

THE GIRL WHO LAUGHS.

This girl who laughs—God bless her!—
Thrice blest herself the while;
No music of earth
Has nobler worth
Than that which voices a smile.

END OF MONEY.

"But does it never occur to you,"
asked the curate as he poured two
teaspoonful of coffee into his cup,
"does it never occur to you to ask
yourself what is the good of it all?"

"You never regret—you see, after all
money is not everything, is it?"
"That observation is frequently
made," said the millionaire, thought-
fully, "and it is misleading. Money is
not everything, but it is a nearer
thing to everything than anything else.
There is a good deal of good that can't
be done without it. It is comforting
and, of course, one gets the same
kind of thing about birth. Personally,
I always mistrust anything that
comforts."

"But is it all cant? Take the ques-
tion of health, for instance. Money
cannot give health, and it is better to
be well than to be wealthy."

"I often wonder why people go on
saying that money cannot give health,
when they must see every day that
money does give health, and that pov-
erty causes illness. If work is injuri-
ous to me I can afford to give it up. If
I have to winter abroad I can do it
easily, without considering the ques-
tion of expense. If an operation is re-
quired, I can pay the man to do it, and
under the very best conditions. The
poor man can do none of these things.
My ordinary way of life is much more
healthy than his. The food that I eat
is of the best quality and in perfect
condition, while he eats adulterated
rubbish and stale garbage. His house
is ill warmed and insanitary, and
mine is perfect in these respects. The
poor man dies, and in nine cases out
of ten it serves him right."

"Isn't that rather a terrible thing
to say?" said the curate, nervously,
playing with his spoon.

"In nine cases out of ten poverty is
the result of stupidity. You blame a
man for his moral defects, and I blame
him for his mental defects; one is just
as fair as the other. And both the
mental and moral defects are about
equally capable of remedy."

"Surely not," said the curate, earn-
estly. "A sinner may be reclaimed,
but you cannot give a man an intel-
lect."

"You should use the same word in
both cases. You may reclaim a man's
intellect just as you reclaim his morals.
I have done it. I did it in my
own case. I admit that mental re-
clamation, like moral reclamation, is
rare."

"It all seems so dreary and fatalistic,"
said the curate.

"So it is," the millionaire agreed
cordially. "As I told you, I don't like
contending with it. The best fable that
ever was written was the fable of the
fox and the grapes. Everybody's a
gentleman who feels like it, and
wealth is not everything. Oh, yes! I
know these consolatory stories for
those who are out of it. But they are
only stories, and, as a matter of fact,
wealth is everything, as near as you
can get it. What wealth cannot do
nothing else can."

"The curate seemed to reflect for a
moment.

"Tell me," he said darkly, "do you
value the affection of your relatives
and friends and those whom you have
about you?"

"Of course," the millionaire owned.
"Perhaps one values that most of all."

"And do you mean to tell me," asked
the curate, flushed with triumph, "that
that kind of thing can be bought with
money?"

"The millionaire concentrated his at-
tention on his cigar with the air of a
man who can provide a platitude with-
out troubling to think.

"But, of course," he said, "you can
buy affection as easily as you can buy
a pound of tea, and on almost the same
commercial principles."

"The curate stuck to it.

"Are you sure that it is genuine af-
fection?" he said.

"There," said the millionaire, "I
don't trouble myself. I get respect
and subservience while I am there, and
really I don't care what they say when
I am not there. You see, I don't think
about these people very much. It would
amuse me if they showed hostility to
me while I was with them. It would
give one all the trouble of having to
think of new things to say. But they
are perfectly welcome to say what they
like behind my back, because they
haven't got any money worth mention-
ing, or any position, and they don't
matter. But as a matter of fact,
money can generally buy genuine af-
fection, an affection that is just as real
as that where there has been no value
received."

"Really, this is too cynical," said
the curate.

