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G.H. or, the Cross Farmer.
boy, starting to plough, seemed an ox with a cough; the farmer came out, and a furious shout. He didn't know how rough, and he howled, and he'd have none of such stouthe. with a growl and a cough, and the poor boy to the trough, knocking him in the chin and ordered him out. any short story is through— not assert that it's tough, it's chiefly designed press on your mind anders our spelling can dough. you will grant that although be the acrotheist in flogh, answered its end and only shall tend what I meant it shough. D. S. Martin, in St. Nicholas.
ding up for One's Self.
ertain publishing office in this a pile of books newly com- and neatly stacked against the air to be transferred to department of the house, a es distant. In the room sat if-grown boys unoccupied. their employer entered the nt. he said in a tone of surprise yance, I thought I told you ago that these books were to n to the other house at once. you not doing it? There are up to make a truck necessary, turns on the part of each of id quickly dispose of them." of the boys somewhat hesitat- and with decided sullenness, and gathering up an armful of as, left the building. The other onless. not understand you, Charlie," employer, with growing irrita- do you not do as you are use, Mr. Rollins," answered sullenly, "I do not consider books a part of my work; I engage for it, and I don't think be required of us." very well," answered Mr. Rollins, though with both sur- regret in his tone, and with his remark he withdrew to his at a fool Joe was," thought "I told him all that was y was a little determination on t. Unless a boy has pluck to stand up for himself in this he will never get along. I'll to say such jobs will not be of me again, while Joe will y be a pack-horse for some come." icked up the paper again with of supreme satisfaction, and was mfortably settling himself once then a call from the inner office ed him. He obeyed with eager to show that he was willing to respond to what he considered the legitimate duties which had certainly proved able one in every respect, and oyer just and considerate, in m. Rollins sat at his desk, count- pile of silver. remember aright, Charlie," he unruffled tones, "when you en- y employment, it was to do t, or the work, might require. no longer hold to that engage- have no longer need for you- your money; you are at your vice." a thunderbolt fallen at Charlie's could not have been more ston- He knew he had learned much Rollins's service, so much in- that he had come to consider an indispensable appendage office. Not for a moment had ed he could be dismissed with- hesitation on Mr. Rollins's full opportunity on his own sider any s and taken. As the proceeding made itself clear to felt as though a cold shower ere descending upon him, and alking, stammering voice, he a hurried explanation and not wish to hear anything ou, Charlie," interrupted Mr. though without anger or y. "I am convinced that e could risk his place by the e you have just taken, is not a boy to have." was evidently nothing more id, and scarcely able to realize ad happened, Charlie found him- the street with a few dollars in et, but with neither prospects commendation, on which to hopes for the future. That he had felt his career assured.

the dolls which now came out of the hospital.
After a while mother and Aunt Louise had some talking to do.
"Louise," said mother, "I wish you would take these towels to the machine and hem them."
"I shan't," said Aunt Louise. "I like this silk work better than hemming old towels."
"You're as lazy as you can be."
"And you're as cross as you can be. 'If you don't hem the towels, I'll not have any custard for supper.'"
Well well! Mother and Aunt Louise quarreling! Lulu and Bennie stared at each other with wide open eyes. Could such a thing be possible?
But wasn't that a smile on auntie's face? And a queer little glance from mother. Then both laughed and the children laughed, till the room was filled with merriment. It was only a joke and they had known it all the time—the funniest joke in the world!
Later in the day, the children talked with their mother. "Mother," said Lulu, does it sound so bad when Bennie and I quarrel, as if it was really and truly you and auntie?"
"Well, I think not quite, my little girl," said mother, with a love pat on each little head. "But it does sound bad. God has placed little ones in families so that they may be means of happiness to each other."
"I am not going to quarrel any more," said Lulu.
"Nor I," said Bennie.—Phil. Stand- ard.
How Janet was Cured.
It was the uneasy time of day. It was likewise the time when the hands of the clock went around altogether too fast to suit Janet.
