

When he transformation his memory, when he heard who called in at-bean had in and would at he was the tion she ever curs over his o get at them. en all about some of his he believed for the bean, at it never out and it d had just the teacher er this case, the best and s, and quiet-school who, nd of a slate he next day. out of sight ld hear the ing, "Shoot ur vest!" to families or . Dreadful rely come to

ay when the Bilderback e. The boy as he was Bilderback's, boy on the g the selec- and a girl ender para- ar, gentle. Her little ressure of a as stirring ng heart of motionless

acher when Bilderback's

most gloom, licst,' ex-rawing his and die!" illain and thy catiff ley me? is sealed! rowing up I am the

"Manfred, the Avenger, dropped his blade at this terrible name, and—

The teacher caught her breath and stopped the boy. In tones of forced calmness she asked what he was reading, and he told her it was Bilderback's reader, and looked in amazement at the innocent scholastic back and the villainous interior, which was nothing less than "The Blood on the Ceiling; or, the Death Track of the Black Snoozer." After requesting Master Bilderback to remain after school and explain, she called the next class, one in Arithmetic.

"Fisher," she said, "you may read and analyze the fourth problem."

And Fisher, who was Bilderback's next seat mate, and had taken that young man's book by mistake, rose and read,

"The purtiest little baby, oh!
That ever I did see, oh!
They gave it pargoric, oh!
And sent it up to glory, oh!

F llacy, follacy, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;
Sometimes ———

"In mercy's name," shrieked the poor teacher, "what have you got there?" And investigation revealed the humiliating fact that when Mrs. Bilderback thought her young son was poring over mathematical problems, he was learning choice vocal selections out of "The Pull-Back Songster and Ethiopian Glee book."

When the grammar class was called, the teacher asked some one to bring her a book. Master Bilderback was the nearest, and he handed her his, innocently enough, for he had been busy with more projects than he could tell about in a week, since the arithmetic class had gone down. The teacher was tired and listless with that wearing worry and torture which is only found in the school room, and she listlessly and mechanically opened the book at the place, and said,

"Mamie, how would you analyze and parse this sentence," and casting her eyes on the page, she read:

"Offer you dond vas got some clothes on, go on dark blaces, off you blease. Ain'd it?"

She laid down the book, and burst into hysterical tears, unable to exert her authority to restrain the mirth that burst out all over the school room. She dismissed the school and had not sufficient energy to punish even Master Bilderback and that young gentleman only carried home a note to his father requesting that citizen and taxpayer to reorganize his son's school library before he sent him back to that palladium of our cuntry's liberties, the public school.

A Rainy Day Idyl.

How mane times do I love you, dear?
That is beyond my number's skill;
Dearer your smiles than aught else here,
Unless it might be my amberill.

Sweet is the glance of your soft brown eyes,
Veiled when the silken fringes fall;
Vorse can not tell how much I prize
Thee, and my constant umbersoll.

As the shadowy years speed on and by
Over our lives like a magic spell;
Ever to thee I'll f ndly fly,
And shelter you under my umberell.

Time's wings are swifter than thought, my dear,
When my heart is cheered by your sunny smile;
Never an hour is sad or drear,
When I know where to look for my old um-
brile.

Even when life its sands have run
And my leaf has fallen ere and yellow,
Little I'll h-ed either storm or sun
Safe 'neath the roof of my dear umbrellow.

Ha! But the world is wrapped in gloom—
Storm, rain and tempest round me roll;
Show me the man! Oh, give me room!
Some wretch has stolen my umbersoll.

Suburban Solitudes.

Mr. Dresseldorf, who can't endure any noise since he sold his clarionet, has just moved into the sweetest little cottage out on South Hill, and here, he told Mrs. Dresseldorf, he would rest and spend his declining days under his own vine and fig tree, with no one to molest or make him afraid. "We have a few neighbours, he said, the afternoon they got comfortably and cozily settled; "Mr. Blodgers, next door, keeps a cow, and will supply us with an abundance of puro, fresh milk; Mr. Whackem, not far away, is an honest teamster, I understand, and will be convenient when we want a little hauling done from town; Mr. Sturvesant, just down the street, has a splendid dog that he says keeps an eye on the entire neighbourhood, and I think we will live pleasantly and happily here." And Mr. Dresseldorf sat on the porch and solemnly contemplated the hammer bruises and the tack holes and nail marks and abrasions of stove legs and the pinches of obstinate stove-pipe joints on his hands, and wondered if Providence would be merciful to him and strike the house with lightning before next moving day rolled round. And with this pleasant and soothing thought, Mr. Dresseldorf fell into a trance of ecstatic content, delighted with the holy quiet of the scene and the neighbourhood, with Perkins' meadow in the serene distance, the sun sinking out of sight, throwing long bars of burnished gold through a clump of forest trees off to the west, and the summer air vibrating with the hushed hum of insect life that float-