

day and I spent it all, yet I have come home empty-handed."

As he spoke the pearl on his breast shone with a radiance that filled the court.

"What is in the wallet on your shoulder?" said the king.

"Nothing but a few relics," the young man answered, as he emptied his wallet. The courtiers smiled in scorn as they saw an old book, a lock of golden hair, a broken crutch, a few faded flowers.

"My father," he said, "I knew not what pain, sorrow and want there was in the world, until I followed an angel called Love. An old man was trying to read in this book, but his eyes were dim, so I stayed and read to him, and when he died he left the book to me."

"I bought this crutch for a poor cripple lad, and before he died he asked me to break it and keep it in memory of him."

"This lock of golden hair once belonged to a little child. I used to talk to her as she lay in her little bed, and when she was cold and still her mother cut off this curl and gave it to me."

There was silence in the room, and the little relics began to shine like gold. The king touched them with his sceptre, and instead of fading they grew brighter still, turning all the objects near them to pure gold.

"Which of my sons is fittest to rule?" asked the king.

All the courtiers answered, "The last. He is wise, for he knows the secret which turns all things to real, lasting gold. He is happy, for he makes others happy."

This story hardly needs to be explained. You know that we are all children of a King. Are we buying with the golden hours given us each day things, which will be really of value when looked at in the light—the searching light of the last Great Day?

Those who spend all their hours in the pursuit of selfish happiness, or of wisdom which is only for this world, will some day find themselves terribly poor. Let us buy some gifts which our Father will accept with the golden hours He gives us.

Only a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket would soon be empty
Without the drops in the well.

A few little bits of ribbon
And some toys that were not new,
But they made the sick child happy,
Which has made me happy too.

A word now and then of comfort,
That cost me nothing to say;
But the poor old man died happy;
And it helped him on his way.

God loveth the cheerful giver,
Tho' the gift be poor and small.
What doth he think of His children
When they never give at all?

COUSIN DOROTHY.

Domestic Economy.

To remove ink spots from gingham, wet the spots with milk and cover them with common salt. Let stand some hours, then rinse in several waters.

To clean a kettle in which onions or other rank vegetables have been cooked, rub with a cloth dipped in hot strong soda water, then wash in soapy water.

A good way to fix your beeswax: Place between two pieces of paper and keep it near at hand, so that when the starch sticks you can readily rub the iron over it.

When making mince pies, the fat that rises to the top of the liquid in which the meat was boiled may be skimmed off and utilized to good advantage in the place of suet.

A few drops of oil of lavender poured into a glass of very hot water will purify the air in a room almost instantly from cooking odors, and is especially refreshing in a sick room.

To clean decanters, get some old pieces of blotting-paper and soap them well, roll the bits up small, and put about twenty little pieces into the bottle to be cleaned, then half fill the decanter with warm water. Let it stand five minutes, and then shake well for another five minutes. Rinse with cold water and set it to drain; when dry it will be beautifully clear and bright.

Clothespins need washing occasionally to keep them in good condition. It is a good plan to put them in the boiler after the clothes have been taken out. After they have had a good wash they should be thoroughly rinsed in clean water.

A Curse that Came Home.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

Farmer Leslie sat smoking in his doorway in the most contented frame of mind possible to a man, for he was at that moment basking in the warm sunshine of prosperity. It gave him a great content, but it was purely an animal content—no chord of his higher nature was touched. As far as the eye could see, the hills and the fields were his. The excellent woman attending to his comfort within the dwelling, was his. The bright girl sewing at an upper window, and the handsome boy galloping along the valley on his new pony, were his children. The great barn filled with the harvested grain was his. He did not look up and claim the sky, but all else about him was of value as a part of his domain. "Me and mine," was the refrain of his song.

