LITTLE TIM

He had been born in a shameful plant, away, and ere long came into a beautiful and hear to nakinglines and eviltate. The evenue; then be ceased to weep wonder swept. were few other legacies, but many gifts were thrust upon him sneers, snares, neglect, and severance from the luckier born and these seemed fatal. It may be through law and love insoluble to us it proved not so that to the Great Father's heart the stains, and wrongs, and sorrows thrust upon the boy, as to an earthly parent's, made him but the dearer; but measured in the cold, hard, human way, line fate was sorrowful, indeed.

The region where he first took up the burden was a low one, a sunken, noisome quarter, the foul and squalid accretion of many sad conditions. Here a day of flat, low skies, and sobbing, quarrelsome winds, that ended by a wet fog driving in upon the great city and settling upon the filthy quarter like a death-cloth, had filled the vile neighborhood with unusual gloom. The spirit of insanity, the promptings to crime and abandon, always exhaled by such diseased, unhappy surroundings, seemed to increase and multiply with the oppressive darkness. In at the doorways of the low, half-lit saloons the steaming, pitiable populace jostled and crowded; from the thick, throat-clogging medium that filled the reeking, slippery streets, to the tongue-scalding, brain-maddening potions of the bar; from distempered elements without and within to mental ruin and forgetfulness.

In one of these haunts of evil, a place of shame, of villainous music and dancing, were negroes, Poles, Italians, and men and women, drunk and ruined, from Heaven knows 'what other quarter of the compass. What animalism! What faces! What swallowing

of fire!

By midnight the back room was a numbing whirlpool of delirious feeling; heat, sweat, rags, music, liquor, profanity, the beat and shuffle of feet, cries, and maudlin laughter. Look at the roads along which these lives had come! threads running from under this lecherous roof to every quarter of the globe! to cradles over the sea, to mother-bosoms north and south, east and west!

Did God, seeing it all, grieve that life had been made a thing so capable of ill? or was the fault, somehow, society's?

At three o'clock in the morning they began to fight. In many the chords of sensation seemed eaten too raw for further pleasure. Then some one was struck down, and the reeling, half-blind concourse seemed suddenly full of tigers. Men sprang upon each other; two were killed, and a woman, dividing the polluted atmosphere with shrieks, was thrown, jumped upon, kicked and dragged into a dark side-room for dead. -Then, when too late, the Law stepped in, the place was cleared, and the undiscovered woman, drunk and battered with the coming of the dawn, yielded little Tim to the world, and her own debauched spirit to the mystery of death. Of such stuff are some realities! Out of such elements was fashioned little Tim!

It seems well-nigh a pity, into what shadow so-ever the mother had gone, that he had not followed her. But he lived; a drunken negress saved him from death to a sadder fate. Into a nest of evil even more. hateful than that wherein he saw his first glimmering, doubtful dawn, she carried him and all his earlier years were passed in gathering rags and bones, in stealing, and being kicked, and cuffed, and beaten. Somehow his spine was weakened; I know not if from that first dreadful hour, or by blows given afterward by those who used him much as one might the boot's toe to drive into and loosen garbage with. One could not easily have told how old he was, if the number of his years were eight or twelve, so cowed and deformed a spirit looked out of his blighted face. The yellow and green of putrid pools and gutters seemed settled in his skin, leaving it a palid olive, and his blue eyes had a cringing, frightened, furtive

Away at one side of the roaring city, and in a leprous hovel at the river's edge, was where the first years went over him, merciless, crushing, slow-moving in their passage. Often he turned sick when digging in the slimmering slime, and all his base surroundings swam before him; by times he fainted in his loathing and weakness, and was carri ed home and burned back to life again with fiery liquor. The negress held his poor life as in a vise, and her home was a place of cursing, of theft, of fighting of drunkenness. The child, like a weak worm under foot, used often to fight for his life, only to be the harder cursed. Oh! it was pityful! Yet here were thousands no better off than he; some worse; and there beyond in the beautiful city were other thousands, clothed silkenly, fed richly, and bearing no heavier burden than time and, perhaps, too much of happiness! Down into which region were the mournful eyes of the pitying Christ turned most often, think you?