"Not at all," replied the millionaire;
"if fact, I am on the whole less cynic-
al than you. I still believe in grate-
tude, and it would appear that you
don't. Generosity is an admirable and
popular quality. You must admit
that. And it is very easy for a rich
man to be generous; he just plugs in a
few present, as a gardener puts in
seeds, and afterwards he gets the
fruits—quite genuine fruits, too. I
sometimes wonder how anybody who
is not a millionaire believes in genuine
affection; it is certainly a luxury for
the rich."

"Well," said the curate, with a sigh,
"you must not let me off. We owe \$250
on the Church Rectory at St. Bar-
nabas. I'll see if it makes me think
more highly of you."

"I never subscribe; I either do a
thing or I leave it alone. I'll tell you
what I'll do. I'll wipe out this debt for
you altogether if you preach the opin-
ions you have heard from me from the
pulpit."

"The little curate got quite excited.
"I'd sooner steal the money and then
cut my throat," he said. "If I could
have all your money at the price of
having your views of life as well, I
wouldn't do it."

"The millionaire smoked for a mo-
ment or two in silence.

"You're not a bad sort of fool," he
said at last.—Black and White.

Woman's Last Argument.
The last argument of a woman is
suddenly to see around and take
your side. It is declaring you have
come around to her side.—New York
Press.

ODDITIES OF THE ARCTICS.

How the Animals Change Color.—A Do-
mestic Tyrant.
During the summer months much of
the land becomes free from snow and
ice under the joint action of sun and
wind, and the snow that resists re-
sists is darkened by a deposit of fine
dust particles. In this season the ani-
mals wear their darker clothing, and
birds have, by way of change, a less
gaudy plumage. The background
against which they stand would betray
their presence if the white dress of
winter were worn now; then, too, it
makes it possible for the foxes, ducks,
and other animals and birds to gratify
a natural vanity by putting on, for a
time at least, another coat.

In winter, white is again worn. The
background is now snow and ice, and
the only chance which the Arctic
chicken now has to deceive the fox is
to roll up like a ball, and simulate a
lump of ice. The ice-bear is equipped
successfully to creep up on the ever-
watchful seal, because he looks like
the other blocks of white around him.
He remembers, however, his black
nose, and is said to be sharp enough to
cover it with his paw while approach-
ing his dozing prey.

The seal does not stop his search for
food until he has completely satisfied
his excellent appetite; then he takes a
good nap, lying upon the very edge of
the ice, or as close as possible to his
breathing hole. The slightest sound
will awaken him, and, without waiting
to find out the source or direction, he
rolls into the water. He can stay un-
der for only 35 minutes, but where he
will come up none can tell. This no
one knows better than the bear; and if
the bear realizes that it is impossible
to steal upon the leeward side of the
seal, having his black nose covered
with his paw and his bloodshot eyes
closed, when the seal has his open and
on the watch, he looks about for a fa-
vorable point of departure, dives un-
der the ice, and if he rightly judges the
distance and direction, he comes up at
the very spot where the seal had ex-
pected to go down. The seal's fate is
thus settled, and the bear's shrewd-
ness earns its reward.

The beautiful elder-tuck has often
been cited as an ideal mother, and
touching stories are told of her pluck-
ing the down from her own breast to
make the nest in which to hatch her
young. It is also said that if the hunters
take the down, she will despoil herself
for the second time, not calling upon
the selfish drake until she has literally
stripped herself. The drake is de-
clared to be strict in keeping his mate
to her duties, insisting that she shall
attend to the work of hatching. If
the duck ventures upon a walk, he does
not fail to take her place while she
goes gadding about, but perhaps know-
ing she is fond of idleness, cunningly
drives her back to her household duty.
The duck lays only five eggs, and if
she feels that her nest is large enough
and warm enough to hold more, she
boldly robs her neighbors, carrying
the eggs one at a time, under her
wing, until she has seven or eight.

