

"And my name's Jessie, and her'n's Prue," said Jessie, in a general introductoin. "What's yours?"

"You may call me Aunt Delia, and him Uncle Will," said the minister's wife. "I know you'd look a good deal better if your faces were washed, and I think you'd feel better. After we've washed them we'll have something to eat."

She got a basin of cool water and bathed the red, half-blistered faces. Then she combed their hair, and they looked quite like human beings again.

She brought out three more plates, filled three cups with milk, and then invited her little friends to come to supper. They needed no urging.

"This is the doodest milk I ever see," said Prue, almost emptying her cup at the first draught.

"Yes, it's awful good," said Jessie. "So's the bread—and everything."

They were about half through eating when someone knocked at the door.

Mrs. Rainsford went to answer the knock.

"Have you seen anything of three stray children?" Jessie heard asked, and called out with her mouthful of bread and butter.

"We're here. We're eatin' an, it tastes awful good."

"Oh Jessie!" exclaimed her mother, as she and Mrs. Thorne came into the room.

"What made you run away? We've been so frightened!"

"We didn't run away," said Jessie. "You said Tad might go, and that we might take the pa'sols."

"I do remember something about it, but I was too busy to pay much attention to what was said," said Mrs. Gifford. Then to the minister's wife, "This is Mrs. Thorne, and I am Mrs. Gifford. These two children are mine, and this one belongs to her. We were talking about calling on you and that very likely put the idea into their heads. I'm sorry they've made you so much trouble."

"They've made me no trouble at all," answered the minister's wife. "I've enjoyed the visit very much. I'm glad they came, for it has saved us from the formal calls you would have made. Now suppose we consider ourselves past the calling period of our acquaintance, and I want you to sit down and take tea with us, just as if we'd known each other a long time."

"We'll come again," said Jessie, as they started for home, after supper, and,

"Es, well tum adin," echoed Prue, and sleepy Tad roused up enough to say,

"We'll tum thome time."

So, you know, now, how Mrs. Thorne and Mrs. Gifford made their first call on the new minister's wife.

The *Saturday Review*, speaking of Mr. Lowell's address at the unveiling of the bust of Fielding, says: "One reads this speech with a kind of shame in thinking that there is not probably a single English man of letters who could have delivered so good a discourse; not one scholar, poet, or novelist who could stand up and speak so well, even on such a subject as Henry Fielding. Several there are, no doubt, who could have written as well; indeed, it is a most promising and fertile theme; but to write in English and to speak in American."

Grace Greenwood has written the initial volume for the series to be entitled *Girlhood and Womanhood Series of Exemplary Women*, to be issued by John R. & H. S. Anderson. The subject is Queen Victoria.

OUR GEM CASKET.

"But words are things, and a small drop of ink
Falling like dew upon a thought produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

Sadness is a disease, the best remedy for it is occupation; The reality of death demonstrates our own insignificance; The bane of distrust will tend to extinguish inspiration. We cannot become liberal unless we avoid petty motives.

Honesty of purpose must not be held as an evidence of ability.

The happiest women, like the happiest nation, have no history.

He who foresees calamities suffers them twice over.—*Porteus.*

It is lucky to pick up a horse shoe, but not to be picked up on one.

Pride is increased by ignorance; those assume the most who know the least.

Wealth may not bring happiness, perhaps, but it manages to make appearances agreeably deceptive.

Silence is the safest response for all the contradictions that arise from impertinence, vulgarity or envy.

You pity a man who is lame or blind, but you never pity him for being a fool, which is oftener a much greater misfortune.

Praise never gives us much pleasure unless it concur with our own opinion, and extol us for those qualities in which we chiefly excel.

No matter what his rank or position may be, the lover of books is the richest and the happiest of the children of men.—*Langford*

If you are a real man do a man's work and say nothing about it; but if you are only a rooster why, of course, you can't help crowing at nothing.

An editor wrote a head line, "Horrible Blunder!" to go over a railway accident; but whose fault was it that it got over the account of a wedding?

A paper recently said that "it won't do to be too certain of anything in this world unless we know positively whereof we affirm." We suppose this is the æsthetic way of saying that you can't always sometimes most generally tell.

A correspondent wrote to a patent medicine manufacturer; "For thirty-five years my wife was unable to speak above a whisper, owing to throat trouble. Two bottles of your medicine completely restored her voice." The patent-medicine man published his testimonial, and a month later was sold out by the sheriff.

"I have worked three months on this poem," said a man to an editor, "and I have full confidence in its worth." "Well," replied the editor, "Gray worked seven years on his *Elegy*. Let me advise you to work about ten years on this thing, and then read it at a school exhibition. We cannot afford to rob a man of his hard earnings."

Little Jimmy goes a-milking,

Takes his stool—

In the dark can't see bossie,

Tries a mule.

Mother comes to see what makes

Jimmy stay—

Funeral takes place next

Saturday.

—*The Judge.*