

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls:

I would like to receive many more letters. Wake up, little folks! If you would rather write an account of some jolly time you had, not in letter form, why, send it along that way. I know, little girls, when they get together, make their tongues wag at a great rate (perhaps little boys do the same) so why not, the next time a group meets, resolve to write letters for the corner. See who will do best.

Your friend,

AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:-

I am a little girl of ten. I live to go to school, but we have none to go to, and when I read those letters in the True Witness it made me feel that to think that all other children were in school but me. I will write a longer letter next week. Good-bye.

ROSE.

Granby, P.J.

Dear Aunt Becky:-

I have a kodak and have taken some snap shots of friends, and they were well taken for the first attempt. My eldest brother, Charlie, and I went for a drive, and we had a pleasant one. We have a fast horse and a beautiful rig. I also went to a party at a friend's house, and I enjoyed myself very much. We played euchre, games, danced, played on the piano, and sang. Papa and mamma were both glad to see my letter last week. Good-bye.

LORETO.

Dear Aunt Becky:-

I have now finished my vacation and I am again back at school. I enjoyed my holidays very much, indeed, although I spent the best part of them in the city. I went out driving with my father a great deal, and also went in bathing quite a lot. I saw several good lacrosse matches and baseball games, and played quite a lot of times myself. I have not much time for play now, as I have to study hard. Good-bye.

FREDDIE.

Dear Aunt Becky:-

My papa has promised me a gold watch if I can pass in my catechism this year to make my first Communion. I am trying hard to do so. I know my catechism very well last week, but missed my examination owing to the rain. My it is very hard to give up my play with my little friends, but then there is that gold watch to try and win.

HENRY.

Dear Aunt Becky:-

The teacher read some of the boys' letters last Friday and I thought that it would be nice for me to write a few lines. I am a boy of ten years of age, and am preparing for my first Communion. The teacher tells us some nice examples every day, and we like to hear them. Some of the boys said that our teacher was one time a Protestant minister, but I don't believe it. I did very well at last Friday's examination.

HUGH.

Dear Aunt Becky:-

I was glad when our teacher read some of the boys' letters last Friday afternoon. We are all studying our Catechism hard. Sometimes the lessons are very hard, but our teacher is good to us, and gives us every chance. I would not like to be a teacher, it is very hard work. I would like for you to come to enjoy myself suating, sliding and coasting.

ALEXANDER.

SOME HABITS OF SCHOOL GIRLS.

If the girl is not well, the doctor immediately orders her out of school, even though attending school is the only sane thing she is doing all day. But is it not possible that there are some elements in the case which the doctors do not know about; some habits of study? Some of these habits the writer then proceeds to inquire into. One is the habit of indolence eating: The school-girl's habits of eating are usually startling. It is asserted, "Many a time a girl has come to me to be excused for headache and confessed at my questioning, that she had eaten no breakfast. I just can't, is a common explanation! What should we think of an engineer who started his locomotive out on a five hours' run with no coal? We cannot make steam anywhere without fuel. Not only does the girl need a nourishing breakfast, but, if the session is a long one, she needs luncheon also.

Otherwise she is too faint when she reaches home to enjoy or digest her food. Many girls rise so late that they have no time to eat properly. They take a cup of coffee, swallow a roll unmasticated, and rush off to school. At recess, they eat nothing, or sweets, and come home at 1.30 or 2 o'clock in no condition to enjoy their dinner. The family have probably had their dinner an hour before, and the girl eats alone and hurriedly. The meat and vegetables have perhaps been kept warm for an hour and are not very tempting, so she eats little but dessert. One sin more is possible against her digestion, that of studying immediately after eating, taking all her blood for her brain work.

"Then there are habits of dress. The high school girl has the feminine costume to contend with, and she will go to school in beating storms without rain-coat or overshoes; though she does carry an umbrella to protect her hat!

"There are also habits of recreation. A girl may not be able to do full work at school, and yet she will stay out of school a day, go to a reception in the evening, dance all night, and stay at home two days more to recover.

"The piano is still another cause of trouble. A girl broke down without apparent cause, and it is discovered that she has been doing two or three hours of piano practice every day. At the same time she, probably, drops her music during July and August, when a little bit of regular work might be good for her."

TOMMY'S BISCUITS.

