

в

The Family Circle.

A MOTHER'S DIARY

Morning Baby on the floor, Making for the fender

Sunlight seems to make it sneers Baby "on a bender ?"

All the

I the speels upset and gone, Chairs driven into file,

Harness strings all strung across Ought to make one smile,

Apron clean, curls smooth, eyes blue (How these charms will dw.adle⁺) For I rather think, don't you : Baby " is a swindle."

Noon' A tangled silken floss Getting in blue eyes. Apron that will not keep clean,

Apron that will not keep clean, If a baby trics' One blue shoe untied, and one Underneath the table, (hairs gone mad, and blocks and toys Well as they are able; Baby un a high chair, too, Yelling for his dinner. Spoon in mouth. I think, don't you : Baby " is a sinner."

Night' Chairs all set back again, Blocks and spoons in order. One blue shoe beleath a mat, Tells of a marauder. Apron folded on a chair, Plaid dress torn and wrinkled, Two plak feet kicked pretty baro, Lattle fat knees crinkled. In his crib, and couquered, too. By skeep, best evangel. Now I surely think, don't you ! Baby is an angel. ton Transcript Night' Chairs all set back again,

- Boston Transcript

THAT TEN DOLLARS

It was odd, very odd, reekon it up this way or that way, or in whatever way I might, the result was just the same-I had ten dollars more than I could account for. I went over more than I could account for. I went over the whole quarter's receipts again. to we if something had not been omitted, but every-thing was quite right "Ha' what's this? It looks like a scratching out, and yet it can t be, for I never use a penkinfe." So I held the leaf up to the light, and scannedit closely, and then, turning it over, scrattinizedit again. "It certainly does look very much like an erasure, but no, 'tis only a hitle roughness on the sur-faceof the paper." I was completely puzz'ed, it was quite possible for me to have two little, but to have ten dollars too much - I could not under-stand that at all "Well," I said to myself, "it's better, at my rate, than having ten dollars too little " Still, the idea of there be-ing a mistake somowhere made me feel very un-comfortable I had been outsy preparing my accounts in

I had been ousy preparing my accounts in order to present them to my employers in the morning, for the morrow was a quarter day, and I knew that in nothing could a clerk offend so much as by being wrong in his batance. So I thought a little, and then determined to consult Jackson, our managing cierk. I was young at the time -not more than twenty. and, having been in the establishment only a few months, I knew but little of his character. He was exceedingly attenuive to business, but He was clowingly attentive to business, but there were some vague floating runners going the round of the place, which accredited hum with anything but a steady life. But he had always been very civil, and even kind, to me, and so, in my dilemma, I sought his advice He went over my accounts with me, but could deter nothing around

time

time." I was again about to make my objections to this mode of procedure, when I was cut short by a salesman, who came to say that Mr. Jack-win was wanted in the sale room. As he strede away, Jackson turned round, and said,--"I'll soo you about it again, Watson, in the meantime, you need not mention it to any ""

one " I saw no more of him till my labors were done for the day, and I was reaching my 1 " down from its peg, when he tapped me over

dewn from its peg, when he suppose an over the shoulder. 'One word, Watson, letter you goe, if ever it should be found out where the mistage des. J will make it all right for you - Goodnight '

That night the ten dollars were ever before That night the ten dollars were ever before [Ton minutes went by, but Jackson did not The last thing I remember, before falling [return, - p. was thinking of the ton dollars, I dept.] Watson,'' sud Mr Elliot, '' will you go it connect if ten dollars. In the morping, and say that i shall be plaased if Ms Jackson 1st at trackfast, I lad the whole affair [will come here immediately f'' or my mether, and eskel her coursel. [] Usent, but could not find him - Give up the monoy, of course [] [] well course.] I asked of a porter, '' have you ne

"Cive up the monoy, of course." "But you see, mother, I am afraid it would offend Jackson, he seems so much to wish me to hush it up."

