

twenty-five years ago. One day lately, at a fine party, the gentleman of the house said to an old lady at his side, "Mother, dear, I've got two old chums here this evening to present to you," and presently a gentleman was bowing before the smiling old lady, "Mr. Joseph Hall," he called himself, and he was known as the organist of the West, and he played in Chicago's grandest church. Soon after, the old lady was bowing and smiling to another of her son's friends. He was Mr. William Hatherton, the rising young artist of the lone star state.

For THE QUEEN.

"You'll like to talk together," said the mother, "I'll go and sit yonder." "Let me take you and see you comfortable first, mother dear," said the host giving her his arm, and leading her away.

The musician and the artist stood looking after them, as they crossed the room. "Just the same old Geordie," said the latter with a little smile, "poor or rich, he isn't changed at all." "Not a particle," said the musician with a responsive chuckle. "Don't you remember how he used to say 'I jess helpins mither.'— He's at it yet."

THE STORY OF A FROG AND BEE.

