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Poetry.

A GOLDEN RIDDLE. The bushand man one golden morn A white seed dropped among the corn. Beneath the summer's mystic spell It burst ero long the prisoning shell. And 'twist the thrown loam's rifted crust Its omerald leadets upward thrust. Through lengthening days of rain and abine Fast grow and thrived the generous vine. And 'neath the changing skice held up For sun and dew its golden cup.

Till in its voius these forces fine Had wrought a mystery divine. And given to to the world a boon Fair as the golden-hearted moon. The ruddy globo against the mould Outried the the fabled crock of gold. Each day a riper hue legained, And, while the season wated and waned, Tall knights with gleaning lance and swort Guarded with coasoless watch and ward

Through midnight hush and noonday best The colden treasure at their feet. And when the crops were garnered in. And granary and bern and bin With wealth of goodlier gold were stored That that which greedy misers hoard. When glad lips sang the barvest-home Neath lowly roof and lordly dome. And kith and kin from great to least, Had gathered for the barvest feast. Ab, richer than the rarest wine

Transmuted by the housewife's skill To golden disks with fisky frill. No fairer fruit the fields afford, No choicer viand decks the board. And grateful hearts their praises lift To lifn who gives the golden gift.

Select Family Reading.

-Harper's Basar.

The Spoiled Pie Dish.

BY MIRY EYLE PILLIS. Many years ago, before those days when verybody talks about decorative art, and in each large family is to be found at least one young lady who paints on silk and china, a young artist was born in a country

souse many miles from any city. How he came to be born an artist was a view, had spoiled it mystery to his family. From the summer in which the Barberrys took a young artist to board with them. who, when he went away, presented his paint-box to the admiring boy who had followed him about from dawn until dark. peace fled the Barberry mansion. Fences, barn-doors, halls-heaven only knows what a midst a circle of attached friends. The -bore traces of figures, flowers, trees, cows and buildings in all the colors of the rain-

replied : want to be a painter."

But the Barberrys did not intend to en ourage madness. "What kind of a business does thee think painting would be for a man !" asked Quaker Grandmother Barberry. "To sit twiddling thy fingers all day at an casel If thee doesn't want to be a farmer we'll apprentice thee to thy Uncle Charles, the halter. That's light and easy, and thee is

So the Barberrys taking counsel together, decided that grandmother had had a "call to speak," and placed Dudley with the of ening up a complete and varied stock of He worked patiently enough, but painted more than ever in the evenings, for Uncle Charles was liberal, and he had a little money of his own in those days. On

Christmas he came home, and was received kindly, and found his little cousin Clara in the house-an orphan in a black frock. whose parents had been lost at sea. child liked the boy very much, and he painted her old doll's face into new beauty for her, and put a red flower on the back of the doll's chair. She admired his work very much as he

had admired that of the artist who had given him his first colors. He was a hero to her, and a genius, as well as the kindest boy living. Wandering around the house one day, he found a great pottery pie dish. one of a dozen bought of a poddler for the Christmas pies, and forgetting its purpose, spent a whole bright morning painting apon it a splashing but spirited likeness of his

mother's favorite Lady Washington geran ium, which stood in a pot on a stand. It was a wonderful success in the eyes of little Clara; and, indeed, it was not lad for a little practice goes a good way with a born artist, and a winter of study withou

a master had greatly improved the voune fellow's work. Adoration was in Clara's eyes as ah looked at the dish and at Dudley. "You're a great, great artist, Dudley." said she. - "I think you will be famour some day. I've read the 'Lives of Famous Painters.' The big brown book in the case in the parlor-and kings and queens thought lots of them and made them paint

their portraits. You remember what I say when you are grown up, Dudley." She was thirteen. Dudley was sixteen. He lifted up his head from his work and looked at her.

