THE BOY WHO HELPS HIS MOTHER.

As I went down the street to-day,
I saw a little lad
Whose face was just the kind of face
To make a person glad.
It was so plump and rosy-cheeked,
So cheerful and so bright,
It made me think of apple time,
And filled me with delight.

I saw him busily at work,
While, blithe as blackbird's song,
His merry, mellow whistle rang
The pleasant street along.
"Oh, that's the kind of lad I like!"
I thought, as I passed by.
"These busy, cheery, whistling boys
Make grand men by and by."

Just then a playmate came along,
And leaned across the gate,
A plan that promised lots of fun
And frolic to relate.
"The boys are waiting for us now,
So hurry up!" he cried.
My little whistler shook his head,
And "Can't come," he replied.

"Can't come? Why not, I'd like to know?
What hinders?" asked the other.
"Why, don't you see?" came the reply,
"I'm busy helping mother.
She's lots to do, and so I like
To help her all I can;
So I've no time for fun just now,"
Said this dear little man.

"I like to hear you talk like that,"
I told the little lad;
"Help mother all you can, and make
Her kind heart light and glad."
It does me good to think of him,
And know that there are others
Who, like this manly little boy,
Take hold and help their mothers.
—*Golden Days.*

THE HOME.

Grandmothers.

The hill may be steep over which we climb to reach the house where our grandmother dwells, yet no road in all the world is trodden with greater ease, or more often. Little hands tug at the latch of the old worn out gate, while bare brown feet are bringing the fresh atmosphere of childhood to bless the old home and its inmate. That there are pieces of pie and odd cakes hidden within the mysterious recesses of those old-fashioned cupboards every child can testify. For these same seductive influences have been brought to bear so often upon the impressible childish nature, that it would not be grandmother's house and grandmother's hospitality without them.

There are pretty brown eyed Susans growing in the garden beds, and pale lavender with sweet-smelling blossoms. Under the crooked trees of the orchard there lie apples mellowing, and pears to be had for the asking. That we make a daily pilgrimage "round grandmother's way" to school, is not to be wondered at, since we daily go in to be made much more of than if we were to stay at home for a twelvemonth, and come out again more than satisfied with the result of our morning call.

But grandmother is fond of attention, too, from even the smallest child, and will relish immensely small acts of courtesy offered as need occurs. Little deeds of love to those who are older it is a child's privilege to offer, and will bring its own reward. And whether grandmother lives in the oldest of homes, grown old like it, her hair white with the years, or strong and stately still in her own quiet way, always old to the child, she will be grandmother still, with grandmother's charming courtesy shown always to the childish guest, yet having a right to look for the same fine courtesy from the child—the loving, tender courtesy of the young to the old.—*Christian at Work.*

Husks of a Fashionable Life.

It is a belief with many young women that happiness is often built upon mere social position. Let me tell you, my young reader, that the position which mere society gives you is one of the sources of least satisfaction. I will tell you the story of a young woman who had this belief, and carried it out in her life. Her father's house was plain, most of the people who came there were plain, but, by a change in fortune, such as sometimes comes, a hand had been offered that led her into a brilliant sphere. All the neighbors congratulated her on her grand prospects; but what an exchange! On her side it was a heart full of generous impulse and affection. On his side it was a soul dry and withered as the stubble of the field. On her side it was a father's house, where God was honored and the Sabbath light flooded the rooms with the very mirth of heaven. On his side it was a gorgeous residence, and the coming of mighty men to be entertained there; but within it were revelry and godlessness. Hardly had the orange blossoms of the marriage feast lost their fragrance than the night of discontent began to cast here and there its shadow. The ring on her finger was only one link of an iron chain that was to bind her eternally captive. Cruelties and unkindness changed all those splendid trappings into a hollow mockery. The platters of solid silver, the caskets of pure gold, the head dress of gleaming diamonds, were there; but no God, no peace, no kind words, no Christian sympathy. The festive music that broke on the captive's ear turned out to be a dirge, and the wreaths in the plush were reptile coils, and the upholstery that swayed in the wind was the wing of a destroying angel, and the bead-drops on the pitcher wese the sweat of everlasting despair. O, how many rivalries and unhappinesses among those who seek in social life their chief happiness! It matters not how fine you have things, there are other people who have it finer. Taking out your watch to tell the hour of day, seme one will correct your time-piece by pulling out a watch more richly chased and jewelled. Ride in a carriage that cost you eight hundred dollars, and before you get around the park you will meet one that will cost two thousand dollars. Have on your wall a picture by Crepsey, and before night you will hear of some one who has a picture fresh from the studio of Church or Bierstadt. All that this world can do for you in ribbons, in silver, in gold, in Axminster plush, in Gobelin tapestry, in wide halls, in lordly acquaintanceship, will not give you the ten thousandth part of a grain of solid satisfaction. Mere social position will never give happiness to a woman's soul. I have walked through the halls of, those who despise the common people; I have sat at their banquets; I have had their friendship; yes, I have heard from their own lips the story of their disquietude; and I tell you, young women, that they who build their soul's immortal happiness on mere social position are building on the sand. —*Ladies' Home Journal.*

THE FARM.

