

Poor Brownie had to confess that he had not. In fact his geography did not even mention them.

Mr. Joe: "I see that you are wearing a piece of foreign cloth. (Brownie had not noticed that although his new suit was in the Underland style the cloth was foreign.) Is that made in your country by the Wooden Man with long arms?"

Brownie: "Oh dear no! it is woven by a machine."

Mr. Joe: "Machine? I have never heard of that thing before. We always thought that such wide cloth (it is much wider than ours) could not be woven by a man; his arms would be too short to throw the shuttle. Let me feel your knees." What a funny man, thought Brownie, why does he want to feel my knees?

Mr. Joe (feeling the knee: ) "Ha! ha! You have knee-joints just like the rest of us. I always thought that foreigners had no knee-joints, and so could not get up again if one were to trip them up. Our soldiers and generals all said they were not afraid of the foreign soldiers for all they would have to do would be to tip them over and they would rise no more.

Let me look into your mouth. Why you have no gold teeth: The foreigner I saw had a gold tooth."

Brownie noticed that the old man was not wearing Underland Spectacles which are nearly as big as a policeman's bull's-eye. He had on a pair of small foreign glasses. Brownie wondered where he had got them, and asked the old gentleman, who proceeded to tell his story. What it was we must keep till the next chapter, but when Brownie heard it he knew why the old gentleman was so kind to him.

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### TREASURE LAID UP.

"Little words in love expressed,  
Little wrongs at once confessed,  
Little favors kindly done.  
Little toils thou didst not shun,  
Little graces meekly worn,  
Little slights with patience borne—  
These are treasures that shall rise  
Far beyond the smiling skies."

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From one village in Illinois seventeen volunteers went to the Spanish war who were steady, industrious, respected boys. Sixteen of the number came back confirmed drunkards and the seventeenth a corpse."

### TWINKLER, TINKLER, TATTLER.

#### HOW TO KEEP BURGLARS OUT.

**B**URGLARS are unpleasant visitors, and you'd rather hear about them than have them call.

There are three ways, so some Englishman has said, to keep burglars out (1) by "Twinkler"; (2) by "Tinkler"; (3) by "Tattler." Twinkler, Tinkler and Tattler are the three fellows to keep burglars off.

By "Twinkler," he means a light left burning all night long. By "Tinkler" he means having a bell connected with the doors and windows that will give warning. By "Tattler" he means a little dog that sets up a barking at the approach of danger. Twinkler, Tinkler, and Tattler will keep a house pretty free from burglars.

Every young person starts out in life with some "crown jewels" that are more precious than gold, silver, or fine clusters. How can burglars be kept from stealing them.

1. By "Twinkler." Have a light burning at night. It is a good idea not to have it burn in one place all the time, but in different rooms. That means, when you are in temptation, let your light shine. Let the boys know where you stand. If other boys invite you to drink, or curse, or sneak, or do a dirty trick, let your light shine and it will scare them away. "Twinkler" is a good fellow to drive away evil.

2. By "Tinkler." That means, to put warning bells at the doors and windows. How many warning bells there are! The words of our teachers and parents and of the Bible! Here is a bell that once woke me up: "Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny." "He who heeds the warnings of the good is wise."

3. By "Tattler." He is not always a pleasant fellow to have around. He fusses a good deal. Then he is liable to wake one up, when he'd rather sleep. But everybody has a "Tattler" given to him when he begins life, whose business is to give warning of danger. He is called "Conscience" by some. I rather like the name "Tattler." It won't do to turn him out doors nights, nor to shut him down in the cellar, but let him sleep on the door mat right in front of your room. Evil rarely gets into a heart when there is a real, live, well-kept "Tattler."—Sel,