"If ever I am, Clara," he said, "I hope sha'n't have to femember you. I hope you'll be there where I am. I never knew anybody before who understood me. They think me so queer to like to paint. You

know all about it, sissy." "Yes," said Clara, "I understand, and hope we'll always be just like brother and sister-only you know I might die like po

and ma." "Don't cry," said Dudley, "and don' talk about dying, my good little pet cousin. Whatever comes-" But he said no more. A voice sharp an

shrill with anger broke in upon the pleasant talk-Aunt Martha's voice : "Land of liberty | Jerusha, come here Dudley has spoiled the biggest pie dish !" That afternoon Farmer Barberry whipped Dudley. That evening the boy did not come to supper. Later on, when the moon had risen, little Clara, who had gone to her own room to cry, heard a tapping at the

"Clara" he said, "tell me, do you think it was right that I should be whipped at my "Right!" sobbed Clara. "Oh, it was wicked! wicked! wicked!" "No one shall over do it again," said Dudley. "Clara, I am going to be a great

artist. It's in me, I know, and-and don't

window. She opened it and looked out

forget me, Clara. Ill come back; and, oh Clara, I cannot bear to leave you." Leaning over the sill the child put her THOS. EBBAGE, Manager innocent arms about the boy's neck.

"Don't go away," she said; "it would break my heart."

And then he kissed her and ran away, There was sorrow in the house on Christ mas morning, and the pic went uncaten, for Dudley was gone, and he had left a little note in which he declared his intention of returning no more.

He never did come back. His mother,

who loved him more than be knew, shed bitter tears as Christmas Day came around each year. The father, who had flogged him, grow old repenting it. There was a general impression in the family that Dudley had not been a good boy, but the doubt as to his fate softened their thoughts him. Probably he was dead. Poor of Grandmother Barberry believed that he had starved to death. And Aunt Martha hid the "spoiled pie dish " away up garret, as though it had been some relic of a funeral.

When Clara married-yes, I mean itwhen Clara married the consumptive young clergyman from Boston and went away, she went up to the garret to look for a winter cloak and found there the pie dish yet brittiant with its geraniums. And the sat down on the floor and cried over it, and ; membered the innocent child-love she has given the minter, and then wiping her eyes, carried the dish down stairs and put it into her trunk. It was still the pie dishnothing more, except a souvenir of the past.

"If he is not dead, he must have forgotten me," she said to herself. "He (wenty-six years old now if her lives." And though she highly respected the Rev.

Joel Bird, she sighed once or twice even on her wedding eve. Settled in Boston, she was very happy, She liked the style of the people she met; their culture, their bookishness. She saw the shining lights of the literary world and

she wrote a piece of poetry which was pub-One day somebody saw the pie dish-the spoiled pie dish of the Barberry family. It was an artistic lady who had gone to take

her hat off in the spare room of the parson-"What a lovely plaque?" she cried But why don't you have it glazed! It

will be spailed." The pie dish, presented to plaquehood was glazed next week. It had a brass book fastened to it, and was hung on the parlor wall, and on its back was painted the name of the boy-who, from the Barberry point of

The Rev. Joel Bird died young. He was good to his wife while he lived, and she mourned him; but there had been no romance in their courtship, and they had never been congenial. The widow recovered her placidity soon and lived contentedly on her small income. last survivor of the Barberry family-Dud. but I've t'ied to 'orskip him."-The Faith. ley's mother-came to live with her, and

bow. When scolded, Barberry junior only Mrs. Bird had pulled two gray hairs out of her curly black hair, when the great fair of ! Well, then, give me canvases and things | St. Susan's church took place, and a committee called to beg her to contribute something. The pie dish no longer hang on the wall; a glimpse of it had thrown Mrs. Barberry into gentle hysterics. was therefore locked away, and a thought came into Mrs. Bird's head. "I have a plaque," she said. 1" It was

minted long ago by somebody who must have become a very great artist if he lived I think. I'll give the plaque as well as my little bit of money. I do not want to do it I would like to keep it, but it is a shame hide it away. The more I see of art the better I know that it is good, and there are associations with it that make it painful to sunt to see it."

