

## "MIXED PICKLES."

"I have one nephew, and if I had any more I'm sure I don't know what I should do. He is the dearest, best of good little boys; but he seems to have the largest capacity for getting into mischief, that I ever saw."

"Not naughty mischief, you know, for my little Jack tries to be obedient; but, somehow, if there's a paint-pot in the house, he is sure to fall over it when he has his best suit on. If he has just scrubbed his face till it shines again, he is pretty certain to knock up against a sweep's brush as he hastens round the corner to school. So we have all got into the habit of calling him 'Little Pickle,' and a very dear fellow he is, as I said before. Now Jack had never seen the sea, so when I heard in June last that the Prince and Princess of Wales were going to open a hospital at Eastbourne, I made up my mind to take him there for a couple of days."

I have no doubt we should have got on beautifully if I had not been coaxing into taking Charlie Turner with us. He is about the same age as Jack, and as full of life as a kitten; so the two made the liveliest pair of pickles we could wish to see.

Before starting, I bought Jack a complete Jersey suit.

"There," I said, as I turned him round like a joint before the fire, "now it won't matter what you do: the sea-water will not hurt that."

"Then may I get it wet? Oh, how lovely. Charlie says he always takes off his shoes and stockings and walks into the water; sometimes a wave comes and splashes him all over. May I do that?"

"Oh, yes, as much as you like."

Rash words, which I was so soon to repent! The journey down passed quickly enough, and when we arrived at Eastbourne, we walked about to see the decorations. One arch pleased us very much. It was made by the fishermen of all sorts of nets. There were lobster and crab pots, which had live lobsters and crabs in them, there were prawn and shrimp pots with lively little fellows just as they were caught and the large trawling nets were hung all over with mackerel.

The sides of the arch were filled with the prettiest boats; and the whole was crowned by the long galley belonging to the rowing club.

Groups of oars and sculls were fastened with ropes in the shape of true-lovers' knots, and odd corners were filled with life-buoys and anchors.

"I expect the Prince will enjoy that as well as anything he sees in the town," said an old sailor to me. I stood talking to him about the arch and the royal visit which was to take place the next day, and never noticed that my two charges had slipped off. A loud hurrah made me stare upwards. There were the two little pickles mounted in the galley at the very top of the arch, while the young sailor who had helped them up was swinging himself lightly down by some ropes which looked far too thin for his weight.

How the fishermen cheered to be sure! but I can tell you I was thankful to the two boys were safely by my side.

"Now, auntie, let's go and paddle," said Jack; and as the tide was out, and the sand looked inviting, I consented. It was one of those days when the wind seems to rise as the tide comes in, and although the sea looked very calm at first it came tumbling in pretty roughly when the tide turned. However, the boys played on happily, and, as I thought, safely enough. Occasionally, peals of laughter told me when one or the other of them had got soaked by a wave, which broke sooner than they expected.

"Let's sit down," said Charlie, "and see how far the water will come. I'll be canute, and tell it to go back."

This seemed a pretty safe amusement; and as the waves were constantly driving me from my post, I went up a good way higher on the beach. I was deep in my book when I heard a shriek, and, looking up quickly, saw my brave boy Jack running into the waves after Charlie, who had been carried out as he sat on the sand.

As quick as possible I ran down, and was just in time to seize one of Jack's hands as

he caught hold of Charlie with the other, and it required all my strength to pull both boys in.

A gentleman came up just as we stood, three dripping creatures on the shingle, for the skirts of my dress were soaked. "You are a plucky little fellow," he said, patting Jack's head; "if you hadn't been so quick, your brother might have been drowned."

"My cap's gone though," said Jack, in a matter-of-fact sort of way, "and I'm as wet as a fish."

Charlie seemed too frightened to say much just yet; so I took them both home and put them to bed while their clothes were dried; for, alas! I had brought no second suits with me. I never thought of wanting them for two days.

"What made you so brave this morning?" I asked Jack when he was cosily tucked up in bed.

"I don't know, aunt; at first, when I saw

## AN EVENING'S AMUSEMENT.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

In his country home Frank Merriam had been regarded as a boy; but in the large town to which he had come to seek his fortune he was recognized as a young man. There he began at the very foot of the ladder determined to work his way up.

"How far up?" asked one who had known him from childhood, and to whom he had expressed this determination.

"So far up that I can look level into the eyes of men who now look down upon me," he replied.

"That is not a bad ambition; but there is a better. Go so far up that by the eye of faith you can look forward confidently to the reward awaiting all those who choose the good and avoid the evil."