However, when the brood is hatched,
the drake becomes the teacher to the
young. Not in swimming, for that
comes naturally, but in diving, which
is a means of flight as well as for find-
ing food. The little duck, coming in-
to life above water, hesitates to risk it
by going under, nor will he follow the
off-repeated example of his parents.

When it becomes necessary to resort
to force, the drake comes quietly near
the swimming pupil, suddenly throws a
wing over him, and dives down. The
little one is let go under the water,
and, coming to the surface unharmed,
even if somewhat startled, he is ready
to start diving on his own account.—
St. Nicholas.

PEARLS OF THE...
The busy have no time for tears.—
Byron.
Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds.—
Socrates.
What frenzy dictates jealousy he
leaves.—Gay.
Strong reasons make strong actions.—
Shakespeare.
Whatever makes man a slave takes
half his worth away.—Pope.

There is little sympathy where there
is not great sympathy.—S. f. Prime.
Maxims are the condensed good
sense of nations.—Sir J. Mackintosh.
Great talkers are like leaky vessels;
everything runs out of them.—C. Simons.
It is only reason that teaches sil-
ence; the heart teaches us to speak.—
Richter.
A judicious silence is always better
than truth spoken without charity.—
De Sales.
Idleness is only the refuge of weak
minds and the holiday of fools.—
Chestersfield.

Waste of time is the most extrava-
gant and costly of all expenses.—
Theophrastus.
The world is full of hopeful ambi-
tions and handsome, dubious eggs
called possibilities.—George Eliot.

The Musical Gammites.
The Gammites are a musical people.
The well-to-do own pianos, and are
fair musicians; others have organs,
and many, many more possess accord-
ions. They enjoy singing and are
fond of American popular songs, such
as "After the Ball," etc. Their own
songs are rather harmonious. At night,
the voices rise in sharp, nasal tones,
singing the "novenas," a term applied
to nine days of special worship to
some particular saint. Novenas are
ever in evidence; for no sooner do they
finish with one than it is time for an-
other to begin; consequently "neigh-
borhood sings" are frequent.

The accords are pleasing to the na-
tives at their dances and fandangoes
or weddings. These latter always occur
Thursday mornings at 4 o'clock. The
names are cried in the church three
times before the wedding; Wednesday
evening there is a social gathering of
the friends and friends of the bride
and bridegroom, with dancing and re-
freshments; guests accompany the
happy pair to the church, where the
priest unites them. Often there are
three or four weddings on the same
morning, and happiness reigns su-
preme.—The Independent.

Painting on Human Skin.
Marcus Lorenzo, an Italian painter
who flourished in the last century,
one paid 200 francs for a piece of hu-
man skin no larger than a dinner-plate,
upon which to execute a landscape in
oil. The skin, which was chemi-
cally prepared to receive the paint,
was taken from the back of an aged
medical man for dissecting experi-
ments. The human parchment was
drawn tightly over a metal frame, and
the artist spent nearly seven months
in producing a painting that was after-
wards exhibited in various salons and
ultimately realized 84,000 francs.—
Ladies Mercury.

A GATEPOST ORNAMENT.

A pretty ornament for gateposts or
plaza rail is made of a tiny nail keg.
Have holes bored in the sides. As the
soil is filled in and patted firmly down
(using a potato masher for the pur-
pose) plant the seeds of various vines
at the holes. If the soil isn't well
pounded down as you fill the barrel,
when it settles after watering, the
seeds will be buried below the holes,
sinking with the dirt. Use coarse-
leaved vines sparingly, for the nail
keg should be a mass of living green.
At the top plant vines and plants and
set the whole where it will show off
to advantage. A large barrel could
be utilized for beautifying the stump
of a tree, if treated in the same way,
but I have seen only the small ones.—

MISS LAURA HOWARD.

