

The Family Circle.

THE DONATION PARTY.

As the year came round, and affairs were talked,
It was very commonly said
That the parson's salary, scanty at best,
Had been but scantily paid.

So the people all, with the best intent
And feelings most kind and hearty,
Resolved to go to the minister's house
And give a "donation party."

So they made some biscuits and baked some bread
And rolled out some ginger-snaps,
Some sausages fried and some sandwiches spread,
And then, putting on their wraps,

In a body together, with cheerful steps,
To the parsonage house they went,
Bearing their baskets and bundles and rolls,
On their errand of charity bent.

And while they were at the parson's house
They scattered the floor with crumbs,
And smirched the leaves of his choicest books
With the prints of their greasy thumbs.

They piled his dishes up high and thick
With a lot of unhealthful cake,
And they ate up themselves the nice toast and rolls
Which the parson's wife did make.

They hung on his tasteful mantel clock
Their apple-parings for sport,
And everyone laughed when a bungling lout
Spilled tea on the pianoforte.

His papers they rummaged, his spectacles broke,
And on his good wife's best sofa
A lamp was upset, and the kerosene spilt,
By a stupid and blundering loafer.

When they left the dishes were all unwashed
And the floors were in pitiful plight;
And the glasses were cracked and the plates were broke
Before they had bidden good-night.

They flattered themselves they were helping the
Lord
By helping the parson to live;
But in fact they were having a jolly good time,
And of all they brought with them to give

Each gobbled whatever he thought was best,
Of decency, even, bereft,
Till of all that they brought to the parsonage
house
But little or nothing was left!

Next day the parson went down on his knees,
With his wife—but not to pray—
O no! 'twas to scrape the grease and dirt
From the carpet and stairs away.

And at night as he bowed at the throne of grace,
With petitions sincere and hearty,
When for blessings he asked he did not pray
For another donation party.

WINNIE'S EASTER OFFERING.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

There had been a special meeting at Miss Millet's of the girls in that lady's class who were to sing in the choir on Easter Sunday, and Winnie Reese's face wore a very serious look as she left the house when the meeting was over.

Some parting words uttered by Miss Millet had made a deep impression on Winnie's mind. The teacher had said that she hoped none of her girls would think of their personal adornment on Easter Sunday, but try to bring pure hearts to church, hearts swept clean of every selfish desire or unworthy passion, and filled with only kind and loving thoughts of every one; that some act of self-sacrifice would be an Easter offering of far more value than money, for it would give evidence that Christ had risen in the heart and life of the one who made it.

Winnie wondered if the earnest words had not been intended especially for her, for of course she had been obliged to tell Miss Millet of the accident to the lilies she had hoped to present to the church at Easter. Naturally she had not told the whole story; had said nothing of having flown into a passion with Fred, or of the fact that

she had not spoken to him since. If Miss Millet knew it she must have learned it in some roundabout way.

Well, no one could gainsay that it was very careless of Fred to leave the gate open so that the cow got into the garden; and still more careless to try to chase her out without first putting the three pots of lilies—which were taking the air—in a safe place. Of course the lilies were trampled under foot, and in the circumstances no one—so Winnie told herself—could have helped getting angry.

Even Miss Millet would not have overlooked a thing like that, she reflected, as she walked slowly along the quiet street, her mind full of her teacher's last words, "and I simply can't forgive Fred for it. I can't sweep my heart clean of everything—no one ought to expect it! And as to making my sacrifice—there isn't any to make."

She went upstairs very quickly when she reached home, and was going to sit down in her own room to think matters over; but her mother called to her to put the dining-room in order and set the table for supper, and she had to defer the soul-communion for the present.

Fred came in a few moments before supper time and sat down by one of the windows, looking out into the dark quiet street.

Winnie did not speak to him, but she looked at him furtively now and then. It had not escaped her notice that her brother had appeared very much troubled during the last three or four days; that he never went whistling about the house now, nor romped with the baby.

Was he worrying over that quarrel about the cow and the lilies? Winnie decided that that was barely possible. Indeed, it was his apparent indifference to her grief and rage over her loss that had exasperated her into resolving not to speak to him again until he made an apology. He had not seemed to care at all when she told him she would never forgive him—he had only laughed and walked away.

