

but she hunted diligently for places for Suzette to dust.

Poor Suzette began to find that there were drawbacks to housekeeping. The sweeping had not been done on Friday, the baking on Saturday, the washing on Monday, the ironing on Tuesday, nor the upstairs work on Wednesday; for, although Suzette stayed out of school, she found the preparing of three simple meals a day all she could attend to—and more. Soot blew down the parlor chimney, and Suzette only made matters worse when she attempted to clean it up. There were books, papers, and dolls' clothes scattered all over the house. The upstairs rooms were littered with garments that were too clean to go into the wash and too rumpled to go into the drawers, for small Bessie, who loved to dress up, had, during her mother's absence, indulged the propensity to the utmost. All over Philip's room there were stockings hanging to dry and the boy was clamoring for more. It had rained most of the week, and Philip, whose lungs were supposed to be delicate, knew better than to allow his feet to remain wet, although, apparently, no amount of knowledge sufficed to keep him out of puddles.

In spite of all that Suzette could do, by the end of the week the house was, as Alice expressed it, 'a sight.' Never had it looked so disorderly. The model housekeeper wandered disconsolately from room to room, unable to decide where to begin the labor of setting things to rights.

'And I meant,' said Suzette, 'to show mother how to keep house! As for dust, there are so many other things piled up on the furniture that I can't see whether there's any dust there or not.'

'Aren't you going to get this place cleaned up before father and mother come home?' asked Alice, strolling leisurely downstairs, with an exact imitation of Suzette's own voice and manner. 'They'll be here in two hours and this place is disgraceful.'

'Cleaned up!' said Suzette, gathering up an armful of papers and despairingly dropping them again. 'If I succeed in getting two chairs cleared off for them to sit down on, I'll be doing well. This family will have to reform; that's all there is about it. How mother and Jane ever did all the work and kept things picked up, besides, I don't see. It would take six of me to do it. If I ever learn to keep house half as well as mother does.'

'Here I am,' said Jane, appearing at the sitting-room door. 'Mother's better and I'm back; and I'm none too soon by the looks of my kitchen.'

'O Jane,' cried Suzette, throwing her arms around Jane's neck, 'you and mother are the smartest folks in the world! Do tell me where to begin, and I'll help you get this place straightened up before mother comes.'

'I'll help,' said Alice, suddenly dropping her elder sisterly air, 'I've just been aching all the week to show you how beautifully I could keep house.'

### Where Things Go To.

Where do all the pins go to?

I'm sure no one can tell. A pin will not wear out by ten years of use. But, dear me! who ever saw a ten-year-old pin?

I once went to see a pin factory in Connecticut. There at the front door stood several big hogsheads packed full of refuse pins; and all the ground was covered with them, just like the ground under pine-trees, when their needle-leaves fall down and make a sweet-smelling carpet. I saw millions and millions of pins ready to be melted over and made into brass wire and then cut up into pins again. Where do all the pins go to?

These pins which I saw were not old pins brought in like rags to a paper-mill, or old iron to a blacksmith. They were new pins spoiled in the making, like half the little children, who die before they are grown up. But every year that we live we all have at least twenty pins apiece. And if there are thirty millions of people in our land, that makes six hundred million pins a year! What becomes of them? If each pin is an inch long, that would make a brass wire nearly one thousand five hundred miles long. And every pin has a head and a point to it. Lots of pins, surely!

But what becomes of anything? Here now it is winter and very cold. I look out of my window and see smoke and vapor coming out of a hundred chimneys. The smoke goes up a little way and then it is gone. Where is it gone to? What becomes of it? And there, close by my window, is a hickory-tree, a very nice tree, which all summer long was full of leaves. The cat thinks a world of that tree, for it has saved her many a time when a great dog has chased her. The leaves were so plenty that they hid her snugly, though she was a famous cat for size. But now all the leaves are gone, save a hundred rattling, curled-up wads, that look more like shavings than leaves.

'What has become of all the rest?'

'Hoo! I know! they've blown off,' says a boy who sees, but doesn't think much. 'That's so, Johnny, but where have they "blown" to? Where are they gone?'

'Why, they've blown away somewhere.'

'Yes, but where?'

'Why, they get burnt up in the woods; I saw a fire there.' 'Well, what is "burnt up"? Where does a leaf go to when it "burns up"?'

'It goes off in smoke.' 'Well, where does it go to? Does it ever come back?'

Then, too, out by my woodhouse is a pile of cordwood, ten cords of it. The pile is six feet six inches high. Can any of you cipher how long the pile is? I have bought it, and by and by it will all be gone. 'Gone! Where to?' 'Gone to ashes, of course,' says the boy with eyes. 'Ten cords of ashes?' 'O, no.' 'Well, where will the rest of the wood go to?' Our good Mary who used to be a slave, and knows how to make the best pumpkin-pies and biscuit I ever ate, will put the whole ten cords, stick after stick, into the stove, and off it will go, up chimney. Where to?

And I wonder where all the old shoes go to. Every year I buy a pair of stout boots with soles nearly three-quarters of an inch thick, and I go walking round till I grind off the soles and heels, then I have new heels and soles put on, and grind them off. Then the upper leather begins to crack at the little toe joint, and I have a patch put on. But by-and-by I throw the boots away. Where to? 'Out behind the barn,' says the eye-boy Johnny, who never thinks. 'Yes, there's all sorts of a pile out there; but what becomes of it? Where does it go to?'