"Never mind Jackson, do what is right, and I am sure it will be better for you in the and "Tell Mr. Elliot" - the head paramerhow it is, and I am certain he won't be angry

1 ate the remainder of my meal in silence tor, whilst I did not wish to make an energy of Jackson, who could, if he pleased, make my situation very unpleasant, I had strong com-punctions about keeping the money Break-fist was over, and, as I was leaving home Tast was over, and, as I was fearing home in mother took hold of my hand and said, -"Promise me, Henry, before you go, that you will give up the monsy." I hesitated, Surely, Henry, you would not steal ?" "Steal? Nover?" And I promised at

Jackson found no time to speak to me that norming, being engaged with Mr. Elliot, but when, in turn, I entered the private office, I saw him cast an enquiring glance towards

me "This seems all right, Wetson," sud Mr Lillor, after looking over my account. "Have you anything else ?" "Yes, sir. I have still ten dollars, of which

I am unable to give any account." Strange ' Are you sure that you have miss-ed nothing ?"

Quito, sir, I have been over everything several times, and last night Mr. Jackson was kind enough to assist me.

It's strange, but you can put the money lack not your safe. I drawny it will be found out before the next quarter is an And by the by, Watson, I intend to raise your salary Holloway is going to heave, and I wish you to I thanked him, and heartily, too; for a hun-dred wollars a year was no small income at

our house.

" Let me see I think Jackson, he had bet "Let me Free I times our acce, the ter begin to morrow " "Yes, sir; it will be most convenient." "You hear Watson I believe there's no thing more Good morning "

thing more Good morning " There was joy in our house that night, and on the morrow I went forth with a light heart to take possession of Holloway's stool And now, dear reader, just take a jump over the next three years Jackson was still in his place. but I had risen step by step, until I occupied a post inferior only to that held by humself. The mystery attached to my tea dollars had never been unravelled, and they still reposed pencefully in my safe Jackson still reposed penerfully in my safe Jackson and I got on very well together, but there was one thing which I could not understand. For a few nights before quarter-day, Jackson al-ways, under some pretence or other, took the books home with him, but as I did not con-

sider it my place to interfere. I said nothing It was the quarter day at the end of the three years of which I have spoken, and I was Intre years of which I have spotch, and I was assisting Mr. Elihot in examining the account of one of the junior clerks, whose ledger ex-hibited a glaring deficiency of one hundred and fifty dollars. The youth was not the brightest in the world, and for a time he scened stunned. But he was sure it must be some mistake of But he was sure it must be some mistake of mine, his cash was all right three days ago; and he took the book to see for himself. The result was the same-deficit, one hundred and fifty dollars. Again he went over it, and I could see the big drops of sweat roll down his fuce as he again came to the same hornble conclusion--deficit, one hundred and fifty dollars. A tauril time he essayed to reconcile the difference . but suddenly stopping short, he turned to Mr Elliot, and cred.

These are not my figures, sir "

"Then whose are they ?" "I don t know, sir, they are not mine" look, sir, something has been scratched on here

Lorent Lingh No there has Has the ledger ever been out of your care ?" "No. sur- that is, yes- twice." When r Last night and the night before "

"Who had it?" Mr Jackson. "Then call Mr Jackson up here."

He came. " Mr. Jackson," sud Mr. Elliot, "there's an error in Brown's account; something appears to have been wratched out, and as I understand you have had hus ledger the last

two nights. I thought perhaps you could uxplain | She IL. Jackson minned desair pale, and, bending Jackson minned desair pale, and, bending down to hide the ghastly hue of his country-lance, he pretended to examine the figures his there had been an emaire, but he

private incrioran-

consist explain is the has a private dum in his desk, he would fetch it.

Ton minutes went by, but Jackson did not

I went, but could not find him "(Isborne," I asked of a porter, "have you seen Mr, Jacksou ?"

