c.Grammar-

June, 1910.

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of mind and your teaching and cannot be is in grateful that we your ast, have as-

ave heard it nool committee intend to give you a well-earned leave of absence from your duties, and it would please us much if you would consent to spend the time as, in a sense, our guest. We ask you to accept this purse, which contains enough for a little trip across the water for yourself and family, and a visit to some of the countries that we used to try to tell you about in the geography

"We wish you a pleasant journey, a safe return, and many more years of splendid service in the Cushnoc Grammar-School."

The morning paper gave the mayor's speech in full, and it also reported the remarks of other gentlemen present. But one little speech, made later in the evening, escaped the attention of

the newspaper man. "Mr. Gilson," said Guy Parker, seizing an opportunity for a quiet word with his teacher, "I hope you'll forget how we all carried on in school to-day. We were so full of what was going to happen that we just couldn't hold in. And about that note. You see, I've heard so many people lately bragging about you having flogged them when they went to school that it made me feel envious.

"And all at once it came over me to-day that it would be quite an honor if I could say that I was the last boy that was ever whipped in the Cushnoc Grammar-School. So I up and wrote that note, hoping that you would capture it. I thought that that would do the business, if anything would. You won't lay it up against me, will

The old teacher, as he looked down into the frank, merry face, forgot all the pain that the boy had caused him. "It's all right, Guy," he said, with a smile. "And I think you may rest assured that the honor, such as it is, will never be taken away from you."

What the Teacher Said

Last Sunday Louis made his debut as a Sunday school scholar. body about the house was interested in the event, and for several days preceding the Sabbath various members of the family had taken pains to coach him for the ordeal. They had taught him the Golden Text and the story of the lesson, and finally Louis, arrayed in his best suit of clothes and with a shiny Lincoln penny in his pocket to be dropped into the contribution box, was directed into the path which all good little boys are supposed to tread. When he came home his relatives and

auxious to hear an account of his experiences.

"Well, Louis," said his mother, "did you have a nice time?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did you say the text?"

"Yes ma'am."

"And did you remember the lesson?" Yes, ma'am. I said it all off by

"And did you put your penny into the basket?" "Yes, ma'am."

Louis's mother grabbed him up and hugged him ecstatically. "Oh, you little precious," she said.

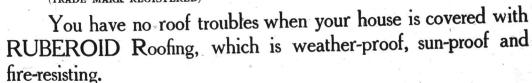
"Your teacher must have been proud of you. I know she just loved you. She said something to you, didn't she?"

"Yes, ma'am."
"I knew it," said the fond parent. "Come, Louis darling, tell mother what the teacher said to mother's little

"She said," was the startling reply, "for me to bring two pennies next

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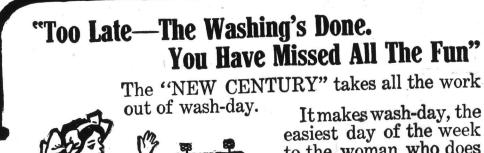
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