

WHEN MOTHER IS BLUE.

By Margaret E. Sangster.

"When mother is blue I just put on my hat and run away. It takes all the sunshine out of the house, and I can't stand it."

The speaker was a girl of twenty, with an apple-blossom face and merry eyes. One saw at a glance that her life had been free from the pressure of much care, just as one reads, between the lines, in looking at mother's countenance, that the elder woman had fought a long battle with adversities of various kinds. In that faded face the eyes may once have been merry, but they had grown thoughtful, and it was hard to believe that the matron had ever been re-proved in her youth for indiscreet and immoderate hilarity. Yet, as she smiled at her daughter's impulsive speech, she said:

"I once was as gay as Gertrude ever is. In fact, I was noted for my irrepressible spirits. The discipline of experience has toned me down, but I am almost always cheerful."

"Yes, indeed," said the daughter, patting her mother's cheek, "and that is why I am so disturbed when she is out of sorts, the dear, brave lady. I feel as if the bottom had dropped out of our scheme of living when mother gives up and folds her hands in melancholy."

I went on my way with a new appreciation of the mother's value to a home. Motherhood implies so much, must mean so much in every environment, and in our households what do we not expect from her who is at the helm? She manages the domestic economy, often doing most, if not all, of the work with her own hands. She is the confidante of the children, who bring to her the little daily troubles and trials, tell her of their school difficulties, and ask her to help at evening when they study the lessons for the next day. As her sons and daughters grow up, they more than ever need her counsel and support; more than ever lay their burdens at her feet, and receive from her wise and tender hands maxims and bits of advice as indispensable as daily bread. With everything they have to 'o, mothers sometimes grow weary, health fails, trials thicken, anxieties crush. The most elastic nature is not strong enough to cope with never-ceasing financial stress.

Mothers are very apt to lack variety in their lives. The younger people have the vacations, mothers stay at home and cook and sew. There is a limit to woman's power of endurance. Over many a lowly mound, bedewed by sorrowful mourners with honest tears, might be written:—"Died of monotony." Change of scene is better than medicine for many a malady of body and mind. Once in a while a surprise might be carried out by which the youth of a tired woman would be renewed.—Pacific.

SOME LINCOLN STORIES.

Avoiding Litigation.

Abraham Lincoln, the lawyer, was one day confronted by a complainant against the trespassing chickens of an indifferent neighbor. Because of the friendly relations existing between the two families, the client did not favor a lawsuit; killing the chickens might cause a feud, and a higher fence would be an insult.

"A hopeless case," said Lincoln; "you are taking the remedies from me. However, come back tomorrow."

The next day Lincoln learned from his client that he had two children and his offending neighbor three.

"Go home," said the lawyer after grave reflection, "boil a dozen eggs hard, and color them after the manner of Easter eggs. After each visit from your neighbor's chickens place one of these eggs in the yard. Your children will find them, and when they question you, credit the eggs to the offending fowls."

A few weeks later the client entered Lincoln's office, and said in explanation:

"When my little ones learned the source of those colored eggs, they went wild with glee, and with them tantalized their little neighbors."

Then the neighbors' children tried to keep the chickens at home, and my little ones tempted them away. After each visit there was a colored egg, and sometimes two.

"Those children worried themselves sick and made their parents frantic. This morning a load of palings and barb wire arrived at my neighbor's."

Abraham Lincoln's Will.

Whole books have been filled with anecdotes of our great martyr war president. None of them more strikingly illustrate his practical acuteness in a critical moment than that related by the late Bishop Simpson before the Yale theological students.

A committee from New York, composed of leading citizens, went to see Mr. Lincoln in reference to the conduct of the war.

After they had transacted their general business and the committee were making their way to the door—he was standing in the other part of the room—one of the gentlemen, who presumed on his acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln to ask particularly searching questions, stepped up to him, and, in the lowest tone of voice, said:

"Mr. President, I would like to know where Burnside's fleet is going."

Burnside had just sailed with a fleet, but the destination was unknown.

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, in a low tone of voice, "would you very much like to know?"

"Yes," he said he would.

"Well, now," said Mr. Lincoln, "if I would tell you perhaps you would tell some one else."

"No," he said, "I would not."

Then Mr. Lincoln, putting up his hand to his face, and, as if to whisper, said loud enough for all to hear, "He's gone to sea!"

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

A Pleasant Medicine Which All Children Will Take Readily.

You do not have to coax and threaten to get the little ones to take Baby's Own Tablets. The case with which they are given as compared with liquid medicines will appeal to every mother. None is spilled or wasted; you know just how big a dose has reached the little stomach. As a remedy for all the ills of babyhood and childhood arising from derangements of the stomach and bowels Baby's Own Tablets have no equal. Mrs. E. A. Jewers, Mitchell Bay, N. S., says:—"I think the tablets a blessing to both mother and children as I find them a certain cure for all the ills to which little ones are subject. I do not know how I could get on without them." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Bobby was recovering from an unusually hard case of measles, and he could not go to sleep at the end of one restless, feverish day.

"I want father to come here," he demanded, insistently, and would not be put off by his mother's statement, that "poor father couldn't make him sleepy."

"He can," persisted Bobby, and hailed his father with a weak cry of joy. "Talk to me the way you talk to the infant class, father," he said impatiently.

THE BEST KIND OF NUTS.

"Hickory nuts are the best," said Ned, To his little sisters and brothers. "They are hardest to crack, but when they are cracked, They are nicer than all the others."

"Peanuts are better, I think," said Tom. "They're the nicest nuts that they sell. So easy to crack, and most always, you know, You will find two nuts in one shell."

They talked of walnuts and butternuts, Of chestnuts, raw, boiled and roasted, And of his particular favorite kind, Each little child eagerly boasted.

Quiet and unnoticed in the throng Stood Carlyhead, funny and small, Who said, when the others had finished, "I think That doughnuts are better than all." Golden Days.

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

Dean Pigou tells this story: "I was showing two American ladies a few weeks ago over Bristol Cathedral, and after service I asked one of them what they said in New York of Bishop Potter, at seventy years of age, marrying a widow reputed to have \$1,500,000. 'I guess they talk about it,' was her reply, 'I trust them for doing that,' I said, 'but what do they say?' 'Oh, they say that the Bishop took a fancy to the widow's imite, and the widow took a fancy to the Bishop's mitre.'"