

The Fate of a Pie.

There was a little girl, and she made a little pie:
It was four inches long it was three inches high;
It took the little cook just half an hour to make it,
And it took the little oven just half as long to bake it.

There was a little boy, and he smelt that little pie:
He marked it with a corner of his naughty little eye:
To whip it off the table didn't take him half a minute,
And he ate it in a mouthful with the cherries that were in it.

Two Little Feet.

Two little feet went pattering by
Years ago!
They wandered off to the sunny sky
Years ago!
Two little socks, well wrinkled and worn,
Move me to tears with their memories born
Years ago!

Dear little feet that ran here and there
Years ago!
Creeping, climbing about everywhere
Years ago!
Crept never back to the love they left,
Climbed never more to the arms bereft
Years ago!
Again I'll hear those dear little feet
Pattering by!
Their music a thousandfold more sweet
In the sky!
I joy to think of the Father's care
That holds them safe till I meet them there
By and by.

A Bedtime Story For Little Folk.

'Oh, dear, I wish I wasn't a little boy,' said Rob. And what do you think made him say it? It was because his mamma had just told him to put away his blocks and to take Prince to the stable and give him some oats. Prince is his rocking horse, and the stable is the corner between the rocking chair and the south window. Every night Rob ties Prince to the chair, and holds a saucer of bird-seed under his nose till he has eaten as much supper as a rocking-horse ought to eat. It doesn't take long, and he likes to feed his pony; but he knows his bread and milk are ready by that time, and his bedtime has come. That is why he said, 'Oh, dear!'

'Why, what should I do if I hadn't any little boy?' said mamma; 'and what would you do if you hadn't any little bed?'

'He thought a minute, and then said: 'If I was a little bird I shouldn't want one. O mamma, may I play I am a bird?'

His mamma said, 'Yes: you may be a robin.' So he began to hop about on the floor, flapping his arms for wings. When he was tired of doing that, she told him to stand on one foot and put his head down on one side and go to sleep.

'Why, mamma,' he said, 'I can't sleep in that way. Besides, I am hungry.'

'Are you?' said his mamma. 'Well, here are some crumbs left from a cookie my little boy had. You may eat them; but, if you are a robin, you must sleep as robins do.'

Rob stood on one foot for two minutes. He thought it was an hour, for he was so tired; and then he said he would rather be a cat because he could lie down. His mamma poured some milk into a saucer, and put it on the floor and said, 'Come, Kitty, Kitty!' but he couldn't drink it as pussy did, and he tipped it over before he had tasted a drop. Then he lay down on the rug before the fire. He tried to curl himself up in a little ball; but he bumped his head, and he couldn't lie still and purr, though he tried very hard.

In a few minutes he jumped up, and said: 'Mamma, I don't want to be a little boy yet. What else can I be?'

Mamma smiled, and said, 'Do you want to be a flower?'

'Oh, yes,' said Rob: 'I will be a morning-glory.' He had heard his mamma call his baby sister her little morning-glory, as she lay cooing to herself in her crib; and he thought it was a very sweet name.

'Well,' said mamma, 'the morning glories have all gone to sleep by this time, so you must come and stand by me, and go to sleep, too.'

Rob went to her, and stood very still to show he was on a stem. Mamma put his arm through hers, because that flower always puts out little runners to hold on by. Then she told him how it twists itself up when its early bedtime comes, and Rob shut his eyes so tight and puckered his lips so close that his little face was as red as a rose.

Just then nurse came into the room with a bowl of bread and milk; and mamma said, 'Shall I sprinkle my flower with water, or shall I give my little boy his supper?'

'Oh! I'll eat my supper,' said Rob. 'I'd rather you'd be my mamma than a thing else.'

So he sat in his mamma's lap while he ate his bread and milk; and she told him he was her little robin.
And then she washed his face and hands, and called him her little kitten, because the mother cat always washes her kittens.

And, when she put on his nightgown, she said he was her little flower, and wore a white dress like the other flowers.

And then she kissed him, and said, 'My darling little boy'; and that was best of all.

