

Going to Leave Home.

BY DOROTHEA HODGES.

In the big, comfortable kitchen, John Grey, his wife, and her sister, Ruth Bates, were sitting around the table. The children, with the exception of the eldest son, who had gone to the village, were in bed. The farmer was reading the paper, his wife was putting a patch on the knee of Eddie's knickerbockers, and Ruth was knitting a stocking for one of the little ones. There was silence in the room save for the snapping of the fire, the ticking of the clock, and the rustle of the newspaper; and when Mrs. Gray sighed deeply, both her husband and sister looked up in surprise.

"What's the matter, Mary?" asked her husband. "Has anything gone wrong? You look troubled."

"I am," answered his wife. "There is great trouble in store for us. Will is going to leave home."

The paper fell to the floor, and for a moment Mr. Gray looked at his wife, too much surprised to utter a word.

"Going to leave home!" he repeated at last. "Mary, you must be dreaming."

Mrs. Gray shook her head sadly. "I wish I were," she said. "No John, it is true. Will has made up his mind to leave us. I've noticed for months past that he seemed dissatisfied and restless, and since you sold Bess he has grumbled a great deal about the work, and the dullness of his life; and to-day I heard him tell George Wood that he would not be here a month from now; that he had had enough of farm life, and if we would not consent to his leaving that he would run away and take his chances."

"I'll see about that," said Mr. Gray, angrily. "Consent to it! I rather think not! I won't consider it for a moment. He'd fall in with all sorts of rascals in the city, and get us into trouble. Besides, I need him here. It'll be nine years at least before Eddie can take his place, and he's got to stay; that's all there is about it."

"Why don't you make him wish to stay, John?" asked the gentle voice of his sister-in-law.

"If he's got the city fever on him, all the talking in the world wouldn't do any good," rejoined the farmer. "He wouldn't listen to a word."

"Don't talk. Don't let him ever suspect that you are aware of his desire to leave you. Try my plan, John."

"The best plan I know of is to tell him my mind freely, without any beating about the bush; and the sooner it's done the better."

"Now, John, don't be above taking a woman's advice. Let me tell you how to deal with Will. I have been here six months, and have taken a deep interest in the boy. I have seen his dissatisfaction, and recognized the cause. I have overheard him talking to George Wood more than once, and only yesterday I heard him say that if he went to the city what he earned would be his own, but that here he worked from dawn to dark, and was no better off at the end of the year than at the beginning. He said that Jim Howard, who clerks in a shoe store in N., gets ten dollars a week and is only seventeen."

"If you want Will to stay on the farm, give him an interest in it. He is eighteen years old, and has worked faithfully for you ever since he was large enough. He has had his food, lodging, and clothes, to be sure, but all he actually owns is his little dog, which is always at his heels. You even sold the only horse you had that was fit for the saddle; and Will was very fond of Bess."

"It seemed a pity to keep a horse just for Will to ride," said Mr. Gray, "and she was too light for work. I could not afford to keep her."

"You can better afford to keep an extra horse than to have your son leave you, John. Whom could you get that would take the interest in the work that Will has? You have thought it only right that he should do his share toward running the farm, and have considered your duty done in giving him a home. You are disposed to think him ungrateful, because he wants to leave you now that every year makes his services more valuable; but the boy is ambitious and wants to get something for himself, and it is only natural."

Mr. Gray leaned his head on his hand, a look of deep thought on his grave face. Ruth's plain speaking had given rise to thoughts which had never before entered his mind.

"I believe you're about right, Ruth," he said, at last. "I'll think it all over to-night, and make up my mind what it is best to do."

Just at daybreak, Ruth was awakened from a sound sleep by the noise of horse's hoofs in the yard. Looking out, she was surprised to see John trotting away on old Fan. "Where can he be going at this hour?" she thought. When she went downstairs at six o'clock, Will was standing by the kitchen table, having just come in with two pails of milk. A few minutes later, his father entered.

"You were out early, John," said Ruth. "I heard you ride away this morning."

"Yes, I went to Mr. Scott's on a matter of business."

"That's the man you sold Bess to, isn't it, papa?" asked little Eddie.

"Yes, my son." Then turning to Will, he said, "Will, you'll find Bess out there, hitched at the gate; she belongs to you now."

"Bess, mine! Oh, father, thank you! thank you! I'd rather have little Bess than anything else in the world." Out he went and patted and caressed her, until called in to breakfast by his mother.