But little Tim could not go on unchanged; mutation, which makes and unmakes, but yet is nature's savior, opened at last a little fissure in his life, gave him one fatal glimpse of sweet and grateful light, then shut him out in darkness.

He was ten years old then, yet, from lameness and his foster mother's cat like care, the child had never been beyond his fostering quarter, save in back alleys when gathering garbage at the misty hour of dawn, or when carried or dragged thither at night upon some thieving errand by the negress' evil friends.

They were numb with liquor that afternoon when he left this midnight mother and the white thug who was her consort, and he had been spurned into the street, where he lay a long time bruised and full of pain. Then dizzy and crying, he came away; dizzy from his hurt, and crying because he was leaving the little rag-matted hole under the stairway where he had always slept, because he was parting from the hard faces about him, the venomous creature who had starved and beaten him, and her sunken, shambling hut!

Ah, he had never known else! By day and by night, winter and summer this had been his all, his world, his home! Ponder it, you who sleep on down in chambers fragrant and lined with rose and gold 1. You who are all but soured with honey, was not here a soul?—your own twin essence, starved and ruined, moving in brother-flesh across the Field of Lessons?

effection on breeze

W IN SPEER

For a time he followed the river, limping and sobbing, and gazing through his tears into his polluted depths, as if yearning after the soft oblivion it might might his sore leet touched the water his poor little

the tears from his hellow eyes It was Sab-bath—though he knew it not and the an was going down in a great flush of clear vermilion far away at the other end of the beauteous street, lighting a thousand soft and glimmering fires along the stately dwellings as it sank. Everywhere were flowers and exquisitely dressed children, lovely girls sitting by richly appareled men and women in

costly chairs upon the porches, with rings flashing, bright rugs beneath their feet, and a background of tinted glass and splendid A light that was alien to the face of little Tim slowly began to illumine his pinched and pallid features; then he wavered and went back; then that look of strange desight came

into his eyes again, and he hurried on as if he were entering the borders of Paradise. Glittering carriages were rolling softly along the smooth pavement, and hundreds of women and children, clad in satin and velvet and flower-like fabrics, drifted with mingling hues along the avenue. The child forgot his rags, his bare feet, and crooked spine; the look of delight began to deepen in his eyes; then he saw that some started at him, that

others scowled and pressed back their costly

clothing to let him pass, and the light died out of his face, and he shrank from side to side and turned into a little park and hid. It smelled sweet as heaven there among the blossoms, and he lay quite still on the soft grass with his poor heart fluttering. Up above him he could see the deep, serene summer sky, hung here and there with filmy loops of lace that seemed to burn with pink and crimson from the far-off sunset. It seemed to him he had never noticed it before that his hungry eyes had always been peer-

with tears. How calm and sweet it was here where the rich dwelt! He could hear voices here and there from vine-wound porches fronting on the little park, and one, limpid and engaging, was saying near by, "Oh, I shall go to Dr. Easman's church. Do you not think his delivery beautiful? It rests me just to look at him; he is so handsome, too!"

ing into ditches and holes and filth, or blind

"Yes," said a silvery, affected voice in reply, "and he is so gentle. He is quite unreasonable about his salary, though, they say; will accept but seven thousand! It's too bad, he is so pleasant and handsome he could surely do better than that !"

