

Only One Mother.

have only one mother, my boy,
heart you can gladden with joy,
Or cause it to ache,
Till ready to break;
Tear that mother, my boy,

have only one mother, who will
by you through good and through ill,
And love you, although
The world is your foe;
For that love ever still.

have only one mother to pray
in the good path you may stay,
Who for you won't spare
Self-sacrifice rare;
For that mother alway.

have only one mother—just one;
ere cold, always, my son,
None can or will do
What she has for you;
Have you for her ever done?
—Exchange.

Hero in an Untaught Battle.

BY HELEN HOMES BLAKE.

There was no more doubt about it.
Ned had looked in
the shed, and the
but not a sign of her did he
He missed her from the pasture
and the house when he came home
After satisfying his hun-
After a thorough search of
remises. She was not there, that
ertain. Where she was, Ned
it was his duty to find out. This
was the very thing he least wished

his father was a soldier. It was
a year since his regiment had gone
to the Philippines. Just before he
came he said to Ned, in a private

we're almost eleven years old, and
big and strong enough to help
another a great deal. I want you
everything you can for her while
gone. You'll be the only man
the house, and I want you to be
man."

Ned's ideas about what made a "real
were rather hazy. But he knew
well what to do to help his
er, and he lived up to his knowl-
so well that Mrs. Long had
am, only the day before: Ned is
little man; you would be de-
with him. He is grown so
ful and helpful."

day Ned was to have the sharp-
that had yet come to him. His
had gone out to do some dress-
ing, and Ned had permission to
do what he pleased all day. He
and a jolly morning with some of
boys, and right after dinner they
to go fishing—six of them—to
his pond, which was two miles
home. And now the cow was

That was a situation for a
with a fishing excursion before
Ned sat on the fence and
at. His hands were plunged
in his trousers pockets; his face
puckered up into a frown, and
not whistle,—a sure sign that
thing was wrong. Just now he
thinking, and thinking hard,
thing like this:

can't get home from fishin' till
dark anyway, and mother'll want
half-past; maybe it'll take me
three hours to find her; maybe
ain't find her at all to-night.
mother'll be worried. I just
to fishin' if I wait to find that
er. Oh! I've got to find her any-
where's no use talkin' 'bout that.
ain't be much like a man to go
yin' when your cow was lost.

I don't know about's whether to
tell the boys I can't go with
er let them wait awhile, and
go off without knowin' why I
me. I hate to tell them! I
well enough what Dick'll say:
the cow go to Ballyback, and
fishin'. You can find her all
to-night. That's so; I might,
en, again, I mightn't. Well,
es! I'll tell them, so they won't
ing time waiting for me. It
so mean to sneak out of telling
just because I was afraid they'd
y doing what I've got to. I'll
enough to let them know I'm
stay at home and hunt up the

Upon Ned began to whistle so
that he did not hear the bell
the road, nor the halo of a small
was driving a cow. The boy
repeat the halo, and add be-
fore, Ned, are you deaf? before
any heed.
he shouted; 'where'd you
beyond the turn of the road.
ere you been all this time eating
mer?"

I'm awful glad you've found
I couldn't have gone fishin'.
ain't your mother let you?
n't home. I wouldn't have
elf."

was Dick's comment; and
below his breath, 'You're a
ed.'—S. S. Times.

Clara's Gypsy-Kettle.

'O Jamie!
'What is it?
'Just look and see what a big kettle
there is under the wood-house steps!
'My! it is a big one!
'Tell you what I wish we could do,'
said Clara. 'I wish we could have it
fixed up for a gypsy-kettle, with flowers
growing in it, like the one Mrs. Peters
has in her front yard.'

'Let's go and ask grandma,' said
Jamie.
'Why, yes,' grandma answered them,
'I'm sure I'm willing; and grandma can
fix it for you when he comes home at
noon. I will give you each five cents,
so that you can get some flower seeds.'

As they went down the road to the
store, Clara said: 'I'm going to get
sweet alyssum to plant in the kettle.
You can get morning-glories.'

