- 1. In writing on business be sure to give the Postoffice at which you get your mail
- 2. In remitting money, always give both name and Postoffice. 3. Send matter for the mail department
- on a separate piece of paper from any thing for publication. 4 Write communications only on one
- side of the sheet.

MARJORIE GRAY. BY ADA M. E. NICHOLS.

Bythe in the sun of a summer's day Tripped little eld-fashioned Marjorie Gray, Maiden quaint of a long past day-Marjorie Gray! Loud sang the robins on branch and spray, Madly and gladly and long sang they, Carolled to Marjorie on her way-

Loud sang they! Eweet was the roses' breath in the air. Clear flowed the brook through the gardens fair, White lay the road in the sun's bright glare-Warm the glare!

But maid Marjorie, waiting there, Had not for heat nor dust a care. Knew not that she and the roses rare Were so fair;

Saw not the lithe and graceful hound Running to meet her with graceful bound, Leaping and springing over the ground-Farther away, with gaze profound,

And girlish forehead slightly frowned. Her eager eyes their object found -Gladly found! She was a little belle from the town. Dainty in manner and face and gown ;

He was a poet of no renown, Far from town; Yet the haughty eyes so brown, Under the poet's smile or frown, Gleaned with joy, or, shy, looked down,

Soft and brown. Ead that one could not leave them so. Maiden and poet of long ago, Meeting with joy by the old hedge-row-

Long ago. But time's departure, steady and slow, With years of roses and years of snow, Has wrapped the park in chill and glow-Roses and snow.

Marjorie married the son of a peer; Marjorie's life was short and drear; Forgotten she, for many a year, In church-yard drear: While to the poet's record dear Came sweet fame and a long career.

Biessed career! Blithe was that summer passed away; Tender the post that sunny day-

Flown are the birds from tree and spray; Dust is sweet hitle Mariorie Gray; Deathless the he Welladay!

Fortune, and love, and all things dear-

-Harper's Magazine.

It was a little village called Blunder -not in Fairy-land but in Maine landjust out of the shadow of the solemn forests, and where it could see and flash back the smile of the restless, dancing, moaning sea; and perhaps that was the reason that it was such a busy little village, for, although it had only one street and a church and a schoolhouse (oh! and a blacksmith shop), it was the most uneasy little place imaginable-and so conceited.

LOVE'S STRATAGEM.

In the middle house of the right-hand row lived the musician of the place-a little wrinkled old man, with a wooden leg, ratty hair and a hooked nose, and a face that was always wrinkling up, as if It were making a net to catch ideas. They called him "the professor," and the squire's daughter and the doctor's daughter and the lawyer's wife, and the two rich old maids that are to be found in every village, and six of the minister's "olive branches," took lessons of him. And on summer evenings, when he used to sit playing Herr Worstanadrum's adagio movement, in G double-sharp minor, all the village used to gather round his house, and say, softly, one to

"What a great man is the professor, and what a wise and enlightened and noble and art-loving people are we Bluudernarians!"

He was a very absent man this professor; for his brain was so full of crotchets and quavers that he couldn't tell a cup of coffee from a sheet of music, and wore his wooden leg upside down half the time; and whenever his daughter Martha (who was a sort of Maine fairy, and kept his house in order. and his queer old ideas straightened out) would say, " Father, the squire's daughter, or the doctor's daughter, is waiting for you," off went the professor like a shot-his faded dressing-gown streaming in the wind, his ratty locks uncovered, and his sound foot, without shoe or stocking, hopping through the streets like mad; and then all the Blundernarians would raise their hands and say once more, one to another :

"Oh, what a great man is the professor I'

But, after a while, there found his way to the village a young man, with dark, thoughtful eyes, and long, curling hair, who unpacked his trunks and set up a huge sign, announcing that he was a professor also. And all the neighbors, as they went by, used to sniff at it and

"I guess he can't play Herr Worstanadrum's pieces!" And there was a greater crowd round the old professor's house than ever.

