned the prize over and over, with evident satisfaction.

"I guess I know who owns it," said Tom, measuring it with a critical eye. "I guess you don't!" was the quick response. "It isn't Mr. Raymond's," said Fred, shooting wide of the mark.

"I know that. Mr. Raymond's is twice as large," observed Tom, going on with his drawing lesson.

Do you suppose Fred had any comfort with that knife! Not a bit of it! He was conscious all the time of having something in his possession that did not belong to him, and Tom's suspicion interfered sadly with his enjoyment.

Finally it became such a real torment to him that he had serious thoughts of burning it, or burying it, or giving it away. But a better plan suggested itself.

"Tom," he observed, one day at recess, "didn't you say you thought you knew who owned that knife I found?"

"Yes, I did. It looked like Dr. Perry's," and Tom ran off to his play without giving the knife another thought.

Dr. Perry's! Why Fred would have time to run there and back before recess closed. So he started in haste, and was just in time to catch the old gentleman.

"Is this yours?" gasped Fred, in breathless haste, holding up the cause of a week's anxiety.

"It was," said the Doctor, "but I lost it the other day."

"And I found it," said Fred, "and have felt like a thief ever since. Here, take it, I've got to run."

"Hold on!" said the Doctor. "I've got a new one, and you're quite welcome to this."

"Am I? May I?" And with what a different feeling he restored the knife to his pocket!

"Finding is keeping," said the Doctor, smiling.

"Not till you've asked the owner," said Fred, "if you can discover who the owner is."—Christian at Work.

Helpful Hints.

Softening Shoe Leather.—Shoes which have become hard from constant wetting can be made perfectly pliable by two or three thorough soakings of kerosene.

Garnishing.—In garnishing any sort of a dish, meat salads or croquettes, always make both ends of the platter look alike. Design and color must be balanced, although your fancy may luxuriate with any decoration your taste suggests in the middle of the dish.

Odor of Fish.—Sometimes, especially when an oily fish, such as mackerel or salmon, has been used, the fishy flavor and smell will cling to knives and forks in spite of soap and water. Cut a lemon in two and rub it over the cutlery. Wash and dry; the fish smell will then vanish.

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Be Observant.

Two boys of my acquaintance one morning took a walk with a naturalist.

"Do you notice anything peculiar in the movement of those wasps?" he asked, as he pointed to a puddle in the road.

"Nothing, except they seem to come and go," replied one of the boys. The other was less prompt in his reply, but he had observed to some purpose.

"Notice they fly away in pairs," he said. "One has a little pellet of mud, the other nothing. Are there drones among wasps, as among bees?"

"Both were alike busy, and each went away with a burden," replied the naturalist. "The one you thought a 'do nothing' had a mouthful of water. They reach their nest together; the one deposits his pellet of mud, the other ejects the water upon it, which makes it of the consistency of mortar. Then they paddle it upon the nest, and fly away for more materials."

You see, one boy observed a little, and the other a good deal more, while the naturalist had something to tell them that surprised them very much.

Boys, be observant. Cultivate the faculty. Hear sharply. Look keenly. Glance at a show window as you pass it, and then try how many things you can recall that you noticed in it.—Ex.

A gentleman found his little daughter crying bitterly because she had had a tumble. "Never mind, Wynnie," he said, "won't a chocolate make it better?"

"No," said the child between her sobs, "but two would do it."

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GASTRIC TROUBLES.

"I had suffered three years at least from gastric troubles. I could not sleep at night, my head ached and my feet would be cold as ice. My bowels were not regular and I would have that I would have sooner died than live. About three months ago I was suffering and felt as if I obtained some for me from the nearest drug store and I would not now be without them. They relieved me of all the foul gases that formed in my stomach and they kept my bowels regular, for which I had been taking physics all the time. I have no more gas, no more indigestion, I have no more headaches and can sleep well; in fact, I feel as light as the wind. I breathe regularly, that is saying a good deal for a woman who weighs 120 pounds. I am sorry that I did not commence using the Tabules a year ago, for they would have saved me a great deal of pain and suffering."

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