President South End Ladies'
Club, Chicago, Cured by
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound After the Best Doc-
tors Had Failed to Help Her.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I can thank
you for perfect health to-day. Life
looked so dark to me a year or two
ago. I had constant pains, my limbs
swelled, I had dizzy spells, and never
knew one day how I would feel the
next. I was nervous and had no ap-
petite, neither could I sleep soundly
nights. Lydia E. Pinkham's Veget-
able Compound, used in con-
junction with your Sanative Wash, did
more for me than all the medicines
I had used. I have enjoyed perfect health
since. I wish all suffering women could
know of your remedy; it would be less
suffering I know."—LAURA HOW-
ARD, 113 Newbury Ave., Chicago, Ill.
—\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.



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Mrs. Pinkham invites
every woman who
is afflicted with
any of the
above ailments,
to write her for
a free trial.
Address: Lynn, Mass.,
giving full particulars.

A Journey to the Moon.
One day in the winter of 1864, I was
sick, staying home from school. I
thought I would like to see how they
manage things in the moon. Pretty
soon after this I shut my eyes, because
I was rushing through space. Having
arrived safely at a palace called the
Palace of Space, I knocked at the door.
It was opened by a giant half a mile
long, with a beard reaching to his
knees. I was frightened quite a bit,
but said bravely, "May I walk in and
visit the palace?" He replied, "Yes,"
and I walked in.

I asked if I could see King Sun and
Queen Moon. The giant said, "Maybe,"
and went to see. Pretty soon I was
upheld in to see them. Strange or say
there I saw my teacher and the class in
school. After I went out of the hall
in which were the king and queen, I
asked the giant if I could see the palace
and what office he held. He told me
that he was the porter, and that I
could see the palace. So I went round
with him, seeing the stars, and in fact,
everything.

When I was ready to go home, I
asked him how to go. He said he
didn't know. I was in a fix. Here I
was stuck up in the air, and I had no
way to get down. But, as luck would
have it, a wise star came along, called Sat-
urn, and he told me to go to Mercury
and borrow his slippers, and he would
tell me the rest. It was pretty hard
work finding him, but at last I did.
He gave me them, and told me to fly
by swinging my arms. I did fairly
well, and soon I was back in bed. I
stopped to take off the slippers; but
they weren't there! Mercury had come
and taken them away. I told mamma,
and she said it was a dream. I don't
believe it.—Christie's Register.

The Chestnut in Italy.
It is said that the chestnut was dis-
covered by the old Romans at a place
called Castanea, in Thessaly. They
called it the Castanea nut, whence
comes our name of chestnut. Strange
to say, they held it in high esteem, and
the patriarchs would not eat it, leaving
it to the common people. And the
common people soon found out how
good and nutritious it was, and it be-
came a regular article of food with
them.

In Italy today the nutting time is
one of the important seasons of the
year, for many of the people almost
depend on the chestnuts for their food.
So important is it that the schools are
required by law to have a vacation at
that time, so that the children may go
out and help the older people gather
the nuts. It is by no means a pleas-
ure excursion, but a regular industry.

Whole families go out into the hills
and camp there for a month. During
this time they cut the woods every
day—the women and children—ac-
cepting a heavy canvas suspended
from the waist, into which are put the
nuts as they are picked up from the
ground. They do not throw sticks and
stone into the trees to knock the nuts
down, as the boys in this country do,
but gather only those that have fallen
out of the burrs. The nuts ripen un-
der the combine action of the sun and
the frost, and the burrs then open and
the nuts drop to the ground. The crop
is so abundant that the gatherers al-
ways find enough to keep them busy.

Some of the nuts are saved to be
eaten as nuts, but most of them are
dried and ground into flour, from
which a kind of porridge called polenta
is made. Little cakes, called neci,
are also made out of it.

The drying is done in huts built out
on the hills specially for that purpose.
The nuts are spread out on the floor,
and a low fire is kept in the hut to
give a certain degree of heat, which
soon dries them. The drying is merely
the evaporation of some of the wa-
ter from the nut by means of the
warmth.—New York News.

