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Red! 'tis the hue of battle,
The pledge of victory;
In sunset light, in northern night,
It flashes brave and free.
"Then paint with red thy banner,"
Quoth Freedom to the land,
"And when thy sons go forth to war
This sign be in their hand!"

White! 'tis the sign of purity,
Of everlasting truth;
The snowy robe of childhood,
The stainless mail of youth.
Then paint with white thy banner,
And pure as northern snow,
May these thy stately children
In truth and honor go.

Blue! 'tis the tint of heaven,
The morning's gold-shot arch,
The burning deeps of noontide,
The stars unending march.
Then paint with blue thy banner,
And bid thy children raise
At dry break, noon and eventide
Their hymn of love and praise.

Valor and truth and righteousness,
In threefold strength to-day
Bid o high the flag triumphant,
The banner glad and gay.
"And keep thou well thy colors,"
Quoth Freedom to the land,
"And 'gainst a world of evil
Thy sons and thou shalt stand."

—Laura E. Richards.

Select Family Reading

HARUM-SCARUM

By Julius Symington Fletcher.

For almost five minutes the house had been so quiet that Mrs. Gower was breathing a sigh of thanksgiving for the unusual peace, when, alas! a strong smell of burning, the barking of an excited dog, a clamor from the chicken-house, and the chorus of approaching children brought her to her feet.

"There's a cake in the oven burned to a cinder!" "Hetty's dog is chasing the chickens!" "The cat was in the safe, with her head in a milkpan!" As the children came running, like Job's messengers, each with a tale of woe, Mrs. Gower groaned:

"It's that harum-scarum Hetty! What will she do next?" Her question was answered by a crash and a scream that made every one rush to the dining-room. There the unfortunate Hetty stood, silent and dismayed, before a deluge of china chips, strewn about the tray which she had dragged down.

"The best set!" gasped Lola.

"Everything's going, I guess," said Roderick.

"And just as the bishop is coming!" added Jessie.

"Bishop's coming, china going, Hetty breaking!" chanted Fergus, adding quickly, "Here's mamma!"

"What are you doing?" cried poor Mrs. Gower. "What! All the best china! Fergus, stop that noise, and get a basket or something. How did this happen, Hetty? The set is quite ruined!"

"Why," stammered Hetty, staring miserably at the wreckage, "you all say I never do anything but what I ought not, so I thought that while the birthday cake was baking I'd just rinse these off for to-morrow, and save you the trouble. I guess the tray must have been sticking out over the edge of the table, because when I heard Psyche barking, I remembered that I'd forgotten to shut the chicken-house door when I went after the eggs. And so I started after Psyche, and I must have hit the tray, for it tipped up, and the things fell off and broke."

"No! Did they?" asked Fergus, innocently. "How mean of them! Even Psyche grits his teeth in despair—don't you, Sykes, my beauty?"

The dog, crouching at Hetty's feet, thumped the floor with his tail and looked from one face to another for some explanation of his mistress's silence, but not one relenting eye did he see.

"Go to your room, Henrietta, until I can think of some punishment for you," said Mrs. Gower, sternly.

Sitting on the edge of the bed in her room, Hetty bewailed her lot, while Sykes sat on the floor in front of her, a wistful dismay in his homely face that made Hetty laugh in spite of herself.

"It's all your fault, you old rascal, for chasing chickens when you know you shouldn't, and now I've got to pay for it!"

Sykes crawled nearer, and hung his head dejectedly against Hetty's feet. These two friends shared all their joys and sorrows—principally the latter, for one or the other of them was generally in disgrace.

Sykes, the ugly and pure bred bulldog,—called "Psyche" in affectionate derision—had come to be looked upon with the good-natured contempt bestowed on his owner, who was blamed, as a matter of course, for all the mischief which could not be traced—and not unreasonably blamed; for, in spite of the best intentions, Henrietta managed to do more damage than all the rest of the family.

What more natural than to say, "If Hetty did not do it, Psyche must have done it? Harum-scarum Hetty can't see where she's going, even with her goggles on, and that pot of hers can't walk straight on his bow-legs."

Yet so bright and energetic was the "harum-scarum," so conscious of her faults, so anxious to make reparation by willingly doing all the disagreeable things which must be done by somebody, that somehow no one remembered her faults when her services were wanted.

