

## JAMIE'S PRIZE.

By Hilda Richmond.

Just as Jamie was about to climb over the fence on his way to school one cold morning, he was surprised to find the fence gone, and only a neat zig-zag of ashes where it had been. The little gap between the two sections of wire fence had been pieced out the summer before with a rail-fence, and a spark from a passing engine had burnt it up completely. Of course, the wire fence would not burn, so the fire went out after reaching it.

"Good! I don't have to climb over this morning," said Jamie. "I'm glad all those weeds and brush are gone."

Jamie was only seven years old, but he was allowed to cross two large fields alone on his way to school, because his mama was sure she could trust him. Never in all the time he had been going to the little red schoolhouse had he been tardy, and this year he was working hard for a prize, which teacher had promised to every scholar who would be present every day and not tardy.

"Oh, there are Mr. Hardy's sheep!" said Jamie aloud, as the whole flock came running to meet him. "They will get on the track and get killed if some one does not watch them."

Tommy Harper and Jamie had had a little tiff the day before over a game of marbles, so Jamie walked on quickly, saying:

"Tommy's lamb had better look out or it will get pitched off the track by an engine. I guess I can't afford to be tardy, and lose the prize just because their sheep got out. I'll tell Tommy when I get to school, and he can run home. Teacher will excuse him that long."

But just then a train whistled, and Jamie felt ashamed of his naughty words. He hurried back to drive the stupid sheep away from the gap and presently along slow freight thundered past. When the noise was over, Jamie heard the last school-bell ringing, and he knew it was too late to get there in time.

"I might just as well stay and watch," he said, as the big tears rolled down his cheeks. "I've lost the prize now."

The silly sheep crowded around, and he had to get a long stick to drive them away. Many a time he had carried a handful of salt to the tame creatures, so they imagined he had a treat for them again. Over and over he sent them back over the light snow, but always they would come, sniffing, back, ready to escape if he had not been there to watch them. The tired little boy wished they would behave for a few minutes, but the exercise was just what he needed to keep his fingers and toes from freezing.

"Why, Jamie Ford! Are you here?" said Mr. Harper, after four trains had thundered past and the winter sun rose high in the sky. "Have you been keeping my lambs safe from harm? I can never thank you enough. The stupid creatures would have huddled together on the track as sure as anything if you had not been here. I'll carry some rails from the old fence and close this gap, and you run on home as quickly as ever you can."

Jamie wanted to hurry on to the school, but Mr. Harper persuaded him to go home, where his mama looked very grave when she heard the story. She gave her little boy a hot foot-bath and a cup of hot herb tea before putting him to bed, so he lost a whole day by his act of kindness.

"You think you have lost the prize at school, Jamie?" asked his papa at the breakfast-table next morning. "Well, that is too bad; but look out in the yard at the prize you won taking care of the lambs yesterday."

And right outside the door stood Tommy Harper and his father with five fine lambs to reward Jamie for his trouble.

"I'm glad I was tardy and lost one prize," said Jamie,—"for this one is better than all."

## A GUEST CHAMBER.

I have in mind a guest chamber where I spent ten serene, happy days. The double windows on the south overlooked a stretch of lawn, and in the distance one caught just a glimpse of the river. The room was sunny and homey and comfy, furnished in cream and old rose. Two single beds of wood, a bureau and a fascinating dressing-table, consisting of a long mirror hung against the wall with a small square table on each side and a chair in front of the glass; a wicker easy-chair with cushion and a most inviting-looking couch. The furniture and wood-work were painted a deep cream, the knobs of the drawers and bureau and dressing-table being of glass, the beds having each a spread and roll covered with cream-colored stuff with quite large bunches of dull roses at intervals, the same on the couch and at the windows hanging straight with dainty frilled muslin curtains next the panes.

On the table by the beds were a brass bed-room candlestick, a pitcher and a glass on a tray, matches and a current number of a magazine of fashion and household art. The bureau and dressing-table, or I should say, tables, were all well equipped. A curtain filled with all sorts and colors of gins, hat brush, clothes-brush, mirror, a complete manure set, and, joy of joys, my favorite water with the familiar violet label.

In the closet I found a challis kimono, and a dainty pair of bed slippers. The pillows for the beds and two rose silk down comfortables were on the other end of the lower shelf.

