

Children's Department.

A QUEER HOLE.

I have heard of a boy who lived long ago—
For such boys are not found now-a-days,
you know—
Whose friends were as troubled as they
could be
Because of a hole in his memory.

A charge from his mother went in one day,
And the boy said "Yes," and hurried
away;
But he met a man with a musical top,
And his mother's words through that hole
did drop.

A lesson went in; but, ah me! ah me!
For a boy with a hole in his memory!
When he rose to recite, he was all in a
doubt;
Every word of that lesson had fallen out.

And at last, at last—O terrible lot!
He could speak only two words: "I for-
got."

Would it not be sad indeed to be
A boy with a hole in his memory?
—*Home and Sunday School.*

BIG BILL AND LITTLE BILL

BY ALICE F. JACKSON.

"I ain't going to be bullied by
you, so there!"

Little Bill put himself in a menac-
ing attitude, and doubled up the
trembling fists that he dared not use.

Big Bill took him by the ear and
pulled it pretty hard. "You ain't
going to be bullied by me, ain't you?"
he retorted, and so they stood glar-
ing at each other with anger in their
eyes and passion in their hearts.

"Bill," said Aunt Sarah, with an
imploring look at Big Bill. "Bill!"
she repeated the next moment with
a cautioning glance at little Bill.

The two Bills did not heed. Their
flushed faces would have been almost
comical in their likeness to each

other, except for the passion that dis-
torted them. Big Bill had a big, fat,
round face, shaven clean, with a
thick mat of straight black hair.

Little Bill's was small, fat, and
chubby, with a crop of the same sort
of hair.

"What did you come here for,
hey?" said the first. "Come, what
did you come here for?"

"To work," retorted the other,
bearing the smarting of his ear as
best he could: "to make myself
useful."

"To work!" repeated big Bill,
sarcastically, addressing the buns
and steaming coffee, and rolls of
bread on the shelves of the little cof-
fee tavern. "To make himself use-
ful!"

"Little Bill," said Aunt Sarah, "own
up that you've done wrong like a man
and beg your uncle's pardon."

"I ain't going to be cuffed and jaw-
ed at for nothing," muttered Bill stub-
bornly.

"For nothing?" echoed the uncle,
and in his indignation he struck at
little Bill, and pushed him away.

"Forgetting a message is nothing—
an important message too. 'Bill' I
says, 'be sure and deliver it safe;
it's pressing.' 'Yes, uncle,' says he,
'I'll give it safe.' And away he
goes to school with all his thoughts
a wool-gathering!"

"It's not business-like to be for-
getful," put in Aunt Sarah, in a
soothing voice. You know you've
got a bad memory, Bill; that's all
the reason you should try to remem-
ber better."

"Don't shift the blame on his
memory," growled big Bill. "What's
his memory got to do with it? He's
told to take a message, and his duty
is to go and deliver it straight off,