

with silvery-white hair stood leaning lightly against it. A young and stately-looking woman was cropping the few flowers.

"It is easy to talk, but the trouble is to find such a one; boys are not much for work nowadays. There's a deal of nonsense about most of 'em—more than there used to be when I was young."

Quince was dragging himself along the road. He had intended to ask for a night's lodging, but the words, sounding out to him, led him to think that a boy's need would be unnoticed by a man who was no longer young. Passing the gate, his thin white face caught the eye of the woman. How could she know how tired he was, and that his boots had worn great sores in his feet? He pulled his cap lower over his eyes. In spite of himself, he was reeling. The woman was still looking after him.

"What is it?" she asked, pushing the gate wide open and coming out to the lad. "You are ill. Come in and rest a little."

The tenderness, so like what his mother would have used toward him, brought tears.

"Not sick; just tired," said the lad, wearily.

"That tired! Then you must have come a good way, lad," said the man, in a half-questioning tone, and at the same time throwing a sharp glance into the pale face.

"From Scarborough," was the reply.

"Walk all the way?"

"Occasionally a farmer gave me a ride."

"And not anything to eat, most likely?"

added the woman.

"Yes; I have a little money. But I'm not hungry," doing his best not to break down.

"Well, you can't get any farther to-night, I don't think. Come in," said the man.

"Father, there's a look in his face like Johnny. I cannot but think—"

She did not finish the sentence, but, taking the lad by the hand, led him through the gate and up the gravelled path to the house. The white-haired man was followed closely. With motherly kindness she brought the lad food and pillowed him up on the chintz covered lounge. It was restful to lie there with his painfully swollen feet lashed and bound up. To keep back tears he shut his eyes and thought of his mother and wished grandmother knew how comfortable he was; and had Rachel any one to milk Betty?

The next morning Quince awoke early, but his feet were inflamed and swollen and pained him to stand upon them. He was troubled, and his voice was unsteady.

"You cannot travel to-day," said the young woman, whom the silver haired man called "Esther." "Will you consider it a hardship to stay with us and rest a little?"

"I am in search of something to do. I want to work and go to school this winter. I thought perhaps I could find a place in Barnston, and we cannot hope for many more such days this season," returned Quince, in a faltering voice.

"My father has been looking for some one to do the little there is to do here in the winter, and to go to school at the same time. If you consider that it will be pleasant for you to remain, I think we can arrange it."

"I would be so glad!" trying hard to keep from breaking down, and ending by sobbing outright.

"There, there! Don't think any more about it," said Esther; "only try and feel at home. I used to have a boy; you have a good deal of his look; and his hair was light and inclined, like yours, to curl. We called him 'Johnny.' That is not your name, is it?"

"I am called 'Quince'; John Quincy Brockton is my name," was answered, a little proudly.

"I am glad there is a 'John' in it. I almost knew there was," said Esther, with a smile.

A long silence ensued, during which the woman busied herself in many little ways, leaving Quince to look around the room and compare each piece of furniture with that in Rachel's parlor. Most of all he wished that grandmother could know, and questioned in his heart if it would be well to write to her.

Esther left the room, and when she returned her hands were full of books. She drew up a small table and placed them so near the lounge that Quince could readily reach them.

"These books belonged to Johnny," she said; "he kept them in a little swinging library, in his room. He was fond of books."

Esther was greatly moved. Quince put up his hand to brush away tears. He knew from the first mention of Johnny that he was dead.

"I am so glad that you let me look at them. I will be careful of them," stammered Quince.

Once more Esther left the room, and before she returned the white-haired man entered.

"Love books, eh?" he said, coming to the table and slowly turning the leaves of a volume, then going back to his chair by the hearth.

"I have studied a little, and I like to study; but I must work in order to study," was the answer.

"Do you like to work?"

"Yes, sir."

"Boys don't usually like to work; you are an exception," was said smilingly.

"Most boys have homes; and to work is not so necessary as it is for me."

"You have had a home, I judge?"

"My parents are no longer living," answered Quince.

"No relation?"

"Not in this part of the country."

"We want a boy to do chores and go to school this winter. We want a good boy," said the man, looking steadily into the fire as he spoke.

Quince did not at once reply. He could not recommend himself.

"School will begin Monday. They say Mr. Ashburton is an uncommonly fine teacher," continued the man.

