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Poetry.

THAT GOOD LITTLE BOY NEXT DOOR.

They say he's the best little boy in the town,
He never does anything wrong;
Though he wears an old jacket that's faded and brown,
They say he's never been known to frown,
And he's as good as the day is long
And if I'm careless or tired of play,
And leave all my toys on the floor,
They make such a fuss and they always say
That my things had better be given away,
To that good little boy next door.
He must be a dreadfully good little boy
If he's like what I've heard them say.
He loves to bring in the cows at night,
And thinks its silly to play with a kite,
And would rather study than play.
No matter how hard I try to do right,
It's just useless any more;
For it's: "Oh, don't Teddy!" from morning till night,
And: "Teddy, I wish you were half as polite
As that good little boy next door."
Why is it I hate to go after the cows,
And study at school all day?
Why is it I always break my toys,
And can't get along without making a noise?
And why do I like to play?
But if I'm not anxious to pick up the chips,
Or sleep on the garret floor,
Or rock the baby on rainy days,
They always speak of the willing ways
Of that good little boy next door.
I often watch for that good little boy
That I hear so much about;
But I never see his face at the door,
Or hear him talking and then what's more
He never seems to come out.
But I think if I know him quite well, you see,
And coaxed him to tell me, or
Watched how he does it, it seems to me,
That some day or other I really might be
Like that good little boy next door.

Select Family Reading

Which Shall It Be?

"UGH!" said Will, with a most exaggerated shudder of disgust, "if there is anything I do abominate above all other horrors, it is a strong-minded woman."

"Oh," said Millicent, grandly, "I should imagine you would feel more comfortable in the society of a weak-minded one."

"Now, I hope you are wilted," cried Teddy, with a gain of delight over Millicent's sarcasm. "For my part, I adore strong-minded women. My aversion is for one of your bread-and-butter misses, who blush if you look at them, and can't say anything but 'No, sir,' or 'Yes, sir.' I mean to marry a female lawyer or a doctor."

Now, Teddy had commenced this speech with a smile so manifest that it has already been described as a grin, but, as he proceeded, his face became clouded, and his emphasis was downright vicious.

Nobody in the room took much notice of the change, though Millicent smiled a little. As if Teddy Crawford's compliments could move her!

But there was another room adjoining the one in which these people were chatting, and in that room a golden head drooped low, and blue eyes grew misty as Teddy spoke. Then Daisy Whyte lifted her head with a defiant toss, and said:

"I don't care!" under her breath. But as she said it, she softly opened the low French window and stepped outside.

Mrs. Furber, Millicent's aunt, had been giving a garden-party, and some of the most intimate friends, after most of the guests had departed, had ventured into the wide drawing-room for a chat. There were Will Kraft, the only lawyer in Everdale, heir to his father's profession and a very comfortable fortune, and Edward Crawford, who had just returned from a three-years' tour in Europe, and who had studied medicine and "walked hospitals," just because "a fellow must do something," you know, but who owned about half of Everdale, and lived with an ancient housekeeper in the handsomest house in the place.

He had been Millicent's champion ever since they were at the pinafore age, when Crawford House was presided over by his parents, and Mrs. Furber's orphan niece, and supposed heiress, was the petted guest of Mrs. Crawford. In the changes of life, Teddy's absence at college, his parents' death, his European tour, the two had always corresponded and kept up a most loyal friendship.

Teddy knew all Millicent's aspirations to rise above the routine of so-called woman's work. Teddy had gravely considered the conflicting attractions of art-studies, a medical course, or law-reading. Teddy wiped away the tears when Aunt Bertha positively forbade Millicent to have "nasty skulls" in her room, or to examine all the sores of the children in the village. It was Teddy who consoled Millicent when her first oil-painting was pronounced a "dreadful daub" by the few critics who viewed it, and Teddy presided over the funeral pyre of the work, and comforted the chief mourner.

After that, Teddy went abroad and Millicent studied fiercely, taking Latin in enormous doses, reading Greek like a professor, playing upon the grand piano only the most difficult of classic music, and trying to think she understood and enjoyed it.

When Teddy came home, Will Kraft had been six months in Everdale, having won his first cases in New York, and being a full fledged lawyer. Everdale gossips were prone to speak of the two young men as rivals, although Will had lately taken rather a savage tone in speaking of women who were not content to be simply domestic angels and consider the broiling of beef-steak and darning of stockings as the chief end of woman.

