

### YOUNG FOOLS CORNER.

#### The First Pocket.

What is this independent fellow?  
What can he be thinking?  
Willie's coming up the stairs  
With unusual slowness.  
Now he bursts into the room,  
Rushing as a rocket:  
"Auntie! I am five years old—  
And I've got a pocket!"  
Eyes so round and bright, ears so large;  
Cheeks like apples glowing;  
Heads that the new treasure fills  
Quite to overflowing;  
Jack may have the new treasures still;  
But we have our pocket;  
I've got mine later, too;  
I've got a pocket!

All too fresh the joy to make  
Entertainments;—  
Little need it stamp enough  
To fill it—till tomorrow,  
And six days more or less,  
Stratford things did stock it;  
Nothing ever came quite out  
From this crowded pocket.

Leather, nail, bits of string,  
Lionize sticks and candy,  
Stones, a ball, his pennies, too;  
It was always handy,  
And when Willie's gone to bed,  
Should you chance to knock at  
Sandy's treasures rattle out  
From this crowded pocket.

Sandwich John's sharpened knife  
Found a place within it;  
He forgot that he had said,  
"I want it just a minute."  
Once the sweet key was lost;  
No one could unlock it;  
Where do you suppose it was?  
Down in Willie's pocket!

**The Value of a Dollar.**

We once engaged for a short time in  
driving, a man who at twenty-one years of  
age was worth some fifteen thousand dollars,  
but who lost most of it on the whole foot-  
ball, and was compelled, for a time at  
least, to support his family by working for  
daily wages. One night when we paid him,  
he said, "I'm much obliged both for the  
wages and the tuition." We supposed he  
referred to instruction in laying the drain,  
but he said, "No, I mean instruction as to  
the value of money. I never know what a  
dollar's worth before. But after working  
all day in the details to earn one, I'm used  
to spend twenty-five cents of it for  
a cigar or other niceties."

We could point out scores of city boys  
who have become miserly spenders; it  
comes the kick-toe that such knowledge.  
Their fathers were, were, or less wealthy,  
but the sons were not put into the office or  
mill, or shop, and made fairly earn their  
money by tiresome labor, either physical or  
mental. Their fathers said to themselves:

"My sons shall never have to drudge as I  
did," and so the boy did no labor, bore no  
responsibility and never learned how money  
was fairly and honorably earned, and, of  
course, never knew its value or its proper  
use.

**A Boy's Essay on Pins.**

They tell us that alcohol gives strength  
and nourishment. No, it does not; it gives  
glimmer. You sit down on a hornet's nest,  
and it may be quickening, but it is not  
nourishing.

A man once said to a friend of mine:  
"You are fighting whiskey. Whiskey has  
done a great deal of good. Whiskey has  
saved a great many lives."

"What do you mean?" asked my friend.

"Why," he replied, "whiskey has prevent-  
ed a great many deaths."

You remind me," said my friend, "of a  
boy who was told to write an essay about a  
pin, and in his boyish way, he said: 'A pin  
is a very queer thing. It has a round head  
and a sharp point, and if you stick them  
into your play hurt, and men use them  
for cuff-links and collar, and men use them  
when their buttons are off. If you swallow  
them they will kill you. For five cents you can  
get a packet of them, and they have saved  
thousands of lives.'

"What on earth do you mean?" the  
teacher asked. "How have they saved  
thousands of lives?"

"By the people not swallowing them,"  
answered the boy.

**The Great Master.**

"I am my own master!" cried a young  
man proudly, when a friend tried to per-  
suade him from an enterprise which he had  
on hand: "I am my own master!"

"Did you ever consider what a responsible  
post that is?" asked his friend,

"Responsible—is it?"

"A master must lay out the work he  
wants done, and see that it is done right."

"He should try to secure the best end,  
by best means. He ought to keep on the  
right side, and not let himself be led  
into temptation."

"Well!"

To be master of yourself you have  
conscience to keep clear, your heart to cul-  
tivate, your temper to govern, your will to  
direct, and your judgment to instruct.

"And master over a servant; and if you don't  
master them, they will master you."

"That is so," said the young man;

"Now, I could undertake no such thing,"  
said his friend. "I should fail, sure, if I  
did. Paul wanted to be his own master,  
and failed. Herod did. Judas did. No  
man is fit for it." "One is my master, even  
Christ." I work under his direction. He  
is regular, and where he is master all goes  
right."

**Little People.**

"And what makes my little Johnny so  
cross this morning?" "Dot up 'er, ury."

Father—"Why don't you say yer grace, Charley?" Charley—"Why, 'cos I don't  
like the look of their taters."

