

IT HAPPENED RIGHT.

"Shouldn't you like to be a heroine? asked Adelaide Moss of her cousin, Teeny Mills.

"I don't know," said Teeny, looking up as if she had been startled out of quite another train of thought. "Why, what made you think of that?"

"Oh, I don't know; I have always wished to be one—always longed to do some great thing, or be some great person. Sometimes I think it would give the greatest pleasure to be a splendid singer—like Jenny Lind, for instance. How she was worshipped! How grand it must have been to spring up from obscurity into something even greater than royalty."

"I don't believe she cared for the applause, though," said Teeny. "She wasn't at all that kind of a woman."

"And then," continued Adelaide, "there is Ida Lewis. What a splendid thing to be known for such heroism as hers—saving life. And I'm sure I do believe she might marry almost any rich man she chose, there are so many willing to take her."

"Why is that your idea of the acme of heroism—to enable one to marry a rich man?" queried Teeny.

"Well, no, not exactly; though it must be a fine thing to be rich, too."

"Then, almost all heroines are made by accident, or rather, their good fortune comes unsought. Ida Lewis never stopped to think whether the world would applaud. I presume no one was more astonished than herself when she saw her name and her brave acts making the sensation they did. So, dear, if you are ever a heroine, perhaps you will be as much astonished as Ida Lewis was."

"Ah!" responded Adelaide, with something like a sigh, "it isn't at all likely I shall ever do any brave or beautiful thing. I shall go plodding on baking bread, mending the children's clothes, helping mother, coaxing father when he gets low spirited and thinks we are all going to the poor-house, marry somebody who can just get me a living, so as to save the expense of being taken care of at home, and so on, for who knows how many years! I'm only 16 now."

Adelaide's brother came in just then.

"There's a plot under way, girls, to get us over to Silverton Falls to-morrow," he said. "Dr. Jones is going with his sister Hattie, and Briggs says we can have his waggonette and welcome. What do you say?"

"It would be just splendid!" cried Adelaide.

"All right said John; "then I'll see to things. There will be some five or six couples going besides us. Dr. Jones' nephew—he's a great doctor, they say—and the Carrolls' cousins. Won't we have a jolly time!"

The morning came—a perfect one. The party took different routes home. John Moss started with old Dr. Jones' buggy in company. "Young Dr. Jones was paraded out to somebody else," the doctor said. He was very proud of his nephew.

They were about half way home, singing songs, laughing, and chatting, when, suddenly, from one of the cottages, a whimsical looking object started out toward the horses.

John's horse, seeing the poor, silly scare-crow brandishing a broomstick, dressed in some outlandish manner, took fright and leaped on one side, upsetting the vehicle before John could control him, and they were all thrown out.

Fortunately the vehicle was caught by a tree and held so firmly that the shafts were taken, and the horse made his escape at a run.

"Anybody hurt?" cried the doctor, coming up with them, as John had succeeded in lifting Adelaide, who uttered a low cry of pain.

The doctor was an old man, almost too old for practice, "but good yet," he sometimes said, "for a broken limb."

"Something ails my arm," said Adelaide with another moan of pain; "see I can't move it."

"Broken," said the old doctor sententially.

Adelaide grew white at the lips, but controlled herself bravely. Her first thought was: "More expense for poor father."

"We had better take her into one of the poor cottages here, and I will set it," con-

tinued Dr. Jones. "Upon my word I wish my nephew had come back this way."

Adelaide was led into one of the poor cottages, her arm was set, and she bore the operation with great fortitude. Then, when the spirits wore on, she was taken home in the doctor's buggy.

For some days Dr. Jones pronounced the arm doing well; then he began to look grave and uncertain, and one day he said to his wife:

"I'm going to send to the city for James. There's something amiss with that arm, and I haven't the courage to tell them."

So he sent for his nephew, who came, looked at the sweet face of the invalid, recollected he had seen it before, looked at the arm, then pressed his lips together.

"The arm must be broken again, if you want the proper use of it. As it is it would be a deformity."

Adelaide hid her face. The hot tears scalded her cheek almost. She trembled for a moment from head to foot. The long, long bill, and her father so poor. At last she found voice.

"When should it be done?"

