

Childrens' Department

LADDIE.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"It ain't the teapot, Laddie, as does it. It's just to let it stand till it's drawn thorough and no longer. Put it on the hob for ten minutes, say I, but that's enough. I don't like stewed tea, and moreover it ain't wholesome neither. This is a fine room, Laddie, and no mistake. Why the parson ain't got one to hold a candle to it. I'd just like some of the Sunnybrook folk to have a look at it. It would make them open their eyes wide, I warrant!—to see me a-setting here like a lady, with this here carpet as soft as anything, and them curtains, and pictures, and all! I wonder whatever they would say if they could see? I suppose now, as there's a washus or a place out behind somewhere for them servants?"

Dr. Carter laughed at the idea of Mrs. Treasure the cook, and the two smart housemaids, let alone Mr. Hyder, being consigned to a washhouse at the back, and he explained the basement arrangements.

"Underground. Well! I never did! But I think I've heard tell of underground kitchens before, but I never would believe it. It must be terrible dark for the poor things, and damp moreover, and how poor, silly gals is always worriting to get places in London, passes me!"

Presently, when they had done tea, and gone back into the consulting-room, when the old woman was seated in the arm-chair, with her feet on the fender, and her gown turned up over her knees, Dr. Carter drew his chair up near hers, and prepared for his difficult task.

"Mother," he said, laying one of his hands caressingly on her arm (he was proud of his hands—it was one of his weaknesses that they were gentleman's hands, white and well shaped, and there was a plain gold strap-ring on the little finger, which hit exactly the right medium between severity and display, as a gentleman's ring should), "Mother, I wish you had written to tell me you were coming."

She took his hand between both her own, hard and horny, with the veins standing up like cord on the backs, rough and misshapen with years of hard work, but with a world of tender mother's love in every touch, that made his words stick in his throat and nearly choke him.

"I knew as you'd be pleased to see me, Laddie, come when I might or how I might."

"Of course I'm glad to see you, mother, very glad; and I was thinking just before you came in that I would run down to Sunnybrook to see you just before Christmas."

And then he went on to explain how different London life was to that at Sunnybrook, and how she would never get used to it or feel happy there, talking quickly and wrapping up his meaning in so many words and elaborations that at the end of half an hour the old woman had no more idea of what he meant than she had at the beginning, and was fairly mystified. She had a strange way, too, of upsetting all his skillful arguments with a simple word or two.

"Different from Sunnybrook? Yes,

sure; but she'd get used to it like other folks. Not happy? Why she'd be happy anywheres with her Laddie. There, don't you fret yourself about me; as long as you're comfortable I don't mind nothing."

How could he make her understand and see the gulf that lay between them—her life and his? It needed much plainer speaking, a spade must be called a spade, and, somehow, it looked a very much more ugly spade when it was so called. How soon did she catch his meaning? He hardly knew, for he could not bear to look into her face and see the smile fade from her lips and the brightness from her eyes. He only felt her hand suddenly clasp his more tightly, as if he had tried to draw it away from her, and she grew silent, while he talked on quickly and nervously, telling her they would go together to-morrow and find a little snug cottage not far from London, with everything pretty and comfortable that heart could wish for, and a little maid to do the work, so that she need never lay her hand to anything; and how he would come to see her often, very often, perhaps once a week. Still never a word for or against, of pleasure or of pain, till he said,

"You would like it, mother, wouldn't you?"

And then she answered slowly and faintly,

"I'm awery, Laddie, too tired like for new plans; and maybe, dearie, too old."

"You must go to bed," he said, with a burst of overwhelming compunction. "I ought not to have let you stop up like this. I should have kept what I had to say ill to-morrow when you were rested. Come, think no more of it to-night, everything will look brighter to-morrow. I'll show you your bedroom."

And so he took her upstairs, such a lot of stairs to the old country legs; but her curiosity overcame her fatigue sufficiently to make her peep into the double drawing-room where the gas-lamp in the street threw weird lights and shadows on the ceiling and touched unexpectedly on parts of mirrors or gilded cornices, giving a mysterious effect to the groups of furniture and the chandelier hanging in its holland covering.

To be continued.

THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPER.

How can I tell her?
By her cellar,
Cleanly shelves and whitened wall.
I can guess her
By her dresser;
By the back staircase and hall.
And with pleasure
Take her measure
By the way she keeps her brooms;
Or the peeping
At the "keeping"
Of her back and unseen rooms;
By her kitchen's air of neatness,
And its general completeness,
Where in cleanliness and sweetness
The rose of order blooms.

DIFFICULTY of breathing, a short dry cough, a quick pulse, and pain in the left side are symptoms of approaching consumption. Relieve the chest and cure the cough with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. This remedy is swift and certain, at any drug store at 25c., 50c. and \$1.

