THE SCHOOLMARM'S STORY.

I locked the time-worn school house door,
The village seat of learning,
Across the smooth, well trodden path
My footstep homeward turning,
My heart a troubled question bore,
And in my mind, as oft before,
A vexing thought was burning.

"Why is it up-hill all the way?"
Thus ran my meditations;
The lessons had gone wrong that day,
And I had lost my patience.
Is there no way to soften care,
And make it easier to bear
Life's sorrows and vexations?'

Across my pathway, through the woods,
A fallen tree was lying,
On this there sat two little girls,
And one of them were crying.
I heard her sob, 'And if I could,
I'd get my lesson awful good;
But what's the use of trying?'

And then the little hooded head
Sank on the other's shoulder,
The little weeper sought the arms
That opened to enfold her.
Against the young heart, kind and true
She nestled close, and neither knew
That I was a beholder.

And then I heard—ah! ne'er was known
Such judgment without malice,
Nor queenlier counsel ever heard
In Senate, House or palace!
'I should have failed there, I am sure.
Don't be discouraged; try once more,
And I will help you, Alice.'

And I will help you.' This is how
To softer care and grieving;
Life is made easier to bear
By helping and by giving.
Here was the answer I had sought,
And I, the teacher, being taught
The secret of true living.

If 'I will help you' were the rule
How changed beyond all measure
Life would become! Each heavy load
Would be a golden treasure;
Pain and vexation be forgot,
Hope would prevail in every lot,
And life be only pleasure.

MISCELLANEOUS

SHARPERS WHO GOT LEFT.—There is a sharper's game which has been played for the last hundred years, and as the turning point is avarice, the game works forty-nine times where it fails once. Two sharpers set out a few weeks ago to play it on a Wayne County farmer. One of them came along one day and wanted to buy the farm. As the farmer wanted to sell it was quite easy to strike a bargain. The price was to be four thousand dollars cash, and the man handed over two hundred and fifty dollars to bind the bargain.

Within two days a second stranger came along and wanted the farm. He wanted it so bad that he couldn't stand still. He found indications of coal, natural gas and coal-oil, and he was willing to give six thousand five hundred dollars for the place. The idea was, of course, that the farmer would be awful sick of his first sale and seek to buy the man off. It would pay him to offer the man fifteen hundred dollars to release him.

The second stranger was only out of sight when the first one turned up again. His mouth watered over the prospect, but not for long. The farmer explained that he had been offered two thousand five hundred dollars more, and added,—'But I don't care for money. The four thousand dollars is enough for me and its all the old farm is worth. When you are ready to pay the balance we'll make out the papers.'

The purchaser offered to release him for one thousand dollars—seven hundred—five hundred—three hundred, but the farmer didn't want to be released. He hung to the bargain money, and he's got it yet, while the pair of sharpers rave and gnash their teeth every time they think of the thickness of his skull.

WORDS OF WEATHER WISDOM—When distant objects stand out very clear in the atmosphere a storm is near.

If there are no clouds in the sky it may mean more of a storm than if the clouds are plentiful

When the stars are numerous and bright that's a sign of bad weather before long.

If you see shafts of red in the east just before the sun rises there's going to be wind soon, perhaps the next day.

When the swallows fly high it is clear weather; if they fly low look out for rain.

If pigeons hang around the coop it means rain; if they fly away and fly a great deal the weather will be dry for at least a day or two. Of course, I mean well-fed pigeons. A starved bird will look for something to eat, rain or no rain.

If a male cat stays in the house of his own accord at night look out for a storm in less than twenty-four hours.

If a female cat washes her face before breakfast it's a sign of rain.

The average dog will come in under shelter six hours before rain, no matter how clear the sky is.

If the panes of glass in your windows are cool when the weather is warm, rain is near.

PREPARING POTATOES.—A good potato when cut will show a light cream color, and a white froth will be the result of rubbing the cut surfaces together. Reject that variety where drops of water appear. Another test is to put potatoes into a solution of salt; the good will sink, the poor float. The juice of potatoes is disagreeable, if not absolutely poisonous, and should always be removed. This poisonous element escapes in the steam when potatoes are baked and remains in the water when they are boiled: hence that should not be used for yeast, as is sometimes recommended, or for any food.

For soups, etc., potatoes should be sliced, covered with cold water. and allowed to stand some time before using. The water draws out the juice and keeps the slices from turning dark, as they would if exposed to the air; it also extracts the starch from the little albuminous cells opened by cutting which is desirable to render fried potatoes crisp Select those of uniform size to cook, together, unless it is desired to have some done before the others.

