

Katie's Treasures.

BY LYNDE PALMER.

In the soft October sunshine,
Neath the forest's golden eaves,
Roamed a merry band of maidens,
In a crimson rain of leaves.
And mid ringing bursts of laughter,
Fluttering through the misty air,
All their young hearts' cherished treasures
Each with other did compare.

"I dwell in a lordly mansion,"
Cried a pair of scarlet lips,
"In the carpets' tufted roses,
Deep my lightest footfall dips.
Oh! the curtains and the pictures!
But more beautiful than all,
You should see the western sunlight
Creep along the painted wall."

"Listen," quickly cried another,
"Listen now, I pray to me,
Years ago, there was a necklace
Borne across the deep blue sea.
In its velvet cushioned casket,
Stars could not so brightly shine,
But this chane of prisoned rainbows
By-and-by will all be mine."

"I have not such wondrous jewels,"
Proudly spoke another voice,
"But I'd rather have my father,
If I had to take my choice.
He has grown so very famous—
People almost kiss his hand,
And in time, I'm very certain,
He'll be ruler of the land."

Thus ran on the eager voices,
As they gaily had begun,
Till some tale of wondrous treasure,
Every child had told, save one.

"She will not have much to tell us,"
Whispered they, "poor little thing!"
But with smiles said blue-eyed Katie,
"I'm the daughter of a King!"

Then they laughed: O princess tell us
Where the king, your father dwells;
Do your mighty palace portals
Swing at touch of golden bells?
Meekly answered gentle Katie,
Pushing back a floating curl,
"All the shining wall is golden
Every gate a single pearl."

"And more glorious than the sunrise
Through the purple morning mist,
Brightly glow the brave foundations,
Jasper, sapphire, amethyst.
And within—such wondrous treasures!
Oh, what happiness to see!
But when home my Father calls me,
He will give them all to me."

Then the little maids grew thoughtful,
And they looked with tender eyes
On the sweet-faced little Katie,
Gazing upward to the skies.
And they said, "O happy princess!
Listening for the great King's call,
You have found the greatest treasure,
You are richest of us all."

—Sel.

Playing Noah's Ark.

"Ain't anything in the world to play!
Ev'rying's old and broke!"
Grumbled the little ones, in the way
Of the world's little folk.

So sister thought up a wonderful game,
And told them all to "hark,"
It hadn't any particular name—
She called it "Playing Noah's Ark."

"We'll take this tub for a Nark, you
know,
And then the animals come,
Two by two, as they used to go.
I'm Mrs. Methusalem;

And Teddy, he's Father Noah, we'll play;
We'll get inside, and mark,
Right down in a register book, the way
You all came into the Nark."

"We'd better have some preachin' I fink;
Noah prob'ly did, I guess."
So Mrs. Methusalem in pink,
And Noah in his baby dress,

Preach and preach to the "wicked folks,"
"Be dood!" and "Love my Lord!"
"Mind your mover!" and "Go to church!"
But alas! with one accord,

They laugh in his face—poor Father Noah
Preaching with might and main!
"Dess 'at we've seen a shower before!
Who's f'raid of your old wet rain?"

The kittens think it the best of jokes;
Old Rover begins to bark.
They're playing rny are the "wicked folks"
An' left out of the Nark."

There's another tub on the edge of the
sink;
It falls with a splash and a thud.
Poor little "wicked folks!" "Didn't fink
Old Noah meant a truly flood!"

—Wide Awake.

—A minister, while marrying a couple
recently, was rather disconcerted on ask-
ing the bridegroom if he was willing to
take the young lady for his wedded wife,
by his scratching his head and saying,
"Yes, I'm willing, but I'd a much rather
have her sister."

Bennie.

BY FANNY L. KENNAN.

"Take good care of Bennie, and
don't catch on to the bobs," mother
said, as she gave the dinner basket to
Sam.

"Yes, mother," Stella said, grabbing
hold of Bennie's fat hand and hurrying
off.

It was a mile or more to the school
house, but Sam and Stella did not
mind the walk and were only anx-
ious to get there in time for a frolic
before nine o'clock, but little seven-
year-old Bennie found it pretty tire-
some.

