

Annie hurried down to the chicken-coop, and found that the chickens were all safe and nestled under their mother's soft breast.

Annie was very angry, and ran into the dining-room to tell papa what a story George had told.

"I didn't! I didn't!" said Georgie.

"You said that my chickens were gone, and they are not. Oh, papa! he did tell a story."

"I say I didn't, for it was only an April Fool. So it was not a story."

"That is very foolish, my boy," said his father. — "Remember that it is never funny to tell a deliberate story. Remember this, my son, when you are fooling to-day. That was too serious a joke for little Annie. I suppose that you did not mean to hurt her feelings, but you have done so. Now, my son, don't let me hear of any more such joking."

Georgie ran off to school, and when he met his friends they were all so busy with their plans for joking and playing tricks he forgot all about what his father had told him.

"I've got a bent hook. See if I don't get a good bite, though, from this trout," said John, winking at the boys as an old gentleman came slowly along. John raised his arm to throw the hook for his fish, as he had said, when suddenly the old gentleman turned and caught him in the very act.

"Stop, sir," he said: "have you no more respect for an old man? Do you want me to send for a policeman and have you arrested and put in prison?"

The boys looked quite frightened, and the old gentleman walked off, I expect, laughing in his sleeve at the little boys who expected to have such good fun out of him.

The school teacher had hard work keeping the boys quiet in school that day. He was afraid of turning his back upon one of them, and wished more than ever that he had a row of eyes all around his head to see what each boy was doing at the same time, and he was as glad as any scholar in his school that it was Friday, and school was out a little earlier than on other days.

The boys were, however, disappointed. They had had no fun yet. What could they do that would be real good fun? "A first-rate fooling," as John said. — At last, after thinking over the matter for some time, he exclaimed:

"I will tell you, boys! Let's frighten Uncle Solomon. I just now saw his wife going to the pond with a water-pail. Let's tell him that she has fallen in."

"First-rate," shouted the boys.

Georgie felt a little uneasy; he remembered what his father had said about such joking, in the morning, but still he wanted to see the fun out and followed the boys as they ran to tell Uncle Solomon about his wife Lucy. Uncle Solomon was a poor, deformed negro man, who lived with his wife in a little house not far from the school house. He was poor, old and lame, his legs were crooked, and his back was bent almost double, and this was the poor creature that the boys thought it would be such fun to use for an April fool.

"I say, I say, Uncle Solomon, Lucy's in the water, we saw her when she stooped to get the pail, she did, she went right in."

Poor Uncle Solomon looked very much frightened,

and started off just as fast as his weak old legs could carry him; but this was not very fast. He held a stick in one of his hands and managed to reach the top of a little hill, the pond was at the bottom, at the foot on the other side, but when Uncle Solomon tried to run down—down, down, he went, faster and faster, then stumbled and rolled head over heels, and finally tumbled into the pond. Fortunately it was very shallow, and he managed to grasp a branch of willow hanging low over the water, and Lucy, his wife, who had been walking leisurely down the hill, came to the rescue and helped him out.

"Bless my heart, Solomon, what are you been about?" she exclaimed when he was safely on the bank.

His teeth chattered, his poor crooked legs were bruised, the cold bath had given him such a shock that he closed his eyes and fainted away.

Lucy screamed for the boys to come and help her.

"He is dead," she said, wringing her hands.

John slunk away; he thought it good fun to see a poor, decrepit, lame darkey frightened and run for dear life, as he had not done for twenty years. But now he was really dead. He felt guilty and ran away as fast as possible, leaving the other boys to take care of Solomon, and see the end of the good fun. Such fun to see Lucy wring her hands and crying that Uncle Solomon was dead. Oh, it was a cruel joke! and I hope no boy or girl who reads this paper will be tempted to joke at the expense of another person's feelings in this way.

Georgie's conscience stung him. His father had warned him. Why had he not followed his advice!

The boys helped Lucy to carry Uncle Solomon back to his house. They waited around the door until the old man could speak and tell Lucy how he had been deceived.

They felt very much ashamed of the whole business. And when Georgie went to bed that night he felt that he for one had learned a lesson, which he did not forget. — *Methodist*.

SEVEN TRIFLES WORTH REMEMBERING.

For the disagreeable sensation known as heartburn, which so often accompanies indigestion, a salt-spoonful of common salt, dissolved in half a wine-glass of water, and drank, is as effective a remedy as saleratus water, and a much pleasanter and safer one.

By rubbing a bruise in sweet oil and then in spirits of turpentine will usually prevent the unsightly black and blue spot, which not only tells tales, but deforms.

When there is an unpleasant odor about the feet, a small quantity of a weak solution of salicylic acid in the foot-bath is a sure destroyer of the offence.

Many of the patent extracts and bitters are compounded of an alcohol derived from wood, and this is said to be a peculiarly dangerous form of alcohol, capable of producing very serious brain disorder.

One of the most treacherous medicines in all the pharmacopoeia is the hydrate of chloral which is so commonly used; cases are reported where two hundred grains have been taken in safety, and other cases where ten grains have proved fatal or afforded only a narrow