It was easy to begin at the foot of the ladder, but as he worked on, day after day,

The very sight of it was a silent plea against wrong-doing; but as he turned the leaves he found one still stronger:

"To every one there comes a moment to decide for the good or evil side. This may be the decisive moment with you who read this, and God grant you may decide wisely."

"I cannot go with you," said Frank Merriam when his name was called.

"Why not?" was asked in a tone of surprise.

"Because it would not be right for me to do so. It would be a new departure for me, and I have decided not to take it. I have never played a game of cards or tasted a drop of liquor in my life, and I should be foolish to begin now. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, I do, and I wish I knew no more of cards and liquor than you do," responded a young man who now came into Frank Merriam's room. "I didn't mean to, but I gave way a little at a time, until I am in for it; so I may as well keep on."

"Read that," responded his companion, pointing to the words which had arrested his own attention.

When read the reader said sadly: "The trouble with me is I decided wrong, and I suppose it is too late to change."

"And did you decide for the evil against the good?"

"I suppose so, though I didn't think of it in that way. My father and mother would be distracted if they knew how I spend my evenings; I wish I could stay here with you."

"You can. Two are stronger than one, and we can help each other. Let the others go if they will. They cannot compel us to go with them. Don't decide again for the evil side."

"You don't understand about it as well as I do. You are on the outside of the ring, while I am inside."

At this moment a tramping of feet was followed by shouts of "Hurry up! We shall lose half the fun unless we are on hand in good season."

"But we are not going," responded Frank Merriam. "I am sorry I gave you any reason to think I would go. Converse has decided to stay with me, too, and I wish the rest of you would keep us company."

This called forth a storm of ridicule and sharp retorts; yet the two stood firm and presently the street-door closed behind those who were "bound to have some fun, let it cost what it would."

They did not dream what the cost might be. They had no thought of any serious result from their evening's amusement; but the next morning found them under arrest for grave misdemeanors. Each was compelled to pay a heavy fine, in addition to giving bonds for future good conduct.

It was the old story of excessive drinking and its effects. One glass followed another until sense and reason were overpowered, and angry hearts succeeded angry words.

"Bless the old scrap-book for its lesson, and thank God it was heeded!" exclaimed Frank Merriam when he knew what had transpired.

"Amen," responded George Converse heartily. "I have made a new decision and shall not change it. I am a teetotaler now and for evermore."

—Youth's Temperance Banner.

AMONG OUR PULPITS and by the very side of our preachers it is safe to say that the drum shops lead as many downward as the churches lead upward. We are asked then to license an institution which provides nothing useful or beautiful; causes and encourages idleness; teaches tipping and drunkenness; breeds disorder, vice, poverty, and crime; antagonizes our homes, schools, and churches. Can we dare we call such institutions into existence, set them up in our midst, sanction their work and protect them in it? Are the interests of our homes, our society, our children and our neighbors to be sacrificed to such a demand? And for whose interests? That one in five hundred may become a dram seller and make a lazy living at the expense of all we hold dear; that the other four hundred and ninety-nine may bear the burden and suffer the misery.—Professor Foster.



MY NEPHEW JACK.—(From a Photograph by T. C. Turner, Barnsbury Park, N.)

Charlie washed out, I felt inclined to run away, and then, all of a sudden, I thought of Jesus walking on the sea, and telling St. Peter to come to Him. That made me feel brave, because I was sure Jesus would not let me be drowned any more than St. Peter. So I just asked Him to keep me up, and ran after Charlie; but, auntie, I'm sorry I lost my cap—there's twopenny in my pocket you may have towards another."

"Brave little Jack, he was a true hero without knowing it."

The next day we saw the Prince and Princess, and then went for a sail before we started for home, laden with small crabs, seaweed, and pebbles enough to stock an aquarium.—Children's Friend.

IF A BEBSTEAD creaks at each movement of the sleeper, remove the slats and wrap the end of each in old newspaper. This will prove a complete silencer.

a stranger in a strange place, he longed for the familiar faces and the sound of familiar voices.

Anything like comradeship offered strong attractions to him, and, strangely, most of those who sought his acquaintance were the very ones he should have avoided. At last, when especially weary with the monotony of his work, he was urged by some young men boarding in the same house with himself to join them and a party of friends for an evening's amusement.

He was quite sure the amusement was not such as his mother would approve, but he was in too reckless a mood to allow that to influence him. He must have some recreation, and he was old enough to decide for himself.

While waiting for his companions he turned carelessly the leaves of an old scrap-book lying on his table. It had belonged to his sister, now dead, and for that reason he counted it among his choicest treasures.