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The other boys nodded assent to Billy's proposal—all but one, who made a decided protest.

"Oh! come, boys. Let's pitch quoits. What do you want of Delabar's cider?"

It was Leon Noble, the new minister's son, who said that, and he was so frank and good-natured all the boys liked him.

"Of course, why not pitch quoits?" echoed Tony.

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Tony's hand went up involuntarily, but he quickly dropped it when he saw his was the only one raised.

"Will you let me tell you a little story?" asked Leon, without heeding Billy's angry looks.

"The other night after school I went over to Pine Hollow to carry some jelly and things to a sick woman that mother had hunted up, and when I was coming home by Delabar's still I saw a man lying on the ground."

"I suppose you don't think that anything very unusual, but somehow I never can get used to such sights, and I was hurrying along when I heard a little piping voice, and, if you will believe it, there was a child not an inch taller than our Grace. She was pulling his coat-sleeve and saying over and over, 'Do come home, papa; do please come home with Mamie.'"

"And what do you suppose that drunken fellow did?"

"He just swore at the little creature—such terrible oaths I never heard before—

and then he staggered to his feet and knocked her down with his fist. I thought at first he had surely killed her."

"He ought to have been horse-whipped," interrupted Bob Grant, "and I'd have done it if I had been there."

"I'd have knocked him down," added Tony; at which they all laughed, for everybody knew Tony would not dare to fight his own shadow.

"What did you do, Leon?" asked Nat Tyler.

"Before I had time to collect my wits," said Leon, "Delabar came out and caught up the little girl in his arms, and you just ought to have heard the raving he gave the man. He told him to 'ake himself off his premises and not to show his beastly face there again."

"And, do you know, it just sobered the fellow completely! Queer, wasn't it?"

"What did he say for himself?" asked Billy Graves.

"I wish all you boys had heard him," said Leon. "He drew himself up and pointed his finger at Delabar, and said, 'How dare you talk to me, you whited sepulchre? 'Twas you who made me a brute. 'Twas you who knocked down my baby, and robbed me of my money, and my manhood, and everything I cared for. You tempted me with your cider until I was mad for something stronger, and you urged me on till you have got all my money, and now you curse me. And it is the truth, as God hears me.'"

"I should not want to be in Delabar's shoes," said Bert Sweet. "What did he say to that?"

"Not a word. He dropped the child as if she burned him and went into the house in a hurry. And the child took hold of her father's hand and they went off together."

The boys were silent for at least a minute as Leon stopped talking, but Billy Graves was the first to speak.

"If cider does that, I don't want any more of that kind of drink, and I won't touch no more of it neither; see if I do," he said hotly.

"You're a first-class temperance lecturer, Leon," said Nat, "and if you only had some pledges we all would sign them; wouldn't we, boys?"

"Oh! would you?" asked Leon excitedly. "Why, that is what we've been talking about, mother and I, for ever so long. She wanted I should try to have you all sign the pledge and have a society, and she has the pledges all ready; but, you see, I thought you'd all laugh and make fun of it, so I've been putting it off; but mother will be glad enough if you only will."

"I don't see why she should care so much," said Bert Sweet; "but I'd like it first rate."

"Oh! you don't know my mother," said Leon. "She and father are planning all the time to help somebody. And they told me to ask you all to meet at the parsonage once a week, and mother will make popcorn balls and lemonade, and we'll have no end of fun. Will you all come to-morrow night?"

The boys were very ready to promise, and then the school-bell put an end to their talk; but that was the beginning of a temperance work which was felt throughout the town, and the end is not yet.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

FRUIT AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY S. F. SMITH, D. D.

There was once in a certain Sabbath school a boy who seemed perfectly deaf to all instruction. His memory was excellent and he learned his lessons so quickly that he found plenty of time to torment his fellow pupils, and to grieve the heart of his teacher. The right way was pointed out to him in vain. He was rebuked in vain, and finally he was expelled from the school. He was sent by his parents to another, but with no better success. He learned verses and hymns with surprising quickness, but his behavior was the same, and nothing remained but to cut him off from this school also. At last a teacher who had had great success with ungovernable boys, took pity on him and gave him an opportunity for the third time to become a respectable man; but all in vain. His regard for his other pupils compelled him most unwillingly to cut the boy off from his school. Thus left to himself, the boy plunged into all sorts of vice, and before he reached the years of manhood,

he enlisted in the army. His friends were greatly troubled, but they had not the means to buy him off from the service. He was sent with his regiment to a distant colony. In a short time he was present in a bloody engagement which filled the most hardened with terror. The young recruit, however, was very brave; he held his post so manfully that he did not fall till he had been pierced by several balls. In fact, it was wonderful that any one of them did not kill him. A council of physicians was held over him, who decided that it was almost impossible to extract the balls without the hazard of his life. So they allowed him to lie some time, until several surgeons had time to assist in the operation. The head surgeon, alarmed at the character of the wounds, bent over the soldier, and whispered gently into his ear, "My poor boy, your case is a very desperate one. Have you ever been to Sunday-school?"

"Yes sir, when I was a boy," answered the soldier, full of wonder.

"Good, then you must have learned many hymns and passages in the Bible. Try to recall them to memory. They will help you bear the pain, and, I hope, will prepare you for the great change which may be the result of the operation."

