

## At the Breakfast Table.

BY A TRUSTWORTHY REPORTER.

"Mamma! Where's my shoes?"

"I put them in their place in your closet, dear. Make haste, we're at breakfast," called mamma from the dining-room.

"I'll be late to school just because folks don't leave my things alone," scowled Jack, hurrying in with his shoe-strings dangling and a scowl on his face.

Mamma was discreetly busy with her coffee cups.

"Hominy, Jack?" asked papa cheerily.

"O dear! I don't like hominy. Why don't we always have oatmeal?"

"Papa likes hominy best, so we take turns," explained mamma, trying to avert the storm.

"Might have 'em both," muttered Jack, his voice muffled by a large mouthful of the despised cereal. "Is there griddle-cakes, then?" he demanded presently.

"This is ironing morning. Katie couldn't fry cakes to-day."

"What else is she made for?" savagely.

"Jack!" Papa looked suddenly up from his paper. His son subsided for a few moments, and table-talk went pleasantly on.

"It looks like the beginning of a bad storm," papa said, glancing at the rain-drops on the pane. "The youngsters had better go to school prepared for wet weather."

"Yes, the rubbers and umbrella brigade to-day," smiled mamma.

"Oh, need I wear rubbers?" complained Jack. "Nobody but little kids wear 'em a day like this. I won't get wet. Need I?"

"Oh, yes, dear. You always walk through all the puddles, you know, and you have a cold already."

"I think it's mean, I do! None of the other big fellows have to wear rubbers like babies. Got my thick boots all on. I think you're real mean, so there!" with a burst of angry tears.

"Jack, leave the table," said his father sternly. "Go and put on your rubbers without a word, and then come and apologize to mamma for your rudeness. It's too bad, dear," looking at mamma's sad face. "Your meals are spoiled continually by such tantrums. I will put a stop to them, if I have to whip Jack twice a day."

"But the whipping would only make his temper worse; you've tried that. I've another idea simmering. We'll talk of it to-night"—as Jack came sulkily back.

\* \* \*

"Good morning!" cried Jack, dashing into the dining-room next day.

"Morning?" returned papa, gruffly. "What's this, Evelyn oatmeal? Haven't you learned yet that I don't like oatmeal? I want hominy."

"We had it yesterday, John, if you remember; but I'll see that it is made to-morrow."

"That won't feed me to-day" pushing away his saucer. "Well, what next? Fish-balls? Umph!"

"I thought you liked them," said mamma, anxiously.

"Plenty of things I like better. Have you mended those gloves of mine, Evelyn?"

"Why, no, John, you didn't ask me to. I'll do it now."

"No, I can't wait. I should think you might keep my things in better order. I'm behind time for the train, anyway; breakfast was so late." And off rushed papa, without good-bye, slamming the door angrily and leaving a dark shadow behind him.

It had not lifted at dinner that night. Papa grumbled at the cooking, found fault with everything and was so ill tempered that the meal, usually accompanied by much fun and pleasantness, was more dismal than breakfast had been. Jack held his breath in dismay.

"Don't know where the key to my desk is, Evelyn? And what am I to do now without it? You must have mislaid it. Strange you can't leave my things alone. I think it's a shame!"

But mamma had suddenly covered her face with her handkerchief and left the table.

"Mamma," whispered Jack, stealing into her room and her lap in the dark.

"Well, dear?" her arms close around him.

"Mamma, what ailed papa? If I was a man, I'd—"

"Perhaps papa didn't think; perhaps he was just cross at everything."

"Papa is naturally impatient, Jack, and if one lets a temper get out from under control it is hard stopping it. It grows worse every day until it becomes stronger than a man himself, and makes life miserable to him and everyone about him. Can't you see for yourself how it would be?"

Jack meditated awhile. "Mamma did papa ever have a temper like mine?"

"Very like, he says, though we can hardly be, lieve it, he controls it so well. Perhaps he was willing for you to see to-day what your temper might become if you let it grow worse, as you are doing now. Do you think we have had a pleasant day, Jack?"

"I guess not. It's been awful."

"And it all came from the unpleasantness of one person, Jack."

There was a long pause. Then Jack suddenly announced with conviction, "Mamma, I believe papa was just putting his temper on, and I know what I'll do. But if I'm as ugly usually as he has been to-day, I guess I'd better begin to stop!"

And he did. Congregationalist.