Still no reply.

"From Scarborough, you said?" after a pause. "Should have 'most thought you'd found a place there. A bigger town than Barnston, if I remember rightly."

"About the same number of people," returned Quince, who was beginning to feel that, after all, Mr. Petties might have known his father.

Esther came in, and there was no more questioning.

Before the day was ended it was settled. Quince was to stay with Mr. Petties and Esther; he was to have Johnny's room and the use of Johnny's library, and when school opened he would enter it.

"When I dragged up the hill last night, I thought only to find a night's lodging; I determined to ask for it. But when I heard your father say that boys were not so faithful as they used to be, I resolved to go on," Quince said to Esther after Mr. Petties went out.

"You can show him that his opinion is not well founded," was answered with a smile.

"I will try. But will you please tell me what I have to do?"

"I will tell you. Every day will bring its own duties, however."

It surprised Quince to find how really at home he felt with Esther. When she talked, it seemed to him that he had heard her voice before. There was that quality of tenderness in it that made him free to tell her all his plans. And still not all that touched upon others. Possibly he would in time tell her about Grandmamma Evan and Rachel and Hugh Mercer, and then he would ask about God and if there were special sins that were visited upon the children 'unto the third and fourth generation."

There were saloons in Barnston. Quince overheard Mr. Petties speaking wit' Esther of a new one opened that day. Were saloons everywhere, and did everyone patronize them? In any event, these people could never know how he had suffered through his father's love for strong drink.

The third day Quince was able to walk in the yard, and to become acquainted with certain duties that would be his to perform.

"Father feels the cold intensely, and you will have the entire charge," Esther said.

"When the snow comes, there will be paths to make, and the cows to feed, and errands to do. I would not have you undertake more than you can well perform. The cold will be severe. You must take everything into consideration."

"I see no reason why I cannot do it. I have been doing quite as much, and I fully expected to do as much wherever I might be," was the reply.

"And school?" questioned Esther.

"I do not intend to fail," was the quick reply.

Esther was pleased with the lad's readiness. His energy was capable of carrying him through, and his faithfulness she did not doubt.

When Quince went to his room at night, his one desire was to write to Grandmamma Evan and tell her that he had found a home for the winter. Then he longed to tell Hugh.

After all, there were possibilities that led him to waver. He had come away, in order to snap the threads that bound him to the old life. There was no danger of his forgetting; the grave that was made in Scarborough would always be the Mecca of his thoughts, and the trio of friends he left there would live in his memory without corresponding lines of drawn-out friendliness.

(To be Continued.)

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOK.

BY H. L. READ.

(National Temperance Society, New York.)

What good comes to persons from the habitual use of alcoholic drinks?

There is no good that comes to persons from the habitual use of alcoholic drinks.

What happiness comes to persons from this source?

There is no happiness that comes to persons from this source.

Do persons receive pleasure from the habitual use of alcoholic drinks?

At the first they do—an animal pleasure that comes of undue nervous excitement which lasts but a little and is always followed by corresponding nervous depression, which is well-nigh unbearable always, and horrible as the indulgence goes on.

What harm comes to a person through the habitual use of alcoholic drinks?

All harm that can come from—

A diseased body,

A shattered mind,

A paralyzed will,

A troubled conscience,

The loss of personal estate,

The loss of good name,

The loss of self-respect,

The loss of hope,

and at length,

LOSS

entire and eternal.

Where is the only safety?

The only safety is, in never beginning the drinking habit.

THE CAPTAIN AND THE CABIN-BOYS.

Two youths, Henry and Charles, engaged as cabin-boys on board the *Isaac*, were bound for Calcutta. They soon became favorites with the captain—Henry, because he was willing and obliging; Charles on account of his sprightliness and wit. Henry, being the only son of a widow, had chosen a sailor's life from a love of the sea and a desire to assist in supporting his mother and younger sister; Charles the son of a rich man, simply from love of adventure and a desire to free himself from the restraints of home. One day, when both had performed their respective duties unusually well, the captain offered them as a reward a glass of wine. Henry politely declined touching his, while Charles thankfully accepted the cup handed him and quaffed its contents. The captain sternly and angrily commanded Henry to drink; but he assured him he could not. The captain then demanded how he dared disobey him. The frank, manly reply of the noble boy was: "I promised my mother never to touch a drop."

