

one teaspoonful of
add to one cup of
f butter with two
ght, without separ-
Mix smooth with
Have this mix-
and cut very nice.
moderately quick

three-quart pound
two lemons, two
awberries. Soak
old water and add
water and the juice
the sugar. Strain
o harden stir in
firm. Serve with

o one pint of flour
y powder and one-
Sift thoroughly.
tablespoonfuls of
of sweet milk.
en well browned
whole or mashed,
ve hot, passing a
the shortcake cut

To the juice of
d berries and rub
t of thick cream,
ff froth, and pour
ling on top one
ly with their own
ling with sugar.
into all possible
l "cave," which
ollowed out with
d shape needed.
fashion, but fruit
Serve with a sil-
fruit creams, on

three-quarters of
ith cold water;
rs or more; the
ed off.
e-quarters of an
r.
arters of an hour;
minutes; use hot

e hour; use hot
e hours; use hot
s; use hot water.
half hours; use
alf hour.
r night. Allow

ed, as putting it
k three-quarters
cook; if cut thin
quarter, but if
wo hours and a
sness, and Bad
lock Blood Bit-
h, liver, bowels,
s.

with constipa-
g helped me, I
Bitters, and be-
ed. I can also
Ethel D. Haines,
nter with Diar-
ght I was going
Fowler's Ex-
w I can thank
life. Mrs. S.

Children's Department.

Genuine Master Jack.

It was a fine spring morning, radiant with sunshine, and song and budding flower, and all that makes the face of earth and sky glorious, and breakfast was just over at Chessdown farm.

"Let us be off, Bertie," said Jack Willoughby; "days are none too long, and we've lots to see."

"Mind and behave yourselves," said his uncle, Mr. Blessington, the farmer of Chessdown farm, who was just lighting his after-breakfast pipe, a great deal more in joke than earnest.

"Oh yes, uncle, we'll behave all right," rejoined Jack; and then suddenly stopping and lowering his voice and giving it a less off-hand tone, "May we have a ride on Turpin, uncle?"

Turpin was his uncle's cob, and as good-tempered as a cob could be; but he was so much occupied in carrying his big master about over the heavy fields that it was not fair play to add the duty of a trot with school-boys. So uncle at once cheerfully gave up the idea of taking some part of his rounds, that Bertie and Jack might the more enjoy their visit, and laughingly replied—

"You'll break your necks, you will. Tell Bell to put the little saddle on, and don't you be jumping haystacks, or you may light on their top, eh?"

"What a nice old fellow your uncle is," Bertie observed, as the two boys went out together to find Bell, the man who groomed Turpin.

"Yes; he's the dearest old soul alive," replied Jack.

Chessdown farm was a glorious place for anybody to stay at; but to boys it was the very prince of places, and to school-boys who had been penned up in a big brick London school-house, surrounded by a high brick wall, just let out for a two days' holiday at Easter, it was more than tongue could tell, almost more than heart could wish.

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Jack and Bertie were just such boys, and their sense of freedom knew no bounds as they vaulted the gates, and chased one another through flocks of flying, cackling, quacking cock and hens and geese and ducks, on their way to where they understood Bell to be.

"Oh, Bell, that's you, is it?" said Jack, introducing himself to the notice of his uncle's principal servant man in a kind of familiar, friendly way. "Will you be good enough to put the little saddle on Turpin, uncle says?"

"Glad to see you, sir; I hope you're well. I'll put him up directly, in ten minutes or so. I've to see to these ducklings. Ducklings wants a good deal of seeing to, with the rain and these cold east winds. They soon has cramp and dies. I'll come directly."

"All right; that will do splendidly," said Jack, clearing another fence with a bound.

Bertie followed, though why either of them had got to the other side of it they hardly knew, save it was for the mere pleasure of jumping—for they found themselves in a little waste piece of land with no way out of it.

"Where is Turpin?" asked Bertie.

