

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

How Grandpa Boiled the Eggs—The Pint of Ale a Day and What Came of It—I Can: I Will—Some Interesting Little Sketches.

Little Miss Pigeon. AP, tap, tap! I heard at the door. Just like a little fairy knock. I'd heard it once or twice, before I went to lift the heavy lock.

Then there came the funniest thing! I looked right out into the open-air—it really gave me quite a start.

I thought at first there was nothing there. But I found Miss Pigeon had come to call. So I said, "Miss Pigeon, how do you do? wasn't expecting you at all."

But little Miss Pigeon said nothing to me; she wheeled around and retreated out; and I often wonder what it could be. That little Miss Pigeon came about!

How Grandpa Boiled 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 grandpa. "Well," said grandpa, after a moment, "perhaps I can boil some eggs. I will try it."

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

"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, grandpa 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 curiously.

"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 pail. "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 the can, all coated 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 interesting.

"I Can, I Will." A professor of mathematics in one of our largest colleges, whose reputation as a mathematician is very high, began his career under the inspiration

FOR WOMEN AND HOME.

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

Dresses 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. If cruel words were kisses, And every scowl a smile, A better world than this is Would hardly be worth while.

If purses would unlighten, 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 laugh the laugh, The rose would rot the thistle, The grain outrun the chaff; If hearts were only jolly, 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 see A bridal bow of beauty, A dream within a dream.

If men would cease to worry, And women cease to sigh, And all be glad to bury Whatever has to die— If neighbor speaks to neighbor, As love demands of all, The rust would eat the sabbre, The spear stay on the wall; Then every day would gladden, And every eye would shine, And feet would pause to listen, And life would be divine.

—James Newton Matthews, in the Washington Times.

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 rabbit and lives



on ants, honey, rice and other light food. It is called ursus labiatus, 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 Pint 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 mother."

"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 treat." "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 three-pences (\$22.81), exclaiming: "See, John, thee can have the holiday."

"What is this?" he asked in amazement. "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, happiness, 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, the wife was moved in part "by what she said to her good motive and by a desire for his success in life."



tern for the dress material instead of the blouse back. A very neat trimming consists of folds of white brilliantine put on with tailor finish. This dress launders nicely, and is one of the most 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 Position of Salaried Housekeeper. R. J. E. 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.

Value of a Tactful Matron. The up-to-date matron—cultivated, 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 failures or accidents that the diplomacy of skilled femininity can avoid.

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.

Beauty for Window Gardens. Not many months ago an Eastern plant lover imported from Japan a new fern which promises to add much beauty to many a window garden. The fern is the daralia, which grows in abundance in the land of the mikado.



SUMMER WEDDING DRESS.

Pattern for Seashore Dress. Brilliantine makes the most successful seashore or yachting dress, if you are willing to pay enough for it. Sixty cents a yard is the least you can afford to put into a gown that is to be worn in the sun and mist, day and

night. The most successful beach gowns are made with a blouse with tight-fitting lining. To make your waist, first fit a lining of strong, cool material. Many use brilliantine for the lining. Shape it after this design and finish it as neatly as though it were the outside. Cut the waist proper after a paper pattern, enlarged from the diagram, to fit the figure, and fasten by hooks and eyes under the broad rever. If a tight-fitting back is desired the lining can be fitted and used as a pat-



ting parents are not on that side of the water. We have plenty of our own, but society gives them only a passive part to play, and a national dread of the ridiculous keeps them from open maneuvering. The daughter being quite competent to look out for herself, the mother is more disinterested, and frequently weeps large tears at her daughter's marriage, even though it be the best match of the season.

They thrive in the house under the ordinary temperature, and only require to be watered once a week. Then they should be placed in a bucket or basin, entirely covered by water, and allowed to remain five or ten minutes, according to the size of the basket, the object being not only to moisten the roots, but to saturate the moss over which they are wound. It is best to put a small quantity of liquid fertilizer into this water at least as often as once a month. These baskets, it is claimed, will last five or six years—that is, the

morning. It was lined with the thinnest 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 continued; "especially when I don't allow him more than a dollar a week out of his salary for spending money?"—Indianapolis Journal.

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"Why, Ella! Where's your new umbrella?" Said I: "The storm has drenched your hair! Just see your frock! Just see your hat! And what is this you hug with care?—A broom, a riddle, or a cat?"

Oh, Ella! With her first umbrella! She looked at me and shyly spoke. The rain-drops pelted on her yet: "I have it here beneath my cloak. Because, 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 beginning: "At midnight innes scardel tent the Sturk was dream of thourwen Greaserknee nauppliance bentahd tremplat spower!")—An unusually bright scholar, Miss Rushem; yes, indeed, it is a pleasure to hear him. I didn't know you taught the ancient Gaelic in this school, but I am pleased to see that you do, and that your pupils are 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.

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OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

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

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