## The Land of Pretty Soon.

I know a land where the streets are paved

With the things we mean to achieve—

It is walled with the money we meant to have saved

The kind words unspoken, the promises broken

And many a coveted boon

Are stored away in the land somewhere,

The land of Pretty Soon.

There are uncut jewels of possible fame

Lying about in the dust,

And many a noble and lofty aim

Covered with mold and rust.

And, oh, the place, while it seems so near,

Is farther away than the moon;

Though our purpose is fair, we never get there

To the land of Pretty Soon.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## "Eyes and No Eyes."

In the December Century, Mr. John Burroughs writes about the "Art of Seeing Things." The way to become an observer, he thinks, is to see more than the particular thing you are looking for. Most people see things but vaguely, but we may teach ourselves to observe discriminately. Who has not seen a red squirrel or a gray squirrel running up and down the trunk of a tree? But probably very few have noticed that the position of the hind feet is the reverse in the one case from what it is in the other. In descending they are extended to the rear, the toe nails hooking to the bark, checking and controlling the fall. In most pictures the feet are shown well drawn up under the body in both cases.

People who discourse pleasantly and accurately about the birds and flowers and external nature generally are not therefore good observers. In their walks do they see anything they did not come out to see? Is their any spontaneous or unpremeditated seeing? Do they make discoveries? Any bird or creature may be hunted down, any nest discovered if you lay siege to it; but to find what you are not looking for, to catch the shy winks and gestures on every side, to see all the by-play going on around you, missing no significant note or movement, penetrating every screen with your eye-beams—that is to be an observer; that is to have "an eye practiced like a blind man's touch"—a touch that can distinguish a white horse from a black—a detective eye that reads the faintest signs.

During some great fete in Paris, the Empress Eugenie and Queen Victoria were both present. A reporter noticed that when the royal personages

came to sit down Eugenie looked behind her before doing so, to see that the chair was really there, but Victoria seated herself without a backward glance, knowing there must be a seat ready for her; there always had been and there always would be. The correspondent inferred that the incident showed the difference between born royalty and hastily made royalty. I wonder how many persons in that vast assembly made this observation; probably very few. It denoted a gift for seeing things.

## A Moody Story.

Somebody once said to D. L. Moody "Have you grace enough to be burned at the stake?" "No," was the reply. "Do you not wish you had?" "No, sir, for I do not need it. What I need just now is grace to live in Milwaukee three days and hold a convention."

## ARE YOUR LUNGS WEAK?

To Every Sufferer from Coughs, Consumption, and Similar Signs of Lung Weakness, a Great Specialist Offers His New Scientific

## TREATMENT FREE

Nearly everybody you meet will regard it as a kind of insult to be asked if they have weak lungs. All seem to have a solid faith in the soundness of their own breathing machine. In cases of trouble they will admit there is a "heavy cold," a "touch of Bronchitis," or even a "spell of Asthma," but as to weak or unsound lungs—never—NEVER. Even the poor consumptive, who scarcely speaks without coughing, whose cheeks are wasted, hollow and bear the hectic flush of doom, will assure you with glistening eyes that his cold is on the mind, and he will be all right when the weather changes.

Never was there a cure for lung trouble equal to the newly-discovered Dr. Slocum treatment. This forms a system of three remedies that are used simultaneously and synergic each other's curative action. It cures weak lungs, bronchitis, coughs, consumption, and every other ailment of the pulmonary region. It destroys every germ that can effect the respiratory system, and even in advanced stages of lung trouble positively arrests the tubercular growth, while it also builds up the patient so that his system is enabled to throw off all other wasting diseases. Thousands of cases cured already prove these claims. Thousands of grateful people bless the discovery.

If the reader is a consumptive or has lung or throat trouble, general debility or wasting away, do not despair, but send your name, post-office and nearest express office address to the T. A. SLOCUM CHEMICAL CO., Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto, when three large sample bottles (the Slocum Cure) will be sent you free. Don't delay until it is too late, but send at once for these free samples and be convinced of the efficacy of this great remedy.

Persons in Canada seeing Slocum's free offer in American or English papers will please send to Toronto for free samples. Mention the Dominion Presbyterian.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

# PATENTS

TRADE MARKS  
DESIGNS  
COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

**Scientific American.**

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all news-dealers.

**MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York**

Branch Office, 65 F St., Washington, D. C.