"As soon as possible. I will come to-morrow. You shall have ether. We will spare you all the pain we can."

Adelaide looked up in his face, very pale, as she said quietly:

"Doctor, I won't take ether, but," she lifted the arm with difficulty, "don't wait; please break it now. I am not afraid; I sha'n't faint. Now, while my courage is up."

He said nothing, but he set his lips together—a glance of admiration brightened his face for one brief moment—and then—it was over—and the suffering all to be gone through with again.

Nobody knew it till, pale, and exhausted, Adelaide was left, and the doctor detailed his experience to the family down stairs, John sprang to his feet, and her father burst into tears.

"Your daughter is a heroine," said the doctor, admiringly. "I never saw such fortitude in my life."

Teeny ran up stairs, but her courage failed her at the door, and she could only kneel there and weep, and vainly strive for composure. At last, when she went in, Adelaide had fallen asleep from sheer exhaustion.

We are happy to say that her father did not have a heavy bill to pay, for young Jones, the celebrated physician, found so much to admire in brave little Adelaide that he would not rest contented till he carried her off some time after as his wife.

"So you see," said Teeny afterward, "it happened about right for Adav after all, didn't it? She was a heroine, and she got a great and good man for a husband."

Why She Knew it Wasn't Right.

Little Dot—"Mamma, Dick is kissing me."

Mamma—"I am glad he likes you so well, dear."

"But it isn't right."

"Oh, it don't matter, pet. What makes you think it isn't right?"

"Cause nurse told papa so."

Her Great Fault.

1st Dade—"Were you at the ball last night?"

2d Dade—"Yes."

"What is your opinion of Mrs. Rapid? Don't you think she is beautiful?"

"She has only one fault."

"And what is that?"

"Too much husband."

A Question of Time.

"I see by the papers," he said, "that the agent of a clock company in Toronto has skipped out with a bundle."

"Yes."

"But the papers don't say whether he was running on standard or solar time."

"Oh, that makes no difference; the officers are after him meantime, and sometime he will be caught."

"I wonder why Miss Highflair sings in such a falsetto voice," remarked Mrs. S.

"It's positively painful to hear her screech."

"I can't imagine," replied Sarcasticus;

"perhaps she has falsetto teeth."

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

BY MRS. BOWSER.

All husbands find fault with their meals. I know this to be true, because Mr. Bowser says so. I think it nothing strange when Mr. Bowser sits down to his dinner and begins:

"Humph! Same old corned beef!"

"Yes, my dear; it's the same corned beef you ordered as you vent down this morning."

"Oh, it is! I didn't know but it was some I ordered a year ago! What do you call these things?"

"Potatoes, of course."

"Potatoes, eh?" I'll try and remember that name. And what's this?"

"Cabbage, my love."

"Oh! I didn't know but what it was a wood-pulp, my love! Was this bread made since the war?"

"Certainly. It is only two days old."

"Humph! Buying some poor coffee again, I see! Look at that! That stuff looks as if it was dipped out of a mud-hole!"

"But you ordered this very coffee yourself only night before last."

He growls and eats, and eats and growls, and I've got used to it. It is only now and then that he proceeds to violence. The other day he expressed his fondness for pumpkin pie, and I ordered the cook to have two or three. We had one brought on at supper, and as soon as Mr. Bowser saw it he sternly inquired:

"What do you call that performance there? When was it born, and where is it going to?"

"Mr. Bowser, you said you wanted some pumpkin pie."

"Yes."

"Well, here it is, and as good a one as you ever ate; I made it myself, after mother's favorite recipe."

"Mrs. Bowser, do you call that a pumpkin pie?"

"I do, sir."

"Then I want to be branded a fool! What do you take me for, anyway? Don't you suppose I was eating pumpkin pies before you were born?"

"Why isn't it a pumpkin pie?"

"Why isn't it a boot-leg a boot? Where is your other crust?"

"But pumpkin pies never have an upper-crust."

"Don't they? Mrs. Bowser, you can deceive the cook, for she is a confiding foreigner, and you can stuff most any yarn down our poor little baby, but don't try to bamboozle me. It won't work. I'm glad for your sake that my mother isn't here to laugh at you."

