

The Story Page.

How Daisy Helped.

WHIRLY WHIRLWIND.

"Ah! there's lots of trouble in the world!" the cook said, as the grocer's boy passed out of the door.

Daisy resting in the wide, cool porch, turned her blue eyes towards the speaker. "Who has lots of trouble, cook?" she asked.

"Lots of people," said the cook, shortly.

Daisy pondered awhile, her chin resting on her plump little hand. Then she cried suddenly.

"Do you, cook?"

"I should think so! - There! that boy didn't bring half the things I ordered. He says the children are all sick, and the grocer's worried, so he forgets things. And he can't come back till he's delivered what he's got with him; and Katie is in the garden gathering peas, and I can't leave these cakes even to call her."

"I'll go," said Daisy, jumping up, and tying her white sunbonnet. "I can clear off that much of the trouble."

As she ran across the lawn, a group of children—summer boarders like herself—called her to join them. But she shook her head gaily, and hurried down between the long rows of pea-vines.

"To go to the grocer's, is it?" said Katie despairingly. "And how'll I ever get peas-enough for dinner, then?"

"I'll pick till you come back," said Daisy, encouragingly. "Make haste, Katie."

The nimble little fingers pulled the plump, green pods swiftly, and when Katie returned, hot and breathless, the big basket was nearly full. Then Daisy sat in the porch again, and helped to shell them while she rested.

"I don't see how we'd have got along without you," the cook said, looking quite pleasant, as Daisy threw down the last shell.

Daisy laughed. "It's nice helping people," she said. "I'm going to find some more trouble to clear off."

She ran down the steps and paused, glancing at an open window above. A low, wailing cry sounded within, and a sweet, faint voice singing a cradle song.

"I'll help Mrs. Verne take care of the baby," she thought, and she ran towards the hall door.

A playful breeze followed her; and just as she crossed the threshold a lot of closely-written sheets of paper fluttered to her feet.

"Oh, dear!" some one said; and Daisy looked up to see a gray-haired man at a desk near the door. He looked very pale and tired, and one of his feet was bandaged and resting on a cushion.

Daisy said nothing until she had secured all the fluttering sheets and placed them on the desk. Then she took a large shell from the hall table. "Will this do for a paper weight?" she asked timidly.

"Very nicely, my dear," said the gentleman. It was so still this morning that I forgot to ask for one; and I have sprained my ankle so badly that I can't move without assistance. Thank you, my dear. I shall have no more trouble."

Daisy ran upstairs with a happy song on her lips. The young mother's pale, sad face brightened when she saw her.

"Oh, Daisy, dear, you are like the sunshine!" she said. "Baby has been ill all night, and I am worn out for want of sleep. Would you sit by his crib for a minute or two, while I bathe my head?"

"And then we'll take him out of doors," said Daisy eagerly. "Under the big trees it is lovely and cool! And I'll hold him while you rest in the hammock."

Ten minutes later Daisy sat rocking slowly under the trees while the baby slept quietly in her lap. The tired mother in the hammock close by had forgotten her troubles and was sleeping the deep dreamless sleep of exhaustion.

The voices of the gay pleasure-seekers on the lawn grew querulous and ill-natured as the heat of the day increased, but Daisy was very happy, as she sang softly in the shade.

"Oh, Daisy, I can never thank you enough," Mrs. Verne said, when she awoke rested and refreshed. "How much better baby looks? And I feel so much better able to take care of him. I have been so worried, she added, confidentially. "You see it costs so much for us to stay here, and I was afraid the money was all thrown away—baby was no better, and I was growing sick, too."

"There's the dinner bell!" said Daisy. "Let me take care of baby while you are eating."

"No, dear, thank you," the young mother said, coloring a little. "I'd have to dress first—and I'd rather not go now."

Daisy was an observant little girl, and she had noticed how Mrs. Verne in her worn dress had shrunk from observation. She did not press the point, but ran off to the kitchen.

