

Joe's Way and Bob's.

Something would only turn up,' sighed Joe. 'I wouldn't live just for myself—somebody should have a share of my wealth.' 'You may come here, Danny,' said the little teacher. As the big freckled faced boy shuffled along towards her, she put her hand up to her throat, perhaps to relieve the nervous, choking feeling there. Her fingers touched a gold headed stick pin that fastened her collar. All at once an inspiration seized her, and by the time Danny reached her, she had taken out the pin and was tracing little patterns with the point, on her unpainted desk.

Danny's Discipline.

Miss Mary was about discouraging it seemed as though Danny would break up her school of everything she could do. Five years ago directors of little schools considered their work when they had hired a teacher for dollars a week, and provided a room for the rusty box-stove always stood in the middle of the room. So when Miss Mary laid her trouble before her, a stinging, sour-faced man, she turned that:

'He wa'n't never in favor o' such liddle creetur as her, any needed a big, strappin' woman as niece, Lizzy Jane Perry, to them boys their place. Why, he hauled Rube White clear the room one day, and then him out doors before he knew and hold of him. He didn't dare back to school no more, either, the kind av teacher we got to he'd told 'em so to the school. He guessed she'd have to get the best she could. An' if she govern, she'd have to quit, he most likely they could get one back again; though some of their y'ung uns didn't learn when she taught, but to be of their lives when she come near. He guessed if she didn't want more he'd go and tend to them.

Miss Mary had a talk with her mother. That good woman what cud a pore widdy do wid as o' sich a bye as that? The 'en! And didn't she lick him out of his life, an' wa'n't he all 'agin' home his dirty worrums and all manner o' b'astes, same? 'Twas the death of her yet, praise God.'

Mary went away heavy-hearted. As very young, but she felt sure was not what Danny needed, and she did so want to the folks at home that she could school even if she didn't weigh hundred pounds, and was only If she had known anything modern methods and kinder-ways, she might have turned to count the boy's fascination for and bats and spiders and toads. herself hated all sorts of vermin crawling things, and to have a out from under Danny's book she approached his desk, or to hazard tethered by a string to a of his jacket, filled her with Feeling sure that a scream would demoralize the school, she kept guard over her every moment of the time that O'Connor was in the room, and herself growing thin and pale strain. Matters came to a few days after her visit to Mrs. ar.

Wood with her back to the child- getting work on the little black- when she was startled by shriek shriek, which, she knew without came from little yellow-haired Gates, the baby of the school. what should Miss Mary see little garter-snake wriggling the floor straight towards the red child, who stood perfectly terror. It was the work of moment to kill the creature with her which always lay under the but it was more than an hour the sobbing child was quieted to bed on a bench, to sleep off that. That night Miss Mary Danny to stay after school. the children were all out, she the door, and put the key in the. Then she sat down on the reform, and wondered what on was going to do. Half an out by. The last child had off down the dusty road out of and the room was very still.

Danny moved uneasily, his eyes on the bright fields outside. Another fifteen minutes passed, and then the boy spoke up:

'Say, I wish' you'd do whatever you're a-goin' to. I got to walk a mile for the cow to-night.'

'You may come here, Danny,' said the little teacher. As the big freckled faced boy shuffled along towards her, she put her hand up to her throat, perhaps to relieve the nervous, choking feeling there. Her fingers touched a gold headed stick pin that fastened her collar. All at once an inspiration seized her, and by the time Danny reached her, she had taken out the pin and was tracing little patterns with the point, on her unpainted desk.

It was not a bad-looking lad who stood before her, with his shock of red hair, his honest blue eyes, his big white teeth, his warts and his freckles. She thought this as she looked at him a minute before speaking. Then she said:

'Now, Danny, you know you trouble me very much in school. We wasted half this forenoon, and poor little Emmy will be sick to-morrow, jusc because you won't mind, but will bring snakes and all sorts of horrid things into the schoolhouse. You make me feel very badly almost every day. Now I'm going to let you hurt me in a new way, and perhaps it will make you remember to be kind to me to-morrow. Please take this pin.'

Puzzled, Danny took the sharp little thing and held it clumsily in his warty fingers. Turning back the cuff of her sleeve, Miss Mary bared her slim white wrist and held it out to him, palm up, saying:

'Now, Danny, I want you to scratch my wrist with that pin, from there to there, till it bleeds.' Down dropped the pin, and surprise and disgust showed large on Danny's face.

'Deed, teacher, 'n I can't be doin' the likes o' that.'

'Oh, yes, you can. Come, pick up the pin and begin.'

'But, shure, teacher, I can't. I wouldn't never be hurtin' you that way.'

But you hurt me worse than that every day; come, pick up the pin and begin.'

'Oh, Miss Mary, shure ye won't be askin' me 'sich a thing. 'Deed, I never could.'

'O, yes, you can. It won't take but a minute, and you'll not feel it. Shall I pick up the pin for you?'

Danny's face grew all ashen: then down came the tears, which he vainly tried to sop up with his knuckles, in lieu of something better. Miss Mary gave him her own bit of a handkerchief though she feared she should need it for her own tears if he held out much longer.

When the boy could speak again, he implored:

'Oh, dear Miss Mary, let me go out and cut a gad. I'll take off my coat and let you lay it on as hard as ever you like. I won't fight.'

