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She Was Near-Sighted

A public-spirited lady who had outside duties meets the little boy on the street. Something about his appearance halts her. She stares at him in her near-sighted way.

The Lady: "Little boy, haven't you any home?"

The Little Boy: "Oh, yes'm, I've got a home."

The Lady: "And loving parents?"

The Little Boy: "Yes'm."

The Lady: "I'm afraid you do not know what love really is. Do your parents look after your moral welfare?"

The Little Boy: "Yes'm."

The Lady: "Are they bringing you up to be a good and helpful citizen?"

The Little Boy: "Yes'm."

The Lady: "Will you ask your mother to come and let me talk on 'When does a mother's duty to her child begin?' next Saturday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, at Lyceum Hall?"

The Little Boy (explosively): "What's the matter with you, ma! Don't you know me? I'm your little boy!"

A German Tale

A certain German with his daughter, was walking beside a deep stream on a summer afternoon when the young girl, slipping on a stone, fell in. And who would have dreamed but for the prompt bravery of a youth. He, slipping off coat and shoes, plunged in, and after four or five minutes of hard work, brought the girl safe ashore.

The old German father was transported.

"Noble-minded youth," said he, "we do indeed owe you a debt of gratitude. A hundred thousand marks or my daughter's hand—choose! Which shall it be?"

The youth, who was no less wise than brave, thought to himself that if he took the money also, and accordingly, with a moment's hesitation, he made answer:

"I choose your daughter."

"A wise choice," said the old father. "I could not have given you the hundred thousand marks, for I am only a poor cobbler; but you shall have the girl, and that gladly. Join hands, dear children, and receive my blessing."

A Suggestive Question

A president of Oberlin College once profited by a transaction with an Insurance Company. He had carried insurance on his household goods for twenty years, but his wife, observing that the insurance business was largely a matter of paying premiums the policy was permitted to lapse.

The president was one day persuaded by an energetic agent to take out a new policy. That very afternoon Oberlin was thrown into the greatest excitement by the appearance of clouds of smoke pouring from the windows of the president's residence. After the chemical extinguishers had done their work, it was found that a whole closetful of Mrs. Barrows' best gowns had fed the flames started from an overturned chafin-dish. The loss was promptly paid, and Dr. Barrows got keen enjoyment from Mrs. Barrows' change of heart in regard to insurance. An additional twinkle came into his eyes when he recalled the letter from the insurance company, which read as follows:

President Oberlin College:—

Dear Sir,—Inclosed find draft for \$500. We note that this policy was not into effect at noon, and fire did not occur till four o'clock. Why this delay?

A Lesson in Manners

A well-known lawyer is telling a good story about himself and his efforts to correct the manners of his office boy. One morning not long ago the young attorney of the office blew into the office and, tossing his cap at a hook, exclaimed:

"Say, Mr. Blank, there's a ball game down at the park to-day, and I am going down."

Now, the attorney is not a hard-hearted man, and was willing the boy should go, but thought he would teach him a little lesson in good manners.

"Jimmie," he said, kindly, "that isn't the way to ask a favor. Now you come over here and sit down and I'll show you how to do it."

The boy took the office chair and his employer picked up his cap and stepped outside. He then opened the door softly and, holding the cap in his hand, said quietly to the small boy in the big chair:

"Please, sir, there is a ball game at the park to-day. If you can spare me I would like to get away this afternoon."

In a flash the boy responded:

"Why, certainly, Jimmie, and here is fifty cents to pay your way in."

There are no more lessons in manners in that office.

The Christian Spirit

"Have your shoes shined?" sang out among a group of people just from the train. A young man who heard the cry stayed his steps, hesitatingly, for he had not much more money in his pocket than he had blacking on his shoes. But to hesitate was to fall into the shoe-black's hands, and the brushes were soon wrestling with splashes of rural clay.

When the shine was completed the young man handed the boy a dime, and felt that he had marked his way into the great city with an act of charity, for in his heart he did not care how his shoes looked. But as he was putting himself together for a new start, he saw the boy who had cleaned his shoes approach the blind beggar, who sits behind the railroad fence; and drop a dime into his cup.

"What did you do that for?" asked the young man.

"You see," said the boy, "that was the tenth dime to-day, an' me teacher at Sunday-school told me I ought to give a tenth of all I make to the Lord. See? An' I guess the ol' blind man wants a dime more to the Lord, so I gave it to him. See?"—Exchange.

A Belated Prayer

A good anecdote is related of a young minister who was supplying the pulpit of the Wrentham Congregational Church during the absence of its pastor, the Rev. Elisha Fisk, better known as "Priest Fisk," whose pastorate in this church covered a period of fifty-six years.

Upon opening the Bible the young minister came across the following notice, which he read: "Mr. Libbicus Porter desires the prayers of the congregation. Rev. Porter's loss may be sanctified for his good."

Signs of repressed merriment appeared through the congregation, but the cause was a complete mystery to the young minister, who, upon arriving at the home of Mr. Fisk for lunch, inquired of Mrs. Fisk the cause of the unseemly hilarity.

She informed him he had read an old notice, used by her husband as a book-mark. It had been presented by Rev. Porter a year or two before, upon the death of his third wife. Mr. Porter, with his fourth bride, sat in the congregation while it was being read.—Selected.