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I wouldna gie a copper plack
For ony man that turns his back
On duty clear;
I wouldna tak his word or note,
I wouldna trust him for a groat,
Nor lift an oar in ony boat
Which he might steer.

I wouldna gie an auld bawbee
For ony man that I could see
Wha dinna hold
The sweetness o' his mither's name,
The kindness o' his brother's claim,
The honor o' a woman's fame,
For mair than gold.

—Mary A. Barr.

A FAIRY GODMOTHER.

"Oh, Willie, I do wish I had an apple, a real rosy cheeked apple, like the ones that used to grow in grandpa's orchard in Michigan."

Two feverish little hands came together supplicatingly, a wan, flushed face looked up from the pillow, with a piteous appeal in the child's blue eyes.

"Dear Nellie, I'd do most anything to get you one," said Willie, coming over to the side of the bed, and dropping his curly head on the pillow beside the little sick sister.

"Don't you suppose you could, somehow?" asked the thin, parched lips. "Isn't there a single penny left in the drawer?"

"Not a single penny. I've looked six times. I say, Nellie, this is an awfully hard world to live in."

"Such a hard world," echoed Nellie.

"Here I am, the head of this family," continued Willie, drawing his slender self erect, in order to do credit to his exalted position, "and other men don't seem to think I am of much account. I guess a fellow can be 'head of a family' if he isn't large, and the smaller he is the more he needs a lift from other 'heads of families.' I ought to be earning as much as a dollar a week, and nobody wants me, even for errand boy, 'cause I'm so small, and they think I can't carry big bundles. I only wish that they'd just let me try."

"There might be a penny stuck in a crack in the drawer," was the only answer Nellie's plaintive little voice made. "Mrs. Benson's got an uncommon big washing today, and mamma won't be back till most night, and it may be I won't care for an apple then, but I do want one now so very, very much."

"I might go down into the street and see if I couldn't earn a nickel in some way, only"——

"Only what, Willie?" asked Nellie's eager voice, as he hesitated.

"I promised mother I'd stay with you until she came back. She is worried about you, and she don't want you left alone."

"But I won't mind it, indeed I won't, Willie. I'll be thinking about the apple all the time, and I'm sure mamma won't mind. My mouth is so hot and dry, and the water isn't one bit good. Please go?"

"All right, I'll go, and I'll just make some one give me a job to earn an apple for you." Willie looked quite fierce as he made this threat; then, taking his rimless hat, he started down the stairs.

"I wouldn't wonder'n my old hat keeps me from getting work," he soliloquized, soberly, "but how's a fellow to get new hats an' things when nobody won't hire him? Let his dear mother scrub 'em out on the washboard, maybe. Hum, I'd be ashamed of a hat got in that way."

The hot sun beat down upon him as he passed along the street, and he kept thinking and thinking of the little sick sister waiting for the apple. Yes, he must get one for her somehow. But how? That was the question that puzzled him.

His face brightened as he remembered that he had seen a man unloading wood at the Widow Hopkins' only the day before.

"She'll want some one to cut it for her," he thought joyously, "for, of course, a woman can't cut wood."

But when he reached the door a larger boy had just rung, having come on the same errand as himself, and, of course, the Widow Hopkins engaged the larger, stronger boy to do the work.

"Hello, Willie Plunkett; come and have a game of ball," called one of Willie's mates, for this boy Willie was a master hand at ball or any other game, and the boys enjoyed his society.

It was a great temptation, I assure you, but Willie had no thought of yielding to it. Remembering that he was "the head of the family," he replied emphatically:

"I can't. I'm looking for a job."

An old woman was going by, and, hearing these words from the lips of a very child, she turned and scrutinized his face closely.

Just at that moment—was it an accident? or do you think she did it purposely?—her foot slipped, and away rolled several brown paper bundles she was carrying in her arms.

"Dear me! Dear me! What ever shall I do?" she exclaimed in dismay.

Quick as a flash Willie sprang to her assistance.

"Did you sprain your ankle, marm?" he asked, solicitously, as he carefully brushed the dust from one of the parcels with his jacket sleeve.

"I suppose you want to be paid for picking up my packages?" she queried, in a sharp, squeaky voice, that exactly matched her thin, sharp face with its long nose and keen gray eyes.

Willie's sensitive face flushed a vivid scarlet.

"I'd be ashamed to take pay for picking up a lady's bundles for her, he said, his young voice swelling with indignation.

"You would, eh? I thought you were looking for a job?"

"And so I am, marm. I'm the head of a family and my little sick sister wants an apple real bad, but I wouldn't think of—of taking advantage of any one's accident, much less a lady's."

Willie caught his breath after the effort it had cost him to make such an elderly sounding remark, and there was a sly twinkle in the keen old eyes, but Willie did not see it.

"Here's a nickel, and good big pay it is for the little turn you did for me," she said, almost savagely.

Willie drew back, and threw up his head proudly.

"If you'll let me earn the nickel, I'll be glad to take it, for Nellie's sake," he said.

"I'll carry all these bundles home for you, and then you may give me the nickel."

"I live a long piece from here," the sharp voice made answer.

"It'll give me a better chance to earn the nickel," replied Willie, briskly.

"Very well. Step up spry then, right around the first corner, and mind you don't lag behind. I don't mean to give you a chance to slip any of the smaller bundles in your pocket."

