## Tales and Sketches.

### How They Found Bennie.

Dr. Wilder stood on the porch, talking with his wife, when John, the hired man, drove out of the barn in the new carriage, with Bennie sitting by his side.

"It is so warm, I would not let Bennie go to day if he had not been promised a ride in the new phaeton," said Mrs. Wilder.

"Let him rough it a little," replied Dr. Wilder. "It will do him good. You cannot expect to have the boy with you always, Mary."

"Oh, I wish I could!" was the reply that broke from the mother's lips. "I wish to heaven I could, John!" Sometimes I think I could almost give him up now, better than to have him live to be—" she hesitated, and burst into tears.

"Speak right out, and say you would rather he would die than live to grow up like his father," answered the doctor with a sneer. "Well, we've got him, and we can't kill him, so I guess you'll have to keep him awhile yet, even at the risk of his becoming just such a wretch as I am." His voice was hoarse, his speech thick, and his hands shook as he buttoned his overcoat. Mrs Wilder went in, and stood looking out of the hall window. Bennie sat up very straight beside John, his cheeks red and shiny from the vigorous rubbing he had given them, his hair smooth, and out of the corner of the pocket of his brown velvet jacket, a clean handkerchief showed one snow-white corner.

Bennie was very happy. He hummed a little tune softly to himself, and did not stop when Tom, John's brother, stepped up to speak to him a moment.

"Happy as a lark, aren't you, little chap?" Tom said, speaking to Bennie first.

John gave his brother a look, and then glanced significantly at Dr Wilder, who was coming toward them. "Isn't it a shame?"

"A little too much corn-juice," said Tom with a wink. "Such a smart man, too!"

Then Bennie understood. His cheeks burned redder, and he could not look at good-natured Tom, who was standing beside the carriage. He wondered if all little boys were ashamed and unhappy as he was when he saw his father's flushed face, and heard him talk in that thick, gruff tone. He knew now what made his father act so strangely sometimes; what made his mamma cry so, and send his playmate, Bruce Parker, home when they had just begun to play.

"Corn-juice," that was what Tom had said it was. Why should any one drink such stuff, and why should it make his father strike the horse so hard that she jumped forward with a bound, almost jerking Bennie off the seat.

"Well," said his father, as they rolled over the smooth, damp road, "are you going to be a doctor too, sometime?"

"Papa," said Bennie eagerly, not heeding the question, "how do people make corn-juice?"

"I never heard of any such thing," answered his father, "as corn-juice. What put such an idea into your head?"

Bennie blushed, and faltered out, "why – Tom said– " and then he stopped.

Dr. Wilder's face flushed hotly. He too began to comprehend some things as well as Bennie. "Tom is getting altogether too free with his remarks," he said, "he uses too much slang, also. You never mind what he says, Bennie."

They rode on over the smooth road damp with the heavy dew of the night before the air was sweet with the smell of meadow hay, and the sound of bird's songs in their ears. But Bennie was not happy. He felt the shadow that is always so black when it comes for the first time to a childish experience. Birds-songs filled the air all unheeded, sweet flowers bloomed along the hedge-rows unnoticed, and even the shine and glitter of the phaeton, in which he had felt so much pride a few moments before, was vanity and vexation of spirit. Finally when his father stopped at a low house by the roadside and asked him if he would rather wait than go in, he replied unhesitatingly that he would be glad to wait outside till his father had made the visit to the sick child within.

Left to himself, Bennie began to wonder whether there was any way to prevent his father from having any more of the beverage that caused so much trouble to his mother, and led to such contemptuous remarks as those he had overheard from Tom. He got down from the seat into the road, and began to pick up stones and throw them at the fence of the cornfield opposite, and when he was tired of that, he watched some ants that were having a battle—and at last wondered if his father was ever coming out to go home. He took a little book out of his pocket—a blank book that Ann the cook had given him that morning, and a little stubby pencil, and made some figures; for Bennie, though only six, had learned already to write a little, and could make all the figures very neatly—an accomplishment in which he took much innocent pride, and then began to print a letter to his mother, when he saw a sickle lying by the path.

"Why, there is Mr. Downs' sickle," thought Bennie. "I wonder if I could cut with a sickle?"

He slipped the book and pencil into his pocket, and picked up the sickle. The field of corn across the road tossed its long, palm-like leaves in the summer wind and its rustle seemed to Bennie like the sound of voices.