Mrs. Specklespot.
Mrs. Specklespot was so worried—
who wouldn't be with 14 children to
take care of? She had never done
such a thing before, for it was only a
year ago that she was a little chicken
herself, waiting for her mother to
show her where to find the best things
to eat. She almost wished now she
had not run away from the chicken
yard and stolen a net out in the weeds
behind the barn. She had done this
because it was almost impossible to
get together a nice lot of eggs; some one
had and stole them every day. She
had once complained about it to Mr.
Cock-of-the-Roost. He didn't appear
a bit disturbed about it, but told her
to cheer up and "Cock'd do what he
can do." He didn't do anything, and
so Mrs. Specklespot took matters into
her own hands (of feet), moved out of
the chicken yard and started a nest
strictly her own.



Too Little and Too Big.
To-day I asked my mamma! I could whittle,
Yes, I did.
"Ob, no, my little girlie," said she: "you're
too little to do that."
So she did.
But Tom stepped so hard right on my toe,
I cried, I did.
She said, "Oh, you're too big a girl to cry
out so!"
That's what she did.
Why can't I cry if I am little?
Or, if I'm big, why can't I whittle?
—School Record.

A Geographical Reces Game.

There must be a leader, some one
who is "pretty good in geography" and
is capable of doing some quick thinking
himself. Any number of players may
take part in the game. When all are
seated, and the leader takes his place
in front of them and tells them that he
is going to give them the name of a
state and a letter of the alphabet, and
is then going to count five, all the
players must be trying to think of a
city or town in the state he called,
whose name begins with the given let-
ter. For example: Suppose he gives
Maine as the state, and F as the letter,
then the players must all try to think
of a city or town in Maine the name of
which begins with the letter F. It is
necessary for them all to do the think-
ing, for he has the right to ask any one
of them for the answer, and they never
know which one of them it is going
to be.

When he has received a correct an-
swer, he may ask another player to
name some other town beginning with
the same letter, or he may change the
letter, two or three times. Then he
names the state, and continues the
game as long as it interests the
players.

If the game is played at home, or by
a little company of boys and girls, a
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Unlike most hens, Mrs. Specklespot
knew how to hold her tongue, and not
a single cluck did she say to disclose
the hiding place of her eggs. She did
not even tell any of the other hens and
roosters, for she did not want them
prying about.

"The hens are a little short in their
laying," said the farmer's wife, as she
gathered the eggs each afternoon.

When Mrs. Specklespot had 14 eggs
in her nest she decided that it was
all she could possibly keep warm, and
with her feathered wings, and it was
quite a stretch, indeed, to do that. But
she persevered, and her reward was,
as you saw in the beginning of this story,
14 beautiful little downy chicks—the
prettiest babies you ever saw.

When she discovered that they were
pecking their way through their shells
she was too delighted for words, so
she just said "Cluck, cluck," softly.

The first thing to be done was to find
them some food, and she knew that the
big worms that she thought so deli-
cious would choke the babies. It was
all cozy and warm in the nest, and the
sun shone down upon the chickens so
kindly that the mother ran off for a
few minutes to get something to eat.

"Baby chicks are so useful to eat,"
said she to herself as she hurried
toward the house. "I'll just see
what I can find. Grains of corn are
too large for them."

Pink and Posy, the twins, were sit-
ting on the doorstep, each eating a
beautiful fresh sugar cookie, which
mother had just taken from the oven,
and they were delicious; the only
trouble was that Posy's cookie looked
bigger than Pink's.

"You ought to give me a bit to make
it even," said Pink.

"Posy didn't agree.

"You're a greedy boy," she said, not
very politely.

"You're selfish!" cried Pink, "gat-
ting all that great cookies by yourself.
Why, it's twice as big as mine!"

And just as he said the last word he
felt a little tug at his hand and in a
second Mrs. Specklespot was almost
flying toward the barn with a beauti-
ful, sweet, soft, warm cookie in her
bill, followed by several of her neigh-
bor chickens.

