

This and That

LULLABY LAND.

A ship is sailing for Lullaby Land;
 And what may the cargo be?
 A woolly dog and a china cat,
 A trumpet of tin and an old torn hat,
 Are ready to go to sea.
 For Lullaby Land her sails are set—
 O pray ye the winds be true—
 She will gently glide o'er the sea, of
 Dreams
 Mid the moonbeams bright and the star-
 light gleams,
 'Neath the skies of sapphire hue.
 Now "All abroad for Lullaby Land!"
 One tiny traveller to go—
 The woolly dog and the trumpet of tin
 Two chubby hands have folded within,
 While a golden head droops low.
 Far Lullaby Land is reached at last;
 The captain's duty is done—
 By her sweet low voice and her voice so
 fair
 She has sailed the ship—the rocking-
 chair—
 To the Land of the Setting Sun.
 —Lena S. Thompson, in Good Housekeep-
 ing.

**THE PEACOCK AND THE BULL-FROG
 —A FABLE.**

BY JANET MACDONALD.

Once upon a time there was a Peacock which lived in a palace garden. Now all peacocks are supposed to be beautiful, but this bird was remarkably so his plumage being magnificent. So he was very proud, and strutted about as if to say: "See how beautiful I am!"
 Also, there was a little Bullfrog in that very same garden that chanced to hurt his foot, and was trying to reach the water; but try as hard as hard as he could, he failed to get along very fast.
 Just then the Peacock came along. "Hello, my friend," said the Bullfrog, "I have hurt my foot and cannot walk. Will you be so good as to let me ride on your back?"
 "Ride on my back!" angrily exclaimed the Peacock, "and spoil my beautiful feathers? No, no; you must get to the water as best as you can;" and so saying the Peacock walked proudly away. One of his beautiful feathers dropped to

the ground. "What can be the matter?" said he.
 "The matter is," said a voice very near, which proved to be that of a Fairy who had suddenly appeared, "you have lost one of your prettiest feathers, and are likely to lose the rest."
 "Oh!" exclaimed the Peacock in alarm, "could you possibly manage to put it back again?"
 "No, indeed," said the Fairy, "you are far too proud of your fine plumage and have nothing else to recommend you. Why were you so unkind to the Bullfrog? And, pray, how can you expect others to be kind to you? Pride must have a fall."—Commonwealth.

HETTIE'S LITTLE VILLAGE.

Hettie had a model village, and she never tired of setting it up.
 "What kind of a town is that, Hettie?" asked her father. "Is it a Christian town or a heathen town?"
 "Oh, a Christian town," Hettie answered quickly.
 "Suppose we make it a heathen town," her father suggested. "What must we take out?"
 "The church," said Hettie, setting it to one side.
 "Is that all?"
 "I suppose so."
 "No, indeed," her father said. "The public school must go. There are no public schools in heathen lands. Take the public library out, also."
 "Anything else?" Hettie asked sadly.
 "Isn't that a hospital over there?"
 "But, father, don't they have hospitals?"
 "Not in heathen countries. It was Christ who taught us to care for the sick and the old."
 "Then I must take out the Old Ladies' Home," said Hettie, very soberly.
 "Yes, and that Orphans' Home at the other end of the town."
 "Why, father," Hettie exclaimed, "then there's not one good thing left! I wouldn't live in such a town for anything! Does knowing about Jesus make all the difference?"—Selected.

LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT.

We heard recently of a helpful husband, who tried to lighten his wife's work, says the Rural New-Yorker. He arose very

early, and, being fond of doing little jobs around the house, he decided that the front porch was dirty, and that it would be a fine thing to clean it.

Chuckling to himself to think how surprised his wife would be when she came down, he went to the kitchen, got a scrubbing-brush, and a package of what he thought was soap powder, and a bucket of water, and started in to work with an apron tied around him. It was very early, the neighbors were not yet stirring, and he thought it was a great lark. Gayly he sprinkled the soap about; and then, moistening the brush, he got down to work. But the more he scrubbed the more pasty was the result, and after a while bubbles began to show themselves in a mess of what looked like yeast. Just then his wife appeared at the door.

"Why, Jack!" she exclaimed, "what in the world are you doing?"
 "Scrubbing the porch," replied Jack.
 Mrs. Jack picked up the package which the zealous husband had supposed contained soap powder.
 "Good gracious!" she cried, "you're using buckwheat flour!"—Ex.

AS WE FIND THEM.

The two had paused for a moment at the parting of the ways, and were talking of a friend.

"Lizzie is kind and generous," said one "and so energetic, too, if only she were more careful—"

"But she isn't," interposed the other, cheerily "so we must just take her as we find her and piece out her short-comings, whatever they are, with our own long-gings. I suppose none of us quite all the measure of what other people consider desirable, and probably Lizzie says of me: 'Elinor is warm-hearted and well-meaning, and so careful, if only she were a little more'—something that I am not! I used to worry a good deal because I couldn't make my friends over into what I thought they ought to be; but I am learning to take them as they are, and fill up their deficiencies with all love's might."

A laugh rippled through the woods, and still shone in her eyes as she turned away, but we felt that somewhere the world would be brighter and life sweeter for her presence. Taking people as we find them, valuing them for what they are, and filling up what is lacking with "love's might"—what a heaven it would make of many a discordant earthly home!—Wellspring.

THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL.

Few People Know How Useful It is in Preserving Health and Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injuries gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

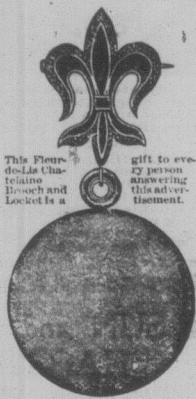
The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

"Sharp is somewhat unscrupulous, isn't he?" "Yes, it will take more than his conscience to keep him from making a fortune."—Town and Country.

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