

The Inglenook.

"When I'm a Man."

"When I'm a man," said Ted, whittling away at a willow twig that he was trying to make into a whistle for Baby May, "I know what I will do. I'll earn heaps and heaps of money for mamma, so that she won't have to sew and sew all the time to make clothes for other people. That's what I'm going to do."

Robbie listened with envious and admiring awe at this confident statement of his elder brother, while Baby May watched with delighted interest the shaping of the coveted whistle. The long, drooping branches of the old willow-tree waved back and forth above them as they sat in the shade below. Snowball, the family cat, looked like a bunch of animated cotton-wool on the bright green sod, her three kittens, as spotless as herself, scampering, tumbling and turning somersaults around her; which frolicsome behavior Bruno, the collie dog, viewed with dignified disapproval from his comfortable position beneath the privet hedge.

"Boys, the wood box is empty," called their mother from the window, where she sat at her sewing machine, scarcely taking time to breathe the sweet flower-scented air. "I think you must have forgotten all about it to day."

Ted did not seem to hear this remark for he kept on whittling; but Robbie started up at once, whistling cheerfully as his sturdy little figure passed back and forth from the wood pile to the kitchen, his chubby arms as full as they could hold. When he was through with that job, he came to the shady nook in the corner of the yard. Ted was saying:

"Yes, sir! When I'm a man, I'm going to build a great big house for mamma, just like Mr. Brown's; and I will buy her a silk dress like Mrs. Brown wears to church on Sunday, and I'm going to"—

"Teddy, dear, don't you know it is time for you to make the kitchen fire, so that I can get supper pretty soon?" came the mother's gentle voice from the window.

"Oh, bother the kitchen fire!" exclaimed Teddy, pettishly. "I can't do it now. You do it, Bob. I want to finish this whistle for baby."

"Robbie is not used to making the fire," objected his mother; "and besides, you know, you have neglected to empty the ashes for two days past. The pan is running over. Robbie cannot manage it."

"Oh, yes, I can," answered Robbie, blithely. "I can take the fire shovel and empty a little at a time into the coal-scuttle, and not make much of a muss, either," and away he ran to do it, with a face as bright as the day itself.

"Put on the tea-kettle, Bob, while you are about it," ordered Ted, whose duty it was to attend to these chores, but who was quite willing to do them by proxy—a proxy so conveniently handy and willing as Robbie.

"And I'm going to have a carriage and a pair of jet black horses and an automobile," continued Ted, when his audience was once more settled before him, with attentive eyes and ears. "I guess mamma will like to go out riding with me when I'm a man, and can take care of her like papa did when he was alive. All she'll have to do will be to sit in

the parlor all day long. I wish I was a man now."

"Some one will have to do an errand for me," again came the mother's voice, wafted to the children along with the fragrance of the blossoming syringas, roses and sweet peas that made their next-door neighbor's dooryard a bower of loveliness and delight. "This dress must go to Mrs. Brown, and I want to send to the store; I must have some thread right away. Miss Day wants her dress tomorrow, and I'm in such a hurry I don't know what I am about. Teddy, I think you had better go this time, dear. Robbie has done all the errands to day."

But she spoke to ears that heard not—Teddy was already out or hearing. Warned by the first words of what he had to expect, he found it convenient to have other business in the back yard, which claimed his immediate and undivided attention. In this way he avoided a knowledge of the duty which laid nearest. If you do not know what is wanted, of course you cannot do it. Nobody can deny that. Robbie trotted off to Mrs. Brown's with the big parcel, and afterwards to the store for the thread, rejoicing his mother's heart by his cheerfulness and his loving, willing service.

Teddie cheated himself worst of all, for Robbie came home full of all he had seen at the village store—a man with a hand organ a monkey and a dancing bear. This was a blow to Ted, who felt deeply injured when Rob told him of the crowd of boys that followed the man clear out of town. He—Robbie—could not go because he had to bring the thread home to his mother.

Ted forgot to finish the whistle that day, after all, thereby disappointing his sister not a little.

"I dess Teddy will make it when he's a man," the little maiden confided to Robbie. "What you doin' to do for mamma, Robbie, when you's a man?"

"I don't know," replied Robbie, thoughtfully, not quite so sure of himself as Ted; but, brightening, "I guess I'll do just whatever I can."—Youth's Companion.

The Law of Hospitality.

There is a very simple rule
That every one should know;
You may not hear of it in school,
But everywhere you go,
In every land where people dwell
And men are good and true,
You'll find they understand it well
And so I'll tell it you:

To every one who gives me food
Or shares his home with me
I owe a debt of gratitude,
And I must loyal be.
I may not laugh at him or say
Of him a word unkind;
His friendliness I must repay
And to his faults be blind.
Gelette Burgess in Youth's Companion.

The Old Camper

Has for forty-five years had one article in his supply—Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It gives to soldiers, sailors, hunters, campers and miners a daily comfort, "like the old home." Delicious in coffee, tea and chocolate.

A Summer Tragedy.

I saw a tragedy to-day. It was enacted before my horrified eyes. Murder was committed, and the victim, perfectly unoffending perfectly innocent, was suddenly and shamelessly dashed from his home into a gulf of death. Three assassins laughed with fiendish glee as they marked the success of their crime.

The victim was a robin redbreast. He was singing his heart out in ecstasy from the top of a maple tree, as the air gun held in the hands of a small boy sent its missile straight to its destination. No more songs from that bonny bird. A mourning nestful looking for him in vain. And the boy and his companions will go home, eat their suppers, say their prayers, and kill more birds when they can. They are little monsters did they but know it!

Knew All His Symptoms.

One of the anecdotes related by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell in his story, "Doctor North and His Friends," might well be a personal experience of the author. The hero, Doctor North, was travelling from Harrisburg by the night train, which was crowded. In one of the cars he found a man stretched across two seats, asleep. He awakened him, begged pardon for disturbing him and asked for a seat. After a little time the two entered into conversation.

At length the man asked, "Do you know Dr. Owen North?"

Rather astonished, I said, "Yes."
"What kind of a man is he?"

"Oh, a very good fellow."
"He is like all of them high-up doctors. Gets big fees, doesn't he? I want to know."
"No," said I. "That is always exaggerated. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I've had a lot of doctors, and I ain't no better, and now I haven't much money left."

Upon this, my friend confided to me all his physical woes in detail. We parted before daybreak. It was too dark in the car for either of us to see plainly the face of the other.

About ten the next day the man entered my consulting room. As I should not have known him except for a rather peculiar voice I, too, remain unidentified. I could not resist so excellent an opportunity. Looking at him, I said:

"Sit down. You have a pain in your back."

"That's queer! I have."
"And you are blind in the left eye, and your digestion is bad," and so I went on.

At last he said, "I never saw a doctor like you! It scares a man, most. Can you cure me?"

I said "Yes," and wrote out directions. It was really a simple case. When he produced a well-worn wallet I declined to take a fee, and said:

"I owe you for the seat and the good sleep I disturbed last night!"

"Well, I declare! I see, now! You were the man. But law! why did you give it away? I'd have sent you the whole township."—Youth's Companion.

What Book?

It is said of Benjamin Franklin that during his residence in Paris, being invited to a party of the nobility, he produced a great sensation by one of his bold and ingenious movements. In the course of the evening the company engaged in free conversation,