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Supposing

ing trees grew down, like beets-in orchard and in dell! imb for pears and buttermilk we'd simply dig a well !

sing shadows that we cast were solid find them quite embarrassing affairs to carry round!

sing rain was black as ink-good gracious! what a sight ald often make of picknickers, attired in pretty white!

osing birds were eagle big, and walked instead of flewke to know what chance there'd be to take a stroll-don't you?

sing snow was hard and hot instead of soft and colddreadfully the people who slipped down in it would scold!

pposing fishes swam in air as thick as in dwhales and sharks and porpoises how frightened we would be!

posing we fell up-just think how very esently the earth would have no peo-

-E. L. Sabin in the Churchman

The Word of a Boy.

What do you know about him, anyasked Alfred Grierson, sharply. words,' answered Charley, timidly. What do you mean?'

Why, if he says he'll do a thing, stick to it. His word is enough. The questioner turned aside with a ofound whistle.

The boy who had won the approval spot, as if scorched by fire. Charles Grierson was a newcomer will receive. The old Romans were not the well built, and with muscles finestoo poor, and too prudent to pam-Westmorland k him, but plenty of open-air exeringes, and good, wholesome food, WANTE re combining to build up an early, grous manhood, which was good to nd fastest sel hold. Almost immediately on enterthe school Charley Grierson's newhat diminutive figure and deli-Moody, assiste te appearance had appealed to him

weakness always should appeal to Hello,' he said one day during play a passing a corner where he had Charley a short time before pourover a volume profusely illustrat-The little fellow was now sitting hands idly folded and a drooping but no book. 'Have you finished

id, credit give 'I had to give up my book,' was the n Compar 2, Chicago.

Were you reading it?' of course I was, and just in the t part, where the bear-

Who's got it?" Never mind, old chap,' said Sanare bette m, heartily; 'another bear has got

the school; he must be tamed a

You shall have your book.' harley never inquired by what ans this desirable end was attained. only knew that in ten minutes the ok lay in his lap, and he was puring the bear through its pages. It sthis incident which made the new ya hero in Charley Grierson's eyes. here are heroes in humdrum, tryday life, in humble homes, per-

ming common tasks faithfully and lelfishly. They are in training, and haps some day hearts will be stirby the account of some brave deed ach brings one after another to the old's notice.

What would I do without him? Mrs. Sanborn, stopping one moare of her lad as he sped to the vilon an errand. 'He promised his er he'd be a help to me, and he Robin. once broke his word.'

ys were seen talking excitedly. sleigh and a pair of horses.'

aborn caught his cap and tossed to the air with a wild 'Hoorah!' for saying that, but it is too bad. I

Who said so?' asked the others.

Red Strip

avy Stripe

Freen

ern

Pshaw!' exclaimed Alfred Grier- | a long, long day of fun.

but he answered steadily. promised mother before I came I gave my word and I'll stick | how shall I do it?' It is something that can't be

could; I'm up to fun as well as any of, sitting by her south window, and look- | guard fell asleep, and the Gauls climbyou. Now, don't let it be harder, but | ing out over the brown fields. do something for me, to make up. Will you take young Charley Grierson in am to you and your father for asking she. me,' he concluded, turning to the lad

good of you. ness in this that was catching, and the cap and apron for a long forenoon of said I, 'the geese saved Rome!' boy he addressed cried out : 'Charley delight. shall go,' and Murray echoed: 'Charley shall,' and even Alfred struck in.

swung open, George almost knocked the dearest girlie? against a gentleman who had come up unperceived and overheard the conversation. With a friendly nod, he said in passing: 'That's right, my boy; stick to your mother. You never had, never will have a better friend.'

