

the gaze of a pair of piercing black eyes upon the whisperer, he said clearly, "You would do well to remember the last clause of that same verse, young man; it reads, 'So is a parable in the mouth of fools.'"

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### Young Shafter's Lesson.

The *Cleveland Leader* gives the recipe by which General Shafter learned self-reliance, saying that the story is told in the officer's own words:

Once, when I was a boy at school, our teacher called up the class in mental arithmetic, and began putting questions, beginning with the pupil at the head. I stood somewhere near the middle, and next below me was a boy who was three years older, and considerably ahead of me in our various studies.

"How many are thirteen and nine and eight?" asked the teacher.

One after another the boys and girls guessed and failed; meantime I thought it out. The question had just got to me, when I heard the big boy, who stood next, whispering, apparently to himself:

"Twenty-nine, twenty-nine, twenty-nine."

"Well, Willie," said the teacher. "let us see if you know. Come now be prompt." I cocked my head on one side, and said triumphantly, "Twenty-nine!"

"Next! How many are thirteen and nine and eight?"

"Thirty," said the big boy below.

That was just what I had figured it to be, myself; and I made up my mind then and there, to depend on my own judgment for the future. Ever since when I have anything to do, and I have figured out what I thought to be the best way of doing it, I have gone ahead, remembering when people criticised, or tried to throw me off the track, how that big boy made a fool of me in the mental arithmetic class.

### Without Doubt.

A bright girl in one of the New York public schools applied to her teacher for leave to be absent half a day, on the plea that her mother had received a telegram which stated that company was on the way.

"It's my father's half-sister and her three boys," said the pupil anxiously, "and mother says she doesn't see how she can do without me, those boys always act so."

The teacher referred her to the printed



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### A GREAT TEMPTATION.

"Catch me, Messieurs, if you can,"  
Master Squirrel shouted;  
"Jump away, Sirs, that's your plan,"  
So he jeered and flouted.

Till poor Fido, Rough, and Spot,  
Tired of futile scratching,  
Vowed that Master Squirrel was not  
Worth the pains of catching.

list of reasons which justify absence, and asked if her case came under any of them. "I think it might come under this head," said the girl, pointing as she spoke to the words, "Domestic affliction."