

YOUNG FOLKS CORNER.

Gran'ma Alas Does.

It's hard to meet my wagon,
And hard to have poor girls.
Just two free will be plenty,
We're going to haul our tails.
The splendid colt fancies
We're makin' ever was I,
Twas you'd help us find 'em,
Gran'ma alas does.

My horse's name is Betty;
She jumped and broke her head;
I never fed her milk and bread:
She stables in the parlor.
We didn't make no more,
I wish you'll let me stay there;
Gran'ma alas does.

I've got to earn some bread;
No ride on Charlie's plough;
I expect he'll like to have me,
I want to go right now.
Oh, you'd see up awful,
And "whoa" like Charlie's whoosh
Twas you wouldn't care,
Gran'ma never does.

I wants some bread and butter,
I'm hungry, wretched kind;
But Taddey mustn't have none,
Cause she wouldnt mind.
Put perfectly sugar out;
I tell you what, I know
It's right to put on sugar;
Gran'ma alas does. — A. H. Poole.

The Bad Little Girl.

She wouldn't have her naughty baby;
She wouldn't get into her naughty crib;
She wouldn't do this and she wouldn't do that;
And she would put her foot in her Sunday hat.
She wouldn't be peated or scolded,
And she would do exactly whatever she pleased.
She wouldn't have naughty ride to eat;
She wouldn't be gentle and good and sweet;
She wouldn't give me one single kiss;
Pray what could we do with a girl like this?

Kitty's Idea of the Moon.

Here's another one of our little midges—
Miss Kitty. Not many evenings since, during the remarkable weather of Indian Summer, the child and her father stood upon the piazza, looking off to the western sky, where the horizon was aglow with the glories of an unusually interesting sunset. While they looked, the little Miss chanced to espie a delicate crescent hanging just above the golden shimmer of departing day.

"O! papa, op is 't!"
That, my little one, is the moon."

"No, pa, papa—it can't be the moon. Not even a day time. Could 'o ever see it 'ten it wasn't night!"

"Yes, Kitty, we often see it, as we do now, after the sun has sank from sight, but before the darkness has come."

"O—I see!" she cried, clapping her dimples hands, as she always does when a brilliant idea has come to her of its own accord—clapping and dancing, and her great brown eyes sparkling. "See now, papa. It's moon, but my hair don't fit like up yet."

Outdone by a Boy.

A lad is Boston, rather small for his years, works in an office as errand boy, for conference who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small, and said to him:

"You will never amount to much; you are too small."

The little fellow looked at them.

"Well," said he, "as small as I am I can do something which none of you four men can do."

"Ah, what is that?" said they.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell them to tell what he could do that none of them were able to do.

"I can keep from swearing!" said the little fellow. There were some blunders on four many faces, and then seemed to be very little anxiety for further information to the point.

How Chewing-Gum is Made.

A great many Canadian girls and boys, as well as children of larger growth, have acquired the truly disgusting habit of chewing gum. It may be pleasant for them to know how it is made. An exchange tells them:

The greatest gum manufacturing establishment is at Podunk, Mass., and the name of the gum (and the gum itself) is "in the mouths" of many. One of the employees of that establishment, who has become thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of the manufacture of the gum, was recently discharged from the establishment, and has divulged the mode of making the gum which these young Canadians mystify with such velocity and apparent satisfaction. The gum is made of certain parts of gum-arabic, gum-tragacanthal, a small quantity of resin, and fat. The fat greed is not hard (that being too expensive), but it is a substance expressed from the bodies of hogs, cats, dogs, and other dead animals found dead in the streets of cities.

Nice, isn't it?

Loving and Hatting.

If you love, love more. If you hate, hate less. Life is too short to spend in hating anyone. Why are against a mortal who is going the same road with us? Why not expand the flower of life and happiness by learning to love, by teaching those who are near and dear the beautiful lesson? Your hands may be hard, but your heart need not be. Your form may be bent and ugly, but do you not know that the most beautiful flowers often grow in the most rugged and unattractive places? The place for care, the cottage for love. Not that there is no love in the mansion; but somehow, if we are not careful, basiness will crowd out all there is of beauty in the heart. This is why God hath given us Sabbath and Saturday nights that we may have basiness in the office and have a heart-cleaning.

A little six year-old boy astonished his mother by exclaiming, "I wish was an angel!" Wondering what thoughts were filling his young mind she waited for a reason. Then I could see all the circuit at once!

"I thought I was an angel!" he said.

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