Tommy Mellon is a round, roly-poly little boy, with cheeks like the sunset and hair like moonbeams. He has great big eyes, almost purple they are so blue. Tommy is no make-believe, but a fair little boy four years old. Among his few playthings he has a little red cart on wooden wheels. Almost any hour in the day he may be seen drawing things back and forth.

One day he came to his mamma, saying, "I want a load of bikits." "A load of biscuits," said his mamma. "What for?" "To give to the poor people," was his reply.

So his mamma, wishing to encourage every noble impulse in her little boy, brought out a dozen biscuits. They were enough to pile the cart heaping full. With a pleasant "Thank you," the little fellow trudged off into the back yard.

When he returned his cart was empty. His mamma looked up in surprise, saying, "Why, Tommy, did you find any poor folks?" "No, mamma," he replied; "I gave all my bikits to a poor little black dog as has no home and nossin' to eat, and he was awful glad, 'cause he gobbled 'em down right quick. I guess there ain't no poor folks here, 'cause I looked up and down the back alley ever so long, and no one come but a little dog."

But his mamma assured him that there were plenty of them. Some day she would start out with him to hunt them up.

"Oh, good, good!" cried the little fellow, clapping his hands; "and can I save all my pennies for 'em?"

His mamma told him he might, and now he is saving his pennies in a pasteboard box, to distribute on his first visit to the poor. He says when he becomes a man he is going to give market-baskets full to the poor people every day.—Ex.

HELPED A BOY.

Twenty-three years ago, says the Plain Dealer, President L. E. Holden, of Wooster University, came to Cleveland a penniless boy. A stranger, a physician, gave him a chance to make a living. The president told the story at the Euclid Avenue Church on a recent Sunday:

"Twenty-three years ago to-day," said President Holden, "I came to this city, a boy of sixteen, without a friend or relative, and not a dollar in my pocket. I stood on Seneca street, wondering what in the world I was going to do, when a man came down a stairway with a case

under his arm, and, turning to me, said: 'My boy, something is the matter with you.' I said, 'No, sir, nothing is the matter with me; but he said, 'I am sure something's the matter.'"

"I assured him that I was well, but he handed me his card, and said, 'Come to my office at two o'clock and tell me what the trouble is.' He was a doctor. I went to his office, and told him the story. He gave me an opportunity to do something."

"After leaving Cleveland, I did not return until after I was president of Wooster University, but I could not resist the temptation to take my wife to the spot on Seneca street where I stood that day and tell her the story."

"You never know how much you are doing when you help a boy."

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A HALLOWE'EN GAME.

This clever guessing game is intended to close the evening merriment of Halloween. Each guest is given a card ornamented with tiny pumpkins drawn in outline, and colored yellow, on each of which is printed in order a letter of the word Halloween. On the card are printed or written twenty definitions, and the words which they define must be framed from the letters found in the word Halloween. The definitions and words are as follows:

1. A beverage. 2. The century plant. 3. The whole. 4. Inspire with fear. 5. Robust. 6. An entrance. 7. A part of the foot. 8. An oil-stone. 9. An implement for digging. 10. A cavity. 11. A domestic fowl. 12. A measure of length. 13. A kind of fish. 14. A narrow way. 15. True-hearted. 16. To lend. 17. Solitary. 18. The present time. 19. Fresh. 20. A barrier.

Answers: 1. Ale. 2. Aloe. 3. All. 4. Awe. 5. Hale. 6. Hall. 7. Heel. 8. Hone. 9. Hoe. 10. Hole. 11. Hen. 12. Ell. 13. Eel. 14. Lane. 15. Leal. 16. Loan. 17. Lone. 18. Now. 19. New. 20. Wall.

Of course the answers do not appear on the card. The one who guesses the most words in the given time—usually ten or fifteen minutes are allowed—receives a prize, and the one who has the least receives the booby prize, which in this case might very appropriately be a huge jack-o'-lantern.

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'TIS MOTHER.

(Christian Leader.)

There's one who ever watches you, Little girl, with golden curls; Loves your eyes so bright and blue, And your lips so sweet and pure— 'Tis mother.

There's one who ever thinks of you, Fair young maid of tender years; Your best interest has in view, Ever, always. Guess you who? 'Tis mother.

