

FARMER GILES' LESSON.

BY MRS. M. M. P. WOOD.

"I tell you it's of no use. I will not hear another word about it," and farmer Giles brought his clenched fist heavily down upon the table as he concluded his remark.

"But, father, Prince has been such a good horse."

"Well, if he has been, he isn't now," irascibly replied the farmer.

"Husband, I remember," it was soft-voiced Mother Giles who spoke now, "I remember how Prince brought us over from mother's to our new home the day we were married."

"What's that got to do with it?" snarled the farmer.

"Father, wasn't it Prince that carried you after the doctor the night I was so awfully sick?" asked Jamie, a lad of seventeen years. "You know you have told me the story—how you patted his neck as you sprang into the saddle, and said: 'Now do your best, old fellow, do your best. We must get the doctor quickly if we want to keep our baby,' and you thought Prince knew every word you said. He almost flew over the ground; then, when I got better, one day you took me out in the door-yard, and Prince came trotting up and laid his head on your shoulder to look at me, and whinnied so softly."

"He was worth something, then," replied Mr. Giles a little less firmly. "But," he added, "all this talk amounts to nothing. Prince is old and helpless, I shall not keep him any longer. To-morrow I turn him out."

Willie, the spoiled boy of five years, the baby, at this moment looked up from his play, and said: "Papa, if you turn old Prince out to die, we boys," the little fellow always straightened up with a sense of his importance when he said that, "we boys will turn you out just as soon as you get old so you can't work hard. I'll set Bose on you too."

"Go to bed, Willie; we can not have such a bad boy as you are around."

"It's you that's bad, papa, you send me off to bed, and turn old Prince out to starve and die."

Farmer Giles did not seem to enjoy his paper very well that evening, and soon took his night lamp and retired,—but not to restful sleep,—the words of little Willie. "It's you that's bad, papa," kept ringing in his ears, and it was a long time that the stars looked in upon a wakeful man. Then when sleep came, dreams came with it. He was at last awakened by his wife shaking him by the shoulders, and saying:

"Why, Joseph, what's the matter? What are you dreaming about?"

Awakened, Joseph Giles tossed uneasily for some time longer, but finally sank into a restful sleep.

The breakfast the next morning was rather a silent meal, until at its close little Willie grasped his father's chair and asked as he looked into his face:

"Is you going to be a good papa to-day?"

"Yes, Willie, and now take my hand and come out with me to give dear old Prince an extra bite of oats this morning. You shall see that he has his breakfast every day after this."

"Oh, Papa! you are good now!" and the little fellow sprang into his arms and hugged him.

"Joseph, how happened this?" asked his wife.

"Sarah, Willie's words rang in my ears and colored my dreams. I saw myself, a poor, ragged old man, leaning on two rough sticks, limping out of my door-yard, while old Prince, Dobbin and Ned, standing on two legs, kicked and drove me forth with horrible neighs. The boys stood in the door laughing, and even your face was at the window, Sarah. The dogs barked and bit me, while I was so tremulous that it seemed as if I must sink down, but dared not."

"Bless the saucy boy," said the indulgent mother, with a tear in her eye, "and bless you, my husband, for heeding the dream."—*Dio Lewis.*

An Example in Arithmetic.

Johnny was poring over his mental arithmetic. It was a new study to him and he found it interesting. When Johnny undertook anything he went about it with heart, head and hand. He sat on his high stool at the table, and his father and mother sat just opposite. He was such a tiny

fellow, scarcely large enough to hold the book, you would think, much less to study and calculate. But he could do both, as you shall see.

Johnny's father had been speaking to his mother, and Johnny had been so intent on his book that he had not heard a word; but as he leaned back on his high chair to rest a moment, heard his father say, "Dean got beastly drunk at the club last night, drank ten glasses of wine. I was disgusted with the fellow."

Johnny looked up with bright eyes and said, "How many did you drink, father?"

"I drank but one, my son," said the father, smiling down upon his little boy.

"Then you were only one tenth drunk," said Johnny reflectively.

"Johnny!" cried his parent, sternly, in a breath; but Johnny continued with a studious air:

"Why, yes, if ten glasses of wine make a man beastly drunk, one glass will make him one tenth part drunk, and—"

"There, there!" interrupted the father, biting his lip to hide the smile that would come, "I guess it is bed time for you. We will have no more arithmetic to-night."

So Johnny was tucked away in bed, and went sound asleep; turning the problem over and over to see if he was wrong. And just before he had lost himself in slumber he had thought: "One thing is sure, if Dean hadn't taken the one glass he would not have been drunk, and if father had taken nine more he would have been drunk; so it is the safest way not to take any, and I never will."

ASHAMED TO TELL MOTHER.—"I would be ashamed to tell mother, was a little boy's reply to his comrades who were trying to tempt him to do wrong.

"But you need not tell her; no one will know anything about it."

"I would know all about it myself, and I'd feel mighty mean if I couldn't tell mother."

"It's a pity you wasn't a girl. The idea of a boy running and telling his mother every little thing!"

"You may laugh if you want to," said the noble boy, "but I've made up my mind never, so long as I live, to do anything I would be ashamed to tell my mother."

Noble resolve, and which will make almost any life true and useful. Let it be the rule of every boy and girl to do nothing of which they would be ashamed to tell their mother.

Why He Broke His Engagement.

Gambetta is a bachelor, but he has not lived so long without having at least contemplated marriage. The story of his engagement to an heiress in western France, and its sudden breaking off, give us a fresh glimpse of his character. From the time of his leaving his humble home at Cahors, till his rise to the highest rank of public personages, Gambetta lived with a faithful, loving, devoted aunt, who had followed him to Paris, and who made, every where he went, a pleasant home for him. She was at once his maid-of-all-work and his congenial companion; and he was as deeply attached to her as she to him. His engagement to a handsome, and accomplished girl, with a dot of seven millions, was a shock to the good aunt, but she yielded gracefully to the inevitable. When the arrangements for the marriage were being discussed, however, the young lady took it into her head to make it a condition of their union that the aunt should be excluded from the new establishment. She was scarcely elegant enough to adorn gilded salons. Gambetta explained how much his aunt had been to him, the rich beauty was only the more obdurate. Gambetta took up his hat, and with a profound bow, "Adieu!" said he, "we were not made to understand each other." And the marriage was put off forever.—*Good Company.*

At the recent performance in London of a play wherein a mother has a terrific combat with two ruffians for the possession of her child, a large Newfoundland dog, which had been taken into the pit by its owner, a steamship engineer, leaped over the orchestra, and, landing upon the stage, seized one of the fellows, and was with great difficulty removed. The dog had been a companion of children.