

The Young Folks

HONEST POLITICS:  
An Honest Man  
wants an  
Honest Legislation  
case, in an  
Honest manner  
and through an  
Honest medium,  
through an  
Honest use of  
Honest Politics  
Honesty joins in an  
Honest cause.  
To  
Honestly  
Assimilate  
the  
Right Power,  
and  
Honorable  
achievement of an  
Honest purpose  
to secure his country's  
HONOR.

A RECEPTION.

"My mother says it's a dangerous experiment."

"My mother says she don't see how anyone can do so."

"My mother says she thinks it's all right."

In a pleasant room, which was fitted up with desks, maps, blackboards and other helps to study, were grouped together five little girls. They, with one other, Florence Bremer, were the members of Miss Thornton's select school. Hitherto they had been the only members, but now, on opening day, the twelfth of September, a new scholar was to be added. It was about her coming that they were talking so earnestly.

"My mother says she thinks it's all right," repeated Sophie Ayler, a sweet-faced but not handsome child. "She went to call on Mrs. Bremer yesterday, and so she knows all about it."

"Well, what does she know? Do tell us as fast as you can." This from Fannie Small, one of the two boarding pupils.

"She knows the whole story, and it's this: Two or three weeks ago there came a young English woman to board next door to Mrs. Bremer's. They take summer boarders there it seems. The lady was ill when she came. Mrs. Bremer policed her as she sat on the piano, and went over to see her. She found out that her name was Thirwell; that her husband had lately died of consumption, and that she was dying of it, too. Her little girl's name is Alice. Mrs. Thirwell has gone too the home of a sister who will take care of her, but who has so large a family of her own that she does not know how to make room for Alice. Mrs. Bremer, you know, is very benevolent, so she has taken Alice into her own house and has engaged Miss Thornton to teach her."

"Well, I don't think it's fair anyway," said Amy Clarkewell, a black-eyed girl, who had not before spoken. "We've got to study with her, and recite with her, and play with her, and I think they might have consulted us."

"About what?" asked Florence Bremer, entering suddenly. She had brought the new scholar with her, but had left her with Miss Thornton in another room.

"About bringing a stranger into our school."

"Why, Amy. Didn't you remember I was a stranger and took me in?" The minister preached on that last Sunday."

"Se he did; but I thought he meant it for grown folks."

"I think he meant it for us, too. Anyhow, I'd like to have the King say it to me when I get to heaven."

"What a queer girl you are," remarked Fannie Small. Yet she went upstairs to her own room and returned with a framed motto—Welcome—which she hung in a conspicuous place over a desk, standing by itself on one side of the room. Probably Fannie remembered how pleased she had been to find the motto in her room on the day when she came back from home. She looked at it a moment, then moved into another position over her own desk, and began putting her books into the one which had evidently been intended for the new scholar.

"You won't mind, will you, girls, if I change my seat. It would be lonely for Alice over here, all by herself."

By this time a different spirit had taken possession of the group. Instead of talking against the new-comer they were all planning how to receive her pleasantly. So contagious is a good example. So powerful are a few words fitly spoken.

When Miss Thornton entered with her charge the girls were all as friendly as possible; each one shaking hands heartily with Alice, and Fannie even going so far as to kiss her.

Before lessons began Fannie whispered to the teacher: "Miss Thornton, may we not all have a class together in here as we did on the last day of school?" Then Alice will have a good chance to get acquainted with us."

"Yes, my dear, you may; and you may run to the kitchen and ask Bridget to have a hot molasses cake ready for the occasion."

So when noon arrived a table was drawn out to the centre of the room and covered with a pretty cloth. The girls were all ready enough to fall into the arrangement, and accordingly, they opened their lunch-boxes and displayed the contents as temptingly as they knew how.

Sophie, who had some pocket money with her, ran, by permission, to the nearest candy store and returned with a package of chocolate caramels, which were eaten in limited quantities. Miss Thornton contributed various dainties, and altogether there was quite a feast. Besides that, there was plenty of talk and innocent fun, and altogether the reception was a decided success.

"What a delightful school!" Alice exclaimed as she and Florence left the door that afternoon. "I never was with such friendly girls. It seems to me that I love them already. Honestly, Florence, I don't feel like a stranger at all!" "Cousin Lois, is Christian Interpreter."

In Brief, And to the Point. Dyspepsia is dreadful. Distorted liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature.

The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order. Greasy food, tough food, sloopy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics.

But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this sad business and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy.

Remember—No happiness without health. But Green's August Flower brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle. Seventy-five cents.

CITY LIFE & BUSINESS  
OF A CHRISTIAN COMMUNION.

There's a city like a hole, And beyond the hole,

And behind you are ever ten thousand cities,

With what's that fine town with the gate?

For there's rest and peace "Walls" for the soul that's free from sin.

And beyond the shining portal Jesus waits.

CLOSURE.

Blessed home, then city like a bride.

Home that's built beyond the swelling tide,

Oh, the world's fine town with the gate,

With what's that fine town with the gate?

In the city just beyond the swelling tide,

There's a city like a hole, And beyond the hole,

And behind you are ever ten thousand cities,

With what's that fine town with the gate?

In that city clear as light there's a man fair and bright.

He prepared for us to make the party meet;

So my longing eyes I turn, while my soul

Is to transport home,

For I know upon thy threshold Jesus waits.

CHORUS.

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