

I Wish and I Will.

Wish and I Will, so my grandmother says. Were two little boys in the long ago, and I Wish used to sigh, while I Will used to be the things he desired; at least, that's what my grandma tells me and she ought to know.

Wish was so weak, so my grandmother says, that he longed to have some one to help him about, and while he'd stand still and look up at the hill, I Will was to be there to go coasting, I Will would glide past him with many a shout.

They grew to be men, so my grandmother says, and all that I Wish ever did was to dream—dream and to sigh that life's hill was so high, while I Will went to work and soon learned if we try, hills are never so steep as they seem.

Wish lived in want, so my grandmother says, but I Will had enough and a portion to spare; whatever he thought was worth winning he sought, with an earnest and patient endeavor that brought him a bountiful share.

And whenever my grandma hears anyone "wish," she seeks in his mind to increase his joys, and she straightway employs the lesson she learned from the two little boys whose names were I Wish and I Will. —NIXON WATERMAN.

The Girl Nobody Liked.

She was sure that nobody liked her. She had told herself so again and again, with a queer tightening about her heart that was like a real pain. And then she had tossed her head and set her chin in a defiant little smile. Nobody would know that she cared. Never!

It was on her eighteenth birthday that Aunt Elizabeth made a suggestion which caused the girl to open her eyes, and then to laugh a little. It was such an odd idea—so like Aunt Elizabeth!

Then I'm to 'hold up' everybody I meet till I've said something brilliant? she observed.

'Not exactly,' said Aunt Elizabeth, smiling, unsmiling. 'But I've noticed that you pass your acquaintances with a mere nod or a curt "good morning." I wish you would try the experiment of saying something pleasant to each one, unless there is some good reason against it.'

'It will grow rather tiresome,' said the girl, and she shrugged her shoulders.

'Try it for a week,' suggested Aunt Elizabeth; and, rather to her own surprise the girl found herself promising. She came very near forgetting her pledge when she met Mrs. Anderson on the street, the next morning. In fact, she had passed with her usual uncomplimentary nod, when the recollection of her promise flashed into her mind. She prided herself on being a girl of her word, and she turned quickly.

'How is Jimmy to-day?' she said, speaking out the first thing that came into her head.

There was a good deal of detail in Mrs. Anderson's answer. Jimmy had been sick with the measles, and then had caught cold and been worse. Mrs. Anderson poured out her story as if it was a relief to find a listener, and as she talked on, that particular listener found herself more interested than she would have believed possible in Jimmy and his mother. She said that she had some old scrap-books which Jimmy might enjoy looking over, and Mrs. Anderson flushed and thanked her with more gratitude than the slight favor seemed to warrant.

At the very next corner was Cissy Bailey, and the girl wondered if her promise covered the washerwoman's daughter and people of that sort. But she did not let herself wonder very long.

'It was very kind of you to bring home the clothes so early last week, Cissy. I was in a hurry for that shirt-waist.'

Cissy Bailey did not know what to answer. She smiled in an embarrassed way, and looked up and then down. But the girl whom nobody liked had seen something in the uplifted eyes which warmed her heart, and made that one-sided conversation something to remember.

'Hasn't this been a beautiful day?' and her earnestness rather surprised some people, who had not had her opportunities for realizing that there was anything unusual about the day.

By the time the week was over, the girl whom nobody liked had learned a valuable lesson. She had found out that hearts respond to cordiality and kindness, just as the strings of one musical instrument vibrate in unison with the chord struck in another. It is not a new discovery, since long ago it was written in a certain wise book: 'A man that hath friends must show himself friendly'; yet this is one of the truths that each person must rediscover on his own account. And the girl who was learning to love every one, and was tasting the joy of being loved, thanked God that she had not waited any longer before finding out the wonderful secret for herself.—Young People's Weekly.

Odious Companions.

Laura came hurrying in from school to tell her mother about the result of the examinations, an all important topic in the minds of public school children.

'I got ninety-seven in history,' she began, but her mother's quick ear was conscious of a note of dissatisfaction in the usually happy voice. 'And ninety in grammar and ninety-eight in arithmetic, so my average is ninety-five.'

'That is splendid,' said Mrs. Brown, 'but I knew you would do well, for you always do,' and she kissed her pretty daughter, looking at her with eyes full of love and admiration. Then she added: 'I think you ought to feel very happy, Laura,' but she was still conscious that something troubled her dear child.

'I should be, mamma, if I had been the highest, but Tom Boynton got ninety-six and Edith Snow ninety-eight, so you see I am only third, and that's awful! And I've been first in recitations all the year, too, and I think it's mean that I couldn't do better in exams!' and the ambitious girl burst into tears of chagrin and disappointment.

