

Speaking of the Thanksgiving dinner, reminded Charlie that on his last visit to the kitchen, half an hour before, Bridget had just finished a little pie for his special benefit, and it surely must be baked, by this time.

Mamma was up stairs getting ready for lunch, and Bridget was down cellar after more butter. The odorous kitchen was without a guardian, and Charlie's eyes at once discovered his own little pie (conspicuous for its "lumpy" surface) among the larger ones, on the shelf.

"I s'pose Billy 'd feel real thankful if he had a whole pie himself," said Charlie, turning his Thanksgiving pie about and viewing its uneven top-crust with complacent satisfaction. "It's just full of raisins; he solliquised; 'big, fat fellows too, an' 't 'll taste good to me. If I was Billy boy out doors I'd like to have a Charlie boy give me his Thanksgiving pie, specially if he didn't know how nice Thanksgiving pies are an' hadn't ever had one. Bridget won't bother to make me another if I give this away, an' the big pies ain't so good's mine; but Billy did look hungry. Yes," decidedly, "I'll give my pie to Billy."

With the pie tightly grasped in his chubby hands, Charlie started in search of Billy. He remembered the direction Billy had taken, and he started down the street, calling "Billy" at the top of his voice.

"I wish I knew where I could find a good, trusty errand boy," said Mr. Harper, as he sat at lunch with his wife opposite. He had no thought that she could help him. He had simply spoken his thought aloud.

The words Billy had spoken as she turned away had sounded in Mrs. Harper's ears all the morning, and the child's pinched face had haunted her.

"Would a small boy answer your purpose?" she asked.

"I don't need a large one," he answered. "I want one who will be spry and trustworthy. I've had two or three applications, but the boys did not suit me."

"I wish I had known about it this morning," said Mrs. Harper. "A small boy came to the door inquiring for work. I have reproached myself all the morning for not giving him something to eat, he looked so thin and hungry."

"Where is my boy?" asked Mr. Harper; "I must see him before I go."

Mrs. Harper summoned Bridget, and sent for Charlie. In a few moments Bridget returned, saying that Charlie could not be found.

Then began an exciting search for the missing child. After becoming satisfied that he was not in the house, Mr. Harper started for a policeman to assist in the search. At the door Mrs. Harper said:

"Those children may have seen him. See that little boy carrying another nearly as large as himself. I do believe it's Charlie."

She rushed past him out into the street, and sure enough there was Charlie in Billy's arms.

"He got so tired 't he couldn't go any farther," exclaimed Billy. "I thought you'd worry about him, so I toted him along part o' the way, but he's pretty fat an' heavy."

Mrs. Harper took Charlie.

"Don't let Billy go till he's had some Thanksgiving pie," cried Charlie, and, when they had entered the house, he added, "Billy said that he never had anything to be thankful for. I 'membered the golden rule, mamma, so I thought I'd give him my own little Thanksgiving pie, with the lots of raisins in it; but I couldn't find him. I runned, an' then I walked. There were lots of boys, but no Billys. By'n' by I got so tired 'n' hungry that I had to eat the pie myself. I'd just eat the crust all around, so's to save the best for the last, when a big boy snatched it from me, an' I screamed loud's ever I could. I don't s'pose Billy would a' found me if that boy hadn't snatched my pie. Billy pitched into him, an' cuffed him good, but he didn't get the pie, 'cause the big boy opened his mouth an' put it all in. You just ought to 'a seen his cheeks pod out."

"I was afraid you had coaxed Charlie away," said Mrs. Harper, thinking that if she had kept the "golden rule," Billy would not have gone from her door hungry.

"I guess he didn't mamma," exclaimed Charlie, "I went myself, an' you would not have any little boy now, if Billy hadn't found me. I losted myself, but he 'membered where I lived, an' he brought me back quick, so't you wouldn't worry 'bout me. When I got tired, an' my feet wouldn't go, he carried me. Say, papa, can't Billy stay an' have some Thanksgiving dinner to-morrow. Please, mamma, do let him."

"Yes," said Mrs. Harper, gently kissing Charlie's eager face "He shall eat Thanksgiving dinner with you, Charlie, and you shall have a Thanksgiving pie of your own. Then, turning to her husband, she said:

"This is the boy I was telling you about."

"Where did you find Charlie?" asked Mr. Harper.

"On Pearl street, sir, down by the river."

"And you came all the way with him, just to bring him safely home?"

"Yes, sir; he could 't 'a found it a'one, an' 't wouldn't been right to 'a left the little fellow there."

"See here, my boy," said Mr. Harper, suddenly, "do you know of any good, trusty boy, who would like to earn a couple of dollars a week, doing errands?"

"Yes, sir, I—oh, please, marm, I ain't so very little, an' I'll grow as fast 's I can."

Billy's thin face lit up wonderfully, and his dark eyes sparkled hopefully.

"Little! no, indeed!" said Mr. Harper, kindly. "You brought Charlie safely home, and he is much larger than any bundle you'll ever be asked to carry again."—Interior.

Our Casket.

BITS OF TINSEL.

Grace (whispering) 'What lovely boots your partner's got, Mary' Mary—(ditto)—'yes, unfortunately he shines at the wrong end.'

"If my employer does not retract what he said to me this morning, I shall leave his house." "Why, what did he say?" "He told me I could look for another place."

Parent (angrily)—'You have been in the water! You were fishing.' Son—'Yes, ma'am, I was in the water, but I got a boy out who might have been drowned.' Parent—'Indeed, who was the boy?' Son—'Myself.'

"One glass sometimes makes a tumbler," remarked the chap who found that a single drink of rum punch twisted his legs in a bow knot.

"Robbie," said the visitor, kindly, "have you any little brothers and sisters?" "No," replied wee Robbie serenely, "I'm all the children we've got."

A little nine-year-old fellow, seeing a horse with the spring-halt pass the window, cried out: "Oh, look at that horse with the ketch-up in his hind leg."

She was going on a journey and a long night's ride was before her. "Oh, dear," she sighed, as her husband bade her good-bye in the sleeping-car, "this night travel is so tedious, and the hours are so long." "Don't be discouraged," he said, "you are on a fast train and the night will slip by very rapidly."

A strapping big fellow was brought to the station the other night for being drunk and disorderly. On being questioned by the Inspector: "Your business?" He scratched his head, and after thinking a while, answered, "My wife washes."

Smith purchased a "muley" cow and drove her home yesterday evening. The animal was a curiosity to his children.

"Oh, what a tow!" exclaimed little three-year-old; "it dot no horas."

"Papa has them," said five-year-old.

"Why don't 'e put 'em on 'e tow?"

"I don't know. I heard him say he had swallowed a couple of horns afore breakfast, and I guess they are inside of him now. Mamma told him he would swallow the cow afore six weeks."

A farmer was sawing wood when it occurred to him that he ought to have the help of one or more of his fine boys. Lifting up his voice he called, but not a boy appeared. At dinner, of course, all appeared, and it was not necessary to call them. "Where were you all about two hours ago when I wanted you and shouted for you?" "I was in the shop settin' the saw," said one. "I was in the barn settin' a hen," said the second. "I was in gran'ma's room settin' the clock," said a third. "I was in the garret setting the trap," said the fourth. "You are a remarkable set of setters," remarked the farmer. "And where were you?" he continued, turning to the youngest. "I was on the doorstep settin' still."