"Cluck, cluck, darlings!" she cried as
she broke it up on the edge of the nest.

"That stupid boy was so impolite he
deserved to lose his cookie. Wasn't it
lucky he didn't follow me?"

The little chickens thought so, as
they pecked jaintly at the crumbs.

Pink shook his fist at Mrs. Speckles-
pot as she disappeared, and Posy, and
Posy, breaking his cookie in two, gave
Pink the bigger piece.—New York Mail
and Express.

When Johnny Went to School.
Johnny Newton's first day at school
was very hard. The first day at
school is apt to be trying when you are
a 7-year-old boy who has always been
too delicate heretofore to go to kindergar-
ten even. Johnny felt so lonely
and so homesick as he sat there, try-
ing to catch up with the other chil-
dren, who had all entered school in the
autumn instead of waiting until well
along toward spring, that he simply
couldn't help crying.

And of course, after that, a bigger
boy in the same room laughed at him
at recess, and Johnny, who was only to
attend school half of each day for
some time, ran home to his mother,
crying harder than ever.

But Johnny's mother was firm in de-
claring that he must go to school regu-
larly, just the same. Her promises
that he would surely like going to
school later doesn't console him much,
but the big hug and kiss she gave him
when he started off after lunch com-
forted him greatly. And four days lat-
er the promises about liking school
later came true.

For three long, long days Johnny
was the newest pupil, and as in some-
one and wretched as ever. But on the
fourth day there came a little girl who
had been too delicate and sickly to at-
tend kindergarten, and she, too, was
so lonely and so homesick that she
cried.

Johnny felt so surprised and queer
to see any one cry in school, even
though he had been attending only three
days, that he quite understood
how strange and amusing he must
seem to the bigger boy, who he had
laughed at him. But he was so
sorry for the little girl that he walked
home with her after recess, and when
he was time to enter school in the af-
ternoon he met her at the door and
went into the big, quiet building with
her.

Next day as she was a nice little girl
and very sweet and gentle he went to
her house and walked to school with
her, and the next day the teacher let
them have seats together. And after
that—

Well, after that a lot of things hap-
pened, all of them pleasant, and it
wasn't until Johnny's mamma had
gone out to luncheon, nearly two weeks
afterward, that Johnny remembered
that he hadn't always known the lit-
tle girl.

"Well, Johnny," asked the visitor,
"how are you getting on at school?"

Johnny blushed and was silent, but
his mamma answered for him.

"Johnny didn't like school very well
at first," she said, smiling, "but I
haven't heard so much about it of late.
You do like school now, don't you,
Johnny?"

"Why, yes, mamma," answered
Johnny, slowly, surprised when she
came to think of it. "I do—I do like
school—a whole lot, mamma. And I'm
learning lots and lots of things there
too."

"I know you are, dearie," smiled his
mamma, patting his shoulder. "I
know you are very nice and useful les-
sons you've learned the fourth day."

"She didn't explain, as company was
present, that she was glad because he
had learned that to try and make some
one else comfortable and happy is the
surest way of being oneself, but you
and I know that she meant it. And
Johnny, although he doesn't yet know
how much he learned when he made
up his mind to try and comfort the
lonely, homesick little girl, knows just
how he will try to act next time he is
wretched and unhappy himself.—Chica-
go Record-Herald.

Sorry She Spoke.
"Thank you, my little man," said
Miss Pansy to the nice little boy who
had given up his seat in the car, "and
have you been taught to always give
your seat to ladies?"

"No," replied the bright boy,
"only to old ladies."—Philadelphia
Press.

A Valuable View.
A story is told of a man in Massa-
chusetts who sold a scrubby farm for
\$12,000 although its value was not
more than \$1000. "How did you do
it?" a friend asked him. "Well," he
replied, "I had \$1000 worth of