

he came in almost completely covered with mud. He had been sailing a tiny ship in a puddle in the yard. I was heartily ashamed of him, and I told him in no uncertain terms what I thought of his appearance, and I put him to bed early as a punishment. When he finished his usual evening prayer, he added, 'And, dear Dod, make me a dood boy if you possibly tan.' I smiled, for I thought my severity was having its effect, and the pathos of the petition, which has wrung my heart ever since, didn't touch me then.

'It was twelve that night when a croupy cough startled me from my sleep, and at three o'clock in the morning, the doctor, who had worked over my boy for two hours, told me there was no hope. I took my darling in my arms and, choking back my sobs, told him as best I could that he was going to Heaven. "I isn't dood 'nough," he gasped. That was the end. My baby, my only baby, went from me feeling that he was not worthy to enter the home where little children are so lovingly bidden.'

Two frail old hands were suddenly clasped in two strong ones, and eyes whose tears were long since shed looked kindly into those that were now overflowing.

'I didn't mean to make you cry, my dear. I just wished to help you—to help you understand your little son.'

'You have helped me. Come with me, won't you? I wish to find him, and kiss him, dirt and all.'—'Advance'

Gray Days.

The woman who always wore a red house-gown on dark, gloomy winter days, was wise. She realized how much the weather affects average mortal's spirits, and took this way of counteracting a sunless day. It was really wonderful what a genial influence radiated from that cheerful-hued gown; it seemed almost as if the sun had broken from his cloud-bondage every time the wearer entered the room. There was always a particularly bright smile which went with the dress; not forced for the occasion, either, for 'the lady in red,' knew that she looked particularly well in that bright garment. Sorry indeed is the woman who cannot smile, when she knows she is becomingly attired. Her friends used to laughingly tell her that they thought 'she prayed for rainy days,' so that she would have an excuse to wear the red gown.

But there was in this woman's heart a far deeper motive underlying this little matter of a red dress for a gray day—a bit of philosophy that could be studied with profit, especially by those who are sensitively alive to outside impressions. We cannot all wear bright garments, but a cheerful word or smile may brighten the face and find its reflection in the heart of someone who may be vainly trying to resist the all-conquering dullness of a drab-colored day.

Through the chill, gloomy gray of a sad, sunless day,
Tearful eyes looked in sorrow,
Down the long sodden ways trooped the dark yesterdays—
Not a hope for the morrow.
Bright sunbeams astray shone o'er the day;
There's gladness to borrow!
So, begone, yesterdays, with your dark, hopeless ways—
There's a golden to-morrow!
—'Christian Herald.'

Which Boiled First.

There is as much difference in boys as will be found in men, some being quick to observe the importance of common things and others paying no attention whatever to anything they meet from day to day. Alfred Brown is the name of a boy living in Brook-

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REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

lyn. He is interested in natural science, but cares very little for stories and poetry. He is what may be termed an original, practical boy, and is constantly on the lookout for 'points' as he terms it. While he is an ardent student of electricity, having invented many machines and appliances for his own special use, he devotes much of his time to studying watches, clocks, engines, printing presses and other useful articles. He is not satisfied to simply read about the wonders that are to be found in ordinary things, but he is experimenting at odd times to get practical evidence. Not long ago his mother bought a new kettle for the cook, and instantly he went to the kitchen.

'Well, well,' said Mary, 'now what be ye wanting,' Master Alfred?

'I have something to tell you,' he replied.

'About what?'

'About that kettle. If you are in a hurry, you'd better use the old one.'

'Go along wid yez,' said Mary laughingly.

'Well, let us see,' said Alfred. 'Fill the old one and the new one with water and put them on the stove at the same time. If the water in the old one doesn't begin to boil first I will give you a box of candy.'

To gratify the boy, Mary followed Alfred's instructions, and, to his amazement and chagrin, the water in the old kettle began to boil much quicker than that in the new one.

'It bates all,' said Mary. 'Now why is that?'

'That's very simple,' said Alfred. 'It is because the old kettle is covered with soot, which not only keeps the heat in, but absorbs it quickly from the fire. It takes a new kettle of water longer to get hot because the bottom is clean and bright. Polished metal does not absorb heat, but reflects or throws it off. I read about it one night and proved it the next day when you were out.'—Brooklyn 'Eagle.'

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Selected Recipes.

KENT WAFERS.—One cup Graham flour, one cup white flour, half cup butter. Mix very stiff with milk; add one spoonful sugar. Roll as thin as a wafer, cut in rounds, and bake in a slow oven; prick them well before putting them in the oven.

CREAM SALMON.—One can of salmon minced fine, drain off the liquor and throw away. For the dressing, boil one pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Have ready one pint of fine bread crumbs, place a layer in the bottom of the dish, then a layer of fish, then a layer of dressing, and so on, having crumbs for the last layer. Bake until brown.

SWEET POTATOES FRIED WITH BACON.—Cold sweet potatoes are delicious fried with pork or bacon. Fry eight ounces of thinly sliced pork or bacon, transfer to a hot dish, and fry in the drippings of a quart of potatoes which have been boiled, peeled and sliced, rather less than half an inch thick.

CROQUETTES.—Take three cupsful of mealy, mashed, baked sweet potatoes, and while beating with a four-pronged fork as you would whip eggs, add slowly a tablespoonful of melted butter, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, salt and pepper, and a gill of cream. Mold into small cork-shaped croquettes, dip in egg and bread crumbs, and fry in hot lard or drippings.

CHICKEN TOAST.—Chicken toast is delicious as a breakfast dish, or is nice for lunch. Chop fine two tablespoonfuls of cold chicken, boil in sufficient water to make a cup of the whole, thicken slightly with corn starch in melted butter, pour over a slice of nicely toasted bread, and serve hot.

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