Much of the saline virtue of potatoes is lost by removing the skins before boiling; still. when old, an equal advantage is gained if after paring, the vegetables are left in the water. Cook in boiling salted water, not allowing the boiling to stop when once begun, until the potatoes are done; then pour off the water, uncover the kettle, allowing the steam to escape there by rendering the potatoes mealy. The secret in mashing potatoes is to have all the utensils used as hot as possible, and beat the mass till light, instead of pressing down smooth and solid, adding cream, butter and salt at will. A desirable result is reached by rubbing the mashed potatoes through a hot colander, leaving them just as they fall into the dish. Baked potatoes should be served the minute they are done, better serve with a bone in them than wait till they become soggy. The average oven does not heat as quickly as water on top of the stove will boil, so when baked potatoes are wanted in a hurry they may be partly boiled and put in the oven to finish. During the cold weather it is just as well to wash a weeks supply of potatoes at once as only enough for one meal; a short broom will shorten this process. After washing. dry well, and keep in a cool, dry place.

The potato is a valuable agent for clarifying fat of any kind, and absorbing unpleasant odors. Put thin slices in the fat and it will be ready for use. A few slices in each kettleful will keep the odor of doughnuts, etc., from penetrating the house and prevent the fat from burning. Grated, scalded with boiling water and strained, potatoes make an excellent starch for dark fabrics. The juice is recommended for chilblains, Instances have been given where flowers have been sent long distances, kept fresh in a hollowed potato.

FAITH HEALING.

Faith-cure, technically so called, as now held by many Protestants, is a pitiable superstition, dangerous in its final effects. It may be asked, what harm can result from allowing persons to believe in faith-healing? Very great indeed. Its tendency is to produce an effeminate type of character which shrinks from any pain, and to concentrate attention upon self and its sensations. It sets up false grounds for determining whether a person is or is not in the favour of God. It opens the door to every superstition, such as attaching importance, to dreams, signs opening the Bible at random, expecting the Lord to make it open so that they can gather His will from the first passage they see, impressions, assurances, etc. Practically it gives great support to other delusions which claim a supernatural element. It greatly injures Christianity by subjecting it to a test which it cannot endure. It directs attention from the moral and spiritual transformation which, wherever made, manifests its divinity, so that none who behold it need any other proof that it is of God. It destroys the ascendency of reason in the soul, and thus, like similar delusions, it is self-perpetuating; and its natural, and, in some minds, its irresistible tendency is to mental derrangement. Little hope exists of freeing those already entangled, but it is highly important to prevent others from falling into so plausible and luxurious a snare. and to show that Christianity is not to be held responsible for aberrations of the imagination which belongs exclusively to no party, creed, race, clime, or age.—*Century Magazine for June.*

TRUST THE BOYS.

Frank and trustworthy boys carry their honesty in their faces; and when such are needed for services or desire any favor, an intelligent person is not only excusable for putting faith in them but may confer great encouragement and benefit by doing so. A gentleman of wealth and high official position, says:—

Somewhat more than fifty years ago, I was appointed midshipman in the navy and sent to New York. I was only 14 years old, and being of a delicate make small stature, did not look more than eleven. My previous life had been spent in the country, and I knew nothing of city ways of business proceedings. Pay-day was the thirtieth of the month, but I wanted some money on the twentieth, and passing through Wall Street I went into a broker's office and said;

You lend money here do you not?

Yes.

I want to borrow twenty dollars for ten days, I said.

I did not then understand the quizzical manner with which the broker looked at me before replying.

You shall have it, said the broker, and I wont charge you interest for it either.

He gave me the money and I signed the receipt; and I need not add, the $20 dollars were promptly returned at the expiration of ten days, I am sorry that I have forgotten the name of the broker. I mentioned the incident many years afterward to a gentleman, who said it was the most extrordinary story he had ever heard of a Wall Street broker, of all men.

Another case happened in Washington about 15 years ago. I was standing on the porch of Williard's Hotel, when a little boy with a bright' honest face said to me:

Please, sir, lend me 25 cents to set up in business? I want to buy some newspapers to sell.

I replied:

My boy, I haven't got twenty-five cents, but here are fifty cents, and when you want to return it, you will find me ta this hotel.

Thank you. said the little lad, I will bring it back.

I never expected to see him or the money again, and considered it a donation; but in the evening, as I was walking up and down in the entrance hall, my coat was pulled by a little newsboy, and I turned and beheld the youngster who had applied for a loan in the morning, with the same bright smile that had attracted me then,

Well, my little man, what is it? I said, as though I did not know him.

I have brought back your fifty cents, sir, said he, and I am ever so much obliged to you. I have made more than a dollar clear profit with your money.

IN SELF-DEFENCE.—A young man had been arrested for kissing a pretty girl and she was on the witness stand.

'You say,' said the attorney for the defendant, 'that the young man kissed you against your will?'

'Yes, he did, and he did it a dozen times too."

'Well, now, is it not-true that you also kissed him during the affray?'

Objected to; objection overruled.

'Now answer my question,' continued the attorney. 'Did you not kiss the defendant also?'