When the cook left suddenly, Hetty came down first in the morning and got the breakfast, smiling blissfully in spite of scorched cheeks and burned fingers when the family praised her eggs and muffins. Or when the children had arrived at the river, and it was discovered that the boat-house key had been left at home, every one would look suggestively at Hetty, who, in the humility of her heart, would offer to go back, and with faithful Sykes beside her, trudge uncomplainingly through the dust and heat of the mile up-hill.

Now, as Hetty sat waiting for the announcement of her punishment for breaking the china, she heard Fergus whisper through the keyhole, "If you don't feel too bad, let me in and I'll tell you something."

"Come along!" answered Hetty, briskly. "What is it?"

"Well, my hearty," began Fergus, on seeing his sister's cheerful manner, "you're in for it this time! You've got to pay for those dishes before the bishop comes, or else he'll have to eat off the every-day set,—and you know there aren't enough plates to go around now,—and mamma'll tell him why."

"Is that all?"

"No; you can't go anywhere until you've earned the money."

"O Fergus, not really! Then I'll miss the circus and the boat race, just as I did last summer. It's too mean!"

"Can't help it. How much have you got?"

"Not one cent! Mamma took all this month's allowance for smashing things, and I've just finished hemming a dozen napkins that we didn't need, for punishment. I suppose I'll have to weed the onion-bed and copy papa's sermons for the next month," concluded Hetty.

"You don't seem to care much," said Fergus, rather disappointed at the effect of his news.

"If you stepped on a worm, do you suppose it would want to fight?" retorted Hetty. "Anyhow, I think you all might help me."

"I don't believe the others will," said Fergus. "Rod and Jessie won't, because you let their cake burn. And Lola is mad enough to bite because she can't ask the Reading Club to meet here, with nothing but the old dishes. And mamma says poor clergymen always have the worst children, and papa's got the worst of all, and you are the worst of all of us."

Hetty looked sober for a minute; that was a pretty severe reproof. "Well, I think I might be let out and go to work, instead of having to waste any more time just sitting here doing nothing," she said.

Though some exaggeration had come of Fergus's vivid imagination, it is true that Mrs. Gower felt it necessary to punish Hetty severely. Yet she had to harden her heart many times in the following weeks, when she saw the child hemming sheets or creeping along the hot garden paths weeding onions, when all the others, having exhausted themselves in their efforts to get her pardoned, had gone rowing. Hetty had by this time resigned herself to the inevitable, and after a few tears, would return to her work, accompanied only by Sykes.

"How much have you saved now, Het?" asked Fergus one day in July, throwing himself down in the shade, and watching his sister as she toiled to and fro among the currant bushes.

Hetty pushed back her big straw hat and looked out, her face red and perspiring, her eyes blinking through her spectacles as she laboriously made her calculation: "Let's see. Ten cents a quart for these hateful things,—and I've picked five this morning,—that's fifty cents. Then twenty-five for the onion-bed, fifty for the last set of sheets, a dollar for copying papa's sermons, besides my allowance for this month and the birthday money from Aunt Julie."

"Why, you've got almost enough for one round of plates, haven't you?" said Fergus, in surprise.

"The idea! One round! I'd soon have enough for all if you'd help a little. Won't you?" as the boy lounged so provokingly before her.

"Can't, really. I'm off to the river with Al Gordon. Don't be discouraged though; you'll work off the price of a tea-cup if you keep at it till sunset."

Hetty watched him go, almost ready to drop her pail and follow. The summer days were so long, yet not long enough to give her time to earn twenty-five dollars before the bishop's visit. Sometimes Hetty wished that she dared write and tell the bishop how it was, and ask him please to excuse the old china; but if she did, her mother and father would be mortified, and the bishop would find out how it happened.

"Can't you lend me the money, mamma?" she begged. "I'll work it out afterward."

"My dear child," answered Mrs. Gower, gently, "the best lesson you could have would be to see the bishop eat out of a nickle plate and drink from a cup without a handle—all through your carelessness."

She did not add how hard it was for her to keep to her plan, or that she intended to contribute in time to buy the new dishes before the final day arrived.

During the last week, while every one was busy putting the house in order, and impressing upon the children that it must be so, Hetty wandered around in despair. She had been into town three times to look at the china and see if it had not been "reduced," or "slightly damaged, to be sold cheap." But it still stood in its gold and blue dignity on the shelves, and the price was still twenty-five dollars.

One day, as she walked out of the store, Hetty felt that the only thing which made life bearable was Psyche; if it were not for him, she might as well be dead! She hardly recognized Aleck Gordon, who came across the street to shake hands with her, although she had always liked Aleck because he admired Sykes, and had asked more than once if she would not sell the dog to him. Though she never thought of doing so, it was pleasant to have Sykes appreciated.