"What, children! Playing soldier" on  
Sunday?" "Yes, mamma; but we are  
singing, 'Coward, Christian Soldier'."

"How long are you going to stay here?"

"Why, my little dear!" "Come, I'm  
hungry, and mamma says we shall have  
dinner as soon as that dreadful nuisance  
goes away."

For boiling meat for soup, use cold water  
to extract the juices. If the meat is wash-  
ed for itself slopes, plumbs in boiling water  
at once.

#### A Quick Retort.

Sometimes in 1864 there was a num-  
ber of army officers staying at a hotel in  
Washington. Among them was  
Capt. Emerson. There was also a  
Capt. Jones who was a first-rate fellow,  
a good officer and very popular.  
Emerson and Jones used to have a  
good deal of joking together at the  
table, and elsewhere. One day at the  
dinner table, where the dining hall was  
well filled, Capt. Jones finished his  
meat, stood up and walked almost  
to the dining hall door, when Emerson  
spoke to him in a loud voice and said:

"Hello, Captain, see here, I want  
to speak to you a minute."

The Captain turned and walked back  
to the table and beat over him, when  
Emerson whispered:

"I wanted to ask you how far you  
would go if I had not spoken to  
you?"

The Captain never plunged a muscle,  
but straightened up and put his fingers  
into his coat pocket and said, in a voice  
loud enough for all to hear him:

"Captain Emerson, I don't know of  
a man in the world I would rather lend  
five dollars to than you, but the fact is I  
haven't a cent with me to-day; and he  
turned on his heel and walked away.

Emerson was the color of half a dozen  
rain-bows; but he had to stand it. He  
never heard the last of it, and it cost  
him more than ten dollars to treat on i.

#### Items of Interest.

To lay a carpet well requires a good deal  
of tacking.

The north side of a tree is said to furnish  
the strongest timber.

Taken as a whole the artesian well is well  
enough as far as goes.

If you fire of bituminous coal is low,  
throw on a tablespoonful of salt, and it will  
help it very much.

If you had a tiresome relation in the  
money-leading trade, would it not be well  
to give him to leave you alone?

"What so rare as a day in June?" sing  
the poet. A day in January is not only  
rare but sometimes actually raw.

"Man wears but little here below," and  
the McGregor News accurately thinks that  
he can get that quickest by advertising.

Modesty in your furniture, equipage and  
words will show that your mind is well reg-  
ulated, and your heart free from passion.

A correspondent tells how to climb  
stair without fatigue. Always go up, he says, while inspiring or drawing in  
the air, never while respiring. At the  
first step begin to inspire, at the fourth  
or fifth step stop long enough to expire  
and to begin inspiring before starting again.  
By this means the fatigue is  
greatly lessened, reduced to a  
minimum. Elderly or delicate persons  
should never hurry up stairs. By tak-  
ing it leisurely, and in the manner  
described, they will save both breath  
and strength.

#### Her Skating Experience.

A young lady gets her skating ex-  
perience as follows:

"You ought to have seen me," said  
the vivacious young lady to the new  
minister.

"I'd just got my skates on and made  
a start, when down I came in—"

"Maggie!" said her mother.

"What! Oh, it was too funny. One  
skate went one way and the other in  
the other way, and down I came on m—"

"Margaret!" reprovingly spoke her  
father.

"Well, what? They scolded out from  
under me, and down I came on w—"

"Margaret!" yelled both the parents.

"Oh my little brother, who laid me  
by the hand, and like to have smothered  
me. Now what's the matter?"

The girl's mother emerged from  
behind the coffee pot, a sigh of relief  
escaped from the minister, and the old  
gentleman adroitly turned the con-  
versation into a political channel.

#### Health Matters.

Checked perspiration is the fruitful  
cause of sickness, disease and death  
multitudes every year.

When people loose their appetites  
they should never try to find them  
again. It only lets them out.

It is better to secure a rest  
than to force a meal.

Heat is good for the body, but  
the human body requires exercise  
organization-like combination in  
food we eat.

Cold water taken in large draughts  
just before retiring, often has a good  
effect in ridding one of a slight cold  
on the lungs.

As a ventilator, an open fire is most  
important. It not only warms up by  
radiation, lessing the air which we  
breath cool and agreeable, causes us  
to take a series of invigorating, bracing  
breaths and makes us feel well.

For Sifly and Choph has done  
GO TO P. E. H. Pass.

Mrs. E. H. Pass wishes to in-  
form the friends of Action and vitality  
that she has lately learned the re-  
sults of good living.

Attention! Attention!!

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