

BOYS' AND GIRLS - a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

DON'T MIND BLUSHING, BUT DO NOT GIGGLE.

Here are a couple of Don'ts for you girls, which if remembered and acted upon will save you from many a "bad quarter of an hour," as the French say, for they indicate some little pitfalls into which juvenile feet are prone to tumble, through it may be, lack of early training or too readily following the irresponsible conduct of others," says a writer in McCall's Magazine.

First of all, don't giggle. I doubt whether any living creature in the world except a young girl can giggle—others—little boys, for instance, may think they can, but I really don't believe, as I said before, that anyone but a girl, and she still in her teens, can do the giggle proper. Most girls do it to perfection, but when I tell you that a giggle bears to a good, honest laugh much the same resemblance that a monkey bears to a man, you will readily understand that it is a silly habit which conduces neither to beauty nor to wit.

Don't dread, either to be seen blushing. The girl who cannot blush (if such a one exists) is fit a much worse status than she who giggles, for whereas the latter has merely contracted a habit which she can easily break herself, the former positively lacks a something in her nature which she can never hope to possess.

Why a girl should go to the "coloring up" that she positively goes so far as to seek advice as to how to do away with this charming testimony to her sensibility, or how older people can seriously tender that advice is a mystery. Blushing is the corollary of conscience—call it self-consciousness if you prefer. Anyhow, it is the outward and visible sign of those inward invisible emotions without which no heart—certainly no young heart—is perfect.

So just go on blushing, dear girls, as long as ever you can. And should the day ever dawn when you can no longer "hoist the red rose in your cheek," be very sad and sorrowful rather than jubilant over the fact, and sing a mournful little requiem in your heart for the blush that comes no more.

PACKING THE TRUNK.

When father starts to pack a trunk He dumps things helter skelter, And not a thing has got a mate In all the tumbled welter. The article he quickest needs Is at the bottom neatly. The most important one of all He overlooks completely. When mother starts to pack a trunk, Beneath her skilful fingers Just what she wants appears on top And naught forgotten lingers. The smallest and the largest thing Alike receives attention. In short she packs a trunk just like A political convention.

THE POWER OF A SONG.

Mme. Marchesi, speaking of the power of song, said: "I was singing at Edinburgh, where I have very good friends in the head master of a big public school and his wife, and it was arranged that I should have supper with them after the concert. One of my songs was Landon Ronald's 'Peace and Rest,' the idea of which is two lovers not separated by death, but lying together in the same tomb. When I came to supper with my friends, my host said to me: 'Ah, Mme. Marchesi, that song you sang, 'Peace and Rest,' had a great effect upon me. I never thought before of my wife and I being separated by death—I did not wonder at this, for he is a most happy man, full of joy of life—but since I heard you sing that song I have been thinking hard, and to-morrow I am going to buy a family vault.' I scarcely knew whether to laugh or cry, but in the end we all laughed. And surely this would be hard to beat for an example of 'what a song can do.'"

UNSPOKEN WORDS.

Unspoken words, like treasures in the mine, Are valueless until we give them birth. Like unbound gold their hidden beauties shine. Which God has made to bless and gild the earth. How sad 'twould be to see a master's hand Strike glorious notes upon a voiceless lute, But oh, what pain, when at God's own command, A heartstring thrills with kindness but is mute!

ABOUT SODA WATER.

We all like soda water, but perhaps not all of us know that there is no soda in it notwithstanding its name. It is called so because it used to be made with soda, but now, as served from the fountains, it is nothing but plain water charged with carbonic acid gas, as many persons call it. That term, however, is tantamount, for carbonic acid is a

gas, and there is no reason why that word should be added to the name. The gas is produced, for soda water purposes, usually by pouring a weak solution of sulphuric acid over marble dust.

The soda fountains are charged by pumping carbonic acid into water held in a strong, air tight vessel, from which the fountains are subsequently filled. These filled fountains are sent around to various places and are put into use by means of a screw connection with the marble case that stands on the seller's counter.

But soda water, as it is called, though much liked by many persons just as it is drawn from the fountain, would not be so popular were it not for the delicious syrups, creams, etc., with which it is flavored when served. A little syrup, perhaps with cream, is put into a glass and the stream of water charged with carbonic acid turned on. Immediately you see a rich foam in the glass, which lasts in proportion to the heaviness of the syrup.

The foam is caused by the violent agitation made by the gas as it enters the glass. It separates the particles of water and fills them into little bubbles, just as the air filled bubbles that make foam are formed by the agitation of the water of the breakers at the seashore.—Chicago News.