When he had said, 'Now I lay me' and the prayer mamma made for him, he asked if he might say one more. Mamma smiled, 'Yes,' and he said, 'Dear heavenly Father, I thank you for making me a little boy.'

Then he shut his eyes, and in two minutes he didn't know whether he was a bird or a boy or a kitten or a morning-glory. — *Chrs. Register.*

Old Gray.

'Stand still, old fellow!' said Mr. Jones, as he held what little Dick called the horse's 'back foot' in his hands, and skillfully set the shoe. Little Dick was half scared over the process; and he held his own dear pony, Brownie, by the bridle. I tell you what it is, said Mr. Jones, 'this horse knows a great deal. I've always had a respect for him ever since I took a journey in his company.'

'When was that?' asked Miss Hannah, little Dick's nurse and governess. 'Why, it was a year ago last summer. Mr. Perkins owned this horse then, — Old Gray he called him, — and he took him down the river with him to Cincinnati. I happened to be there when the men were trying to take Old Gray on the boat. It was a dark, rainy night, and there was lots of noise of one kind or another, and a narrow plank to walk to get on the boat; and Gray didn't like the look of things. He was scared, — that was the whole of it; and he made up his mind that he wasn't going on that boat. The men shouted and pushed with their might; but it was of no use. They couldn't stir him. Just when they were at their wits' end, Mr. Perkins came along with his wife and little boy. In a twinkling he saw how things were going. He hurried his wife and boy on the boat. Then he went back to where the men were struggling with his horse.

'Let me get to that horse a minute, won't you?' he said; and they stood back, scolding, and declaring there wasn't any use in fussing with him. Mr. Perkins slipped by them, and laid his hand on the horse's side, and patted it, and said: 'It is all right, Old Gray. The plank won't break. You follow me, like a good fellow! Then he walked ahead of him; and, if you'll believe it, the horse looked at him a minute, then lifted up his feet, and marched after that man on to the boat! The men just set up a cheer; and one of them said: 'Well, I never saw anything like that. He has proved who he belongs to.' Scared the horse was, — oh, my! so scared that he trembled every step he took; but says he, 'Danger or no danger, I'm going to do what he tells me, every time.' Everybody respected Old Gray after that. All through the journey the men petted him as if he had been a little child. One day, when he had stopped at a dock, and were loading on some lumber, it made a tremendous noise when the great boards were thrown down on deck; and Old Gray would jump every time a board fell.

'The men noticed this, and at last one of them said: 'Bill, you just go and explain to that horse what we are doing. Tell him it's all right, and he needn't be afraid. He'll understand you. He's human, that horse is.' Well, it did almost seem so. Anyhow, he did better than some humans do, didn't he? There, sir, you have as nice a pair of shoes as you deserve, and that is saying a good deal. Now what can I do for Brownie?' added Mr. Jones.

Two hours afterward little Dick was at home, and his mother came to him with a glass in her hand. 'Now, little Dick,' she said, 'it is time for the medicine: I wonder if I am going to have a brave boy to-day?'

'No, ma'am,' said little Dick; 'I don't feel brave a bit, and I hate it; but I'm going to take it.' And he opened his mouth and swallowed the bitter stuff without a word.

'Well, well, well,' said his mother, 'if I'm not delighted! How came my little boy to be so brave?'

'I'm going to try to be as good as a horse,' said little Dick, gravely. Old Gray went where he didn't want to go, and was afraid, — because his owner was good, and wanted him to; and I made up my mind that it was queer if I couldn't be as good as a horse.'

'I think that is pretty well for a little boy,' said his mother, when little Dick had left the room. 'The story of Gray made a deep impression on him. He hates this medicine, and

has not succeeded in taking it once without crying until this time. He whispered to me that he loved me more than Old Gray could possibly love Mr. Perkins, and was going to do what I wanted done, if it was bad.' She was talking to a young man who lay stretched on a sofa, with his eyes shaded by his hand. The young man was her grown up son. All day, and for many days indeed; he had been gloomy and miserable, because he was not well, and the doctor had said that he must not go back to college, but must rest his eyes for an entire term. He had called the doctor an idiot, and declared that he would do no such thing, and had made his mother miserable. Now he kept very still for some time. At last he took his hand from his eyes, and looked at her, and smiled.

