

They laugh to see him oling :
They cannot hear the words he cried,
"Dad fetch ! dog-gone ! dad bing !"

And now he wisheth he were down,
And yet he cannot see
Just how the giggle, stare and frown
Escaped by him may be :
He knows he cannot scramble down
With his back against the tree.

Sobbing, and sidling, and wailing,
Homeward along he goes ;
Clay, pie, and grass-stains on his pants,
More and more plainly shows ;
And he vows that to any more pic-nics,
He never will go, he knows.

But the morrow comes, and its rising sun,
Brings balm to his tattered breeks,
He thinks, after all, he had lots of fun,
And hopefully, gayly he speaks,
And he goes to pic-nics one by one,
Nine times in the next five weeks.

AFTER ELECTION DAY.

It is absolutely mournful to notice how full of strangers the city has been ever since election. We know a man who six weeks ago couldn't walk across the street without stopping to shake hands with eighty-five men whom he had known ever since they were boys, who now walks from his home to the post-office, distance a mile and a half, and never takes his hands out of his pockets the whole distance. (He was left by about 2,842 minority.)

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON INSTITUTE.

I was pleased when my brother Harold and his wife asked me to amuse their little daughter Beth one Sunday afternoon. I loved my bright, restless, acquisitive, impetuous little niece most devotedly. I was glad to have her a whole afternoon to myself. I was delighted at the opportunity of putting into practice my untried but perfect theories in regard to the training of children. I had great confidence in my ability to entertain children ; I considered myself quite an excellent story-teller ; I had often heard my brother's wife say that you might as well try to keep a wild colt quiet and attentive, and sensible of the reverence due sacred things, as Beth, but then I never had too much confidence in her method of managing children. And as often as I maintained that I could make a good model child of Beth, I wondered what my brother Harold married my sister-in-law for.

When Beth and I were left alone in the house, I called the child to me and said :

"Now, Beth, this is the Sabbath day, and——"

"How d'you know it is ?" she asked,

dropping the question into my opening sentence like a plummet. I was first annoyed, then I was puzzled, and finally I was completely nonplussed. How did I know, to be sure ? I thought of all the tough old theological disquisitions on this very point, and for a moment I was dumb. Then, like many other great people, I quietly ignored the question I could not answer, and went on :

"It is wrong to play to-day, Beth——"

"Wrong to play what ?" she demanded.

"Anything," I said.

"Tain't wrong to play Sunday-school," protested this terrible logician, and I began to wish somebody was near that could help me. I pursued after Beth, who had made a little diversion by breaking away from me and chasing the dog around the front yard. I whipped the dog, and mildly reproved Beth, who looked archly up into my face, and said :

"Didn't you wisht 'at Carlo was me when you were whippin' him, Aunt Dora ?"

I couldn't tell the child an untruth, so I didn't say anything. But I got her into my lap, and before she had time to slide down, I said if she would be a real good girl and keep quiet, I would tell her a beautiful story, the tender story of Joseph.

"Joseph who ?" she asked.

I explained, as well as I could, why he had no other name, and Beth sighed and said :

"Well, dat's funny."

"Joseph," I said, "was the son of a good old man, named Jacob——"

"I knows him," shouted Beth, "he saws our wood, an' he's got a wooden leg !"

I endeavoured to explain that this was quite another Jacob, but Beth was incredulous.

"What was his last name ?" she demanded ; and again I was hopelessly involved.

"Well," she declared at last, with an expression that settled the controversy, "dat's ze same man. Our Jacob, he ain't got no ozer name, either : des Jacob, old Jacob."

"This good old man," I resumed, "had twelve sons."

"Any little girls ?"

"Only one."

"Huh !" exclaimed Beth, in a tone of good contempt. "I deas she was might sorry wiz such a houseful of boys an' no little sister."

"Well," I continued, "Jacob loved this son very much——"

"How much ?"