

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Jackson. "Are those ugly white worms your children?"

"Ugly white worms!—ugly white worms!" shouted the hornet, pale with anger. "I'll teach you..."

Mr. Jackson waited to hear no more, but beat a hasty retreat, diving headlong out of the nest. He suddenly found himself lying on the ground under the tree, and the hornets coming out of the neighbouring nest as fast as they could follow one another. "Just like a stream of molasses out of a jug," as Mr. Jackson said, when telling me about it afterward. The poor man sprang to his feet and ran as fast as his long legs could carry him, with the hornets after him in a solid stream. Fortunately only one or two caught him, but they left their marks on his face and neck, which were to him sufficient proof that he had not dreamed his adventure.

"For," as he very justly remarked, "a dream don't swell a man's head like this," and he pointed dolefully to a number of painful-looking swellings which had been caused by the stings of the indignant hornets.—*Harper's Young People*.

### A PERILOUS MISTAKE.

Last winter a good many depredations were committed upon Mr. Keyser's wood-pile, and as he was unable to detect the thieves by watching for them, he concluded to try another plan. He procured an auger, and boring two large holes in several of the logs, he charged them with gunpowder, and then plugging the holes, he laid the logs in the most conspicuous place on top of the pile. He forgot to mention the fact to the servant girl, and that being, with the faculty of her class for blundering, the first time she wanted wood, lighted on the loaded logs and brought two of them into the kitchen. That evening while the family were sitting at the supper table, Keyser was just saying that he wouldn't care if the head was blown off the man who stole the wood, when Mrs. Keyser got up and put a fresh log on the fire, and Keyser was in the midst of an exulting description of the terror that would fill the heart of the thief when the logs exploded, when there was a slight "sizz" in the fire-place, then a tremendous "bang" was heard, and the next instant a log of hickory whizzed across the table, knocking over the castors, bursting the coffee-pot to flinders, and just missing Keyser's head.

Before he could imagine what was the matter the log battered open the parlor door and brought up end foremost in the mirror over the mantelpiece. Then Keyser realized the situation, and going into the kitchen, he communed with the hired girl upon the subject until Mrs. Keyser had to hurry the children up stairs so that they wouldn't learn how to swear. When his feelings were relieved Keyser drew the loads from the other logs, and told Mrs. Keyser that he believed the only way to protect a wood-pile was to put it into the charge of a whole-souled and earnest watch-dog that expressed his sentiments with cordiality when he was angry. He is now looking for a dog.

Last Sunday being a fine day, a young countrywoman was standing at her door, when a masher, thinking it a good joke, asked for a drink of milk. The young girl brought a glass of new milk. After drinking it, he said with a lisp, "Your milk is very warm, my dear. Do you keep the cows at the fire?" With a sly look and a good-natured smile at the swell, she replied, "Yis; an' we keep the *calves* at the door." There was a peal of laughter in the kitchen. During the time our swell collapsed.

### LITTLE WEATHER-WISE.

Rosy little Dimplecheeks  
Came panting in from play,  
Tired out and sleepy too,  
"Twas such a scorching day.

On my knee she dozed awhile,  
Then said, as up she looked,  
"Folks called winter weather *raw*;  
I think *this* must be *cooked*."

### THRILLING A CONGREGATION.

Some of the American preachers of the past have delivered sermons more startling than edifying, and have condescended to singular tricks to arrest and take the attention of the audience. Lorenzo Dow, one of these preachers, it is said, was on his way to preach in South Carolina, under a large spruce tree, when he overlooked a coloured lad who was blowing a long tin horn, and could send forth a blast, with rise and swell and cadence, which waked the echoes of the distant hills. Calling aside the blower, Dow said to him—"What's your name, sir?"

"My name—Gabriel sir," said the brother in ebony.

"Well, Gabriel, have you been to Church hill?"

"Yes, massa, I'se been dar many a time."

"Do you remember a big spruce-pine tree on that hill?"

"Oh, yes, massa, I knows dat fine."

"Did you know that Lorenzo Dow has an appointment to preach under that tree to-morrow?"

"Oh, yes, massa, everybody knows dat."

"Well, Gabriel, I am Lorenzo Dow, and if you'll take your horn and go to-morrow morning, and climb up into that pine tree and hide yourself among the branches before the people begin to gather, and wait there till I call your name, and then blow such a blast with your horn as I heard you blow a minute ago, I'll give you a dollar. Will you do it, Gabriel?"

"Yes, massa, I takes dat dollar."

"Gabriel, was hid away in the tree top in due time. An immense concourse of persons, of all sizes and colours, assembled at the appointed hour, and Dow preached on the judgment of the last day. By his power of description, he wrought the multitude up to the opening of the scene of the resurrection and grand assize at the call of the trumpet peals which were to wake the sleeping nations.

"Then," said he, "supposing my dying friends, that this should be the hour. Suppose you should hear, at this moment, the sound of Gabriel's trumpet?"

Sure enough at that moment the trumpet of Gabriel sounded. The women shrieked, and many fainted. The men sprang up and stood aghast; some ran; others fell and cried for mercy; and all felt for a time that the judgment was set, and the books were opened. Dow stood and watched the drifting storm till the fright abated, and some one discovered the coloured angel who caused the alarm quietly perched on a limb of the old spruce, and wanted to get him down to whip him, and then resumed his theme, saying, "I forbid all persons present from touching that boy up there. If a coloured boy with a tin horn can frighten you almost out of your wits, what will ye do when ye shall hear the trumpet sound of the archangel? How will you be able to stand in the great day of the wrath of God?"