

'Your honor, where shall I plough for?' 'Do you see that red calf over there on the other side of the field, Pat?' said the boss. 'I do, you honor.' 'Well, plough for that.' 'I will,' said Pat, and he started the horses up. The farmer proceeded on his way to mill, and Pat proceeded to plough for the calf. About the time he started, however, the calf started, and he followed it around over the field until the horn blew for dinner, and the only thing he accomplished in all that time was to plough the longest and crookedest furrow that was ever seen outside of real life. That looks very foolish, but it is wisdom compared to the way a young man will start out in life without having any thought or care as to where he is going to come out. Don't do that, boys, but put down some stakes that mean something before you start, for unless you do, the red calf of pleasure will spring up and lead you a long winding and wasted way that can only end in a lost and blighted life.—'Ram's Horn.'

A 'Band of Mercy' Girl.

A coal cart was delivering an order in Clinton place the other day, and the horse made two or three great efforts to back the heavily loaded cart to the spot desired, and then became obstinate. The driver began to beat the animal, and this quickly collected a crowd. He was a big fellow, with a fierce look in his eyes, and the onlookers were chary about interfering, knowing what would follow. 'I pity the horse, but don't want to get into a row,' remarked one.

'I'm not in the least afraid to tackle him,' put in a young man with a long neck, 'but about the time I get him down along would come a policeman and arrest us both.'

The driver was beating the horse, and nothing was being done about it, when a little girl about eight years old approached and said,

'Please mister.'

'Well, what yer want.'

'If you'll only stop I'll get all the children around here and we'll carry every bit of the coal to the manhole and let you rest while we're doing it.'

The man stood up and looked around in a defiant way, but meeting with only pleasant looks he began to give in, and after a moment he smiled and said:

'Mebbe he didn't deserve it, but I'm out of sorts to-day. There goes the whip, and perhaps a lift on the wheels will help him.'

The crowd swarmed around the cart, a hundred hands helped to push, and the old horse had the cart to the spot with one effort.—New York 'Sun.'

The Desired Guest.

(Eleanor Marchant, in the N.E. 'Homestead.')

The two most important qualities of a guest are tact and observation, and these must lead you to notice and do just what will give pleasure to your friends in their different ways of living.

I am quite sure all my girl readers would, if possible, let their hostess know the day and hour of their arrival. Surprises are very well in their way, but few households care to have a friend drop in without warning, for a protracted visit. Let your friends know, too, soon after your arrival, the probable length of your stay, as they might be diffident about asking you, and yet find it convenient to know. A visitor has no excuse to keep her hostess waiting, and it is unpardonably rude not to be prompt at meals.

Keep your own room in order, and do not leave your belongings all over the house. If your friends are very orderly, it will annoy them excessively; and if not, their own disorder will be enough. Do not be too hasty about expressing your likes and dislikes for the menu placed before you. I knew of a western girl visiting a friend in an eastern town, to remark at the breakfast table, that she considered no breakfast to be complete without a fruit course.

Make up your mind to be easily entertained. If your friends invite you to join

them in an excursion, express your pleasure and readiness to go. No guests are so tiresome as those who do not meet halfway a hostess's proposals made for their pleasure. Still, I should advise you to take some work, already begun, or a book you are reading, that you may be employed when your hostess is engaged with her own affairs, and not be sitting about as though waiting to be entertained. A lady I once knew told me she never took a nap at home, 'And yet I do,' she said, 'when I am away visiting, as I know what a relief it has been to me, at times, to have company take a nap after dinner.'

While visiting, remember you will probably meet many who are strangers to you, and they may not seem specially attractive, still they may be dear and valued friends of the family you are visiting. Be careful about criticising them, and whatever peculiarities you may observe in the guests or family, do not sin against the law of love by repeating things to their disadvantage which you may have noticed when admitted to the sanctuary of the home.

I should not even ask a servant to do for me what I could easily do myself. The family had their time filled up before you came, and you must remember you are an extra one and will make some difference. Provide yourself with all such necessities as ink, pens, paper and postage stamps, so you will not start your visit by borrowing from your friends.

On leaving, do not forget to express your appreciation of the kindness which has been shown you; and also remember your 'bread and butter' letter, which should be written to inform your friends of your safe arrival home. If you will follow faithfully these few hints, I am sure you will be invited to go again, and will be a guest who will be 'a joy forever' to your friends.

Waiting for Her Boy.

A few years ago, in one of the growing cities of New York State, there was a home into which the great sorrow of a father's death had entered. The sons, of whom there were several, were of a nervous temperament, full of animation and exposed to many temptations which endanger the youth in large cities.

