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their host. "There is certainly no danger of a man of your years and habits becoming too fond of it," said he.

"I meant no disrespect, John," answered Lincoln, "but I promised my mother only a few days before she died that I would never use anything intoxicating as a beverage. A promise is a promise for ever, John, and when made to a mother it is doubly binding."

Lincoln had great love for his mother and respect for her memory. He once said:

"All that I am, all that I hope to be, I owe to my mother."

Would that all mothers had such sons!

WHEN ELLIE WENT TO RIDE WITH GRANDPA.

By A. L. Pearson.

"Oh, are you going to the post-office, Grandpa?" cried Ellie, the very first morning after she reached the parsonage in Littleton for her summer's visit. "May I go too? May I, Grandpa?"

"Run in and get your sunbonnet, Ellie, for I'm ready to go," said Grandpa. Of course she could go; that question needed no answer. How could Grandpa ever even think of going to town without a little girl to hold the reins for him when he wanted to think about his sermon, or to remind him that Grandma wanted him to get Oolong tea this-time, not just tea?

Rex was used to these trips back and forth and trotted as fast as though Ellie were not a whole year bigger than last summer. And the high, old-fashioned buggy rattled just as noisily as ever.

It was Tuesday morning, and Grandpa didn't want to think about the sermon which he had preached on the Sunday before. And he wasn't ready to begin thinking about next Sunday's sermon quite yet; so Ellie could talk all she wanted to, and she and Grandpa sang "My Days are Gliding Swiftly By," and "I'm a Pilgrim," where there weren't any houses along the road. Grandpa

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pointed out to her the compass-plant, which would always tell her which way was north, and showed her how all the tall sunflowers were saying good-morning to the sun.

Ellie was so glad that the post-office had been moved three miles away from the parsonage long before she was born, though Grandma always said, every morning when they started off, "It's just a shame you have to take that long drive. We ought to have the post-office where it used to be."

When they stopped at the office, Ellie carefully held the reins while Grandpa went in for the mail. Rex stood just as still as though he were tied to a hitching post, for there wasn't even one green leaf or spear of grass within reach to tempt him.

"Good-morning, Ellie," said a pleasant voice. "Have you come back to help your Grandpa drive, this summer?" And Deacon Templeton came up holding out his hand to greet the little girl. She looked anxiously at the horse, but dropped one rein and politely shook hands with the old gentleman. She almost wished she hadn't come when Mr. Clark, who kept the store where the post-office was, came out to greet her also; and she quite wished so when the two young lady clerks and the "Professor," who was buying some new pencils, although school wasn't keeping, all came out to say how-do-you-do.

"Well, Ellie, what grade are you in now?" asked Professor Allen.

"I'm in the ———," Ellie was saying, when there came a funny little rush and tumble right under the buggy seat. Out scrambled Puck, Ellie's little bantam rooster, which lived with Grandpa because Ellie had to live in the city and could not keep bantams or rabbits nor any of the delightful pets which she so much wanted. Up the little fellow hopped, right on to the dashboard, and out came Pam, his demure little mate, and hopped up beside him. Pam kept quite still, but Puck began cackling his loudest right into the professor's face, then crowed joyously to the whole crowd. He kept on crowing and cackling until Grandpa came hurrying out to see what was happening.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed, and the whole group began to laugh too. This time Ellie quite forgot the reins. She climbed down and looked behind the leather curtain of the seat.

"Oh! Grandpa," she cried, "Oh Grandpa! See here! Pam has laid an egg right under the seat." And she triumphantly brought out a little white egg which had caused all the commotion.

"Wasn't that dear of her! Pam laid it right under the seat, Grandpa. Right under the seat while we were riding." Ellie beamed upon the crowd, her timidity quite forgotten.

"I knew you were a kind-hearted man, Mr. Mason; but I didn't suppose you would carry your kindness so far as to take your poultry out for pleasure drives."

"Oh, Professor Allen," explained Ellie, "they stole the nest, you know. We didn't know they were there—really we didn't."

On the way home Grandpa had to drive, for Ellie carried Puck under one arm and Pam under the other, while in one hand she kept carefully the little white egg.

"Grandpa, this is the funniest and nicest drive I ever had," said Ellie when she was lifted down from the buggy, with her pets; "but I think next time we'd better look under the buggy seat before we start, don't you?"

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