Then little Tim saw a form garbed in blue, and capped and belted, come between him and the peaceful azure of heaven, and he sprang up and ran, but was struck by a cane, and wavered and fell. But ere the officer's fat paw could secure him he was

The next avenue seemed fairer than the first, and was alive with beautiful humanity flowing on toward the churches. Down this with a little thread of blood trickling from among his matted curls, he ran likea hunted human animal, and coming to a larger park hid himself again, and lay there sobbing while the shadows began to gather and hud dle and group, and the clear stars swarmed into the voiceless deep above him. Then in a little time he crept away and came into the broad avenue again, going he knew not | fish are so plentiful that they can be almost whither. A huge church was just beyond him, radiant with light and colored glass, and he drew back with fear. But at that a great wave of music went mellowing up through all the glowing structure, and the child's breath stopped and his grimy hands came together with a clutch. He had never heard other music than the banjo and drunken, ribald songs, save at long intervals the far-away playing of a band, and the soft thunder of this, the level, roll, and swell,

Clinging, but palpitant, he crept into the shadows by the wide arching entrance and listened. A stream of people, jeweled, satined, and prismic under the showering light, were passing in, but he could hardly see them, his blood was throbbing so. Suddenly there was a sweet melody; a wave of human voices, strong, smooth, harmonious, that swelled and sank upon the undulating organ flood and charged the air with sym-

It was stronger then the ragged child with lips parted and eyes hungry he entered. Oh! Oh! what a beautiful place! music, light, color, and fragrance! He stood bdwildered. Then suddenly he felt himself softly pushed and heard a low menacing voice bid him quit the place, and he looked up at the stately, odorous usher, and shrank out of the great doorway into the shadows again.

Then the music fell away into silence, and odors delicate and faint and sounds subdued and restful floated out the splendid doorway past the child. Then a voice came with the odors-deep, even, mellow, and handled of the "unappropriated blessing," as I have like music. The minister was praying, but prayer to little Tim was something all unknown. Like words that were flowers it it as she chooses, generously as wisely, withdrifted by him, a long train of soft melodious clauses. He could not understand it, but he felt its beauty. The thread of humility running through it, the tender pleading, how to use it, and she must not spare any the pathos, and gentle adoration sent a great amount of trouble in the using of it, and she wave of loneliness across him; a kind of must console herself for many a lonely reclear, thick darkness, an isolation that was gret-we are but human, all of us !-with plain, crushing medium like heavy envelop- the thought that she has been trusted to be ing iron. Ah, how widely he was isolated a steward of the Great Master. Such an old from every heart and every good He maid often does as much good in her generacould not comprehend why but his con tion as twenty married women. dition crushed in upon him like descending death, until quailing and moaning he sank beneath it and crouched in the shadow on. his bare knees, with his face against the Some curious customs are connected with cold wall of the Father's house, he wept and gloves. For instance, the ceremony of restruggled. Suddenly a great peal of music, smoving them when entering the stable of a swept up-voices and organ-chords in a lifting, joyous flood, and the child, as if God's voice had called him, leaped in at the doorway and stood straining and wavering in the light. Only a moment he stood there, wild with a thirst for comfort, quivering to be saved; then that musky presence rose again before him, and the usher's big white hand grasped and led him to the entrance. There the stately presence muttered something. pushed him a little, and turned away, and to be worn in the helmet of her knight, and ragged, Tim, lame, and all but, blind with forfeited by him if her favor ceased. In fright and feeling, tripped and plunged headlong down the flight of grante steps, moved to-day at the death of a stag. It glanced from the curving base with a cry of was a very ancient form of acknowledgment pain, rolled into the shadow, and lay still. to present a pair of gloves to a benefactor;

that thou art merciful," it pealed; "that thy strong arm doth save the righteous and confound the wicked!" and it swelled and desway. Then the pastor's lingual music came again, mellow, pleasant, perfect; round, edgeless words that wove like velvet shuttles heart was not stout enough, and he turned dissolving, beauteous fabric before his venue; thenhe ceased to weep wonder swept people. For an hour it rose and fell, science and revelation, linked and interfaced with poetry and fine allusion; but ragged Tim, lying there in the shadow with his oozing temple on the uncushioned granite, gave no

> The pastor's sermon melted into silence, glinting organ-pipes throbbed and trembled with their freight of melody again, wave after wave of blent, harmonious voices floated out upon the buoyant, billowing medium of the pipes, the benediction fell, and out the arching entrance rustled the throng, with smiles and salutations, flash of jewel and eye, soft speech and happy laughter, but the little rag-heap in the shadow made no sign.