After dinner, grandpa planted three
sticks in the ground with their tops
crossed, and hung the kettle from them.
Then Clara got an old tin pail and
carried earth from the garden in it to
fill the kettle. And Jamie dug up the
earth around the sticks with a trowel.

'There!' said Clara at last. 'I think
that is full enough. I'm tired, any-
way. So let's plant the seeds now.'

Perhaps Clara's seeds were not good,
or perhaps she planted them too deep,
or kept them too wet. At any rate,
while Jamie's morning-glories came up
beautifully, Clara's sweet alyssum never
showed the least little bit of a sprout.

They went out every morning to
look Jamie's morning-glories kept
growing taller and taller. Finally
when the first blossom came, Clara was
so interested in it that she almost for-
got to look for her own plants and to
feel badly because they did not come
up.

You never saw morning-glories grow
as they did! They hid the kettle from
sight, so that you never would have
known it was there.

It got to be almost time for Clara
and Jamie to go home, for they were
only spending the summer at grandma's.
Then one morning Clara came running
into the house.

'O Jamie!
'What is it?
'Come and see!
Jamie followed her across the yard
to the gypsy-kettle.

'Have your seeds come up?' he
asked.
Clara only laughed.
'Now listen,' she said, as they stood
near the morning-glories.

'I don't hear anything,' said Jamie.
'Well, I did; and so I looked—
and see!'
She parted the leaves of the morn-
ing-glories, and Jamie looked in.

'Oh, my!
A white hen was sitting in the gypsy-
kettle, and, out from under her feathers,
peeped three little white chickens.

Grandpa fixed up a coop for them,
and Clara carried the chickens to it in
a basket, while Jamie took the hen in
his arms. There were twelve chickens.

Later in the Fall, when Jamie and
Clara were at home, grandma wrote a
letter to their mamma. At the end of
it she said,—

'The frost killed Jamie's morning-
glories, but the chickens that were
hatched in Clara's gypsy-kettle are as
lively as crickets.'—Susan Brown
Robbins, in Little Men and Women.

Stones or Candy?

'Well, my little fellow, what are you
going to do with those?' asked old Mr.
Crossley, after watching a small boy
pick up three or four of the largest
stones that he could find on the road.

'I'm going to throw them at Bill
Reilly, when he comes back this way,'
answered the boy, readily. 'He threw
a whole lot at me.'

'But don't you think it would be
better to throw him some of the candy
which you have in your hand?' was
the old man's next question. 'That
would do him more good, and you, too,
my son.'

Then Mr. Crossley, passed on, leav-
ing Ned to ponder over the question.
'Which should he throw—stones
or candy?' The little fellow looked
wistfully at both: At the stones, be-
cause he longed to show his skill in
striking the enemy; and at the candy,
because he longed to eat it all himself.

He cared not to use even one bit for
making peace with a boy who had
wronged him.

But Ned was a reasonable lad, and,
after thinking over the matter care-
fully, he could not help seeing that
Mr. Crossley was right. Yet it was
very hard for him to let go of the stones
and make a determination to share his
candy with rough Bill Reilly. But he
did this very thing, and thereby gained
a greater victory than he who conquers
a vast army. By and by Bill Reilly
came skulking around the corner,
looking this way and that, to discover
what had become of Ned. Suddenly,
from a place of concealment, out popped

the little fellow. 'Have some candy,
Bill?' he asked. But Bill appeared in-
credulous, and after assuring himself
that Ned's other hand contained no
stones, he walked up closer to him,
and said, 'Jokin', ain't yer?'
'No, indeed; I want you to have
some.' And Ned put half of the pre-
cious candy into his companion's dirty
hand.

For a moment both were silent.
Then, as great tears streamed down
Bill's face, he said, 'Scuse me, Ned,
but poor Bill Reilly ain't used ter
sech. Why didn't yer chuck stuns
back at me? Never mind, I'll never
do it agin, and I'll pity him as does—
that is, if Bill Reilly knows it.'—
Young People's Paper.

In Case of Fire.