There's one who ever prays for you, Brave young wife, so far from home; Prays that with your cares anew May come pleasures, rich and pure, 'Tis mother.

There's one who ne'er should be forsaken, When old age her strength has taken, Never slighted, never grieved, And the dear old hands are weak— 'Tis mother.

'Tis mother, patient, loving mother, Ever watching, thinking, praying; We will ne'er find another When her life's great work is ended— Like mother.

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CHILDREN'S WITTICISMS.

Johnny (aged five, discussing a falling star with his brothers)— "Why, of course, it's God has just lit his pipe and is frowning away the match."

* * *

A little boy who was taken to the circus for the first time, beheld the zebra, and exclaimed, "Oh, mother, look at the peppermint horse!"

* * *

Little five-year-old Edith was taken to a dentist, who removed an aching tooth. That evening at prayers her mother was surprised to hear her say, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our dentists."

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Caller—Kitty, is that your parrot? Little Girl—No, indeed, ma'am. The folks next door lost him with us when they went away on their vacation. Fore he begins to talk I want to tell you that he doesn't belong to our church.

* * *

"Dear me," said Jackey, as he caught sight of a loaf of brown bread, "look at the little darkey loaf."

THE PATCHWORK BOY.

"I wonder if he meant me? It's a funny name to call a fellow—'patchwork boy'!" and Phil Dudman started, with a low, resentful whistle, for the house. "He couldn't have; but there's no one else here."

Phil Dudman had come to Granville for the summer; and 'twas a splendid place in which to spend one's vacation—the large stock farm of his Uncle Thornton.

"If possible teach him to work," Judge Dudham had written to his brother, at this suggestion that Phil summer on the farm. "He's strong and muscular; 'twill do him good to have some regular tasks. You'll probably find it necessary to keep after him if he accomplishes anything."

His greatest fault is in leaving things half done. But he is willing and capable of doing a good deal if you can only keep him at it."

Thornton Dudman had got more than the bare statement in his brother's concisely worded letter—he had read between the lines.

"Lewis didn't say if—not in so many words—but it's there, nevertheless," glancing hurriedly over the contents. "It's as plain as printing—Phil's a little careless, and hasn't much stick-to-it-iveness. But then," (Thornton Dudham slowly folded up the letter) "in time he'll lose the one and gain the other. Phil Dudham is a good boy, stock, and most any boy stock is worth investing thought and patience in. 'Twill pay excellent dividends, only let it mature."

Phil had been at the farm now two weeks, and during that time his uncle had taken particular notice that while Phil was eager to undertake many odd jobs around the place each one had been left unfinished—there hadn't been an exception.

"I'd like to measure out the grain for the cows to-night," suggested Phil, one evening after supper, going into the barn where two of his uncle's men were doing the milking.

"All right! The grain's in the second bin—the one to the left of the door. The boxes they eat from you will find at the farther end of the barn floor. Be sure not to give them too much."

"Yes, sir," and Phil went about his work, never for a moment forgetting his merry whistle.

He had measured out the grain in six boxes when he suddenly dropped the quart he held in his hand.

"Aunt Rachel wants the eggs. I'd better get them before dark."

Leaving the grain bin uncovered, Phil ran up the ladder hand over hand to the mow above. And 'twas there he overheard one of the men as he finished filling the grain boxes: "If he isn't a patchwork boy, I never saw one!"

"Patchwork boy—what did he mean?" Phil stopped whistling, and took the eggs into the kitchen where Aunt Rachel was doing up the supper dishes.

"Say, Aunt Rachel, what's a patchwork boy?"

"Patchwork boy? Why, Phil, patchwork—patchwork boy, I'm sure I don't know."

"Rachel hasn't seen Phil at work the last two weeks," thought Uncle Thornton from behind his newspaper. The sitting-room door was slightly ajar. "If she had, perhaps she could tell."

Thornton Dudman was silent a moment.

"It is—I doubt if I'd have thought of it—a pretty appropriate name."

He took out of his coat pocket a small memorandum book.

"I'll keep a record to-morrow. It may be just what I'm hoping for, a cure for Phil's woeful lack of application."

They were almost through breakfast the next morning when Phil suddenly turned to his uncle.

"Do you know, Uncle Thornton, what a patchwork boy is?"