"You've been a good son, Will, and now you are getting old enough to begin to lay aside something for yourself. I wish I could give you a good start, but you know I am not a rich man, and I have your mother and the four little ones to provide for. This is the plan I have thought of: you may have the use of that west forty-acre field; it is every part good land, as you know, and the team of young bays that I bought of Smith to farm it with. All you raise will be your own. If you make good use of this, I intend giving you the team and a deed to the land when you are twenty-one."

"This—this seems too much," stammered Will. "I don't know how to thank you."

"I am glad you are pleased," said his father. "I can better afford to do this than to let you work for someone else, as many young men have to. Your own work won't require near all your time and I need your help very much, and could get no one who would fill your place. I'll board and clothe you, of course, just as I have always done."

That ended Will's desire to leave home. He was never again heard to mention the subject, and he grumbled no more about the hard work, and the monotony of his life, but in every way tried to show his appreciation of his father's kindness.

It Was Mean.

THE PART A BULL CALF PLAYED IN ONE MAN'S LIFE.

"The meanest adventure I ever had happened down in Arizona a couple of weeks ago," said Dr. S. O. Young, who was setting the pace for a coterie of commercial pilgrims in the Lindell corridors. "My best girl lives a couple of miles from town, and I had written her that I would help her hold down the old arm-chair Saturday night. The train was delayed, and by the time I got supper at the hotel, shaved and had my mustache curled, it was pretty late. All the livery rigs were out, but I was determined to keep my engagement. I set out afoot, and was within half a mile of the house when I saw an animal come tearing down the side of the mountain at a Nancy Hanks gait. It was too dark to see it clearly, but I got a crank in my head that it was a mountain lion, and that it would like a nice, fat drummer for supper. I lit out for the house, but the animal gained on me rapidly. Suddenly it lifted up its voice in the most unearthly roar that ever caused goose pimples to bud and blossom on the backbone of mortal man. It echoed through those canyon like the cry of a lost soul. I knew then that it was a lion, and a mighty hungry one. Right ahead of me was a shellbark hickory, and up that I shinned in a hurry, spoiling a \$60 suit of clothes and rubbing off about a square mile of cuticle. I didn't know whether mountain lions could climb trees or not, but I thought in any event I might delay the obsequies a trifle. The animal came up to the tree, stopped, and emitted another heart-breaking bellow that nearly caused me to fall off my perch. Then it walked around the tree a few times, shuffled about and lay down. It seemed to think it had a sure thing of it and could afford to wait. I staid up there all night in the frosty air, chilled half to death. Along toward morning I fell into a doze, from which I was aroused by the voice of my own prospective father-in-law. I looked down and there was the whole family in the old red wagon, en route to town. On the other side of the tree lay a red bull calf, complacently chewing his cud."

Some Easily-Made Bits of Furniture.

Here is something for your sitting-room. It is called an ottoman, but will answer for a wood-box. Make a box three and a-half feet square, three feet high, or less; put hinges on the lid; now for the covering. For the top, strong canvas should be cut five inches wider than the lid all around; tack three sides down at the edges, then fill in with wool, hair, feathers, or corn husks, then close the edge. This stuffed top should slightly project. A cover of chintz, heavy saten, worsted, plush, or velvet must cover the whole box. The seams following the lines and angles should be corded. Tasseled fringe is often added.

A convenient receptacle for madamoise-le's starched dresses, or other wear, is made in the following way:—Make a box about 5 feet long, 2½ wide, and about 2 feet high. It must have a hinged lid. Make a cushion out of ticking about 2½x5 feet; stuff it with wool, horse hair, feathers, or corn husks. Cover the top with chintz, saten, or velvet, and make a curtain to go around three sides of the box and reaching the floor; have it gathered full. This, with a few cushions, answers the double purpose of a lounge and trunk. It's well worth its room anywhere.

Puzzles.

1—CHARADE.

While hovering round the winter's fire,
One cold and blustering day,
And setting in a rocking chair,
My thoughts took shape this way.

Met thought as how in olden time,
(Not many years ago,
The ADVOCATE I chanced to spy,
Prime puzzles in, Ho! Ho!!

Now I, a poser for my youth,
(Comes natural, so they say)
Thought how as I a con. would send,
So did it haste away.

That con. Ha! Ha!! appeared at once,
It gave me courage new;
I tried again, this time I failed—
No, it was published too.

