

Our Young Folks.

ONE OF GOD'S LITTLE HEROES.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

The patter of feet was on the stair,
As the Editor turned in his sanctum chair,
And said—for weary the day had been—
“Don't let another intruder in.”

But scarce had he uttered the words before
A face peered in at the half-closed door,
And a child sobbed out—“Sir, Mother said
I should come and tell you that Dan is dead.”

“And pray who is Dan?” The streaming eyes
Look questioning up, with a strange surprise;
“Not know him? Why, sir, all day he sold
The papers you print, through wet and cold.”

The newsboys say they could not tell
The reason his stock went off so well,
I knew! With his voice so sweet and low,
Could any one bear to say him “No!”

And the money he made, whatever it be,
He carried straight home to Mother and me.
No matter about his rags, he said,
If only he kept us clothed and fed.

And he did it, Sir, trudging through rain and cold,
Nor stopped till the last of his sheets was sold;
But he's dead—he's dead! and we miss him so!
And Mother—she thought you might want to know.”

In the paper, next morning, as “leader,” ran
A paragraph thus—“The newsboy, Dan,
One of God's little heroes, who
Did nobly the duty he had to do,
For mother and sister earning bread,
By patient endurance and toil—is dead.”
—Margaret J. Preston.

SADIE'S THANK-OFFERING BOX.

Clink! Clink! Mrs. Graham with a happy
face dropped some silver into her already
heavy thank-offering box, then sat down to
her sewing, singing softly to herself.

“There, mother has gone to her box again! she's always being thankful about something,” thought Sadie, who sat looking frowningly out at the bumble bees ‘bumbling’ about the lilacs.

“Your box on the mantel is still empty, Sadie.”

“Haven't anything to be thankful for that I know of,” answered Sadie sullenly.

“Why, Sadie, what a wicked thought!” exclaimed Mrs. Graham. Evidently Sadie was in a bad humor.

“There's Louise Howard now,” continued Sadie, “who has more money spent on her in a month than I have in a year. She's having an elegant blue summer silk made, and the loveliest hat—but I can have nothing but old sateen or gingham!” Sadie gave the footstool an indignant push from her.

“You must remember the Howards are very wealthy; besides, you thought this sateen I am making very pretty when we selected it.”

Mrs. Graham questioned the wisdom of allowing Sadie to be so much at the Howards. If the sight of so much magnificence excited envy in her heart, it would be dangerous to allow the feeling to take deep root. “There is nothing that undermines all virtuous and noble qualities more surely or more insidiously than the indulged vice of envy.” This Mrs. Graham knew; also that “there is no bad quality meaner, more degrading than that of envy,” and that, “unless it is early detected and vigilantly controlled, its rapid growth is inevitable.”

But Sadie had not yet reached this fatal pitfall, and by a series of mental flashlights, her mother now determined to show her the danger she was nearing.

“We don't have even the common luxuries of life,” mumbled Sadie.

Mrs. Graham glanced about her pretty home. Nothing rich or costly met her eye. Still it was handsome enough to be happy in. Presently she asked:

“Do you think a blue summer-silk would make you happy, dear?”

“Oh, my, yes!” exclaimed Sadie, brightening.

“Then I think we will manage to get it for you.”

“Oh, will you? Now that's just lovely of you. I'll run right back and tell Louise. She wished I could have one off the same piece, and now I can!” Sadie snatched up her hat and ran down the street.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham had a confidential talk in the library before tea. When they sat

down to the table Sadie impatiently exclaimed; “There, Eliza has forgotten the butter! I'll go down cellar for it myself.”

“No, dear,” said Mrs. Graham, laying her hand on Sadie's arm, “butter is of no consequence compared to greater needs towards making us happy, so we will dispense with it for a time. Besides, twenty cents a day will be quite a saving towards the dress.”

Sadie flushed painfully. She was very fond of butter and crackers, and it nearly choked her to eat them dry. Butter had not been thought a ‘common luxury’ by her before.

At breakfast next morning tea and milk took the place of coffee, cream and sugar. Sadie said nothing, but her mind was busy. She began to see that many things she had taken for granted were actual luxuries. Then she thought of her empty thank offering box with shame. Nothing to be thankful for!

The next afternoon she discovered her mother engaged in ripping her last summer's bonnet to pieces.

“Why, mother, what do you intend to do with that old thing?” asked Sadie anxiously.

“I've been looking my material over and I find I have enough to make this do for this summer.”

