

"I have everything!" he said, in astonishment. "Why, I thought you were the one that had everything a few minutes ago! You have tops, an' balls, an' a bicycle, an' horse-chestnuts!" he said.

"Why, so I have," answered Teddy, thoughtfully. "I wanted a pumpkin so much that I most forgot all about everything else. I didn't remember the horse-chestnuts. Maybe you would like some—would you?"

Tommy's eyes danced with delight. "You can have a big bagful," declared Teddy. "An' if you'll get some toothpicks, I'll show you how to make a Brownie man."

"An' I'll help you make your lantern after school," said Tommy. "We'll help each other, an' divide our things—won't we? An' then we can both have everything, really and truly."

"Why, so we can!" said Teddy. And then those bad scowls and wrinkles had to run away in a hurry. They ran away to see if they could find two cross, discontented little boys. I do hope that they didn't find you.

WILLARD'S SWEETHEART.

They had gone apart from the rest of the company, the two boys, who had been parted for two years, for a confidential visit. They did not converse so low, however, but that the quick ear of their hostess overheard:

"Yes, she's my sweetheart, and I am proud to own it. Say, Willard, have you got one?"

"Oh, yes," was the frank reply, "and I wouldn't swap her for any girl in the city. She's a daisy! I tell you."

"Who is she? Now it's mean to shake your head and not tell a fellow, when I told you who mine is."

"Well, Rob, you wait, and I'll point her out. She's not far off, I'm happy to say."

I heard no more, but when my guests were about to take my parting hand, I heard Willard's mother say, to one who thought her unescorted:

"I never lack for an escort. To be sure, Willard is but fourteen, yet he makes an ideal companion to his old mother. He seems as proud to accompany me everywhere as I am happy to have him."

Just then the one referred to stepped forward, and, with pride lighting up his handsome face, linked an arm within that of his mother, and, turning aside to the friend who had quizzed him, said: "Now you know who my sweetheart is!"

As my gaze followed the widowed mother and the young son,

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who, with evident pride in her companionship, drew her close to him as they passed from sight, my thoughts, with a feeling akin to pity, turned to the one, who, with a look of disdain, I had heard mutter:

"Only your mother!" Yes, pity! For I know he could never taste the genuine happiness of the boy who proudly claimed his mother as "sweet-heart."

WHERE THE PINS GO.

Every individual, who lives to grow up, has in all probability asked, at some time in his life, what becomes of all the pins that are manufactured and lost. An old gentleman in London has prepared himself to answer the question. By a series of experiments conducted in his back garden he has discovered that they go the way of all flesh, and are resolved into dust. Hair-pins, which he watched for one hundred and fifty-four days, disappeared at the end of that time, having been resolved into a ferrous oxide, a brownish rust, which was blown away by the wind as it formed; bright pins took nearly eighteen months to disappear; polished steel needles nearly two years and a half; brass pins had but little endurance; steel pins at the end of fifteen months had nearly gone, while their wooden holders were still intact. Pencils, with which he also experimented, suffered little by exposure; the lead was unharmed, and the cedar almost as good as new, but then, nobody had ever asked the question about pencils, and he might have spared himself his pains. — Harper's Bazar.

THE BEAVER'S INSTINCT.

A baby beaver was caught and given to a gentleman as a pet. Beavers, as you know, build dams in which they can make their houses. But here was this poor baby beaver living in a house where there was no possibility of his having the kind of home that he would love to have. One day when the little beaver was in the kitchen, a leaky pail was put on the floor. The moment the baby beaver saw the water running in a little stream across the floor, he ran out into the yard and appeared in a minute with a chip. The

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gentleman, who owned the beaver, was called to see him. The chip was placed in such a way as to stop the water, and the beaver hurried out and came in with another bit of wood, and then some mud. Arrangements were made so that the beaver could continue the work, and orders were given that he was not to be disturbed, but to be allowed to work out his plan; and in four weeks he had built a solid dam around the pail in which was the water. Is not instinct a wonderful thing?

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