"A patchwork boy? I think so. Why do you ask?"

"Because—is there one around here?"

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised. I think I've seen evidence of one lately," laying down his napkin.

"Then—do you s'pose—"

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Phil," evasively. "I'll observe a strict watch to-day, and if he's around I'll keep him to supper and introduce him to you. Would you like me to?"

"Awfully! Can I speak to him?"

"Certainly, if he's about—and I judge he will be."

And he surely was, as was evidenced that night by Uncle Thornton's carefully kept memorandum.

Phil came down to supper with his hair neatly brushed; he was evidently expecting to find company in the sitting-room. But he was disappointed, on opening the sitting-room door, to find his uncle alone.

"Didn't the patchwork boy come,

around, Uncle Thornton?"

"Yes, indeed. But before I introduce him, Phil, I want you to come over and see what I have in my memorandum."

Phil stepped over to the window where his uncle was sitting in an easy chair.

"Here, Phil, listen," and Uncle Thornton began slowly to read:

"Sent to get a box of wood for the kitchen stove—got an armful."

"Asked to take some water to the men in the field. Left it on the front steps—forgot."

"Began to weed the cucumber bed—too hot to finish; only two hills left."

"Then there isn't any patchwork boy at all—you were fooling?"

"None?" Uncle Thornton took Phil's hand questioningly.

"None only—for I did all of those things. I—I didn't know till you got to Aunt Rachel."

"Then there is a patchwork—?"

"Yes, I suppose I'm he, and I've been introduced to myself. I never knew it before; but I've been the patchwork boy all the time."

Phil was silent a moment.

"Let's not invite him to supper—the patchwork boy, Uncle Thornton. Let's not have him around."

He was so earnest Uncle Thornton looked up.

"But—"

"No: I'll do every one of my chores before I sit down to supper—I won't leave any half done. I don't care if I do have to eat alone," determinedly. "Twill be Phil Dudman then—not the patchwork boy!"

ON AN IRISH JAUNTING CAR.

(Continued from Page 3.)

"What the devil?" shrieked Michael, "What the devil's up out there, that ye must thray to knock down a man's house lake that?"

"The devil's not out here at all, at all, Michael."

"It's not yer fault, then, or ye'd rise him. Who the devil's there?"

"The devils are Phil McGoldrick, who wants a shoe fastened, your humble servant, and several other equally respectable country gentlemen, who are thyrin' to keep the pavement warm batin' it wid their feet."

"All right," said Michael, "I'll be with ye immaijetely," and after five minutes I discovered on prying through a broken pane, Michael once more in the arms of Morpheus, and he snoring like vengeance, "Michael," I yelled, that you might have heard me at Cuileagh."

"Holy Moses!" roared Michael, waking up. "Is Bedlam loose this mornin'?"

"No, Michael, nothin' loose, barrin' the mare's shoe."

"All right, I'll be with ye immaijetely," and "immaijetely" Michael turned over and went to sleep once more.

I tried to force Phil to drive on to Enniskillen, and get the shoe fastened there.

"Sarra foot I'll go! Do you want the mare to thravel on her knees?"

"Well, I should think not," said I. "She seems to have enough to do to travel on her feet. Howsomever, I'll rise Michael for you, and that in double-quick time."

If Michael was anywhere this side of Kingdom come ye yell now at the broken pane would have fetched him.

After the usual parley, Michael was on the point of assuring me that he'd be with me "immaijetely," when I interrupted him with: "Michael, ahasky, don't hurry yourself; we're goin' down here to Charlie Murphy's to have a treat, and ye needn't mind rising till we come back."

"Hould on ye, ye bla'guards!" said Michael. "Don't dare go there till I'm with ye!"

In ten minutes we had the shoe fastened and we were leaving Michael and his concern behind.

Phil now said that the first cart they overtook the firkins we were carrying would have to be transferred to it; for it was against the "master's" orders to lift firkins. We soon came up with Peter Cassidy, who had a load of firkins on his cart.

"Pether, avic," said Phil, pulling up, "ye'll hev to put another couple of firkins on. I hev too big a load."

"Och, the sarra'wan more!" replied Peter. "It's too many I hev al-ready."

"So you won't oblige me by puttin' on a hungry firkin?"