But all this time, while conversation was lively in the drawing-room, and many merry voices favored one or the other of the opinions quoted above, Daisy Whyte was walking rapidly across the wide lawn, past the tables where busy servants were clearing away the debris of the late feasting, through the rose garden down to the old summer-house, where already she could see the glory of the western sky in the sunset.

It was a shabby old summer house, built right over the river; underneath was the boathouse, but of late years the only boat was a small one, in which Millicent often rowed about, when weary of brain-work.

Mrs. Furber talked often of having the whole structure pulled down and a new one built in its place, for the timbers were rotten, and the ugliness of decay was only hidden by the climbing vines that covered the wall and roof.

Here Daisy was alone, hidden from the river by the ivy-clad walls, hidden from the house by a grove of trees. With nobody to see her, the pretty face lengthened, the blue eyes grew misty and the golden head drooped.

"Nobody will miss me," she thought, with a forlorn satisfaction. "There is Millicent and Carrie Tilbourne and Josie Payne and all the other girls, all rich enough to have a new dress for the party, too. No wonder nobody cares for me, in this old thing;" and she gave her foot a swing against the crisp folds of the blue muslin dress. It might not have been quite new, but it was most exquisitely laundried by Daisy's own deft fingers, fitted to perfection and had ruffles white as snow at throat and wrists.

"A cheap affair," Carrie Tilbourne, rustling in a new silk, had called it; but Daisy was at an age and had a face that made cheap affairs in dress a secondary consideration. With her peach bloom cheeks, her soft, blue eyes, large and golden lashed, her dainty figure, her baby mouth, and cluster of feathery, yellow curls, she made the blue muslin appear the robe above all others suited to her beauty.

"All rich, or with rich relatives," she thought, presently; "and they all let me feel that I am here because Millicent is so good-natured. She is kind to me, and I—I wish I loved her more. I do! I am a wicked girl, I know; but—but she has everything, and I want so much! It is nearly the end of August, and in September I must go back to the seminary and teach scales and exercises to beginners. I can't even have the pleasure of finishing my work. Just as soon as my scholars begin to be a little credit to me, they are whisked off to Signor Folderolll's, and he gets all the praise I have earned. Oh, dear! life is so hard!"

Then the tears dropped slowly down upon the dimpled white hands, as pretty as a baby's, and Daisy's thoughts took another course.

"Of course Millicent will marry Teddy, though I do think she might not to flirt so much with Will Kraft, and Teddy adores her. He is always talking about her great intellect, and her wonderful power, and quoting her to me as a woman fit to wear a crown. I know I can't talk Greek, and I'm little and shy, but I don't think I am quite an idiot. I wish I was tall like Millicent, and could read Greek and Latin, and—"

The gay party in the drawing-room was thinking of breaking up, and some were already standing saying farewell to the hostess, when two men came in, white and panic-stricken.

"The old summer-house has given way, ma'am," one said to Mrs Furber, "and there was someone there! We saw one of the young ladies go down—"

"Who?" was the cry from all.

"Oh!" said Millicent, wringing her hands, "it must be Daisy! Teddy dear—"

But Teddy had gone, swift as a flash. Teddy had missed the baby face long before. Teddy had been listening, listening through all the merry chat, for the low, timid voice he could never win from its faint, shy tremor. Teddy had thrown one lightning glance around the room when the men came in, and was already flying across the lawn, through the rose-garden, down to that awful empty space where the summer-house had gone down with a crash into the water, while Daisy was longing to be like Millicent—for Teddy's sake.

One awful moment of agony stilled the young man's heart as he looked before him, then a shout reached him—

"Come this way, Mr. Crawford; we've found her!"

Three stalwart men were working at the ruin, and amid the timbers, the ivy and the flowering vines, all prostrated about her, lay Daisy, white and insensible.

"Is she dead?"

Teddy wondered, even in his horror, at the difficulty his dry lips had in forming the words.

"No, sir! It's only a faint. I'll carry her up to the house," answered one of the men.

"And I'll go for a doctor," said another.

Dazed and feeling as if all brightness had been suddenly stricken out of his life, Teddy followed the strong-armed Irishman, who carried Daisy as easily as a child to the house. They met the whole merry party of a few minutes before, pale and sad enough now, and all turned back.