In case of fire, if the burning articles
are at once splashed with a solution of
salt and nitrate of ammonia an in-
combustible coating is formed. This
is a preparation which can be made at
home at a trifling cost, and should be
kept on hand. Dissolve 20 pounds of
common salt and 10 pounds of nitrate
of ammonia in 7 gallons of water. Pour
this into quart bottles of thin glass and
fire grenades are at hand ready for use.

These bottles must be tightly corked
and sealed to prevent evaporation, and
in case of fire they must be thrown
near the flames, so as to break and
liberate the gas contained. At least
two dozen of these bottles should be
ready for an emergency.

In this connection it is well to re-
member that water on burning oil
scatters the flame, but flour will ex-
tinguish it. Salt thrown upon a fire
if the chimney is burning will help to
deaden the blaze.

If a fire once gets under headway a
covering becomes a necessity. A silk
handkerchief moistened and wrapped
about the mouth and nostrils prevents
suffocation from smoke; failing this, a
piece of wet flannel will answer.

Should smoke fill the room, remem-
ber that it goes first to the top of the
room and then to the floor. Wrap a
blanket or woollen garment about you,
with the wet cloth over your face, drop
on your hands and knees and crawl to
the window.

Bear in mind that there is no more
danger in getting down from a three-
story window than from the first floor
if you keep a firm hold of the rope or
ladder. Do not slide, but go hand
over hand.

Home Hints.

Try buttermilk for the removal of
freckles and butternut stains.

Try hot flannel over the seat of
neuralgia pain, and renew frequently.

Do not keep silk handkerchiefs or
silk in the piece folded up, as the folds
will out.

If skirt braid is stitched double be-
fore putting on it will look nicer, and
wear twice as long.

Put a pound of fine sugar, a pound
of fresh butter, five eggs and a little
beaten (ground) mace into a broad pan;
beat it with your hands until it is very
light and looks curdling; then put
thereto a pound of flour and half a
pound of currants very dry; beat them
together, fill tin pans and bake them
in a slack oven.

Ashamed to Tell Mother.

Such was a boy's reply to his play-
mates who were trying to tempt him
to do something wrong.

'But you needn't tell her; no one
will know anything about it.'

'I would know all about it myself,
and I'd feel very mean if I couldn't
tell my mother.'

'It's a pity you wasn't a girl. The
idea of a boy running and telling his
mother every little thing!'

'You may laugh if you want to,
said the noble boy, but I have made
up my mind, never, so long as I live,
to do anything I would be ashamed to
tell my mother.'

Let every little boy try to do like
this boy, for they are the truly noble
boys who always obey and please their
mothers.—Selected.

Begin Now.

Sometimes children think they can't
do any good until they grow to be men
and women. If you should say to your
little right hand, 'I'm not going to use
you now, while you are small; I'm go-
ing to wait and save all your strength
till I grow up, and then I will use you
a great deal,' do you know what would
happen? Why, the hand that hung at
your side would not grow; it would
get so weak and small that when you
became a man you couldn't use it at all.
Something like that happens to our
hearts when we think we can put off
loving God and doing good until we
grow up.

We must begin now to do what little
we can, if we wish to be strong when
we grow up.—Sunbeam.

Do Squirrels Play Boy's Games.

—Visitors in Central Park, New York
city, often see the squirrels playing tag
and leapfrog, says the American Boy.
They do it after the manner of boys,
and seem to have great fun at it.

When tired of leapfrog they often wrap
their arms around each other, so to
speak, making themselves into a ball,
and roll down four or five feet of grassy
slope, then scamper back and repeat
the roll, keeping it up for half a dozen
times. So it seems squirrels play boys'
games. Whether they learned it from
the boys or whether the boys learned
it from the squirrels, nobody will
know.

'What is an anecdote, Johnny?'
asked the teacher. 'A short, funny
tale,' answered the little fellow. 'That's
right,' said the teacher. 'Now, Johnny,
you may write a sentence on the black-
board containing the word.' Johnny
hesitated a moment, and then wrote
this: 'A rabbit has four legs and one
anecdote.'

Colic and Kidney Difficulty.—Mr.
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