When Baby Died.

he chubby fingers were so cold, he white robe held each well-laid fold. nd all in place lay the curls of gold, When bady died.

and friends came then, my grief to share t dark as night was noontide glare ; heart was in the casket there. When baby died.

o more the pattering baby feet ould gaily run, my smile to greetev were still and cold, in that casket

When baby died.

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he flowers were so pure and fair, ranged by friends with loving care! my heart yielded to despair, When baby died.

attling tongue - how can I bear then comes the hour of evening prayer, have at my knee no head bowed there, Since baby died?

ould not think God was unkind, et to his kindness I was blind; grief was filling my whole mind, When baby died.

t now I know that it was best; v birding will in heaven rest, ough empty is my own home nest, Since baby died.

one beyond the ether blue, iving as the angels do, He'll never know the grief I knew, When baby died.

elp me, O God, to be resigned, nd new my duty's path to find, or yield to doubts that filled my mind When baby died.

nd when my labors here are o'er, meet my loved on heaven's shore, getting all my sad heart bore When baby died, -Elsie Malone McCollum.

The Balloon and the Bird.

There is a balloon-man going by are enough there was. Ted and oney rushed to the front door to see

Blue ones and red ones!' Just like a great bunch of grapes! 'See 'em bob in the wind!'

Two pairs of boy eyes gazed in an ony of longing at the balloons. WANTE Uncle Mark was sitting on the porch. now got up and came toward the

When I was a small boy, I liked look worried.

guess all boys do,' said Ted, mod-Which color do you want?' he asked

king some change from his pocket Red, said Ted. re authoriza 'Red,' said Tony. Two red men,' said Uncle Mark to athentic bio

'0h, no,' said Ted; 'we don't want th red. They'll get mixed up.'

But I want red,' persisted Tony. Well, said Ted, a little unwillingly, hen I'll take blue.

he man loosened from the bunch strings belonging to a red and a ue balloon.

Ketch hold keerful now,' he conued, 'or they'll get away from ye.' 'Let me,' said Ted.

are bett No-let me, said Tony. wo small hands stretched out to ther to take the strings. And whose alt it was—whether of either or both of the balloon-man - can never be d; the string of the red balloon

Hold on !' screamed Tony. But the balloon sailed away until it pped against the branches of a tall with the branches hanging down. cle Mark tried to reach it, but i

just beyond his reach. I'll go and bring a step-ladder,' h

On the way back with it he heard ad cries from the boys. He dropped e ladder, and ran to them. It was rd to tell whether the cries were of fror or merriment.

What had happened? A dozen or more sparrows had been pping and chirping about, all busyand looking out for stuff with which aild their nests. One pair of the at little eyes had spied the string g from the balloon. A flash of rown wings-and the balloon was

look! Look! it's going off with it !'

Red Stri

reen

rn

You bring that back !' Whose billoon is it? asked Uncle

my could not keep sober. They room table, and we all draw up? whed and screamed and clapped

lowed him as he flew with the string asleep. and the side of the house. There, a ledge just under the eaves of the le, they could see that he was build- ing. nest. Watching him, they saw begin to weave in the string. He's welcome to the string if only Chris. Register.

he'd let me have my balloon,' whimpered Tony.

'I wouldn't mind a bitifit was mine,' rascal works away!'

'I don't mind,' said Tony. 'You never had a balloon built into a bird's toward the captain's neatly kept place.

other sparrows.

and for the rest of the summer a little dab of red hung down from the nest, which was the last of Tony's balloon. -Vick's Magazine.

Baby Clarke's 'Chupper.'

BY MINNIE L. UPTON.

'No, said Baby Clarke, 'I tan't do to and old. bed 'till after chupper.'

'But we had supper, baby,' said mamma. 'Don't you remember? We ate supper on the 'choo-choo cars' before we got to grandma's house.'

He shook his yellow head with sorrowful emphasis. 'Vat wasn't chupper.' 'Bless his dear heart!' cried grandma. 'He's forgotten. Boys do get

hungry so often. Let me get him some bread and milk, Gertrude. That won't hurt him; and then he'll go to bed like a lamb.

Grandma suited the action to the word, and in a trice Clarke found himself seated before a little round table in the high chair that had been brought down from the attic the minute that grandpa and grandma had received the letter telling them that their little grandson was coming to make them a slowly, seriously, silently.

'What a quiet child !' quoth grandpa. 'Is he always so still, daughter Gertrude?

Clarke's mamma looked puzzled. 'No, indeed,' she responded, 'if his appetite were not so good, I should certainly be quite alarmed. I suppose he is tired from his first journey on the steam-cars.'

'I hope it's nothing worse,' sighed grandma, settling her spectacles so as to see him better, and beginning to

Presently Clarke laid his spoon down, and wiped his rosy lips meditatively. Then mamma took him in her lap, and began to unbutton his tired little shoes. But the astonished and reproachful expression in his wide eyes made her pause, with the chubby foot in her hand.

'O muvver, I don't want to go to bed before chupper! I hasn't been naughty!'

Grandma dropped her spectacles, and forgot to pick them up.

Grandpa threw back his head, and aughed and laughed! 'Well, well, well!' he said at last

the boy's hearty, and no mistake. Glad to see it! Glad to see it!'

'He certainly is the beatermost, said grandma, smilingly donning the specs' which grandpa had picked up between laughs. 'Butdo-don't scrimp him on victuals. I'll get him some more bread and milk.

