

WHO BANGED SUSIE'S HAIR.

Susie Burke came in from the garden one warm summer afternoon, with her little scissors in one hand and a lot of paper dolls and doll's clothes in the other.

"Why, Susie!" exclaimed her mother. "What in this world have you been doing to yourself?"

"Susie Burke, what ever possessed you to cut your hair like that?" exclaimed Helen, her elder sister.

"O-o-h! What will papa say? He just hates bangs!" put in Harry Burke, Susie's brother.

"How could you do such a thing, my child?" asked Susie's mother, with looks of mingled astonishment and displeasure.

Susie's face grew red and she looked ready to cry. She put her hand uneasily to her forehead, across which the soft dark hair, which was usually combed smoothly back, fell in a very irregular line. It was easy to see that the "banging" had been done by no practised hand.

"I didn't do it, mamma," said Susie.

"You didn't do it? Who did, then?"

"I don't know, truly, mamma."

"Why, Susie, how can that be possible?" said mamma.

"Why, Susie Burke, what a story!" exclaimed Harry.

"Hush, Harry! Don't accuse your little sister of telling what isn't true. Where have you been all the time since lunch, Susie?"

"In the arbor in the garden, cutting out dresses for my dollies," said Susie, holding up what she had in her hand as evidence of the truth of her words.

"All the time?" queried mamma.

"Yes, all the time. I haven't been anywhere else."

"And you didn't cut any of your hair, not the least little lock?"

"No, not the least little bit. I knew papa wouldn't like it."

"Did anybody come into the garden while you were there?"

"I didn't see anybody, mamma."

"Well, if that isn't a mystery!" exclaimed Mrs. Burke.

"It's awful hard to believe, I think," said sister Helen.

"We must believe it. Little Susie has never been known to tell a lie. Whatever any of my children tell me, I shall believe is true, till they have clearly proved their words untrue," said mamma, firmly.

"But how could such a thing be?" argued Helen. "Her hair is cut all jagged, exactly as a child would do if she tried to cut it herself, and yet she didn't do it, and don't know who did it."

"And she asked papa the other day if she might have her hair banged, just like Nellie Eastman's," said Harry.

"I didn't do it, truly, truly, mamma," was all poor Susie could urge, while she nestled closer within the encircling arm whose close clasp seemed to assure her of defence against the displeasure and distrust of all the world.

"We shall have to wait and see what papa will say," said Mrs. Burke, after a moment of perplexed thought.

"Will he be very angry?" asked Susie.

"Will you tell him I didn't do it?"

"Or consent to its being done?" cross-questioned Helen.

"I didn't even know it was done till just as I got up to come in," Susie declared. "I thought something felt odd, and I put my hand up, and it was all cut so."

"This was a mystery indeed. Nor could papa solve it, though he questioned his little daughter even more closely than her mother and sister had done."

"We must believe that she speaks the truth, because she has earned a character for truth," he said at last. "I should be sadly disappointed and grieved if I found I couldn't depend on the word of a child of mine. Go to mamma, and let her make the cutting even, Susie. Since I must submit to seeing you with your hair banged, it must be done in better style than that."

"I'm sorry, papa, since you don't like it. Will you kiss me?" said Susie, lifting her shorn head timidly.

Her father stooped and kissed her. "You needn't feel badly when you're not to blame, my child. I believe you; though it's the most incomprehensible thing!"

It remained the most incomprehensible thing for a week or more. Then, one morning, soon after breakfast, they had a caller—two callers, in fact—Mrs. Lake, their nearest neighbor, and Rollie, her youngest son, a merry rogue of ten or eleven years.

The boy looked shy and shamefaced, and kept as much out of sight behind his mother as possible, while she explained the reason of her call.

"I have just found out that this boy of mine has been guilty of a very naughty trick," said Mrs. Lake. "I thought you ought to know, as Susie might be blamed unjustly. I brought him here that he might confess. Now, Rollie, tell Mrs. Burke."

"I cut Susie's hair," Rollie blurted out, with his eyes fastened to the floor.

"But how? It has been the greatest mystery to us! How could you do it and Susie not know it?"

"Oh she was asleep!" said Rollie. "I found her there in the arbor, leaning back, with a paper doll in one hand and the scissors just dropped on her lap from the other, and I just thought I'd bang her hair. I'm ever so sorry, and won't never do so again," said Rollie, penitently.

