

"The matter which this page contains of various sources, selected from any late issue of this volume, from a copy of the year, will be worth several times the price of the paper."

WHAT SPOILED THE

A little maid had left her hair to ask what spoiled her hair. "Something did spoil it!" So Has spoiled my boo'ful day.

"Who dared! Who dared!" birds, With such a sound of twirl That all the people passing Looked up to listen curiously.

"Who spoiled it!" hummed a bee, "No, I've worked too hard. The south wind shivered at And spoiled the perfume brought."

So wistfully she asked of it, What none could tell, what she taught; For what it was no one could Had spoiled her happy hours.

But in her little trundle bed She dreamed a soft hand touched her head.

No one was near; but, as she closed to her ear Conscience said: "I did it—I! Was only I That stole the blue from you I shut the precious perfume in Every dainty flower cup."

"I dulled the splendor of the dimmed the river's dimpled The very birds sang harshly I was I, dear, troubled you. All in her pretty bed she lay The little maiden tried to get soft in her sleep we heard."

"I will go another day,"— Anna F. Burnham, in L. Women.

THE HOME

Lanmas, the 1st of August the old pagan festivals which is well nigh forgotten more practical years. On was customary to give a gift of a handkerchief, a pair of gloves, and a gift of gloves mentioned as appropriate. Though we are accustomed to the days gone by as rude as in comparison with our first world to do well to copy the homely kindness to the pure as a money investment. It is not to be a higher member with pleasant, act those who are in a dependent upon us.

She is a wise mistress who not only to deal out justice in personal regard and make the most of her own money, but their charity and sympathy, and have none of it to the kitchen. Their house simply a part of the furnishing establishment, expected to pay with their money, but have no feelings or humanity of their own. A little sympathy for the hardshipped many servants have, and "spare the rod and spoil the child" will do much to solve the ever-existing servant problem. Food for thought in the many women treat their expend a wealth of feeling. The days are passing, show the most tender thought her maids without the veiling of her personal dignity. It is not possible for her regard unless she first gains and keeps it.

Noth is so touches the poor girl in the house as the brances of her needs by little gifts which add to something that shows she is thoughtful. It is the very pumper as well as the to her position. It merely familiarity, and leads her to the indifference with her spoiled pampered servant is the most of her species. The co a favorite's well described on this subject: "The first an excellent servant; the second, at whose dismissal about my house rejoiced there are various conditions in our country which make problem an especially trouble. The only way in which a woman can maintain her own personal dignity as of her intellectual and spiritual Servants never respect a woman who respect a woman who honor in her life. An door is opened for an end to disagreement and content spirit of willfulness that leads prefer wealth, though it is poverty, all this affects the ing-girl, and inclines her character of her employer the world's scale.

How a Lie broke out sure and started to travel man who owned the premises after it had started, and had not made the enclosure. So he called his swiftest said: "A Lie has got loose, much mischief if it is not wad you to go after it and kill it." So the swift T out after the Lie. But the hour the Lie was going like The Truth was a long way and was getting tired. It caught up, and never will.

For Scrofula

"After suffering for about twenty-five years from scrofulous sores on the legs and arms, trying various medical courses without benefit, I began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and a wonderful cure was the result. Five bottles sufficed to restore me to health."—Bonifacia, 37 E. Commerce st., San Antonio, Texas.

Catarrh

"My daughter was afflicted for nearly a year with catarrh. The physicians being unable to help her, my pastor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I followed his advice. Three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills completely restored my daughter's health."—Mrs. Louise Rielle, Little Canada, Ware, Mass.

Rheumatism

"For several years, I was troubled with rheumatism, the pain being so bad at times as to be entirely helpless. After using two years, whenever I feel the effects of the disease, I begin to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and have not had a spell for a long time."—E. T. Hansborough, Elk Run, Va.

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SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, 27th June, 1902, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH Express daily at 8.10 a. m. Arrive at Annapolis at 11.30 a. m. Passengers and Freight, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.15 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 7.00 p. m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.45 p. m. LEAVE ANNAPOULIS at 8.15 a. m. Arrive at Yarmouth at 4.45 p. m. Passengers and Freight, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 8.00 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 11.05 a. m. LEAVE YARMOUTH, Wednesday and Saturday at 8.15 a. m. Arrive at Yarmouth at 11.05 a. m. CONVENTIONS.—At Annapolis with trains of Yarmouth and Annapolis Railway. At St. John, daily. At Yarmouth, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. For Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. With Stage daily from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday mornings. Through tickets may be obtained at 129 Hollis Street, Halifax and from the agents at the Windsor & Annapolis Railway. J. BRIGGLES, Gen. Sup't.

