



Johnnie's Cure.

"Mamma! mamma!" cried Johnnie, "do you know where my cap is? I can't find it anywhere, and papa wants me to go to the post office for him right away."

Mamma was busy sewing but she laid down her work to look for the missing cap. As Johnnie had said, it was nowhere to be seen.

"Where did you put it when you came from school not half an hour ago?"

"On the hat rack, I know, and now it isn't anywhere. Oh, dear! how provoking!"

After fifteen minutes diligent search shared by all the members of the family the cap was found tucked away in the owner's coat-pocket, and Johnnie ran away to do his father's errand, while the others returned to their interrupted work and tried to make up for lost time.

"Johnnie is growing more careless every day," said his mother. "I don't know what to do with him. It isn't always possible to make him look for his own things, and I'm afraid nothing else will cure him."

"Suppose we try setting a frightful example," suggested his older sister.

"Perhaps that would do," replied his mother, as the details of the plan presented themselves.

The next afternoon Johnnie rushed in from school crying, "Mamma, Mrs. Harris says the ice is strong enough to bear us, and we are all going skating; but I've just torn my coat. Can you please mend it right away?"

"Yes, if I can find my thimble. See if it is in my basket."

"Why, I don't see where it can be," said Mrs. Black, feeling in her pocket and not finding it. "Look all around the room."

Johnnie, in too much haste to think how very strange it was for his orderly mother to mislay anything, hunted diligently, but no thimble came to light.

"Go ask Jennie for hers." Jennie's was also missing. "I think you will have to stay at home; you certainly cannot wear that coat as it is."

Sore as the disappointment was, Johnnie was obliged to submit. For a week the very spirit of disorder seemed to rule the house. Every article was left where it was last used, until the once tidy rooms looked fairly cheerless with the accumulated litter. There was one exception. While Johnnie was constantly called upon to look for Jennie's gloves, or mamma's scissors, or papa's umbrella, his own cap was more frequently on the rack, his skates on their hook, his slate and books strapped together.

Finally, after an unusually trying experience, he exclaimed one day, "I never saw such a house as this is getting to be. I seem to be the only one that ever puts things where they belong."

The shout of laughter that went up at this extraordinary statement somewhat abashed the speaker, but he sturdily maintained his point; whereupon the others promised that if he would continue to set such a good example they would certainly follow it.

That week taught Johnnie a lesson he never forgot.

Boys should never go through life satisfied to be always borrowing other people's brains. There are some things they should find out for themselves. There is always something waiting to be found out.



Driving a Hen into a Coop.

When a woman has a hen to drive into a coop, she takes hold of her skirts with both hands, shakes them quietly at the delinquent and says: "Shoo, there!" The hen takes a look at the object to assure herself that it is a woman and then stalks majestically into the coop. A man doesn't do it that way. He goes out doors saying: "It's singular that no one can drive a hen but me?" and picking up a stick of wood hurls it at the offending biped, and yells: "Get in there, you thief!" The hen immediately loses her reason and dashes to the other end of the yard. The man plunges after her. She comes back with her head down, her wings out, and followed by a miscellaneous assortment of stove wood, fruit cans, clinkers and a very mad man in the rear. Then she skims under the barn and over a fence or two and around the house back to the coop again, all the while talking as only an excited hen can talk, and all the while followed by things convenient for throwing, and by a man whose coat is on the saw-buck, whose hat is on the ground and whose perspiration is limitless. By this time the other hens have come out to take a hand in the debate and help dodge missiles. The man vows that every hen on the place shall be sold at once, puts on his hat and coat and goes down town. The woman comes out, goes right to work, and has every one of those hens housed and counted inside of two minutes.

He Bought a Carriage.

A YOUNG man with a baby in his arms stood on a street corner, says the *Cork Examiner*. The baby was at peace with itself, the young man who held it, and the world in general. The young man didn't appear so satisfied. He looked quite anxious and ill at ease.