.The committee expressed their thanks and the "spoiled pie dish " went to the fair. where it was greatly admired. Now Dudley Barberry had not starved to death on the road, as his grandmother always believed. He had sold his watch had lived until he found his old friend, the artist, had become his pupil and had gone

While unknown to the people of his littl town, he had made a name in the great world of art. He had made a moderate fortune also; and one day he went back to his home, expecting to find all the Barberry's there-a little older, of course-and to be come the pride of the family. Instead, he found the house occupied by strangers, and was told that his parents

dead. His informent was a stranger, who

did not know who he was, and who thought she spoke the truth, and he did not stop to ask questions of those who could have told him the trath. The woman had also told him that Clare was married, and he left the town that night, feeling at once guilty and ill-used He made his way to Boston soon after, and was taken rather against his will to the ladies' fair at St. Susau's Church, where pretty girls besought him to buy pin- cush ions at prices that would have horrified even a Californian, and where he had s

a very unlucky hour's fishing at a dollar dip in a big pond, into which all the rubbish had been thrown, and where, amongst his prizes, were a topsy doll with one arm and an original poem by an unknown lady At last, roaming about amongst the stall in the Lewisdered manner peculiar to single gentlemen at fairs, he saw a pretty figure, and a pretty face framed in a widow's cap,

standing at a table, and over her head, suspended against a dark drapery, an object which startled him. Could it be? Yes, it was. He knew every stroke by heart. He stopped and gazed at it. The lady turned toward him.

"Shall I have the plaque taken down !" she said. "Would you like to look at : closer ?" "Thank you," he answered, looking her oddly. "I can see it very well, and should like so to buy it, though it interests me rather as an old acquaintance than as a work of art. I once spoiled a pie dish in

agination. I suppose, but I could swear that that was the dish itself." Then he paused, for the widow clarped ber bands; looked at him with her eyes full of tears, and answered : "Oh, Dadley, it is the dish! How could

you use your poor old mother, and all of us

something like that style. It must be im

have grown !" The "plaque" went home under the arm of its purchaser; on the other rested Mrs. Bird's little hand. Of course you guess the rest. The famous artist is no longer a bachelor. Clara is his wife. His happy mother makes her home with them, and the great treasure of their household tie

"the spoiled ple dish." Doing Right .- It is much easier to think aright without doing right, than to do right without thinking aright. Just thoughts may fail of producing just deeds, but just

deeds always beget just thoughts.

WORSHIP IN CHURCH.

Grandma went to Rosewood for a little visit. Being there over the Sabbath, she asked if she might take little Grace church. Father was away from home, and mamma was not well snough to get out. "She has never been to church," said mamma: "I fear she will not sit still

She is only three years old." "Let me try ber," said grandma. Mamma put on a clean white dress, tied the straw hat over her brown corb, and

Gracie was all ready.

rings," said grandma, so as to make the time as short for her as she could. The church was nearly opposite the house, and they could go there in a few minutes. While they sat there grandma said : "We are going to God's bouse."

"Will God be there?" asked Gracie. "Yes. dear; he is everywhere, but he oves to meet those in his own house who go to worship him." "What's 'at, grandma?" "To worship means to pray to him, to

to his words. Gracie can't do this as grandma can, but she can sit very still before God; that will be her worship." When the bell began to ring they started. Many people joined them as they went into the church, Gracie felt that God must

whispered to grandma : "When will they do 'at?" "Now," said grandma, "you sit still,

and I'll think, and soon the minister will people bowed their beads, and grandma grandma's lap, and when they began to There are still households in which it is sing she looked up and smiled. But byand-by she grow sleepy. Grandma saw the eyelids droop, and spreading her, handkerchief over her silk gown, she let the little

sleepy head rest on her knee. Gracie didn't wake till the sermon was done and the people rose to sing again.

And soon they were dismissed. "Did I do 'at, grandma!" she said as they walked home. "Do what, darling!" "'At what you said 'fore we went; I

can't 'member."

did as well as you knew how. You sat very still, and I think God was pleased with his little one. Do you like to go to church? Would you like to go again? "Yes, grandma, I am not affaid of God now. I was 'most af'aid when you said God was going there too. I didn't see him, I only felt him a little bit, it was so still,

A CHILD'S NEED OF SYMPATHY

The child demands sympathy, compan ionship, love. Here also the instinct of the higher quadrepeds shows in a touching way the same demand. The dog's desire sacrifice of his personal inclinations? even more pressing than the desire for food. and often displacing it, is to be with his master. If his master is within-doors, the dog wishes to lie at his feet; if he goes to another room, the dog must go also, an establish himself there; if he goes forth walk or ride, the four footed friend bound along in bliss, overjoyed to traverse miles of country which he would never visit alone An occasional friendly word contents him but without companionship he can oothing. Strange that we recognize the instinct in the animal, and often ignore i in the child! Every child needs compan ionship ; to have some one to whom every little joy may be imparted. Some of the most conscientions and devoted parents

who have ever lived have been those who never kissed their children, and the same habit of repression still shows itself in some households in regard to all communiations with the young. A woman genius, not now living, once told me that she did not know how to tell time by the clock until she was eighteen, because her father had undertaken to explain it to her when she was twelve, and she was afraid to let him know that she had failed to comprehend him. Yet she said be had never | are." a his life spoken to her one harshword.