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ELIZABETH, BETSEY, AND BESS.

Elizabeth, Betsey, and Bess, Went walking in sunny weather: Up on the hill, and the hills were green, Two apples were hanging together.

Elizabeth, Betsey, and Bess, They each picked an apple and ate it, But still there was one apple left— If you know the reason, just state it.

H. H. Hudson, in Our Little Men and Women.

A Wise Mother.

"You must love noise and boys," said Mr. Jones to his wife one evening when he came home and found three or four boys with Willie around the dining table, and having rather uproarious fun with the game they were playing.

"I love Willie," replied Mrs. Jones. "He must have playmates, and if his friends come here and play with him in my presence, I know just what company he is in, and I don't know when he goes off somewhere else."

"Mamma," said Mary, Willie's sister, "do make Willie sit in a chair and read. He is always lying down on the floor and supporting himself on his elbows while he reads."

"It is a good book he's reading, isn't it?" said Mrs. Jones.

"O yes, indeed, it's 'The Boy Travelers in Japan,'" replied Mary.

"Well, then, don't disturb him; he's happy and comfortable and well employed. Let him alone."

And so Mrs. Jones kept her boy near her, and made it pleasant for him to be near her. She was polite to him, as polite as if he had been somebody else's son instead of her own boy. She always said, "Please Willie, do so and so, when she wanted anything done, and she thanked him for his attentions to her, and made him feel that his obedience and good-will were appreciated, that she loved him, and was never so happy as when he was with her.

So Willie adored his mother, and confided in her, and kept close to her. He grew up pure and sweet and happy, and polite and intelligent and manly.

We cannot keep our children too near our hearts, if our hearts are for their happiness.—Christina Obermer.

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Mr. Anna Sutherland, Kalamazoo, Mich., had swellings in the neck, or goitre, for 40 years. He was unable to walk two blocks without fainting. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla and it now flows from it all. She has used many other kinds of Sarsaparilla, but Hood's has been successful. It will save you.

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In the Adirondack Air.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

In the northern and western part of this county of Essex lie the plants of the Adirondack range, such as Taharoes, McIntyre and old Whiteface. But here on the southern border of the county we face some noble mountains, and from my window this morning I can salute Cedar Mountain and the Three Brothers, which are only a mile or two away.

Between us lies a verdant valley, and so retired is this region that not a house, and but two or three barns are in sight. It is a grassy assemblage of forest-clad elevations which bounds our horizon—the very spot for such a man as Joseph Cook to find his inspirations, and he reveals in these mountain landscapes as Sir Walter Scott the Eldon Hills and the broad of Ettrick.

Mr. Cook was born here some fifty-four years ago, and a part of "Cliff Seat" covers the old homestead of his father, who was an intelligent and influential man, and had of modern times, and he bought up a good part of a district school library at auction, and he took some pride in showing me his juvenile collection in an old book case. He spent two years at Yale, and thence went to Harvard, where he graduated with honors in 1837. While at Andover Seminary he was under the sound theological tuition of Professor Edwards Park and Dr. Austin Phelps, and now that he is older, he does not depart from his old-fashioned views. He is the son of a rich and fruitful life, loves to visit his host and to banquet his eyes on this glorious landscape. It was after his return from Europe in 1873 that Mr. Cook established in his Boston his "Monday Lectures" on theology, piety, ascopy, and ethics, which gave him his world-wide celebrity. Nearly twenty years of steady flow have not exhausted the original fountain. Some of those lectures have not been surpassed, and seldom equalled in freshness of thought and brilliancy of diction. He deals swathing blows at every error that comes within the reach of his battle axe.

We came hither by the steamer on Lake George, and that peerless gem of all American waters, seemed so beautiful. At the foot of "Rogers Rock"—down which the heroic hunters took his famous slide to escape his Indian pursuers—the steamer halted to land us. But a sudden thunder gust swept the mist away from the rock, and our friend Cook had to drive on to Baldwin in order to meet us. Like Tam o' Shanter's gate, "the wind blew as it had blown its last," and we had to betake ourselves to shelter until it had spent its fury. Then mounting into our friend's wagon, we "skipped on through dub and mire" for three miles around a mountain, until we reached "Cliff Seat" in time for the wedding anniversary dinner of our host and his wife. No rustic wine is allowed on such a tettered table, and the "flow of soul" did not require any stimulant.