Teddy watched Millicent as she sped on ahead, prompt and self-possessed, leading the way to the first-floor bedroom, kept for a guest-chamber, and motioned the man who carried Daisy to put her on the bed. Then the door closed, and a dread silence fell upon the group of watchers.

Mrs. Furber went in, and, after a delay, the doctor came.

By and by, Mrs. Furber came out, with a grave face.

"She is badly hurt," she said, "but we cannot tell yet if there is danger."

Slowly, with words of sympathy, the guests withdrew, all except Teddy and Will Kraft.

It was long before Millicent came out, but she was very pale as she went straight to Teddy.

"Teddy, dear," she said, tenderly, "you love Daisy?"

"Better than my life!" he answered, hoarsely.

"You shall see her. Stay one moment. She is terribly hurt and"—her voice grew husky—"there must be an operation. It may not succeed! You understand?"

He bowed his head silently.

"You will not excite her?" Millicent said, pleadingly. "She asked to see you."

"I will not trouble her," Teddy answered, and Millicent led him into the room, where Daisy lay upon the bed, white and trembling.

"Daisy," he whispered, tenderly, "my love, my darling!"

The great blue eyes flashed open in a glorious radiance that conquered fear an pain.

"You love me?"

The faint voice thrilled like music.

"I love you, Daisy. You will be brave now, for my sake?"

"Yes, yes! I only wanted to say good-bye, but now—"

"Now you will live to be my wife, my darling!"

"If God wills!" she said, softly.

He kissed her with tender gentleness and left her to Millicent and the doctor.

An hour later, while he paced up and down the garden in an agony of hope and fear, the doctor came out.

"She is doing nicely," was the report; "with Millicent's nursing, she will recover. Millicent is a woman in a thousand."

"Isn't she?" said Teddy, heartily.

"I never saw her equal."

"H'm!" said the doctor. "I always thought, Mr. Teddy, that you and Millicent—. Eh?"

"Oh, bless you, no!" said Teddy, frankly; she wouldn't have me on any terms."

"H'm! But that poor, little crushed rosebud—"

"Yes!" interrupted Teddy. "You'll come to the wedding?"

"Indeed, I will. Well! well!" and the doctor drove off, wondering a little at his friend's choice.

But Millicent, coming out in the dusk, after watching Daisy fall into a deep opiate sleep, found Will Kraft still in the drawing room.

"Millicent," he said, coming to meet her, "can you forgive my conceited speeches to-day? I was half mad with jealousy, because you seemed to care more for Teddy—"

"Why, of course I do!" interrupted Millicent. "Teddy is the brother of my soul, and I am so glad he loves Daisy that I could sing for joy, if I was not afraid of waking her."

"But, Millicent, if you lose your soul's brother, won't there be a vacancy in your heart, and Millicent"—here an audacious arm crept round her waist—"won't you take my life's devotion—" and so on, and so on.

Daisy recovered, and if Will Kraft pouted some over Millicent's constant attendance in the sick-room, Teddy was always ready to share in the wail, and, as "misery likes company," these two consoled each other until one brilliant November day, when the sunshine seemed stolen from summer to shine upon the double wedding which Mrs. Furber gave to her niece, Millicent, and the little orphan friend, Daisy Whyte.

And Everdale gossips still stay:

"Did you ever! Why, only a few months before, Teddy was rallying at bread-and-butter girls, and Will at strong-minded ones!"

TRAGEDY OF TWO LIVES.

The life of Farmer Millsap's wife was over. "Obadiah," she said in a feeble voice, as the end drew near, peacefully and painlessly, "you have been a good husband to me."

"I have tried to be, Lucindy," replied Farmer Millsap.

"You have laid yourself out to make things easy and comfortable-like for me."

"I have always tried to do my share, Lucindy."

"Obadiah," she went on, "we've lived together fifty-five years, hain't we?"

"We have."

"And ever since we were married you've eat all the bread crusts, hain't you?"

"I won't deny it, Lucindy, I have."

"You've eat the crusts for fifty-five year so's I wouldn't have to eat them, hain't you, Obadiah?"

"I don't deny it, Lucindy."

"Obadiah?" said Farmer Millsap's wife, after a pause, "it was very kind of you. And now you won't mind my telling you one thing will you?"

"No; what is it, Lucindy?"

"Obadiah," and there was a world of self-abnegation in her voice, "I always was fond of crusts."

Not if as Rich as Rockefeller.