I think that there was not another like i on earth." On this point I fear that she was mistaken, and that the race of such

parents survives .- Harper's Bazar.

It simply the attitude of cold repression

that froze her. After his death she wrote

to me, "His beart was pure-and terrible

GOOD MANNERS. Yesterday I met one of my little friends on the street. I never forget to speak to my boys and girls, so I said : "Good morniog." How do you think he replied. He looked up into my face and said, "Hello!" A little farther on I met another little friend. I thought I would wait this time and see what he would say. Just as he was rear me and I was expecting he would speak, he put his fingers between his teeth and whistled to a boy across the street, so sharp and shrill that it almost deafened me. That was all he said. Near the post-

office I met a little boy that we all knew. He lifted his hat and said, "Good-moruing, Mr. Johnson." Now, which do you think was the best way; the "Hello," the rude whistle, or the

lifted hat and cheery "Good-morning?" Which boy had the best manners? Even girls do not always have good manners. The other day I saw two young ladies passing on opposite sides of the street. They were sixteen or seventeen years old. One called out, "Hello, Mary?"

The other replied, " Hello, Sally !"

Now, I want to whisper to you that I do not expect that young ladies who are s rude as those two will ever improve much in their manners, but I do expect that all of you will cultivate good manners toward every one. You all know what good manners are. Be respectful to your parents and all who are older than you. Be kind to your companions. Have too much respect for yourself to do any mean act, or so badly? And what a great beard you say a bad word. Treat your teacher in the public school and Sanday school with the

> You deposit your money, and lose it. Your time, and lose it. Your health, and lose it. Your strength and lose it. Your manly independence, and lose it. Your home comfort, and lose it. Your wife's happiness, and lose it,

> > Your own soul, and loss it.

Your children's happiness and lose it.

honor is due her .- S. S. Messenger.

A SALOON AS A BANK.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN. The habite that mark the true gentleman are not so difficult to acquire as to account for the comparatively small number who own them. Their neglect arises usually from carelessuess or from a selfishness which places personal ease ahead of the comfort or gratification of others. For unselfishness lies at the root of the best breeding. Selfishness is is which hinders a man's taking the trouble to remember to stand aside and let a lady precede bim inentering of leaving a room, which keeps "We'll sit on the plazza till the bell him in his seat while she is standing. whether in a public conveyance or in a private parlot. He does not recognize the spring of his actions by this name. His

> as I?" or, perhaps, the hardest to deal with, "What is the use of bothering about such things ?" To begin with, let it be roundly stated that no part of the toilet should ever be

performed in public. All such operations as cleaning or cutting sing his praise, to think about him, to listen the nails, picking the teeth, removing the shreds of dried skin from the face or hands, pulling out stray hairs from the beard or scalp, should be performed in the privacy of one's own apartment, not ou the etreet, in the car or bont, or in the drawing room. Some men consider they are quite justified

be there indeed, it was so still. She sat in scraping and paring their nails in the very quiet for a few moments, then she presence of their families assembled at the and a dread of the grave and a hope of life breakfast table if they preface the action with a perfunctory, "Excuse me," or "By your leave." Others do not take the trouble to apologize even thus slightly. And without pessimism it may be aftirmed Gracie noticed all that went on. When that only exceptionally does one find a man the minister prayed, she saw that all the | who will not pick his teeth after a meal, i not before guests or in a public restaurant bowed hers. She laid her carly head in at least in the presence of his family

considered quite a touch of elegance to pass

a glass of toothpicks as the final course of Abstinence from the above-mentioned "small vices," and Irom others of the same school, may be termed the first step in good breeding. Such avoidance is among the things a man ought to know and to practice. But there are other observances needed to give grace and finish to a man's demeasor. One of them is the prompt removal of the hat, not only when meeting au acquaintance on the street or coming "Worship God ! Yes, dear, I think you into the house; but at other times-in a horse-car, when tendering a seat to a lady, and when she acknowledges the kindness by bow or word, in an elevator or a botel

