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lection of considerable dramatic power, and calling for a somewhat spirited rendering. The master would not have chosen this lesson, but he had laid down the rule that there was to be no special drilling of the pupils for an exhibition, but that the school should be seen doing its every-day work; and in the reading, the lessons for the previous days were to be those of the examination day. By an evil fortune, the reading for the day was the dramatic "Marco Bozzaris." The master shivered inwardly as he thought of the possibility of Thomas Finch, with his stolidly monotonous voice, being called upon to read the thrilling lines recording the panic-stricken death-cry of the Turk: "To arms! They come! The Greek! The Greek!" But Thomas, by careful plodding, had climbed to fourth place, and the danger lay in the third verse.

"Will you take this class, Mr. McRae?" said the master, handing him the book. He knew that the dominie was not interested in the art of reading beyond the point of correct pronunciation, and hence he hoped the class might get off easily. The dominie took the book reluctantly. What he desired was the "arithmetical" class, and did not care to be "put off" with mere reading.

"Well, Ranald, let us hear you," he rather growled. Ranald went at his work with quiet confidence; he knew all the words.

"Page 187, Marco Bozzaris. At midnight in his guarded tent, The Turk lay dreaming of the hour

When Greece, her knee in supplication bent, Should tremble at his power."

An so on steadily to the end of his verse.

"Next!"

The next was "Betsy Dan," the daughter of Dan Campbell, of "The Island." Now, Betsy Dan was very red in hair and face, very shy and very nervous, and always on the point of giggles. It was a trial to her to read on ordinary days, but to-day it was almost more than she could bear. To make matters worse, sitting immediately behind her, and sheltered from the eye

of the master, sat Jimmie Cameron, Don's youngest brother. Jimmie was always on the alert for mischief, and ever ready to go off into fits of laughter, which he managed to check only by grabbing tight hold of his nose. Just now he was busy pulling at the strings of Betsy Dan's apron with one hand, while with the other he was hanging onto his nose, and swaying in paroxysms of laughter.

Very red in the face, Betsy Dan began her verse.

"At midnight in the forest shades, Bozzaris—"

Pause, while Betsy Dan clutched behind her.

"—Bozzaris ranged—"

("Tchik! tchik!") a snicker from Jimmie in the rear.

"—his Suliote band,

True as the steel of—"

("im-im,") Betsy Dan struggles with her giggles.

"Elizabeth!" The master's voice is stern and sharp.

Betsy Dan bristles up, while Jimmie is momentarily sobered by the master's tone.

"True as the steel of their tried blades,

Heroes in heart and hand.

There had the Persians' thousands stood—"

("Tchik! tchik! tchik,") a long snicker from Jimmie, whose nose cannot be kept quite in control. It is becoming too much for poor Betsy Dan, whose lips begin to twitch.

"There—"

("im-im, thit-tit-tit,") Betsy Dan is making mighty efforts to hold her giggles.

"—had the glad earth (tchik!) drunk their blood.

On old Pl-a-a-t-e-a-s day."

Whack! whack!

"Elizabeth Campbell!" The master's tone was quite terrible.

"I don't care! He won't leave me alone. He's just-just (sob) pulling at me (sob) all the time."

By this time Betsy's apron was up to her eyes, and her sobs were quite tempestuous.

"James, stand up!" Jimmie slowly rose, red with laughter, and covered with confusion.

"I-I-I di-dn't touch her!" he protested.

(To be continued)



Only a Boy.

There's a niche for you in the world, my boy,

A corner for you to fill;

And it waits to-day

Along life's way,

For the boy with a frank "I will!"

So, lad, be true;

The world wants you

In the corner that you may fill.

Ben Martyn set down a basket on the slippery sidewalk and signalled the car, which was dragging slowly up a hill. The driver looked cross at the idea of stopping again.

"This is the third time I have had to stop the car since I started up the hill," he said, in a grumbling tone.

Ben looked sympathetic.

"It is too bad," he said, "if I had thought so far, I could have waited; but my thoughts always come afterward."

There was one vacant seat, and no room for basket or bundles. Ben took the seat; but at the top of the hill the car stopped again, and a feeble old lady in a faded dress came in. Ben jumped to his feet.

"Take my seat," he said, cheerily, as if it was a great pleasure to stand.

The driver took it, and abs forgot to stop again; but I know she was grateful.

The car was out that morning, and Ben had waited for it that day. The car was out that morning, and Ben had waited for it that day. The car was out that morning, and Ben had waited for it that day.

green apples went rolling over the dirty car.

"That's bad," the man said, heartily, but he didn't offer to help pick them up.

"Never mind," said Ben, cheerily; "accidents will happen, especially when they don't give us more elbow room than this. It's lucky it wasn't the other basket; they are eggs. I'm afraid they wouldn't pick up quite so easily."

It wasn't three minutes after that that a finely-dressed lady, complaining of the crowd and the tiresomeness of having one's dress sat on, moved away from her next neighbor with such a jerk that she came with her elbow against Ben's basket, and out rolled a small package and an egg; and of all places for an egg to fall, it went plump into the finely-dressed lady's lap. Of course, it broke—eggs always do when they shouldn't—then what a time there was! Ben's face was red away up into his hair with sorrow and mortification; he made as many and as humble apologies as though he had ruined the lady for life.

"They ought not to allow such people to ride on the cars," she said angrily, in answer to an exceedingly humble sentence from Ben. "I think they ought to have a market wagon run to accommodate the people who are inclined to turn the street cars into walking stores."

Ben looked interested in the idea.

"It would be a good thing," he said. "I wonder why they don't run a special car for us working fellows in the morning; it really is a nuisance to have our baskets and bundles in everybody's way, but we don't know how to help it. Still,