

YOUNG FOOL'S CORNER.

ONLY A BOY.

I am only a boy, with a bright light and free; I am bringing up with much hard and trouble; I have a lark, and whittle and sing; And you think such a boy never care for a thing?

But boys have their troubles, the jolly they see; Their thoughts can go further than most people dream;

Their hearts are as open to sorrow as joy,

And each has his feelings though only a boy.

Now, oft when I've worked hard at pulling my wool,

Have done all my errands and tried to be good;

I think I might then have a rest or a play;

But how shall I manage? Can any one say:

If I start for a stroll, it is, "Keep off the street!"

If I go to the house, it is, "Merry! what fest!"

If I sit in a seat, "to," "Here! give me your hat,"

If I lounge by a window, "to," "Don't let me there!"

If I ask a few questions, "to," "Don't bother me!"

Or else, "Such a tumult I never did see!"

I am scolded or cuff'd if I make the least noise;

Till I think in this wild world there's no place for boys;

At school they are shocked if I want a good play;

And it's hard, for I don't see that boys are to blame;

And most any boy, too, will say just the same;

Of course a boy can't know as much as a man;

But we try so right just as hard as we can;

Have patience dear people, though oft we cry;

For the best man on earth once was only a boy.

How a Boy Saves his First Dollar.

The following story is true, and must please as well as comfort our young readers:

Many years ago, a gentleman from the town of Methuen, Mass., while on a visit to a prominent merchant in Boston, was asked by the merchant if he knew a boy in Methuen that he could recommend to work in his store. At first he could think of none, he knew that only a faithful, honest boy would suit the thrifty merchant; at last, however, he called to mind a boy of excellent character in his neighborhood, but stated he would hardly do, as his parents were very poor, and he had no education or other advantages to fit him for such a position.

But the description of the boy's habits pleased the merchant so much that he handed the gentleman a dollar with which to pay the boy's fare to Boston by stage, and requested him to send the lad to the city, and if on personal interview, he should not prove satisfactory, he would pay his fare back home again.

The gentleman, as requested, visited the boy's parents, and, stating the merchant's proposal, advised them to send the boy for trial. He then gave them the dollar which was to pay his fare to Boston, and departed.

Under similar circumstances ninety-nine out of every hundred boys would have said, "Now for a good time! I never saw a city, and never rode in a stage." Oh, there will be so much to see, and it will be such a long ride, and less is more, less to pay my fare!" No, so will this boy.

Putting the money carefully into his pocket, he said to himself, "This is the first dollar I ever had. How I wish I could save it! It is only twenty-five cents to Boston. I can walk there in a day. I'll do it and save my dollar."

His mother patched up his clothes as well as she could, and early next morning the little fellow parted with his father and mother at the door of their humble home, and set out on his long tramp to the great city, which he reached, tired and dusty, a little before sunset. He found the merchant, who sternly asked:

"Where have you been all day? The stage came in here a few hours ago."

The boy thought he had displeased the merchant at the outset, and with downcast eyes and tremulous tone, he answered:

"I did not come in on the stage, sir."

"Did not come on the stage? What do you mean? Didn't I send you money to pay your fare?"

The boy thought it was all up with him, and, through the gathering tears, he managed to reply, "I am very sorry, sir. I did not mean to offend you. I thought I would walk and save the dollar. I never had one before."

Placing his hand gently upon the boy's head, the merchant replied, "My little man, you're exactly right. Come home with me, and get some supper." Then, turning to a bystander, he remarked, "I would not take a thousand dollars for this boy to-day."

The boy's grown up to manhood, and has since become widely known in business circles. He is now the owner of the extensive mill at Methuen, the Peabody mills at Lawrence, a banking house in Boston and one of the finest farms in Massachusetts.

Three Jolly Husband.

Three jolly husbands, out in the country by the name of Tom Banks, John Smith, and Bill Walker, set late one evening drinking at a village tavern until, being pretty well "cotted," they agreed that each one, on returning home, should do the first thing that his wife should tell him, in default of which he should do the next morning, pay the bill.

The next morning Walker, his wife, and Smith were early at their posts, but it was some time before Banks made his appearance. Walker began first:

"You see, when I entered my house the candle was out, and the fire gone, but a glimmering of light. I came near accidentally walking into a pan of hot butter that the pancakes were to be made of the morning. My wife, she was greatly out of humor at getting up so late, said to me, sarcastically,

"Bill, do put your foot in the butter!"

"Just as you say, Maggie, and without the least hesitation I put my foot in the pot of butter, and then went to bed."

Next, John Smith told his story:

"My wife had already retired in her

usual sleeping room, which adjoins the kitchen, the door of which was shut, and not being able to navigate myself straight, you know, I made a dreadful clattering among the household furniture, till my wife, in a very pleasant tone, bawled out:

"Do break the porridge pot, John!" "No sooner said than done. I seized hold of the handle of the porridge pot, and struck it against the chimney-piece, breaking it in a hundred pieces. After this exploit I retired to rest, and got a certain lecture all night, for my pains."

It was now Tom Banks' turn to give account of himself, which he did with a very long face, as follows:

"My wife gave me the most unlucky command in the world, for I was thundering up stairs in the dark when she cried out:

"Do break your rotten neck to-day!"

"I'll be cursed if I do, Kate," said I, as I gathered myself up. I'd soon pay the bill, and so I hurried, here's the cash for you, and this is the last time I'll ever risk five dollars on the count of my wife!"

I ask a few questions, like, "Don't bother me!"

Or else, "Such a tumult I never did see!" I am scolded or cuff'd if I make the least noise;

Till I think in this wide world there's no place for boys;

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Of course a boy can't know as much as a man;

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Have patience dear people, though oft we cry;

For the best man on earth once was only a boy.

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