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ort of boy the world has n't suppose before my lil e has mearly dawning to the setting

ant to do the things that really when the summer comes, I

tearmy hair with rage because oh the heated August nights I

ions, Purifies and groan because I can't go mpurities fro ting on my sled.

URES on the frigid winter's here and BILIOUS sbegin to freeze, ON, HEA Gough I'd like to climb up in the

SOUR STO the blossom from the twigs DROPS blossoms none are there TISM, SKI tr winds are blowing and the

time I sit me down and often

ere's toast and buckwheat cakes ad of punkin pie; at dinner time we've pie, my ome down like lakes wthat time I've a taste for toas trips a week buckwheat cakes.

> ald say to other boys who think ise that they would best take

feel the habit leaves me always nd Portland at and sad, s me a very drear, ill-natured

V. Drake, in Sacred Heart Review.

the Storm Went Round.

school-room clock said ten to nine one Monday morning. dark day. A heavy gray fog the window-panes, and med to have crept indoors ands you we down on the spirits of the

> nall girls, standing below the gs where hats and wraps were ere arguing with growing wer the possession of one partiub. Finally, one of them down on the floor.

here first,' she stormed, 'so just take your coat away have my place!'

well, Miss Katie Brown,' ane second little maid, marchth her chin in the air. 'When ady, you can hang my coat ourself. I'm not going to don't suppose Miss Wright lying there all day, and what she always says about tings around.'

me, at the other end of the rbert Decker, after rummagor three times through his book-bag in a vain search, n fretfully :-

my luck! I've gone and forgot pencil again! I do believe encil is the sneakingest thing arth: it's forever getting away

your luck won't turn,' said her Charley, 'till you shorten morning nap a little and quit verything through at the end ten times the proper speed. ask your opinion, thank Herbert. 'When I wish to private chaplain, I'll let you ly, Al Jones, will you lend

do it,' said Al. 'I don't keep for the whole school.' en of manners, do you? derbert, snappishly.

y toward the door, two ys were scuffling over an across the aisle a little lame st shaken his fist in the face ighbor whom he suspected of

at his infirmity. right, the young teacher, had ing hard to shut her eyes to ing storm about her. She and out of sorts herself; and he looked at the overcast faces ol-room and remembered

hours that stretched ahead a long, deep, discouraged in the sigh the door once ned and shut to let in a little eked girl, wearing a plaid er a much-darned frock. This Morris. None of the other a shawl, and none of them o many patches as she; but

bout that, -certainly, nobody was smiling and breathless. 'I he way,' she said cheerfully. k is never exactly right. It's arrying so; but then it makes

whether anybody had ever

time, after all.'

their pegs as she passed. Then she | had done; for how could he face the began to fumble in her dinner-pail, crimson apple. She looked at it admiringly while she polished it off on the end of her shawl until its smooth surface shone again. When she was fully satisfied that she had done her best to heighten its perfections, she started across to the corner where Larry Miles, the crippled boy, was still frowning tremendously over his griev-

Since Minty came in, there had been a lull in the angry talking, and the floor had stopped, so that now when | books won't be spoiled.' she spoke, quiet as her voice was, everybody heard.

'Larry,' she said, smiling and dimpling in irrestible friendliness, 'here's a present for you. Grandpa brought us a nice one just for you. Don't you ruefully. like this kind?

As if Larry didn't like all kinds! And as if Grandpa Morris had brought so many apples that 'one,' more or less, did not count!

I think that every mind in the list. ening school-room travelled to the little tin pail on Minty's desk, and remembered how seldom it was that anything like a luxury was brought to light from under its cover.

Suddenly one of the small boys took his hand away from the disputed atlas. 'You can have it,' he said. 'I don't

And Al Jones took out his knife, half to Herbert.

'I guess this was too long for comfort: and, anyhow, it's a pity if there isn't some way to get the best of cir-

The boy who had aroused Larry's wrath leaned over a seat or two to received .- Presbyterian Banner.

'What are you mad at me about, old man? he demanded. 'I was just laughing at the face Katie Brown was making. If you want to fight me for that, all right. But I think we'd better shake hands and be friends.'

Katie Brown stirred uneasily for a time. Then she peeped over her the other's jacket and flung | shoulder at the neighbor whose coat she had maltreated; and, finally, she turned around, and said shyly,-

'My Aunt Maro is going to Europe did you know it?'

And so it seemed as though the fog and gloom that had threatened, crept off under the door and through the cracks of the windows to join the gray March storm outside.

'Dearlittle Minty!' said Miss Wright, looking over at the desk where Minty, with her tongue thrust into her cheek and a studious frown on her face, was 'doing examples' with all her might. 'Dear little girl! She doesn't know how much she has helped us all, and just by being sweet and kind and con tented.'-St. Nicholas.

A Lost Scolding.

One morning Benjy happened to reach the school-house very early. The place was as still as a meeting-house in the middle of the week. Benjy was not afraid exactly, but he felt rather lonesome and timid; for the little white school-house was hidden from the village by a grove.

To keep up his spirits, Benjy began to play ball by himself. The ball he pulled from his pocket was a great wonder to all the school-children. It was of rubber, almost as light as a soap bubble and was a beautiful bright red in color. Such a ball had never been seen among the Sharon boys until this one came to Benjy from a cousin in the city.

