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# YOUNG FOLKS

Not in his cradle sleeping.
Is my darling baby fair.
Not on the carpet creeping.
But in his table chair:
He sleeps such rosy alumb.
As a baby only knows;
For its heart no cares enc.
To mar its sweet repose.

He sits with dimp of fingers Prossed to his roseate cheek, And on his face still lingers A smile, and sunbeams streat His pretty locks so golden. Kiesed by the summer breeze No fairer sight beholden By mothers are, than these,

His silver spoon has fallen,
What cares he for it now?
Such minor things do pall on
Sweet baby's senses now,
He's reveiling in the fancies
Of childhood's blest domair
Where innocence enhances
His sweet cherubic reign.

Oh, tell me not of pleasures In palace hall so gay; But give me cottage treasur Lake this I own to day. A little cherub dreaming— A bud just opening fair— A light divinely beaming On every rising care.

Sleep on, for angels ever Are kindly watching thee. And naught but sin can sever Thee in futurity. May my dove never slumber Where covert danger lies, May wirtue's force outnumber Temptation till it files.

Baby! thy world is beautiful, For thou art smiling now. For thou art smiling now. Embroidering my life so dull, And tinting thy fair brow. Soon little feet will patter, Like softest leaf in June; Soon will commence the clatter Of home-life's sweetest tune.

A Queer Ride.

Daisy was roasting apples before grandma's fire—two great spicy "Porters." They
hung from the mantle by strings tied about
their stems, and they sputtered and sunf;
and bobbed about, keeping time to the
merry fire that danced behind the brassheaded "dogs."

Grandma and Daisy were "keeping
house" to-day, while father and mother and
the boys went to the County Fair.

Daisy bould not go. A naughty tooth
had puffed up one cheek so that Tom said
she looked like a squirrel with his mouth
stuffed with corn.

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"Hoity-toity!" cried grandma, making believe she did not see it. "Why, those apples will burn, sure enough! Give them a whirl, Daisy, and bring out the little silver tea-pot, with the tiny cream-jug and the two little pewter plates that Joanna Kettle gave me for being named for her—little enough, too, for such a name as that shouldn't you think, Daisy!" laughed grandma, pulling her little round table forward with the crook of her cane, and beginning to arrange the tiny damak cloth, for Daisy and grandma were going to distance by the cozy chimney-corner.

"When I was a little girl," said grandma dropping a lump of sugar from the silver tongs into her china cup, "my mother was sent for one day late in November to go over and help her mother prepare for my Aunt Judith's wedding supper.

"It was two miles off to grandma's house. I cried to go, too, but mother would not hear of such a thing. She had got to take along Prissy, the baby, and I must stay at home and help look after little brother John.

"I rebelled loudly, but mother was firm, and she left me making a great commotion in the kitchen, naughty girl that I was!

"Toward the middle of the forencon grandpa came along on horseback,—almost every one went on horseback those days,—and called in to our house to get warm. He went out early to the store, five miles, to get some spice and raisins, and get a bag of wheat ground for Aunt Judith's wedding-cake—wheat flour was only used on special occasions.

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occasions.

"He carried these things in two great leathern saddle-bags hung on either side of the horse. Each bag held a bushel, I should

the horse. Each bag held a bushel, I should think.

"Well, I determined to go home with him in some way. I said nothing, but I thought very fast and in a minute I stole out to the barn and looked into the bags.

"The flour and raisins must go of course, for Aunt Judith couldn't be married that night without the cake, I thought. These were all in one bag, but in the other was a great stuffy bundle—grandma's wool rolls, I thought.

"Out it came, and was tucked in a hole in the haymow and in I scrambled, pulling

"Out it came, and was tucked in a hole in the haymow and in I scrambled, pulling the leathern flap well down over my brown hood, and drawing the great saddle blanket, in which grandpa wrapped his feet, close about the bag.

"I had hardly got settled when grandpa came out, took a pinch of snuff and mounted.
"Somehow he spilled a lot of snuff into the blanket. Pretty quick it began to tickle

Somenow he spined a lot of shuff into the blanket. Pretty quick it began to tickle my nose, the tears came into my eyes,—I pinched my nose and stuffed it into the side of my wadded hood. Oh dear! I must—

"K-ch-ch! out it came—a smothered little sneeze. Grandpa thought 'twas one of the hens that had got choked with a wheat beard," and grandma laughed as she sipped her tea. her tea.
"Well, off we went, jolting and dangling two wents, and before we

her tea.

"Well, off we went, jolting and dangling over the rough, frozen road, and before we got halfway there I wished I was at home; for either the snuff or the swaying of the saddle-bag made me just sick. Then grandpa's buskined leg lay right on top of my head, and I didn't dare to stir.

"It seemed miles and miles through those woods, and grandpa kept beating his heels to keep them warm. But just as it seemed as if I must scream right out I heard Jowler, grandpa's dog, bark.

"In a minute mother and Aunt Judith ran to the door, and grandpa was fumbling at the bags. He lifted the flap of my bag.
"Sho! sho! I'll be whipped if here aint Joan! Mother! Girls! Well, hop out here, child, and take some of the kinks out of yourself!"

"'But where's my gown, father?" cried Aunt Judith. "Did you forget it, or hadn't Miss Tempy got it done?"
"Then it came out that it was the wedding gown that I had stuffed into the hole in the haymow.
"Dismayed and awfully sashamed. I was

"Dismayed and awfully ashamed, I was tucked right back into the saddle-bag, and was bounced home again, grandpa chuckling was bounced ball the way."

"It's been puzzling my brain," inadvertently remarked Snodgrass. "What has?" asked Snively. "Whether a man with a glass eye ever has pane in it."

Mrs. Sandy McPharlane-"Ah, Sandy, mon, the Germans and the Lutians may, talk about their great musicians, but name o' thim has the reputation o' Piper Heids sieck, for I see his name in high etters in all o' the papers I pick up."