If you had all the wealth of Rockefeller, the Standard Oil magnate, you could not buy a better medicine for bowel complaints than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. The most eminent physician cannot prescribe a better preparation for colic and diarrhœa, both for children and adults. The uniform success of this remedy has shown it to be superior to all others. It never fails, and when reduced with water and sweetened, is pleasant to take. Every family should be supplied with it. Sold by all drug gists.

A BOON TO FARMERS.

Every vocation in life has its drawbacks. George Washington said that farming was the only occupation for a gentleman to follow.

Farmers in George I's time must have led rather a lonely and unsatisfactory existence, compared with the life of a farmer of the present time. In those days the farmer was almost isolated from his neighbors, as well as from his markets. One consequence of this condition was that a great portion of his produce was allowed to go to waste, while not many miles away perhaps, was a good market, if he could only have known it at the right time. What would Washington think about the life of a farmer, if he could make us a short visit now.

Of all the inventions of the last fifty years, nothing has added so much to the pleasure, as well as to the profit, of farm life as the telephone. During the first years of the telephone era, this invention was monopolized by the people of the cities. Business men were not slow to take advantage of this great time saving device. But within the last few years the people of the rural communities have awakened to the fact that the real mission of the telephone is to serve them.

While the busy merchant and manufacturer has been using the 'phone for years to save a few minutes of his valuable time, the just-as-busy farmer has found that he can use it to save him a half day or more, not only of his own time, but the time of a team as well, and that very often right at the busiest season, when every hour lost from his work means dollars out of his pocket.

Now there are thousands upon thousands of miles of rural telephone lines on this continent, and soon it will be as uncommon to see a man hitching up a valuable team and wasting his own precious time in doing little necessary errands of the farm, as it is to see one cutting his wheat with a cradle.

Probably never has farm help been so hard to procure, and the necessity of economizing time so great as at the present.

It has already been noticed in some of the states of the Middle West, where local telephones are in almost universal use, that it is no longer a problem to keep the young men and the girls on the farm, and it is always easier to get farm help in a community where there are telephones than where there are not.

Where the farmers have telephone connection with the towns and villages there is no longer any uncertainty about the markets. The farmer knows just what he is going to get for his produce, and he can easily find a buyer over the 'phone, and save a great deal of time that was formerly wasted in peddling his stuff from house to house.

The telephone has in hundreds of communities transformed the farmer, from the victim of circumstances and haphazard methods, to an up-to-date business man, who knows the value of his time, and of his products, and gets it.

FISHING FOR A FARMER.

A fisher of men should always be on the alert, and if he is, he will find many opportunities to do good which would escape the notice of the unthinking. And he must study his fish and know just what bait each kind will take.

One day Hugh Montgomery was riding past a hayfield when a shower was coming up. He saw a farmer, who was not a church-goer, sending off in great haste for a horse to draw in his hay out of the rain. He was not at all interested about religion, but he was terribly in earnest about getting in his hay. The minister had been studying this man and had talked with him many times before, but had never succeeded in interesting him in religious matters.

Hugh Montgomery immediately stopped, and in the emergency offered his assistance in getting in getting in the hay. It was declined, but the minister insisted, pulled off his coat, hitched his horse, and went to work and helped the farmer load his hay. They got in two loads, and when the last one was in the barn and the rain came pouring down, the farmer drew out his wallet and said:

"How much shall I pay you?"

"Oh, nothing," said he, "nothing at all."

But the farmer insisted on paying.

"Well," said the minister, "did you ever hear an Irishman preach?"

"No," said the farmer, "I never did."

"Well, you come next Sunday and hear me preach, and we will call it square.

The farmer agreed to do it, and for the first time in a long while was found in the house of prayer. The man who could load hay he found could preach the gospel. He heard it, believed, and obeyed. That hour's work helping him save his hay from the rain was the means of leading him to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

WHEN AND WHAT TO READ.

If you are impatient sit down quietly and have a talk with Job.

If you are just a little strong-headed, go to see Moses.

If you are getting weak-kneed, take a look at Elijah.

If there is no song in your heart, listen to David.

If you are a policy man, read Daniel.

If you are getting sordid, spend a while with Isaiah.

If you fell chilly, get the beloved disciple to put his arms around you.

If your faith is below par, read Paul.

If you are getting lazy, watch James.

If you are losing sight of the future, climb up to Revelation and get a glimpse of the promised land.

