

The Boy Who Laughs.

know a funny little boy, The happiest ever born! His face is like a beam of joy, Although his clothes are torn.

A Peck of Trouble.

Don't make any noise, This is a whisper from Jack's nursery. The two boys were playing. They had strayed beyond limits of the town into some woods bordered on the highway.

without it. Instead of entering as usual with a call for 'Mother' at the front door, he skulked around to the rear and went into the kitchen. There the cook informed him that Mrs. Nelson had gone for a drive with another lady and would not return until supper time.

He was an only child, and, without any playmates in the house, was accustomed to find his principal diversion in books. This resource proving unsatisfactory, he drummed for a short time on the piano and then varied the amusement by drumming on the window pane.

Tony, inspired with a sudden thought. 'Let's be a parliamentee!' This brilliant idea was greeted with shouts, and the parliament set to work at once, with all due solemnity, Mamie taking the chair.

'What's that?' questioned Fan. 'I don't know,' replied the chairwoman; 'our press downstairs hasn't got any; but the words are out of dad's papers, and they sound fine.'

had swallowed them up. This must be just such a case. 'Well, I will slide down as far as Aunt Hopper's house, and then walk back by the road; for I can never climb the hill on the crust. Oh, what will mamma say?' thought the crest-fallen little maid.

'Why are you in such a hurry?' queried I, as my wee friend halted just long enough to leave a message. 'Cause our maid's sick, an' I'm going to help mamma. She says she's glad it's Saturday, so's I can be at home all day.'

'Majorie! Majorie!' mamma called; 'why don't you come down and play dear?' 'I guess I can't, mamma; I feel so sorry for Bobby!' called Majorie back.

'Of a Good Beginning' 'Corneth a good end.' When you take Hood's Sarsaparilla to purify your blood you are making a good beginning, and the good end will be health and happiness.

What'll the old woman say? Oh, nothing. She won't care. Mamie was an orphan. An uncle called for his board with 'Mrs. Elmer, otherwise called by the boys 'the old woman.'

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Ed was usually a sound sleeper. He had only to lay his head on the pillow, close his eyes and float off into dream-land. But on a particular evening the case was different. He tossed and tossed, but slumber would not come.

The next morning he awoke with a sore throat and fever, and with a sense of having suddenly become about a hundred years old. Mrs. Nelson sent for a physician, who pronounced the case a serious one.

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'Won't it be fun?' chirped Susie, hopping around on one foot. 'You know, mamma, when Roy took his soldier-bag to bed, you said 'twas a queer bed-fellow. Well, I think a smoked ham will be a queer sled-fellow.'

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