

in his gruff way, meeting the teacher at the door. "As I said in my note to you, I heard to day of some rather uncommon proceedings on your part. I saw ma'am, little Tommy Howe in a new pair of boots this morning. Do you know how he came by them?"

"I bought them for him, Mr Whittier," wondering whether the local magnate suspected the poor child of stealing.

"Oh you did. Are you in the habit of furnishing your scholars with such articles? Was the providing of boots a part of your business contract with the committee? If it was, I can put you in the way of buying boots at wholesale in Boston, where I get my supply for my store."

"It will not be necessary sir," replied the teacher, with dignity.

"I thank you for your kind offer, however."

"Why do you furnish boots in this particular case, if I may inquire?"

"The lad is very poor. His mother has her hand, heart and brain full with the smaller children. Tommy is learning rapidly; I see marks of rare intelligence in him. It would be a pity to have him taken out of school at this time when he is so much engaged. Should he continue coming clad as he was, in such weather as this, he would be ill soon. I could not take the risk in either case."

"Are you able to let your heart get the better of you in this way?"

"I have my wages only," replied the young woman, still with dignity,

"Then you probably will have to retrench not a little in own expenses."

"If I do, it will harm no one's purse or pride but my own. In this instance it may be the matter of a pair of gloves or an ostrich tip with me. With him the little act may make a difference that shall be lasting through time and eternity."

"You have been attending that school over at South Hadley, I hear."

"Yes sir."

"Have you been through it, or graduated as they call it?"

"Oh, no; I have attended but two terms. But I am fully determined to complete the course."

"Hum—all right. Miss Wait, you seem to be doing some good work among the children over the river there. I am going to think it all over; but look here—if any more of those little rascals need boots let me know. I shall consider it a privilege to provide them. You know I can get them at wholesale—ha! ha!" and the now greatly relieved teacher's interview with the mill owner ended.

"If she goes on teaching on and off, and then taking a turn on and off, at Mount Holyoke, she can't graduate for years to come," ruminated "Old Sam Whittier" as he watched her tripping on over the hill; "it's ridiculous."

And so it came to pass, when Miss Wait was paid her meager salary at the close of the term, she found in the envelope containing the order on the town treasurer a cheque with a slip of paper pinned to it reading thus:

"This may be an uncommon proceeding; but I thought it over, and have come to the conclusion that you had better go right along in your studies at South Hadley until you graduate. After that, with your pluck and principle you will be able to invest in boots or books, or in any other way you see fit.

"Very truly yours,

SAMUEL WHITTIER."

I leave this true little sketch without comment. It carries its own lesson, both to struggling young teachers with heart and brain, and to prosperous men of affairs who may lend a helping hand to deserving ones.—*Pennsylvania School Journal*.

ANDERSON THE WIZARD, SOLD BY A YANKEE.

Professor Anderson was looking over the American and foreign newspapers in the office of the *New York Dutchman*, when he saw he was closely scrutinized by a gentleman of tall stature and swarthy appearance, who was evidently from the country. The following conversation took place:

"I say! are you Professor Anderson, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wal, you're a tarnation smart man, I hear; you aint got that are bottle of yourn with ye—have you?"

"No, sir."

"Wal, I'm from down East, having been raised in Maine, and I

should like to purchase a duplicate of that are bottle, as I am going out stumping for——. I guess if I had your bottle or its twin brother, I'd soon swamp the Scotties, without talking politics either!"

"I never carry my bottle with me, nor have I a duplicate of it."

"Sorry for that, sir," said the—stumper. "However" he continued, "I was once taught a trick when a boy, but I almost forget how the thng was done, now. I'll tell you how it was, stranger, as near as I can. I used to take a red cent and change it into a ten-dollar gold piece."

"Oh," said the professor, "that is quite simple, a mere trick of slight of hand."

"Wal, I know it's not very difficult, but as I forgot how, will you show me?" at the same time handing a cent to the wizard.

"Oh, yes, sir, if it will oblige you, I will show you in a moment. Hold out your hand, said the wizard. "This is your cent is it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Close your hand."

The down Easter closed his hand fast.

"Are you sure you have it?" said the wizard.

"I guess I have, and I'll bet a dollar you can't change it into a ten-dollar gold piece."

"Done!" said the wizard. "Now hold fast!"

"Yes, sir! I reckon I will—but stop! down with your dollar! here is mine!" said the Yankee.

The wizard covered his dollar.

"Now, sir, are you ready?" said the wizard.

"I aint nothing else!" said the down Easter.

"Change!" said the wizard. "Now, sir, open your hand." He did so, and to his utter astonishment, he held a *bona fide* ten-dollar gold piece.

"Well, sir," said the wizard, "You see you have lost your dollar!"

"I guess I have!" said he, handing over the two dollars.

"Now," said the professor, "I'll bet you another dollar I'll change the ten-dollar piece into your cent again, much quicker."

"No, yer don't!" said the agent from Maine, placing the ten dollars in his pocket and buttoning up tight. "I'm much obliged to you pefessor, but I reckon I'll leave it as it is! Good morning, old hoss?" said he, walking out of the office; and, turning round as he reached the door, he placed his digitals in close approximation to his proboscis saying: "I guess their aint anything green about this child!" and left the professor in utter amazement at his coolness.

HOW HE CAME TO "SWEAR OFF."

"No, I won't drink with you to-day, boys," said a drummer to several companions, as they settled down in a smoking car and passed the bottle. "The fact is, boys, I've quit drinking—I've sworn off." He was greeted with laughter by the jolly crowd around him; they put the bottle under his nose and indulged in many jokes at his expense but he refused to drink, and was rather serious about it. "What's the matter with you, old boy?" sang out one. "If you've quit drinking, something's up; tell us what it is." "Well, boys, I will, though I know you'll laugh at me. But I'll tell you, all the same. I have been a drinking man all my life, ever since I was married, as you all know I love whiskey—it's as sweet in my mouth as sugar—and God only knows how I'll quit it. For seven years not a day has passed over my head that I didn't have at least one drink. But I am done. Yesterday I was in Chicago. Down on South Clark street a customer of mine keeps a pawn shop in connection with his other business. I called on him, and while I was there a young man of not more than 25, wearing threadbare clothes, and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little package in his hand. Tremblingly he unwrapped it, and handed the article to the pawnbroker, sayi: g: 'Give me 10 cents.' And, boys, what do you suppose it was? A pair of baby shoes, little things with the buttons