The widowed mother realized the vast importance of her responsibility, and many a time did she look upward toward the heavenly Father for divine aid in the guidance of her fatherless boys. She made it a rule never to retire for rest at night until all her sons were at home. But as the boys grew older, this became a severe tax both on her time and health, often keeping the faithful mother watching until the midnight hour.

One of her boys displayed a talent for music and became a skilful violinist. He drifted among the wrong class of people and was soon at balls and parties that seldom dispersed until the early hours of day.

Upon one occasion it was nearly 7 o'clock in the morning before he went to his home. Entering the house and opening the door of the sitting-room, he saw a sight that never can be effaced from his memory.

In the old rocking-chair sat his aged mother fast asleep, but evidently she had been weeping. Her frilled cap, as white as snow, covered her gray hair; the knitting had fallen from her hands, while the tallow from the candle had run over the candlestick and down her dress.

Going up to her, the young man exclaimed: 'Why, mother! What are you doing here?'

His voice startled her, and, upon the question being repeated, she attempted to rise, and piteously, but, oh, so tenderly looking up into his face, said: 'I am waiting for my boy.'

The sad look and those words, so expressive of that long night's anxiety, quite overcame the lad, and, throwing his arms around her, he said:

'Dear mother, you shall never wait again like this for me.'

That resolution has never been broken. But since then that mother has passed into the world beyond, where she still watches and waits, but not in sorrow, for her boy.—'Classmate.'

Do Buy!

(Harriette Burch, in 'Child's Companion.')

Nellie Bruce was sauntering along one of the great thoroughfares one half-holiday.

The girls in her form were getting up a presentation to one of their number who was leaving the school, and the important question, what they should buy, had yet to be decided.

The chief question in her own mind however, was 'how much shall I give?'

She had made the discovery that the estimation in which school-girls often hold each other depends largely upon how much pocket-money they have to spend.

Now Nellie's pocket-money was not so large as her ambition, and she had been planning very hard how to make it go as far as she could.

She was not particularly fond of Madeline Galton, but Madeline's father was well off, and the other girls were bent on making her a handsome present, and Nellie wasn't going to be behind the rest.

Five shillings out of her savings would leave her next to nothing, and she wanted to spare enough to buy a plush photograph frame for her mother's birthday.

'I need not give so much unless I like—but then if the others do—'

'Three a penny lemons, lady—beautiful lemons!' sounded at one elbow.

'Watercress, lady!' piped up in the same moment at the other.

Two little dark-eyed urchins were trying to stop her, while by the kerb behind a box, on which were spread a dozen or so of lemons and a few bunches of watercress, was a girl of about her own age.

'Do buy them, lady!' pleaded she, bending forward over the little stall. 'Mother's took bad. If we can't pay the rent they'll turn her out into the cold street. There isn't no one to bring home any money on Saturday night now.'

'Haven't you any father?' asked Nellie.

'He slipped off the barge and got drowned little better nor a month ago, lady! and now mother's fell ill, what shall we do? The rent is three shillings and ninepence; mother had a shilling saved, only we had to take it for bread. Do buy, lady. You can see for yourself if you like; it's only just down the court.'

'I don't want any,' answered Nellie, turning resolutely away; but all the way home that plaintive cry kept sounding in her ears—

'Three a penny lemons! Do buy! Do buy!'

'What are you girls going to give Madeline Galton?' asked her mother as they were sitting down to tea.

'I don't know,' hesitated Nellie. 'Oh, mother,' cried she, 'there is a poor woman in a court down the road. She will be turned out if she can't pay her rent.' And in a few, quick, excited words she told Mrs. Bruce all.

'Do help her, mother; I'm sure it is true.'

Mrs. Bruce looked very pained.

'I cannot, my dear. I have already spent a large sum out of my housekeeping money this week in charity. However, if you can spare something out of your own purse to save the poor family, I will gladly go with you to inquire if the girl's story is true.'

When Mrs. Bruce went into Nellie's room that night before retiring to rest, she found her just creeping into bed.

'I have had a hard fight with my pride, mother,' she said, flinging her arms round her mother's neck; 'but I have got the victory at last. The poor sick woman shall not be turned out! Madeline will have to be content with what is left.'

And in Nellie's case the words came true—'He that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he.'

It is very hard when we have done wrong to own up frankly and say we are sorry. No one really enjoys 'eating humble pie,' but there is no humiliation in an apology. The real humiliation comes when we lower our standard to do that which requires an apology. This is the thing we should be too proud to do.