The young man, however, didn't seem to take it much to heart; but one evening, when his neighbor had finished the adagio movement in G double-sharp minor, he sat down to his piano; and all the Blundernarians laughed-for the first few notes were not a bit like Herr Worstanadrum's.

He heard the laugh, but he played on; and, presently, there came through the window sounds like the rustling of pines and the murmur of water, and the songs of birds, and shouts of children. and tinkling of bells; and all the Blundernarians who didn't carry handker-

The Manntain Banner.

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aprons and jacket-sleeves: and bang! had been listening. And all that night he sulked in his easy-chair, and wouldn't speak a word to his daughter Martha when she urged him to go to

After that, the squire's daughter found out what handsome eves the young professor had, and told the doctor's daughter; and then all the Blundernarians discovered that the old professor was out of date, and shabby, and crusty, and queer, and a goose instead of a swan; and in a little while his pupils had all dropped off. And the crowd was around the young man's window, who had always something new to play; and the old man sat scowling in his easy-chair, or played Herr' Worstanadrum with the loud pedal, and half suf- longer. focated Martha and himself, because he wouldn't have the windows opened.

Poor little Martha went around with ber blue eyes swimming in tears, and her rosy lips quivering all the time; and whenever she passed the young man's window she used to dart such savage glances at it as, if they had been pistol balls, would certainly have made an end of him-as he always happened to be there when she went by.

So matters went on, till one evening, when Martha was almost as sulky as her father-because that day she had lost one of her two handkerchiefs-in her indignation at the professor's presuming to bow to her, the door opened, and the dark-eyed stranger came quietly in, holding her handkerchiefs as a flag of truce.

Martha reddened, and her father was so tart and crusty that she was frightened; but the young man would not go till he-had heard He "r - Worstanadrum's adagio-whereupon the old professor, who was flushed and angry, played it | and I must go." terribly out of time, m. le false notes, and at last got his poor old hands so entangled that he gave a terrible bang and came away, vowing that the piano was entirely out of tune. .

There was quite a silence, and then the stranger rose to go; but the surly old man fancied that he was frightened at Herr Worstanadrum, and would not hear of his stirring till he played like-

With a deep nigh, the roung man seated himself at the instrument. The professor wrinkled his face, took off his spectacles and cocked his ear critically, while Martha turned her back to hide her tears-till, hearing a great sniff behind her, she saw that her father was weeping, and making the most-terrible grimaces to hide it.

When he had finished, the old professor got up, and shut the piano without a word; and Martha, flushed and trembling, went with the stranger to the door-for she knew from her father's look that he was saying to himself that

he would never play again. On the door-step she thought to look at the handkerchief; but it was finer than'any she had ever owned, and beautifully embroidered.

"Take it," she said, handing it back. "This is not mine."

"I know it," answered the young man; "but I kept yours purposely. Gold would not buy it of me." And, with a grave bow, be went away.

"What was that young jackanapes saying to you?" asked her father, when she came back.

ceive, told him every word. "Oh, Ito!" growled the old man, "I'll have him there. If he has stolen away my pupils, he shan't have my daughter. The next time he comes, you're not to

Martha, who did not know how to de-

let him in-do you hear, Martha?" "Yes, sir," answered Martha. And, letting fall a pile of plates, broke half of them, tore her only gown in trying to save them, burned her fingers when she lighted her father's pipe, got well

scolded and went crying to bed, After that, every morning was laid on the door-steps a brace of birds, a basket of fruit, or some fine fish, always for the away. professor, who began to fancy that some of his old friends had at last remem bered him, and chuckled mightily over adagio every day?" them to Martha, who blushed red as a

rose, but never said a word. One morning, however, the old manwho was as curious as a wonfan-took it in his head to find out whether it rained fish, birds and fruit, or whether he had still a friend in Blunder; and, posting himself behind the curtains, watched the door-steps as a cat would a mouse. till, to his horror, he descried the darkeyed young professor in the very act of depositing a superb haunch of venison.

