

"I wish he would sing 'The Storm King' for us," said Aunt Alice; "it is the most wonderful thing! I would like to hear it. Helen couldn't you play it for him?"

"I! No, indeed; his music is all awful hard, and he is awfully particular; and that piece I do 't know, any way."

But Aunt Alice was determined that her mother should hear "The Storm King." She talked with Mr. Ames, and then he moved among the guests trying to find one who was willing to play the accompaniment. Not a cousin could be found. They were all afraid of the great singer and the difficult music. At last the girl in blue got ashamed of herself.

"Aunt Alice, I will play it," she said, coming out from the corner.

"You!" said Aunt Alice in surprise, for Carrie was one of the youngest of the cousins. "Do you know it?"

"No, ma'am, I don't know it, but I can play from the notes."

Then did Helen look at her young cousin in respectful astonishment.

"Can you play pieces that you do not know?" she asked her.

"Why, yes," said Carrie laughing. "I can if they are not very hard. I ought to. I have taken lessons steadily for three years."

"Well, but I have taken lessons for almost five years, and I can't do it."

And Carrie played the accompaniment, which really was difficult, and played it so well that Mr. Ames, the great singer, told her he had never had a player who pleased him better.

And don't you think she forgot all about her blue dress, until her attention was called to it in a very strange way.

"She not only plays remarkably well," said Mr. Ames to his wife, "but she is the best dressed young girl in the room."

"Yes," said Mrs. Ames, "I noticed that; all the rest of the young people are over dressed. She must have a sensible mother."

They did not know that Carrie stood behind them and heard it all. But really I think it did her good; just as honest compliments often do good. It made her realize that there were two sides to the question of fine dresses.—*The Pansy.*

Our Casket.

BITS OF TINSEL.

"Mamma," cried little Willie, "I want an errand. Oh, I must have an errand!" "Why, child, what do you mean?" "Oh, Harry's mamma said he had gone down town on an errand, and I want one to ride on too."

"So you want my autograph in your book, do you?" said Mrs. Parvenu to a little girl. "Well, honey, I'm real sorry, but I hain't had a pieter took since I was married, and I can't give it to you."—*Boston Transcript.*

A dandy of twenty-six having been termed an "old bachelor," appealed to an elderly gentleman to decide whether he should be called old or not, giving his age—"Twenty-six," said the elderly gentleman; "it is owing to how you take it. Now for a man it is young enough; but for a goose it is rather old."

What is wetter than a woman with a waterfall on her head waves in her hair, a cataract in her eye, a crick in her back, forty springs in her skirt, and high tied boots? *ANS.*—A woman with a notion in her head.

Once upon a time a Hog drank from a trough into which a barrel of beer had been emptied. He became very much intoxicated. When he came to himself, he was very much ashamed of his conduct. He was truly penitent and said to his friends: "I have always been a Beast until this unlucky slip, and I promise you I'll never make a Man of myself again."

Old lady (to druggist): "I want a box of canine pills." Druggist: "What's the matter with the dog?" Old lady (indignantly): "I want you to know, sir, that my husband is a gentleman?" Druggist puts up some quinine pills in profound silence.

A man was quietly munching a piece of pie in a cafe when a look of distress suddenly displaced the serene expression on his face. Taking something from between his teeth, and looking at it, he cried to the waiter, "Here, you, there's a stone I found in this pie!" The waiter took it, glanced at it critically, and handing it back, briefly said, "It's no good to us; you can have it."

Bangs says an old lady asked him the other day if she had much further to go to reach the post office, and he didn't understand why she didn't feel properly grateful when he told her she was about half way there.

Rev. J. Ossian Davies rejoiced in this motto—"Gospel Temperance." He was very proud of the little badge of blue which he always wore, not because he was very anxious to advertise his abstinence in a Pharisaical manner, but because it helped the wavering and the weak ones around him: A publican once asked an abstainer, "Why do you wear that ribbon?" "I will put you a question," said the abstainer, "why do you put a sign-board above your door?" "Oh," said the publican, "to sell my beer." "Then," said the abstainer, "I wear this ribbon to show you that I don't want your beer."

A lawyer, living on Walnut Hills, has a son about seven years old and a daughter about three times that age. The boy has been around the court rooms a good deal and the girl has a solid beau. The other evening the gentleman passed the house and the young lady wanted to see him.

"Johnny," said she to the kid, "won't you please call Mr. Mann?"

Johnny knew the state of affairs, and with a ready "of course" he flew to the front door and called out in the usual loud monotone of a crier:

"John Henry Mann, John Henry Mann, John Henry Mann, come in to court."

Mr. Mann came in and Johnny withdrew to a safe place.

THE BABY OVER THE WAY.

Across in my neighbor's window,
With its drapings of satin and lace
I see 'neath a crown of ringlets,
A baby's innocent face,
His feet in their wee red slippers,
Are tapping the polished glass,
And the crowd in the streets look upward
And nod, and smile, as they pass.

Just here in my cottage window,
Catching flies in the sun,
With a patch on his faded apron,
Stands my own little one.
His face is as pure and handsome,
As the baby's over the way,
And he keeps my heart from breaking,
All the toiling, weary day.

Sometimes when the day is ended,
And I sit in the dusk to rest,
With the face of my sleeping darling
Hugged close to my lonely breast,
I pray that my neighbor's baby
May not catch Heaven's roses, all;
But that some may crown the forehead
Of my loved one, as they fall.

And when I draw the stocking
From his little tired feet,
And kiss the rosy dimples
In his limbs so round and sweet,
I think of the dainty garments
Some little children wear,
And frown that my God withholds them
From mine so pure and fair.

My God forgive my envy!
I know not what I said;
My heart is crushed and humbled,
My neighbor's boy is dead!
I saw the little coffin,
As they carried it out to-day
A mother's heart is breaking
In the mansion over the way.

—*Home and School.*