"Did she get much blame for it?" inquired Mrs. Lake. "I couldn't think how you could help believing she did it, however she might deny it."

"We couldn't understand it at all," said Mrs. Burke, "but we believed Susie, though everything seemed against her, because the child never yet told us a lie.—Joy Allison, in Youth's Companion."

THAT LITTLE FABLE.

BY MRS. J. MCNAIR WRIGHT.

"I saw a disgusting sight just now," said Mr. Lucas as he entered the house; "I saw little Terry Smith marching along, cigar in mouth, and young Phil Tompkins with his cheek stuck out with a quid. Don't let me see one of my boys at such work. Tobacco is ruinous to boys!"

"Oo 'mokes!" quoth little Nell, laying down her dolly.

"Oh!—why—I'm a man, pet; it's different."

Mrs. Lucas smiled to herself over her work. Fred was busy studying. He looked up presently.

"Father, I'm coming on fine in Latin I got out this fable in ten minutes. Let me read it: *Cancer dicebat filio*—a crab said to his son: *Mi fili, ne sic*—my son, do not always walk with crooked steps, but walk straight. *Cui ille, Mi pater respondit*—to whom he replied: My father, right gladly will I follow thy commands—*si te prius idem facientem videro*—if first I shall see you doing the same thing—"

"I know the rest," interrupted Mr. Lucas. "This fable teaches that youth is instructed by nothing so much as by example. Harriet, give me that pipe and tobacco-box, and we will have a little bonfire. Henceforth I say to my boys not 'go' but 'come.' I hope I know my duty as a father, and want to do it."—Banner.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

Oct. 12.—1 Chron. 22 : 6-19.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. David's love for his son. Some years ago the late Horace Mann, the eminent educator, delivered an address at the opening of some reformatory institution for boys, during which he remarked that if only one boy were saved from ruin, it would pay for all the cost and care and labor of establishing such an institution as that. After the exercises had closed, in private conversation a gentleman rallied Mr. Mann upon his statement, and said to him: "Did you not color that a little, when you said that all the expense and labor would be repaid if it only saved one boy?" "Not if it was my boy," was the solemn and convincing reply. Ah! there is a wonderful value about "My boy." Other boys may be left to drift uncaared for to the ruin which is so near at hand, but "My boy"—it were worth the toil of a lifetime and the lavish wealth of a world to save him from temporal and eternal ruin. We would go the world round to save him from peril, and would bless every hand that was stretched out to give him help or welcome. And yet every poor, wandering, outcast, homeless man, is one whom some fond mother called "My boy." Shall we shrink from labor, shall we hesitate at cost, when the work before us is the salvation of a soul? Not if it is "My boy;" not if we have the love of Him who gave His life to save the lost.—The Christian.

II. Preparation for the coming of Christ's kingdom. I know the obstacles, but I know as well the power behind! I do not see success as yet, but I know that it is coming. So I do not see the cathedral as yet, when I go into the confused quarry-yard and see there the half-wrought stones, the clumsy blocks that are by-and-by to be decorated capitals. But when at last they are finished in form and brought together, the mighty building rises in the air, an ever-during psalm in rock. I do not see the picture yet, when I look upon the palette with its blotches and stains and lumps of color. By-and-by, when the skilful brush of the painter has distributed those colors, I see the radiant beauty of the Madonna, the pathos of the Magdalene; I see the beauty of the landscape spread out upon the canvas, with meadow and hill and winding stream, and the splendor of the sunset crowning the whole. I do not see yet the perfect kingdom of God upon earth, but I see the colors which are to blend in it. I see already the half-chiselled rock out of which it shall be wrought; and I am not going to despond now, when so much already has been accomplished.—R. S. Storrs.

PRACTICAL.

- 1. When God has a great work to do, He raises some one up to do it.
2. When we have a fitness for a work, that work will be ready for us to do it.
3. Vers. 11-17. The qualities needed for doing God's work,—God's blessing and help, readiness to work, wisdom, righteousness, courage, and hope.
4. Courage is needed (1) because there is conflict with ourselves; (2) there is resistance to evil influences of others; (3) antagonism to popular customs.—Hammond
5. Ver. 14. "And thou mayest add thereto." Great things have been prepared for us, as there were for Solomon,—books, schools, colleges, government, inventions, ideas, etc. Each of us should add thereto, and make the world better for those who come after us.
6. Vers. 17-19. God needs not only the gifts of the rich and the great, but the gifts of all. The blessings have come to all. Let all give for the Lord's work.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Every scholar, even the smallest, should have part in God's great work of redeeming the world and building God's spiritual temple. To-day their attention should be called to this great work, and the practical help they can get from the preparation for building the temple at Jerusalem. The subject may be preparation for God's work. (1) Preparation of the worker. Note the qualities David wishes for his son; also the joy a good son is to his parents. Each person must do his own part in God's work, some preparing while others build. (2) Preparation of materials. First, by David. The great gifts needed; consecrated wealth. Second, by the people. All should have a part, and all will be blessed by giving according to their means.