> corridor when a woman is present, and he kept his engagements, and for the ease when kissing a woman, be, she only one's | and accuracy with which he could detail wife, sister, or daughter. Do all these items seem such trifles as to be unworthy of notice? Yet they are powerful agencies in forwarding or destroy. ing the happiness of a man's home, of the women therein, and of every one else with whom he is thrown in contact. Even if the "big bother, Man," does not clearly see the necessity, for his own sake, of yielding courtesy, may he not, as a con-

NSULT RETURNED BY COMPLI-MENT .. A young girl, beautiful in form, feature and dress, sat in a car. Directly opposite sat a poor girl of about the same age. habbily clothed, with a shambling body slightly deformed, as to the shoulders, and and exceedingly plain face, which bore the lines of suffering and want. Her eager ayes were fixed on the face and figure

opposite her with a devouring, pathetic look that showed how keenly alive she was to the exceeding beauty of the beautiful lady. The object of the gaze began to grow onessy under its jotensity and fixity, and finally, looking the girl coldly in the face. she leaned partly across the car and said : "Well, Miss Impertinence, if your have looked at me long enough, will you be kind

The poor girl grew first red and then white. A look of keep pain came into her

"I was only thinking how beautiful you HE DIDN'T FORGET IT. sealed letter, begging him not to open it

lot of many persons, even of busy men, eztill be got to his place of business, says the Sheffield (Eug.) Telegraph. When he did so he read :-"I am forced to tell you something that | ueut, and in point of time, from engage-I know will trouble you, but it is my daty to do so. I am determined you shall know. let the result be what it may. I have known for a week that it was coming, but kept it to myself until to-day, when it has reached a crisis, and I cannot keep it any longer. You must not censure me too harshly, for you must reap the result as

well as myself. I do hope it won't crush By this time a cold perspiration and on his forehead with the fear of some terrible unknown calamity. He turned the page, bis bair slowly rising, and read :-"The coal is all used up! Please call and ask for some to be sent this afternoon.

thought by this method you would not forget it." He didn't. A THANKFUL DEACON.

The importance of thinking before you speak recently received an amusing, illustration at a meeting held in a well known town not a hundred miles from the banks of the Hudson. One of the persons who occupied the stage was an enthusiastic happiness, and, though we have no perdeacon, who frequently interrupted the speakers by yelling : " Thank goodness for

that!" One gentleman was called upon

who arose and said : Ladies and gentleman, I am heart and soul in this cause, and feel that it will be a great benefit to the people of this place." "Thank goodness for that!" velled the

"But, ladies and gentlemen," he contin-

ned, "I am going to say that it will be im-

possible for me to address you this even-

"Thank goodness for that!" broke in

he absent minded descon, amid general laughter .- New York Ledger. The world cannot advance much, cannot | effects was to remove the cause, that human make real; substantial progress, this people | nature being the same, the same results learn to devote fewer hours of the day, might be looked for in nearly all cases. So

mere art of money-getting. In specking of the girl to whom he was engaged, he referred to her as his "financee." "You mean your flancee, I guess. It is pronounced fee-ong-say." "I don't care how it is pronounced. This girl is my finances. She's worth \$30,000."

ear, and lewer years of their lives,

PRICE THREE CENTS

THE SURGEON'S KNIFE.

There are bearts-stout hearts-that own : At the whirling sword or the darting spear-They are really alike to bleed in the dust. Noath the sabre's cut or the bayonet's thrust; They heed not the blows that fate may deal, From the murderer's dirk or the soldier's steel; But lips that laugh at the dagger of strife

Though bright the burnish and slender to Bring it night, and the brave are strangely

And the rope on the beam or the age on the

Has less terror to daunt, and less power t Science may wield it, and danger may ask

The hand to be quick in its gory task; excuse is always ready : "I never thought The hour with torture and death may be rife, of it." "Why should she not stand as well But death is less feared than the surgeon's knife. it stines in the grasp-tis no weapon for play A shudder betrays It is speeding its way;

While the quivering muscle and severing joint, Are gashed by the keen edge and probed by the It has rocked in the dark and welling flood,

Dripping it comes from the cells of life, While glazing eyes turn from the surgeon's

Braggarts in courage, and boasters of strength, At the cannon's mouth or the bayonet's length; Ye who have struggled sword to sword. . With your wide wounds drenching the battle Oh! boast no more till your soul be found.

but rest on the work of the surgeon's knife.

