

Putting Things Away.

The old adage, "A place for everything and everything in its place," is one of the best in the language, and one of the hardest to apply systematically.

But while a good many people have the well-defined "place" for everything, not many realize what a help to orderly living is the habit of restoring a thing to its place as soon as it has been used.

In returning from the street, if the hat is brushed and immediately placed in its box, or hung on its hook, it saves the future moment for another task. The gloves or ribbons likewise placed where they should be, will give another spare moment later on, and no sense of fatigue will be felt if this is always done when removing clothing.

I have seen many a sleeping-room in distressful disorder for half a day after a dance or an evening company, because the occupant, on retiring, had been so tired that she could only throw to all points of the compass the gala attire. It is quite as easy to fold up the laces and ribbons, put the fan and gloves in their dainty homes, put the delicate stockings where they may be straight and be well aired before being put away to await the next good time, and to hang the skirts in the closet, the waists upon a chair to thoroughly dry the shields, and, in short, to leave all the garments where a few moments in the morning will restore beautiful order once more.

So it is through all the house. In cooking, the more quickly the utensils are returned to their hooks or drawers, the sooner general tidiness prevails. Habit in these things is the thing to cultivate. Insist that the little children shall hang up their nightgowns and turn down their bed-clothes before leaving the room in the morning; that the hats and mittens are put where they belong, and that the schoolbooks are always put in the same spot each day, so that the next morning may not bring about tears and dismay at their disappearance at school time.

It is a simple thing to do, this putting things in place, and the one who wishes to remedy her faults and lighten her labor can well make this a starting-point in her career as a model housewife. A minute saved is a minute earned, as well as the proverbial "penny."—[Portland Transcript.

The Homeless Singer.

On a cold, dark night, when the wind was blowing hard, Conrad, a worthy citizen of a little town in Germany, sat playing his flute while Ursula, his wife, was preparing supper. They heard a sweet voice singing:

"Foxes to their holes have gone,
Every bird into his nest;
But I wander here alone,
And for me there is no rest."

Tears filled the good man's eyes, as he said: "What a fine, sweet voice! What a pity it should be spoiled by being tried in such weather!" "I think it is the voice of a child. Let us open the door and see," said his wife, who had lost a little boy not long before, and whose heart was opened to take pity on the little wanderer.

Conrad opened the door and saw a ragged child, who said, "Charity, good sir, for Christ's sake."

"Come in, my little one," said he; "you shall rest with me for the night."

The boy said, "Thank God!" and entered. The heat of the room made him faint, but Ursula's kind care soon revived him. They gave him some supper, and then he told them that he was the son of a poor miner, and wanted to be a priest. He wandered about and sang, and lived on the money people gave him. His kind friends would not let him talk much, but sent him to bed. When he was asleep, they looked in upon him, and were so pleased with his pleasant countenance that they determined to keep him, if he was willing. In the morning they found that he was only too glad to remain.

They sent him to school, and afterwards he entered a monastery. There he found the Bible, which he read, and from which he learned the way of life. The sweet voice of the little singer learned to preach the good news: "Justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Conrad and Ursula, when they took that little singer into their home, little thought that they were nourishing the great champion of the Reformation. The poor child was Martin Luther.

An Easy Way of Washing.

Cut up one-half pound bar of soap into three quarts of soft water; put on stove until all is melted; add one tablespoonful of coal oil; stir well with clothes-stick. Have the boiler three parts full of cold soft water, turn in the soap, put it on the stove and put in the soiled clothes without rubbing. Do not let the water get warm before putting in the clothes. Stir and press the clothes with the stick, and when they boil for about ten minutes put into tub with cold soft water. Lift out of boiler with stick, rinse and blue.—Eulalie.

In the Saddle: Some Famous Riders.

II.

History throbs with them; throbs, I say, because of the wild, exultant thrill propelled through our hearts by these heroes and heroines of the saddle. It is not only the heroism of the rider that stirs the blood; it is also the fine intelligence, the endurance, and the unfaltering affection and loyalty to his master of the beautiful animal beneath the saddle. Through the power of a single saddle a nation has been saved; and, again, in spite of the united energies of multiplied ones, nations have been lost.

We read that a Roman, called Pelethronius, was the first to adopt the saddle idea, viz., a square of leather, or cloth, fastened on the horse's back, and that the old German races ridiculed the Roman soldiers for employing such an unmanly contrivance in their cavalry. We cannot begin to enumerate the riders who have been famous in battle—a whole book would scarcely suffice for such a purpose. Kings there are among them—aye, and queens—and many men who, though humble in birth, are kingly in nature. But let us speak of a few:

Was there ever a more famous horsewoman than Jeanne d'Arc? It was she, a simple peasant girl, who donned her suit of white armour, and mounting her black charger, advanced at the head of six thousand men to aid Dunois in the relief of Orleans from the English. Hers was, indeed, a marvellously noble and inspiring nature, and it makes one's blood boil with indignation to think of her being sold to her enemies by those whom she had saved from destruction, and it is a stain on the history of England, that English soldiers burnt her at the stake as a witch.

Queen Elizabeth was an excellent rider, as was Mary, Queen of Scots, who, on one occasion, after her last defeat, rode ninety miles without stopping, except to change horses. And in recent days we read of the unhappy Elizabeth of Austria being very fond of horseback-riding, and during her later years this unfortunate, eccentric woman, Empress though she was, used to go for long, solitary rides in the hours of midnight.

