

NANNY AND JACK.

Her uncle gave little Nanny
A Jack-in-the box with a squeak;
But the squeak of the Jack was nothing
To Nanny's terrified shriek.

But soon she conquered her terrors,
And spoke like a brave little tot.
You think you are real," said Nanny:
"But, truly, you know you're not!"

"MISS FANNY."

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

"What is this little picture about?"
Janey paused before a small pencil sketch
hanging over the mantel along with half
a dozen precious miniatures. "Is it the
house you and papa lived in when you
were little?"

"No; that is Lone Hill School, where
we were taught geography
and history by beautiful
Miss Fanny Barstow."

Delicious scents came in
at the open window, for the
violets in the borders, and
the sweet olives, were blossoming
in the court. It all seemed like
enchantment to orphaned, ten-year-old
Janey Wright, come all the way
from Maine to live in the
old French quarter of New
Orleans with her father's
sister, Mrs Dupre.

"Lone Hill was the summer
home of the Barstows," resumed
Mrs. Dupre, after a moment, "and
a charming, spacious mansion it
must have been in the old days
before the war. In winter the
judge and his family, like my
parents, removed to Richmond.
All this was, of course, before
1861. Well, at the battle of Bull
Run Miss Fanny's two brothers
fell on the Union side, and John
Luce, whom she was to have
married, fell on the Confederate
side, and when the old Judge,
her father, heard the news he
sank back in his chair helpless,
from apoplexy. He died within
the year, and just before the
negroes were made free Mrs.
Barstow died. Your grandpapa
was with Longstreet, and for
economy we had remained in
the country, and I well remember
that strange time, when the
house servants melted away till
no one was left, save the very
old and the very dull-witted.
Of course the Barstow negroes
also drifted away, and Miss
Fanny, a young girl of twenty,
was alone with half a dozen
feeble old people. It was that
spring she opened her school.
She had been carefully edu-
cated in the North, and in
Paris, and could play upon the
harp and sing charmingly.
A second cousin in Washing-
ton had got word to her and
had begged her

to come and share her home with
her. But Miss Fanny said: "No
Nobody here can afford to send
the children away to school,
and tutors or governesses are
not to be thought of. I am
happy doing my little best for
my friends and neighbours,
and in a way, serving Virginia.
Her verandahs and roof leaked,
rotted and fell in. The roof
was cobbled up by a dozen old
negroes who made a bee for
the purpose. Raiders from
both armies burned up her
fences, and the choice trees in
her park, and carried off every
living thing upon the place.
The children brought her birds
and fish, and her old servants
kept something growing in the
gardens. Besides teaching,
she often prescribed for the
sick, black as well as white,
and many is the funeral she
attended for folk too poor or
so situated they could not
send away for a minister."

"And is she dead?" asked
Janey, after her aunt had been
for some time silent.



BLOWING BUBBLES.

"She died quite suddenly the
year we removed to the North.
It was during the session of
the school, and Friday after-
noon when she always gave us
a little talk about the work
of the past week.

"O children! strive for
something higher than scholar-
ship," she said. We had been
bickering outside. "A man
may be a brave gentleman,
remember, and not know how
to read, but he must love
God and his fellows." She
leaned back in her chair,
her hand upon her heart. Those
were her last words. It is
twenty-five years since that
day, but her influence is
potent still. Indeed, it will
still be felt when the white
stone her friends set above
her will have dropped away
to dust."

BLOWING BUBBLES.

Did you ever blow bubbles? If not,
I would advise you to try it for I
am sure you will find it lots of
fun. Get a bowl or cup, and put
in it some warm water, a little
soap, a small quantity of glycerine
which will add to the beauty of
the bubbles. Then buy a clay
pipe and you have a complete
outfit for making pretty soap-
bubbles. Then, too, this is a
better use to put clay pipes to,
isn't it, than to use them for
smoking poisonous tobacco.

TATTERS.

Tatters lives in New York,
and the people who own him think
he is the greatest dog in the world.
His mother was a particular
friend of "Tip," the great big,
wicked, man-killing elephant.
But one day Tatters was stolen
and put into the pocket of a
man's overcoat. He behaved

well at first, but after a time
he jumped from the overcoat
pocket in the elevated train,
seized a muff belonging to a
lady, and treated it as though
it were a rat. Later he became
a member of a family, and there
he he jolly made himself a
necessity. When there is fun
and laughter, Tatters barks
and jumps about in a wild
state of excitement; and when
there is sorrow, he is very still,
and tries to make it plain to
everybody that he knows they
are in trouble. He is very
punctual in his habits, is
Tatters, and when his bedtime
comes he takes his mistress's
gown by the hem in his mouth
and insists on her taking him
to his basket. He remains there
quietly till morning, and then
he insists on getting into bed,
his basket suits him no longer.
He was very ill, and the doctor
cured him by giving him pills,
and now when he sees the doctor
he insists on having some
medicine.

But Tatters has one bad habit.
He will kill cats.

"My son," said an Arab chief,
"bring me a basket of water
from the spring." The boy
tried and tried to fill the
basket, but before he could
get back to his father's tent
the water leaked out. At last
he returned and said, "Father,
I have tried to fill the basket,
but the water will not stay in."
"My son," said the old chief,
"what you say is true. The
water did not stay in, but
see how clean the basket is.
So will it be with your heart.
You may not be able to
remember all the good words
you hear, but keep trying to
treasure them and they will
make your heart clean and pure."