"Don't forget, Miss Hetty, any time you want to sell him, that I've spoken first," said the young fellow, as he left her.

Hetty laughed, as if that were an impossible case, and put out her hand to be sure that Sykes was not spirited away without her consent.

But Aleck had not gone two blocks when he turned, much surprised to see Hetty, running and out of breath.

"Wait, Aleck!" she panted. "You know you said you'd buy Psyche if I wanted to sell him. Well, I do, now."

She was trembling nervously as she watched him, and Aleck hesitated before answering.

"Are you sure?" he asked, doubtfully.

"Yes, quite sure. Will you take him now?"

"Why, of course, if you want me to. Hadn't you better wait and see—"

"No, no, it's all right. How much will you give for him?"

"Well, I don't know. How much do you want?"

"Fifteen dollars and thirty-five cents."

"Nonsense! Why he's worth five times that."

"I don't care. I only want as much as that," replied Hetty.

"Well, of course you know what you want, I suppose. If you'll wait here at the bank, I'll go home and get my book. I sha'n't be long."

While she waited for Aleck, it seemed as is she were waiting for the executioner. Every time she met Sykes's watchful eye, her own fell guiltily. It was only by thinking steadily of what would be the result if she failed to accumulate twenty-five dollars that she kept from making her escape before it was too late.

Aleck himself was surprised to find her still there when he returned, but he drew the money and paid it over, saying, "You had better take twenty-five dollars anyhow. Fergus will say that I cheated you if you don't."

Hetty had kept her face resolutely turned away from Sykes, and now, stuffing the money into her pocket, hardly knowing what she did, she handed the leash to Aleck and went out, only conscious that Sykes was trying to follow her, and that she no longer had the right to take him.

Afraid of repenting she hurried back to the china shop, bought the set of dishes, and ordered them to be sent home—not that day, but three days later,—on the eve of the bishop's visit.

It was supper-time when she reached the house, but she could not face the family just then, and sought refuge in her room.

"Hetty's got the dumps," announced Lola, after knocking on her door for five minutes without getting any answer.

"I wonder if she's got Psyche, too," growled Fergus. "The beast chewed up three muskrats that I hadn't skinned, and I'd skin him if I could find him."

Not until lunch time the next day, when one of the children called "Psyche, Psyche," wishing to give him a piece of meat, did the family miss the dog.

"Why, that's so," said Fergus, "Hetty, where is the nuisance?—I wondered what made it so peaceful."

"It does seem queer, doesn't it?" muttered Hetty, turning crimson in her effort not to cry.

In the general hunt and excitement which followed, Hetty went blindly after all who crossed her path, much to their annoyance.

"You didn't find him, did you, Fergus?" she asked, tearfully, when Fergus crawled out from underneath the porch.

"Find him? Do you suppose I'do be creeping around such places and fishing in the cistern if I had? It's bad enough to have you lose him, without asking such idiotic questions."

Ten minutes later, as Lola came out of the cellar covered with dust and cobwebs, after calling, "Sykes, here, Psyche, poor fellow," in her sweetest tones, she met Hetty at the door, peering anxiously at her and asking, "Is Psyche really there?"

"There! Where? Why don't you go and look yourself, instead of following me?" said Lola, turning with a jerk.

The most impossible places were searched as well as the most likely, as though Sykes had suddenly grown wings, gills or moles' feet.

The longer he was absent, the more every one missed him. Jessie was discovered crying over his old collar; Mrs. Gower was frightened by a tramp who came to the door when she was alone in the house; Mr. Gower waited nearly ten minutes in his gig in front of the post-office, before he remembered that Sykes wasn't there to get his mail for him. And of course they all blamed Hetty for losing him.

"If you'd brought him in at night instead of leaving him in that miserable kennel, he wouldn't have been stolen," said Fergus, severely.

"Well, you told mamma to make me leave him outside because he barked and woke you up," answered Hetty, to whose grief was now added the remorse of finding that, instead of hating Sykes, as she supposed, the family were fond of him.

In spite of their searching, Sykes was not found, and then the arrival of the new dishes distracted the family attention.

"Did the man give it to you cheap, or did you steal the money?" asked Fergus, when the splendor of the china appeared.

Hetty did not answer. She felt as though each piece represented just so much of her betrayed pet.