At that moment something came around the corner of the house that did not belong to him, and it gave him a shock—a very disagreeable thrill, that was mostly disgust, and no quality of fear in it. The something was a tramp. The name is synonymous with obliquity, and this specimen did not belie the name. He shivered in the sunlight as if he had the ague. His rags stood out like splinters of distress, telling of a long friction with time. His limbs had that flaccid, relaxed motion which is typical of the drunken vagabond. His eyes were bloodshot. The only redeeming features were his voice, which was musical and pathetic, and his manner, which was that of a man who had not always tramped the thoroughfares of the world.

"Sir," he said, touching the rim of a despoiled hat, "will you be so kind as to give me a bite to eat—I am very hungry?"

One would suppose, that sitting there in the sunlight of his own happiness, Farmer Leslie, the prosperous man, would have given a generous meal to the off-scouring of humanity—but he did nothing of the kind.

"Be off," he said, "or I'll set the dog on you!"

"I will work," began the tramp.

"Oh, you will? I don't need your help. I have men to work for me, not such cattle as you."

Ah, it cut to the quick, as he intended it should. The tramp made a savage spring forward, and a look of vindictive rage crossed his features—then he stopped, swung around and walked away.

"Cattle!" He flung the words out with bitterness. You're right, friend, only—cattle that are made in God's image, and human."

"So the fellow's had a schooling," was all the comment the farmer made. He did not see a humanitarian episode that was transacted at his backdoor, when his good wife, who had overheard the dialogue, handed out some bread and meat to the tramp.

No, Farmer Leslie knew nothing of that. He was watching a speck far down in the valley that was a whole world to him, his boy galloping about from farmhouse to farmhouse, where his playfellows lived, showing them his new possession, the pony his father had given him for a birthday present.

Farmer Leslie did have soft spots in his heart, but, as I have said, they were for "me and mine." He gave no further thought to the wretched, disheartened man he had repulsed. He did not stop to gently scan his brother man, and he did not believe that to step aside is human. So he put the object out of his mind, and gave himself up to the contemplation of pleasanter themes.

The tramp lay on the side of a hill far enough from the house to be unrecognizable, and ate Mrs. Leslie's bounty in a semi-savage mood. These were not his real table manners—he had not forgotten them, but if each mouthful he devoured had been the head of an enemy he could not have been more ghoulish or vicious. Every few moments he would burst into anathemas of speech:

"Cattle! What is he? I'd like to make him suffer—yes, I would. Oh, I could die happy just to see that man in my place."

He lay and watched the man he hated, but he divided his attention. His bloodshot, agonized eyes were fixed now on the splendid barn that had cost the farmer so many thousands of dollars, and was the pride of the surrounding country. The fellow writhed with impatience.

"I hope you'll read the writing on the wall, and recognize the tramp's hand. I hope he'll—ha—it's working!"

He saw a thin spiral of smoke rising like a crooked forefinger from the roof of the barn. The farmer sitting now with his back turned did not see it.

The tramp watched it and smiled as Cain might have smiled when he slew Abel. He gesticulated fiercely as if to sustain himself in some awful deed; then another look came into his face as he saw a boy ride gaily up to the barn, turn his horse loose, and, carrying the saddle on his arm, disappear inside.

One two three minutes passed. Nothing had changed except the aspect of that thin spiral of smoke. It was now a column cut off from the roof by a blaze that the sunlight shielded. Farmer Leslie was asleep in his chair.

The tramp rose to his feet. His expression, and the evil purpose that had possessed him, changed to a look of disreputable virtue. His form expanded and grew taller, but he stood as if rooted to the hills.

Farmer Leslie was aroused now. His wife and daughter were running here and there, shrieking fire,

and he was wildly calling for help, to which summons his men, working in the field, responded. But there was no help that could save the smoldering mass, and no man could enter that fiery furnace.

"Let it burn," shouted the farmer; "Thank God we are all here."

And at that moment his eyes fell on his son's pony grazing in the field near by.

"Alfred!" he shouted. "Is he in the house? Where is Alfred?"