Glean's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies, 25c.
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Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 Minute, 25c.

ONE OF GOD'S BIRDS.

You would love little May Warren, if you knew her, I am sure. She is such a sweet little thing, that I believe I speak the truth in saying that every body loves her who has had the pleasure of looking into her bright face.

"Please, mother, let me go to school with cousin Willie this morning," said she, one day, running into the room where her mother sat with her baby brother. "Please do, mother; I will be real good."

"Let you go to school, dear?" answered her mother, kissing the rosy lips held to her, "and where is Willie?"

"Here, auntie," said he, coming in at the door with his satchel of books on his arm, his black eyes sparkling with mischief as usual, and his cheeks glowing like the roses that peeped in the open window.

"Yes, little May may go to school this morning, if she will be very good and Cousin Willie will promise to take care of her."

"Oh! you are so good," said May, throwing her arms around her mother's neck, and giving her half-a-dozen kisses; then she danced off for her sun-bonnet, and soon she and Willie were racing down the broad gravelled path to the gate.

It was a beautiful morning. The dew-drops sparkled on the grass and trees by the road-side and the dandelions and buttercups in the meadow looked up to the blue sky with a bright smile on their yellow faces, as if it were a joy to live, while the birds were doing their best to put their happiness to music.

Just as the children came to the bridge over the little brook that went dancing merrily along in the golden sunlight, Willie's bright eyes caught a glimpse of a robin, hopping along by the road-side; with a bit of dried grass in his bill—probably building material for his nest.

"Keep still, May," whispered Willie, quickly, "don't say a word." And he stopped to pick up a stone that lay at his feet. But May caught hold of his arm just as he raised it to throw.

"Don't, Willie!" she cried; "it's one of God's birdies—don't hurt it, please."

Willie stopped and looked at her a moment in astonishment, then said: "What a queer girl you are, May! Well, I won't hit him now, just to please you, and I couldn't any way, for see, he has flown away." And the children hastened on to school.

A day or two after, Willie was going on an errand for his mother, when he saw a little kitten running along the road, and his first thought was, to look for a stone to throw; but his next one was:

"I suppose May would say that was one of God's kitties. What a funny girl she is." And the kitten was not hurt that time.

Willie is a big boy now, but when he is tempted to hurt any innocent animal, he always thinks of little May's words, "one of God's creatures," and they are never harmed by him.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

FOR OVERWORKED PROFESSIONAL MEN.
Dr. Chas. T. Mitchell, Canandaigua, N. Y., says: "I think it a grand restorer of brain force or nervous energy."

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This most useful and necessary machine should be in every household. Its extreme simplicity and unweariable construction with the complete performance of all that is claimed for it, have established it as the desideratum of every home. Large orders follow its introduction in all new districts. Mr. Dennis has made improvements in it, which, while reducing the weight one third, have materially enhanced its value, enabling those using it to have it in full action in half the time of the old arrangement, thus saving fuel. We heartily commend this washer to the notice of our readers.—See Advt.

WHAT IS NEEDED.—By every man and woman if they desire to secure comfort in this world is a corn sheller. Putnam's Corn Extractor shells corns in two or three days and without discomfort or pain. A hundred imitations prove the merit of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which is always sure, safe and painless. See signature of Polson & Co. on each bottle. Sold by medicine dealers.

ACKNOWLEDGE THE DEBT.

A venerable clergyman of Virginia said lately, "Men of my profession see much of the tragic side of life. Beside a deathbed the secret passions, the hidden evil as well as the good in human nature, are very often dragged before the light. I have seen men die in battle, children and young wives in their husband's arms, but no death ever seemed so pathetic to me as that of an old woman, a member of my church."

I knew her first as a young girl, beautiful, gay, full of spirit and vigor. She married, and had four children; her husband died and left her penniless. She taught school, she painted, she sewed; she gave herself scarcely time to eat or sleep. Every thought was for her children, to educate them, to give them the same chance which their father would have done.

She succeeded; sent the boys to college, and the girls to school. When they came home, pretty, refined girls and strong young men, abreast with all the new ideas and tastes of their time, she was a worn-out, common-place old woman. They had their own pursuits and companions. She lingered among them for two or three years, and then died of some sudden failure in the brain. The shock woke them to a consciousness of the truth. They hung over her as she lay unconscious in an agony of grief. The oldest son, as he held her in his arms, cried:

"You have been a good mother to us!"

"Her face colored again, her eyes kindled into a smile, and she whispered, 'You never said so before, John.' Then the light died out and she was gone!"

How many men and women sacrifice their own hopes and ambitions, their strength, their life itself, to their children, who receive it as a matter of course and begrudge a caress, a word of gratitude, in pay-