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you filled with dressing!" she cried. "Why did you grow so big?" And even Susan ventured a feeble smile.

As she mixed big pots-full of her mother's famous pudding, she remembered her sister's letter. "There!" I shall 'smell the pudding' after all" she thought, gleefully.

Mary sang about the kitchen in a way that must have been new to it.

Mary tried her best to take off the "boarding-house" look of the table by adding parsley, a few flowers, and dishes of fruit. The birds were a splendid brown, the cranberries had not refused to "jelly," and the subtle odor of the pudding had gone with spicy breath to the fourth floor.

"Now ring, Susan!" Mary cried, and fled to the kitchen to serve the food. The old bell jingled more cheerfully than usually, and the boarders seemed to come in with alert steps. The next hour was a rush and worry to Mary, then the lull came when she and Susan ate with what appetite weariness had left them.

"Let's help Dinah clear away this work," was the New England girl's next suggestion; and Dinah rolled her eyes to see how quickly it was possible for dishes to be washed. They were nearly done when a plaintive voice called:

"Susan! Susan!"

"Why who is that?" asked Mary, startled.

"Just mother. Didn't you know we slept off the kitchen?"

"And I've been so noisy all day!" thought Mary, conscience-stricken.

"Ma wants you to come in a minute before you go up," Susan said when she returned.

"Oh, do you suppose I've bothered her?" Mary asked anxiously.

"Well I guess not!" Susan said with an energy so unusual that Mary looked at her curiously. She understood when she sat down in the cheerless back bedroom, while Mrs. Elkins grasped her hand.

"Oh, Miss Newcome, you're an angel of light, you be for sure! You don't know what it would have been for me to lose them boarders with winter jes' beginnin'; an' go they would have, I'm mighty sure, they'd have been that mad if they hadn't had any Thanksgivin' dinner. You're jes' as tired as a dog, an' oughter go straight to bed, but I thought mebber you'd like to know what a thankful day you've made for me."

Mary's own eyes filled with tears, and at a sudden impulse she bent to kiss the tired face on the bed.

As she went slowly up to her room she met one of the boarders.

"Why, Miss Newcome, you were out for dinner, weren't you? Well, I suppose you were thankful, though we had really a feast."

"Yes" Mary answered with a smile, "I am thankful."

GAVE UP TOO SOON.

Frisk, our neighbor's curly black spaniel, was trotting back and forth in the yard the other morning, stopping now and then to look out wistfully through the pickets, as though he would like to be out on the street. Evidently that was what he did want, for by and by he came to the front gate, and, standing on his hind feet, succeeded in unlatching it. The gate swung out, but, before Frisk had time to slip through, it swung together again. He could have

opened it again very easily, just by putting his head against it. But he did not know that, so he stretched himself up once more, and swung it open by using his whole weight, but he did not succeed any better, even the second time, for the gate swung shut just as he was thrusting his black nose through, and he drew his head back quickly.

That seemed to discourage him, for he trotted away, and I did not see him again for quite a long time. I almost forgot that he was only a dog, and wished that I could tell him how near he had been to succeeding, and that he had failed just because he had given up too soon.

If he had tried a moment longer, either time, he would have succeeded.

Perhaps my nephew Fred would not like it if I should say that Frisk made me think of him, and yet it is true. I have seen Fred working on an example in arithmetic, and his way is something like Frisk's. For he begins with a great deal of energy, and works very well for a few moments. But if the example is harder than he expected, or the answer does not come soon enough to suit him, he gives up in disgust, and tries another one, only, perhaps, to give that up in the same way. There is no doubt that Fred goes to school many a morning without examples that he might just as well have had, if he had not given up too soon.

Do you know anybody that is like Fred and Frisk in this way? If you do, just whisper to them that half the secret of success lies in not giving up too soon. Sticking to it is what wins.

WHAT THE BABOON CAN BE TAUGHT TO DO.

If the baboons were not generally liable to become bad-tempered when they grow old, they could probably be trained to be among the most useful of animal helpers and servers; but they are so formidable, and so uncertain in temper, that they are almost too dangerous for attempts at semi-domestication. When experiments have been made, they have had remarkable results. Le Vaillant, one of the early explorers in South Africa, had a chacma baboon which was a better watch than any of his dogs. It gave warning of any creature approaching the camp at night long before the dogs could hear or smell it. He took it out with him when he was shooting, and used to let it collect edible roots for him. The latest example of a trained baboon only died a few years ago. It belonged to a railway signalman at Uitenhage Station, about 200 miles up country from Port Elizabeth, in Cape Colony. The man had the misfortune to undergo an operation in which both his feet were amputated, after being crushed by the wheels of a train. Being an ingenious fellow, he taught his baboon, which was a full-grown one, to pull him along the line on a trolley to the "distant" signal. There the baboon stopped at the word of command, and the man would work the lever himself. But in time he taught the baboon to do it, while he sat on the trolley, ready to help if any mistake were made.

—The higher life consists in learning not so much how to enjoy manfully as how to suffer manfully.

—Ivan Panin.

Use what talents you possess. The woods would be very silent if no birds sang there but those which sing best.

The memory of a sympathetic word spoken or a kindly deed done is a pleasant companion for an hour of solitude.

Many of God's loved ones who barely acknowledge him as the author of their blessings, in times of adversity charge him with all their suffering.

Men desire to grow rich; Jesus Christ, on purpose, continued all his life in poverty. Men desire to be honored and esteemed; Jesus Christ willingly came to be despised and rejected of men.

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William Boyne, of 19 McGee St., Toronto, says: "I was afflicted severely with kidney disease, stone in the bladder, incontinence, deposits in the urine, severe pains in the back, and strains over the loins. I was so bad that I had to get up two or three times in the night, and could then only make water with great pain.

"Though long a sufferer, and unable to work I was confined to my bed for three weeks, and during that time thought I could not possibly endure greater misery. It was then that I began to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. It is with gratitude that I say that these have freed me of all these symptoms and made me a well man."

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CHARACTER.

Cal Disease.

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