You seem to love to say it's my bed time, she said, looking cross y at the big clock. I wish I could sit up once in a while, and see what a good time the grown folks have after we have gone to bed.
We, meant Janet and her dolls.
You can sit up to-night, if you wish, just as long as you like, said Janet's mother.
Truly? asked Janet.
Truly, said her mother.
Oh, thank you, mamma! Won't we have a good time, though?
Then she went to tell the dolls.
Dear ones, she said, when she had collected them together, I know and I long have known just how you feel about going to bed so early. So to- night you shall sit up just as long as you like, and we will see for ourselves just what good times the grown-up people have.
Then they all went downstairs to the library, where the family were. It was very quiet there, Janet thought. The older children were studying their lessons for the next day, grouped around the long table in the middle of the room; and her father and mother were reading.
Do tell me a long story, please mamma, said Janet, bringing her little chair up beside her mother's. But her mother shook her head.
It would disturb the children study- ing, she said.
Can I have an opera with my dolls?
No dear.
Isn't there anything to amuse me?
And there were tears in Janet's voice.
No, little daughter. This is the quiet hour for the grown people, and you will have to keep still.
So Janet sat down and looked soberly at the fire.
By and by her head rested against her mother's knee.
I don't think grown folks,—she began, and that was all, until her father was carrying her upstairs—have a very good time at all, she murmured sleepily.
Since then she goes to bed cheer- fully.
For it's really better for all of us, my dears, she told the dolls.—Youth's Companion.
Tiny's Alarm Clock.
Tiny looked up from her slate as her big brother Tom came in one day with an odd shaped bundle in his hands. Tiny ran to meet him.
Oh Tom, what is it? she asked curi- ously. Anything for me?
No, said Tom. Such a wide-awake puss as you are doesn't need aids to early rising. And he untied the strings and opened the package.
Why its a clock, said Tiny, disap- pointed. We've got three clocks now, Tom. What made you bring another?
Tom began winding the little clock. You listen, he said.
Whir-r-r-r! rattle, rattle, rattle, whir-r-r! What a way for a clock to strike!
It's an alarm clock, explained Tom, smiling at Tiny's wonder. We can set it so that the alarm will strike at any time of night and wake us. You know that I have to leave home before day light sometimes. For Tom worked on the railway.

How very, very funny, said Tiny with sparkling eyes. Goes off all it- self, without anyone touching it. Oh, how I wish that I had one!
There's another funny thing about it, went on Tom. If people don't mind the alarm when it strikes, but think that they will sleep a little longer, they grow less and less liable to be waked by it, and soon it doesn't make any impression at all.
Tiny considered.
I wish that I could have one all my own! she said again. It must be such fun to hear it go off!
You have one, said Tom, gravely.
I? An alarm clock?
Tom nodded.
Where?
Right there, said Tom with his hand over Tiny's heart.
Well, I don't believe that it ever went off, laughed Tiny.
Yes, I am sure that it has. Wait till y u feel like doing something wrong. That little clock will say, Whir! Tiny, don't. You see if it doesn't.
Tiny laughed, and went back to her examples. Soon a call came from the kitchen, Tiny dear, I want you.
Tiny's mouth began to pout, but she suddenly called out, cheerily: Yes, mamma, and danced out of the room, looking back to say, It went off then, Tom, good and loud.
Tom nodded and smiled.
I thought it would, he said.
And all you little folks with alarm clocks must be sure that you answer the first call, or they will ring and ring in vain, and turn you out good-for- nothing men and women.
A Small Engineer.
The smallest creature that God has made is interesting if we know how to study its habits. Some engineers discovered a wasp dragging a dead spider along through the grass. It was difficult, for the spider was so much larger than the wasp. After it had dragged the spider some distance, it left it on the ground. One of the men said, "It has lost its way, and is trying to find its home." In moving about one of the men had stepped on the wasp's ground hole, covering it with three or four blades of grass, which obstructed the way to it. The wasp nipped and nipped until he had cut them, and then he pushed them aside. He now went back to where he had left the spider, and walked around it. "He is measuring it, to see how much larger he must make the hole," said one of the men. He was right. The wasp went back and worked until he had made the hole much larger. Then he brought the spider close to it. He discovered that the hole was still too small, and enlarged it again, nipping earth and grass until the hole was large enough; then suddenly and hurriedly, he dragged the spider to the edge of the hole and disappeared into it, dragging his prey after him.
