

cause somebody would be always telling us not to kick holes in it. We don't want black walnut furniture, nor a big looking-glass, nor china vases, nor anything grand that scratches, or tears, or breaks," Morton said.

"Well, say what you *do* want then," said their grandmother.

"Well, grandma, we want an oiled floor and two of your great braided mats; and an open fireplace, with your brass andirons from the garret; and a big hearth, where we can pop corn and roast nuts; and we want bright wall-paper, with pictures of the country; and two little iron bedsteads, with blue spreads; four chairs, painted blue; a glass case for our stuffed birds; shelves for our books, and lots of hooks to hang our bows and arrows, violin, French horn, boxing-gloves, bats and Indian clubs on. These, with the old sitting-room lounge, and the old easy chair, will make us the most comfortable boys in the world."

Before the month closed, the "Boy's Paradise" was complete, and a score of wise fathers and mothers, with several scores of less wise boys and girls, had been invited to see it. No one now complains of the Lane boys for hooting from the top of stone walls, or howling about the streets by night; and their mother says their music and their company do not disturb her half as much as the anxiety as to where they were by night used to do. —*Selected.*

DON'T SMOKE.

Why not? From the fact that at Yale College an investigation has just been made into the influence of tobacco on the scholarship and standing of the students who use it. The results are as follows: Each class is graded into divisions according to scholarship, the best scholars being in the first grade, and so on down to the fourth, where they are, in the slang of the campus, "not too good" scholars, but "just good enough" to keep hanging by the eyelids. In the junior class it was found that only ten out of forty in the first division were addicted to smoking; eighteen out of thirty-seven in the second; twenty out of twenty-seven in the third; and twenty-two out of twenty-six in the fourth. The proportion of smokers, it will be observed, increases in regular ratio with the falling off in scholarship. These figures are exceedingly suggestive; but no one who has paid attention to the scientific evidence of recent years, which establishes the deleterious influence of the weed, will be surprised at it. The aggregate loss of mental power and of its precious fruits in a nation like ours, which consumes annually two hundred and fifty millions of dollars worth of tobacco must be enormous. Of course we shall

hear the usual twaddle about the Germans, the finest scholars and the greatest smokers in the world, just as we have heard the strengthening properties of beer demonstrated by the incessant use of it by the same people; but careful observation and scientific study of the question have proved to the satisfaction of all who have properly weighed the evidence, that the German people are great not because but in spite of their tobacco and beer, and that immeasurable progress awaits them and every other nation which can be persuaded to give up these vices.—*Selected.*

THE OBEDIENT BOY.

I read a very pretty story the other day about a little boy who was sailing a boat with a playmate a good deal larger than he was.

The boat had sailed a good way out in the pound, and the big boy said, "Go in, Jim, and get her. It isn't over your ankles, and I've been in after her every time"

"I daren't," said Jim. "I'll carry her all the way home for you, but I can't go in there; she told me not to."

"Who's she?"

"My mother," said Jim, softly.

"Your mother! Why, I thought she was dead," said the big boy.

"That was before she died. Eddie and I used to come here and sail boats, and she never let us come unless we had string enough to haul in with. I ain't afraid, you know I'm not; only she didn't want me to, and I can't do it."

Wasn't that a beautiful spirit that made little Jim obedient to his mother even after she was dead?—*Ex.*

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