SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

How Grandpa Boiled the Eggs-The Pint of Ale a Day and What Came ing Little Sketches.

Little Miss Pigeon.



AP, tap, tap! I heard at the door, Just like a little fairy knock. I'd heard it once of

I went to lift the heavy lock.

-Tudor Jenks.

funniest thing! I looked right out into the open-air-It really gave me quite a start-

But I found Miss Pigeon had come to call, So I said, "Miss Pigeon, how do you do? wasn't expecting you at all, And 'tis really very kind of you!"

But little Miss Pigeon said nothing to me She wheeled around and teetered out; And I often wender what it could be That little Miss Pigeon came about!

How Grandpa Bo led the Eggs.

"It is half-past eleven," said grandpa "and the mason will not have the chimney fixed before three o'clock." Then I suppose we must get along

with a cold lunch," said grandma. 'Well," said grandpa, after a moment, "perhaps I can boil some egs. I will try it."

But isn't it too windy to make a fire out-of-dors?" asked grandma. "I shall not need a fire," said grand-

"That sounds like a joke," said Edith.

"No joke at all," said grandpa. "Come out and see. And bring the eggs," he added, "and a can with a tight cover."

When, a few moments after, gradma and Edith went out in the back yard, grandpa was putting some fresh lime into an old pail.

He took the can of eggs they brought and filled it nearly full of cold water. Then fitting the lid on carefully, he set it in a hollow place he made in the lime. Edith watched him cur-

"Will the lime burn?" she asked, "Shall I bring the matches?"

"You forget," said grandpa, "I was not to use any fire. We'll start it with cold water."

"Now I know you're joking!" said Edith. "Wait a moment," said grandpa,

'and you'll see." He poured in the water and put a

board over the pall. "Oh!" cried Edith, when a very short time it began to bubble and steam as if a hot fire were burning under the pail-and "Oh!" she cried a great deal louder, when a white, creamy mass came pouring over the top and down the sides of the pail.

It did not last long. In six minutes the bubbling had almost stopped, so grandpa took a long iron dipper and gently lifted out

with the lime. He rinsed it off, then opened it and took out the nice white eggs; and when they broke them at lunch they found them cooked just exactly right.

Short Lesson in Natural History.

Our lesson this morning is about one of the most gorgeously dressed, and handsomest of all parrots, the Blue Mountain Lory, which inhabits the great plains in New South Wales. It lives principally upon the pollen and nectar of the gum trees of that country among the branches of which it lives, rarely descending to the ground. When there is a scarcity of the pollen and nectar, it will eat grass seeds and insects, and it is for the lack of these natural foods that it frequently dies in captivity.

The first pair of these birds imported to this country was in 1870, but although they are so beautiful, they are not a very desirable bird to keep, as they require so much care, you need never be surprised to find them dead, A bird fancier says on this subject that



any one whose susceptible nature would be shocked by the sudden death of their favorite bird should not become the owner of a Blue Mountain

Lory. Aunt Patience saw one at an exhibition in Pittsburg some years ago. Its mate had died suddenly a few days before, and it seemed so sad and melancholy, and ate so little, that it was thought it would die of grief. Besides being pretty they are a very graceful and active bird, and have amusing ways, which make them very interest-

"I Can, I Will."

A professor of mathematics in one of our largest colleges, whose reputa- the wife was moved in part "by what tion as a mathematician is very high, began his career under the inspiration | desire for his success in life."

"I knew a boy who was preparing to enter the junior class of the New York university. He was studying trigonometry, and I gave him three examples for his next lesson. The following day he came into my room to demonstrate his problems. Two of of It-I Can: I Will-Some Interest- them he understood, but the third-a very difficult one-he had not performed. I said to him, "Shall I help you?" "No, sir; I can and will do it if you

give me time." "I said, 'I will give you all the time

you wish." The next day he came into my room to recite another lesson in the same

study. "Well, Simon, have you worked that example?"

"No, sir," he answered; "but I will do it if you will give me a little more time."

"Certainly; you shall have all the time you desire." I always like those boys who are de-

termined to do their own work, for they make our best scholars and men, too. The third morning you should have seen Simon enter my room. I knew he had it, for his whole face told the story of his success.

Yes, he had it, notwithstanding it had cost him many hours of hard work. Not only had he solved the problem, but what was of much greater importance, he had begun to develop mathematical power.

About a Cowardly Bear.