These boys grew up to be young men—Henry, honest, temperate, and respectable; Charles, vicious, blasphemous, and intemperate. The captain finally expostulated with Charles upon his habits and wicked course, entreating him to leave off drinking. With a contemptuous sneer he replied: "Do you know who gave me my first glass?"

"No, sir."

"Captain Saunders, it was you."

Soon after the captain sought Henry, and said to him: "You were right in refusing that glass of wine I offered you years ago. How thankful I am you had sufficient courage to do so! I might have had two ruined souls to answer for, instead of one."

—Ea.

PUZZLES.

CHARADES.

(Three words.)

My first is a business carried on—  
The world, no doubt, could spare it,  
For grief it brings to many a one,  
And guiltless ones must share it.

My second is he who the business tends,  
And of him it may be said,  
'Tis pity he cannot make amends  
For the ruin his work doth spread.

Third is the place where the work is done  
In heat and steam and fume;  
Far better it ne'er had begun,  
Or drenched men's brains in spume.

COUNTRESS DUFFERIN'S CONUNDRUM.

My first, I hope you are; my second, I see you are; my whole, I know you are.

DOUBLE CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in lass, though not in boy;  
My second is in Talcott, but not in Roy;  
My third is in inn, though not in hotel;  
My fourth is in hit, though not in fall;  
My fifth is in cat, but not in dog;  
My sixth is in chicken, but not in hog;  
My seventh is in old but not in young;  
My eighth is in lauded and not in sung;  
My ninth is in Paul and not in Roy;  
My tenth is in lass and not in boy;  
And now proceed right merrily;  
Work out the answer cheerily;  
Two names you'll find, I'm sure my friend,  
Of him who certain gifts doth send.

AN ANCIENT RIDDLE.

He went to the wood and caught it,  
He sat him down and sought it;  
Because he could not find it,  
Home with him he brought it.

PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL.

1, 2, 3.  
'Tis neither young nor fresh nor new;  
In this word you have the clue  
4, 5, 6.  
This is a sea fish, a kind of whale;  
Now look sharp or here you'll fail.  
7, 8, 9, 10.  
This is solid, obdurate, firm;  
To some true hearts apply the term.  
11, 12, 13, 14, 15.  
On this strand we sometimes walk;  
Ride or bathe or lounge and talk.

WHOLE.

A summer resort, but we'll tell no more;  
Just take your map and follow the shore.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

LOED MACAULAY'S ENIGMA. Cod.

CHARADES.—1 A pair of bellows. 2 Fore and hind wheels of a coach. ENIGMATIC AUTHORS. 1 Shakespeare. 2 Homer (see myrtle). 3 Virgil (orge-ll) 4 De-foe (Joc-ice) 5 Hawthorne.

GEOGRAPHICAL JUMBLE.—A thrifty lady in a dress of Parmatta, and carrying a scandal-wood fan, went out to buy a new set of China. She had a desire to shine in Society, and sent for her three sisters, Florence, Augusta, and Aurora, to aid in her selection. Having bought some delicate cups and saucers from Paris, plates from Berlin, and carved platters from the Alps, she proceeded to order a supper. She bought wheat, figs, grapes, sardines, and many other things. Lighting her saloon, she found the Wick of the candles troublesome. She called her servant, Ben Nevis, and ordered him to bring her oil from the sea of Jenkotsk. Her carpets were Brussels, her perfumes came from Cologne, her coal from Newcastle, and her knives and forks from Sheffield and Birmingham.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.—In the first horizontal row, 2, 9, 4; in the second, 7, 5, 2; in the third, 6, 1, 8.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Annie Jane Kennedy.

THE NURSE should never seat herself nor allow a visitor to be seated, nor any object to attract attention to be placed in such a position as to strain the patient's eyes to look at them; a chair should be placed half way down from the head toward the foot of the bed. In this position neither patient nor visitor receives each other's breath, and neither eyes nor ears need be strained for sight or sound; over-sensitive ears may require a greater distance, but of this the nurse should have knowledge, and quietly call the attention of the visitor to the fact, and remove the seat to the requisite distance. The nurse should also not fail to gently notify the visitor when the call has been prolonged as far as is for the patient's good.—*Laws of Life.*