

EDDY'S TREASURE.

I've dot somefin white and warm!
 Nobody don't know I've dot it.
 Doin' up stairs to show mamma
 What I've dot in my pottet.

Biddy laid it in the barn,
 Hark! she's cacklin' now about
 it,

Tellin' all the other hens;
 But she'll have to do without it.

'Cause my mamma wants dat egg,
 Make a pie, or else a puddin'—
 Cookies, may be!—oh, I know
 Lots of sings dat eggs are good
 in.

'Tis a real beauty egg!

You may see it in dus a minute.
 Dear! vat ails my pottet now?
 Somefin wet and sticky in it.

Oh, dear me! what shall I do?
 Egg's all broke wight in my
 pottet,

Wish dat silly, cacklin hen
 Maked it stronger while she's
 'bout it.

—*Youth Companion.*

A CURIOUS CLOCK.

A clock recently patented in France is in imitation of a tambourine, on the parchment head of which is painted a circle of flowers, corresponding to the hour figures of ordinary dials. On examination two bees, one large and the other small, are discovered crawling among the flowers. The small bee runs rapidly from one flower to another, completing the circle in an hour, while the larger one takes twelve hours to complete the circle. The parchment is unbroken and the bees are simply laid on top of it, but two magnets connected with the clock-

work inside the tambourine move just under the membrane, and the insects, which are made of iron, follow them.

—O—

A FEW SCRAPS.

Shivers & Burns is the title of a firm in Wichita, Kan., and between the two they are able to enjoy medium weather.

In the last fourteen years 700 Protestant chapels have been built in Madagascar, making the total number at present is 1,200.

The rabbits are eating out the ranchers in Steptoe Valley, White Pine county, Nev. At night they come in whole armies and devour the growing crops.

STUPID ED

Elsie—Don't you like Ed.

Edith—No I don't.

Elsie—Why?

Edith—Well he was calling on me at home last night, and I undertook to show him how well I could whistle.

Elsie—Well what of that?!

Edith—A great deal of that. I just puckered up my lips as sweet and pretty as I could and, and then

Elsie—Well what then?
 Edith—He just let me go on and whistle.

THE LAST QUESTION.

We were artanged on the floor in front of the visitors on examination day to be looked at, and answer such questions as they or the teacher saw fit to ask.

"Where was John Rogers

burnt to death?" said the teacher to me in a commanding voice.

I couldn't tell.

"The next."

"Joshua knows," said a little girl at the foot of the class.

"Well," said the teacher, "if Joshua knows, he may tell."

"In the fire," said Joshua, looking very solemn and wise.

This was the last question, and we had liberty to make all the noise we pleased we pleased for five minutes, and then go home.—*Journal of Education.*



Can any of our readers tell us what country the above is a flag of.

ENTERTAINMENT!

The little folk at the Lincolnton Hotel will give an entertainment at that place to-night, for the benefit of the Thompson Orphanage, Charlotte, N. C. Admission: Adults, 10 cents, children, 5 cents.

COME!!!