A man darted past him and disappeared in that seething mass of flame and smoke. The group paid no attention to him, but ran distractedly about, calling the name of the boy, who was the pride of their lives.

Then there was a cry from within, a smothered cry, taken up and re-echoed by those outside as they recognized his voice.

"It is my boy—let me get to him," shouted Farmer Leslie, struggling in the hands of his men, "I will save him or die with him."

But they could see the shadow of a man, who walked like Shadrach of old in the fiery furnace, but unlike him there was the smell of fire on his garments, and if the Saviour of men walked with him, their eyes were hidden that they could not see. He carried a burden that he had covered with his tattered coat. The fire fought for him, and wound its long tendrils around him. It put out the light of those bloodshot eyes forever. He was literally blazing when he gathered up the last remnant of his strength, and threw his burden to those who met him half way. Then there was a roar and a crash, and never had a man a more magnificent funeral pyre than this would have made. But he stumbled just outside, and a fallen beam pinned him to the earth.

"He saved me, father—I was asleep and he just caught me up in his arms and ran with me, and, oh, father, you will give him money and clothes, and he shall have my pony and everything."

"Yes, yes, please God I will make a man of him," said the farmer as he bent anxiously over the tramp, who, blind and broken, was coming back to consciousness.

"Father—mother," he murmured, "are—you—you—both—here? Take—my—hand."

Mrs. Leslie and her husband sank sobbing on their knees, and each took a hand of the poor outcast.

"It's—getting—light," he said, "I must get—up."

He tried to rise, but the effort was useless. His poor head refused to move.

"I know," he said in a clear voice, "it's—the—boy. Is—he—safe?"

"Safe, and it is you who saved him. Live, my friend, that we may show you how grateful we are," said the farmer, suddenly humanized.

"Yes—I—saved him—and lost myself. Perhaps God will know, and take this into account. Forgive me."

"What! For saving my boy's life?"

"No." There was a brief death agony, then a look of peace as life's latest breath drifted with the words. "I would have been a murderer if I had let him die in the flames—that—my—hand—kindled!"—Detroit Free Press.

Happy Little Blind Girl.

The pathetic little story of a blind girl is told by Ian MacLaren, in Frank Leslie's Magazine:

"If I dinna see"—and she spoke as if this was a matter of doubt and she were making a concession for argument's sake—"there's naeboddy in the Glen can hear like me. There's no a foot-step of a Drumtochy man comes to the door but I ken his name, and there's no voice oot of the road that I canna tell. The birds sing sweeter to me than to anybody else, and I can hear them cheeping to one another in the bushes before they go to sleep. And the flowers smell sweeter to me—the roses and the carnations and the bonny moss rose—and I judge that the oatcake and milk taste the richer because I dinna see them. Na, na, ye're no to think that I've been ill-treated by my God; for if He dinna give me ae thing, He gave me mony things instead.

"And mind ye; it's no as if I'd seen once and lost my sight, that micht ha' been a trial, and my faith micht ha' failed. I've lost naething; my life has been all gettinging."

Put-off Town.

Did you ever go to Put-off Town, Where the houses are old and tumbledown, And everything tarries and everything drags, With dirty streets and people in rags.

On the street of Slow lives Old Man Wait, And his two little boys, named Linger and Late, With unclean hands and tousled hair, And a naughty little sister named Don't Care.

Grandmother Growl lives in this town, With her two little daughters, called Fret and Frown; And Old Man Lazy lives all alone Around the corner at Street Postpone.

To play all day in Tarry Street, Leaving your errands for other feet; To stop, or shrink, or linger, or frown, Is the nearest way to this old town.

Why

I am proud
Because the
The farmer's

T

Take

Bun

Many

W

Turns Ea

Skims

Wea

"THE

THIS A
THE "M

PRIC

MELO

OFFIC

1

BOX 60

The well-k

Prince of Ky

Mr. Jas. Kil

mattock, died

brother to S

3,000 guinea

like that ho