No doubt some of our boys would like to go hunting the sloth bear. If on seeing it the young hunter concludes that he doesn't like hunting much after all, why, he can run away, and there is little danger of the bear hugging him to death, as grizzly would do. The sloth bear is found in the mountains of India, where it burrows into the earth like a rabit and lives



on ants, honey, rice and other light food. It is called ursus lablatus, from its long lips, and it earns its name, "sloth" bear, because it has jaws and teeth like the sloth. Ordinarily it is very timid, but when wounded or when its young are interfered with it will fight as savagely as a grizzly. When alarmed the young bears mount their mother's back and she scrambles away with them.

The l'int of Ale John

It is a difficult matter to one accustomed to small daily indulgences to realize the expense thus incurred.

A Manchester (England) calico printer was asked on his wedding day by his shrewd wife to allow her two half pints of ale a day as her share of home comforts. John made the bargain cheerfully, feeling it hardly became him to do otherwise, inasmuch as he drank two or three quarts a day. The wife kept the home tidy, and all went well with them, but as she took the small allowance each week for household expenses, she never forgot

the "pint of ale, John." When the first anniversary of their wedding came, and John looked around on his neat home and comely wife, a longing to do something to celebrate the day took possession of him.

"Mary, we've had no holiday since we were wed, and only that I haven't a penny in the world, we'd take a jaunt to the village and see the moth-

"Would thee like to go, John?" she asked.

There was a tear with her smile, for it touched her heart to hear him speak tenderly, as in the olden times. "If thee'd like to go, John, I'll stand

"Thou stand treat, Mary! Hast got a fortin left thee?" "Nay, but I've got the pint of ale,"

said she. "Got what! wife?"

"The pint of ale," she replied. Whereupon she went to the hearth. and from beneath one of the stone flags, drew out a stocking, from which she poured upon the table the sum of three hundred and sixty-five threepences (\$22.81), exclaiming: "See, John, thee can have the holi-

"What is this?" he asked in amaze. "It is my daily pint of ale, John." He was conscience stricken as well

as amazed and charmed. "Mary, hasn't thee had thy share? Then I'll have no more from this day." And he was as good as his word. They had the holiday with the old mother, and Mary's little capital, saved from "the pint of ale," was the seed from which, as the years rolled on, grew shop, factory, warehouse, country seat and carriage with health, hap-

piness, peace and honor.-Selected.

For His Own Good. A Massachusetts man recently tried to get a divorce from his wife because she called him "a fool," "an idiot," and "a brute," and told him he "hadn't sense enough to know when he was insulted." The court held, however, that, though the husband was affected injuriously in his health to some extent, se sed to her good motive and by a

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

for the Seashore A Lovely Beach Gown-An Ideal House Robe-The Matchmaking Mamma-Hints for Girls and the Household.



ALL who hate would love us, And all our loves were true. The stars that swing above us Would brighten in the blue. cruel words were kisses, And every scowl a smile, better world than

this is Would hardly worth while; If purses would untighten To meet a brother's need, The load we bear would lighten Above the grave of greed.

If those who whine would whistle And those who languish laugh, The rose would rout the thistle, The grain outrun the chaff; If hearts were only tolly.

If grieving were forgot, And tears and melancholy Were things that now are now-Then Love would kneel to Duty, And all the world would seein A bridal bower of beauty,

If men would cease to worry, And women cease to sigh, And all be glad to bury Whatever has to die-f neighbor spake to neighbor, As love demands of all.

A dream within a dream.

The every day would shine,

And every eye would shine, And God would pause to listen, And life would be divine. James Newton Matthews, in the Wash-

A CONTRACTOR OF THE CONTRACTOR

SUMMER WEDDING DRESS.

night. The most successful beach ordinary temperature, and only require

gowns are made with a blouse with to be watered once a week. Then they

tious parents are not on that side of

the water. We have plenty of our

own, but society gives them only a pas-

sive part to play, and a national dread

of the ridiculous keeps them from open

maneuvering. The daughter being

quite competent to look out for her-

self, the mother is more disinterested

and frequently weaps real tears at her

daughter's marriage, even though it be

Beauty for Window Gardens. Not many months ago an Eastern

riant lover imported from Japan a new

fern which promises to add much beau-

ty to many a window garden. 'fne fern

is the daralia, which grows in abun-

dance in the land of the mikado. The roots, which are small, are several feet

in length, and come in small lales. weighing only about ten or twelve

rounds. These roots, which to the un-

itiated appear perfectly dead, are taken

and carefully wound around a handful

of moss and bound with slender wires

in the shape of a hanging basket. They

are then saturated with water and

hung in the sun. After about a week

or ten days the ferns begin to appear,

and the basket becomes a mass of deli-

cate fern leaves. In this condition they

are offered for sale, and range in price

from \$1 to \$5, according to the size, They thrive in the house under the

the best match of the season.