On Sunday, at dinner, Hetty tried to be glad of what she had done when she saw how satisfied her mother was and how fine the table looked; yet whenever she met the serene, kind eyes of the bishop, she choked down a sob, for it seemed as though he were thinking: "How could you have sold your friend for a set of china!"

Everybody seemed to be oppressed with the magnificence of a whole new set, and looked gratefully at Lola when she dropped a plate and broke it. Even that, however, did not entirely dispel the gloom. The bishop began to tell a funny story.

But he stopped short in the middle of it, and grabbed the table cloth to save the dishes, when Hetty sprang up with a loud cry and ran to the door.

The family turned in horrified amazement to see what had happened, and when they saw him they cried out, too. No wonder—for there came Sykes speeding up the path straight for Hetty, who dropped on her knees, sobbing absurdly over the dog, who almost wagged himself in two, yelping hoarsely and dashing away every few seconds just to have the pleasure of coming back again.

Hetty laughed with the others, only to cry harder the next moment.

"What is the matter?" asked Lola. "He's all here except his collar, and he isn't going away again, are you, Sykes?"

"That's just it," wept Hetty. "He's got to go back."

"Go back!" "Where to?" "What's happened?" "You haven't sold him?" "What are you talking about?" asked every one at once.

"Back to Aleck Gordon, who bought him last Tuesday."

"Aleck Gordon. Why, Henrietta Gower, what made you? Mamma, do you hear?"

"Hetty," said Mrs. Gower, sitting down beside the girl, "tell us what has happened and perhaps we can help you."

"I might as well tell you, though you can't help me, because one of the new plates is broken, and Aleck would be dreadfully disappointed if I took Sykes away from him, but I couldn't make the money soon enough to buy the dishes before the bishop came, and you said he'd have to eat out of the old broken china, and you'll tell him why, and I thought nobody cared for Sykes except me, and I ought to be sorry because I broke the dishes, and Al would be good to him because he's fond of him, and he gave me twenty-five dollars for him, though I didn't want to take so much, but I would not have done it if I'd thought any one else cared for Sykes!"

Having finished this explanation, Hetty would have resigned herself again to her misery, had not the old bishop laid his hand on her head, saying gently:

"Two such friends must not part, even if all the china in America is smashed; far better that every bishop should eat out of a tin plate, or no plate at all, than that he should wound a loving heart. God grant I may not be the cause of such a thing!

"Let me be honored in preventing it," he went on, cheerfully. "This faithful creature," nodding at Sykes, "has shown very plainly that he doesn't like to leave his home and his mistress, and he is quite right. I think that if I call and explain the case to Master Aleck he will accept my explanation, and be glad to hear that the dog and his owner are happy again. And now, Miss Hetty, may I give you my arm while we return to our dinner?"

What could Hetty do but smile with the others, go back to the house, followed closely by Sykes and watched by Fergus, who murmured with his usual sagacity: "Nobody but a harum-scarum would have done such a thing, anyhow!"

INVENTOR STUDIES A TOP.

Imagine railroads reduced to a single rail, over which palatial cars dash across the continent from New York to San Francisco in thirty hours! It seems a fantastic dream, and yet it is not beyond the range of possibilities contained in a startingly new invention, the central idea of which is seen in the movements of the ordinary top known to every youth.

A boiling kettle suggested the steam engine to James Watt; a dead frog's leg kicking on a copper wire hinted to Volta the electric battery; a kite in a thunder storm gave to Franklin the idea of the lightning rod; a falling apple spoke to Newton about gravitation; a top taught Louis Brennon this new secret of rapid railroading. His demonstrations with a model car have obtained favorable recognition from the careful scientific men of the Royal Society of England, who do not indorse mere dreams.

Mr. Brennon is the inventor of the famous Brennon torpedo, for the secret of which the British government paid an immense sum. One day, in Australia, he noticed the slowness with which a top stopped spinning, and how rigidly it kept its equilibrium. Immediately he applied the idea to railroading. He realized that only twelve per cent. of a locomotive's energy is used in drawing the load. The rest is used up in overcoming the friction of many grinding wheels. Hence he must have single wheels moving over a single rail.

THE WORKSHOP OF CHARACTER.