"Cut me down! cut me down!" it seemed to say, "and there will be no more drink in the world."

A moment after a sturdy little figure was climbing over the fence, and the sickle lay in the corn field, where it had been pushed between the boards.

Great was the consternation in the household when Dr. Wilder, driving through the gate, was suddenly confronted with the thought of Bennie, whom he had left in Mr. Downs' yard, and totally forgotten from that moment.

Of course there was but one thing to do, and that was to drive back again to Mr. Downs' and get him, though Mrs Wilder's heart was full of anxious forebodings, that she owned to herself were foolish, for of course Bennie, tired of waiting, had only gone out of sight somewhere, and his father, forgetful and absent-minded, had driven away and left him.

They would find him at the Downs' farm, of course, and yet she trembled and shook so that she could hardly put on her gloves, for she insisted, though the day was warm, and she was far from well, on going too.

But when they reached Mr. Downs' house, that slow witted individual could give them no light on the subject.

He had not seen Bennie, had not seen anybody, in fact, since the doctor went away, did not remember seeing any one go by except a tramp, who had stopped and asked for a drink, and then passed on—a villainous looking fellow, Mr. Downs added, at which Mrs. Wilder turned pale, and trembled more than ever.

Then they discovered that the sickle was gone, too, and at that Dr. Wilder, who had not before lost his equanimity, began to show anxiety.

Dinner hour came and went, neighbors were called to assist in the search, and all that long summer afternoon horses went madly up and down the road, men came and rode away again with anxious faces, and women, gathered in Mr. Downs yard, *stood in little* groups and whispered together, or made suggestions to the men who came and went.

Old Captain March, who had a field glass of powerful capacity, sent it to the house that they might scan the fields and woods to see, perhaps, something that the naked eye could not perceive.

It was late in the afternoon when the Captain himself, sweeping the horizon, exclaimed, "There are cattle in your corn, Downs—over there to the right, about a mile away! I see the corn stirring, and there is not a breath of wind. It must be the Widow Alcott's long-horned stock—I wish there never had been such a breed of cattle on this earth—troublesome, jerky things!"

But a new hope at the word sprang up in the father's heart; perhaps it was the lost one—perhaps, who could tell?

"Give me your horse, Captain! and as many of you fellow as wish to, I am going over to that edge of the corn field!"

He was on the horse and away sooner than it takes to tell it, and when he reached the spot, there was Bennie—Bennie indeed, but how changed!

His cheeks were grimy with the dirt that stuck to his little sweaty face; his handkerchief, stained with blood, lay at a little distance from him on the ground, tears had worn funny looking lines down his grimy cheeks, and his chubby hands were stained with blood. He was lying on the ground between the corn rows, and by his side there lay a scrap of paper torn from the little blank book, on which was written: "DERK MUTHER, ime going to cut down of the korn, so thair wunt bee eny more kornjuce for eny boddee to drink, and Tom wunt dair to sa eny thing more. Bennie."

The father lifted him tenderly in his arms, put the letter carefully in his pocket, and just as the astonished crowd of friends was coming up, he rode back and laid Bennie, awake and, as he said, "awful hungry," in his mother's arms.

That night, in the solitude of their room, Dr. Wilder showed the letter to his wife, and said humbly, "Mary, you have a pledge somewhere that you white-ribbon women use, have it you? Let me sign it, and let us together thank God that it was not too late when we found Bennie!"

They knelt together, and as they rose from their knees, they went, hand in hand, and bent over Bennie's crib.

"Thank God also," said the wife looking up at her husband with tearful eyes, "for my treasure that was lost and now is found!"—*Union Signal.*

## Literary Record.

THE COSMOPOLITAN began its fifth volume in the March number of the present year. It is, in its get up, a magnificent magazine, each number comprises about ninety beautifully printed pages by well known and prominent modern authors. Every article is full of information and interest; the number referred to has attractive articles on Negro Suppression, Horses and Hunting in Persia, Bull fighting in Mexico, besides numerous sketches and poems, the first instalment of a new story by E. P. Roe.

It is made especially attractive by four full pages in color. These handsome colored illustrations are a peculiar feature of this magazine, all through which are scattered admirably finished engravings. We understand the Cosmopolitan Magazine Co. is making a big success of this undertaking. The annual subscription is only $1.00. Address Cosmopolitan Magazine Co., New York.