Friendship may have the true ring but the ring of courtship is more expensive.

THE BLUE KID SLIPPERS.

Constance looked longingly out of the window. It was such a beautiful day. The sky was deliciously blue and the air balmy with the promise of spring. To be sure, the ground was very muddy, and clear little rills of snow water merrily chased each other by the roadside, but one quite forgot to look down in the delight of looking up. That is, most people did, but maybe Constance and Nora Harrigan could not be classed as people. It had been such a temptation for Constance to dabble her toes in the water, and then put her shoes in a bit farther, until in a moment of recklessness she had followed Nora right in, splashing delightedly to and fro.

It was fun for awhile, then her feet became very cold, and creepy shivers began to chase each other up and down her back. Constance suddenly remembered that, for the best of reasons, she had been forbidden to play with Nora Harrigan. She felt very sure that her mother would disapprove strongly of her conduct. Perhaps that was why she walked home very slowly, although the creepy shivers were increasing in number and intensity.

That night a harsh, metallic cough sounded the alarm from Constance's bedroom, bringing her mother quickly to her side. "Croup!" exclaimed Mrs. Blake, as she hurriedly set about relieving the sufferer.

It was the severest attack that Constance had ever had. She was obliged to take several kinds of disagreeable medicine, and what she disliked most of all, a great spoonful of goose oil. Ugh! how she hated it. It was rubbed upon her chest which was worse yet. It made her all snarly and goosey," she declared disgustedly. Her father laughed and assured her that if she hadn't been sick she need not have been sick at all, and while she was wondering what he meant, she fell fast asleep.

Next morning brother Tom was sent to the shoemakers with her every-day shoes to have them made water-tight. It was a tedious day for the little prisoner, and she watched eagerly for three o'clock to come, when the shoes should be mended. The cobbler's shop was within sight of the parlor windows, and her mother had promised that she might go for them herself. It was such a little walk and the air so delightful that Mrs. Blake felt sure it could do her patient no harm.

The clock had scarcely finished striking when Constance was out of the house and down the steps. The little, old man who kept the shop was very deaf, but she made him understand which pair was hers at last, and with them under her arm she started briskly home. It would have been such fun to have taken Rosa Ella out in her new go-cart, if only she had not got her feet wet and had croup. Constance sighed.

After all, there was a compensation and remembering it, she quickened her steps. Rosa Ella sat, in one of the hall chairs, dressed in her best blue silk gown. Constance nodded to her brightly as she passed.

Now, although Rosa Ella had almost everything the most exacting doll could wish, her small mistress had longed for a pair of slippers which could be taken off and put on at will. Even Santa Claus had failed to fill this keenly felt want.

Constance removed her hat and jacket, hunted out her own little scissors and thimble, and drawing a piece of blue kid from her pocket, began to make tiny patterns and to turn them thoughtfully about—so that they would fit to advantage upon the small piece of leather.

"What are you trying to make, Constance?" inquired her mother. "Oh, I'm going to make Rosa Ella a pair of slippers," responded Constance, happily. "She has needed them for ever and ever so long. It's a great wonder she hasn't had croup, too."

"What a pretty piece of material! Where did you get it, dear?" asked Mrs. Blake, taking the soft blue kid into her hands and admiring it. Constance hung her head. Perhaps it had not been quite right, after all.

"It was on the floor, mamma," she replied, "and I thought it would be

swept out, so I picked it up." "Do you mean to say that you took it from Mr. Burton's shop when you went for your shoes?" questioned Mrs. Blake.

"Constance made no reply. "Tell me about it, daughter," insisted the mother gravely. "I didn't mean to do anything wrong," she explained, with a quiver in her voice. "The kid lay among the scraps, and I asked Mr. Burton for it several times. I couldn't make him hear, so I—I just picked it up. It would have been swept away with the rubbish, truly it would, mamma."

"Did he see you pick it up, girly," Again Constance hung her head. Mrs. Blake laid aside her work and drew the little girl to her side. They had a long, serious talk that no one heard, not even Rosa Ella.

"You must take it back, Constance," her mother said firmly at last, "and explain to Mr. Burton that you took what did not belong to you, that you are sorry and are bringing his property back."

Constance wept softly. "He is so deaf, mamma, that I'll have to shout so that everybody will hear me," she sobbed.

"Yes, it will be hard, I know, but it couldn't possibly excuse you from doing right," her mother answered gently. "You may have until to-morrow at three o'clock, but by that time the blue kid must be where it belongs."