Mrs. Sanborn had business in a town about five miles distant that afternoon, and her son was to drive her in a sleigh, a very shabby affair. At first the idea was agreeable, and he thought little of the turnout. Now, however, as he contrasted it in his mind with a certain double sleigh he had seen, with a fur rug thrown over Their voices sound just like my Not much, only he thinks a lot of the back and another drawn up in Nelsie's!'-Chris. Register. front to keep the feet warm, while a pair of dashing horses proudly tossed their necks and set the bells a jingling, he was conscious of a glow of shame. He hated himself for the poor pride, but it had been there, and left a sore

But this was only the beginning of the school they attended, and more the humiliation. Returning home, an a year older than Alfred. George some hours later, a sleigh swept past, orn soon became popular, and Al- going in the same direction, the bells dwas secretly jealous of his influ- and glad young voices mingling in merry music. Sanborn's schoolmates t free of chargones who admired great physical shouted their recognition; only one se in town to begth, and Sanborn was tall for his failed in a fraternal greeting. As the gentleman in charge of the party developed. His widowed mother turned to look at the object of their salutation, his eyes roamed over the homely figure of the mother, the poor, on hillside and river, frequent shabby vehicle and the heavy horse, with a sort of comprehensive pity. Alfred Grierson, catching that look, was ashamed to shout.

'Never mind, there will come a time when they won't be ashamed to know me,' George muttered to himself. 'Money means influence, and influence and money mean labor. The road doesn't lie before me as clear as this I'm driving on now, but I'll learn all I can, and it will come to me or I shall come to it.'

And it did, sooner than he thought. Mr. Grierson kept his eye on the lad, and at the close of the school term offered young Sanborn a place in his

'I want him there,' he explained to his mother, 'because I can depend on his word, and if he is what I think, he will get on. He shall have leisure and advantages for evening study. And now my wife is coming to see you. If there is anything you would like to have done, let her know.

Mrs. Grierson was a kind-hearted, Christian woman, with tact and judgment. She avoided wounding the pride, but their home had more refining influences, and Mrs. Sanborn added comforts from that time.

commented on the prosperity of a certain man of business, he was wont to

'It all came of my keeping my word to my mother."-New York Observer.

Nelsie'e "Cheerupping."

BY MINNIE L. UPTON.

'Cheerup! Cheerup!' quoth Madam Robin, who, with Sir Robin, was feastthat in the porch to watch the active ing off late choke-cheeries by the back kitchen window.

'Cheerup! Cheerup!' repeated Sir

'I won't !' snapped Nelsie, and then e next morning as the gate to the felt sorry as soon as she said it; for lyard was about to open, a group since Sir and Madam were so kind as to stay all winter, when all the other My father says I may bring three birds whisked away to some 'resort' or ou fellows along,' exclaimed one, other, it did seem as though the least high tone. 'You, Grierson, and one could do was to be civil to them tray and Sanborn. We have a two- and take a bit of advice occasionally, couldn't read, like her primary school if they pleased to offer it.

'Please excuse me. I didn't really mean it,' murmured Nelsie, wiping he, 'a papa goose is a gander, a mam. as it descended his face clouded. her eyes with the corner of her blue t is too bad,' he said. 'I hate my- tyer, and reflecting that she could go nutting some other day, and that not a goose: she is a dear little gosling, st go home directly after school this things might be worse, even if the rain was pouring right down at the very hour when Cousin Bert was to

flush rose to young Sanborn's happy pair, between cherry bites.

In a moment Nelsie was by her side. 'Mayn't I read for you, grandma? my place? I can't tell how obliged I I have such a nice book!' chirrupped them, and flapped their great wings,

who had invited him. 'It was real of stories as any of her grandchildren, and at the word 'story' she brighten-There was a straightforward manli- ed up as if by magic, and settled her

So Charley went, and rubbed his lit- read it all by herself. Grandma knew alphabet long before men did, for the tle hands in glee, and laughed and that, - grandmas are such knowing flying wild geese have always shaped shouted, while George Sanborn was folk !- and that's why she remarked their flocks into A's and V's. And, if ten times more his hero than ever be- to the robins (after the book was fin- they don't know how to make all the But previous to this, just as the gate | piazza to look for weather), 'Ain't she | all the letters.'

'Ye-up! Ye-up!' came in a silvery duet from Sir and Madam.

'She can listen to advice!' said

'And take it !' added Sir.

'Yes, take it!' trilled Madam. his glossy throat with enthusiasm.