WOMAN.—We have received the April number of 'Woman,' published by the 'Woman Publishing Co., New York, and it is brimful of matters of interest, and embellished with an unusually large number of finely finished engravings.

We have much pleasure in recommending this periodical to readers of the CANADA CITIZEN. Its tone and character are high, and it is conducted with marked ability, and deserves, and we believe will have, a very wide circulation. Subscription price, $2.75 per annum.

THE "NOVELIST" is the title of a weekly magazine of American fiction, published by J. B. Alden, 393 Pearl street, New York. The price is $1.00 per year, which will give over twenty five hundred pages in all, and the publishers promise that everything contained in it will be first-class. Specimen copies sent free.

"LITERATURE" is the name of an illustrated weekly magazine conducted by the same publishers, and supplied at the same price. It has a great variety of contents, is very convenient in form, profusely illustrated, and exceedingly attractive. The foremost American authors are among its contributors. Specimen copies may be procured free on application.

"THE TRIPLE PLEDGE".—This is the title of a new concert exercise recently published by the National Temperance Society, prepared by Mary E. Blood. It is capitally arranged, and will give profitable entertainment in any school or juvenile band wherever it is introduced. Besides responsive readings it has seven songs, three dialogues, and seven recitations, thus introducing a number of boys and girls who shall take part. It is a pamphlet of sixteen pages, and sells for 5 cents per copy, sixty cents per dozen. Address J. N. Sharp, Publishing agent, 58 Reade Street, New York.

## An Appeal for Help.

THE Sons of Temperance in Manitoba are energetically pushing their work, and finding the load they carry pretty heavy, they have applied to friends of the Order elsewhere to give them financial assistance.

A circular issued from the office of Geo. P. Bliss, G. Scr., 21 Lorne street Winnipeg, says. We deem it advisable that we should acquaint you with a few facts with reference to our Temperance work in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, and by this to enlist your sympathy and your help (financially) in our time of need. The season when immigrants come in thousands to our boundless prairies is now upon us, and we must be ready to extend to the Strangers and our Brothers and Sisters from the East and South a helping hand. We are doing our best, but have to struggle with the difficulties of distance as to localities; and apathy as to many communities. We have done good work during past years since our Grand Division was instituted in June, 1884. We have more than "held the fort." We have done much aggressive work—work that tells and will more effectively be felt when the country settles down to active daily routine business and agricultural pursuits. *We are just now passing through* a crisis—a crisis that affects all interests—Religious, Social and Philanthropic. Among the latter, the great Temperance movement, at the head of which the "Old Sons" stands easily first in organization and efficiency, must be maintained in this new country. The National Division of North America has, for a number of years, fostered us most nobly and liberally, but we cannot expect to draw so much on these resources in the future. We feel that we must help ourselves. This we are doing by personal work in the propagation of our Order. In addition to this, we know that there are many Divisions in Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, United States and Great Britain, very much interested in the welfare of our cause in this country. Our cause is your cause; our work is your work. Your friends come and settle among us, and under these circumstances is it too much for us to ask those disposed to help a good cause the cause dearest to our hearts—to send a small donation from each Division receiving this circular. This would be opportune, and, added to our own effort, will give impetus to the work strong enough to tide over our present depressed condition. We are determined not only to "hold the fort," but also to "storm the fort," for the deliverance of humanity from the thraldom of "the liquor traffic."

## KITCHEN CLIPPINGS.

### Marinet Mutton.

Take a scrag of mutton, make some good gravy with parsley, thyme, and winter savory, sliced carrots, onions, and shalots and celery, some turnips well boiled and mashed, and a crust of white bread, stew together; then put in some steaks of a neck or loin (broiled first), and stew them in thyme, season to your taste: strain it off, and put in some carrots, broiled separately for that purpose.

### Real Scotch Short Bread.

Ingredients.—One pound of butter, two pounds of flour, half a pound of sifted sugar, some sweet almonds, a few carraway comfits, and some citron. Put a pound of butter into a basin, and squeeze it near the fire with the hand till quite soft. Then squeeze into it two pounds of flour and half a loaf of sifted loaf sugar, with a few sweet almonds chopped very fine. Mix all well together. Take portions of it and shape into cakes of half an inch thick, with the hand. Bake in a slow oven, from twenty-five to thirty minutes. To this may be added carraway comfits and citron.