— ASHES FOR TREES.—A simple, homely remedy for many tree ailments and enemies is wood ashes: or, if not to be had, coal ashes with a sprinkling of lime—but ashes; ashes to be used freely before mulching (against frost or drouth); after mulching, that no tree enemies may harbor therein, the mulching itself, when gathered up, to be burned and returned to the trees. Young trees should have plenty of iron filings or cinders around the roots when planted. If the iron is not needed it will not be absorbed, therefore there can be no harm in the use.

— Successful gardening means a plentiful application of fertilizers, and indeed there should be more attention given to saving manure on the farm than is now bestowed. Our land is mostly very fertile naturally, but manure does not hurt any land, and the time will come when either we or those who come after us must fertilize the land. But the garden needs manure, and we would raise the best garden crops. In the first place we should have a barnyard that is fitted for saving the manure. If the yard is one that permits all the drainage to run to waste, we shall lose a good deal. The drainage should be taken care of somehow, it being left to the individual judgment in each case as to how best to do that. Then in piling up manure, it is much better to put it into a flat heap. If you pile horse manure on a high, loose place, fermentation will be excessive and a vast deal of ammonia will be wasted. If it is put into a flat pile, the process of fermentation can be regulated, for when it is too great the pile can be trodden down. That will check fermentation.—*Western Rural.*

— The farm is the foundation of all other callings which trace their roots back to the soil, and the farmer is the basis of all national strength. The dweller in the city may in the hour of danger take worldly wealth and flee, or, if his wealth is in buildings, may have them destroyed in an hour. Not so with the farmer. If he leaves his farm he leaves all. The buildings are the minor part of his wealth. National instinct compels him to fight for his home and country, although men in all other callings may run away. His calling is the base of all progress and prosperity, and he should, from the fact of his position, stand at the head intellectually, socially and politically, under a free government like ours. It is the man that honors the calling, and not the calling that honors the man. The farmer must occupy the position which he qualifies himself to fill, and he cannot reasonably expect to occupy any higher one. All depends upon himself. In a recent lecture Professor Brewer, of Yale College, well illustrated this idea by a case which came under his own observation. A man bought a farm for $20 an acre. He so improved it that in a few years he was offered $300 an acre for it. At his death it sold for $250 an acre. In a few years the purchaser sold it for $160 an acre to a man who finally disposed of it for $12 an acre. Here it was plainly the men and not the farm that determined the value. It is so in all cases. Although there is a difference in farms owing to location and the nature of the soil, yet there is a wider difference in the men who run them, and the laggards must ere long drop out in accordance with the law of the survival of the fittest.—*Mirror and Farm.*

A Variety of Vegetables.

Owners of land, whether gardens or farms, can have no excuse for not growing vegetables in variety and in sufficient quantity, at least to supply all the wants of the owner's family. Those who have been in the habit of doing this under stand the advantage of such a course, and those who have not cannot realize how much they lose by neglect. It is perfectly easy to have fresh vegetables on one's table from early spring to almost, or quite, spring again. They are certainly healthful as well as pleasant food.

Why should one be content with only potatoes, and possibly cabbage in addition, when he can have asparagus, early, middling and late peas, beans, string and shelled, radishes, cucumbers, corn, spinach, dandelions, beets, parsnips, squashes, melons, cauliflower, cabbages, celery, turnips, lettuce, and many other vegetables if he wish to extend the list? Think of the real satisfaction one may have from eating of all the vegetables he may grow, the different flavors, all of which are pleasant to the taste of most people. Let no one who can have a vegetable garden neglect to plant it and care for it.

TEMPERANCE.

Local Option.

Rev. B. W. Williams in a strong article in *The Union Signal* analyzes local option in the following forcible manner:

Local option is a mixture of good and evil, and sometimes it would seem doubtful as to which preponderates. Some conscientious friends of the temperance cause favor local option, while others refuse to accept it as a temperance measure. I will here endeavor to set forth its advantages and disadvantages, and then leave the reader to judge wherein safety appears.

There are many objectionable features connected with local option, some of which I will here enumerate.

It is vitally related to license. It presupposes a license law, and is engrafted upon such a law as a compromise measure, and may be regarded as the last concession of the liquor interest.

It is too limited in its boundary. It is confined to its own immediate precinct, and cannot advance into the enemy's country and assist other struggling communities.

It involves a contradictory attitude toward evil. It pronounces the liquor traffic legally right in one county, and illegal and criminal in another, thus making crime a matter of localities and majorities.