In turning to the room again my eyes rested with delight on some Japanese prints and a water-color of a rose garden. A low book-shelf in one corner tempted me to draw up a chair and examine the contents. Surely here was a book for every mood. "Pride and Prejudice," and "Cranford," with the dear little Hugh Thompson ladies tripping through the pages; quaint and delightful "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass"; two volumes of Kipling, one in verse and one of short stories; Browning's "The Ring and the Book"; a book about trees; a set of Montaigne's Essays in small green leather volumes, published by Dent of London, and on a table, near a Bible, a hymn-book and a copy of "Daily Strength for Daily Needs." But here my hostess interrupted me by her knock on the door.

"Do come in," I said to her. "Tell me how you conceived such a guest-room."

"Well, you know, my dear, before I married my 'Man of Wrath' I visited all times of the year, and consequently have been in all conditions of guest rooms. I used to lie in bed and plan my guest chamber, and this is the result. Do you like it?"

"Like it! I love it, and will very likely stay here the rest of my natural life and shall haunt it after my death. I perceive, however, that I am supposed not to soil my hands, for I do not see a drop of water."

A hurt look came over her face and she said, "To think that the joy and pride of my life in this room should have been overlooked!"

Turning quickly around, she opened a door which I had supposed led into another room, and there was a private bath room. Really this was luxury. Let me see; yes, cold cream, the kind which defines the finger of time is used assiduously; violet ammonia water; orris tooth-powder; hot-water bag with its flannel cover folded up in the little medicine chest, in which I found a bottle of Jamaica ginger, one of aromatic spirits of ammonia, camphor, histerine, a bottle of two-grain quinine pills, soda mints and a medicine glass and spoon.

No stinting of towels here. Upon opening a drawer under the seat run-

ning along one side I found face cloths, bath towels and fine towels galore.

My thoughtful hostess added to my pleasure by not having planned something for every hour of the day I was her guest. My time was my own a good part of the day. A drive to the market with the dainty lady or earlier to the station and post-office with the "Man of Wrath," reading, sewing, writing, calling, lunches and dinners, came in naturally and not too arranged, if I may coin a word. I left, regretfully, promising to come back as often as I was asked.—Christain Intelligencer.

## AN EXCELLENT PRESCRIPTION.

A rather eccentric yet eminent physician, was called to attend a middle-aged rich lady who had imaginary ills. After many wise inquiries, about her symptoms and manner of life, he asked for a piece of paper, and wrote down "Do Something for Somebody."

In the gravest manner he handed it to the patient and left. The doctor heard nothing from the lady for a long time. On Christmas morning he was hastily summoned to the cottage of her Irish washerwoman.

"It's not meself, doctor, it's me wrist that's ailing. Ye see I was after going out into the black darkness for a few bits of wood, when me foot struck this basket. It stood there like a big mercy, as it was, full of soft flannel, from Mrs. Walker. She told me that your medicine cured her, doctor. So if you please to put a little of that same on me wrist, I'll be none the worse for me nice present."

"It's a powerful remedy," said the doctor, gravely. And more than once in after years he wrote the prescription:

"Do Something for Somebody." — Selected.

## GENIUS DEFINED.

Genius has no fellowship with the boy who loafs on the street corners; it does not hang around store doors whittling sticks and laughing at rancid stories; it is not forever boasting of its achievements or sounding its trumpet before it as the hypocrites do in the synagogues; it is not a braggart, it is not a "Smart Alec," it does not inflate its breast and with selfish arrogance, say, "Stand by thyself, for I am holier than thou." Genius is always a gentle man; it is a plodder, not a boaster; it believes in a gospel of grit, not of garrulity; it has the eyes of a prophet and the hands of a toiler; it lives by faith and daily tries to turn faith into achievement; it is a path-finder, not a path-follower; it hears the voice of the infinite and tries to tune the string to strike the note; it turns from the known to the untrodden fields and fills them with flowers and fountains. Genius is solitary, and finds its happiness in what it does; it is an explorer, and leaves its explorations as a legacy to humanity; it is the world's master and God's understudy.—Selected.

"Lillian," said a certain little girl's mamma, "there were three pieces of cake in the pantry, and now there is only one. How did it happen?"

"Well," said the child, her eyes wide open with excitement, "it was so dark in there I didn't see the other piece."

Tommy had been punished. "Mamma," he sobbed, "did your mamma whip you when you were little?"

"Yes, when I was naughty."

"And did her mamma whip her when she was little?"

"Yes, Tommy."

"And was she whipped when she was little?"

"Yes."

"Well, who started it, anyway?"