Here we have passed three superlatively happy days. Indoors are abundant stores of books, and outdoors are the woods, and the woods are bright with ox-eye daisies, and everlasting hills. On the roof of one of this mansion is a tower, which Mr. Cook occupies as his study; at the other end is a similar tower, which the lady of the manor occupies as her study. The house is decorated with Chinese and Japanese fancy work, which they gathered during their Oriental tour. The house is full of relics from many lands.

Yesterday I preached in the Congregational church of Ticonderoga, and in the evening Mr. Anthony Comstock delivered one of his powerful addresses on Social Purity, to a great crowd in the village hall. That address ought to be heard in every town in our land. When I first knew my friend Comstock as a clerk in a Broadway store, I little dreamed of the destiny and the great work that was before him. He has written his name already beside those of John B. Gough and Charles L. Brace as a successful reformer. Today he is to take part with several of us at a Fourth of July celebration on the old historic battlefield of Montcalm and Abercrombie, and in sight of Ethan Allen's "Fort Ticonderoga."

I am loath to leave this rural paradise. From my window I see the long line of cows wending their way off to yonder succulent pastures. It revises all my boyhood's happy memories of farm life, and I wonder why so many American lads are so frantic to quit a rural home for the glittering baits and perils and risks of city life. It looks as if a reaction was at hand, and the current would soon abate. Let no one set foot on the pavement of a town who can earn an honest livelihood on the green acres of mother earth! Happy is my kind host that he can refresh his soul amid these bright visions of his native hills.—Evangelist.

Russian Discipline.

A story is told illustrating the rigid discipline of the Russian army. One of the grand dukes told the czar that he was about to depart on a tour of inspection, and he refused to raise the gate for his carriage, although the train was not due for three or four minutes. "It is against orders, your imperial highness," the soldier replied, the rule being that when the gate was shut it was not to be opened until after the train had passed. The czar said that he was glad to hear that the soldier knew how to obey orders. The grand duke laughed and said he was certain that if the czar himself had been present, discipline would have been maintained. The czar did not reply, but a few days after, to put the matter to the test, he drove up with the czarina just after the gate had been lowered.

The czar called to the sentinel to let him and his carriage pass, but the soldier, saluted, but did not move the gate. "Open the gate, I tell you," cried the emperor, "don't you know who I am?" "Yes, your imperial majesty, but it is against orders, and I cannot open the gate," answered the sentinel, still standing firm. Just then the train passed. The czar burst into laughter, and warmly commending the astonished sentinel, presented him with a twenty-five rouble note and drove back to the palace.

Her Accent was Impossible.

I had heard my friend the author of the "Pollard Synthetic System," to send some one to present the method at our teachers' normal, promising to entertain the representative and to secure space on the programme, says Sarah Winter Crosby in the New York World.

Only there arrived Miss T., a tall, picturesque, elderly woman. No sooner had she spoken to me than I was filled with apprehension. In her peculiar pronunciation I recognized one of the most remarkable local dialects to be found in our cosmopolitan country.

My friend T. seemed to represent an improved method of learning to pronounce English. I found her clever, enterprising, and brimming with enthusiasm for the system, but her pronunciation seemed with every word that she spoke to grow more intolerable. Inexpressibly distressed I tried, regardless of wounded feelings, to correct some faults.

"Please, Miss T.," I begged, "when you speak before the institute remember your 's,' and you may make for me, and for leg you say 'laig. You really need an interpreter."

"My de' lady, don't pester yo'self. I'm not goin' to speak of nakes and laigs. My subject is the Pollard Method."

"I see," I said, "I went to the hall at her hour. As she ascended the stand I was tempted to run away."

"She began with perfect coolness: 'You will perceive before I have said ten words that my pronunciation ain't nothin' but air incorrec'. I confess that at the stand—and I explain that it is so because I did not learn to speak an read English by the Pollard synthetic method. I stan' befor' you a livin' example of how the pronunciation ain't nothin' but air incorrec'.'"

"I was so much amused that I was tempted to run away. She began with perfect coolness: 'You will perceive before I have said ten words that my pronunciation ain't nothin' but air incorrec'.'"

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With difficulty Kitty's mother suppressed a laugh that threatened to burst forth, then said: "We cannot expect to keep our friends if we criticize them in the way we do. We find it hard to bear when told our faults in the kindest and gentlest manner. Our enemies are ever ready to enlighten us on that score, and even then it does not wound as when a friend takes us in hand. It takes an amount of tact, my dear, and instead of searching out the faults it's better to find out the good qualities; then you'll always be at peace with them and yourself also. Now you had better write a note to Daisy at once and make up. You can't afford to lose her friendship, nor she yours."