Why should she care that he seemed troubled and that his face wore a look of anxiety? It was nothing to her; he deserved to be worried, and she ought to be glad of it.

"You seem to have lost your appetite lately, Fred," Mrs. Reese said at supper. "You eat scarcely enough to keep you alive."

"I have a headache," answered Fred, his eyes on his plate.

"Perhaps you tired yourself when you went hunting last Saturday," said Mrs. Reese.

Winnie, who was looking at her brother, saw him start and turn pale. His voice was not quite steady as he answered that he had walked only about six miles.

Mr. Reese took no part in the conversation. He was a stern, reserved man, who ruled his children with a rod of iron. He had no charity for their weaknesses, no sympathy for their mistakes, and their anxious, delicate mother had to shield them very often from the paternal wrath.

When the dishes had been washed and set away, and the three younger children put to bed, Winnie felt that she was free; and throwing an old shawl about her shoulders, she went into the parlor and sat down on one of the broad window seats, where she could think, without being interrupted, of that afternoon's meeting at Miss Millet's.

There was neither light nor fire in the parlor, but the April weather was mild, and wrapped in the old shawl, with the heavy curtains falling around her, Winnie did not feel uncomfortable.

"If Fred would only apologize, perhaps I could make up my mind to forgive him," she was thinking, when the sudden opening of the parlor door made her start, and before she had time to think what she ought to do, she heard the voice of Fred's particular friend, Warren Crawley.

"I thought I'd come in, Fred, and see if you'd got the money yet."

"No, I haven't," answered Fred, "and what's worse I don't see any chance of getting it. It isn't so easy to raise thirty dollars as you seem to think."

"I know it isn't easy. Didn't I have to sell my bicycle? I tell you that hurt. And Ted Riley had to sell the ring his aunt in California sent him. It must have cost sixty dollars, at least. I tell you, Fred,

you've just got to get the money; there's no two ways about it. We can't have old Peacham arresting us. And he declares he'll arrest every one of us unless the whole of the one hundred and fifty is raised. And we've got it all now except your thirty."

"All I have is a dollar and sixty cents," said Fred in a voice of despair.

"Then, you'll have to try your father, I suppose."

"I can't tell, Warren. I'd rather run away than do that. You don't know him! He'd never forgive me as long as I lived, no matter how sorry I might be. And it would be of no use to tell mother—she never has a cent ahead. It would worry her for nothing."

"You must get it some way. We must pay Peacham to-morrow night. He won't give us an hour's grace. How I wish we'd never touched his old horse! Duke Henderson had to eat humble pie to that grandmother of his over in Flagtown. She almost preached him to death, but she gave him the money, and promised not to tell. And Phil Mason has got to take the money he's been saving to buy a pony. He says he has had all the horse he wants for the next ten years."

"I don't know what I'm going to do, Warren. I have no one to help me at all," sighed Fred.

Winnie had listened with a wildly-beating heart, feeling conscience-stricken that she was forced to hear what was not intended for her ears, and yet not daring to make her presence known. It seemed to her as if the boys would never go out. But at length the secret conference was ended, and she was alone again—alone to think over this dreadful discovery she had made.

It was easy enough for her to put into shape what had happened. Fred and four companions, when returning home the previous Saturday from hunting, had seen Farmer Peacham's big, black horse standing by the pasture fence, and one of the boys had proposed having races. Duke Henderson had manufactured a bit and bridle from a stick and a piece of rope, and they had taken turns at racing a certain distance, until, becoming frightened at the sudden report of one of the guns, which had gone off by accident, the horse had run away, and, after throwing his rider, had plunged over the side of a little bridge and broken his neck in the gully below. The report of the gun had brought Farmer Peacham from his house in time to find all five of the boys in the gully, looking with horrified, dismayed faces at the result of their "lark;" and the old man had declared that he would have every one of them arrested and fined—or imprisoned—unless he was paid the value of the horse by the following Saturday.

That little speech Fred had made: "I have no one to help me at all," had gone to Winnie's heart. She forgot her anger against her brother, forgot the incident of the loss of her lilies, and thought only of the dreadful trouble that had come upon him.