From this time forth, Dear "Uncle Tom,"
(Who's always at the helm),
Found me a constant visitor,
COMPLETE his puzzling realm.

Now let us for a moment see,
Who did comprise the crew:
"Miss Armand" down at "Pakenham,"
And "Harry Albro" too.

We had two "Reeves" from "Highland Creek,"
"E. Manning" from "Bond Head";
"Miss Dennie" off would come from "Bath,"
But now, alas! she's—dead.

From "Chesterfield" came "R. J. Risk,"
From "Athol" "Russell Boss";
"Miss Redmond" came from "London, Ont.,"
And "Snow Bird" quite a loss.

"A. Howkins" was a "Lorneville" lad,
"Miss Rillance," where is she?
And then we had "A. Shaver" too,
And "Arthur H. Mabcey."

Let's see, there was "Mabel," "Amy" and "Jess,"
"Flora" "Eulalie," too;
"Angus" and "Mary" and "Anna K. Fox,"
With "Elinor" formed the crew.

Where are they all? not many, I think,
Are left who manned the yacht;
LAST days gone by, 'cept "Ada" and "I";
And we—are competing not.

FAIR BROTHER.

2—CHARADE.

Am I TOTAL, Uncle Tom,
To a place within the Dom?
Now I LAST, let me see
How FIRST received I will be.

EDITH FAIR BROTHER.

3—CHARADE.

While walking FIRST the street one day,
I spied a ragged, homeless boy;
I gave him work—to second it well,
Was what I told him; he said he would try.

Some clothes he bought with money LAST,
Then ran away and ne'er came back;
He left undone my little task,
This TOTAL boy was named JACK.

LILY DAY.

4—DECAPITATION.

Dear cousins, I've given up puzzling,
I have really got to go,
Because I have other work to do
That takes up my time, you know.

I have worked just FIRST year at puzzling
And found I had great success;
But now, as I have no time to spare,
My puzzling is WHOLE, I guess.

The department will never miss me—
You won't know that I'm away,
Because of the other good puzzlers,
Geo. Blyth and Lily Day.

Perhaps I may write again,
So none of you need cry;
I hate to leave you all now,
But I must say "good bye."

CHARLIE S. EDWARDS.

5—DECAPITATION.

Our friend, Henry Reeve,
I'm pleased to perceive,
Intends in our ranks to remain;
And I think it but meet
(Since he now can compete),
That friend Woodworth should join us again.

Does our old Uncle Tom
Think to shut from the "dom"
Cousin Ed. A. Fairbrother and me?
He may, perhaps, try,
But he'll need to be sly,
For we'll get FIRST all right, you shall see.

To our circle so gay,
Master Hall called one day;
He's welcome SECOND, yet I would crave—
When next he feels merry,
And tries proverbs to bury,
He'll not find such a deep hidden grave.

LAST I close, Mr. Reeve,
Like you, I believe,
That puzzling cannot be called treason;
The absence of rhyme,
Of course, is no crime,
But pray let our puzzles have reason.

ADA ARMAND.

6—ENIGMA.

I'm used of various forms and size,
And in me mostly comfort lies;
I may be high, I may be low—
By cart or van or tram can go.

I'm seen with women and with men—
When good, remarked on; ay, and then
The soldier you at once discern
In every gesture, every turn.

ADA SMITHSON.

7—PUZZLE.

I sent 20 cents for 20 pencils, the prices being 4 cents each,
for a cent and 4 for a cent. How many of each kind will the shop
man send me?

HENRY BECK.

8—ENIGMA.

I pass along the street
Around, around with varied sounds;
But if beheaded I am found
To run along the ground
At every body's feet.

FRED. HALL.

9—PUZZLE.

Two men have an eight (8) quart vessel of water, and want
to divide the water equally between them, but have only a
three (3) quart vessel and a five (5) quart vessel to measure with.
How can they do it?

HENRY BOHER.

Answers to January Fifteenth Puzzles.

1—Sensationalism. 3—Surprise. 5—Withdraw.
2—Useful. 4—Treason, Reason. 6—Ada Armand.
7—The letter E. 8—Nothing venture, nothing have.

Names of Those Who Have Sent Correct Answers to January 15th Puzzles.

Henry Reeve, Josie Sheehan, A. Howkins, Geo. W. Blyth,
A. R. Borrowman, Lily Day, Addison and Oliver Snider, I.
Irvine Devitt, Ada Smithson, Emma Brown, Henry Beck, Edith
Fair Brother.