If on y we would wait and watch patiently, we should soon learn that every insect, every animal, that G d has made is worthy of our protection and interest.
The Little Sentinel.
"Nurse, what do you think mamma told me? asked a little bit of a boy.
"I haven't the slightest idea," answered nurse, as she looked up from the stocking she was mending.
"Well, she said I might stay up all night. You know, nurse, I've always wanted to."
"That is very good of mamma, answered nurse. "And where are you going to spend the night?"
"Well, men who camp out, you know, have a fire. I am going to pretend I'm camping out, and I'm going to spend the night by the parlor fire."
"That's a good idea."
"No, I think I'll be a sentinel, and walk up and down before the fire, with my gun over my shoulder."
But a sentinel must not go to sleep. He must be on the watch all the time, and say—
"I know! 'Who goes there?'
"And are you going to watch all night?"
"I think I shall," answered Harry, proudly.
It had long been Harry's wish to sit up all night, and he could not help thinking his mamma very unkind never to let him. He teased so much that finally mamma said,—
"Well, Harry, you may."
At about eight o'clock Harry, who was usually in bed and asleep at that time, took his stand by the fire. His toy gun was over his shoulder, and on his head he wore his soldier cap.
Up and down he walked before the fire, and at first it was great fun.
Whenever he heard a sound, he would call, 'Who goes there?' And it would be papa coming to look for a book, or mamma. Once, when he called very loud, 'Who goes there?' what do you think happened? The little white kitten ran into the room

Up and down, up and down, went Harry.
Heavier and heavier grew the gun. Harder and harder was it to keep to the straight line in the carpet.
Harry looked at the easy chair and the sofa, but proudly he shook his head.
"I've always wanted to sit up all night, and I'm going to show mamma how much I want to."
Oh, what a loop from the straight line that time, Harry!
"Time went on. Mamma and papa said 'good-night' and white kitty curled herself up on the rug, and went sound asleep.
Harry's eyes began to blink, but he held them as wide open as he could. Soon he had a lonely feeling. "A soldier should be brave," he whispered. "But why shouldn't I sit down?"
"Because you'd go to sleep," a small voice within answered.
So up and down Harry trudged.
Soon something rolled down the sen- tine's cheek. Harry dashed it away, but then another something rolled down the other cheek.
"I'm a baby!" the little boy sobbed. But still he kept marching.
Everything in the room seemed to swing—and swing—and swing!
His feet were too tired. He tripped and fell upon the soft rug. How soft it was! He could not get up. He heard some one.
"Who goes there?" he asked feebly.
"The Sand Man," a gentle voice an- swered, that sounded something like papa's and mamma's combined.— Examiner.
Without Doubt.
A bright girl in one of the New York public schools applied to her teacher for leave to be absent half a day, on the plea that her mother had received a telegram which stated that company was on the way.
"It's my father's half-sister and her three boys," said the pupil, anxiously, "and mother doesn't see how she can do without me, those boys always act so."
The teacher referred her to the printed list of reasons which justify absence, and asked if her case came under any one of them.
"I think it might come under this head, Miss Potter," said the girl, pointing, as she spoke, to the words, "Domestic affliction."
The fact that the Lord blesses our souls, is no evidence that he endorses all our notions.
Great Things From Little Causes Grow.—It takes very little to derange the stomach. The cause may be slight a cold, something eaten or drunk, an- x-ety, worry, or some other simple cause. But if precaution be not taken, this simple cause may have more serious consequences. Many a chronically debilitated constitution to-day owes its destruction to simple causes not dealt with in time. Keep the digestive apparatus in healthy condition and all will be well. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are better than any other for the purpose.
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