"Well, if you don't mind a walk over that roof"—pointing to a long low wagon shed—"I'll take you a short cut to his highness's palace;" and without waiting to hear Bertie's decision, he climbed up a faggot-stack and was on to the roof in no time. Bertie followed, and they soon found the stable.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Bertie as they entered the stable, "here's a gun;" and there was one, reared up in the manger of the empty stall. They had not yet discovered Turpin, but the gun was an unexpected, and for the present, more absorbing attraction.

In an instant Jack had seized the gun, cocked it, and put it to his shoulder, and boy-like, was fancying himself a warrior of the first rank.

"I wonder whether Bell has got any caps?" said Jack after he had pulled the trigger and had made no crack; and knowing the cupboard in the harness-room where Bell generally kept his things, he put down the gun and ran to the harness room to see if caps were there, and there sure enough they were. Back again he bounded to the stable, and placing one of his caps on the nipple, again shouldered the gun, crying, "Stand off, Bertie! You're a Zulu. Down with the Zulus!" and pointing the gun at Bertie's brow, like a true warrior, pulled the trigger; but the cap did not crack.

"Those caps are bad," said Bertie. "I'll try another."

The stable door opened. Bell entered.

"Sir!" cried Bell, suddenly seizing the gun, and turning deadly pale, "what are you doing to meddle with it?" Then noticing the cap on the nipple—for Bertie had not yet had time to take it off when Bell entered—where did you get that cap?"

"Oh, it's only a dead one," replied Bertie. "I've just been cracking it off for fun."

At this announcement Bell's pale-ness was still deadlier.

"Oh, Master Jack, it's loaded!" gasped Bell.

At this Jack turned pale too.

"It isn't, is it?" exclaimed Jack, trembling from head to foot.

"I am thankful," said Bell. "It's a double load in it."

Bell had "an eye" on some stoats which dreadfully distressed his master's poultry, and had resolved to take heavy vengeance on them, so had loaded his gun to be ready for them, and had reared it up out of the way. Bell, as you may imagine, was not the only one who was thankful just then. He was not even the most thankful, nor was it Bertie who was so. It was poor Jack. He shivered a little, then cried, and feeling too ill in the legs to sit on the pony, riding was given up for that visit, at least. Indeed, life had suddenly become solemn to Jack. What if that had not chanced to be a bad cap!

The thought was unbearable.

Many a time during the next few months, as he lay in bed awake, poor Jack felt his finger pulling, and heard the dead fall of the trigger, and he turned over, or rather writhed, at the horrid recollection of how near he had been to the killing of a school-fellow by the mere thoughtless handling of a gun.

A Church Mouse.

Mabel and Gertie used to go to Sunday school in a queer old church, away in the country, where the pews were so high that they could hardly see over them. They used to sit by themselves Sunday after Sunday, and read and sing out of the same books side by side. But one Sunday they had a strange visitor! Mabel heard a faint little scratch in one corner of the pew.

"Oh, Gertie!" she whispered, "I do believe it is a mouse!" So they crept close together and held their breath and waited. It was not very long before they heard another faint scratch, and then out popped the head of a mouse, with peering, bead-like eyes, and great long whiskers. The children were breathless with delight. Master Mouse seemed to think that they were friendly, for presently he jumped softly out of his hole upon the cushions.

People say, "As poor as a church mouse"; but this mouse was a plump little fellow, stout and lively, and not looking a bit hungry. Suddenly Gertie remembered she had a biscuit in her pocket, and began to wonder whether their visitor would eat anything. But, in putting her hand to her pocket, she made a rustle, and in a moment the mouse was back to his hole. A bit of biscuit was laid near his corner, however, and in a few minutes he had forgotten his fright and was on the cushion eating his dinner.

Gertie could hardly contain her delight as she saw "their mouse," as she

called him, feasting on the biscuit; and she thought of him when the teacher told them of God's wonderful kindness to everything that has life. The mouse often came back, till at length Gertie could even stroke him with her hand and let him nestle in her muff. It is always good to be kind to the creatures whom God has made.

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