They rushed down the road as fast
as they could. Bennie bravely trying
to keep up with Stella and Sam.

Stella would turn round occasional-
ly to hurry him, or, when he lagged
too far behind, to wait impatiently
till he trotted up.

Just as they got to the edge of the
pine woods they heard a great shout
behind them, and turned, to see a long
double sleigh, or pair of bobs, as they
called them, with half a dozen boys
and girls on. Sam and Stella waited
till it came up, which gave Bennie a
chance to catch up again.

"Jump on," screamed the boys and
girls as they dashed up, and all three
made a scramble.

The man had allowed a couple of
the neighbors children to ride with
him, but was not at all pleased with
his load of shouting boys and scream-
ing girls, and he drove along quite
rapidly, without waiting to add to his
list of passengers.

Sam and Stella, with the help of
those in the sleigh, managed to get in,
while Bennie hung courageously to
the box, with his feet on a runner.

But a sudden start made him lose
his hold and he fell off. There was
such a shouting and laughing, that no
body heard his cry, and they turned
around a bend in the road and were
out of sight before Bennie could col-
lect his scattered senses and get upon
his feet again.

The sleigh, with its merry load
went on through the long pine woods
whose long green boughs were bend-
ing low with their burden of snow,
and which sent back the echoes of
the careless voices, from its dark
depths.

At the school house they all clam-
bered out and went trooping into the
great fire that blazed in the log school
house. Sam thought it quite beneath
the dignity of his fourteen years to
look after such a baby as Bennie,
while Stella had so many secrets to
tell to Barbara Stone that Bennie
quite escaped her mind.

Just before recess time the primer
class was called up, and Stella, look-
ing lazily through her grammar, miss-
ed Bennie's blundering voice.

Her surprise at not seeing him at
his place was so great that she cried
out:

"Where's Bennie?"

The other scholars laughed, and the
teacher looked up sternly, but seeing
Stella's troubled face, inquired about
the missing Bennie.

He has not been here this morning,
I thought he would not come such a
cold day," said the teacher.

"But he did," said Stella. "He got
on the bobs with us. Didn't he
Sam?"

Sam did not know, but several oth-
ers had seen him hanging on, though
no one remembered seeing him get off.

The day was a very cold one, and
the teacher, alarmed for the little one,
sent Sam and two or three more of
the larger boys to look for him. Stella
sat with a white, frightened face, and
there was very little studying done
by any one, as they waited anxiously
for the boy's return.

The school was dismissed for the
noon recess, before they came back.
They had looked all along the road
for traces of Bennie, and had finally
gone home, thinking they might find
him there, but so Bennie was to be

found. The father and the mother
were alarmed about the little boy, and
the neighbors were out searching the
woods and the fields.

All the afternoon the scholars, list-
ening anxiously, could hear the voices
of the men, as they shouted back and
forth the news of the lost child.

Stella had gone home, with a sor-
rowful heart. How those last words
of her mother rang in her ears:

"Take good care of Bennie, and
don't catch on to the bobs."

And she remembered with shame,
that she had scarcely gotten out of
her mother's sight before she had dis-
obeyed. It was not the first time, by
a great many, that she had forgotten
or neglected her mother's words, but
it was the first time that anything
serious had resulted from her disobe-
dience, and her fault was made
known.

She crept into a corner of the de-
serted room, where her mother would
not notice her, and cried softly to
herself. The mother, distressed as
she was for Bennie's safety, saw the
drooping little figure, but thought
Stella needed the punishment for dis-
obedience and selfishness, and she left
her alone.

Sam was off in the woods, bravely
doing what he could to repair the
mischievous of his own and Stella's fault;
but Stella had, the harder part—to
sit still and wait, quite helpless to
right the wrong she had done.

The night came on, clear and cold
and starry. Still the cry of "lost
child" rang through the woods, send-
ing a chill through Stella, as she stood
with her face pressed against the pane,
thinking of poor little Bennie.

Men shook their heads sadly when
they met each other, and said, "If he
has not been picked up before this,
we can do nothing for him when we
do find him, poor little fellow."

