

Played Out!

No wonder, for that puppy has had a busy time of it, and Grandma's ball is all unravelled. He has pulled and bitten (trying his teeth), and tangled his paws, and pulled again, till at last the yarn has got around his paw—pulled tight, and he has just given it up this warm day to have a snooze. How quickly it will end if Will or Jack should whistle. We will not disturb him. He is too kind and true a dog not to like him; his very look shows his character, as it generally does, but this carries no doubt with it.

Girls Who Are Never Alone.

BY MARY R. BALDWIN.

There are women who seem to be very unhappy unless they have people about them. If they are deprived of social advantages in the home, they go beyond it to satisfy their needs in this direction. An hour by themselves is regarded as a punishment. They are not usually the helpful, inspiring ones in the world, and are not on the whole satisfactory as companions, and when we reflect that such people are developed from restless young girls who are always running away from home to find their pleasure, is it not worth while to whisper a few words of warning to those young creatures who by and by will find their habits so fixed that it will be hard to change them?

Someone has said that the greatest ideas of the world, those that are back of all the grand deeds, and behind the best results in art, in literature, and in invention, are conceived and matured in solitude. So if the girls of to-day have a desire to accomplish a high purpose in their lives, they must cultivate the habit of occasionally being alone. It will be a hard thing to some who at the beginning of their days were constantly amused, if not by the nurse or by other children, yet through a variety of play-things; and as soon as they were able to walk were taken to visit their little friends, or entertained them at their own homes. They have heard the words so long "She must be amused," that they have become little tyrants in respect to requiring attention constantly.

Some of us imagine that we can discover at sight of a girl upon the street whether she has ever been left to herself or not; and when she speaks it seems to be more apparent this fact of self-reliance, or lack of it, for it is in this respect that she is affected by her social habits. "I must run over and ask Emma what she thinks about the affair," the girl says, who has something given her to decide upon. She will not allow her own mind a chance to reason out the problem, and so misses that discipline that comes from such an exercise.

It is a weak practice, this of calling in other girls on all occasions of difficulty, and of depending entirely upon their advice. The most attractive thing about nature is the fact of that variety. Those who have looked close at her tell us that no two objects are exactly alike, though to the careless observer they may seem so. It is so, too, throughout the domain of mind and heart, and this also makes human nature an interesting study that never becomes tiresome.

The Creator seems to have taken care to preserve the different types of mind and matter, and has proved to the thoughtful that through diversity of qualities and gifts the highest results can be obtained for the world's progress. So is it not well to try to preserve one's individuality if one would accomplish something worth while in life? There is nothing more attractive than naturalness in girls, provided they are not obtrusive, and it is very sad when the young creatures begin to copy a little from one and from another and grow out of themselves. Girls, try to be alone for your thinking, for much of your reading, and especially for your praying.—*Christian at Work.*

Some Good Toilet Suggestions.

Milk of almonds is a good remedy for sunburn, and may be obtained of a druggist.

Thorough and frequent bathing is the best means of keeping the complexion pure and clean.

Bathe the lips occasionally with a little alum water, followed by a little camphor ice or glycerine.

When the hands are stained, use salt and lemon juice; this will take off stains and render the hands soft and white.

To prevent that shine to the skin with which so many are annoyed, especially in warm weather, use a little camphor in the water when bathing the face.

A good camphor ice is made of one ounce of spermaceti, one ounce of camphor, one ounce of almond oil, one half cake of white wax; melt all together and turn into moulds.

To strengthen the hair, dissolve an ounce of borax and one ounce of camphor in two quarts of water. Wash the hair with this twice a week, clipping the ends occasionally.

Another good remedy for sunburn is a wash made of 12 ounces of elder flower water, six drams each of soda and pulverized borax. This is said to make the skin very soft and clear.

Common horse-radish grated into a cup of sour milk, then strained, is said to be an excellent lotion for removing freckles. An ounce of lemon juice in a pint of rose water will also answer the same purpose. Both are harmless and good.

UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

Puzzles.

1—CHARADE.

Tell me 'ye "Reeve" of "Thedom,"
As ye hover near the brink,
And cast your jokes at posers fair,
And sling ye printer's ink:

Who authorized thee thus to call
Me by such titles, pray?
I'm not a king or monarch, for
I as a subject play.

'Tis true I'm taking "western air,"
But as to "tantrums," sir,
I think you're getting off the track,
And therein you do err.

I'm out upon a little jaunt,
My health demands it, see?
Like you I'm just "a farmer's boy,"
Therein we both agree.

In our canoe "Miss Scott" may have
A place, and welcome too;
Give her an oar, COMPLETE her name,
Amid the working crew.

Another name you might COMPLETE,
Is that of brother "Banks";
And still there's room for many more
Within the mystic ranks.

I see you're satisfied to be
Among our puzzling band;
What some would call a LAST, indeed,
I think you hold the wand.

Thy brother's FIRST the mystic art,
May your advice freely get;
But pray don't call me Monarch, for
I've not earned that title yet.

FAIR BROTHER.

2—CHARADE.

Dear Cousins: I cannot sit down for a chat this time,
I have only a minute to stay;
And I'm in such a hurry I'm afraid that I
Will COMPLETE all my manners to-day.

But first I must see dear Uncle Tom,
I have called to LAST the picture you know,
I hope it is finished, FIRST I really can't wait,
Ah! there it is, well I must go.