A famous rider with whose name we are all familiar, or should be, is "Little Phil" Sheridan, that gallant Northern General who never lost a battle. At the time he took his famous ride from "Winchester, twenty miles away," his army was encamped along Cedar Creek, in the Shenandoah Valley. He himself had gone to Washington, leaving General Wright in command. During his absence the Confederates attacked his army, routing part of it, and forcing back the rest in confusion. Wright succeeded in making a stand, which checked the Confederates for a time, but they were preparing to attack again, when Sheridan, who had heard of it at Winchester, and had ridden from there, arrived on the scene, placed additional troops on the line, cheered on his men, and defeated the Confederates utterly. Brave, plucky "Little Phil," and brave, plucky horse!

"Hurrah! Hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! Hurrah for horse and man!
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
'Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester, twenty miles away."

Another famous rider is Paul Revere. He was an American patriot, a goldsmith by trade, and afterwards a copper-plate engraver; he produced prints illustrative of the Repeal of the Stamp Act, and the landing of the British troops at Boston. "At the instance of Gen. Warren he rendered an important service to his country, by secretly leaving Boston at 10 o'clock p.m. April 18, 1775, and riding through Charlestown to Concord, to announce the British expedition of the following day, which expedition was resisted at Lexington and Concord." Of this ride Longfellow writes:

"A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet—
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night."

And this brings to mind another saddle hero—Daniel Periton. His name is not so well known as the foregoing, but it is every bit as deserving of honor, and perhaps more so, as both he and his horse gave their lives to save others. It was on the occasion of the Johnstown flood. Young Daniel Periton, a merchant's son in Johnstown, hearing rumors of the great dam giving way, decided to go and investigate; so mounted his horse, a high-spirited, raw-boned animal, the foal of a racer, and rode up the Conemaugh Valley to the dam. The sight that met his gaze there was appalling.

"Seventy feet the water fell
With a roar like the angry ocean's swell!
Seventy feet from the crumbling crest
To the rock on which the foundations rest!
Seventy feet fell the ceaseless flow
Into the boiling gulf below!"

He knew what it meant. He sat close to the

saddle, turned the bay, touched him with his spurs, then gave him his head. He did not fly to the uplands for his own safety, but followed the long valley straight on to Johnstown, shouting the cry of warning to farmhouse and village as he galloped on in that race with the flood. And the flood won the race.

"His hair felt the touch of the eagle's breath,
The spray on his cheek was the cold kiss of death,
Beneath him the horse 'gan to tremble and droop,
He saw the pale rider who sat on the croup;
But clear over all rang his last warning shout,
'To the hills! To the hills! For the waters are out!'"

Were ever a horse and rider more worthy of standing in white marble than these? Tell me, you who let your horses feed around the straw-stack in winter weather, who give their poor, raw shoulders no rest in plowing weather, and who use harsh language, and that cruel lashing whip in all kinds of weather, do you think that Periton's horse felt no measure of his master's spirit? Perhaps yours wouldn't, but Daniel Periton loved his horse.

Then, again, there is that ride from Ghent to Aix. "O, pshaw!" says a boy, "I know all about that. Why, that's in our Fourth Reader, and teacher made me stand in the corner for an hour the other day because I didn't know it off." What! don't you know this part?

"I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at last
With resolute shoulders each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland the spray;
And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back

For my voice, the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever the glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;
And the thick, heavy spume-flakes that aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on."

Methinks I hear that boy say slyly, "I wonder if she knew that verse herself?"

And our own Strathcona Horse! Our gallant cowboys! Were there ever more brave, noble, dauntless horsemen? They should have headed this list, but we speak of them now, softly, reverently, proudly, thinking of those among their number to whom all earthly fame is now as naught.

"Young Never-Grow-Old with your heart of gold,
And the dear boy's face upon you,
It's hard to tell, though we know it well,
That the grass is growing upon you;
But the trials of earth are a tale that's told,
And your pain is over, Never-Grow-Old.
Peace and long rest for you—maybe it's best for you;
Only remember us, Never-Grow-Old,
One whose love aches for you, one whose heart breaks
for you,
Missing you daily, dear Never-Grow-Old."

CHRYSLITE.

The Magic Letter.

There was a little maiden once,
In fairy days gone by,
Whose every thought and every word
Always began with "I."
"I think," "I know," "I wish," "I say,"
"I like," "I want," "I will";
From morn to night, from day to day,
"I" was her burden still.

Her schoolmates would not play with her,
Her parents tried in vain
To teach her better, and one day
Poor "I" cried out in pain.
"Help me, O fairies!" he besought,
"I'm worn to just a thread.
Do save me from this dreadful child,
Or I shall soon be dead!"

The fairies heard, and heeded, too,
They caught poor "I" away,
And nursed him into health again
Through many an anxious day;
And in his place they deftly slipped
A broader, stronger letter.
"The more she uses that," they said,
With roguish smiles, "the better!"

The little maiden wept and sulked
At first, and would not speak,
But she grew tired of being dumb;
And so, within a week,
She used the substitute; and lo!
Her playmates crowded round,
Her parents smiled, and all were pleased
To hear this novel sound.

She grew to use it steadily,
And liked it more and more;
It came to fill a larger place
Than "I" had done before;
And each year found the little maid
More kind and sweet and true.
What was the magic letter's name?
Why, can't you guess? 'Twas "U."
—Indian Epworth Herald.