"You scoundrel! you villain! you coward!" shrieked the old man in a fury, throwing open the window; "you wretch ! you poisoner ! you pettifogger ! you huckster! you mummy! you-Here, as he could think of nothing

else, he threw his wooden leg at him, The young man picked it up, and politely handed it to Martha, who came running to the window, as by this time did also half of the Blundernarianswho, being only half awake, and hardly dressed at all, decided that the young professor had been trying to poison the

chiefs fell to wiping their eyes on their act of trying to elope with Martha: that the house was on fire: that the old prowent the window of the professor, who fessor was crazy; that he was drunk, and a variety of equally consistent and sensible opinions. But the truth of the mat' ter leaking out (as it always will little ones, no matter how deep they bury it). the Blundernarians exclaimed, with one voice, that the old professor was an idiot and an ass, and, as idiots and asses have no right to live, unanimously resolved to starve him out, by depriving Martha of the little work by which she had been able to support her father and herself. Only the minister's wife couldn't be made to see that she ought to starve a fellow creature because he was poor and cross, and between her and the darkeyed stranger, who used to smuggle his contributions now into the kitchen, they managed to struggle on for a few months

> At last, one day, Martha found the dark-eyed stranger himself in the kitchen, and was going to blush and scream, but concluded to cry, when he

told her that he was going away.
"I have ruined your father," he said, sorrowfully, "and he won't let me repay him; so you see I must go."

"It will do no good," answered Martha. "Some one else will come. You have taught other people too much. They will never come back to Herr Worstanadrum."

"But there is another reason," he said. "I am very unhappy. I love a little blue-eved girl, who is my next-door neighbor, but her father hates me, and I don't think she would marry me without his consent-do you?" And he looked straight into Martha's eyes, as if she knew anything about it. "I don't think she would," answered

Martha, "if she is a good girl." "She is very good," he said, positively: "so you see there is no hope for me On which Martha whispered some-

thing in his ear-to which he said: "Do you think so?"-to which she answered: "I know so!"-on which he said: "I'll try"-and went away. That evening the professor was quite

alone, and the door was open. He was wondering what kept Martha so long, and grundling terribly as he smoked his pipe, when in came the dark-eyed

"I came to make my peace with you," he said, mournfully. "I am going

"Take a seat, sir," said the professor, growing civil at once.

"I am going," he repeated, seating himself close to the old man. "for two reasons. The first is, that I love your daughter Martha, and am sure you won't let me have her; but the principal one 18-Herr Worstanadrum."

"Herr Worstanadrum!" repeated the old man, opening his eyes very wide.

"Yes, I am tormented by the recollection of your superior excellence. My style of playing pleases; it is popular. Why? Because the vulgar can understand and appreciate it-just like the children like the primer better than Cicero's orations. Yours is the true school-the only fountain of excellence. But it is only great minds like yours that can comprehend the meaning of such wondrous melodies like those of Herr Worstanadrum; but to play them -ah! that is reserved for you. I have tried, and failed-"

"Really!" interrupted the old man, hugely delighted.

Yes, really. I am continually trying to recall it, but in vain. It haunts me; it crazes me; and since I cannot bear the torture, I fly-"

But the professor was already at the long-closed piano.

"You shall not go away, my poor boy. I will play it for you every day, and perhaps you might learn it by degrees. It is not your fault, you know. if you did fail."

"Impossible," returned the young man, sadly. ''You are only too good ; but I cannot stay.-" "Not if I will give you Martha?"

urged the old man-as eager to keen him as he had ever been to drive him "That might alter the ease," he said.

" I will if you like." And he did. And the young professor, with his arm around the waist of his blue-eyed wife, smiles as the old man crashes away at

"Herr Worstanadrum," saying pityingly: "Poor fellow! he can never play it." Reader, it is not probable that there are any such cross-grained, quaint, crotchical, fog-brained old curmudgeons nowadays: butif ever you should chance to stumble on any, find out their particular "Herr Worstanadrum," and go and do likewise.

