

Our Young Folks.

The Company Who Try.

Yes, I love the little winner,
With the salad and the mark;
He has gained the prize he sought for,
He is joyous as a lark.
Every one will haste to praise him,
He is on the honor list;
I've a tender thought, my darlings,
For the one who tried and missed.

One? Ah, me! They count by thousands,
Those who have not gained the race,
Though they did their best and fairest,
Striving for the winner's place.
Only few can reach the laurel,
Many see their chance flit by;
I've a tender thought, my darlings,
For the earnest band who try.

'Tis the trying that is noble,
If you're made of sterner stuff
Than the laggards who are daunted
When the bit of road is rough.
All will praise the happy winners,
But when they have hurried by,
I've a song to cheer my darlings,
The great company who try.

—Harper's Young People.

The Test.

KINDNESS PAYS.

The principal of a school in which boys were prepared for college, one day received a message from a lawyer living in the same town, requesting him to call at his office, as he wished to have a talk with him.

Arrived at the office, the lawyer stated that he had in his gift a scholarship entitling a boy to a four years' course in a certain college, and that he wished to bestow it where it would be best used.

"Therefore," he continued, "I have concluded to let you decide which boy of your school most deserves it."

"That is a hard question to decide," replied the teacher, thoughtfully. "Two of my pupils—Charles Hart and Henry Strong—will complete the course of study in my school this year. Both desire a collegiate education, and neither is able to attain it without assistance. They are so nearly equal that I cannot tell which is the better scholar."

"How is it as to department?" asked the lawyer. "One boy does not more scrupulously observe all the rules of the school than the other," was the answer. "Well," said the lawyer, "if at the end of the year one boy has not gone ahead of the other, send them to me and I will decide between them."

As before, at the closing examinations, the boys stood equal in attainments. They were directed to call at the lawyer's office, no information being given as to the object of the visit.

Two intelligent, well-bred boys they seemed, and the lawyer was beginning to wonder greatly how he should make a decision between them. Just then the door opened, and an elderly lady of peculiar appearance entered. She was well-known to them all as being of unsettled mind and possessed of the idea that she had been deprived of a large fortune which was justly hers. As a consequence she was in the habit of visiting lawyers' offices, carrying in her hands a package of papers which she wished examined. She was a familiar visitor to this office, where she was always received with respect, and dismissed with kindly promises of help.

This morning, seeing that the lawyer was already occupied with others, she seated herself to await his leisure. Unfortunately, the chair she selected was broken and had been set aside as useless.

The result was that she fell in a rather awkward manner, scattering her papers about the floor. The lawyer looked with a quick eye at the boys, before moving himself, to see what they would do.

Charles Hart, after an amused survey of the fall, turned aside to hide a laugh he could not control.

Henry Strong sprang to the woman's side and lifted her to her feet. Then carefully gathering up her papers, he politely handed them to her. Her profuse and rambling thanks served only to increase Charles' amusement.

At the lady had told her customary story, to which the lawyer listened with every appearance of attention, he escorted her to the door, and she departed.

Then he returned to the boys, and, after expressing pleasure at having formed their acquaintance, he dismissed them. The next day the teacher was informed of the occurrence, and told that the scholarship would be given to Henry Strong, with the remark, "No one so well deserves to be fitted for a position of honor and influence as he who feels it his duty to help the humblest and the lowliest."—*M. E. Saffold.*

Useful Hints.

CELERY SALAD.

Beat the yolks of two eggs until very light; add two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar or lemon juice, one small teaspoonful of sugar, mustard, pepper and salt to suit the taste. Cut the celery very fine; arrange in the salad bowl in alternate layers with slices of hard-boiled eggs; pour the dressing over it and garnish with the tender celery leaves. Serve at once.

CABBAGE SALAD.

2 EGGS.
5 tablespoonfuls vinegar.
5 " " milk.
1 teaspoonful mustard.
1 tablespoonful sugar.
Salt and pepper to taste.
Cook until it thickens and pour over the cabbage when cold or just before serving.

Cook's Friend Baking Powder is the great favorite in Canadian homes.

BAKED MACARONI.

Cook the macaroni in salted water for twenty or thirty minutes. It should be soft but not split. Drain well and put a layer in the bottom of a buttered pudding dish; upon this grate some mild rich cheese and scatter over it some bits of butter. Spread upon the cheese more macaroni; fill the dish in this order, having macaroni at the top covered with bread or cracker crumbs and bits of butter scattered over it. Add a little milk, and bake, covered for a half hour, then brown and serve in the bake dish.

CREAMED MACARONI.

Cook the macaroni ten minutes in boiling, salted water. Drain this off and add a cupful of milk; stew until the macaroni is tender. In another saucepan heat a cup of milk until boiling, thicken with a teaspoonful of flour, wet with cold milk, stir in a tablespoonful of butter, and lastly a beaten egg. Drain all the milk from the macaroni, turn it into a hot dish and pour the cream over it. Serve at once.

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS.

1 pint milk.
2 quarts sifted flour.
2 pastry spoonfuls sugar.
2 " " melted butter.
½ cupful yeast.
½ teaspoonful baking soda.
½ " salt.

