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THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

The Transformation of Jule.

"Say, are you the woman what wants to give a banty rooster away?"

I turned in astonishment at this singular inquiry. The boy standing at the verandah railing was most unprepossessing. I recognized him as "Jule," the bad boy of the neighborhood, of whose pranks I had heard. I was moved to dismiss him promptly, and said, "No, I am not the person."

He looked so cast-down as he turned away that a kinder impulse came to me. "I haven't any bantams," I said, "but I have an old hen that I would like to give to someone who would take care of her."

It was an ancient Biddy, too tough for the table, and possessed of a lasting desire to sit. She had been patiently trying to hatch two china eggs for the past six weeks.

"Would you, honest, give her away for nothing?" he asked, eagerly. "I hain't got any money."

"Yes," I said, "if you will take good care of her."

"O, I've got a good coop made. I got some boxes from the groceryman, and some tar paper what was left from a house. It'll be as warm as anything in the winter, and there's a window in it. I've got some corn planted, too, and my mother will give me enough to feed her till mine grows."

So I packed "Biddy" in a covered basket and handed her over to her new owner. As he trotted proudly away I fancied that already he had a more manly and independent air.

I heard of him only once before in autumn. A woman who was passing said to her companion, "I've got a lot of raspberries this year, and for a wonder 'Jule' Biddle hasn't been around to steal any of them yet."

"It's curious how steady he is lately," said the other; "I wonder what keeps him busy?"

Jule came to see me one day in early October. He was as ragged as ever, but his hands and face were clean, which was a great improvement on his first appearance before me. "I've come to pay for that hen," he announced, holding out a dollar bill.

"Why, I don't want any pay," I said; "I gave her to you."

"Guess I'll pay for her," he insisted, quietly.

"Where did you get the money?" I asked, for I knew the Widow Biddle was wretchedly poor.

"I sold six of my chickens yesterday. A man gave me a dollar apiece. He said they were fancy stock. I don't know how it happened. I just bought common eggs."

"So you raised chickens, did you? How may have you?"

"Sixty," was the unexpected response. "I traded some of the first brood for another hen. She hatched two broods this summer, and your hen hatched three. Then I worked for Mr. Dawson, and he gave me another brood."

"You have been very fortunate," I said.

"O, I don't know. I kept the coop clean, and took good care of 'em. The preacher, he gave me a book about chickens. I'm going to make an incubator by next spring, and I'm going to rent the vacant lot next to us, and make a big chicken-yard. I'm not going to sell any more chickens this fall. I'll keep them, and have eggs to sell in the spring."

When he left he again offered the dollar. We finally compromised on twenty-five cents as the price of the hen, when I earnestly assured him that I could not possibly have sold it for more. The next two or three years of Jule's life would make a long story, for in that time he changed from a bad boy into an honest, capable young business man. On the outskirts of our city stands a modest home which belongs to the Widow Biddle, and the acres behind it devoted to wire-netting chicken yards and snug-looking coops, are the property of her son. He has paid for the house and farm out of his earnings.—Exchange. Sent by Nellie Gray.

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A Modern Grandmother.

I want to see a grandmother like those there used to be,

In a cosy little farmhouse, where I could go to tea;

A grandmother with spectacles and a funny, frilly cap,

Who would make me sugar cookies, and take me on her lap,

And tell me lots of stories of the days when she was small,

When everything was perfect—not like today at all.

My grandmother is "grandma," and she lives in a hotel,

And when they ask "What is her age?" she smiles and will not tell.

Says she doesn't care to realize that she is growing old;

Then whispers—"But you're far too big a boy for me to hold."



An Old-fashioned Grandmother.

Her dresses shine and rustle, and her hair is wavy brown,

And she has an automobile, that she steers, herself, down town.

My grandmother is pretty. "Do I love her?" Rather—yes;

Our Norah calls her stylish, and on the whole I guess

She's better than the other kind, for once when I was ill

She helped my mother nurse me, and read to me until I was well.

I fell asleep; and stayed with me, and wasn't tired, and then

She played nine holes of golf with me when I got out again.

Yet, because I've never seen one, just once I want to see

A real old-fashioned grandmother, like those there used to be.

—Helen Leah Reed.

Glengarry School Days.

By Ralph Connor—Rev. C. W. Gordon. CHAPTER IX.

Hughie's Emancipation.

Hughie rose late next morning, and the hurry and-rush of getting off to school in time, left him no opportunity to get rid of the little packages in his pocket, that seemed to burn and sting him through his clothes.

He determined to keep them safe in his pocket all day and put them back in the drawer at night. His mother's face, white with her long watching, and sad and anxious in spite of its brave smile, filled him with such an agony of remorse that, hurrying through his breakfast, he snatched a farewell kiss, and then tore away down the lane, lest he should be forced to confess all his terrible secret.

The first person who met him in the school-yard was Foxy.

"Have you got that?" was his salutation.

A sudden fury possessed Hughie. "Yes, you red-headed, sneaking fox," he answered, "and I hope it will bring you the curse of luck, anyway."

Foxy hurried him cautiously behind the school, with difficulty concealing his delight, while Hughie unrolled his little bundles and counted out the quarters and dimes and half dimes into his hand.

"There's a dollar, and there's a quarter, and—there's another," he added, desperately, "and God may kill me on the spot if I give you any more!"

"All right, Hughie," said Foxy, soothingly, putting the money into his pocket. "You needn't be so mad about it. You bought the pistol and the rest right enough, didn't you?"

"I know I did, but—but you made me, you big, sneaking thief—and then you—" Hughie's voice broke in his rage. His face was pale, and his black eyes were glittering with fierce fury, and in his heart he was conscious of a wild longing to fall upon Foxy and tear him to pieces. And Foxy, big and tall as he was, glanced at Hughie's face, and saying not a word, turned and fled to the front of the school where the other boys were.

Hughie followed slowly, his heart still swelling with furious rage, and full of an eager desire to be at Foxy's smiling, fat face.

At the school door stood Miss Morrison, the teacher, smiling down upon Foxy, who was looking up at her with such an expression of sweet innocence that Hughie groaned out between his clenched teeth, "Oh, you red-headed devil, you! Some day I'll make you smile out of the other side of your big, fat mouth."

"Who are you swearing at?" It was Fusie.

"Oh, Fusie," cried Hughie, "let's get Davie and get into the woods. I'm not going in to-day. I hate the beastly place, and the whole gang of them."

Fusie, the little harum-scarum French waif, was ready for anything in the way of adventure. To him anything was better than the even monotony of the school routine. True, it might mean a whipping both from the teacher and from Mrs. McLeod; but as to the teacher's whipping, Fusie was prepared to stand that for a free day in the woods, and as to the other, Fusie declared that Mrs. McLeod's whipping "wouldn't hurt a skeeter."

To Davie Scotch, however, playing truant was a serious matter. He had been reared in an atmosphere of reverence for established law and order, but when Hughie gave command, to Davie there seemed nothing for it but to obey.

The three boys watched till the school was called, and then, crawling along on their stomachs behind the heavy cedar-log fence, they slipped into the balsam thicket at the edge of the woods and were safe. Here they flung down their school