The doorway to the fathers house was closed; sleep lapped the pastor and people in its dreamengendering fleece; gathered on the wall above the fallen child, and crickets in the grass-fringe round the flag-stones rasped the silence.

The moon rode slowly over, the stars strove to take it in their silver net but lost it to the dawn; the east took fire with morn

But little Tim slept on. No friend was there, no word of pity; only a cricket singing at his ear, and the dew trickling down the cold wall upon his piteous face, as if the very rocks shed tears for their dead.

HUNTING A BEAR.

Novel Experience of Six Ottawa Youths up the Gatineau.

About ten days ago a party of six young men rejoicing in the respective cognomens of Donald Stewart, Sandy Stewart, Timothy Harvey, Jack Harvey, Morris Quain and Isaiah Little, went about thirty-five miles up the Gatineau river for the purpose of either finding or shooting whatever came in their way. Arrived at their destination they went to the country store to lay in some supplies and there encountered a habitant in the worst stage of excitement purchasing some bullets. It was learned on enquiry from the store-keeper that the habitant, who kepta farm back about three miles, had come across a she bear and two cubs maurauding in his oat field. He had chased the bear, but on seeing him approach she stood on her hind legs and faced him. As his gun was only loaded with buckshot he fired the shot at her head and then fled, coming to the store for ammunition. The six youths were anxious for a little bear shooting, just to get their hand in, and so asked the farmer to let them go with him, which he consented to do on the express stipulation that whoever shot the bear it must be his. In due course the oat field was reached and the bear and her cubs traced to the neighboring bush. The party separated to stalk her, but just then she smelt them; the previous shot had blinded her so she could not see, and she bore down toward them. Three of the youths endeavoured to seek a friendly tree, but there was none near. Finally bruin fell to the rifle of the habitant, while the two cubs were shot by the picnicing party between them. Bears are said to be unusually numerous in that vicinity, while lifted out of the water wholesale by a basket.

Women and Money.

Every girl who is not entirely dependent on her male relations—a position which, considering all the ups and downs of his life, the sooner she gets out of the betterought by the time she is old enough to possess any money to know exactly how much she has, where it is invested, and what it and melting fall, drew him like a turning | ought yearly to bring in. By this time also she should have acquired some knowledge of business-bank business, referring to checks, dividends, and so on-and as much of ordinary business as she can. To her information of a practical kind never comesamiss, especially the three golden rules, which have very rare exceptions: No investment of over 5 per cent. is really safe; trust no one with your money without security, which ought to be as strict between the nearest and dearest friends as between strangers; and lastly, keep all your affairs from day to day in as accurate order as if you had to die to-morrow The mention of dying suggests another necessity—as soon as you are 21 years of age make your will. You will not die a day the sooner; you can alter it whenever you like while the ease of mind it will be to you and the trouble it may save to those that come after you, are beyond telling. It eannot be too strongly impressed upon every girl who has or expects that not undesirable thing, "a little income of her own," what a fortunate responsibility this is, and how useful she may make it to others. Happier than the lot of many married women is that heard an old maid called, who has her money, less or more, in her own hands, and can use out asking anybody's leave, and being accountable for it to no one. But then she must have learned from her youth upward

Gloves.

prince or a great man, or else forfeiting them or their value to the servant in charge. This is an odd survival of vassalage, for the removal of the glove was anciently a mark of submission. When lands or titles were bestowed, gloves were given at the same time; and, when for any raason the lands were forfeited, the offender was deprived of the right to wear gloves. The same idea was prevalent in the bestowal of a lady's glove, not hear it. "We thank thee, O Lord, judges at maiden assizes.

Lerkely, P. O. 1

property and pering our recent

HOUSEHOLD.

Funiture can be brightened and cleaned from spoiled spots by rubbing with a cloth dipped in sweet billy was land and out of

Lard is said to be rendered sweet by boiling a raw pared potato in it. If it be a fact that the starch of the potato takes up the noxious qualities of impure lard, beware of frying potatoes either in bad lard or bad butter.