"There's lots of trouble in the world," she said, de-

surely, as the cook looked up and smiled.

"Who's in trouble now?" asked the cook, laughing. "Mrs. Verne's babe's sick, and she doesn't want to go to the dining-room. But I just know she could eat a nice lunch under the trees."

For answer the cook loaded a tray with roast lamb and green peas and raspberry tarts and gave it to Daisy.

What a delightful "picnic" dinner they had under the trees! Daisy's mamma was away for the day, and no one came to look for the little girl, so she and Mrs. Verne ate at their leisure; and then the young mother lay down in the hammock with her baby on her arm. Daisy waited until they had both slept again, and then she ran back with the tray and told the cook how much Mrs. Verne had enjoyed her dinner.

A little boy came to the door, crying because one of his marbles had rolled under the porch. Daisy found it, and played games with him until his nurse came for him. Then she went to the hall door to watch mamma.

The children were coming in from the lawn—tired and fretful. The gentleman who had been writing finished his work, and was lying on the lounge. He smiled when he saw Daisy's bright face.

"You don't look tired," he said. "What have you been doing all day?"

"Helping people," said Daisy. "Clearing away trouble."

The gentleman laughed. "I should think that was pretty hard work," he said.

"But it isn't," said Daisy, earnestly. "It's lovely—ever so much nicer than play. Ah, there's mamma! I must carry her parcels up stairs!" And the little helper ran away.

Fearless and Honest.

A Scotch lad landed at Castle Garden, the brightest, yet the loneliest, passenger of an emigrant ship. He was barely fourteen, and had not a friend in America, and only a sovereign in his pocket.

"Well, Sandy," said a fellow-passenger who had befriended him during the voyage from Glasgow, "don't you wish that you were safe now with your mother in the Old Country?"

"No," said the boy; "I promised her when I left that I would be fearless and honest. I have her fortune to make as well as my own, and I must have good courage."

"Well, laddie, what can you do?" asked a kind voice behind him.

"I can be loyal and true to anybody who will give me something to do," was the quick response.

A well-known lawyer, whose experience with applicants for clerkships in his office had been unfavorable, had taken a stroll down Broadway to ascertain whether he could find a boy to his liking. A canny Scotchman himself, he had noticed the arrival of the Glasgow steamer, and had fancied that he might be able to get a trustworthy clerk from his own country. Sandy's fearless face caught his eye. The honest, manly ring in Sandy's voice touched his faithful Scotch heart. "Tell your story," he said, kindly.

It was soon told. Sandy's mother had been left a widow with little money and a child to bring up. She had worked for him as long as she could, but when her health failed she had bought his passage to America, and given to him what little money she could spare.

"Go and make your fortune," she had said. "Be fearless and honest, and don't forget your mother, who cannot work for you any longer."

Sandy's patron engaged him as an office boy.

"I'll give you a chance," he said, "to show what there is in you. Write to your mother to-day that you have found a friend who will stand by you as long as you are fearless and honest."

Sandy became a favorite at once in the office. Clients seldom left the office without pausing to have a word with him. He attended night school, and became an expert penman and accountant. He was rapidly promoted until he was his patron's confidential clerk. After sharing his earnings with his mother, he went to Scotland and brought her back with him.

"You have made my fortune," he said; "and I cannot have luck without you."

He was right. When he had studied law and began to practice at the bar, his fearlessness commanded respect, and his honesty inspired confidence. Juries liked to hear him speak. They instinctively trusted him. His mother had impressed her high courage and sincerity upon him. His success was mainly her work.—The Household.

Two Mothers.