'You think there is a lesson in that for big John as well as for little Dick, don't you?' he said; 'and there is, mother. I'll try to behave myself, and not be outdone by a horse.' — *Pansy.*

How Eddie Preached.

'When I get big enough I'm going to be a preacher,' said Eddie one day. 'What is a preacher?' asked grandma.

Eddie looked surprised. 'Don't you know what a preacher is? A preacher is the man that tells people what the Bible means; and he says, 'Thirdly, my brethren, and everybody listens to him. Grandma smiled. 'I think you are big enough to preach now,' she said.

'Really and truly, grandma?' asked the little boy eagerly.

'Yes, really and truly.'

'I'm afraid not,' said Eddie, after a few minutes of thought, 'or I'd know, how and I don't.'

'What does the preacher do first?' asked grandma.

'He takes a text and then he explains it. I can't do that.'

'Oh, yes you can,' said grandma. 'Here is a good text for you to explain: "Be ye kind one to another."'

There nothing to 'splain 'bout that,' said Eddie. 'You must be kind to everybody, and that's all there is of it.'

'A good text, though, for my little preacher's first sermon. I should like to have him preach from it for a week.'

'Preach a week? Why, grandma, I can't.'

'Can't you be kind to everybody you meet for one week?'

Eddie looked thoughtful. 'Would that be preaching?' he asked.

'It would, and the very best kind. A good preacher has to preach in that way, or people will not listen to what he says in the pulpit.'

'Well,' said Eddie with a sigh, 'I suppose I can try; but I wasn't thinking 'bout that kind of preaching.'

'You'll be showing everybody what that verse in the Bible means, you know,' said grandma.

It's not kind to the teacher to whisper in school,' said Eddie the next day; and he did not whisper once.

'It's not kind to Bridget to play along the road and keep my dinner waiting, either; and he hurried home from school.

'It's not kind to mamma when I don't do errands promptly,' he said; and he did quickly and well whatever he was bid.

Every day and all day he thought about what was kind, and tried to do it.

The end of the week came. 'How do you like preaching?' asked grandma.

'I guess everybody must have been preaching 'bout that text for everybody has been so kind to me.' — *The Mayflower.*

Strawberry Shortcake.

This is somebody's recipe for a strawberry shortcake. I would credit it if I could, but it is published anonymously, so that I can not. Put one quart of flour into a bowl, add two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one teaspoonful of salt, and sift twice. Rub into this one tablespoonful of butter, and then add sufficient milk to make a soft dough, about one and one half cupsful. Take this out on the board and roll it out in a sheet about one inch thick. With a knife make it perfectly square, and put in a square greased pan and bake, having the center a little thinner than the edges. Have ready three boxes of berries, stemmed and mashed. Take a potato masher and mash in the bowl, and then stir in a cupful of sugar. This I should do before making the cake. After the cake is baked thoroughly, about twenty minutes, take it from the fire, and with a knife strip the edges and pull apart. Put one portion in a large platter and butter it thickly. Then cover up with strawberries, and serve at once with a good-sized pitcher of cold milk or cream. This will be quite enough to form a whole lunch.

A Baby Beaver.

All kinds of animals do wonderful things without ever being taught. Each in its own line inherits an education — an education which, in common language, goes by the name of instinct.

A college professor in Maine tells how he convinced a friend who did not believe beavers could build dams. He bought a baby beaver of a hunter and sent it to his skeptical friend.

The creature became a great pet in the house, but showed no signs of wanting to build a dam, until one Monday morning a leaky pail full of water was put on the floor of the back kitchen. The beaver was there. He was only a baby, to be sure, but the moment he saw the water oozing out of a crack in the pail he scampered into the yard, brought in a chip, and began building his dam. His owner was called, and watched the little fellow, very much astonished at what he saw. He gave orders to have the pail left where it was, and the industrious beaver kept at his work four weeks, when he had built a solid dam all around the pail. — *Woman's Journal.*

The Most Beautiful Hand.