'He doesn't need it,' said his mamma half laughing and wholly puzzled. can't imagine what makes him act so.

Clarke watched and listened, his eyes exceedingly bright and his lips beginning to quiver. And, when he was placed in the high chair again before a second bowl of bread and milk, he could bear it no longer, but burst forth in broken English, punctuated with heart-rending sobs.

'Oh, no, no!' he wailed. 'No, no, no! Vat ain't chupper. Vat table an' me ain't chupper. Chupper, -' and he raised his woe-begone face and extended his short arm impressively, - 'chupper is a long table--an' lots of folks cound it - an' - an' - fun!'

Down went the yellow head with a pathetic thump.

'Dear heart!' said grandma: 'he misses the rest of them so!' And she picked him out of the high chair and cuddled him close, smiling through moist 'specks.'

ain't a genuine meal, and that's a fact. late, for the train had gone. He's hit the idea precisely. Mother, at it was so funny to see that spar- plumb tired, -but spoon you do just hauling away the balloon that even set out some things on the dining-

'Of course I will, father,' responded ads until everyone about the place grandma. And she really would have done it, but just then Mamma Gertrude He meant business, that bird. They said 'Sh-h-h!' Baby Clarke was fast

> 'Dear heart!' said grandma again. 'We'll have things right in the morn-

> 'That we will,' said grandpa. Grandparents are so indulgent!-

Straightening out the Furrows.

'Boys' he said, 'I've been trying said Ted. 'It's so comical to see it every day of my life for the past two bobbing in the wind while that little | years to straighten out the furrows, and I can't do it."

One boy turned his head in surprise

'Oh, I don't mean that kind, lad An hour later the string was much I don't mean land furrows!' continued shorter. Before night the balloon was the captain, so soberly that the attenbound down to within a foot or two of tion of the boys became intense as he the nest. And there it stayed for went on. "When I was a lad about weeks, probably to the envy of all the age of you boys, I was what they called a 'hard case'-not exactly bad At last, in a wind-storm, it burst; and vicious, but wayward and wild. Well, my dear old mother used to coax, pray and punish-my father was dead, making it all the harder for her -but she never got impatient. How in the world she bore with all my stubborn, vexing ways so patiently will always be to me one of the mysteries in life. I knew it was changing her pretty face, making it look anxious

I ran away—went to sea—and a rough time I had of it at first. Still I liked the sea, and liked journeying around from place to place. Then I settled down to business in a foreign land, and soon became prosperous, and now began sending something besides empty letters. And such beautiful letters as I this entirely, safely and speedily, and my mother always wrote during all those years of cruel absence! At last I noticed how longing they grew, longing for the presence of the son who used to try her so; and it awoke a corresponding longing in my own heart to get back to the dear, waiting soul.

'So when I could stand it no longer, I came back, and such a welcome and such a surprise! My mother is not a very old lady, boys; but the first thing I noticed was the whiteness of visit. The bread and milk disappeared her hair and the deep furrows on her brow. I knew, too, that I helped to blanch that hair to its snowy whiteness, and draw those lines in that smooth forehead; and those are the furrows I've been trying to straighten out.

But last night, while mother was sleeping in her chair, I sat thinking it all over, and looked to see what progress I had made.

'Her face was peaceful, and the expression was as contented as possible, but the furrows were still there. hadn't succeeded in straightening them out. I never shall—never!

'When they lay my mother, my fair old sweetheart, in her casket, there will be furrows on her brow, and I think it a wholesome lesson to teach! you that the neglect you offer your parents' counsel now, and the trouble you cause them, will abide, my ladsit will abide!'

'But,' broke in Freddie Hollis, with great, troubled eyes, 'I should think, if you're so kind and good now, it needn't matter much.

'Ah, Freddie, my boy,' said the captain, in a voice whose quavers showed the emotion he was trying to control, 'you can not undo the past You may do much to make the rough places smooth, but you can't straighten out the furrows; my lads, remember

'Guess I'll go and chop some wood mother spoke of this morning; I'd most forgotten about it,' said lively John Hollis, in a strangely quiet tone for him.

'Yes, and I've got some errands to do,' suddenly remembered Billy

'Touched and taken,' said the kindy captain to himself, as the boys tramped off, keeping step in a thought, ful, soldierlike way.-Lifeboat.

The Honest Bootblack.

'Shine, sir?'

'Yes; I want my shoes blacked.' 'Then I would be glad to shine them, ir,' said the boy.

'Have I time to catch the Hudson River train?

'No time to lose, sir; but I can give you a good job before it pulls out. Shall I 'Yes, my boy; don't let me be left.

In two seconds the bootblack was on his knees and hard at work

'The train is going, sir,' said he, as he gave the last touch. The man gave him a half dollar and started for the 'The little chap has the rights of it,' train. The boy counted out the change said grandpa, heartily. 'Eating alone and ran after his patron, but was too

Two years later the same man, on Mine,' said Tony, half inclined to spozen you set out some things -I coming to New York, met the bootknow we don't need a thing, and you're black, but had forgotten him. The boy remembered his former customer, and asked him :

'Didn't I shine your shoes once in the Grand Central Depot?"

'Some boy did,' said the man. 'I am that boy, and here is your change, sir.'

The gentleman was so pleased with the lad's honesty that he went with him to see his mother, and offered to adopt him, as he needed such a boy. The mother consented, and the honest bootblack had after that a good home. He was given a good education, and

when a man became a partner in his friend's large business.-Farmer's

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