“But you were to have a black lace bonnet this summer,” Sadie's voice sounded very near tears. A black lace bonnet was the height of elegance to her mind.

“Yes, I know you wanted me to have one, and I would like to please you; but then, it doesn't matter about me and that will be five dollars towards your dress.”

It did matter. Sadie despised girls who allowed their mothers to go shabby that they might have all the pretty things for themselves. She began to hate that long coveted dress, and herself for her selfishness.

It was Mr. Graham's custom to take his family to drive one evening in the week. Thursday evening came and the liveryman failed to appear.

“Father, shall I run down to the stable and see why they haven't sent the carriage? And where is mother?” asked Sadie coming into library where her father sat reading.

“Eh? Ah! I believe your mother decided not to go. She wished to save the money for another purpose. She has gone to the dress-maker's.”

Not go! Sadie knew this was a pleasure looked forward to every week, and it had been sacrificed for her! It is true she had called the carriage a rattle-trap, and the horse a hop-toad, because she was always comparing them with the Howards' elegant equipage; but how much she had enjoyed those restful drives she never realized until now. We often fail to realize our blessings until they are taken from us. This was too much! Sadie ran down the street towards the dressmaker's, half blinded by tears, and met her mother coming up the street.

“Why, Sadie! you here? Miss Smith and I have been looking at the styles. I think you can have your dress next week. She thinks a pretty way to make a dress for a girl of your age, will be to have—”

“O mother! I won't have that dress. I hate that blue silk dress. I'll never have a blue silk dress as long as I live—never, never!” and Sadie threw herself in her mother's arms in a passion of tears.

“Why, Sadie, are you sure you don't want it? You thought it would make you so happy!”

“No, I just won't have it!” she exclaimed, drying her eyes. “I'll never want anything, I'm sure, if we can only get back to our old happy times again.”

“Well, then, run along and order the carriage,” said her mother briskly.

She did ‘run along’ with a hop, skip and jump, and soon drove up to the gate with a fine flourish.

What a delicious drive they had. Old Hickory jogged lazily along with his tail stretched full length on the lines. He knew who his indulgent drivers were, and never failed to allow them to carry his tail for him. Sadie thought she had never been so happy before. They met the Howards' elegant turnout, the much be-buttoned coachman driving the spirited horses which were skimming over

the ground in fine style. She bowed beamingly to the girls, whose attention was given to the holding on of their hats, and not a throb of envy disturbed her. A restful jog-trot with a contented mind, was far preferable to cutting through the air behind thousand-dollar bays, she thought.

After this experience, Sadie's box began to fill. She gradually grew into the habit of counting her blessings instead of her imagined troubles, and the heavier her box grew the lighter grew her spirits, the sweeter her disposition, the more kind and generous her heart.—CAROLINE MOSHER, *Advance*.

SAVED BY A PARROT.

It is seldom that that rare old bird, the parrot, gets credit for rendering the world or mankind individually, a service. It is generally looked upon as a sort of amusing nuisance. But at times the parrot can rise to an occasion and perform an act of inestimable service, as the following pretty little story handed down through ages will show.

It appears that the Greek Emperor Basilus had condemned his son Leo to death on the false accusation of a couple of trusted courtiers that he had formed a plot against the life of his father. The Empress, in her sorrow and anguish, tried her utmost to melt her husband's heart, but in vain. On the day before the execution she sat surrounded by her ladies, bemoaning her son's dreadful fate. A favorite parrot which occupied a cage in the Empress's apartment was removed by her orders to a lonely spot in the grounds of the palace because she could not endure chattering and screeching in her grief and despair. Not long afterwards the Emperor entered the park and seated himself on a bench. He had not been sitting long, when he heard a plaintive voice uttering the words, ‘Oh! Leo, my son, my son!’ The Emperor started up and listened, and again the voice was heard to say, ‘Oh! Leo, my son, my son!’ followed by a heart-rending cry. It was the parrot, which had heard its unhappy mistress repeat nothing but these words during the last few weeks. Deeply affected, the Emperor hastened back to the palace, and immediately ordered his son to be set at liberty. Not long afterwards the matter was cleared, and Leo's innocence established. It is to be hoped that the fortunate Leo was grateful enough to his feathered benefactor to see that Polly had all the crackers she could possibly want, as well as a patient listener to her every word.

ORIGIN OF THE MAINE LAW.