"Yes, sir; he went out about ten minutes

"Went out f"

"Went out ?" "Yes, sar; he came down stairs looking very white, and, taking his hat, he said he felt rather ill, and would get a little air " I weit hack and told Mr. Elliot. "Oh!" all he attered, and then turning on his heel he motioned for us to follow He first went to Osborne, who repeated his story again, and then he crossed to Jackson's desk, which was locked. A smith was sent for, and the lock forced.

which was locked. A smith was sent for, and the look forced. "Mr Watson," said Mr. Elliot, taking out Jackson's books,... he had never called me Mr Watson before,..." will you come with me to my private room i I shall want you for a few minutes."

That fow minutes expanded into hours; and the discovery of embezzlements by Jackson, to the extent of some thousand dollars, was the rethe very first of them was connected with my sveral years, and by a curious coincidence, the very first of them was connected with my ten dollars - the last, of course, with Brown's hundred and fifty. Need I say that Jackson was never heard of again? That mucht I walked to be the managing

That might I walked nome as the managing clerk of the firm of Elliot & Co. , and never since have I forgetten the les on taug ht me by my ten dollars .- Monroe's Parlor Rea inna

HOW LITTLE JOE HELPE', ALONG.

BY MADGARET R. SANGE ER

It was the morning of a raw cold day late in the fall Gusts of wind blew fiercely out of doors, and dashes of rain came spitefully against the windows. It was the sort of day

against the windows. It was the sort of day when people draw their wraps close around them, and walk fast to keep warm. Maggie, Minta, and May were holding a council of three. Things were 'ark inside as well as out. Maggie had washed the dishes, Minta had made the bods, and May and swept the floor, and there was nothing more toile.

incre to do. "We can't scrub, for there's no scap; and we can't cook dinner, for there's nothing to cook," said Maggie sadly. "Is there ro more on that hara-bone ?"

asked Minta

"Not another scrap, nor a single potato left in the bin. I know mother paid her last cent to the baker this morning, and even if she gots her money for those coats, she will have to save it all for the rent. I don't know what is to be-

all for the rent. I don't know what is to be-come of us," said Minta. "I mean to help along," cried chec. y little May "I'm going over the way to ask the lady who lives in the big house if she won't hire me to take care of the baby and run on errands. Her girl has gone away. I saw her march off an hour ago, with her clothes done handle and Mm Earle hasn't had Then there was a silence. By and by the mother spoke. "Joe, dear, you don't know how you help me to-day. You look so happy. It takes a burden right off my heart to see you pleased" So Joe found out how he could help along too. Each in the way God shows us, we can all be helpful in this world, some by working, and some by simply trying, wherever they are, to be as bright and cheerful as they can.—III, Chr stan Weekly. and me to take care of the only and run on crrands. Her girl has gone away. I saw her march off an hour ago, with her clothes done up in a bundle, and Mrs. Earle hasn't had time to find a new one yet." "May Marble," said Maggio, "do you snp-

pose mother will consent to let you be a secvant ?

secremat?" "I see that poor mother has to work as hard as a servant herself," said May, "and I do not think she will be angry at my trying to do lonest work It is not worth while to be proud when we are all like old Mother Hub-bard, who went to the cupbeard to get the poor dog a bone-and when she got there the rupbeard was bare, and so the poor dog had none

none" May made a little courtesy, and went gaily across the street. Mrs. Earle was in trouble, Bridget had suddenly 'left. The 'baby-boy nooded constant watching, and the house was in disorder. She gladly welcomed her little neighbor, and promised to give her tweaty-five cents a day till she found a servant. Mr y proved so handy and helpful that Mrs. Earle brut her for many works and main numerous proved so handy and helpful that hirs. Early kept her for many works, and soin numerous provents of food and clothing to her mother and aistors Each night when also came home to alcop, also brought with hor some little to-ken of rogard or good will Maggie and Mints, when May had gone,

horan to cast about and consider what they could do to help They were only little girls, and heretoloue their mother atoms had prori-

could do to help They were only little girls, and heretofore their mother alone had prori-ded for all. Mayrie resolved to go and ask her tea her if also know of anything which a child could do to earn more? Miss Pertin had often been placed with Maggee's clear sweet roles, and distinct way of pronoutcing her words in Sunday-school Sho was pleased to see that the little girl really desired to sanist her dear ones in this strait, so the pot on her thinking-cap, and presently also said. " "Marrie would you mind reading for an here every day to a blind lady "" "Oh, I should love to!" said Maggro with enthusiasm.