Pattern for Seashore Dress

ful seashore or yachting dress, if you

are willing to pay enough for it. Sixty

cents a yard is the least you can af-

ford to put into a gown that is to be

worn in the sun and mist, day and

Brilliantine makes the most success-

ington Times.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. of "I can and I will." A writer in an | FOR WOMENAND HOME | tern for the dress material instead of roots will continue to send out form OUR BUDGET OF FUN. ming consits of folds of white brilmost valuable gowns of the summer.

The Matchmaking Mamma.

Judging by modern fiction, the mother, as such, does not exist in English society, says Munsey's Magazine. The female parent is not extinct, but her attitude to her daughter seems to be that of business manager or advance agent rather than guardian angel. The ambitten which in the American mother might be labeled "My daughter's happiness," becomes, in the practical code of the British matron, "My daughter's establishment." One seldom picks up a novel of English society that one does not meet the scheming, lynx-eyed mamma, working diligently at the matrimonial grab-bag with one hand, while with the other she pushes forward her gentle little ladylike daughter, who is some day to be metamorphosed into a British mamma herself, She shoos off the detrimental and gathers in the heir with unabashed frankness, asking intentions and bustling around very much like a steamtug at a launching. And when a parti suitable in the matter of lands and family has finally been secured, sha heaves a sigh of relief and prepares to do her duty by the next.

This picture is not merely the caricature of a few cynical novelists. Nearly all fiction that deals with social life in England shows the same figure, with more or less circumstantial evidence to prove that she is a reality rather than a carelessly accepted type The syndicated hysterics of some writers testify to this cold-blooded, material view of the maternal relation, and cry down the "shameless marriage market" of modern society, blaming most of its evils to parental greed, To be sure, al! the worldly and ambi-

the blouse back. A very neat trim- leaves, though, of course, the ferns themselves are like the leaves of any liantine put on with tailor finish. This other plant, and should be elipped dress launders nicely, and is one of the away when they show signs of wither-

TITLE LLOW IN TOU I HEAV WEN

The Position of Salaried Housekeeper. B. J. S. writes, asking for an opinion as to the respect that should be paid to salaried housekeepers; are they entitled to as much respect as the governess or seamstress? Answer: It is a difficult matter accurately to determine the social status of the housekeeper. So much depends upon the incumbent herself that cases might almost be individualized. The woman who takes a position as working housekeeper is quite likely to take rank with other help, except as to pay, which is, or should be, greater because of the increased responsibility. The superintendent or house warden, as such per sons have come to be called, in answer to a demand for a fitting designation, is usually a better educated and more highly cultivated person that she who is a working housekeeper. There are certain clearly defined limits beyond which the housewarden's duties and privileges do not extend, and there are pleasures and profits attending her position which, if she carefully orders her comings and goings, will be of very great advantage. She should be courteous, polite and affable, without the least symptom of familiarity or any indication of taking advantage of the good will and graciousness of her employers. She should never alt down in the parlors or drawing room without an invitation to do so, and then should remain but a short time, unless urged to do so. She should at all times maintain a quiet and dignified demeanor and on no account introduce into the conversation matters which concern her own personal affairs. She must be instant in season and out of season in anticipating the wants of her employ ers and will rigidly avoid conflicting with their wishes. She should not make rules, but rather have the head of the house make them, and do her best to see that they are lived up to It will be imperatively necessary for her to be blind and deaf to many things, and, above all, never, as she

Value of a Tactful Matron.

of all who know her.

values her position and her future wel-

fare, to repeat to outsiders what trans-

pires under her employer's roof. If she

can do all of these things she will mer-

it and retain the respect and esteem

entertaining, tactful and full of resources-is among the most valuable of social figures. When she takes the handling of a company there are no wall flowers, no breaks in the pleasure of the occasion, and no awkward fallures or accidents that the diplomacy of skilled femininity can avoid. She is the confidante and counselor of the young men and maidens, the safe depository of all their secrets, and, while she rarely lends herself to matchmaking, she is quite likely so to arrange matters that two fond hearts can occasionally beat as one, and eager eyes need not seek their loved ones in vain. And all and then remarked: "It sounds all of this is done with such a smoothness and delicacy that, as one happy girl remarked of such a woman: "She does things so cleverly that one might imagine that they had done it themselves." And this is the secret of her success and her popularity. The matron takes couples in charge, leads them to some convenient corner, then entertains herself with one of her dear 500 friends, her chat and laughter completely covering the undertone conversation of the grateful lovers. Society, especially the younger portion of it, has come to value her presence, and has so completely opened its arms to her that her kingdom is established, and bids fair to stand as long as there are sensible young people who wish to enjoy each other's society without comment from an overcurious public.