### Ox Heart Roasted.

Put the heart into lukewarm water to disgorge the blood for one hour. Make during this time a good, highly-seasoned veal forcemeat or stuffing. Wipe the heart well with a cloth, stuff the interior with the forcemeat, tie it up in buttered paper, and pass a small spit through the sides. Set it before a good fire to roast, and baste it well. When done, remove the paper, and serve very hot with a little plain gravy or piquante sauce. You may also stuff it with sage and onions, but this is not generally liked. Roast about two hours according to size.

### Potato Soup.

Ingredients.—One pound of potatoes, ¼ lb. onions, 2 oz. butter; 1½ quarts water, ½ teaspoonful salt; 1 pinch pepper; 1½ teaspoonful sugar. Wash, pare, and slice the potatoes; skin and chop the onions. Place the potatoes, onions, and butter in the water, and boil until the potatoes and onions can be crushed smooth with a fork or spoon. Add the sugar, and let the soup boil up again. If a richer soup is wanted, half a pint of milk may be added at the same time as the sugar.

## BITS OF TINSEL.

"Mamma," asked little Claire one day, "can you tell me what part of heaven people live in who are good but not agreeable?"

"Mother," said a little girl, who was engaged in making an apron for her doll, "I believe I will be a duchess when I grow up." "How do you expect to become a duchess, my daughter?" "Why, by marrying a Dutchman, to be sure," replied the little girl.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take, sure and effectual in destroying worms. Many have tested it with best results.

Police Sergeant.—"Is the man dangerously wounded?" Irish police surgeon.—"Two of the wounds are mortal; but the third can be cured, provided the man keeps perfectly quiet for at least six weeks."

SALT RHEUM, OTTER, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES.—These few adjectives apply with peculiar force to Dr Thomas' Eclectric Oil, a standard external and internal remedy, adapted to the relief and cure of coughs, sore throat, hoarseness and all affections of the breathing organs, kidney troubles, excoriations, sores, lameness and physical pain.

Robinson: "How about that note I hold of yours, Brown?" "I've had it so long that whiskers are beginning to grow on it." Brown: "Why don't you get it shaved, then?"

N. McRAE, WYEDALE, writes:—"I have sold large quantities of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, it is used for colds, sore throat, croup, etc., and in fact for any *affection of the throat* it works like magic. It is a sure cure for burns, wounds, and bruises."

"Why, Nettie, you have put your shoes on the wrong feet." "What will I do, Mamma?" "Buy mail the feet I have got."

The progress of mental enlightenment has led to the abandonment of many antiquated remedies of questionable value, and the adoption of newer and more rational ones. Prominent among the latter is Northrop and Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, the justly celebrated Blood Purifier, a comprehensive family remedy for liver complaint, constipation, indigestion, loss of physical energy, and female complaints.

"You have the advantage of us in one respect, doctor," remarked McCorkle to his family physician. "And what is that?" asked the doctor. "You don't have to wait for snow to go slaying."

Why go limping and whining about your corns, when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial, and you will not regret it.

Little Margary, playing with her kitten, got rather a severe scratch from the animal. Her lip trembled for an instant, and then she assumed the commanding attitude and expression that her mother had assumed under somewhat similar circumstances toward her, and, extending her hand, said sternly, "Titty, give me dat pin."

"They say fortune knocks once at every man's door," said an old pauper who died at the almshouse the other day, "but if it came to mine I didn't hear it." "Why not?" "I guess I must have been in the saloon, around the corner."

Amos Hudgin, Toronto, writes:—"I have been a sufferer from Dyspepsia for the past six years. All the remedies I tried proved useless, until Northrop and Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure was brought to my notice. I have used two bottles with the best results, and can with confidence recommend it to those afflicted in like manner."

In the front parlor, 11 p.m.: Ethel—"Harry called to night, papa. He was too witty for anything, and all smiles." Papa: "Yes, I can smell the smiles yet."

The following notice is to be seen at the entrance of a French country cemetary:—"Here are interred the dead living in this parish."


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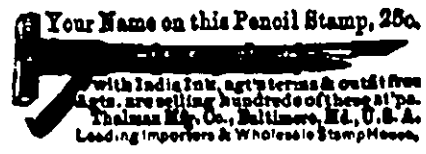


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