An improvement on the old way of making jelly is to heat the sugar before adding to the juice. Time is saved and the jelly is much clearer. After straining the juice, measure it and put on the stove to heat. Allow a pint of sugar to a pint of juice. When the juice comes to a boil, put in hot sugar. Three to five minutes' boiling will finish the jelly.

It is a too common practice in many farmers' families to burn the feathers of fowls killed for the table, under the idea that they are not worth saving. Chicken feathers are quite valuable. They do not make so soft a bed as those of the goose or duck, but are superior for pillows, where too much elasticity is not healthful or comfortable. They have, besides, too much manurial value to be wasted, being very rich in ammonia. The coarser feathers should be thrown into the manure heap, where their decomposition will add largely to its value.

And that reminds me, girls, if you want your frizzes to stay just wet them with warm castile soapsuds when you put them up. They will stay ever so much longer than when wet with clear water, and it does not injure the hair either. But you needn't friz, or bang, or crimp, or curl your front hair unless you choose. If you please you can' comb your hair straight back from your forehead, and, provided that style is becoming, you will be just as fashionable as you would with the fringe of waved or frized hair in front.

Choice Recipes.

MIXED PICKLES.—One peck of green tomatoes, half a peck of onions, one pint of horse radish, half a pound of white mustard seed, half a pound of unground black pepper one ounce each of cinnamon, cloves, and turmeric, and two or three heads of cauliflower; tie the pepper, cinnamon, and cloves in a thin muslin bag; place all the ingredients in eaten by the natives. a granite-ware kettle, cover with vinegar and boil until tender; can while hot in glass fruit jars.

CHEESE STRAWS. - Take equal portions of flour; grated cheese and butter-a quarter or half a pound of each, according to the number of "straws" required; add a slight seasoning of salt and cayenne pepper; make the whole into a paste; roll out, cut into strips of straws, and bake in a quick oven.

SUET PUDDING.—Make a stiff batter of granulated Indian meal and water, with salt add to a quart of batter half a pint of chopped suet and boil in a bag for three hours. Less will answer, but long boiling improves it. A cupful of hard cider, a cupful of molasses and a lump of butter the size of an egg makes a good sauce for the pud-

CREAM CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, one egg, one and a half cups of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. This makes three layers. Take one cup of | Sixty little smiling faces, thick cream, flavor with lemon, and sweeter to taste, whip until stiff and spread between the layers and on top of the cake.

Young Corn Omelet.—Strip or scrape the corn from six young full ears, pound in a yellow bowl, and mix with five eggs after they have been beaten light. Add a small saltspoon of salt and a very little pepper. Put into a hot-frying-pan equal quantities of lard and fresh butter, and stirr them well together over the fire. When they boil put in the mixture thick, and fry it, turning with care. Transfer it, when done, to a heated dish, but do not cover it over.

RICE GRIDDLE-CAKES.—Blend one cup of well boiled rice with a cup of flour, add mall-desert-spoonful of Royal baking pow der, three eggs, salt, and tablespoonful of melted butter. Reduce with one cup of rich milk, and bake on a hot, buttered griddle.

CORN BREAD.—Take a large tablespoonful of butter, one small teacupful of brown sugar, one teacupful of flour, three teacupfuls of cornmeal, a small teaspoonful of salt, a small teaspoonful of soda, two full teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one egg. Melt the butter, add the sugar and salt, beat well together; break the egg into it, beat until well mixed; put in the cream of tartar, add the flour and cornmeal, with sufficient milk to make a thin batter; mix steadily for about ten minutes, add the soda, still mixing. Bake in a hot oven in cake tins till well browned. Eaten warm, with butter.