And all the old clothes go to rags. The linen and cotton rags go to paper-mills. The woollen rags are made into a rag carpet, and the paper is used for writing or printing, or for bundle paper or wall-paper.

But though a thousand paper-mills are chewing up rags and spitting out paper by the mile, yet the world doesn't get full of paper! What comes of it all? The rag carpets last five or six years, and then wear out. Wear out? What is 'out?'

While I write, a lady comes into my room with a dust-pan full of lint from the room where I sleep. 'Where did that all come from?' I ask. 'I've been sweeping your room,' says she. 'All that?' say I. 'Yes, may I put it in your stove?' 'Yes,' say I, 'and phew! how it smells! you've swept up half the carpet!'

That carpet is wearing out every time it is swept; and so I know where our carpet is going to. It's going to be burned up in my stove. The smoke will go up and out of the chimney, and then goes off, who knows where?

O, dear, dear! Where do things go to? Pins, smoke, vapor, leaves, wood-piles, books, old rags, carpets, and all? I wish I could find something that wasn't going at all. 'I have got a watch that won't go,' says the boy with eyes, who never thinks. 'Bring it to me, then.' So off he went to bring in a dumb watch he used to have. He hunted a while among his old traps, and came back saying: 'I had one once, but can't find it now; it's gone somewhere.' 'Gone! where to?' 'Why, I mean it's lost,' said he. 'Lost? what is "lost"? 'Your watch has gone to find my old boots. They are lost, too.'

A great many years ago a very good man whose name was Paul fell a-thinking just as we have been doing. And when he got through he wrote these words:

'For the fashion of this world passeth away.' He was right. Everything is going. Nothing stops or stays. Where do they all

go to? For you and I are moving on, and going every day.

I do know where my hickory leaves went to, and my pile of wood. But when I think of the boys and girls I know, I wonder where they are all going to. What will become of them? The little boy with eyes is looking at me, and has begun to think.—Thos. K. Beecher, in 'In Time With the Stars.'

### A Brave Girl.

On the banks of the Mississippi lived a little maiden of thirteen, the oldest of four children, whom her parents called 'little mother,' because she was always so quietly thoughtful and helpful. One day her parents went away, leaving the children in her care. 'Be mother's little woman,' the mother said as she kissed her. 'We leave the children in your care,' the father said.

Two days afterward the Mississippi broke through the levee and flooded the little town. What should she do? 'Oh, if I only had a boat,' she cried. Running out to look for their colored mammy, she stumbled over a large, oblong, old-fashioned tub. Here was her boat. The water was several inches deep. She half floated, half dragged the tub into the room. She lined it with a blanket and prepared some bread and meat. She dragged it to a large window and set it where, when the water rose, it would float out. She flung open the window and made Rob get into the boat, and put Kate in, and laid baby Rose in the brother's arms, and taking the basket of food went to get in too, but there was no room for her with safety to the rest. She paused a moment, then drew a long breath, kissed the children quietly, gave them the basket of food and bade them guard it, and said, 'Good-bye, dears. Say a prayer for sister, Rob. When you see father and mother, tell them I took care of you.'

The next day the father found the tub in a sycamore tree. The children were frightened, chilled and in tears, but safe. Afterwards, floating on the water, with her brave, childish face turned up to the sky, they found the 'little mother,' who sacrificed herself to save others.—'Christian Standard.'

### The Curse of Discontent.

There lived on the banks of the Indus River an ancient Persian by the name of El Hafed. From his beautiful and comfortable cottage on the hillside, he could look down upon the gleaming river and over the glorious sea. He was a man of wealth. His fields and orchards yielded plentifully, and he had money at interest. A beautiful wife and lovely children shared with him the joy of a happy home.

One day there came to the cottage a Persian priest. That priest sat down with El Hafed, and told him how diamonds were made. 'If you had a diamond,' said the old priest, 'as big as your thumb, you could purchase many farms like this; and, if you had a bushel, you could own the whole country.'

That moment El Hafed became poor. All his possessions seemed to lose their value, as the feeling of discontent filled his soul. He said: 'I must have a mine of diamonds. What is the use of spending one's life in this way, in this narrow sphere? I want a mine, and shall have it!'

That night he could not sleep. Early next morning he went to the priest, and asked where he could find those diamonds. 'If you want diamonds,' said the priest, 'go and get them.' 'Won't you please tell me where I could get them?' said El Hafed. 'Well, if you go and find high mountains, with a deep river running between them, over white sand, in this white sand you will find diamonds.'

The enthusiastic, restless, and dissatisfied farmer sold his farm, took the money, and went off in search of diamonds. He began through Egypt and Palestine. Years passed while he was pursuing his useless search. At last he went over through Europe; and one day, broken-hearted, in rags, a hungry pauper, stung with humiliation and crushed by his bitter disappointments, he stood on the shore of the Bay of Barcelona. He looked at the big waves as they came rolling in, and listened to the whisper that invited him to peace, and, in the moment of despair, threw himself in and sank, never to rise again.

The man who purchased El Hafed's farm led