THE BEST TIME OF THE YEAR.

O, which do you think, my dear, my dear,
Is the very best time of all the year?
Is it when north winds fiercely blow,
Heaping the whirling, drifting snow
O'er hillside and valley, far and near?
Which do you think, my dear?
Or is it when south winds softly creep
To beds where starry-eyed violets sleep
Calling to buds on flower and tree,
Bringing the news to bird and bee
That spring is coming—will soon be here—
The best time of the year?
Is it when west winds, laughing in glee
Shake down the brown nuts from some dreaming tree?
Ah, well, dear heart, this do we know:
Whichever way the winds may blow—
From north or south, from east or west—
Each season, in its time, is best.
God's wisdom makes each one, my dear,
The best time of the year!

FUN AT THE FIRESIDE.

The little Puritan children who lived in New England in the early days of this country used to play cook just as their great-great-grandchildren do now. Stoves had not been invented then, so everybody had to use fireplaces instead. When the children wanted to bake their play loaves of bread, they drew a lot of hot coals down on the brick hearth and let them stay there until the bricks had become very hot, and then put the piece of dough on the hot bricks and let it bake. The fireplaces were something like our grates, only very much larger—many of them being as large as a small room. At one side of the fireplace hung a long iron bar to hold the kettles. It was called a crane. Away in against the bricks on each side of the fire were placed pieces of logs about ten inches high, and on these the children used to sit and play all through the winter. Just imagine the fun of sitting on a log right in the fireplace itself, so near the blaze that your face is red, yet on looking up the chimney seeing the stars in the sky above your head! This was before the days of kerosene oil or gas, and candles were expensive and scarce. There was little for children to read, so they would sit and pop corn, crack nuts, eat apples, or make up stories by the light of the fire every winter evening.

A LADY BORN.

An aged truckman bent under the weight of a big roll of carpet. His bale hook fell from his hand and bounded into the gutter out of reach. Twenty idle clerks and salesman saw the old man's predicament, and smiled at his look of bewilderment. No one ventured to help him. A fashionably-dressed young woman came along, took in the situation at a glance, and, without looking to the right or left, stepped into the gutter, picked up the hook in her dainty, gloved fingers, and handed it to the man with a pleasant smile. The idlers looked at each other and at the fair young woman. The old truckman in a violent effort to express his thanks politely, lost his hat. It rolled into the gutter where the hook had been. This was almost to much for any woman, young or past young, but this New York girl was equal to the occasion, into the gutter she tripped again and got the soiled hat. When she handed it to the truckman a happy smile was seen to play about his lips. "God bless ye miss," the old man said, as the fair maiden turned her back on the idlers and went on her way.—Selected.

HE WAS SLOW, BUT SHE FORGAVE HIM.

"Miss de Smythe," began the young man, "I want to ask you a hypothetical question,

The girl nodded assent.

"If a young man of good family and sound health and an insured income of $5,000 were to meet the most charming of girls and feed her on ice cream for a year: if she had a complexion like a rose, hair a crown of golden glory, the hand of a fairy, the bearing of a queen; if she knew how not to play the piano, how to induce her small brother to absent himself; was versed in cooking, competent to superintend a home; and if the young man auspiciously catching the girl alone were to murmur into her ear of pearl, 'Will you marry me?' what, in your estimation, would be her condition of mind, and what her answer?"

"While not an expert alienist," responded the girl coyly, "I think she'd believe him a chump for being so slow, but she'd say, 'Yes.'"

With the preliminaries thus settled the naming of the day was a simple matter.—Philadelphia Ledger.

HE WOULDN'T STAND STILL.

"I had my picture taken the other day," said Tom.

"And it was good?"

"I don't think so," said Tom.

"And why not?"

"Because I wasn't good myself, I guess," said Tom.

London is better off for trees than any other European city.

Upwards of a thousand guineas has been reached at Christie's for a single specimen of a snuff-box.

CHILDHOOD AILMENTS.

The mother who keeps Baby's Own Tablets in the home has a feeling of security that her child's health is safe. These Tablets cure such ailments as colic, indigestion, constipation, diarrhœa and simple fevers. They break up colds, destroy worms, make teething painless, and give the child healthy natural sleep. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that the Tablets are absolutely safe. Mrs. Robert Watson, Cambermere, Ont., says: "I find Baby's Own Tablets just the medicine that is needed to keep children healthy." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.