

HOW THE BROWNIES RAN AWAY.

By Hilda Richmond.

On Paul's birthday a box came from Aunt Mattie with the nicest little brown figures in it you ever saw. There were four for each of the children, for Ruth and Paul always celebrated their birthdays together and thus had two every year.

"I'll take the boys and you may have the girls," said Paul. "It's my birthday and mamma said I could have first choice."

"Goody!" cried Ruth, clapping her little hands. "I like the girls the best."

The children called them Brownies, and soon each Brownie had a name. Lucy and Nellie and Rosamond and Polly stood in the side window, while Paul's four boys had the place of honor in the front window waiting for papa to come to dinner. It was a bright winter day so the children went out to coast down the hill after examining all the presents, and the Brownies were forgotten for a little while.

"Oh, Papa, Auntie sent us the nicest little dolls you ever saw," said Ruth, running to meet her father.

"They aren't dolls, they're Brownies," said Paul. "Mine are in the front window."

Papa looked, but no Brownies appeared. Ruth hurried around to the side of the house and hers were gone out of the window where she placed them. "Some one must have taken them out of the windows," said papa. "We will see when we get into the house. Shake the snow off well, for mamma doesn't like to have it on the carpets."

"No, I didn't put the Brownies away," said mamma when they asked her about them. "Perhaps Sarah did."

There were hot water radiators in front of each window and the children stooped down to look under them, but no Brownies were in sight. "Some one stole them," said Paul, while Ruth looked ready to cry. "I just wish I had the thief."

"They couldn't be stolen right out of the sitting room, children," said papa. "That is impossible. You'll find them one of these days just where you put them for safe keeping."

Just then the postman brought in a letter from Aunt Mattie and mamma laughed a great deal when she read it. "Your Brownies were not stolen, children," she said. "They ran away. Auntie says they are made of chocolate, to eat, instead of being dolls to play with."

"But how could they run away?" asked two voices at once.

"See!" Their papa held them up above the radiator and there under each window were four thick, brown streams where the heat had melted the poor Brownies. The wall was brown, so the poor little men and women did not make much show on the wall.

Mamma scraped part of the Brownies off with a dull knife and the next places they ran were down two little red lanes. Can you guess what the lanes were?

Postal cards were introduced by Professor Emanuel Herman, of Vienna. They were first used in England, Germany, and Switzerland in 1870, and in Belgium and Denmark in 1871, and in Norway, Russia, and the United States in 1873. In some foreign countries a card was attached, on which an answer might be returned, long before the reply-card was introduced into England.

The Great Salt Lake of Utah, about fifteen miles distant from the Mormon capital, is seventy miles long and thirty miles broad, and is surrounded by mountains and desert.

Thirty seven millions of dead birds are annually imported into Great Britain "for trimmings and decorations."

A GIRL'S GRACEFUL WORDS.

"What graceful words that young lady uses!" I heard a gentleman say, speaking of a girl who had gone little to school, and had been allowed to read as she chose in a fine old library. She did use words of grace, for incessantly she had adopted as hers the words of some of the best authors, and without effort she clothed her thoughts in the garment of well chosen speech. This is what I hope all girls who read these talks will do, whether they adopt every one of my suggestions or strike into lovely pathways of their own.

Now, what books shall a girl read that her conversation may be seasoned with real graceful words? Shakespeare, Walter Scott, Longfellow, Tennyson and Whittier may be read at little gatherings of girls, where several clever heads are grouped round a central book. Poetry should be read aloud, even if one reads in the solitude of her own room. It is twin sister of melody, and must be heard for its music, its lift and its soft flow and cadence. A girl should not say that she does not care for poetry. She would enjoy it if she came to it in the right way and by the right door of approach. The poets have their messages for us, and as the form of verse makes it needful for them to be concrete and to crystallize a good deal of thought into a little space, their messages are apt to stick to us. Memorize good poetry. When you have stored away in your brain stanzas and sonnets and odes that embody striking or tender or beautiful thoughts, you need envy no man or woman gems or gold or stock in bank; you possess a richer treasure for a rainy day. A girl's favorite book will always tell her tastes and her degree of refinement.—Exchange.