Stella could bear the silent agony
no longer. She crept up to her moth-
er and sobbed out:

"O, mother, will they find poor
little Bennie?"

"We will hope that the Good Fath-
er is kindly watching over him, my
little girl."

The mother tried to speak bravely,
but her heart was full of fear.

Just then came the loud blast of a
horn—the sound that they had been
waiting to hear all that sorrowful
afternoon, and glad voices shouted out
that Bennie was found.

They brought him in to his mother's
arms not cold and white, as she had
almost expected to see him, but warm
rosy and smiling, to tell in his stam-
mering fashion his own story of the
day.

And then, when they were calm
enough to hear it, Bennie's father
told how after Bennie had fallen off
the sleigh, he had blundered along the
road, crying with cold and fear. The
woods were dark and lonely. He did
not know the way, and he did not
think of going back, and in despair
he had sat down to cry.

A man coming along in a cutter,
stopped to speak to the forlorn little
boy. The day was so cold, and the
road so little traveled, that he did not
dare to leave the little fellow there,
so he took him into his cutter and
wrapped him up warmly in the robes,
thinking that he would leave him at
the first house.

The man was a stranger, and didn't
know that on the road on which he
soon turned off, it was five miles to
the nearest house.

But there the man left him, telling
the people where he found him, and
asking them to return Bennie to his
parents, or send them word, as soon as
possible.

Bennie told his name, and where
he lived, as well as he could, and the
farmer had watched all day for a
passing team, by which to send Ben-
nie home, but none appeared. The
day was wearing away, and the farmer
said:

"I think I shall have to hitch

Dolly to the cutter, and take the lit-
tle boy home, or his parents will be
frightened about him.

As the farmer and Bennie were
dashing along the road, they heard the
cry of "Lost child! Lost child!" The
farmer sent back an answering call,
and the news that Bennie was found,
rung out with the blast of the horn.

Sam and Stella were so glad to get
Bennie safely back and to feel that
they were free from the awful dread
of the consequences of their careles-
ness and selfishness, that nothing was
too good for the little fellow.

The next morning, as the hoods
and scarfs were tied on, and Sam took
the lunch basket in one hand, and
took hold of Bennie's little fist with
the other, Stella said:

"There won't be any need of say-
ing, 'Take care of Bennie, to-day,'
mother."

"Nor any day, I hope, Stella," her
mother said, kissing the three rosy
faces. "I think this lesson will be
remembered for a long time."

And Stella thought so too.—Church
and Home.

My Patchwork Quilt.

BY J. ALICE DANNER.

Old-fashioned it is, yes, worn and
gray, but dearer to me than any
snowy counterpane or brilliant afghan.
You wonder why I love it so? Listen,
and I will tell you. Each little block
is a mirror of the past; each tiny
square and triangular piece brings
back sweet scenes of a life that's dead;
some reflect the faces of schoolmates,
some the faces of friends estranged,
and some the faces of friends in their
graves.

This little piece of blue dotted with
white was the school-day frock of
dark-eyed sister Loe. Sister Loe,
whose hands grew weary in a foreign
field, and whose ashes rest upon a
foreign shore.

The chosen playmate of my child-
hood, who gave me this tiny piece of
buff, now wears a cap of snowy lace,
and dandles grandchildren upon her
knee. But, looking at this little
patch, I see only a merry, romping
child, chasing the old cow down the
lane, her light curls tossing and blue
eyes sparkling.

Here is a piece of doubtful shade,
but whose color is too plainly distinct
among my earliest recollections. It is
a piece of what was once called a sun-
bonnet. Though black as a gypsy,
that pasteboarded bonnet was my
horror. And many a time, when out
of sight of the old kitchen door, have
I tossed it on the grass, while I freely
smelled the clover, grew freckled, tan-
ned and fat.