"The dickens take ye for a stupid bosthune! Don't ye see I can't?"

"Och, well, niver mind, ye ould cadger ye!" said Phil, who wasn't going to be outdone in abusive language. "If ye wanted to be disobligen' at self ye might larn to keep a civil tongue in yer head. If ye don't maybe some 'all be after goin' to the trouble of tacin' ye manners some of these days, ye ill-tongued

rapscallion, ye! Troth, it's little could be expected of the lakes of ye, anyhow, ye yellow, ould, bog-throttin' niggard ye, that niver had as much manners as would carry matz to a bear! An' as for your ould rickie of a horse, small wonder ye wouldn't put a load on him—he's for all the world lake a delf-crate on four props, an' it baits me to know why the polis lets ye thrive him about, ye ould profligate ye!"

I perhaps should have mentioned that Phil took care to get some little distance ahead of his victim before he turned the flood of abuse on him.

We soon overtake another cart. "Can ye take a couple of firkins?" said Phil to the driver.

"I can take wan."

"Off wid yours, now," said Phil, addressing the owners of the firkins that were on the cart; "and pitch your ould firkins on there. Off wid yours quickly, or I'll heel all into the shough."

The cartman put on the first firkin willingly, the second under protest, but when it came to the third he said he was blowed if he'd put it on. The owner of the rejected firkin thereupon started back to deposit it on the cart; but Phil vetoed this, and there the poor fellow stood, affectionately hugging his little firkin, and looking appealingly from cartman to cartman; but

"No kind emotion made reply. No answering glance of sympathy."

"What'll I do?" said he at length. "Ye'd better be after doin' somethin', an' that quick," said Phil; "I'm not goin' to stan' here all day lookin' at ye coortin' your firkin the like the omadhaun ye are. Are ye comin' on?"

"Yis, if ye let on the firkin."

"I won't let on the firkin."

"Will you let it on then?" addressing the cartman.

"I wud see ye," said he, "in Hong-kong, where they grow the black hathen, first."

"I'll tell ye, Phil," said the perplexed one, suddenly brightening as an idea struck him, "I'll get on the car, an' as ye say the mare has weight enough on her, I'll hould the firkin on me knee till I get to the town."

"Musha," said Phil, after the roar of laughter at this proposition had subsided, "but it was the pity they didn't make ye 'Torney-General, ye've a gran' head. Get up there, ye misfortunate devil, an' throw the firkin into the well of the car, an' if iver ye ax me put a firkin on the mare again I'll taich ye to dance a reel that yer daddier niver larnt ye."

And so we rolled into Enniskillen. And our carload melted away like the morning mists. And I bade farewell to Phil McGoldrick.

FAMOUS CATHOLIC POET.

Acent the eighty-first anniversary of the birth of Coventry Patmore, the Catholic poet, whose fame increases with the lapse of time, as both Tennyson and Browning prophesied that it would, the London Daily Chronicle says: "A lover of nature was Patmore all his life. Looking back on his boyhood, he thanked God in his mature years for the time when he first felt the living beauty of a field of buttercups, or the pure joy expressed by the daisies on the lawn, or the jewel-like brilliancy of ripe red currants in the evening sunlight—a pre-gleam, this, his biographer thinks, of a later passion for rubies. The 'Angel in the House' was written in six weeks—its very title was an appreciation of the kindred points of heaven and home. When Patmore came to the writing of his 'Odes,' he planned the poetry which should unite religion and the hearth. How apt a pupil he had in his first wife may be judged from her injunction to him on her deathbed to marry again quickly, and this reply of hers to his protests: 'You cannot be faithful to God and faithless unto me.' The saying passed into one of the finest of his poems."

A WONDERFUL BOOK.

The most wonderful book in the world is one which is neither written nor printed, but has every word cut into its pages. These pages are interleaved with blue paper, and, as every letter is perfectly formed, the book is as easy to read as if it were printed. The accuracy with which the work is done makes it seem as if it were done by machinery; yet every character was made by hand. The labor and patience required for this herculean task may be imagined. The book, which is very old, is entitled "The Passion of Christ," and it was a curiosity so long ago as 1640. It belongs to the family of the Prince de Ligne, and is now in France. The sum of eleven thousand ducats was offered for it by Rudolph II of Germany.