The Swiss Way.

In the Canton of Geneva, Switzerland every country school-master is required to know something of agriculture and natural history, to the end that he may instruct his pupils therein. Every vil-lage has its night school, in which lads and young men who have attended the communal school the required termuntil the completion of their thirteenth year-may obtain further instruction in matters relating to their calling; and, during the winter, lectures are given in the village school-rooms-sometimes in the village churches - by professors old one; that he was discovered in the from the University, on agricultural chemistry and kindred subjects.

FUN AHEAD.

An Improved Congressional Record. If Congress resolve to act upon the uggestion made by Senator Miller the Congressional Record be weekly and sent to every family in the country, some modification ought to be made of the contents of the Record. The paper is much too heavy and dismal in its present condition to be welcomed in the ordinary American household. Perhaps it might have a puzzle department, and if so one of the first puzzles could take the shape of an inquiry how it happens that so many Congressmen get rich on \$5,000 a year. The

department of Answers to Correspondents could be enriched with references to letters from office-seekers, and the department of Household Economy could contain explanations of how the members frank their shirts home through the postoffice so as to get them in the family wash. As for the general contents, describing the business proceedings of the Senate and House, we recommend that these should be put into the form of verse. We should treat them, say, something in this fashion:

Mr. Hill Introduced a bill To give John Smith a pension. Mr. Bayard Talked himself tired. But said nothing worthy of mention.

This would be succinct, musical and in a degree impressive. The youngest readers could grasp the meaning of it and it could easily be committed to might be depicted in such ams as shop.

Twas indignantly responded to by Smith of Ala

Whose abominable talk was silenced by the Speaker's hammer. Then Atkinson of Kansas rose to make an explana-

But was pulled down by a colleague in a state of indignation. And Mr. Alexander, in a speech about insurance, Taxed the patience of his hearers, pretty nearly past endurance.

After which Judge Whitaker denounced the recip-It would be advisable of course to vary

the meter as much as possible in order to prevent the monotony which would otherwise dull the interest of the reader. After giving the proceedings in the House as above, something of a more spirited pature perhaps could be inserted into the Senate reports. Suppose,

for example, the pages devoted to the Senate should lead off with 'something of this kind: Then up rose Smith, of Florids, the best of the de

baters. And spoke about his measure for protecting alligat-He showed how tourists shoot at them without re-

gard for reason, And asked to have it made a crime to bill them out Then Brown he moved amendment by inserting

Compelling alligators not to operate their jaws: But Smith he up and said of him who thought the

economical. And Brown, responding briefly, wished to say in this connection That smith in guarding reptiles had an eye to self

protection. hen Smith he flung a volume of the Message and Reports. And Brown was laid upon the floor a good deal out

Of course versification of the Congressional Record would require the services of a poet laureate of rather unusual powers. If Congress shall accept seriously the suggestions which we make with an earnest desire to promote the public interest, we shall venture to recemmend the selection of the Sweet Singer of Michigan as the first occurant of the laurente's office .- Our Continent,

FINDING THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA. A Russian naval officer has invented a very ingenious apparatus for ascertaining the depth of the sea without the use of a costly and heavy line. Indeed, no line at all is used. The instrument consists of a piece of lead, a small wheel with a contrivance for registering the number of revolutions, and a float, While the apparatus sinks the wheel rehesitatingly. "But would you play the volves, and the registered revolution indicates the depth. When the bottom is reached the lead becomes detached, the float begins to act, and the machine shoots up to the surface, where it can easily be fished up by a net and the reg-

A STORY is told in India of a parrot which had learned so many phrases of English that it constructed & grammar of the language, and, being missed one day, was at last found perched on the top of a tamarind tree instructing all the parrots of the neighboring jungle in the rudiments of syntax. There are people disposed to disbelieve parrot stories, yet some of them can be positively substantiated. So, for instance, one of our rerpected citizens, wooing a widow, was interrupted at a critical moment in his fervent address by a voice from the cage in the window asking, in sorrowing tones. "Who kissed the cook?"-The

made of bronze STRIVE for the best, and provide against the worst,

THE BARBER.