BUNS WITHOUT YEAST. - Four cups of flour one large tablespoonful butter, two-thirds | The Word of God, and wiser grow. cup of sugar, two teaspoonfuls extract of lemon, two heaping teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, and one rounding one of soda; or, if baking powder be used, three heaping spoonfuls; one large cup of rich milk or sweet cream, a handful of currents. Roll one inch in thickness, cut out with biscuit cutter, and bake twenty minutes in quick

FRIED HALIBUT.—Place in your frying pan half a dozen slices fat, salt pork, fry brown and remove them to deep dish. Add to the fat three tablespoonfuls fresh lard; when boiling hot put in the halibut, which should be cut in pieces about three inches square and dipped in sifted meal; sprinkle with salt, fry brown, put in the dish with the pork, pour the boiling fat over, add one tablespoon boiling water, cover with a plate and let stand in the oven twenty minutes.

HYGIENE RUSK CRUMBS.—Take bits of unleaven wheaten bread, dry them thoroughly in an oven hot enough to brown slightly, but not scorch. Break them in a mortar and grind in a coffee mill. Or take a scale graham flour loaf, grate it, brown in the oven and when brittle roll fine. Serve with fruit juice or milk, allowing it to soak a few minutes before it is is eaten. Parched wheat maybe ground and eaten in the same

hunting the gloves are supposed to be re- makes the nicest preserved Scald ripe tomatoes by letting them stand one minute in boiling water, then skim them out and re-The anthem flowed on, but the child did and white gloves are still presented to the not hear it. "We thank thee, O Lord, judges at maiden assizes."

In a tree, which was correspond to the skin. When this is done weigh ing it killed two dogs, mained the them and then pour off the juice into a port broke the leg of one man and the color by the coon got away. celain bottle and add a pound of sugar for of another. The coon got away.

each pound of tomatoes who so boil, skim and add the boil till nearly done. Then add up in jars it need not be done to find will be more healthy and polatile

Meat or Poison

The saying, "One man's meet is a man's poison," is well illustrated following instances, in which the cles of one nation's diet are about wholly unpalatable to other tribes: The Esquimaux near Littleton Library discovered a supply of bread and all

that Dr. Kane had cached, and they had ed to enjoy a feast at the white pense. They liked the salt port and the leave a morsel of it. This was probable first chance they had ever had to have monotony of their meat diet. They the bread a little, promptly pronounce failure, and told Dr. Kane afterward they would as soon swallow so much The Esquimaux generally dislike preparations of vegetables that the plorers bring among them. They think a perverted appetite that craves and

A tribe living not far from Port More New Guinea, that think boiled snakes in be preferred to roast pig, draw the ine sugar. When they saw Dr. Chalmen first white visitor, sweetening his tea morning, they asked him for some di salt. Dr. Chalmers told them it was salt, but they were incredulous, and a gave some sugar to one of the natives. began eating it," says Dr. Chalmers " the look of disgust on his face was to seeing; he rose up, went out, spat out i he had in his mouth, and threw the remain der away." Then he told the crowd ri horrible stuff it was, and they were still to take his word for it without the themselves.

Many savage tribes think eggs are whall unfit for food. They keep fowls that a very much like our own, and sometime chickens are almost their sole animal in but they never dreamed that any body on get hungry enough to eat eggs until the the missionaries eat them. The spectacle their white friends making eggs a part their breakfast still troubles a number tribes in Africa. Mr. Wallace says to among some of the Pacific islanders be eggs are saved to sell to ships, but are us

There are a number of tribes in Alie whose chief riches are their herds of are but who never drank a drop of cow's mike their lives. They think the milk of the herds is for calves and not for human bean and they are disgusted at the idea that are body should consider it a proper article food. A few tribes near the great lake think it is a spectacle worth seeing to look at the missionaries milking cows and drit. ing the milk. Among many tribes, however. milk is an important article of food. The estimate a man's wealth by the number cattle he owns, and think he is squandering his capital if he kills one of them for for They use their cattle to buy wives and other commodities, and eat them only when they die in natural course.

THE INFANT CLASS.

BY JOHN IMRIE, TORONTO.

