



NUTTING TIME.

IN and out the trees, there,
Merry voices sound—
Where the bank is steepest,
Ripest nuts are found

Reach a hand and catch them,
Clusters small and great;
Take care little maiden,
Set your basket straight.

'Twould not be so pleasant,
Gathering them again,
If they once went spinning
Down the dusty lane.

THE JUDGE'S FENCE.

It is a rule that a workman must follow his employer's orders, but no one has a right to make him do work discreditable to himself. Judge M —, a well-known judge living near Cincinnati, loved to tell this anecdote of a young man who understood the risk of doing a shabby job even when directed to.

He had once occasion to send to the village after a carpenter, and a sturdy young fellow appeared with his tools.

"I want this fence mended to keep out the cattle. There are some unplanned boards—use them. It is out of sight from the house, so you need not take time to make a neat job. I will only pay you a dollar and a half."

The judge went to dinner, and, coming out, found the man carefully planing each board. Supposing that he was trying to make a costly job of it, he ordered him to nail them on at once, just as they were, and continued his walk. When he returned, the boards were all planed and numbered, ready for nailing.

"I told you this fence was to be covered

with vines," he said, angrily. "I do not care how it looks."

"I do," said the carpenter, gruffly, carefully measuring his work. When it was finished there was no part of the fence as thorough in finish.

"How much do you charge?" said the judge.

"A dollar and a half," said the man, shouldering his tools.

The judge stared. "Why did you spend all that labour on that job, if not for money?"

"For the job, sir."

"Nobody would have seen the poor work on it."

"But I should have known it was there. No; I'll take only a dollar and a half." And he took it and went away.

Ten years afterward the judge had the contract to give for the building of several magnificent public buildings. There were many applicants among the master builders, but the face of one caught his eye.

"It was my man of the fence," he said afterward.

"I knew we should have only good,

genuine work from him. I gave him the contract, and it made a rich man of him."
—*The Living Age.*

THE INQUISITIVE MOUSE.

A little mouse, unused to the ways of the world, once left its quiet home, and set out upon a journey, and was greatly charmed with many of the strange things that it saw, among which was a dear little house, the door of which stood wide open. As there was no one about, it ventured to look in, and saw a bit of cheese suspended from the ceiling. "That cheese smells very good," thought the mouse, and forthwith walked in, and began to nibble away at the tempting morsel.

Suddenly there was a sharp noise, which greatly frightened the mouse, but when it tried to run home again it found the door shut!

I need not tell you what followed— suffice it to say that the mouse never saw its poor father and mother again!

There are traps for children, and very tempting are the baits hung up to attract them; but remember—the best side of these traps is the outside.

"There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."—Proverbs 16. 25.

WHOSE FAULT WAS IT?

"Just look at the baby," cried Elsie, "come look,
"He's perched on the top of that great open book."
Sure enough, there he was, with his dollie and ball,
Tossed from him and left where they happened to fall.

But what is the book that was left on the floor?

Mamma's album, indeed, never played with before;

And the baby has torn it, and scattered about

The beautiful pictures he somehow pulled out.

The mother looked grave, while the baby himself

But laughed all the louder, the mischievous elf.

"Shall you punish him, mamma? He ought to take care,"

Said Elsie who seemed to forget her own share.

"I'll not punish baby, for he does not know,

That books were not made to be treated just so;

But how came the book on the floor, in this way;

Who carelessly left it?" No word did she say;

But who do you think for the harm was to blame?

I leave you to answer, and tell me her name.