I noticed her when she entered the car. There was something strangely attractive about her, though she must have been at least sixty, and her face was so care-

worn, and the saddest I ever saw. In spite of my great trouble, I found myself wondering about her, and sometimes—for a moment—would almost forget my grief. Only a moment, though. Then the recollection that my baby—my little, tender baby, used only to the loving clasp of a mother's arms, was in that dreadful box in the jolting baggage car, would come to me in all its terrible reality, and I would forget everything and everybody, and remember only my great sorrow. I wanted my baby; oh, how I wanted him! My heart was aching so for the sound of his little, lisping voice, and the touch of his baby fingers. How could I live without him? Why did God give him to me, only to take him back after that one little year? For weeks I had been so happy planning a visit to my old home with baby. I had told him so much of the dear grandmamma he had never seen; I had looked forward so hungrily to the day when she would take him in her loving arms and cuddle him as only she knew how. And now I was taking him to her; not the warm, laughing, dimpled baby she had longed to see. The little still, white-clad figure in the basket seemed another child. And the cruel cars jolted noisily on and seemed to say over and over till I could scarcely keep from screaming: "Where's baby? Where's baby?"

Suddenly the train stopped, and my husband went out to ascertain the cause. It was a broken rail, and we would be detained about half an hour. I was glad, for baby could have a rest from that cruel jolting.

It was then that she came and sat down by me—the woman with the sweet, sad face, and almost without knowing it, I found myself pouring out my grief to her. It was such a comfort to me (mine was selfish grief, I only thought of myself, and she seemed to understand. She didn't talk much, but her very presence soothed me. I remember one thing she said; I can hear her low, sweet voice now: "My dear, it is no slight honor to be the mother of an angel." I did not take in the fullness of her meaning then, but I have since. My heart was so full of rebellion that day that I did not want to find comfort anywhere. I was sorry when the train started again. "I change cars at the next station," she said, "and it may help you a little in bearing your burden if I tell you something about myself. I am on my way to B—to see my only son. To-morrow he goes to the State prison to serve a life-sentence. I would be the happiest mother on God's earth to-day if I were in your place." The train stopped, and she pressed my hand and was gone. I watched her as well as I could through my blinding tears till she was lost in the crowd. But those tears were not for baby.—Blanch Bailey King, in New York Observer.

The Dying Tiger.

(Montreal Witness).

Tennyson bids us "let the ape and tiger die" out of us, implying that both of them survive in us. We may stoutly refuse credence to the theory that men are evolved from lower animal forms by ordinary generation, but none will question that there has been an evolution of type, structure and propensity. We find all our members written in God's book of stone in the lower parts of the earth "when as yet there were none of them." There seems to be more of man in the ape than in the tiger, but there is in man more of the tiger than of the ape. The tiger survives not in the savage man only, but in the civilized man. Man remains a hunting animal long after his necessities have ceased to force him to precarious conflict with his poor relations. It has been remarked that the greater part of an Englishman's sport lies in the line of taking life. Still, the tiger is dying out of him and the sport of taking life is having every year new limitations put upon it. The Prince of Wales used to be a great pigeon-shooter, waiting with a cigar in his mouth for the birds to fly up from their coops and "potting" them before they had the stiffness out of their wings. This sport years ago died out of His Royal Highness, and will not likely be revived in his posterity. The pheasants of Britain have all grown too tame to make a peasant battue anything better than a poulterer's butchery. So that sport also is fast disappearing from the Englishman's pastimes, and now we hear that Her Majesty has signified her displeasure at the annual chase of the tame deer in Windsor Park by the royal buck-hounds, a race of dogs cultivated for that ceremonial, and that the performance, which has ceased to be a sport, will henceforth be discontinued. The office of Master of the Buckhounds will probably, like many other ornamental court offices, long survive the last vestige of the function it once filled. Whether the old practice of men battering each other out of shape with their fists is to be attributed to the tiger in man, or whether that would be a slander upon the tiger, we do not know, but the process has evidently lost the respectability it once had, and now no civilized nation will harbor it—that is the thing itself—though they still gloat over accounts of it. We are inclined to think that man will be no less, but much more, a man when the tiger is dead and he ceases to delight in needless pain.

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