There was a dispute among three maidens as to which had the most beautiful hand. One sat by a stream and dipped her hand into the water and held it up, another plucked strawberries until the end of her fingers were pink, and another gathered violets until her hands were fragrant.

An old, haggard woman, passing by, asked:

'Who will give me a gift, for I am poor?'

All these denied her, but another who sat near gave her a gift. And then she asked them what was the dispute, and they told, lifting up before her their hands. Then she said: 'It is the hand that gives to the poor that is most beautiful.' — *Kind Words.*

A Russian physician has been making some curious experiments to find out how far animals can count. He declares that the crow can count up to ten, and is thereby superior in arithmetic to certain Polynesian tribes of men, who cannot get beyond five or six.

Will you have some oatmeal? said Mary's mother at the breakfast table on Christmas morning. No, mamma, answered Mary. I think I won't waste my stomach on oatmeal to-day.

All Sorts.

Everything that happens to us leaves some trace behind; everything contributes imperceptibly to make us what we are.

Druggists say that their sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla exceed those of all others.

The man who calls out in the morning that he is getting up when he isn't simply lies in bed.

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—Tommy—I wouldn't be as stuck up as girls is for anything. Jimmy—Me neither. They think they are just as good as boys.

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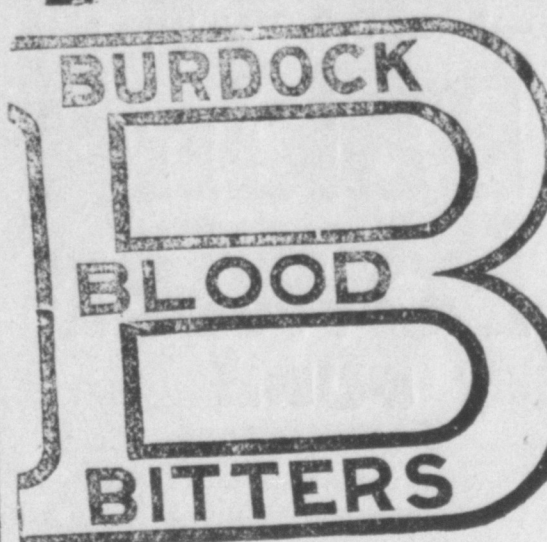
Rev. T. Leishman, Angus, Ont., writes: 'It gives me much pleasure to testify to the excellency of K. D. C. as a cure for Dyspepsia. I have recommended it here widely, and in every case it has proved successful. It is the very best remedy for that frightful trouble that I know of, and never fails to help or cure when used as you direct. It deserves the name "King of Dyspepsia Cures."'

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Trifles.

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Makes a very happy home.
A little bit of Hope
Makes a rainy day look gay,
And a little bit of Charity
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Cast a Line for Yourself.

A young man stood listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At last, approaching a basket filled with wholesome looking fish, he sighed:

'If, now, I had these I would be happy. I could sell them at a fair price and buy me food and lodgings.'

'I will give you just as many, and just as good fish,' said the owner, who had chanced to overhear his words, 'if you will do me a trifling favor.'

'And what is that?' asked the other. 'Only to tend this line till I come back, I wish to go on a short errand.'

The proposal was gladly accepted. The old man was gone so long that the young man began to be impatient. Meanwhile the hungry fish snapped greedily at the baited hook, and the young man lost all his depression in the excitement of pulling them in; and when the owner of the line returned he had caught a large number. Counting out from them as many as were in the basket, and presenting them to the young man, the old fisherman said:

'I fulfil my promise from the fish you have caught, to teach you, whenever you see others earning what you need, waste no time in fruitless wishing, but cast a line for yourself.' — *Great Thoughts.*

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Cramps, Cholera, Cholera Infantum, Cholera Morbus and all summer complaints and fluxes of the bowels in children or adults.

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