Outline Sketch of a Professional Career. The barber, children, is of an extinct species. The hair-dresser and tonsorial artist of the present day are supposed, however, to be descendants of the barber in direct line.

The barber is a treacherous creature. He is never to be depended upon. He has been known to cut his best friends.

He is remarkably sharp in a business transaction, and will shave you if you give him a chance. In fact, shaving may be said to be his business. The barber is a strapping fellow, and

quently seen him take a man by the nose without the least provocation. He always wants his hone way, and is

is ever ready to raise a row. I have fre-

always ready for a brush. He has his shortcom(b)ings, to be sure. and is apt to stir up your dander; but he has a very smooth tongue, and knows how to lay on the lather.

He is generally honest in his judg ments, and sincere in pooh-poohing shams and delusions; but at the same time he is given to a great deal of shampooing.

I can't say that he was ever charged with murder, but thousands of people dye in his chop yearly. Formerly the barber was a surgeon

also, and used to be paid for bleeding his customers. Nowadays he draws blood without extra charge. The barber sees a great many af-

Anding scenes. There is a good deal memory. Or a scene in the Kansa of parting going on every day in his

The barber seldom uses nails when A very able speech was - 3 by Cos of Minnesota shingling, though he may use them

The barber is a very secretive fellow. You will find locks everywhere about his

He has very little recreation. Curling is his chief amusement. He always stands well in his profes-

sion. You will generally find him at the He never makes game of his work unless hair-dressing may be considered

a rare bit of pleasantry. The barber has to stand a great deal from his customers. He does not care, however, how much cheek they display in his establishment, and the more chin they give him the better he likes it. The barber's wife goes shopping, just like other women, though she ought to be able to get hirsuit at her husband's establishment. She probably prefers to

whisker round elsewhere. Though the barber may have no children to receive his inheritance, there are always many hairs apparent at his

The barber's motto is: "Soap on,

There are many more things I might tell you of the barber, but he is a great conversationalist; and amply able to

DISAPPEARANCE OF THE SCHOOL-MASTER.

It is the excessive amount of system

speak for himself .- Boston Transcript.

in our wholesale methods of teaching that prevents the best results in any department. The pressure of quantity does not give the teacher time to mold character. Dr. Arnold himself could not have been Dr. Arnold if he had been required by a Board of Education to Every one who duz the best they ken iz teach the greatest possible amount of arithmetic and geography within a given time. It is probable that Dr. Arnold would have been considered wanting in the requirements of an American schoolteacher of the present day. It is certain he would have found himself hopelessly trammeled, as many an aspiring teacher finds himself trammeled, by the expectations of his employers. The teacher who would fain be less of a machine-who would like to take time to do some thorough training, and to develop the men and women of the future-gets no opportunity. He must bring the largest possible crop of arithmetic and geography at the end of the year; all his better work in building character will count for nothing with the "board." Then

putting every boy and girl in the town tem, prevent baldness, cure lockjaw and to clicking telegraph keys. course, it is rare that anything is taken nuts couldn't grow in this country on out. The school-master finds no place account of the weather fooling around on which to stand. His individuality so much. Milk was added without comis utterly repressed. He is a mere cog- ment, and the mixture well shaken and wheel in a great machine. He sinks poured out in a tumbler and handed to down at last to the level mediocrity Brother Gardner. He gulped it all down which machines always produce; he be- with evident relish, and remarked that comes a hearer of lessons, a maker of he should hereafter encourage chemistry registers, a worker for examination with all his might. - Lime Kiln Club. week. It is not chiefly his fault that he does not do higher work. There is We have often seen a statue of Clay hardly space for it, and there is no market for it .- Century Magazine.

deceive.