Miss Willard furnishes the following account of the occasion which led to the creation of the famous Maine law:

“There was a certain Portland citizen who occupied a Government position and who was addicted to periodical intemperance. One evening his wife came to young Neal Dow, who was even then a power in temperance circles, and told him that her husband was at a certain saloon, and that if he was absent from his duty on the morrow he would surely lose his position. Would Mr. Dow go after him and try to induce the rum-seller not to sell him any more liquor?”

“Mr. Dow found him in the saloon, and said to the proprietor, ‘I wish you would sell no more liquor to Mr. B.’”

“‘Why, Mr. Dow,’ said he, ‘I must supply my customers.’”

“‘But,’ was the reply, ‘this gentleman has a large family to support. If he goes to his office drunk to-morrow, he will lose his place. I wish you would sell him no more.’ The rum-seller became angry at this, and said that he, too, had a family to support, that he had a license to sell liquor, and he proposed to do it, and that when he wanted advices he would ask for it. ‘So you have a license to sell liquor?’ said Mr. Dow, ‘and you support your family by impoverishing others. With God's help I'll change all this.’ He went home fully determined to devote his life to suppressing the liquor traffic. ‘The Maine law,’ says he, ‘originated in that rumshop.’”

True gladness doth not always speak;
Joy bred and born but in the tongue is weak.
—Ben Jonson.

THE JUDGE'S STORY.

Hon. John M. Rice Tells How He Was Cured of Sciatica Rheumatism—Crippled for Six Years.

The Hon. John M. Rice, of Louisa, Lawrence county, Kentucky, has for many years served his native county and state in the legislature at Frankfort and Washington, and until his retirement was a noted figure in political and judicial circles. A few days ago a Kentucky Post reporter called upon Judge Rice, who in the following words related the history of the causes that led to his retirement: “It is just about six years since I had an attack of rheumatism, slight at first, but soon developing into sciatica rheumatism, which began first with acute shooting pains in the hips, gradually extending downward to my feet. My condition became so bad that I eventually lost all power of my legs, and then the liver, kidneys and bladder, and in fact my whole system became deranged. I tried the treatment of many physicians, but receiving no lasting benefit from them, I went to Hot Springs, Ark. I was not much benefited by some months stay there, when I returned home. In 1891, I went to the Silurian Springs, Wakeshaw, Wis. I stayed there some time, but without improvement. Again I returned home, this time feeling no hopes of recovery. The muscles of my limbs were now reduced by atrophy to mere strings. Sciatica pains tortured me terribly, but it was the disordered condition of my liver that was I felt gradually wearing my life away. Doctors gave me up, all kinds of remedies had been tried without avail, and there was nothing more for me to do but resign myself to fate.

“I lingered on in this condition sustained almost entirely by stimulants until April, 1893. One day I saw an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. This was something new, and as one more drug after so many others could do no harm, I was prevailed upon to try the Pink Pills. The effect of the pills was marvelous, and I could soon eat heartily, a thing I had not done for years. The liver began to perform its functions, and has done so ever since. Without doubt the pills saved my life, and while I do not crave notoriety I cannot refuse to testify to their worth.”

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post-paid, on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50) by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

CHILDREN WHO SUFFER

from scrofulous, skin or scalp diseases, ought to be given Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, for purifying the blood. For children who are puny, pale or weak, the “Discovery” is a tonic which builds up both flesh and strength. What is said of it for children applies equally to adults. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it sets at work all the processes of digestion and nutrition, rouses every organ into natural action, and brings back health and strength. In recovering from “grippe,” or in convalescence from pneumonia, fever, and other wasting diseases, it speedily and surely invigorates and builds up the whole system.

For all diseases caused by a torpid liver or impure blood, as Dyspepsia and Biliousness, if it doesn't cure in every case, the money is returned.

Platinum has hitherto been considered an absolute necessity in the fabrication of incandescent electric lamps, for the leading-in wires must pass through the substance of the glass, and any metal that expands faster or slower than the glass would crack it or admit air. Platinum expands nearly at the same rate as glass, hence its use for this purpose. Now, however, a lamp is being made in Boston, using iron wires. Before these are sealed into the glass a film of silver is deposited on the glass, which, it is claimed, makes a tight joint between it and the iron. The method, which is the invention of Mr. E. Pollard, is considerably cheaper than the one now generally in use.

May 2nd, 1894.

My Dear Sirs,—I may say that I have used your Acetocura with great results in my family. It has given great relief, especially in Nervous Affections and Rheumatism, and I can confidently recommend it to any troubled with these complaints.

I am yours truly,
J. A. HENDERSON, M.A.,

Principal of Collegiate Institute,
St. Catharines.

Courts & Sons.