It was a very miserable little girl who looked from the windows the remainder of the afternoon. She had permission to go immediately, but she delayed. Next morning the task was harder yet. Again the clock pointed to a quarter of three, as Constance anxiously watched it.

"I wish that I had gone yesterday," she burst forth at last. "An unpleasant duty never is easier for waiting," her mother returned quietly.

Constance turned away. It was ten minutes to three. She could delay no longer. To-day she went slowly across the little square and resolutely entered the cobbler's shop. For a moment her courage failed her. Instead of the deaf old man, who she almost had hoped would not hear her, after all, his pretty daughter Alice stood behind the counter.

Alice and Constance had been good friends for a long time, and it was a humiliating experience to have to tell the big girl the story of the piece of kid. Again she wished that she had come before.

With tear-filled eyes Constance advanced and bravely told the whole story, not sparing herself, even in acknowledging that she had picked it up while Mr. Burton was wrapping up her shoes.

Alice Burton took the three-cornered clipping with a simple "Thank you, Constance," and Constance ran quickly home to bury her head in her mother's lap and cry bitterly.

It was only three days later. Constance's croup was entirely over and Rosa Ella and she were having a tea party, with real cake, on the glass-covered porch, when Alice Burton came up the walk. She carried a small package, which she handed to Constance.

"It's for you, Constance," she said, stooping to kiss her little friend. "No, I cannot come in, but you may tell me another time how you like them. Good-bye."

On the package was written, "For the girl who dared to do right, although right was not easy to do." When the small box was opened, there lay the dearest, cunningest little pair of blue kid slippers! They were just Rosa Ella's own size and made by a really, truly shoemaker. They had the daintiest little heels and tiny rosettes of blue ribbon.

"What beauties!" exclaimed Mrs. Blake, "and I do believe that they are made out of that very piece of kid."

Constance laughed gleefully as she drew them on to Rosa Ella's chubby feet. "It is nicer after doing right, than when you aren't doing it, isn't it, mamma," she asked.

"Yes, dearie," her mother answered as she smoothed her little daughter's curls. "It nearly always is so." "Whenever it is hard to do right," Constance said soberly, "I am going to think of the blue kid slippers."

Was Weak and Run Down WOULD VERY OFTEN FAINT AWAY

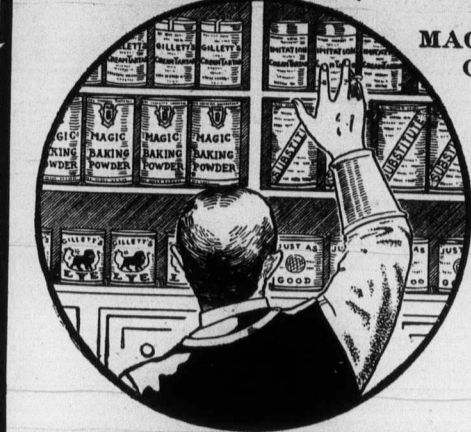
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The Old Bookseller. Being fond of old books and rare volumes, I often went down to look around Pere Gilbert's second-hand bookstore, to delve and rummage about among the piled-up, musty volumes in its dark recesses, always being rewarded for my search by the discovery of some treasure. Some-

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times I would sit for hours trying to cipher a half-faded manuscript, some volume of ancient Languedoc or other dead and forgotten tongue.

Claire always helped me in my explorations, dashing to attend any occasional buyer who might drop in. But, as I chose the later afternoon hours for my visits, we were rarely disturbed.

I fell into the pleasant habit of sauntering out to the small paved courtyard in the rear of the shop, there to sit and chat with Pere Gilbert in neighborly fashion. When night fell and the shop was closed, Claire would join us. In summer time the scent of her box of flowers filled the air, and the stars coming out looked down curiously at us. In winter when it was too cold to linger out of doors I was a willing guest at their fireside in the little room made bright by Claire's presence.

"Why did you name her Claire?" I asked Pere Gilbert one evening when we both sat watching her while she watered her flowers and the pretty vine which grew purple bells high up against the enclosing walls.

"Because I asked her her name the winter night when I found her wandering on the river bank, chill and terrified, and she said something that sounded like Claire. It was the indistinct prattle of a sobbing infant."

"Yours was a most Christian deed," I said, watching the happy look of the young girl and her singular beauty.