It was the mother's turn to feel troubled now, as she realized the wrong standard of her daughter's ambition. She knew the child was not by nature either selfish or envious, and in an earnest talk she tried to make her see that these unlovely traits would soon mar her character if her aim in study was to excel others, rather than to make the most of her own powers in order to be of use in the world.

Within the next week the mother several times had occasion to notice the very same spirit manifested in other ways by older people.

'What a beautiful winter suit!' she said to an intimate friend, whose new costume she saw for the first time.

'I'm glad you like it,' was the response. 'I was delighted with it till I saw Mrs. Sloan's, but her cloth is so much finer, the shade is so exquisite and the fit absolutely perfect! O, you won't think much of mine after you see hers. I feel shabby in it already!'

'I shouldn't think of comparing them,' but the friend shook her head, discontentedly.

'It's such a comfort to be in your lovely home,' Mrs. Brown said to her sister, shortly afterward, when making a visit.

'It's a comfort to hear you say so,' but the tone was rather gloomy. 'I used to think it lovely myself, but we haven't been able to buy new things and everybody else has been refurbishing or building a new house altogether till this seems to me most decidedly a back number and I cannot enjoy it as I used to.'

'The same story,' thought troubled Mrs. Brown, and, as she went up to her room, she heard, through the open window, the sound of boys' voices.

'My, ain't that a dandy wheel!' was the admiring exclamation of a boy of twelve.

'Pooh! this ain't anything side of Tom Jones's Columbia Chainless! You just ought to see it! And he's got a coaster brake too! I used to like this before I saw his, but now I wished I'd never had it for a birthday present. Tain't more'n half worth having.'

Mrs. Brown sighed, and she sighed still more as she went down stairs, for her niece, Emily, had just come in from school and had thrown down a pretty hat in disgust, as she said to her mother: 'I can't wear that hat another day! Nobody wears that shape any more. The girls have all got new ones, awfully stylish they are too, and I've just got to have one. I'm ashamed to go out of the house in this!'

'Truly comparisons are odious,' Mrs. Brown said to herself. 'Indeed, a few more such instances will convince me that they are the bane of

our modern life. To be sure, the Good Book says that no man liveth to himself, but I am sure it never meant that we were to be constantly comparing ourselves with others and always dissatisfied if our best falls short of theirs. I mean to start an anti-comparison league and have members pledge themselves to refrain from making odious comparisons!'

Wouldn't it be well for every intelligent woman to join such a league?—Congregationalist.

A Spider's Home.

'What ails our new clock?' said papa one day, as he came home from his work, and found mamma just putting on the potato kettle in order to get dinner. 'It is twelve o'clock now, and our clock lacks a whole half-hour of the right time.'

'I don't know,' said mamma: 'It has always kept very good time until now.'

Just then Elsa came running in from school, saying, 'O mamma, I was late at school this morning, and Miss Prentiss was so sorry because she had been teaching the children a new song that I missed!'

Papa moved both hands of the clock around until both pointed straight up. Now Elsa knew what time it was, and guessed why she had been late that morning. 'Now, Elsa,' said papa, 'run over to Aunt Jennie's to see if we can borrow her watch for a day. If our clock keeps on telling the wrong time, we might be late again to-morrow without the watch.'

Elsa skipped away, pleased to help papa, and pleased to think that Aunt Jennie might slip the watch-chain around her neck and the pretty watch into her apron pocket, so that she could wear it all the way home. When she came back, the watch was hung up on a nail beside the clock. The next morning, when papa looked, he found that the clock was slower than ever; but he again set it right with the watch. It could not keep up, but grew slower and slower, until finally it stopped altogether.

'Now,' said papa, 'I will open the door that has always been tightly closed, to see if I can find out the trouble with our new clock.' Elsa and mamma peeped over his shoulder; and what do you suppose they saw? Why, somebody's little home, all fixed up there among the pretty wheels, with curtains, draperies, and other silken things. The one who made all this was scampering away as fast as his six little legs could carry him.

'That's right,' said papa, 'hurry away; for you have just tied our clock up with so much spinning that it cannot go at all. You and the clock are both such busy workers; but you cannot work together, so you had better fix up a home somewhere else.'

Papa brushed the spider's work all away, when the wheels commenced turning, and the pendulum said its soft 'tick-tock' again. Baby waved his tiny hand to show how the clock goes; for he had been watching, too. Papa set the hands again with Aunt Jennie's watch, and the next morning both were together telling the right time. The watch was now carried home to Aunt Jennie, and after this the clock told papa just when to get up, mamma just when to get breakfast, Elsa just when to get ready for school, and nobody need be late any more on account of not knowing the right time.—The Child's Garden.