All in their accustom'd places; Each a happy household's treasure Teaching them a perfect pleasure.

Sixty pair of eyes, whose gladness Shows no trace of care or sadness, Are fix'd on me with glances bright, Like twinkling orbs of purest light.

Sixty voices in a chorus: · Childhood's years are passing o'er w;" May those years to God be given, Walking in the way to Heaven.

Grateful hearts are rais'd in pray'r, Craving God's peculiar care; Waiting for the children's blessing, Faith and love their hearts possessing.

Childish words, brimful of trust: "Jesus, Thou canst make us just," May we now and ever share In our Father's watchful ca. e.

Now they listen to the story Of redeeming love and glory: How Jesus took the sinner's place, In boundless love and matchless grace.

Simple words and illustration, Suited to their humble station; "Line upon line" they learn to know Their minds, thus stor'd with heavenly truth, 'Twill fence them from the snares of youth, And thus a safe foundation lay

To lead them through life's rugged way. Oh, blessed are the children dear Who love the Lord, and in His fear Do walk in his most holy way That leads to everlasting day!

And blessed s the teacher's part, To educate the infant heart; A Saviour's love to them unfold, Truths ever new and never old!

The Green-Eyed Monster.

Two servant girls, who are out of employment, meet in the Park and exchange experiences.

1st servant.—"I had to leave became the lady of the house became jealous of the attentions paid me by her husband." 2nd servant.—"That wasn't the where I was employed. I had to leave be cause the feller to whom I was engaged was jealous of the attentions I showed my en ployer."

They had a coon hunt in a Western town ship the other day. The coon took refuse in a tree, which was chopped down another, ing it killed two dogs, maimed another,

The second contraction by paring A HELARSE in Councillant attention to the most of a more or in south Nort door to Kuapp's story

"Toozy ;" it was a had done wrong. d by her mother, wh little girl was one to was always true. sunny afternoon in g on the balcony, Jenny was amu and both were a

port of pet name

but she liked

No one ever s

t you, Toozy ?" c your head so I can a hat hides you so I did ther it was you or son 't anybody else," said beside her for her wishing that you wou didn't come to s

he girls are waiting fo r next the woods; w : the wild ones h rush after the rain l perfectly lovely," you had come th her face cloudi nk I ought to go this TOORY ?" ma is away, gone to l I always look after she tell you to look

sked Mattie.

I don't think she s to-day, but then, I pose she expects me should think you n pleaded Mattie let Jenny get in anyway, your m o stay and take care he did not say anyth ozy trying to quiet words. "I guess o awfully."

sy it is sometimes ieve that it is right e want to do it ! Le it was not altoge looked out from un he two girls went do

he others. all right, you see,' ck at Jenny, as she ; and Toozy tried to he words. The ros the fresh air deli all, Toozy did not d to seem. She did questions, so she mu as the afternoon w tless, and at last if something shou

ounded a voice within

ald fall out of the What if she should to the woods herself things might happ thought of before! e of the terrible th one. When Toozy a assupper time, for the ot thinking of the tir raway that it took nome even then. were seated arou little was said about Jenny, and not a w But Toozy knew rue, and a reproving est reprover of all. es were fresh in t lost their beauty to w I was doing wro s they talked over I did not enjoy it at wit," answered her your face. Every our life and takes av we are true at all, v ndthrough. That is

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The Sailor Fisl warm waters of the ariner is found that urious tales among thereabout. They often seen in the the terrible hurrica waters. Not a b water, the sea rise et of glass; sudde stening with rich and seemingly dri On it comes as if bedecked had heard with le; but one day th ppeared to the cre and as it passed by tel, the queer " sa a gigantic sword-f or-fish. The sail y developed dors eet high, and wa and iridescent ti along on or near this great fin na that, from a di mistaken for a cur these fishes at feet, and have and long, sw doing great dama Mediterranean se

the great sword-fi dhe Loved De remarked a friends, "the d is to be mar ad," old fel," You have my s now the old sto

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don't you punc • Pagilistic