"No! no!" disclaimed the old unbeliever in creeds. "Who would not bring from the streets and shelter a stray bird or a wandering dog? Who that had ever known the pangs of hunger and the awful cruelties of the world would refuse to care for and shield a poor little atom of humanity left by accident and a cruel fate homeless and defenceless?"

"By Jove! that is a handsome woman," Dave Cummings whispered to me one afternoon when he sauntered in to look me up as I was getting some notes in Pere Gilbert's bookstore—data on early ecclesiastical history. Of course, Claire was helping me, for her good memory and thorough familiarity with every book and pamphlet around was invaluable.

Dave was a good fellow, honorable, but no genius. I must say his bibliophile, while it surprised, did not please me.

In fact, I had always known Dave to be dull and persistently averse to reading, still more so to study. He had ignominiously failed in his nation at Yale, and only his millions and imperturbable good temper made him the popular clubman which he was.

Dave's tactics were primitive but effective. He would get up a list of ancient and impossible books of which he knew nothing and carved lists. Then he would go down to Pere Gilbert's and begin rummaging vigorously among the books, but he would soon stop, perch himself on a dilapidated stool, or on the steps of the small ladder. He would sometimes reach up to the top shelves and pretend to be very much absorbed in the dusty volumes, then he would get down and start chatting with Claire, regardless of time, in his glib, natural, straightforward way.

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your extensive possessions. If you are convinced you can make her happy—I will use my friendship with Pere Gilbert to help you along."

I made the offer with bitter reluctance. But looking toward the uncertain future to the clouds gathering over that defenceless young head, I deemed it the part of a true affection to ward off dangerous eventualities by urging the child to accept the haven offered her, where neither care nor anxiety could enter. Then again, Dave was a handsome fellow and had a snip, manly way with him very attractive to women.

How much did Claire care for him? A young girl's heart is an inscrutable mystery. But still—I thought I knew.

Of course, my own unpretentious home would open wide its doors to receive Claire and my heart would give her a glowing and exultant welcome, for she had crept in and now reigned supreme to the exclusion of aught else. God help me!

But I well knew that Claire cared but little for her dull friend, the taciturn scholar, when she so gayly and patiently helped to dig and delve among torn and dusty authorities while the dim light in the shop faded into night.

How sweetly and cheerily she would lend me her deft assistance. And how all too fast those pleasant hours sped by and winged their flight.

Pere Gilbert was fading away, slipping fast in the realm of unapproachable mysteries.

Winter had worn away and Dave Cummings' visits to Pere Gilbert's bookstore were almost daily, and the neighborhood was beginning to gossip as I well knew would be the case.

But why should I interfere to prevent? Dave's infatuation had deepened into those swift flowing channels which cut their way through a man's life, leaving landmarks which are never obliterated.

And although serene and gentle Claire always gave him a greeting with a brighter look, which drove away temporarily the pain now always in the depths of her great brown eyes.

It was again early spring. One evening Claire sent for me hurriedly, for I had taken up my quarters not far away. "Stay with me! My heart is breaking," she whispered. I held her little hands long and fast.

Yes, the Great Reaper was knocking for admittance, and her loving old protector was fast approaching the hour of separation so much dreaded.

So I told her how Dave was longing to soothe her sorrow and share all her griefs; how big-hearted and kind he was, and that with him she would find peace and content and joy in years to come. That her beauty and her youth were far too great for her to brave unprotected the buffets of the world when once the presence of her noble and loving old protector was withdrawn from her. And I pleaded with her to grant

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Dave's prayer. With a low cry Claire tore her hands from mine, and springing forward, knelt by the bedside where lay the withered form, the soft gray hair and gentle face of Pere Gilbert, whose true and noble spirit would soon reap the reward of its long years of patient, unswerving well-doing. "What is it, little one?" he asked in a faint voice. "You must not weep to grieve the parting moments of your old Pere. See—I give you into the keeping of a good man. Your friend during all these beautiful years—since happiness came—into this poor abode—with the little child I brought here—in these arms. 'He knows—that he holds—your heart, dearie. 'Give me your hand. It grows—dark—I would place it—in his.' 'Claire! Claire! Child of light and beauty! Is this true?' I asked, clasping her hands in mine. A look of ineffable peace stole over the wan face on the pillow. A faint sigh swept through the room, and the chimes of the cathedral floated out on the night air—Pere Gilbert slept. Then I clasped in my arms a happiness almost too perfect for this earth! A happiness which ever since has made life on ceaseless pean of joy.—Mrs. S. Rhett Roman, in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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of Northampton, FOLK, ENGLAND.

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