He had been standing there with the baby in his arms for almost an hour, when two young men, who had been standing on the opposite corner enjoying the situation, crossed the street and walked up to him.

"I say, old chap, where did you get the kid?"

"A young lady asked me to hold it for her a few moments while she went into a store," answered the young man, beginning to look as if he wished she hadn't.

"She did, eh? Well, the best thing you can do is to take the child up to police headquarters and report the case. The mother has deserted the baby."

"I don't believe it," said the holder of the baby, but the expression of his face seemed to belie the statement.

"You don't?" exclaimed the second young man. "I'll bet you £2 to a shilling it's a fact."

"I'll take that bet," and the money was put up.

About five minutes later a very trim little lady came out of the store with her arms full of bundles.

"Oh, John, how long I've kept you waiting! Has baby been behaving itself? Come to its mother, poor little dear. What? You've got to see a friend! All right; hurry up."

And as the couple walked off, the young gents on the corner could hear the fond father say:

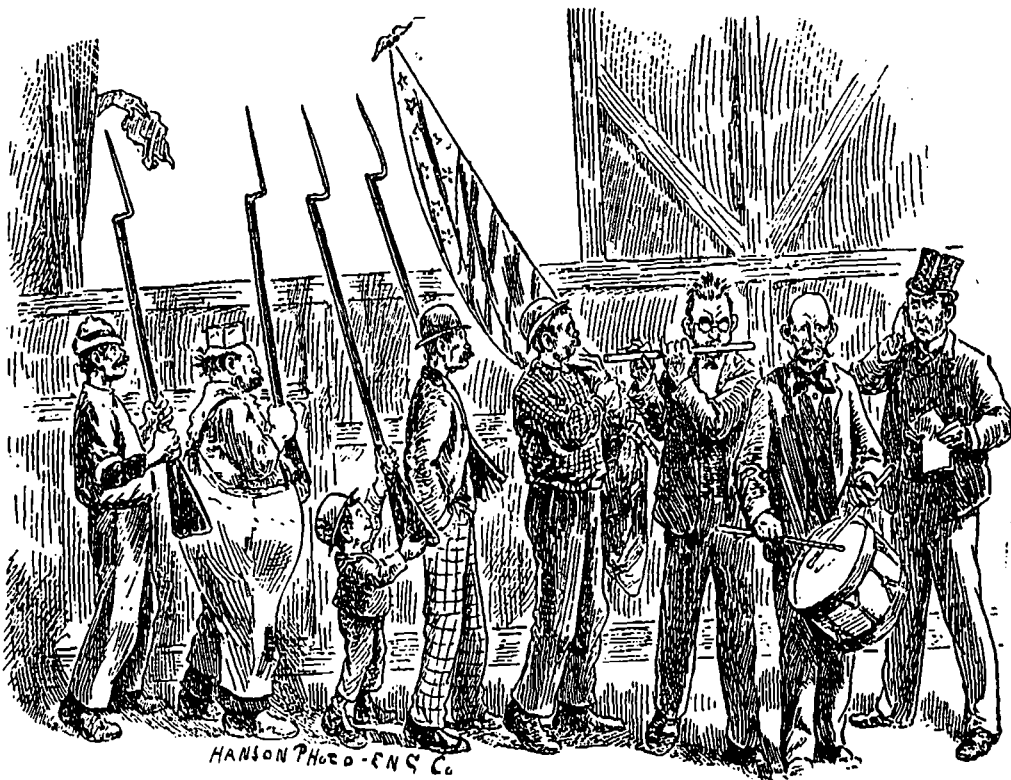
"See, it will just buy baby that carriage you wanted so badly."

Level means flat, yet the man who would feel flattered to be called level-headed would object strongly to being called flat-headed. Odd, isn't it?

The True Inwardness of the War Drama.



HEROINE.—Ah, how noble Colonel Westpoint looks, riding away at the head of his brave fellows to battle for their country's flag. Oh, heavens, to think that perhaps we may never meet again.



STAGE MANAGER.—Go 'round twice more, lively now—git a move on you!