He had been very wrong to ride the horse, of course; but she knew his fun-loving nature and his heedlessness. He had acted thoughtlessly, little dreaming how dearly it would cost him.

"He mustn't be arrested; I must do something to help him," Winnie thought.

But what could she do? She had only twelve dollars in the world, and she expected to pay six of that for a hat to wear to church on Easter Sunday. Her old hat had been worn all the fall and winter—she really needed a new one for spring. The one she had ordered would be just what she wanted to go with her new suit. She could countermand the order the next morning, of course; but twelve dollars would not help Fred out of his trouble. He must have thirty.

She began at last to feel cold in the fireless parlor, and went up-stairs to her own room.

"If I only knew what to do to get that other eighteen dollars," she thought, as she stood before the bureau and let down her hair to brush and braid it for the night.

Suddenly her face lighted up. She ran her fingers through the thick golden fleece, and stood staring at herself in the glass. Three months before she had gone to the hair-dresser's to have her bangs trimmed, and the man had said:

"Any time you want to sell that hair you can find a market for it right here. It is very hard to get hair just that shade, and I'd be willing to give a good price for yours."

Winnie had laughed at the time, thinking that nothing would ever induce her to part with her hair; but now—

"I wonder how I'd look with my head shingled?" she said. "It would be a great sacrifice—a dreadful sacrifice."

But before she fell asleep she had decided that it was a sacrifice that must be made.

Fred did not appear at breakfast at all. Mrs. Reese said in answer to Winnie's inquiry that he had gone down town to attend to some business for his father.

It was twelve o'clock when Winnie, who was watching for him, saw him coming. How pale and wan he looked! He walked slowly, as if tired out, and went up stairs without stopping in the sitting-room as usual to speak to his mother.

He went into his own room at the end of the hall, anxious to be alone for a little while with his trouble; but as he entered his attention was attracted to a large white envelope stuck into one side of the mirror of his bureau. On it, in big letters, were the words

"Easter offering from Winnie to Fred."

Winnie was trying to furbish up her old hat with a new ribbon, when she heard a knock at the door and Fred came in. He went straight across the room to her and put his arms about her neck.

"Winnie! oh, Winnie!" he said. "How did you know?—how could you tell?—I don't know how to thank you for—" and then he stopped, for a big lump in his throat wouldn't let him say any more.

"You see, you had me to help you, Fred," Winnie whispered, her eyes full of tears.

"But—how—how—"

"Look!" and Winnie tried to laugh as she put one of his hands on her shorn head. "I had it cut—it was so heavy—and—and perhaps I won't have the headache so often now. Any how it was worth too much to keep Fred—Fred!"

But Fred had rushed out, shutting the door behind him with a bang.

Winnie waited a moment, then followed him. Softly she opened the door of his room and looked in. Fred sat by the table with his head bowed upon his outstretched arms, and he did not move or speak as she approached him. She kissed him tenderly and went out again without saying anything.

In spite of her old hat and shorn head Winnie was very happy the next morning when she took her seat in the choir. She never sang better in her life, and again her eyes turned to the pew where her brother sat, and a great joy flooded her heart at the thought of the perfect love and understanding which had been gained by that Easter offering.

TO DESTROY BAD ODORS.

In Dr. Kellogg's "Monitor of Health," is found the following excellent directions for destroying foul odors:

"Abundance of fresh air is the best deodorizer. There is no substitute for ventilation. Pure air washes away foul smells as water washes away dirt. One removes material filth and the other gaseous filth. If the offensive body is movable, be sure to remove it. If not, apply something to destroy it. Several agents will effect this. If it can be safely done, set fire to the foul mass; or, if this is undesirable, heat it almost to the burning point. Apply very dry, finely pulverized earth. Clay is the best material. Finely powdered charcoal, which has been freshly burned, is quite as good as earth. Dry coal or wood ashes are most excellent for disinfecting purposes. Make a solution of per-manganate of potash, dissolving an ounce in a gallon of water. Add this to the offensive solid or fluid until it is colored like the solution. This is an excellent deodorizer. It is needed in every household. It should be kept constantly on hand ready for use. Copperas dissolved in water in proportion of two pounds to the gallon, is cheaper and may be used when large quantities are needed. Apply it freely."—Standard.