Kitty dried her tears and sat down to write. When she opened the gate to carry the note to Daisy she spied the little girl coming out of her own, evidently on the same errand.

They hurried toward each other, holding a note at arm's length before them, with a look of intense interest, questioning, then a smile of forgiveness beamed from both faces, and feeling that the trial was at an end, they sat sociably down on the edge of the sidewalk and read their respective notes. Daisy's to Kitty ran: "My dear Kitty I am not mad no more and hope these few lines will find you the same."

"Your's sincerely, Daisy."

And Kitty's: "Dear Daisy I am sorry we tried to improve. Come over mamma is going to make 'carmels,' p.s. and come get your hat."

"Yours respectable, Kitty."

"We won't ever do it again, will we, Kitty?"

"Never! Mamma says we must use 'tacks' when we tell faults."

"Tacks! How!" asked Daisy wondering.

"I can't tell 'em," said Kitty, feeling herself in deep water. "I suppose we'll know when we're growed. Come, Daisy, there's mamma at the window putting on her apron," and hand-in-hand they happily-hopped up the walk as happy as any two little girls could possibly be. Advocate.

How They Were Cured.

"I'll tell you, Daisy, something nicer than playing dominoes," said Kitty, packing them neatly away in the box. "It's helping each other improve."

"How?" asked Daisy, setting back in her chair for a moment, as she said when a story was in order.

"Well, just this way. We'll each get a little blank book and then write down each other's faults; then trade books, you see."

"Splendid!" cried Daisy, skipping out of her chair and clapping her hands, "and we'll have it for a 'scrick,' and not tell anybody."

Daisy lived next door to Kitty and they were almost constantly together during the winter holidays. They had occasional little "spats," which never lasted but a moment or two, they were the most peaceable of playmates, and it gave one pleasure to see them together.

The programme was changed completely now. Instead of playing in their usual happy and contented way, they fell to studying one another critically, and making laborious entries in the little books.

A coolness and a feeling of unkindness, such as they had never before experienced, gradually came between them the books were to reveal to each her faults, and they were to write down every misgiving the books silently changed hands, and they sat down to read.

For a long time the ticking of the clock and the purring of the kitten in the window were the only sounds in the room. Then a little book came flying across the floor, turning many some-what before it collapsed utterly, and an angry voice exclaimed: "You are just as mean as you can be to the lonely old house by the mountain and spend the winter with us. Her name was Sally Sage; she had always had the name of not being over bright. Poor Sally suffered intensely with her rheumatism. I did not appreciate her goodness when I was young and spry, as I do now that I have wings of the same sort myself. Although it was a misery for Sally Sage to stir around, yet she wanted to go to everything that was going on every where."

"Why, Kitty? What is the matter, and where is Daisy?"

"Gone home; we've fit," sobbed Kitty.

"Impossible! How did it happen?" exclaimed her mother, sitting down beside her; and by a few adroitly-put questions she learned the trouble, and picking up the book off the floor, she read the following:

KITTY'S FAULTS. Don't hit your nails so much. Don't feel so big in your white hat. Don't leave your clothes on the floor. Don't sit on your feet, it's unproper. Don't be mad when Freddie Blake gives me gum drops. Don't carry my doll by the leg. Don't blow on my bird when he sings too loud. Button your own shoes, I do.

DAISY'S FAULTS. Don't throw your bonnet on the chair. Don't get mad when I dress the kitten in your doll's best clothes. Put your hand over your mouth when you gape. Don't act so silly in Sunday-school. You make me sick. Don't think you are so smart sometimes before the boys. Don't open your mouth so wide when you laugh.

Don't throw your bonnet on the chair. Don't get mad when I dress the kitten in your doll's best clothes. Put your hand over your mouth when you gape. Don't act so silly in Sunday-school. You make me sick. Don't think you are so smart sometimes before the boys. Don't open your mouth so wide when you laugh.

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THE SHIPS OF MELTON.

How sail the ships to Melton, That lieh far and fair And dream-like in the haven. Where skies are calm and clear?

With blown-sails leaping white, Sure-winged leaning stem or star, They straightly steer—for still they hear The love-bells o'er the bar.

How sail the ships to Melton, Within whose cove of white For dreams of love and lists For footsteps of the night. Like gulls that glad were winging, They sped from lands afar; For still they hearin music clear The love-bells o'er the bar.

How sail the ships to Melton? Love-blown across the foam; For still the sea sings ever The songs of love and home; Nor spires arise with splendid smiles Can win their sailor's ear.

While softly swells that chime of bells— The love-bells o'er the bar.