The workshop of character is every-day life. The uneventful and commonplace hour is where the battle is won or lost. Thank God for a new truth, a beautiful idea, a glowing experience; but remember that, unless we bring it down to the ground and teach it to walk with feet, work with hands, and stand the strain of life, we have worse than lost it—we have been hurt by it. A new light in our heart makes an occasion—and an occasion is an opportunity—not, for building a tabernacle and feeling thankful and looking back for a blessed memory, but for shedding a new light on the old path and doing old duties with new inspiration. The uncommon life is the child of the common day lived in an uncommon way.

Japan has a written history extending over 2,500 years.

CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.

"I don't like grandma at all," said Fred.
"I don't like grandma at all,"
And he drew his face in a queer grimace—
The tears were ready to fall;
And he gave his kitten a loving hug,
And disturbed the nap on the soft, warm rug.

"Why, what has your grandma done?" I asked.
"To trouble the little boy?
O, what has she done, the cruel one,
To scatter the smiles of joy?"
Through quivering lips the answer came;
"She—called—my—kitty—a—horrid—name."

"She did? Are you sure?" and I kissed the tears
Away from the eyelids sweet.
"I can scarce believe that grandma would grieve
The feelings of either pet.
What did she say?" "Boo-hoo!" cried Fred,
"She—called—my—kitty—a—quadruped!"

ROBUST HOME TRAINING.

The home is the place where citizenship is produced. Just as children are trained and developed in the home, so they will enter life either to bless or to curse it. Home is the school where they either learn obedience or wilfulness. If they are given the proper training in the way of good principles and self-control, they will enter the business of life with a proper respect for law and for the rights of other people. But if they are permitted to grow up like weeds in the garden, have no wholesome restraints imposed upon them and allowed to have their own way in matters of conduct, then as a matter of course they go out into the world feeling that it is their right to continue that sort of life. In fact, they are unacquainted with any other rules of conduct. Therefore, the home responsibility is the most important one that bears upon the human mind and conscience. The good Book says: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." This is as true to-day as when it was first uttered. It means exactly what it says, and needs no other explanation. You may point to exceptions which have come under your observation, but they are not exceptions when you reduce them to the last analysis. Either the home in which such exceptions were born or the home in which the ancestors of these supposed exceptions were born was defective at some point in the domestic training. God's Word is true. The great evil of our modern home government finds itself in the fact that we have, in many instances, nothing in the nature of true home government. Children, as a rule, govern their parents, instead of their parents governing them. They are humored and indulged until not many of them know anything about proper control. The home is at their mercy, and the father and the mother are the slaves to the whims and exactions of their children. The good old-fashioned switch has largely ceased to be a factor in the conduct of family government. Many parents permit their children to talk to them and disregard them in a way that is alarming. Boys, by the time they enter their 'teens, are permitted to select their own associates, to stay out of nights and to enjoy the freedom of the streets. They do very much as they please. With girls it is often worse. Before they lay aside short dresses they have their young gentlemen friends, take buggy rides with them, go to balls and theaters. Girl, like modesty is often an unknown quantity with many of them. Mothers frequently push them forward and encourage their popularity with boys and young men. No wonder that fathers and mothers are having trouble with their children and are often perplexed as to what course to pursue with them. The cause of it all is found in a failure to bring them up in the way they should go. They are reaping the harvest of their own sowing. And when such children go out in the world to try their fortunes they have either to reform their home bringing-up or become a burden to society. The good citizen is made such in the home and the criminal originates in the same source. We are greatly in need of a revival in the old laws of bringing up children. The modern way is radically imperfect, and its results are painfully apparent. Fathers and mothers rarely ever have time these days to give to their children the close attention necessary to make good men and women out of them. They are too busy with other matters. Yet God intends the home to be the great training school of the world. In too many instances it has departed from the divine purpose. We need to return to the Bible method of ordering our households.

We must not take the faults of youth with us into old age; for old age brings with it its own defects.—Goethe.

The best reformers the world has ever had are those who have commenced on themselves.

THE DOER SHOULD BE MASTER.

Most people have to choose between driving their work and letting their work drive them. And it is the doer who should be master, not the thing to be done. Work buoyantly, faithfully, serenely. The hurried, anxious worker, who is fearful of doing less than he ought, or apprehensive that his work is not going to give satisfaction, gets very small returns for his outlay of energy.

BE AN INTELLIGENT FOE TO INTEMPERANCE.

Temperance people have reason on their side. Physiology shows the injurious effects of alcohol on the body. The records of the police courts and penitentiaries show its influence on the morals. It pays a girl to study up evidence against this enemy of God and home and native land. Be not only a foe to intemperance, but be an intelligent foe.