CHARLIE EDWARDS.



PLAYED OUT.

3—CHARADE.

I have lately found encouragement
In a puzzle composed by Henry Reeve.
He wishes me every success,
And I know he will not deceive.

I PRIME him for his kind words,
And the encouragement which he's shown,
For we all know he is a puzzling crank,
And by him puzzlement has grown.

The front ranks will be filled up
With heads that are LAST of rhymes,
And although I will do my best,
I don't wish to add to my crimes.

It is late in the year to start in the race,
And some of the cousins may wonder:
But I am very TOTAL to get the chance,
Though perhaps I make a blunder.

THOS. W. BANKS.

4—DECAPITATION.

King Fair Brother, thou of puzzles the best,
As all of us will gladly attest;
Since thou hast gone to the city out west
In the land that has blizzards for its guest:

Hast thou forgotten thy friends in the east,
Who did hear from you once in a while at least
In letters FIRST and cheerful, if very brief,
They would bring smiles and drive away grief.

To SECOND this matter, I now you entreat,
And so once more give us a treat:
Tell us all about your present retreat,
And how much Limburger you do eat.

H. REEVE.

5—ANAGRAM.

A little frog sang on a log,
"Go round."

A little boy heard with great joy
The sound.

And there as he lay idly on
The ground,

Made up his mind the frog to find
And pound;

But was so blind he could not find
The frog. "Go round."

So in dismay he threw away
The stick he found.

I. IRVINE DEWITT.

6—RIDDLE.

In none of the seasons do I ever appear,
And yet I am found in three months of each year,
I'm judicious and joyful, but ere I have done,
I must say I'm not wise, and I never have fun;
I'm in every just jury, but for all I can say
People still are so mean as to call me a "jay."

ADA ARMAND.

7—ENIGMA.

In Marden I am common,
In Maine I do appear;
In Pakenham I love to shine,
Although 'tis far from here;
I come in every minute too,
But not once in a year;
I'm in all kinds of big timber,
Yet not in any tree,
Though living in a honeycomb,
I never saw a bee.

GEO. W. BLYTH.

Answers to July 15th Puzzles.

1—Kitten, mitten, bitten, bit-ten.

2—To prop-a-gate.

3—Familiarly breeds contempt.

4—Friendship.

5—Without.

7—Know—now.

L	L	M	S
D	A	L	E
L	I	N	D
M	E	D	I
S	A	C	

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

Geo. W. Blyth, Thos. W. Banks, Henry Reeve, I. Irvine Devitt, Morley Smithson, Josie Sheehan, Joshua Umbach, A. Borrowman, Addison Snider, Oliver Snider, Minnie Moore, George Rogers, Jessie Sutherland.

Browning and His Mother.

A very tender love always existed between our late poet Browning and his mother. She is said to have been the "true type of a Scottish gentlewoman," and a true Christian. When he was a child, Browning's mother told him Bible stories, as she held him on her knee; and she excited his lifelong admiration by the tender care which she bestowed upon poor hurt animals that came under her notice. In his manhood he was heard to speak admiringly of the skilfulness with which she once washed and dressed the sores of a wounded cat, and nursed it back to health again. Doubtless her influence had much to do with the poet's great love and tenderness for birds and animals. "He prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small."

In his early manhood it was his rule, as long as he continued under the parental roof, never to go to bed without giving her a good-night kiss. If out so late that he was obliged to admit himself with a latch-key, he still went to her in her room.

Weeds.

Have you seen the city-folk riding by,
With hungry glances at field and sky,
And exclamations of quick delight
At sight of the meadows with daisies white?
They do not know
That a field of daisies should never grow;
And I envy them so!

Have you ever at eve of a midsummer day,
When the air was sweet with scent of hay,
Felt a sweeter perfume upon you steal;
And strangely that perfume makes you feel
So sad, you know,
A field of thistles should never grow?
I am sorry 'tis so.

Have you heard of the distant desert land,
Where the cactus blooms in the arid sand
So thick it blocks the traveler's way,
And no green on the lonely plain but they
Can live and grow?
So the cactus is only a weed, you know,
Though we prize it so!

Have you ever noticed a field of wheat
As it waves in the summer breeze and heat,
With here and there in the yellow rows
A pretty pink blossom as red as a rose?
It will please you so;
But the weed ought not in the wheat to grow
Still they never can weed it out you know,
And I'm glad it's so.

But wheat would not be allowed to head
If it set its roots in an onion bed
You'll find it so;
If a stock of wheat in the garden grow
It's a weed, you know.

From the daisied hay
And the thistle grain
The moral we draw
Is simple and plain,
And cogent and brilliant,
And lucid and clear—
A weed is a flower
Dropped out of its sphere.

—The Country Gentleman.

A Chicago attorney, noted for his sharp practice, sent his client one day to watch the case. Word came to him that his case was next on the docket, and he hurried over to find the opposing counsel already beginning. In vain he looked for his client. He was nowhere to be seen. In vain he asked for delay; but the court told him that the carelessness of a client would not allow such a thing. At last he glanced into the jury-box and saw his client there. The stupid man had thought he heard his name called, and had marched in with the rest. The opposing counsel was so anxious to hurry the case along that he neglected to examine the jury. Seeing the thing was in his own hands, the Chicago attorney turned to the court. "I withdraw all objection," he said; "I have my client where I want him."