'Yes, I did,' replied the witness, indignantly, 'but it was in self-defence.'

Case dismissed.

Wife (reading the paper)—Well, I declare, If that isn't the queerest thing I ever heard of! Husband—What's that? Wife—Why, here in the paper is an account of a wedding up in Manchester, and among the wedding presents was a bull-terrier given to the bride by her father. Husband—I don't see anything odd about that. She was the old man's youngest daughter, wasn't she! Wife—Yes; but what's that got to do with it? Husband—Why, of course, if she and all the rest were married, he had no further use for the dog.

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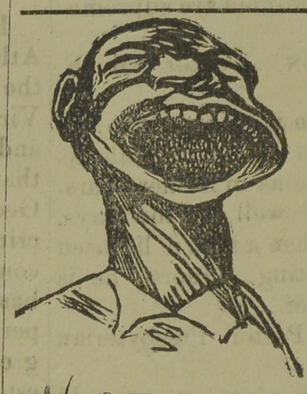

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COMPLIMENTARY PRESS NOTICES.

"Our Joshua as a Reporter." This is the title of a neatly-printed book of some 150 pages, from the facile pen of Herman H. Pitts, of the Fredericton *Reporter*. The story, which savors of the Bad Boy style of fiction, treats of the adventures of Joshua Bangs, from his entry into the office of the Swampton *Era* up the inky ladder of journalistic success till he revels in wealth and domestic felicity, the editor of a thrifty village daily. Mixed up with Joshua, from start to finish, is one Spuds, a practical printer, who divides the honors with him. Mr. Pitts boldly lifts the veil that hides from vulgar gaze the mysterious interior of the sanctum and discloses the manner in which the crank of an opinion mill is turned. Only early familiarity with the secrets of a printing office could have enabled the writer to dress up his characters as naturally as he does; indeed one is almost forced at times to believe that Mr. Pitts, in the earlier chapters, has simply torn a few pages from his own autobiography. If for Bangs we supstitute the name Pitts, and transform Swamptown into Fredericton, the interest in the tale is heightened and its true inwardness made more plain.—St. John *Daily Sun.*

"Our Joshua as a Reporter," is one of the funny books of the season, and having been written by a New Brunswicker and dealing with the amusing incidents of provincial life is calculated to amuse if not to instruct Canadians. This mythical reporter's extraordinary adventures form a story far better worth the twenty-five cents charged for it than many more pretentious publications. It may be purchased at the book stores or ordered from H. H. Pitts, Fredericton, N. B."—*Yarmouth Herald*, Nova Scotia.

"Our Joshua" is the title of a book lately published by the author of "Brother Jonathan Sketches." Brimful of anecdotes and Sketches of newspaper life, it describes the experience of a Reporter, whose numerous escapes, love affairs, etc., make up an amusing story. Published in pamphlet form, price 25 cents. For sale by all booksellers, or forwarded by mail to any address for that sum in postage stamps. Address Herman H. Pitts, Fredericton, N. B.—St. John *Daily Telegraph.*

"'Our Joshua as a Reporter,' has just reached us. It is from the pen of the author of—'Bro. Jonathan Sketches."

This little manual is replete with graphic descriptions of 'Joshua' as a Reporter. We may return to it again.—*Victoria Star*, Grand Falls.

"Our Joshua" is the title of a book lately published by the author of the "Bro. Jonathan Sketches." It graphically describes the trials of "Our Joshua" as the devil in a printing office, and his experiences as a reporter on a weekly and daily paper. It is brimful of anecdotes and sketches of newspaper life and will be particularly interesting to those who have been at some time connected with journalism. Joshua's many scrapes in the printing office in company with his friend Spuds are dwelt on at length; his trials as a reporter; his falling in love and leaving home on account of a difficulty with the "boss;" and finally his triumphant return, all form the basis of an interesting story.

The book is published in pamphlet form, in readable type, and contains 160 pages. Price, 25 cents; for sale by all Booksellers, or forwarded by mail to any address for that sum in postage stamp. Address Herman H. Pitts, Fredericton, N. B.—*Carleton Sentinel*, Woodstock.

"Our Joshua as a Reporter" is a pleasant companion for a leisure evening, or railway journey. The hero certainly managed to get into as many scrapes as the general run of printers' devils and reporters, and to come through on all occasions with quite the usual *sang froid* and *eclat*. But there is no need we should relate any of these adventures, when 25 cents remitted to Mr. H. H. Pitts, Business Manager of the Fredericton N. B., *Reporter*, will secure the volume.—*Orillia Packet.*

Flattering notices have also been given the work by the *St. Croix Courier*, *Woodstock Press*, *Chatham World*, *Summerside Journal*, *P. E. I. The Watchman*, Halifax, N. S., *Watson's Illuminator* and a number of other Provincial and United States papers.

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