THE HISTORY OF GERRYMANDER.

It is interesting to recall the history

of "gerrymandering." It began in

Massachusetts, and this was the way of it: In 1811, when party feeling ran high and voters in the State were very evenly divided, the Republican-Democrats for the first time in a number of years elected the Governor and a majority of both branches of the General Court, and, to preserve their power, they rearranged the Senatorial districts and made them of irregular shape so as to give themselves a majority in as many as possible. Nothing of the kind had ever been done before, the move excited bitter opposition among the Federalists, and Eldridge Gerry, then Governor and for years a leading Democrat, came in for a great share of the denunciation. One district was made of a line of towns on the westerly and northerly sides of Essex county, forming something like room sandwich. an irregular letter F. The Boston Santinel was the leading Federalist paper, and Russell, its editor, to show plainly I must confess that in one point at least what was being done, took a map of the county, colored the towns on it included in the peculiar district and hung it taste!" up in his office. One day Gilbert Stuart happened to see it, and, saying that it resembled some monstrous animal, took a pencil, and, with a few strokes, indicated upon it head, wings and claws, so that the new district looked like some kind of a strange dragon. "There." said he. "that will do for a salamander." "Salamander!" exclaimed Russell; "call it 'a Gerry-mander!'" And so the new proceeding found a name. This was in the spring of 1812, and at the election of that year it appeared that the first gerrymandering was effectually done for: although the Federalists elected their Governor, they got but eleven out of the forty Senators, and this while they had a handsome majority for their votes for Senators than did their opponents who elected so large a majority of them. This result, however, made a was not allowed to stand .- Springfield

JOSH BILLINGS.

(Mass.) Republican.

If you will sit down and wait, yung man, at least one haff ov the good things ov life will at some time eddy around near yu, while the more yu chase them the more they will break into a run. All ov natur's works are a part ov a

mistakes, creates no vacancy, and guess-Ideas are what wins; but if a man supper on a rag."

hain't got but one he is very apt to run that one into the ground, and take himself along with it.

dom, and iz liable at enny time to merge | to find the ground covered with the first

often is very near at hand, like the old Frost has laid right down!" woman's spectacles. After hunting for them hi and lo she found them at last

safe on her nose. Gravity iz bekuming to a fool at all times, but only to a wize man on state

Verry meuney seek knowledge, not so much for the truth az for the speculashun thur ig in it. Heroizm 12 simple, and yet it iz rare.

Buty iz a dangerous gift. The vanity it inspires, and the base flattery it at-

Charity makes no mistakes that she

tracks its possessors, are not to be en-

ken be charged with. There iz great art in knowing how to give without creating an obligashun. Az selfish and ill-bred az the mass ov mankind age, I perfer to live with them rather than to go into solitude and try to live with myself.

Gratitude is a word that vu will find in the dictionarys, but yu will not find much of it empywhere else.

CHEMISTRY.

Some time since the director of the museum was granted leave to provide there are hobby-riders, seeking to drive himself with apparatus and chemicals in into the already over-crowded course order that he might make some experisome special study. The arts of design ments for the benefit of the club. Being are often useful in a business way, there- now called upon to report progress, he fore drawing shall be universally ex- came forward with his first experiment, acted of the pupils. Music is charming Taking up an egg, he explained its prot home, therefore the vocal teacher portions of lime, albumen and sugar, must have place. In one considerable and broke it into a tin dish. He then city, a wealthy merchant in the Board poured in a gill of whisky, and explained of Education, who found telegraphy val- that whisky was the juice of corn and nable in his own office, has succeeded in was principally used to tone up the sysproduce pleasant dreams. He grated in But, no matter what is put into the a little nutmeg, and explained that the

THERE are two ways of being happywe may either diminish our wants or augment our means. The result is the same: and it is for each man to decide "Tis more blissful to forgive than to for himself, and to do that which may happen to be the easier,

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PLEASANTRIES.