It puts a question of moral right to the test of the ballot. No government on earth would allow its subjects in the various localities to decide by a popular vote whether they shall permit other crimes, such as theft, murder, seduction, etc., and why the crime of drunkard making?

It disintegrates and divides the temperance army into little detachments, to separately fight their own battles, without help or encouragement from other localities; and this, too, in the face of consolidated and well disciplined foes. What general would thus attempt to repel a foreign invasion?

It acts as an opiate to the public conscience, proclaiming itself a finality, and tending to prevent further agitation in favor of prohibition. Its advocates strive only for mere local success, and lose interest in the great national contest against the rum power.

Let us strenuously oppose all license laws, even if they be sugar coated with local option provisions. Where they do prevail, and elections are held under them, we should, of course, vote against license. Then, if successful, we should try to cut off the option feature of the local law, and secure it against the machinations of the liquor demagogues.

— Beer drinking is rapidly increasing in the United States, the quantity consumed rising from 8,383,720 barrels in 1875 to 25,098,765 barrels in 1889. This is almost half a barrel for every person in the country. But the quantity of distilled liquors used is steadily decreasing. In 1860, with not much more than one-half our present population, 89,968,651 gallons of spirits were sold, while last year the amount fell to less than 77,000,000 gallons. Just now distillers and brewers are each trying to prove that the other is producing liquor that works the greater harm. An effort is being made to prevent by legislation the manufacture of beer from glucose and other deleterious articles, and as a result of this warfare some gain may be hoped for in the interest of total abstainers.

— A CHANCE FOR OUR YOUTHS.—The Logansport *Times* is up to the times. It offers a prize of a solid gold ring to the boy or girl under 15 years of age who sends the best solution to the following questions: "Intoxicating liquors cost every year $600,000,000. 1. If as much more is lost by wasted time, shortened lives, men and material misemployed, what is the total loss by intoxicating liquors? 2. How much would it be in ten years? 3. How many churches could you build with this sum at $20,000 apiece? 4. How many school houses at $5,000? 5. How many homes for the poor at $2,000? 6. How many Bibles could be sent to the heathen at 50 cents each? 7. How many missionaries at $800? 8. How many towns would have a $5,000 library? 9. Would there be hard times if all this money were spent aright?

— NO HARD TIMES THERE.—The laboring man pays his ten, fifteen, twenty, fifty, one hundred cents tribute daily to the saloon men and complains about hard times. Does the saloon keeper complain about hard times? Oh, no; he flashes his jewelry and plate mirrors and cut glass just the same. Hard times don't affect him. He educates the children of Omaha and uneducates the fathers. By and by he will have a chance at those same children. They will be men after awhile, and he will try his hand on them, too. Oh, yes, high license builds up a community—the saloon part of it.—*Appeal.*

— THE BRITISH DRINK BILL.—Dr. Dawson Burns, upon whom the mantle of the late Mr. William Hoyle has fallen, has calculated the annual drink bill for the year 1889. As compared with 1888 the figures are by no means creditable. In the former year the drink bill was £124,615,347, in the latter £132,213,276. As the prosperity of the nation has revived the expenditure of the nation in drink has increased by over seven and a half millions, or about 6½ per cent. In round figures half a million is due to the increased expenditure on wines and half a million more on foreign and colonial spirits, six and a half millions being the increase on beer and British spirits. This points to the fact that as wages have increased a large portion of the industrial classes have been more lavish in their expenditure upon drink. The annual expenditure per head has gone up from £3 6s. 8d. to £3 9s. 11d.

— THAT DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.—It appears that the famous text in Lev. 8: 18, on which the opponents of marriage with a deceased wife's sister base their principal argument, has hitherto been wrongly translated. Prof. Schroeder, the President of the Imperial German Commission for the revision of the Bible, says the verse means that a man must not take his sister-in-law as his wife while her sister is alive. That is to say, that he must not have two wives living at the same time in his house who are sisters. Luther's text essentially agrees with this. —*Exchange.*

WHEN THE HAIR

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A Rich Brown

or even black. It will not soil the pillow-case nor a pocket-handkerchief, and is always agreeable. All the dirty, gummy hair preparations should be displaced at once by Ayer's Hair Vigor, and thousands who go around with heads looking like 'the fretful porcupine' should hurry to the nearest drug store and purchase a bottle of the Vigor."—*The Sunny South*, Atlanta, Ga.

"Ayer's Hair Vigor is excellent for the hair. It stimulates the growth, cures baldness, restores the natural color, cleanses the scalp, prevents dandruff, and is a good dressing. We know that Ayer's Hair Vigor differs from most hair tonics and similar preparations, it being perfectly harmless."—From *Economical Housekeeping*, by Ellen R. Parker.

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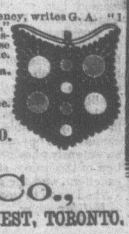

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