Ah! here is a piece dearer than all
the rest. Pass it by, for tears are
filling my eyes. It tells of a mother's
dress. A mother whose grave upon
the hillside has been whitened by the
snows of many winters. Looking
at the stars I can think of her in
heaven; but looking at this little
patch I can see her when on earth.
Here, close nestling by its side, as
though claiming its protection, is a
piece of brightly-colored plaid. Ah!
the toddling baby brother, who
claimed that as his Sunday frock, has
grown to manhood, and has crossed
the seas. But here he comes to me
again; not the world-weary wan-
derer, tired of power and of gold, but
the tiny, prattling child, proud of
hobbyhorse and ball.

And thus I might go on, for each
little block has its history, and can
carry me back to the time when, sit-
ting at my mother's knee, I carefully
cut, basted and sewed each triangle,
diamond and square.

My patchwork quilt may be old-
fashioned, but I love it. It is sacred
by association; so let me keep it.
My fancies may be queer, but they are
my fancies still; and my heart clings
to this relic of the past as to a friend
of "auld lang syne."

So give to me my patchwork quilt,
And take your counterpane;
For all these blocks are dear old friends,
And links in memory's chain.

Spurty People.

In religion, as in the affairs of
human life, it is the steady and sus-
tained efforts that wins. Some people,
like fancy horses, are good on a spurt,
but utterly flag out in the all-day pull.
"How far are you going?" inquired
a brisk rider as he overtook Mr. Wes-
ley in one of his long journeys. "To
London," was the calm reply of the
great evangelist. "And do you think
we can reach there to-day?" continued
the new comer, who was a little net-
tled at the itinerant's slow pace. "No
doubt, if we take it steadily," was the
reply. Content with this assurance,
he expressed a desire to bear the good
man company. Place was given and
the two, for a season, jogged on to-
gether. But the pace was too steady
to suit the yeasty young gentleman;
and after an hour of such riding he
repeated his question as to the proba-
bilities of reaching London that night.
Mr. Wesley renewed the assurance
that they would arrive at their des-
tination if they went slow enough.
But another hour of steady riding ex-
hausted the patience of the young
man, and putting spurs to his horse,
he dashed on, leaving his companion
far in the rear. Wesley continued his
measured course unmoved by this
little episode. On reaching an inn,
soon after mid-day, he met his fellow-
traveler just leaving, with his horse a
good deal used up by the rapid riding,
while that of Wesley was fresh and
vigorous for the remainder of the
route. But the young man dashed on
again while the calmer and more
philosophic traveler waited leisurely
"to bait his horse," and then followed
at the old pace. The haste of the
early part of the day had exhausted
the young man's beast that the last
part of the journey dragged heavily.
The animal moved slower and slower
at each step; his limbs grew heavy
and clumsy; and, as might be sup-
posed, just before reaching the capital,
near sunset, he was overtaken by his
slow companion, who entered the city
first and in good condition. Steady
riding proved the sure way of reach-
ing the goal. In religion the same
rule operates. Spurty people, who
seem to be doing so much, in their
flurries, in reality accomplish less than
those who move more slowly but
steadily. Dashes and spurts use up
our energies rapidly. The half-hour
center exhausted the resources that
would maintain a steady pace for half
a day. Spurty people are seldom in
working condition; it is your steady
persons who are always in harness
and ready for a movement on the
enemy's works. There are spurty
churches as well as individuals. They
do up their labors quickly—the labors
of a year often being compressed into
a few weeks. The result is that such
churches get exhausted by the effort
and are obliged "to haul up" for
repairs. The putting forth of extra
exertion in one part of the year leads
them to become dormant in another.
By these irregular movements, such
people of necessity lose a large part of
their influence. They are held to be
unreliable, and their example is not
imitated. If, instead of this erratic
course, the church will steadily keep
at the work through the year, it will
find larger and better results than by
the irregular and exceptional method
here indicated.—A. C. Review.

TO MAKE TOUGH STEAK TENDER.

Choose a platter large enough to
spread the steak upon. Put on pepper,
a tablespoonful of vinegar, and three
tablespoonfuls of olive oil, or melted
butter (but butter will not keep
fluid). The pepper keeps away flies,
the vinegar softens the fibers of the
meat, the action of the oil will keep
it soft. This is a great French secret.
Let it stand about four hours. That
will generally make a tough steak
tender. You can leave it over night.
The vinegar will not taste.