

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

"Mr. Conductor," said little Louis Rhodes, pulling at a gilt-buttoned sleeve, "please tell me a story."

"Bless my life!" exclaimed Captain Sam, of Express No. 55. The train had just pulled out from Newcastle, and as there was a long run without a stop, the tired conductor had dropped into a back seat to rest a bit, when Louis came up and asked for a story.

"Bless my life!" said Captain Sam, "I don't know a story to my name, except 'Here is the house that Jack built.'"

"Don't tell me that," answered the little boy. "I know that myself," and he began to rattle off:

"This is the house that Jack built;
This is the rat that lived in the house that Jack built;

This is the cat that caught the rat—"

"Stop right there!" said the conductor. "That reminds me of something. On my last trip East, as I went through one of the coaches to look at tickets, I found a little girl about your size sitting by herself. 'Tickets,' I said, without thinking. 'Mamma has 'em,' says she, 'and she's gone to get a drink of water. But won't you please take my orange to that little girl back there with the red handkerchief on her head?' Her mamma has forgot to give her any."

"I looked for the little girl with the red handkerchief, and saw a poor woman with five children. They didn't have on much clothes. They didn't look as if they had had much to eat, but nobody was paying any attention to them."

"Maybe your mamma won't like you to give away your orange," I said.

"The little girl opened her eyes very wide, and says she, 'Why, Cap'n my mamma just loves me to give things!'"

"All right," says I, and I went back to the little party and gave the orange; and says I, in a loud tone of voice, 'This is from the little girl whose mamma just loves her to give things.'

"At this ever so many mothers pricked up their ears, and presently I saw another little girl bring a box of lunch to the poor children. 'Ah,' said I to myself, 'this is like that old song about the house that Jack built. This is the cat—' When I got that far a lady pulled a pretty little cap out of her bag, and says she, 'Won't you let your little girl wear this tam-o'-shanter?'"

"I went on singing to myself, 'Where is the dog that worried the cat, that killed the rat that lived in the house that Jack built?' And, sure enough, here was a boy giving something out of his pocket—I don't know what. So it went on till those forlorn little chicks had more things than a few; all because one kind heart gave 'em her orange. Now, small boy, get off my knee. I've got to ring the bell for the engineer to whistle. Go and see if you can't start another 'house that Jack built.'"

HOW OLD MUST I BE?

"Mother," the little child once said, "how old must I be before I can be a Christian?"

The wise mother answered, "How old will you have to be, darling, before you can love me?"

"Why, mother, I have always loved you; I do now, and I always shall. But you have not told me yet how old I shall have to be."

The mother replied: "How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me?"

"I always did," she answered; "but tell me what I want to know," and she put her arms about her mother's neck.

The mother asked again: "How old will you have to be before you can do what I want you to do?"

Then the child whispered, half guessing what her mother meant: "I can now, without growing older."

Her mother said: "You can be a Christian now, darling, without waiting to be older. Don't you want to begin now?"

The child whispered "Yes." Then they both knelt down, and in her prayer the mother gave her little one to Christ.

THREE SONGS.

By Edward Rowland Hill.

"Sing me, thou singer, a song of gold!"

Said a careworn man to me;
So I sang of the golden summer days,
And the sad, sweet autumn's yellow

blaze,
Till his heart grew soft, and his mel-
low gaze

Was a kindly sight to see.

"Sing me, thou singer, a song of love!"

A fair girl asked of me;
Then I sang of a love that clasps the
race,

Gives all, asks naught—till her kindled
face
Was radiant with the starry grace.

Of blessed charity.

"Sing me, O singer, a song of life!"

Cried an eager youth to me;
And I sang of the life without alloy,
Beyond our years, till the heart of the

boy
Caught the golden beauty and love
and joy
Of the great eternity.

WOMAN'S RIGHT.

Why deprecate the art in women of looking well? One writer says: "The girls of the present day are more skilled in curling their hair than in baking hot biscuits!"

If I were a woman, I would not marry this man if I had a chance. To begin with, I don't believe him. I cling to the belief that the girls of to-day are just as practical a class as they were in "those good old days." Society and modes of living have changed in fifty years; but woman has not retrograded in ways warranted to make home happy!

Again, for me, I prefer that my wife spend a little time on her toilet, as well as on her biscuits and beefsteak. I would rather have a neat, clean-appearing, attractive wife meet me at the close of a day's work than the savory smell of hot biscuit.

Too many men make household drudges of their wives, pulling them down to a quiet woman, not much known outside the four walls of her household and in a charity or two, but who left an aching void behind her when she passed on into the larger life. No one who knew her could help recognizing the simple completeness of the statement. From her husband to her housemaid, everyone in the family felt his or her daily way smoothed and straightened by her tact and system and gentleness. She was a living example of George Eliot's saying: "What do we live for if it is not to make life less difficult for one another?"