TRAINING THE MEMORY. "Put it in your memorandum book and you won't forget," was a man's advice to another who was noted for his short mem ory. "Ob. indeed!" was the reply, "but who is to remind me that I have a memorandam book? Or, if I do recollect that I have one, who is to tell me that I must look at it before & certain hour?" His was, perhaps an agrommonly thort mem-

solve the difficulty. To go to the root of this matter of forget fulness and effect a cure, an intelligent

the various items of business which had been or were attended to, assured the writer that when he began his apprenticeship he had a wretched memory. If his father told him at the dinner-table to do a certail thing, or to go on an errand,

or find himself numble to recall some of its important particulars. cession to feminine weakness, make a shight Being a thoughtful, observant lad, he became painfully convinced by the time he he had been at work for a few weeks, that hampered by this habit of forgetfulness he should never succeed as he had determined to do. With the sympathy and help of his

> natter at how much expense of pleasure or convenience. Or, if at the moment some imperative engagement prevented this; as soou as he was at liberty he discharged the neglected daty.

-to rise and go and do something he had till then forgotten. enough to look somewhere else? I am make his bead save his heels." He said that you remember to do your work at the

> British and to several points on the contiments daily to appointments made weeks

tending in point of locality all over Great

I think that all mothers must cons-

that we are educating children to be men and women, not to be children. We can do no better thanto develop them into what nature has intended them to be: we cannot successfully make them what we should prefer. Let us accept our children as the kind of people they are by nature. Do not let them feel that their faults are uppermost in our minds when we think of them. The person who is happy surely faces the world at an advantage; the person who is unhappy often has doubts and suspicions and hitterness. Let as try to give our children the advantage of

soual motive, we shall surely not go unrewarded. We're not waiting for the bats and moles but for men and women who have eyes and use them, who have brains and reason! There's a new world for them-suffering and sickly as they are a new world created from the brain of a skilful physician-a

Years ago Dr. Pierce found out that the secret of all scrofuls, bronchipal, throat and long trooble lay-in the beginning at least-in impure blood and the tone of system ; that the way to ware these fewer days in the week, fewer weeks in the confident was he that the exceptions were ancommon that he took the risk of giving the medicine to those it didn't benefit for

> And "Golden Medical Discovery " is the remedy for the million! The only gear-, suteed liver, blood and long remedy. Your-money back if it doesn't help you.

pothing, and the results have proved that

Purp silent and white from the surgeon's knife.

Till purple and warm with the beart's quick

Comofed with a breathless silence around.

ory, but his protest suggests an padeniable

truth-the memorandum book does no

self denying system of mental and personal discipline must be followed. A writer in Leisure Hours cites a case illustrative of the fact that the habit of remembering can be A gentleman, who, during his business career, was noted for his fine memory, for the punctuality to the minute with which

almost before he Had tosed the door he would either forget the matter altogether,

mother, he set himself resolutely to learn His method was this: Woen he had recalled something which he ought to have done and had forgotten, he compelled himself to go and do it immediately, no

. Many times, when comfortably settled to read or study, he forced himself-and at first considerable force was often necessary

afterward that it seemed an example of the influence of the body on the mind. Iteas eyes, and then tears, as she turned away as if the body said, "Now, old fellow see proper moment?" Certainly the discipline was effective. His memory became almost a wonder to himself and was the envy of others. He A wife recently gave her busband a kept no memorandum book; his engagements were more numerous than fall to the

> in advance; but he had to blame himself forgetting only one important thing in the

course of many years." THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN themselves with the fact that no system of education can be absolutely perfect. Neither are we nor car children perfect. One thing should never be lost sight of :

discovery-the "Golden Medical ; Dis-

be was right.