He began by tossing and catching it, then he made it bound on the hard smooth ground; but it was rather stupid to be playing alone. Then he tried to make the school-house help him in his fun; and he threw the ball against the wall and up on the roof, catching it as it bounded back. This forgotten to feel lonesome, when the ball suddenly disappeared. There was a soft little thud inside the schoolroom, then a crash that in the quiet place sounded to Benjy as loud as a peal of thunder. One of the windows was down a few inches from the top, and the little red ball had found its way through the narrow opening.

Benjy's first fear was that he had lost his ball, and then that some damage had been done in the school-room. He wondered what could have made the noise that had seemed so loud. He stood on tiptoe, and peeped in through a window. On the teacher's desk was a vase lying on its side. The flowers lief for you when you find out that had been in it were scattered about, and the water was trickling in she stumbled over the jacket among the neatly piled b.oks. Benjy tie Brown had thrown on the was really frightened now. He tried the door, but it was fastened; and he was

haps Miss Berry would never find out of eating it at feasts for the dead. who it was. Then the boy shut his hands together into two tight little fists, and ran down the road toward the village as fast as his feet could carry him. He met two or three boys going to school, but he did not stop

when they shouted. Miss Berry was shutting the gate behind her when a breathless little boy almost tumbled against her, crying: 'O teacher! I spilled water all over your shuffling of feet on the school-room desk. Please hurry, and perhaps the

When she learned what had happened, she hurried on to rescue the books, leaving Benjy to follow more slowly. She had not scolded. 'But she will, when she has seen the books some of these on Saturday, and I saved and has time to tend to me,' he thought

As he entered the school-room, there was quite a group about the desk, watching Miss Berry wiping off her books and putting them on a windowsill to dry in the sunshine.

'I know who did it,' a little girl called out suddenly, diving into a corner where she had caught sight of the bright ball. 'This is Benjy Adams's ball, and he threw it in the window and tipped the vase over!'

She was triumphant over the discovery; but Miss Berry smiled at Benjy over the heads of her other scholars, and said: 'Yes, I know who did it; it was an honorable and truthful little and, cutting his pencil in two, offered boy who came straight to me with the Pills than any other Pill we keep." They story of his accident. There has been have a great reputation for the cure of no harm done, Benjy. Most of the water dripped to the floor, and the few 'Parmelee's Pills are an excellent books that are wet will dry and be as

And that was all the scolding Benjy

Number One.

'He is a number one boy,' said grandmother, proudly. 'A great boy for his books; indeed, he would rather read than play, and that is saying a good deal for a boy of seven.

'It is, certainly,' returned Uncle John, 'but what a pity it is that he is

'Blind!' exclaimed grandmother, and the number one boy looked up too,

I fear,' answered Uncle John. 'Why, John! what put into your head? asked grandmother, looking per-

'Yes, blind, and a little deaf, also,

'Why, the number one boy himself, said Uncle John. 'He has been occupying the one easy chair in the room all the afternoon, never seeing you, nor his mother when she came in for a few minutes rest. Then when your glasses were mislaid, and you had to climb upstairs two or three times to look for them, he neither saw nor heard any-

thing that was going on.' 'Oh, he is so busy reading,' apologized grandmother.

'That is not a very good excuse' mother,' replied Uncle John, smiling. 'If 'Number One' is not blind nor deaf, he must be very selfish indeed to occupy the best seat in the room, and let older people run up and down stairs while he takes his ease.

'Nobody asked me to give up my seat nor to run on errands, said 'No.

sary,' urged Uncle John. 'What are a boy's eyes and ears for, if not to keep him posted on what is going on around him? I am glad to see you fond of books, but if a pretty story makes you forget all things except amusing 'Number One,' better run out and play with the other seven-year-old boys, and let grandmother enjoy the comfort of her rocker in quiet.'-Youth's Evangelist.

How Some Dishes Got Names

Waffle is from wafel, a word of was much livelier; and he had entirely Teutonic origin, meaning honeycomb. Hominy is from auhiminea, the North American Indian word for Gooseberry fool is a corruption of

gooseberry foule, milled or pressed gooseberries. Forcemeat is a corruption of farce-

meat from the French farce, stuffing, i. e., meat for stuffing. Blanc-mange means literally white food, hence chocolate blanc-mange is

something of a misnomer. Succotash is a dish borrowed from the Narragansett Indians, and called

by them m'sickquatash. Mulligatawney is from an East Indian word meaning pepper water. Charlotte is a corruption of the old English word charlyt, which means a dish of custard, and chocolate russe is

Russian charlotte. Gumbo is simply okra soup, gumbo s coat will get mussed,' too small a boy to climb in through a being the name by which okra is often window. He thought of running home, known in the South. Chicken gumbo to get out of sight of the mischief he is soup of okra and chicken.

Macaroni is taken from a Greek scolding that would come? But no derivation, which means 'the blessed and presently drew out a splendid one had seen him throw the ball. Per- dead,' an allusion to the ancient custom

> If people would only remember that every pot, pan, or any utensil that has been used for cooking, should be washed immediately, while it is hot, what a lot of unnecessary labor and time would be saved.

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