THE Cyclops were an industrious race. They had a single eye to business,

WHEN you wake up at night and hear the baby crying, look out for danger, for there's a rock ahead.

"WHAT is love?" asks an exchange. Love, my friend, is thinking that you and the girl can be an eternal picnic to

each other. - Salem Sunbeam. A LECTURER is telling "How We Hear." It is easily told. Somebody tells a friend of ours and tells him not

to tell. That's the way we hear. SAYS Wilde to Kate Field, " My legs are revealed, " Says Kate Field to Wilde,

"So little-cor child!" A MAN never realizes, remarks a commercial traveler, how plentiful mustard is and how scarce are bread and meat. until he tackles a railway refreshment-

A-"How no you like my bride? Do you approve of my choice?" B-"Well, she is far ahead of you." A-" What point do you mean?" B-"Good

WHEN a friend asked a reformed inbriate the cause of his reformation, he said: "As you are married you will quite understand it when I say getting tipsy made me see my mcther-in-law double f"

THE story of the discovery of a new nammoth cave in Kentucky was a hoax. The story was started by a man who saw Gov. Blankburn's mouth when he was shooting profanity therefrom at an offending newspaper reporter.

THE following letter to a French statesman is printed in Le Temps: "I have the honor to give fair notice to the First Minister that if he refuses me the pension for which I have applied I shall State ticket and actually cast 1,500 more henceforth vote as my conscience dic-A now who was recently taken to

church for the first time had his attengreat uproaf, and the gerrymandering | tion specially drawn to a man in the choir who was playing on a bass-viol. After leaving the church he inquired. "Papa, what was that thing the man kept scratching on its back with a Louie, aged 3, saw his mother mak-

ing a flaxseed poultice for his croupy brother. Louis could not see any difference between flaxseed and oatmeal. perfekshun ov a plan. She makes no So afterward, when mamma asked if baby wanted any supper, Louie exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, he's got his Mary was very much interested in the

frosty window panes, especially after being told that it was the work of Jack Cunning iz a weak imitashun of wis- Frost. When she awoke one morning snow she eyer remembered to have seen. Happiness has no abiding place, but she cried: "Oh, grandma, see! Jack

A LITTLE girl once took a letter from her mother to an old-lady friend. 'Many thanks, my child," she said; "you may tell your mother that you are a good child and a faithful little messenger." "Thank you, ma'am; and shall I tell her, too, that I didn't ask you for ten cents, because mamma told me not to?"

AT a Sunday-school in A., the superintendent, desiring to impress on the small scholars the "Trinity." asked: "How many samers have you ! Some

answered one, others two. "Have you not another father?" asked the superintendent. "Yes." answered a small boy of 6. "grandfather." The effect can be imagined. THOMAS and James had new suits of

clothing at the same time. Thomas kept his in the wardrobe, nice and clean; but James put his right on, and wore it every day-so it became shabby after a time. Thomas' suit, on the contrary. was as good as ever when James' was worn out. When the boys' father saw the condition of his sons' clothing he straightway bought a new and nobby suit for James; but, as Thomas' suit was as good as ever, he got no new clothes. Both boys have now suits equally good, but the cut of Thomas is somewhat archaic. James says Thomas

is an awful guy .- Roston Transcript. THE OTHER HORN.

"Mister." began a small boy, as he autered a Woodward avenue grocery. ma bought some mackerel here last

" Yes." "And, in making change, you gave

"No, I didn't! I haven't had a quarter with a hole in it for a month !" "But ma says you gave her a-" "Don't believe it-don't believe it!

I remember, now, I gave her a halfdollar, a quarter and a mickel." " Ma says you gave her a gold piece for a penny, and here it is,"

" (food gracious alive ! but so I didso I did! I remember now that I gave her a dollar bill and a lot of small change. Bub, what's your name, and do you think you can eat three sticks of lemon candy? Ah! it does me good to find honesty and reward it!"-Detroit

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