

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CORNER.

**Robin Pot-Pie.**  
"Look out, I heard the rascal say,  
For robin-pie to-morrow!"  
Across the grassy field he went,  
I saw his curtal-bobbin—  
This bold, valiant warrior, beat  
On shooting Cock-rolbin.  
Dove up the upland tree,  
The dove was fair and sacer,  
In truth a bonny bird was he,  
With saucer teal glazy.  
He said, "My heart's a-shriving;  
He said, "Now, naughty boy,  
To want to shoot Cock-rolbin!"  
He said, "I'll say no more,  
You won't make a jolly pie!"  
Well eat you up-to-morrow."  
But robin-pie had place,  
And thrifled all his swallows,  
That naughty boy but stopped to hear,  
And lost his heart completely.  
Down on the grass the dove fell,  
The dove came tumbling after;  
And robin knew it very well,  
And sang and stuck with laughter.  
The dove said, "Come, away, dear dove,  
And to-morrow there will be  
A new race of Cock-rolbin."

A Boy Who Gave His Note.

A Boston lawyer was called on a short time ago by a boy, who inquired if he had any waste paper to sell. The lawyer had a crumpled way of asking questions, and is, moreover, a methodical man. So, pulling out a large drawer, he exhibited his stock of waste paper.

"Will you give me two shillings for that?"

The boy looked at the paper doubtfully a moment and offered fifteen pence.

"Dear," said the lawyer, "the paper was quickly transferred to the bag of the boy, whose eyes sparkled as he lifted the crumpled mass.

Not till it was safely stowed away did he announce that he had no money. To this statement the lawyer responded,

"Monday! How do you expect to buy paper without money?"

Not prepared to state exactly his plan of operations, the boy made no reply.

"Do you consider your note good?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes sir."

"Very well; if you consider your note is good, I'd just as soon have it as the money; but if it isn't good, I don't want it."

The boy affirmed that he considered it good; whereupon the lawyer wrote a note for fifteen pence, which the boy signed legibly, and lifting the last of paper made off.

Soon after dinner the little fellow returned, and producing the money, announced that he had come to pay his note.

"Well," said the lawyer, "this is the first time that I ever knew a note to be taken up so quickly." A boy that will do that is entitled to note and money too; and giving him both, sent him on his way with a smiling face and happy heart.

The boy's note represented his honor. A boy who thus keeps his honor bright, however poor he may be in worldly things, is heir to an inheritance which no riches can buy—the choice promises of God.

A Touching Incident.

The other day a curious old woman, having a bundle in her hand, and walking with a limp, set down over the cobblestones of Woodward Avenue to rest. She was certainly because her garments were old and clean, though threadbare, and because a smile crossed her wrinkled face as children passed her. It might have been this smile that attracted a group of three little ones, the playmates of pigs. They stood in a row in front of the old woman, saying never a word but watching her face. The smile brightened, lingered, and then suddenly faded away, and a corner of her old calico apron went up to wipe a tear. Then the oldest child stepped forward and asked:

"Are you sorry because you haven't got any children?"

"I had children once, but they are all dead," whispered the woman, sob in her throat.

"I'm awfully sorry," said the little, as her own chin quivered. "I'd give you one of my little brothers here, but see I haven't got but two, and I don't believe I'd like to part with them."

"God bless you, child—bless you forever!" said the old woman; and for a full minute her face was buried in her apron.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," seriously continued the child. "You may kiss us all once; and, if little Benny isn't afraid, you may kiss him four times; for he's just as sweet as candy!"

Pedestrians who saw three well-dressed children put their arms around that strange old woman's neck and kiss her were greatly puzzled. They didn't know how the hearts of children and they didn't hear the woman's words as she rose to go.

"Children! You're only a poor old woman believing I'm nothing to live for; but you've given me a lighter heart than I've had for ten long years."

Time Works Wonders.

A curious story has just come to light in Boston, which illustrates in a remarkable manner the changes which time brings forth. Many years ago a young fellow named Bigelow was sent by his father to Yale College. The father was very rich, and the youngster lived in grand style at the university. Suddenly the old gentleman broke, and had to withdraw his son from college. The boy, however, felt the necessity of an education and determined to have one anyway. He therefore went to work and learned trade as a machinist. While he was at work his old associate cut him and refused to have anything to do with him. The young ladies, with whom he had been a great favorite, failed to recognize him when they met. One day when going from his work, he met a wealthy young lady who had been his friend. He had his dinner-bucket over his arm, and supposed she would not notice his rather sad condition. She smiled pleasantly, addressed him as "Tom," and invited him to call and see her. "There he had always done," she said. "There is no change in you as far as I am concerned." The year following the young work-boy

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