A WORD TO PARENTS.

See that your child never leaves any task half done or slovenly finished; and therefore give not too many tasks. Thoroughness is the corner stone of success. There is no place in the world now for sloveners, who know a little and only a little of everything under the sun. There is always an honorable place for those who can do any kind of honest work in the best manner. Show the child from the experience of others, that little or no progress is made by spasmodic and intermittent effort. The world is now so advanced and competition so keen that genius must ally itself with patient, persistent work, and with the deftness which comes only from continuous practice. The young are prone to dream of what they will do in the future. The history of others proves that they will never do much, unless they are doing their present work thoroughly. They do not realize this, and mere arbitrary assertion of the fact usually makes but slight impression. Biographies of successful men, whether read from libraries or furnished from your memory of neighbors, establish the truth in their minds, and such biographies should be freely read by children.—Rev. E. P. Roe, in American Agriculturist for August.

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

First.

When solid and golden
And sweet, I'm delicious;
But often my color's
A matter suspicious.

Second.

The housewife pursues me,
As if 'twere a duty;
But many a scientist
Dwells on my beauty.

Whole.

On sunshine and honey
I'm ever a feaster;
And sometimes men call me
An emblem of Easter.

CROSSWORD-ENIGMA.

My first is in down, but not in up;
My second in tumbler and also in cup;
My third is in steep, but not in high;
My fourth is in heat, but not in dry;
My whole very often gets into your eye.

SYLLABIC PUZZLE.

- 1. Take an abbreviation denoting an assemblage from the faculty of voluntary agency, and leave a race of people.
2. Take a sip from to imagine, and leave to set.
3. Take to fume from a vessel, and leave to transport on the water.
4. Take a quagmire from a bird (species of warbler), and leave a plant of the genus juncea.
5. Take a term sometimes applied to the weather department from likely, and leave competent.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

- 1. Curtail a masculine ornament and leave an animal; behead and leave a part of the head.
2. Curtail a Scottish title of nobility and leave a retreat of wild animals; behead and leaving something essential to life.
3. Curtail a color and leave a part of the face; behead and leave a light.
4. Curtail a royal possession and leave a bird; behead and leave an orderly arrangement.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

TWO WORD CHARADE.—Aretic circle.
BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.—L-air-d, Lasso, L-ear-d, L-ey-o, G-ran-t, K-a-a, P-ier-t, R-ou-t-e.
NONSENSE RHYMES.—Dau-ds, Rhone, Rhine, Rhone, Dreibler, Seize.

HINTS.

Keep to the right.
Never put on your gloves in the street.
A lady usually bows first to a gentleman.
Never aspire to be what you are not.
Such a disposition will keep you in a suds of aggravation and disappointment continually.
Rarely linger on the street to talk, as you obstruct the passers by. Turn back and walk with your friend, if you desire to converse.
A gentleman always opens a door or a gate for a lady, and lets her pass before him. No matter if she is a stranger; he shows her the same politeness.
Be simple in your habits; allow your wants to be few; you will have more time for improvement, more money for useful purposes, and a much more healthy body and vigorous mind.
Never yawn, anywhere, without covering the mouth with the hand. We observed a pretty girl in blue velvet, crossing Boston Common. While we were looking at her she opened her mouth wide in yawning. Her beauty and good manners disappeared together.
A gentleman lifts his hat to every lady acquaintance, and to every gentleman if he has a lady with him. It is a growing and delightful custom for men to lift their hats to other men. This is practised in Norway, the most polite country we have ever seen.
Avoid smoking or chewing tobacco in the presence of ladies—indeed, do not smoke at all. It is a most filthy and wasteful habit.
But, if you will not reform in this particular, have enough manly courtesy to refrain from so selfish a habit when in the presence of those to whom it is offensive.—Min-enaha.