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Children's Department.

June 8, 1898.]

If any little word of mine May make a life the brighter; If any little song of mine May make the heart the lighter, God help me speak the little word; And take my bit of singing, And drop it in some lonely vale. To set the echoes ringing.

If any little love of mine May make a life the sweeter; If any little care of mine May make a friend's the fleeter: If any lift of mine may ease The burden of another, God give me love and care and strength, To help my toiling brother.

"He that Seeketh Mischief it Shall Come Unto Him."

"Time for school, Elmer. Where is Elmer?" asked his mother.

"It was teasin' Towser he was a minute ago," said Bridget. "I never saw the likes av him for mischief;' and opening the door she called "Yer mother's wanting of ye." But Elmer had for the moment relinquished mischief and was in the garden with a little neighbour.

"Here are your slate and dinnerbasket," said Mrs. Hoyt, as Elmer appeared. "Make haste-you do not know yet how long it takes to reach the school-house. You have further to go than when we lived in town."

"Good-bye," said the boy cheerily, as he took the things handed him, and started off, tipping back his sailor hat, to get plenty of sunshine as he went.

"A trig little city-chap," the boys called him, for he had just come to his rural home, and dressed a little more jauntily than the rest.

Everything was new to him, and his besetting fault was a desire to investigaté in all directions. It was

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neither a commendable wish to increase his knowledge, nor a malicious disposition to do harm, but a mischievous turn of mind that "just took him into everything," Bridget said: and he could not seem to let anything alone

that came in his way. As this merry and mischievous boy trudged along the road, he passed Farmer Martin's pig-pen, and heard the sturdy porkers grunting. "I'll just stir up the animals," he said to himself; and finding a loosened board on one side of the pen, he snapped some pebbles through the crack, and toward him, clamoring for something make up any such story. more substantial.

"Oh, you greedy things!" he cried, peeping through the trough beyond.

Soon the boy found the two occupants of the pen pushing so hard against the loosened board that he stepped into the road, and standing with his hand in his pocket, feeling for more pebbles, he watched a minute. To his amazement .the board he had helped to loosen by pulling at it to widen the crack.gave way under the pressure from within, and two pigs stuck their heads out in an inquiring way, more 'stirred up' than seemed good.

"Ook oof!" they grunted, as the board fell with a clatter, scattering splinters as it fell and upsetting the swill-pail.

"Oof oof!" they went on fiercely, looking at Elmer as if to decide whether or not he might be good to

The little fellow was not enough used to country life and animals to feel no fear, but was thoroughly frightened. You would have thought so, from the expression of his face.

Dear! dear! How he did look! And he simply stood looking for a while, instead of running away.

"I guess the hole isn't big enough for them to get out," he reflected, trying to reassure himself, and watching the larger pig of the two.

But the smaller animal was not such a tight fit, and while Elmer stood watching, his pig-ship managed to wriggle out; and, being intelligent for his size and condition, he decided that the boy's basketheld something worth having.

Not being a timid pig at all, but quite ready to make up with anyone who had something to eat, he made a rush for the tempting prize.

Elmer's face grew more frightened than before, and giving a squeal that must have pleased the pig as a great accomplishment, he dropped his dinner now, after taking two bottles, and ran.

As it was the basket and not the boy that the porker wanted, Elmer was allowed to run, while the sharp, moist snout rooted away among the good things.

The envious companion in the pen, meanwhile, kept up such a squealing that Farmer Martin heard it on his way to the carriage-house, and came to see what the matter could be.

The escaped pig, not wishing to be penned again, gave him a sharp chase ever the yard and garden, trampling down the early vegetables, before he was captured and imprisoned.

Farmer Martin, who was in a hurry to go to the village store, lost precious time, while the man who was to meet him there got into a fret and fume over the time wasted in waiting.

So much for the harm that Elmer did, in a perfectly thoughtless manner. Unhappily, it does not take a great amount of thinking to do wrong, for 'evil is wrought by want of thought'; and a very little "seeking of mischief" brings large returns.

But the wise man says: "He that seeketh mischief, it shall come unto him," and Elmer proved it true. He not only lost his dinner and his basket, but in his headlong flight he tripped. and fell, and tore his trousers in such a distressing way that he could not go to school as he wished, but had to go home and confess how his mishap came about.

There was no use in saying that the pig got out of the pen without his help, laughed to see the fat pigs scramble even if he had not been too truthful to

Cancers in the Neck

Terrible Choking Sensation



Mrs. James Baker of Locust Valley, Long Island.

"Four years ago, while living in Trinidad Colorado, a small lump appeared on my neck, which gradually swelled and developed into an intensely painful livid sore with a centre filled with granulations like shot. Another sore appeared an inch or two distant, and I had to give up and return to my parents in Brooklyn. Physicians pronounced them cancers and

Performed An Operation

for their removal. I suffered a great deal before the operation, and far worse since. One of the cancers, the smaller one, healed over but was as sore as ever, while the other did not heal and was worse. The physicians teld me I would have to submit to another operation, but

I said I would Die First

A similar lump a year ago came on the right side of my neck. For many months I could swallow only liquid or very softfood, and sometimes found great difficulty in speaking aloud. At the suggestion of a friend, I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the only thing I regret is that I did not take it years ago, and thus have prevented terrible suffering, for had I taken the medicine, I sincerely believe I should not have needed any operation at all. These sores are

Completely Cone

and, I am satisfied, permanently healed up. The lump on the right side of my neck has nearly all dried up, and no longer causes me

parilla

any inconvenience. I can eat anything once more, and can use my voice as well as ever." MRS. JAMES BAKER, Locust Valley, Long Island

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him in the evening the text found in Proverbs, the eleventh chapter and twenty-seventh verse, about " seeking mischief," and he warned his boy that his meddling, mischievous habit It was Elmer's father who read to was not only wrong in itself, and