The young soldier's thoughts were immediately carried back to the various school-rooms where he had heard with such indifference so many appeals to his conscience, and where so many exhortations, to the grief of his teachers, had been received with indifference or spurned by him. Now they all came back so vividly to his remembrance, that he scarcely felt the pain attending the extraction of the balls. As the surgeon, day after day when he visited him, gave him a word of exhortation or advice, the seed sown in his boyhood began to bear fruit. A Bible was procured for him, and he took pleasure in filling up the long and tedious hours of his convalescence with meditation on its sacred truths. At last, the impracticable Sunday-school scholar became a humble disciple of Christ, and strove by a well ordered and holy life to make up for the follies of his youth. As his crippled body unfitted him for further military service, he was discharged and sent home. He found employment sufficient to support himself and his family as a coachman in a large city, and he was known in all the neighborhood as a man distinguished by a blameless life, true piety and strict observance of the Sabbath.

It is certain that the seed sown in the hearts of children is not lost, though it is long in springing up; also that to a young man, going forth into the wide world, there is no better treasure than a store of passages of Scripture and hymns, which perhaps in a time of need and of shipwreck may serve him as a life-preserver, by which he may save his soul from destruction.—*From the German.*

TOMATO SALAD.—For six persons take as many eggs; boil four of them hard; dissolve the yolks with sufficient vinegar and three teaspoonfuls of mustard. Mash as smooth as possible; then add the two remaining eggs (raw) both yolk and white; stir all well together, then add sufficient salad-oil to make, altogether, sauce enough to cover the tomatoes; add plenty of salt and cayenne pepper; beat all thoroughly until it froths. Skin and cut the tomatoes about a quarter of an inch thick, and pour sauce.

PEACH CREAM.—Peach cream makes a pleasant variety from ice cream. The stones and skins are removed from very ripe, mealy peaches, which are then passed through a hair sieve. To each cupful of pulp add a cupful of pulverized sugar, and beat together. Whip a cupful of sweet, thick cream for each cupful of pulp, mix gently together and put in a freezer to freeze. Rich flavored apples may be substituted for the peaches, or bananas or apricots may be used.

BAKED TOMATOES.—Drain off the liquor from a can of tomatoes and put it into your soup. Pare the crust from some slices of bread, cut them to fit the bottom of a greased pie-dish, and fry to a light brown in dripping. Dip each in boiling, salted milk, fit to their places in the dish, pour the tomatoes upon them, season with pepper, salt, butter and a little sugar. Stew thickly with crumbs and bake covered, twenty minutes; then, brown.

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"And what do you suppose that drunken fellow did?"

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ing the blue merino with doubtful, and yet with satisfied eye; Beth did look nice in it!

Miss Hunter came briskly to the rescue; there was an alarmed look in Beth's eyes; if she should have to take the blue merino off, and wear her brown calico, she felt almost as though it would break her heart. "Oh, she won't hurt her dress, that white apron covers the front nicely, and she can roll up her sleeves when she pulls candy, and she is kind of special company you know, being so much of a stranger, so it will do for her to be dressed up pretty well."

Reuben couldn't help laughing a little as he looked down at his new gray jacket and pants, cut just the right length and trimmed with as many buttons as the rest of the boys wore. The idea of Beth being too much dressed up to go to a place was something so new, and so funny.

"She must match my new jacket and pantaloons, you know, mother!" he said gayly, and the mother privately thought that she would have to look very well indeed in order to match her boy.

Reuben's thoughts, busy with contrasts, went back to the old home. "I wonder what Kate and Timmy Blake would say if they could see us, Beth?" He asked the question with a sort of glee, but not in the tone that you would call a proud one.

"I wonder how poor Mrs. Blake has got along all this cold winter?" Mrs. Stone said, with a sigh for her old neighbor and one friend in the city. "Poor thing! I've thought of her a dozen times this winter and wished she could have a little bit of the comfort that we are having so much of."

"Couldn't we have them down here for a few days, mother, and get them rested up? Maybe Timmy could get work here; Katie could, anyhow, and Mrs. Blake."

"Have company?" said Mrs. Stone, smiling at this new and not altogether unpleasant idea. "Maybe we can, Reuben, when the summer is fairly here. I doubt if they could get enough together to pay their fare though."

"Let's try for it," said Miss Hunter, nodding her head with the air of one who saw a way to accomplish it.

So Beth and Reuben started to their first party, their hearts warm with the thought of what they, in their happier lot, might do for their friends.

It was Miss Hunter who held the light at the side door and waited while Beth went back for a handkerchief; it was in this way that she got a chance to speak that last word to Reuben.

"I suppose you mean to look out for your colors to-night, my boy?"

Then Reuben looked down again at the neat gray suit, and the trim neck-tie with a dash of red in it, and smiled. He knew that Miss Hunter did not mean those colors, no danger but he would look out for them, but he didn't quite see what she could mean.

"I don't know of any chance to show them to-night; it is just a few girls and boys to pull candy, and eat apples and nuts. There won't be any way to show the colors that you mean."

"Humph!" said Miss Hunter looking wise. "Don't you believe it. I never heard of a parcel of boys and girls being together for half an hour, but what the Lord gave them a chance to show their colors. Why, Satan looks out for that, even if the Lord didn't. He is always putting in words and actions to help folks backwards, and them that won't go backwards and have a Captain strong enough to lead them forward, have a chance to follow him."

Reuben leaned against the side of the little table and looked thoughtful: "But Miss Hunter," he began, "these are not rough fellows like some of those in our shop; they are well-behaved boys, real gentlemanly fellows always, and the girls will be there too; I don't believe I'll have any chances to-night."

"Just you keep watch and see if you don't. I've seen gentlemanly boys and nice girls set a whole nest of snares for careless feet. You make me think of a nephew of mine to whom I once gave the verse: 'My son, if sinners entice thee consent thou not.' He was going off to the woods with a party of boys. 'Auntie,' says he, 'the verse doesn't fit; there isn't a sinner among them; those boys are ever so much better I am.'"

"You keep a look out, my boy," said I, "it's my opinion you'll find the sinners

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