THE HILLS.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills."—David.

Above the murky plains of life,
Above the moanings and the strife,
I gladly lift my longing eyes
To Him who all my need supplies.

Below, our vision is not so clear,
Below, our hearts are filled with fear,
But up where God in grandeur dwells
He every lowering cloud dispels.

For there we breathe a purer air;
An ampler ether, sweet and rare
Surrounds the trusting, sheltered soul,
And all the storms His hands control.

From harm of sun or moon preserved,
And for life's grandest service reared,
The heart on the eternal hills
Abides secure from earthly ills.

—Henry Alexander Lavelly.

WHAT IS STIMULANT.

"In his work—The Renewal of Life"—Dr. T. R. Chambers asks—What is a stimulant? and thus replies: "It is usually held to be something which spurs on an animal to a more vigorous performance of its duties. It seems doubtful if, on the healthy nervous system, this is ever the effect of alcohol, even in the most moderate doses and for the shortest periods of time. A diminution of force is quite consistent with augmented quickness of motion, or may it not be said that, in involuntary muscles, it implies it? The action of chloroform is to quicken the pulse, yet the observations of Dr. Bedford Brown on the circulation in the human cerebrum during anaesthesia clearly show that the propelling power of the heart is diminished during that state. It is clear that we must cease to regard alcohol as in any sense an aliment, inasmuch as it goes out as it went in, and does not, so far as we know, leave any of its substance behind it."

ENTHUSIASTIC MOTHERS.

When mothers become enthusiastic over a medicine for little ones, it is safe to say that it has high merit. Every mother who has used Baby's Own Tablets speaks strongly in praise of them, and tells every other mother how much good they have done her children. Mrs. Alfred Marcouse, St. Charles, Que., says: "I strongly advise every mother to keep Baby's Own Tablets in the house always. I have used them for teething troubles, colic and other ills of childhood and found them the most satisfactory medicine I ever tried." These tablets are guaranteed to contain no poisonous opiate and no harmful drug. They are equally good for the new born baby or the well grown child, and are a sure cure for all their minor ailments. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

UNFORTUNATE INTERRUPTION.

Willie was asleep and Dan was lonely. Willie is the minister's son, Dan is his dog. It was Sunday morning and every one was at church but these two friends. It was warm and sunny, and they could hear the good preaching, for their house was next door to the church.

"Dan," said Willie, "it is better here than in church, for you can hear every word, and you don't get prickles down your back, as you do when you have to sit up straight."

In some way, while Willie was listening he fell asleep.

Dan kissed him on the nose, but when Willie went to sleep he went to sleep to stay, and did not mind trifles. So Dan sat down with the funniest look of care on his wise, black face, and with one ear ready for outside noises.

Now the minister had for his subject, "Daniel." This was the name he always gave Dan when he was teaching him to sit up and beg, and other tricks. While the dog sat thinking, the name "Daniel" fell in his ready ear. Dan at once ran into the church, through the vestry door. He stood on his hind legs, with his forepaws drooping close beside the minister, who did not see him, but the congregation did. When the minister shouted "Daniel!" again, the sharp barks said, "Yes, sir," as plainly as Dan could answer.

The minister started back, looked around, and saw the funny little picture; then he wondered what he should do next, but just then through the vestry came Willie. His face was rosy from sleep, and he looked a little frightened. He walked straight forward to his father, and took Dan in his arms, and said:

"Please excuse Dan, papa. I went asleep and he runned away."

Then he walked out with Dan, looking back on the smiling congregation. The preacher ended his sermon on Daniel as best he could; but then he made a resolve, if he ever preached again on the prophet Daniel, he would remember to tie up his dog.—Our Little Ones.

The man who predicted the end of the world in twelve years, yet leased his house for a hundred, did not have much faith in his own prediction. And men who know that they must die yet go on adding field to field and heaping treasure upon treasure which they can use neither in this world nor the next show a greater folly.

There are many men crying in the wilderness, but they are not John the Baptists. They are simply crying in the wilderness. That is the only point of comparison.