To some girls and women perhaps this seems a small end to live for. Yet that it is so often approached makes the hope and happiness of home. Life is increasingly difficult, increasingly complex, in many communities to-day. The husband, the children, the friends, of the woman who "makes things easier," more and more rise up and call her blessed. Her work is worth living for, because it continually makes every life within its influence seem better worth living. And when she is gone—how rugged the way, how heavy the burden, without her, gentle ministry! We hear a great deal nowadays about the superfluous woman. Some branches of women's work may be overcrowded—but never, never, surely, the high vocation of the smoother of the way. —Harper's Bazar.

THE SMOOTHERS OF THE WAY.

"She always made things easier," was the tribute paid a little while ago to a quiet woman, not much known outside the four walls of her household and in a charity or two, but who left an aching void behind her when she passed on into the larger life. No one who knew her could help recognizing the simple completeness of the statement. From her husband to her housemaid, everyone in the family felt his or her daily way smoothed and straightened by her tact and system and gentleness. She was a living example of George Eliot's saying: "What do we live for if it is not to make life less difficult for one another?"

To some girls and women perhaps this seems a small end to live for. Yet that it is so often approached makes the hope and happiness of home. Life is increasingly difficult, increasingly complex, in many communities to-day. The husband, the children, the friends, of the woman who "makes things easier," more and more rise up and call her blessed. Her work is worth living for, because it continually makes every life within its influence seem better worth living. And when she is gone—how rugged the way, how heavy the burden, without her, gentle ministry! We hear a great deal nowadays about the superfluous woman. Some branches of women's work may be overcrowded—but never, never, surely, the high vocation of the smoother of the way. —Harper's Bazar.

CRIED DAY AND NIGHT.

Mrs. R. E. Sanford, Inverary, Ont., writes:—"My baby was sickly for over a week with bowel and stomach trouble and cried night and day. Nothing I did helped her in the least till I began giving her Baby's Own Tablets. They helped baby right away and now she is a big healthy child with fine rosy cheeks. The Tablets are certainly a wonderful medicine and I recommend them to all my friends who have children in the house."

What Baby's Own Tablets have done for Mrs. Sanford's baby they have done for thousands of other little ones, simply because they go to the root of so many childhood ailments—that is, they drive all impurities from the stomach and leave it sweet and healthy. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CHINESE DENTISTRY.

If the Chinese boast that nothing is new to them, and that all the arts and sciences are old stories in the Celestial kingdom, it is still true that for operations in dentistry an American or European would hardly care to go to a Chinaman. Despite their boasts, the Chinese have not been slow in recognizing the superiority of American dentistry, although there are some who adhere strictly to ancient methods, and it is averred that every year one or two Chinese dentists of the old school come to the Chinese quarter of every large town and remain until their customers have had their teeth "put in order."

The work is ludicrously primitive. The operator extracts all teeth with his fingers, and it must be admitted that his success is astonishing. From youth to manhood he is trained to pull pegs from a wooden board. This training changes the aspect of the hand, and gives the student a finger grip amazing in its strength, equivalent in fact to the lifting power of three or four hundred pounds. For toothache he employs opium, peppermint oil, cinnamon oil and clove oil. He sometimes fills teeth, but does it so bunglingly that the fillings stay in only a few months.

An element of superstition runs through all the work. According to the system all dental woes are brought on by tooth worms. The nerve pulp is such a worm, and is always shown to the patient. For humbugger purposes, also, the dentist carries about in his pocket some white grubs, and after he has extracted a tooth he shows a grub to the sufferer as the cause of all the trouble.

HOW TO STAND IN A CAR.

A Brooklyn man who probably speaks from long experience, writes to Shop Notes Quarterly to give advice upon how to maintain equilibrium when compelled to stand in a car.

"Many persons," he says, "sway backward and forward as well as from side to side. This often throws them into awkward positions, especially when carrying parcels, which makes strap-hanging impracticable."

To overcome the difficulty, one should place the feet seven or eight inches apart, and one a little behind the other, say about three inches, with the toes pointing out. I have seen business men reading newspapers and standing in this way, when riding to and from work with little more inconvenience than if standing on solid ground.

The green crown on the top of pine-apples should be twisted off if the fruit is not to be used at once as these leaves, if left on the fruit after it is ripe, will absorb both flavor and juice.

Dainty colored blouses may be safely washed if stood in cold water with one pennyworth of powdered alum, soak for half an hour, then wash quickly in the usual way.