

whipping,' said his aunt, slowly.

'Couldn't you—well, say, let me be thrashed instead? He's so little—and he asked us to come,' said Jakey Brown.

Aunt Patie said nothing at all.

'He won't do so again,' said Mr. Millman.

'No, Aunt Patie and don't you know you said you'd be truly thankful when I was cured of mischief! I suppose I am now,' said Dimple, hopefully.

Everybody laughed, and the mince pies proved quite perfect.—'Youth's Companion.'

When Great-Grandmother was Young.

(By Margaret E. Backus, in the 'Christian Advocate'.)

'Tell me about the time when you were a girl, grandmother! (She is really my great-grandmother, but it's too long to say.)

The dear old lady felt just in the mood for a talk about old times, so I snuggled down to listen.

'Well,' she said, 'our big kitchen was always cheerful and home-like; we just lived there in it winters. Ours was a large family, and four of us children were girls. Mother was stern, and we had to do just as we were told, and not let a minute go to waste. Each one of us girls had finished knitting a pair of stockings by the time we were four years old, and my sister Harriet when she was three.

'The kitchen fireplace, with its great blazing logs which sometimes would last for days, took up about all of one side of the room. There were benches on both sides of the fire, where sometimes we children sat and watched the sparks fly up. The evening was the study time. Our light was one candle, but if a neighbor came in then mother lighted another—which was always blown out as soon as the company had gone.

'I remember when Walter

Scott's novels came out that a copy of Waverley was sent to mother, and I was selected to read it aloud. I would lay the snuffers on the book to keep it open, while I knit, and read the exciting romance as I worked.

'We had some children's books in those days, not many though, and all of them with the moral longer than the story. There was "The story of Little Fanny," with a wonderful colored picture of Fanny on the front page. The first verses went like this:

See Fanny here in frock as white
as snow,
A sash of pink with wide and flowing bow.

And in her arms a famous doll she bears,
The only object of her hopes and cares.

Fanny with books will ne'er her mind employ
For play's her passion, idleness her joy.

And so on to the sad and tragic end of idle little Fanny.

'To lighten the treadmill of a musical education, "The Gamut and Time Table In Verse, for the Instruction of Children," began:

Said Annie to her sister Maria one day:

If you wish it, my dear, I will teach you to play.

I'll hear you your notes each day,
if you're good,

And make them quite easy to be understood.

But first you'll observe what is clear to be seen

Those five straight black lines and four spaces between.

'But I'll go on to tell you about our school life: we children wore homespun woolen frocks to school. Sister Caroline and I had red dresses alike. Mother used to buy red-wood chips and boil them up in copperas water to set the dye. It didn't make a very pretty red,

but a kind of dull brick color. The dresses were cut low in the neck, and in winter we wore little capes.

'The school-room had a sloping slab of wood set around three sides with a bench in front where we children sat, boys on one side, girls on the other. When we studied we "turned in," and when we recited we "turned out" and faced the teacher. Our teacher always wrote the "copy" in our writing books. We didn't have any pens in those days, but every Monday morning we had to take two quills to school.

'The girls were taught sewing as well as book learning. The sampler that I made had a strawberry vine worked in colors around the border; and then there were numbers and whole alphabets of capital letters, while at the bottom of the canvass I worked a church, with this verse above it:

"Jesus permit Thy gracious name to stand

As the first effort of a youthful hand;

And while her fingers o'er the canvas move

Engage her tender heart to seek Thy love.

May she with Thy dear children have a part

And write Thy name, Thyself upon my heart.

This sampler was finished when I was eight years old."

'When we children came home after a long day at school in the summer time, mother would reach down the stocking and ball from the shelf, pull off so many arm's length of yarn, tie a bow knot close to the ball, and not until we had finished knitting up that yarn were we free for play.'

None of you boys and girls of the twentieth century need pity my great-grandmother, for they had good times in those days. 'Much more real fun,' she said, 'than they have nowadays.'



Come—Polly and Prue, come Molly and Sue,
Neat hands and laughing eyes,
Come mix and make and spice and bake
The brown Thanksgiving pies.
Apples to pare—O Bess, take care!
And Lucy, chop them small.
Raisins and meat and the citron sweet,
Mix them—and mingle all.

To Lizzie we trust the flaky crust,
To Jane the rolling pin.
Then bring it hot from the cooking pot
And cover and close it in.
Tomorrow is dear Thanksgiving Day
And all the folks shall cry
Both great and small, "The best of all
Is the brown Thanksgiving pie."

THE DAY BEFORE THANKSGIVING.