'Of use,' crescendoed Madam. And then the time and tune and words got so mixed up that only an expert in Robinese could ever understand them. Grandma was not an expert. She only said 'Do hear the dear sweets'

A Blue Jay's Friendship.

BY SARAH B. WALKER.

I want to tell you of how, when walking one sunny afternoon, a little Blue Jay, too young to fly well, persisted in falling out of its nest and coming over to where we were taking our lunch. I put it back in the nest carefully twice, but back it tumbled and followed me, the mother bird paying scarcely any attention to it. I was loth to have it for I was afraid I could not feed it properly and keep it alive. It sat on my finger all the way home.

I never put it in a cage but fed it as well as I knew how and left it on the window sill outside of the open window. Close by was a small pine tree about eight or ten feet high. After the bird, or 'Styx,' became big enough to fly nicely he made his nest in this pine tree all night, and every morning long before anyone wanted to wake, in he would come at the open window with his happy good-morning twitter, and after circling about the room a few times would, unless he was well received and spoken to, settle on top of my head and taking a lock of hair in his bill give it quite a ferocious twitch to gain attention.

At our meal time he was always ready and would take a bit of bread or a dainty morsel from each one, always with his delightful little twitter. One peculiar feature of his friendship was his desire to imitate our walk instead of flying along above one, as he could so easily do. Styx would deliberately follow in our footsteps.

Every evening we would go to the top of the hill to see the sun set, and Styx would follow us, walking over brush and through cobwebs until, when he reached the top, his little blue feathers were a sight to see, all bewidow's feelings and her son's boyish draggled and white with cobwebs. Then he would go back perched on my shoulder. He would often make the return trip that way, but would always And in after years, when people start from the house on a walk, hop, skip or jump, never flying.

It used to create great astonishment in a stranger to see a Blue Jay fly from one of our large trees and in at the window, helping himself to anything good in reach. He never seemed to forget us forget us for a moment, and a whistle would always call him to us. For over six months he was a constant companion, and great sorrow was felt over his loss, occasioned by his trip into a neighboring field where there there was poisoned wheat put out for killing moles or some other animal. But our faithful little friend was happy while he was with us.-Mayflower.

A Little Goose.

One day Will called Dot 'a little goose.' That was because she didn't go to school, only to kindergarten, and brother of six.

Tom spoke up at that. 'Will,' said ma goose is a-a-well, just a goose, but a little goose is a gosling! Dot is aren't you, Dot?'

'I don't know,' said Dot, doubtfully. Then, says the writer in Little Folks, call for her to go to Chestnut Wood for | who is telling the story, I told them the famous goose story that has been 'Cheerup! Cheerup!' persisted the told to children for more than two thousand years : how nearly four hun-'I will! I will!' responded Nelsie. | dred years before the first Christmas 'But, whom shall I cheer up? And the great, shaggy, yellow-haired Gauls swept down like a north wind into The door opened just then, and the Italy and captured Rome, all but the off, or you know I would try all I answer came in a glimpse of grandma, Capital Hill; how one night the Roman

ed up, up, up, to the very top; how just then the goddess Juno's sacred geese, kept there by the temple, heard and hissed and honked; and how Might she! Grandma was as fond Marcus Manlius heard the geese, and seized his arms, and ran to the edge of the cliff just in time to push back ward the topmost Gaul. 'And so,

'Theo, too, I went on, 'if geese are Of course, Nelsie would much rather not wise enough to read, like Master have curled up in the window-seat and | Will, they knew something about our ished and Nelsie had gone out on the letters, they have helped men write

'Why, how could they?' asked Dot. 'Oh,' said I, laughing, 'they gave their big wing feathers to men, and men cut the ends into pens; and everybody, for centuries before steel pens were made, wrote with quill pens. Little children in school wrote with goose quills; 'And make it,' warbled Sir, swelling and, when the points were scratchy they raised their hands and said, 'Please, teacher, sharpen my pen! And the teacher would take her penknife and cut new points. That's how little jack-knixes came to be called pen-knives.

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