But Miss Mary was firm. It must be blood or nothing. At last, with a groan and shut eyes, poor Danny made a dab at the white wrist, leaving a faint scratch. His sigh of relief was turned into a real moan of anguish, however, when Miss Mary told him he must try again; that the scratch wasn't deep enough.

The argument had all to be gone over again before he could muster up grit enough to repeat the operation. Not until the shadows had begun to gather thickly in the school room, and Danny had wept bitterer tears than ever before in his life, was he told that Miss Mary was satisfied, and that he might go.

She was very gentle with him, and they agreed between them that nothing should be said about his punishment; it was to be their secret. He promised by everything that he knew, that he would not bring any more of his beloved crawlers into the school-room, and he kept his word. In the course of their talk Miss Mary found out that to Danny snakes and lizards and toads and bats were just as beautiful and as innocent and as interesting as the birds were to her.

This started a new train of thought in her mind. Why should they not be, she asked herself. So before many days she and Danny had begun to study the habits, on their way to and from school. These natural history studies went on all summer to the mutual delight and education of both the students. And when late in September Miss Mary bade a final good-bye to her little pupils, she carried away with her not only the loyal friendship of Danny O'Connor, naturalist in embryo, but also a new respect for the once despised little fly-catcher, who so patiently fulfilled his mission, sitting in his little cave under the cabbage leaves and rose bushes along the garden path.—The Advance.

How the Elephant Took the Cake.

A story is told by an English magazine of an elephant that, when a merg baby, was sent as a present to Queen Victoria, by an Indian prince.

He was shipped as a deck passenger by one of the Indian mail steamers from Bombay, and as he had attained but the height of a well-grown calf and was always most docile and tractable, he was permitted to have the run of the decks for an hour or two every morning when the state of the weather permitted. By the sailors he was dubbed the 'bos'n's mate,' owing to the penchant he had for carefully picking up every loose coil of rope that he could find and then throwing it over the side, being, as Jack said, 'as bad as a naval lieutenant for keeping the decks tidy.'

Among other acquaintances that he formed was that of the ship's baker, whose address he soon discovered to be the place or origin of all the sweet dainties with which he was petted. Here he took to making a regular morning call for something sweet for tiffin and was generally regaled with a stale tart or piece of cake, but on calling one morning and extending his trunk, as usual, he found that his visit was unwelcome, as something had occurred to irritate the baker, and instead of a cake he received a blow on the trunk with the rolling-pin.

The blow was not severe, but the 'bos'n' turned tail and went trumpeting up the deck, where he took a post that would enable him to watch for his assailant. Before long he saw the baker leave his 'shop,' and mischief being his object rather than malice, he promptly marched down, and with several vigorous sweeps of his trunk he swept all the shelves in the bakery clear, until loaves, tarts, cakes, patty-pans and cake-tins lay in confusion on the deck. This achieved, he bolted like a school-boy and was locked up in disgrace, but upon the circumstances being known the verdict was in his favor, and he was allowed his liberty as before.

'Bos'n' marched down instanter to the baker, and never failed from that day to exact tribute, which was regularly paid, and from that time he and his opponent became fast friends.

Things to Remember.

Never to stick pins into butterflies and other insects, unless you would like to have somebody stick pins into you.

Never to carry poultry with their heads hanging down, unless you would like to be carried in the same way.

Never to throw stones at those harmless creatures, the frogs, unless you would like to have stones thrown at you in the same way.

That almost all snakes are harmless and useful.

That earth worms are harmless and very useful, and that when you use them in fishing they ought to be killed instantly, before you start, by plunging them in a dish of boiling water.

That it is very cruel to keep fish in glass globes, slowly dying.

That it is very cruel to keep twitching the reins while driving.

That when your horse is put in a strange stable you should always be sure that he is properly fed and watered.

That you should never ride after a poor-looking horse when you can help it. Always look at the horse, and refuse to ride after a poor-looking one, or a horse whose head is tied up by a tight check-rein.

That you should always talk kindly to every dumb creature.

That you should always treat every dumb creature as you would like to be treated yourself if you were in the creature's place.—Angell's Lessons of Kindness to Animals.

'He Sang so Sweetly.'

A few days ago a little boy was amusing himself by watching the birds that were playing round him. At length a beautiful bob-o-link perched on the bough of an apple tree near by, and sat there quietly. The little boy picked up a stone and got ready to throw it at the bird. The bird's throat swelled, and forth came the song: 'A-link, a-link, a-link, bob-o-link, bob-o-link, a-no-sweet, a-no-sweet, I know it, I know it, a-link, a-link, don't throw it, throw it, throw it.'

And the boy didn't throw the stone, but dropped it on the ground.

'Why didn't you stone him, my boy? You might have killed him and carried him home.'

The little fellow look up and replied: 'Couldn't, 'cos he sang so.'—Christian Observer.

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Sick Calls.

Only call at the door unless you are sure your friend is able to see you without harm.

Enter and leave the house and move about the room quietly.

Carry a cheerful face. Speak cheerful, pleasant words.

In order to cheer you need tell no lies.

If your friend is very ill, do not fall into gay or careless talk in the attempt to be cheerful.

Don't ask questions, thus obliging your friend to talk.

Talk about something outside and not about the disease and the circumstances of the patient.

If possible, take something with you to please the eye and relieve the monotony of the sick-room—a flower, or even a picture, which you can loan for a few days.

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most-to-be dreaded disease Dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parneelee's Vegetable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money."

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