How Long it Takes.

'Oh, I'm so hungry!' cried little Johnny, running quickly into the house from play; 'give me some bread and butter, quick!'

The bread is baking, so you must be patient,' said the mother.

Johnny waited two minutes, and then asked if it was done.

'No,' answered the mother, 'not quite yet.'

'It seems a long while to make a slice of bread,' said Johnny, impatiently.

'Perhaps you don't know, Johnny, how long it does take,' said his mother.

'How long does it take?' asked the little boy.

'The loaf was begun in the Spring,'—Johnny opened wide his eyes—'it was growing all Summer; it could not be finished till Autumn.'

Johnny was glad it was Autumn if it took all that while, for so long a time to a hungry boy was rather discouraging.

'Why?' he cried, drawing a long breath.

'Because God is never in a hurry,' said his mother. 'The farmer dropped the seeds in the ground in April, she went on to say, partly to make waiting time shorter, and more perhaps, to drop good seed by the way side, but the farmer could not make them grow. All the men in the world could not make a grain of wheat, much less could all the men in the world make a

stalk of wheat grow. An ingenious man could make something that would look like wheat. Indeed, you often see young ladies' bonnets trimmed with sprays of wheat made by milliners, and at first sight you can hardly tell the difference.'

'Put them in the ground and see,' said Johnny.

'That would certainly decide. The make-believe wheat would lie as still as bits of iron. The real grain would soon make a stir, because the real seeds have life in them and only God gives life.'

'The farmer makes neither the wheat nor the corn grow; but He drops it into the ground and covers it up (that is his part) and then leaves it to God. God takes care of it. It is He who sets mother earth nourishing it with juices. He sends the rain, He makes the sun to shine, He makes it spring up, first, the tender shoots, then the blades, and it takes May and June and July and August, with all their fair and foul weather, to set up the stalks, throw out the leaves and ripen the ear. If little boys are starving the corn grows no faster. God does not hurry his work; but He does all things well.'

By this time Johnny had lost his impatience. He was thinking.

'Well,' he said at last, 'that's why we pray to God, "Give us this day our daily bread." Before now I thought it was your mother, that gave us our daily bread, and now I see it was God. We should not have a slice if it were not for God, would we, mother?—Child at Home.

The Right Kind of a Boy.

The other morning we were in the midst of a three day's rain. The fire smoked, the dining-room was chilly, and when we assembled for breakfast papa looked rather grim, and mamma tired; for the baby had been restless all night. Polly was plainly inclined to fretfulness, and Bridget was undeniably cross, when Jack came in with the breakfast rolls from the baker's. He had taken off his rubber coat and boots in the entry, and he came in rosy and smiling.

'Here's the paper, sir,' said he to his father, with such a cheerful tone that his father's brow relaxed; and he said, 'Ah, Jack, thank you,' quite pleasantly.

His mother looked up at him smiling, and he just touched her cheek gently as he passed.

'Top of the morning to you, Polly, wog,' he said to his little sister, and delivered the rolls to Bridget, with a 'Here you are, Bridget. Aren't you sorry you didn't go yourself this beautiful day?'

He gave the fire a poke and opened a damper. The smoke ceased, and presently the coals began to glow; and five minutes after Jack came in we gathered around the table, and were eating our oatmeal as cheerily as possible. This seems very simple in the telling, and Jack never knew he had done anything at all; but he had, in fact, changed the whole moral atmosphere of the room, and had started a gloomy day pleasantly for five people.

'He is always so,' said his mother when I spoke to her about it afterward, 'just so sunny and kind and ready all the time. I suppose there are more brilliant boys in the world than mine, but none with a kinder heart or a sweeter temper, I am sure of that.'—Our Dumb Animals.

'It is only a few weeks since I decided to pay a tenth of my income to the work of the Lord, and I already feel an increase of pleasure in giving.'

A PHYSICIAN is not always at hand. Guard yourself against sudden coughs and colds by keeping a bottle of Pain-Killer in the house. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis. 25c. and 50c.

FAGGED OUT.—None but those who have become fagged out, know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveler, Belleville, writes: 'Some years ago I used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for inflammatory rheumatism, and three bottles effected a complete cure. I was the whole of one summer unable to move without excruciating pains. I am now out on the road and exposed to all kinds of weather, but have never been troubled with rheumatism since. I, however, keep a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Oil on hand, and I always recommend it to others, as it did so much for me.'

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