

A Spelling Lesson.

"Can you spell kitten, my little man?"
I said to Jack, five years old;
And he said, "I can spell it, but I can't
spell it with my hands, and I can't
spell it with my eyes."
"Too bad?" I asked. Then his face grew
grave.
"And he said, 'It isn't that;
but I'm too old for kitten, you know.
Now just you try me, n cat.'"

Willie Wheatsheaf.

This is a real story of a real boy;
and his real name was Willie, but not
Wheatsheaf.

When he was a very small boy, he
went into the country to visit his
grandpa, who lived on a farm. And
there, as I am going to tell you, a very
strange thing happened to him—such
a thing as it is not at all likely ever
happened to a small boy before, though
many of them visit grandpa's farm.

He saw there all the curious and
pleasing things you have read of. So
it is not worth while for me to tell you
of colts and calves and ducks and
chickens and all the rest.

One of the things which interested
him most was the reaper and self-
binder. This was a great machine
used for cutting the wheat. It was
drawn by five horses; and, when
Willie stood to watch it in grandpa's
fifty-acre wheat field, it made him al-
most tremble as it came near.

It makes me think of tornadoes and
earthquakes and volcanoes and loco-
motives all in one, he confided to his
mother. "And I believe it knows as
much as a man."

It really was a wonderful machine.
In order that you may understand
what happened to Willie, I must try
to tell you how it did its work.

First, there were long knives, with
sharp, dreadful-looking teeth, which
played backward and forward against
each other. As the machine passed
along, the wheatstalks fell before these.

But they did not fall far. A great
rake reached for and gathered them as
they fell. When enough was cut to
make a sheaf (no wonder Willie thought
it as smart as a man), something passed
out some twine from a ball held in
place, the twine went around the
bundle of wheat, a finger came out
and tied that bundle tight and strong.

It was tossed on to the ground. And
by this time the knives had almost
enough ready for another bundle.

Willie watched the reaper for hours,
sometimes following it, sometimes
waiting for it to come around to the
gate near the house.

Before long he got over his fear of
the strange thing. He looked up at
Uncle Ben, who sat in a high seat and
drove the horse.

"Uncle Ben," he cried, "let me come
up there and ride with you."
"I couldn't, sonny, unless your
mother says you may."

Willie ran into the house to ask, but
came with a disappointed face.

"She's gone away," he said; "but I
know she'll let me. Do, Uncle Ben!"
"Wait till the afternoon, when she's
here," said Uncle Ben. "We'll be reap-
ing all the afternoon and all to-morrow."

Willie came out to the field again in
the afternoon, to find that Uncle Ben's
grown-up son, Hiram, was driving the
reaper; also to see that Hiram had
taken up a boy to ride beside him.

The boy was much smaller than Hiram,
yet much larger than Willie.

The small boy had by this time made
up his mind that it would do little
good to ask his mother to let him ride
on the reaper. He had decided to say
nothing to her about it.

"O Cousin Hi," he cried, "Give me
a ride!"

"I don't believe father'd let you,"
said his cousin. "Did you ask him?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Wait till this afternoon.'"

Willie's color arose as he repeated
the words, but he stoutly said to him-
self:—

"He did say so. He said exactly
those very words."

Cousin Hi looked doubtful, but
said:—

"Well, then, I s'pose I must give you
a little turn. You get down, Bob.

You may get up again. Now—jump!"

The next moment Willie was on the
high seat.

"Hold on good now!" said Cousin Hi.

Willie did not find it as pleasant as
he expected. It made him dizzy to be
so high; and the wheels went hum-pety-
bump over the ground, shaking him
this way and that in the smooth seat.

Cousin Hi turned his head to speak
to a man. At the same time Willie
let go his hold with one hand to fight
a horse-fly which came bobbing against
his neck. A deep rut in the field gave
the seat a jerk, and then—Willie was
thrown down upon the "apron" of the
machine.

Those sharp knives kept on, and the
rake was gathering the wheat. Be-
fore he had time to scream, the boy
was seized and rolled with the grain.

He came out for him, and in five

seconds he was rolled up, bound,
tied, and tossed out upon the ground.
By that time poor, frightened Cousin
Hi had stopped his horses and sprung
down. Shouts and screams mingled,
for a dozen people or more were about
them before Cousin Hi's trembling
hands could cut the cords which held
Willie.

"You're not dead by the way you
scream," said Uncle Ben, as he ran in
alarm. More than one strong man had
turned pale at sight of the child's peril.

"Only a few scratches," announced
Uncle Ben. "Run and tell his mother
so."

"Not half so much as the little scamp
deserved," Cousin Hiram said, later, in
which he probably was right.

"This is how the small boy came to
be called Willie Wheatsheaf,"—Chris-
tian Register.

Eyes Open.

Rachie went off to school, wondering
if Aunt Amy could be right.

"I will keep my eyes open," she said
to herself.

She stopped a moment to watch old
Mrs. Bert, who sat inside her door
binding shoes. She was just now try-
ing to thread a needle, but it was hard
work for her dim eyes.

"Why if there isn't work for me!"
exclaimed Rachie. "I never should
have thought of it if it hadn't been for
Aunt Amy. Stop, Mrs. Bert; let me
do that for you."

"Thank you, my little lassie. My
poor old eyes are worn out, you see. I
can get along with coarse work yet,
but sometimes it takes me five minutes
to thread my needle. And the day
will come when I can't work, and then
what will become of a poor old woman?"

"Mamma would say, the Lord would
take care of you," said Rachie very
softly, for she felt she was too little to
be saying such things.

"And you can say it, too, dearie.
Go on to school, now. You've given
me your bit of help and your comfort,
too."

But Rachie got hold of the needle-
book, and was bending over it with
busy fingers.

"See!" she presently said, "I've
threaded six needles for you to go on
with, and when I come back I'll thread
some more."

"May the sunshine be bright to your
eyes, little one!" said the old woman,
as Rachie skipped away.

"Come and play Rachie," cried many
voices, as she drew near the play-
ground.

"Which side will you be on?"

But there was a little girl with a very
downcast face sitting on the porch.

"What is the matter, Jennie?" asked
Rachie, going to her.

"I can't make this add up!" said
Jennie, in a discouraging tone, point-
ing to a few smeary figures on her
slate.

"Let me see, I did that example at
home last night. O! you forgot to
carry ten—see?"

"So I did."

The example was finished, and
Jennie was soon at play with the
others.

Rachie kept her eyes open all the
day, and was surprised to find how
many ways there were of doing kind-
ness which went far toward making the
day happier. Try it, girls and boys,
and you will see, for you will see for
yourselves.

"Will you look here, Miss Rachie?"

Bridget was sitting in the porch,
looking dolefully at a bit of paper which
lay on the kitchen table she had carried
there.

"It's a letter I'm after writing to me
mother, an, it's fessin