In two days I had a letter from his mother, affirming that there was no upper-crust to a pumpkin pie, and I brought my own mother over in the flesh as a further witness, but what did Mr. Bowser do but loudly exclaim:

"Bosh! You old women have forgotten half you knew! You are thinking about pudding and milk, you are. Of course there is no upper-crust to pudding and milk, and I never said there was."

He cost me a good girl last week by one of his whims. I happened to wonder aloud during the evening if she had put her bread to raise when he promptly inquired:

"Mrs. Bowser, do you know why bread raises?"

"Because of the yeast."

"But why does the yeast expand the dough?"

"Because it does."

"Exactly. You also live because you do, and that's all you know about it! You ought to be ashamed of your ignorance of natural philosophy. I'll see if the girl knows any better."

He went out and inquired:

"Jane, have you put the bread to raise?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you expect it to raise?"

"Of course."

"Why don't you expect it to fall?"

"Are you running this kitchen?" she sharply demanded.

"Virtually, yes. My object is to see how well you are posted on natural philosophy. Why does the bread raise instead of fall?"

"Because it's a fool, and I'm another for staying in a place where a man is allowed to

hen-huzzy about the kitchen! I'll leave in the morning!"

And leave she did, and all the consolation I got from Mr. Bowser as he came up to dinner was:

"It's a good thing she left. She might have mixed something together which would have caused our deaths. Come, now, hurry up the dinner."

Mr. Bowser has improved some in the direction of taking care of the baby. I can now leave them together as long as fifteen minutes without fear that one will kill the other by trying some experiment. They had been alone about seven minutes the other day while I was upstairs, and when I came down Mr. Bowser seemed quite agitated and whispered to me:

"I've suspected it all along!"

"What?"

"That our child is somewhat of a monstrosity! Look at that!"

And he pointed to the soft spot on the child's head where a throb could be detected.

"Every child has the same," I replied in a reassuring voice.

"Oh! they have, eh! What infant's asylum have you been matron of? Perhaps I married the mother instead of the daughter! I tell you that's a freak of nature, that is, and I shan't be surprised to come home any day and find a horn beginning to sprout!"

Wild Boys.

An old teacher in Maine is credited with a story of wild boys which is remarkable. He says that, years ago, he had in his school seven wild, bad boys, who seemed to have no pleasure so great as that of giving their teacher trouble. A short time ago he happened to visit the State Prison of Maine, and there he found three of his wild boys. In the Reform School of the same State were the other four!

A good teacher, well-sustained by his committee, ought to have been able to save some of the seven. Firm and judicious treatment can tame and civilize most wild boys. Not all, we grant; but seven is an inordinate number of incurables for one man's school.

Wild boys, however, be their number small or great, are the bane of our schools and the peril of our civilization. One such in a school of fifty,—one foolish, lawless, irrepressible boy, doubles the toil and anxiety of a teacher. Two of them go far toward undoing all the good a patient and gentle teacher can accomplish. Seven would create absolute chaos.

The wild boy is not, as a general thing, so depraved as he is silly and vain. His teacher is, usually, a kind and conscientious lady, often a young lady, who comes to school every morning clad in bright and dainty cleanliness, with an apron of spotless white, and a heart under it yearning to do her pupils good. The wild boy, who sends her home at night despairing and ashamed, what is he?

There he sits, in his dirty boots and dirty face, sprawling over his desk, a spectacle of indifference and intent rebellion, the centre from which proceeds all the disturbance and demoralization of the school. Often, he is the son of a widow, who has quite lost the power to control him, and looks to the school to do for him what she cannot.

But the "school" is this delicate and high-minded young lady, who cannot do battle with a thoughtless and unsavory lot of twice her strength, if not twice her weight. If she expels him, he roams the streets and develops rapidly into a criminal. If she permits him to remain, he spoils her school and embitters her every waking hour.

The time will come when our legislators will wisely provide for such cases; but, in the meantime, well-disposed boys can do much towards delivering teachers from the wild ones of their number.

Boys understand boys. They know that these wild, disobedient fellows are usually very ignorant and stupid, and can not stand against the public opinion of the school, if it is clearly expressed.

The gentleman of a school can prevent the abuse of kind and good teachers if they will but unite to do it, and consider patiently the best way to do it.

Why not a Law-and-Order League in a school?