

that the school building was on fire. There were five hundred children in it; and in less than one moment half the children in her room knew, as did she, of the danger, and were preparing to rush out of doors. The teacher, Miss Olney, said not a word, but springing to the door, she lifted her hand, and with a commanding gesture motioned the pupils back in their seats, and they dared not disobey. She then hurried from the room to warn the other teachers of the danger, and to give the alarm of fire.

Quick as a flash, a slender boy with a flashing eye had taken the teacher's place at the door, for every pupil in the room had risen to his feet to escape as quickly as possible. The boy at the door was Frank Thompson.

"Stand back!" he cried; "not one of you can pass through this door! Disobey orders, and you will be crushed on the stairs!"

And do you think a boy moved? Not one. The pale-faced, flashing-eyed lad at the door, with uplifted hand, was equal to any army with banners. Every one felt that the boy who dared not fight dared to hold his post, and guard it too. And so he stood till the teacher returned, when he slipped into a passage way and fairly flew into one of the lower rooms, where he knew there was a tiny little fellow, weak and lame, who might be overlooked and lost in the danger. Hunting him out of the crowd of little ones, Frank lifted him in his arms, and never lost hold of his burden until he had put him safely down at his mother's door, two or three squares away. Then he returned to the school-building, from which the children had all safely escaped by leaving it in quiet order, and the fire engines were rapidly putting out the fire.

You may be sure there were no boys to call Frank Thompson a coward after that. The story of his bravery, his quick, determined action, got into the newspapers, and several gentlemen had a gold medal made, and on it were these words:

TO FRANK THOMPSON,  
FROM THE CITIZENS OF C—,  
IN HONOR OF A BRAVE DEED,  
DECEMBER 21, 1880.

This was the date of the fire. And the medal was hung about Frank's neck in the presence of all his school-fellows, while one of the gentlemen made a little speech, in which he told the pupils that it was always a brave lad who dared to do right, and always a coward who dared to do wrong.—*Exchange.*

### GOD BLESS THE FARM.

God bless the farm—the dear old farm,  
God bless its every rood!  
Where willing hearts and sturdy arms  
Can earn an honest livelihood—  
Can from the coarse and fertile soil  
Win back a recompense for toil!

God bless each meadow, field and nook,  
Beggemmed with fairest flowers;  
And every leaf that's gently shook  
By evening breeze or morning showers—  
God bless them all—each leaf's a gem  
In Nature's gorgeous diadem.

The orchards that, in early spring,  
Blush rich in fragrant flowers,  
And with each autumn surely bring  
Their wealth of fruit in golden showers,  
Like pomegranates on Aaron's rod!—  
A miracle from Nature's God.

And may He bless the farmer's home,  
Where peace and plenty reign;  
No happier spot 'neath heaven's high dome  
Does this broad, beautiful earth contain,  
Than where, secure from care or strife,  
The farmer spends his peaceful life.

Unvexed by toil and tricks for gain,  
He turns the fertile mould;  
Then scatters on the golden grain,  
And reaps reward an hundred fold—  
He dwells where grace and beauty charm,  
For God hath blessed his home and farm!

—*Exchange.*

### Our Casket.

#### JEWELS.

An old doctor said that people who were prompt in their payments always recovered from their sickness, as they were good customers and physicians could not afford to lose them.

"There now!" cried a little girl, while rumaging a drawer in a bureau, "grandpa has gone to heaven without his spectacles."

A subscriber advertises for "A plain girl to cook." He probably was afraid he would be hanged if he cooked a pretty girl.

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Parrington, speaking of one who had drank himself to death. "Yes, sir, dissolution has brought many a man to his grave."

"I think I have seen you before, sir. Are you not Owen Smith?" "Oh, yes, I'm owin' Smith, and owin' Jones, and owin' Brown, and owin' everybody."

A farmer sent his boy to the "sugar bush" to look after the sap buckets.

Presently the boy returned.—

"How are they?" asked the farmer.

"W-well," the boy replied, "s-some are h-half f-full, s-some are f-full, an' s-some are r-runnin' over. I g-guess they'll a-average 'bout full."

There was a new waiter at an Austin hotel; and there was a wealthy gentleman from Dallas stopping there.

"Why don't you put the toothpicks on the table?" asked the Dallas man on the second day.

"Bekase, after you used de toofpick yesterday you didn't put it back in the sarcer," was the reply of the faithful African, who was trying to save money for the hotel.

"Yaas," said an old settler, "we ran hosses in Texas." "Then you take an interest in the noble sport?" asked the stranger. "I was engaged in a hoss race some years ago in which I took a right smart interest." "Running race?" "Hit war." "Mile or half track?" "Hit war a fifty mil: track, stranger. Texas is a big State." "A fifty mile track? I never heard of such a thing. And did you win?" "You bet." "How much did you win?" "I won the hoss, stranger."

LITTLE BILLY SIMPTON is aged about ten. Not long since the Simpton family was increased by still another little boy, and a friend of the family meeting Billy, said to him: "So you have got another buby at your house. He is a right smart little fellow, ain't he?" "Humph!" sneered Billy, turning up his nose, "How many smart boys do you expect us to have in our family?"

A young wife, who thought she was losing her husband's affection, went to the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter for a love powder. The mystery woman told her: "Get a raw piece of beef, cut flat, about half an inch thick. Slice an onion in two and rub the meat on both sides with it. Put on pepper and salt, and toast it on each side ever a red coal fire. Drop on it three lumps of butter and two sprigs of parsley, and get him to eat it." The young wife did so, and her husband loved her ever after.

LITTLE JOHNNY'S COMPOSITION.—And now I'll tell you a story about a bear. One day the bear went among a flock of sheep and picked out a nice little lamb, and cot it, and the lamb said "ba-ha-ha!" cause it knowed it was agoing to be et every little tiny bit up. But the bear took it in its fore pos, like it was a baby, and set it up full length and rocked it, and said:

"There, there, never mind, my precious darlin', where does it hurt you?"

But the lamb kept hollerin' louder and louder, coz while the bear was a-smilin' and singin' a lush boy, he was a-skeweezing titer and titer all the time.

Bime by the old ram he seen wot was up, and he dropped his head, the ole ram did, and come like he was shot out of a gun and let him have it in the stum-mack and doubled him up like a razor, and set him a rollin' over and over without his precious darlin'.

Just then he see how it was, for there stood the ole ramb holdin' down his head ready for to let him have it agin, and shakin' it like he said:

"That little shaver wouldn't make no'r. a moufle for a feller like you. I guess you'd better serve up the ole man."

But the bear he walked off, sayin':

"I don't hanker after a dinner which goes against my stum-mack like that."—*Selected.*