enthusiasm.

"Stop a minute, dear It would not be stories, or anything very interesting to you. She loves to hear old a mone, and the person who reads to her now finds them very dry If, however you undertake the task, you must do your very best, and she will pay you one dollar a week."

one dollar a week." Maggio agreed. She knew botter than Miss Bertis did how fur toward the rent that dollar a week would go. The rent was the great anxiety with Maggie's mother. That must be not though they had wearth four dead that met, though they had scanty food and little

be met, though they had been y and y an

oblige her." So there had Minta's work been found. What could Jee do² Little crippled Jee, who sat all day long in his high chair by the vindow, with such a sorrowful face that even passers-by sometimes felt a pang of pity. Jee had not always had a lame back and twisted form, as he had now. Two years ago he could run and jump as well as any boy. Then be had tripped on an jey crowsing and a carcould fun and jump as well as any boy. Then he had tripped on an icy crossing, and a car-riage turning the corner swiftly had passed over him. He was sick a long time, and now he knew that he was lame for life. Joe saw and heard his sisters as they planned how to help mother, and he felt more melanchely them ever. He turned his face to the window and ever. He turned his face to the window, and tear after tear rolled slowly down the thin white checks.

white cheeks. Suddenly the window was raised from the outside A little gloved hand thrust itself in, and left on Joo's lap a beautiful bunch of vio-lets, with geranium leaves around them, and a sweet pink rose-bud in the middle Ho looked up to thank the giver, but no one was there. Then he looked at the flowers, and somehow in spite of Lis wishes,-for some-times when we have naughty feelings, or sad ones, we try to keep them, not try to send them away, as we ought,-he began to feel happy. The rose-bud siniled at him, the fragrance, and the geranium leaves were a delight. Before he know it, his evil thoughts went far off, and he felt, looking at the flowers, a bit of comfort coming warm and glad into his hear?. A stanza of a hymn, which just then his mother began to hum over her sewing, then his mother began to hum over her sowing, added to his content, and to her surprise, he joined his voice to hers. Both sang, the mother over her stitching, by one window, and the boy with his violets by the other.—

"Safe in the arms of Jesns, Safe on his gentle breast, There by his love o'crahaded, Sweetly my soul shall rest."

Then there was a silence. By and by the

BOB'S CONSCIENCE.

BY ALDES COLLINGWOOD

In a corner in the meadow-side farm, near the sams and stable yards, stoud an old hay-rick. It had long ago fallen into disuse, but owing to its antiquity it had been left stand-ing. The cows and the chickens were the only ones who enjoyed it now, the former often standing under its cover on warm sum-mer days when the sun grow too hot to stay in the open field, and the cocks used it as the fittest theore to parch before sumia and crow

fittest place to perch before sumrise and crow their good morning to the "lay-a-beds" at

of no roal use, but it often afforded Bob King some pleasure in playing hide-and-sock with the other boys and aliding down its thatched

Bob often thought what a glorious eight it would be to see such a tumblo-down thing

"Ly." he exclaimed one day, confidentially to Tom Long, "wouldn't she blaze? I tell you what, Tom, she'd make a regular Fourth of

Tom of course agreed with Bob and wished Bob would carry out his plan and not talk so

There was not much beauty in it and it was

homo.

rooi

July fire-cracker

much about it.

near

In a corner in the meadow-side farm,