

ship should be tolerated, no letter written, that she may not know of.

Secrets, mysteries, are bad things for any one, boy or girl, man or woman, but much worse for a girl or woman. We wish we could show the young how much of unrest, trouble and wrong has come through these small mysteries and secrets that many young girls take delight in, but we close with this one item of advice for children of both sexes.

Hide nothing from your mother. Do nothing that you would be ashamed or unwilling to have your father know. If you have done wrong don't wait for them to learn it from others. Go to them and own it, trusting that their love will enable you to right it. If you have made a mistake look into their eyes with loving boldness and tell them yourself. Prevent others from telling your parents tales of you by taking the whole matter to them, your best friends and advisers, your own self.—*Christian Union*.

"Too Good to Spoil."

The distinction between economy and meanness is overlooked by some people. They need a rap on the knuckles to call their attention to it. Such a rap was administered years ago to an ironsmith of Newburyport. In those days, that now restless town was an important commercial port. Many ships were built there, whose iron work was done at some large smithy, of which there were several in the town.

One of these was owned and superintended by a Mr. Gordon, who prided himself on the economical style of his household. His workmen boarded with him, and they thought the master's table meanly rather than economically furnished. One day at dinner a large cheese was placed on the table; everybody in those days thought cheese an aid to digestion.

After the men had all eaten meat, Mr. Gordon, taking a knife and turning the cheese over, exclaimed: "This is a good cheese! a pretty cheese! too good to spoil!" Laying down his knife, he rose, saying: "Come, men, let's get to work." They went, vowing they would give him a lesson that he would not forget.

That afternoon a large anchor was to be forged. The fire burned brightly, the iron grew hotter and hotter, and at last the master exclaimed:

"That's a good heat?"

"A good heat!" responded the men.

"A grand heat?" reiterated the master.

"A grand heat!" answered the men.

"Then why don't you strike?" shouted the master, excitedly.

"It is a good heat!" soliloquized the foreman.

"Yes, yes! strike, strike, I tell ye!" he shouted, in an authoritative tone.

"Don't you think it is too good a heat to spoil?" quietly asked the foreman, while every man stood leaning on his sledge-hammer.

The master saw the point, and ordered the cheese to be brought into the smithy, and a loaf of brown bread. The luncheon was eaten and then the anchor was forged.

A ROMANCE OF A PRETTY FOOT.—I don't know that there is anything in the world that is so well calculated to excite envy as a pretty foot, and when a person can boast of such a possession, he or she is very apt, if poverty doesn't stand in the way, to make the most of it. A pretty foot is a fortune to a woman. Last year I made a pair of shoes for a lady who had as pretty feet as were ever fashioned. It was a pleasure for me to make the shoes, and when they were finished I put them in the show-window in a very conspicuous place, where I could view them at my leisure. Pretty soon a nicely-dressed gentleman stopped and began looking at them very attentively. Presently he entered the store and inquired if they were for sale. I told him no—that they were made for one of my customers. He looked surprised, and asked the lady's name. I would not give him this much satisfaction, but told him where she lived, however. I was considerably surprised to learn afterwards that he was calling at the house, and more surprised still when the lady, accompanied by the gentleman, called at the store three months later. She called him "dear" then, so I guess they were married.—*Philadelphia Times*.

How to Bring up a Boy.

"If I had a boy to bring up I wouldn't bring him up too softly," began brother Gardener, as Samuel Shin finally quit poking the fire. "Every day of my life I meet men who were brought up softly. As boys they were kissed and petted and stuffed with sweet cake and cried over. As young men they had nuffin' to do but spend money, dress like monkeys, loaf on the streets, and look down at honest labor. As men they are a failure. People who don't hate 'em avoid 'em, feel to pity 'em, and that's just as bad. When I see a man whom everybody dislikes, I realize that he was brought up on a goody-good plan as a boy.

"If I had a boy I'd rub him agin de world. I'd put responsibility on his shoulders. If he got sugar, he'd earn it. If he got time for loafin' it would be only after his work was done. If he was ugly obstinate, I'd tan it out of him instead of buying him off. If you want to make a selfish man, humor de whims of a boy. If you want to make a coward of him, forbid your boy to defend his rights. I'd teach my boy dat all boys had rights, an' dat while he had no business to trample on de rights of odder boys, no boy had de privilege of takin' him by de nose. Las' night an old man libin' up my way was turned out doors by his boy. He has been tryin' de goody-good plan on dat youth for de las' twenty years, and dis am de legitimate result. He didn't want him to work, kase work is hard. He didn't want him to dress plain fur fear people would look down on him. De boy am to-day a loafer, neither grateful fur what has been done in de pas' nor carin' what happens in de fucher. Ten y'ars ago he was cried ober, run arter, an' coaxed an' bought off, an' his mudder libed to see him a loafer an' his fader has found him an ingrate."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Nelson.

It was at Yarmouth that Nelson landed on his return from the Mediterranean, and from Yarmouth that he embarked, in 1801, for the Baltic. The battle off Copenhagen was one of the most arduous of those won by Nelson, from the difficulties of the ground—a large shoal lying close to the ships—and from the courage and endurance of the Danes, who were subdued with less relish and more trouble than the French. No timely nego in ion averted the lavish bloodshed of that Good Friday eve; it was left to Nelson to crush the united scheme of Russia, Sweden and Denmark against the naval rights of England. He won the victory in disobedience to orders. When Sir Hyde Parker, who commanded the fleet, signalled to him to stop the action (to save Nelson, as he thought, the disgrace of inevitable defeat), Nelson's remark was, "I have only one eye, so I have a right to be blind sometimes. I can't see the signal. — the signal. Keep mine flying for closer battle."

Taking off the Shoes.

In Syria people never take off their caps or turbans when entering a house or visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes at the door. The reason is, their floors are covered with clean mats and rugs, and in Moslem houses the men kneel on the rugs to pray, and press their foreheads on the floor; so that it would not be decent or respectable to walk in with dirty shoes, and soil the sijada on which they kneel to pray. They have no foot-mats or scrapers, and it is much simpler and cheaper to leave the shoes, dirt and all, at the door.

It is very curious to go into the Syrian school-houses and see the piles of shoes at the door. They are new, bright red shoes, and old tattered shoes, and kob-kobs, and black shoes, and sometimes yellow shoes. The kob-kobs are wooden clogs, made to raise the feet out of the mud and water, having a little strap over the toe to keep it on the foot. You will often see little boys and girls running down steps and paved streets on those dangerous kob-kobs. Sometimes they slip, then down they go on their noses, kob-kobs fly off, and go rattling over the stones, and little Ali, or Yaqes, or whatever his name is, begins to shout, "Ya imme! Yo imme!" (O, my mother!) and cries, just like the other children in other countries. But the funniest part is to see the boys when they come out of school and try to find their shoes. There will be fifty boys, and, of course, a hundred shoes all mixed together in one pile. When school is out, the boys make a rush for the door. Then comes the tug of war.