The old eyes took note of every change in the boy's frank face, and how could Willie know that she was testing him, or her object in asking where he lived?

"I have an errand in this store," she said, as they were about passing a large grocery store. "Come in with me."

The proprietor, a tall, fine looking man, came forward and said:

"Where is your carriage, mother?"

She drew him to one side and held a whispered consultation with him, during which they both glanced often at Willie, guarding those brown bundles which the eccentric woman had been carrying home, because her carriage had not come for her at the moment she expected.

Presently she came up to him.

"This gentleman is going to send those things to my house, free of charge," she said, "and as a 'penny saved is two earned' I think I'll let him do it."

Without another word she walked out with dignity and took a seat in a carriage that had just driven up.

Willie choked, and two big, round tears slid over his cheeks, in spite of his brave efforts to keep them back. He had been so sure of an apple for Nellie, and the disappointment was bitter indeed.

The fine gentleman saw it all, but he had promised that queer little old mother of his something, and he let poor disappointed Willie go away without one encouraging word.

The whole hour had been wasted, and he must now go home without Nellie's apple.

Slowly his reluctant feet approached the door of his mother's room; slowly it swung open in his hand. How could he bear to see Nellie's eager, expectant face, when there was no apple to give her?

"Oh, Willie, Willie Plunkett," called Nellie's voice, the moment he stepped inside the door. "The queerest little old lady has been here, and she brought a lots and lots of apples and oranges, and she said you was to take the basket back to the store where she left you, and there'd be a job waiting for you."

"She did?" exclaimed Willie, explosively, his eyes round with amazement. "Did she have a cross looking face, and a scoldy voice, and eyes that look a fellow right through and"——

"Why, no, she didn't," interrupted Nellie. "She had the loveliest old face ever was, and the sweetest voice and the kindest blue eyes. She only stopped about a minute, but I shall never forget her, never! And she is going to take me to ride in her carriage some day, and—oh, Willie Plunkett, I do really believe that she is our fairy godmother."

"So do I," said Willie solemnly. "If she can change herself like that she must be something of that sort. I believe I'll take the basket right back before the 'good fortune' all vanishes again."

"Do, Willie," entreated Nellie, as she set her white teeth into a juicy apple.

When Willie delivered the basket at the store he found that the "good fortune" had not vanished. He was given a position in the store, with a salary of $2 a week to commence with, and a promise of higher wages as he learned the business.

"I feel as though it is too much, sir," said Willie, modestly.

"Not for the 'head of a family,'" replied the proprietor, quizzically.

The time came when Willie saw only the smile and kindly eyes of the fairy godmother, as both children loved to call her; and her voice was always gentle when speaking to him, and he wondered how it could ever have sounded harsh and discordant.

Under her fairy touches the extreme poverty of the Plunketts vanished and comforts found their way into their humble home. A hundred better things came to them, all as the result of Willie's thoughtfulness in gathering up those scattered bundles.—R. H. Thorpe in Golden Era.

Centipedes and Prairie Runners.

Those who have made a study of the centipede say he never turns his mind to anything but mischief. He will crawl into a bed in the middle of the day and wait patiently until night, when the rightful owner crawls in, so he, the intruder, can improve his opportunity to get even with the human race, against whom he has a spite.

But man has a friend in the prairie runner, which is the name of a bird whose mission in life is to supervise the centipede census. This bird has a fondness for centipedes au naturel. If it were not for these industrious birds centipedes would be as plentiful as men who think they understand all about the tariff question. When a prairie runner discovers a centipede he takes the insect in his bill, and runs off with him. What the object of the bird is in running I cannot imagine, unless he, the bird, wants the centipede to admire the grace and swiftness of his motions. After giving the centipede a ride the prairie runner pauses, and passes the insect with a sideway chewing gum sort of motion through his bill, very much as a linen collar is passed through a patent clothes wringer. Then the centipede is pale and cold in death, and the prairie runner, which must be provided with a digester lined with sheet iron, swallows the insect endways.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Excellent High School Feature.

A novel and excellent feature has been introduced in the high school at Caldwell, Kan., which keeps a file of all the leading county papers, with magazines and papers for young people, all of which are accessible to the students at unemployed moments. Every afternoon a portion of the time is devoted to live topics of the day. On a recent Friday one of the students gave an extended account of the railroad strike, another of the death of Emperor William and his successor, others of the life of Miss Alcott, of the eastern blizzard, Oklahoma, etc.—Chicago Herald.

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AURANIA....Saturday, July 28th, 9 a.m
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Cabin, $60.00, $70.00 and $80.00 according to accommodation. Servants in Cabin, $35.00. Intermediate, $30.00. Steerage, $20.60. Return Tickets, Cabin, $110.00, $130.00, $150.00. Intermediate, $60.00. Steerage, $40.00.

Passengers taking the Mail Steamer at Montreal will leave Kingston on Tuesday 1:45 p.m., arrive at Montreal Tuesday night, and go at once on board the Ocean Steamer.

Passengers taking the Mail Steamer at Quebec, leave Kingston on the Wednesday 1:45 p.m.

Passengers taking the Mail Steamer at Rimouski, leave Kingston at 1:25 a.m.

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No. 5 Mixed leaves Kingston at 4:15 p.m.; arrives at Sharbot Lake at 7:10 p.m., Thursdays.

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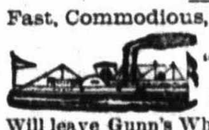

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