Ideal House Robe.

Here is a house robe designed for wear by a young woman convalescing from a fever. The material was ladies' cloth of a woolen texture. It was in one piece, and belted below the waist with a loose girdle of passementerie. Over the gown was a long robe of lades' cloth edged with passementerie, and provided with sleeves long enough



morning. It was lined with the thin nest pink flannel for warmth.

How Can He?

She surveyed her lord and master as he lay snoring in the stupor of intoxication. She wrung her hands. "Oh, how can he drink so?" she wailed. "How can he?" she contined; "especihooks and eyes under the broad rever. this water at least as often as once a spending money?"—Indianapolis Jourlining can be fitted and used as a pat- will last five or six years-that is, the nal,

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

The Tendency foward the Classic in Our Public Schools -A Prescription That Made the Boy Well as Soon as He Heard It.



H, ELLA! With her brella! first um-She walked abroad like any queen. She held it proudly for display, Admired its handle, stroked its sheen And never little

Dear Ella! Such a wee umbrella! One day upon the market-place

I met her; dripping were her curls. She looked, despite her sunny face, The most foriorn of little girls.

"Why, Ella! Where's your new umbrella?" Said I; "the storm has drenched your Said T: Just see your freck! just see your hat!

And what is this you hug with care?— A broom, a fiddle, or a cat?" With her first umbrella! She looked at me and shyly spoke, The rain-drops pelting on her yet; I have it here beneath my cloak,

Hecause, you see, it might get wet!"

—Agnes Lee in St. Nicholas.



School Visitor (after the teacher's prize pupil, little Johnny, has recited at race horse speed, his favorite piece peginning: "Atminnight innes scarded tentthe Sturkwas dreamnof thourwen Greaserknee nsuppliance bentshd tremblat spower!")-An unusually bright scholar, Miss Rushem; yes, Indeed, it is a pleasure to hear him. I didn't know you taught the ancient Gaelle in this school, but I am pleased to see that you do, and that your pupils are The up-to-date matron-cultivated, making such rapid progress in it.-Truth.

A Change in His Queen.

A captain in a regiment stationed at Natal, when paying his company one day, chanced to give a man a Transvaal half-crown, which, as one would naturally expect, bears "the image and subscription" of President Kruger.

The man brought it back to the pay table and said to the captain: "Please, sir, you've given me a bad halfcrown."

The officer took the coin, and, withright, Bagster. What's wrong with "You luke at it, sir," was the reply.

The captain glanced at the coin, saying: "It's all right, man; it will pass in the canteen." This apparently satisfied Bagster,

who walked off making the remark: "If you say it's a' right, sir, it is a' right; but it's the first time I've seen the queen wi' whiskers on!"--Answers.

A Strange Feeling.

"Iphigenia," exclaimed the infatuated man with a trembling voice, "a strange, wonderful feeling comes over me that we have gone through this experience before. Can the doctrine of the transmigration of souls be true? Are we merely reincarnations of beings that lived ages ago? If not, how is this to be explained? Oh, Iphigenia, does not this marvelous consciousness impress itself upon you? Do you not remember now that far back in the dim and misty past I told you of my love, even as I am doing now, and you listened favorably to my-

"Why, surely, Roger," interrupted the lovely Iphigenia, "have you forgotten that we were married and divorced ten years ago? I was your fourth, you



M. D. (to anxious mother)-Your son's case is a very simple one; we will open his back, take out his spine and lay his lungs and heart bare, inject his liver with an acid, and insert a silver wire at the base of his thorax. We will then sew him up neatly, and you'll be surprised at the change it'll make!-Truth.

A Novel Plan. Crimsonbeak-I understand one of our girls hit upon a novel plan to make people look at her new bonnet. Yeast -And what was that? "She stood a thermometer among the flowers."-

Tough. "What a tough face that young fellow has! Don't you think so?" "Think so? I know it. I tried to break it once."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Yonkers Statesman.

tight-fitting lining. To make your should be placed in a bucket or basin, waist, first fit a lining of strong, cool entirely covered by water, and allowed

material. Many use brilliantine for the to remain five or ten minutes, accordlining. Shape it after this design and ing the size of the basket, the object finish it as neatly as though it were being not only to moisten the roots. the outside. Cut the waist proper after but to saturate the moss over which a paper patern, enlarged from the dia- they are wound. It is best to put a gram, to fit the figure, and fasten by small quantity of liquid fertilizer into ally when I don't allow him more than