Sift the flour into a large pan; make a hole in the centre; put in the milk, sugar, butter, salt and yeast. Let it stand without mixing with the flour; be sure and not have any flour in the bottom of the pan when the ingredients are put in; let it all be around the sides. Let it stand without mixing till morning, then add the soda; mould considerably and let it stand till two or three in the afternoon. Mould a little; roll out thin, spread with melted butter, cut in circles, fold together, place in buttered baking dishes and let them rise, then bake in a quick oven.

GRAHAM ROLLS.

1 cup sour milk.
1 egg, well beaten.
½ teaspoonful soda.
A pinch of salt.
1 tablespoonful shortening.
Graham flour.
Stir the salt and soda into the sour milk, add a little Graham flour, then the egg and enough more Graham flour to make a stiff batter, lastly add the melted shortening. Put in hot buttered rolls and bake in a quick oven. If it is desired to have the rolls sweet, add a little brown sugar or molasses.

CORN CAKE.

1 cup corn meal.
1 cup flour.
1 tablespoonful sugar.
½ teaspoonful salt.
2 teaspoonfuls baking powder.
Sift the baking powder with the corn meal and flour, put in the sugar and salt, mix with sweet milk to the consistency of thin batter, the last thing add two tablespoonfuls of melted shortening.

Cook's Friend Baking Powder is absolutely pure, and gives the best results.

CORNMEAL MUFFINS.

2 eggs.
2 cups meal.
2 " milk.
1 " white flour.
2½ " butter.
2½ " sugar.
1 teaspoonful soda.
2 " cream tartar.

Wit and Wisdom.

"How does it feel to have a mouster on your lip, Henry," she asked, when she perceived that her lover was cultivating that masculine adornment.—"I can't say," he answered, "how does it feel to have one on yours?"—"Well," she answered, as she struggled from his embrace and drew her breath, "I think it is something to which one could in time be come reconciled."

For want of self-restraint many men are engaged all their lives in fighting with difficulties of their own making, and rendering success impossible by their own cross-grained ungentleness; while others, it may be, much less gifted, make their way, and achieve success by simple patience, equanimity, and self-control.

Philosophers have noticed that when a man makes up his mind that he must practice economy, he generally tries to begin with his wife's expenses.

Almost all women will give a sympathizing hearing to men who are in love. Be they ever so old they grow young again with that conversation and new their old early times.

Teacher (to juvenile astronomy class)—"How many stars can we see?"

Small Scholar—"It depends how hard we fall, ma'am."

A witty old physician, on meeting a neighbor's ducks in the road, was saluted with the usual "quack, quack, quack." "See here," he cried to the neighbor, "keep these ducks at home or I'll shoot 'em. They're indulging in personal remarks."

He who does not engage in the quarrels of others will have few of his own.

Reflection increases the vigor of the mind, as exercise does the strength of the body.

A bashful young man, who was afraid to propose to his sweetheart, induced her to fire at him with a pistol which, he assured her, was fully loaded with powder, and after she had done so, fell down and pretended to be dead. She threw herself wildly upon the body, calling him her darling and her beloved, whereupon he got up and married her.

Of all the diversions of life there is none so proper to fill up its empty space as the reading of useful and entertaining authors, and with that the conversation of a well-chosen friend.

"Did you say you had a calling acquaintance with her, Dick?" "Yes, she's in a telephone office."

The high-school girl severely reprimanded her brother yesterday for using the phrase "not to be sneezed at." She says he ought to say, "occasioning no stermutatory convulsions."

We can easily manage if we will only take each day the burden appointed for it. But the load will be too heavy for us if we add to its weight the burden of to-morrow before we are called to bear it.

Said the mistress of a cigar shop to a young Bohemian journalist: "This is the sixth time that you have been here without saying a word about the money you owe me."—"Ah, madam," said the clever journalist, "when one sees you one forgets everything!"

He who waits to do a great good at once will seldom do anything at all.

Without frugality none can be rich, and with it very few would be poor.

Minutes are the poor man's small change—it will pay him to save them.

They who will abandon a friend for one error know but little of the human character, and prove that their hearts are as cold as their judgments are weak.

"Did you ever," said one preacher to another, "stand at the door after your sermon and listen to what people said about it as they passed out?"—The other replied, "I did once"—a pause and a sigh—"but I'll never do so again."

Jones—"Hallo, Will! I hear you have a situation at my friends Skinner & Co.'s." Will—"Oh, yes! I have a situation as collector there." Jones—"Capital! Who recommended you?" Will—"Oh, nobody. I told them that I had collected a bill from you, and they gave me the place at once!"

There are hours in life when the most trifling annoyances assume the proportions of a catastrophe.

Health is contagious, as well as disease; courage, as well as cowardice; generosity, as well as meanness; nobleness of action and of nature, as well as jealousy and malice.

"Mrs. Fangle is a homeopathist, isn't she?" remarked an old lady, during a call on a neighbor.—"No, I don't think she is," was the rejoinder. "She's very seldom in when I call."

Let every man sweep the snow from before his own door, and not trouble himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles.