

A Boy's Mother.

MY mother she's so good to me,
 If I was good as I could be,
 I couldn't be as good—no, sir!
 Can't any boy be good as her!



She loves me when I'm glad er mad;
 She loves me when I'm good er bad;
 An', what's a funniest thing, she says
 She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me:
 That don't hurt, but it hurts to see
 Her cryin'—nen I cry; an' nen
 We both cry—an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts and sews
 My little cloak an' Sunday clothes;
 An' when my Pa comes home to tea,
 She loves him 'most as much as me.

She laughs an' tells him all I said,
 An' grabs me up an' pats my head;
 An' I hug her, an' hug my Pa,
 An' love him purt' nigh much as Ma.
 —J. W. Riley.

The Miller's Exploit.

It was a lovely November afternoon, in what is called in Germany, as well as England, "All Hallows Summer," when Fritz, the miller, was busying about the mill, and moving carelessly to and fro amongst the piles of sacks that lay by his cabin-door. He had been splitting wood for his Winter's fire, and his cleaving-axe was in his hand.

Suddenly he heard a wild scream, and his blood ran cold; for the voice that pierced his ears was surely that of the little lady from the castle. He rushed to the door.

Flying toward him, with her arms thrown forward and her long hair floating in the wind, was little Ermentrude, and a few yards behind her were three full-grown wolves in hot pursuit.

Fritz dashed forward with the speed of thought. He was just in time. His axe was still grasped in his right hand, and he only just reached the child, and snatched her from the

ground with his left, at the very moment when the wolves were making a fierce spring at her.

In their headlong charge they swept right past, and Fritz, seeing a tree at some little distance in front, made for it, and reached it before the wolves could check their course and turn round again.

Fritz saw at a glance that there must be a fight for life. The wolves were splendid specimens of their breed, and he saw hunger and ferocity gleaming in their eyes. Planting himself with his back to the tree, and his little charge pressed firmly against his left shoulder, he brandished his axe above his head and waited for the attack.

Headlong came on the wolves with their usual impetuosity; but, happily, in turning round they had scattered, and one was before the other. The first that made a spring at the miller received his deathblow right in the centre of his forehead. The miller's nerves were as firm as steel, and he dealt the blow as truly as if he had been cleaving a log of wood for his fire.

But the second wolf was too quick for him. Before he could bring his axe round again the wolf was at his throat. Its teeth grazed his flesh, and fixed themselves in the leathern apron that was tied round his neck. This gave way, and down fell the wolf. Fritz took two steps to one side, to give his arm room to strike, and, with a quick blow, half severed the brute's head from its body.

But he had still to try conclusions with the third, which was the largest and fiercest of the three. When Fritz had first caught up the child the third wolf's headlong speed had carried it far beyond its companions, so that it came to the attack several seconds after both of them had fallen.

But when it did come it came in grim earnest. With a fearful howl, it leaped right at the brave miller's throat. He stepped aside a little, causing it to miss its aim; but as it dropped the brute caught his right hand in its mouth and bit it terribly. It again returned to the charge, and this time managed to get hold of the miller's jerkin with its teeth, where it hung for a second or two, pendulous.

The miller could not strike, and was at a sad disadvantage, because his left hand was firmly holding his precious charge, who never uttered one cry, but clung to his neck with trembling arms.

But he shook himself free from his assailant, which, however, again and again renewed the attack, bounding up time after time, evidently with the

purpose of seizing the miller by the throat and giving him no chance of making a fair blow with his weapon. All the time the brute was howling in a fearful manner, and the stout miller, whose blood was now flowing freely, was beginning to think that his hour was come.

But the thought of the precious charge that he sheltered on his shoulder buoyed up his courage, and, mustering all his strength, he gave a sudden jerk to free himself from the beast, and, running several yards, turned round in a new position. With a savage howl the wolf rushed at him again, open-mouthed; but this time the trusty axe and the true hand did their work, and the red blood spurted into the air from a death-wound between the eyes.

Thus did Fritz slay the three wolves, saving the little lady of the castle from a ghastly death, and her father's noble house from bitter mourning.

The fame of the deed flew far and wide, and the name of Fritz Muller was soon in all men's mouths. Bonfires were lit on every hill in Otto's territory to show the people's joy at the saving of his daughter's life. Men and women came by hundreds from all parts to shake hands with the brave Fritz and congratulate him on his victory.

Nor was the Margrave behind his subjects in his gratitude to the savior of his child. With noble warmth he pressed him to his bosom, peasant though he was, and told him that he had saved two lives—his daughter's and her father's; for, if she had fallen a victim, it would have brought his own gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

He at once gave orders for a wolf-stone to be cut and set up on the spot where the deed was done, and for three acres to be measured round it, to be handed over forever to Fritz Muller and his descendants.

—Budget.

Her Baby's Grave.

The keeper of a cemetery in one of the eastern states was at work in the cemetery not long ago, when a poorly dressed and feeble looking gray-haired woman entered the gate and said that she wanted to make arrangements for setting up a small tomb-stone.

"Where is the grave?" asked the sexton.

"I can't tell you just where it is," answered the woman, "But I can go to it."

She led the way to a remote corner where there were few graves, and there,