

The Family.

A CHILD'S DAY.

With a little child it is always golden weather. My day is to get of sun. I sang and danced, and smiled— My light heart like a feather— From morn to even song; But the child's days are done

DISTINGUISHED WOMEN I HAVE KNOWN.

A WOMAN FARMER is the subject of my story. She never held a plow nor swung a scythe, she never even milked a cow or churned a pound of butter. She has not great red arms or hardened hands. She worked her farm with her brains.

Mrs. Thomas had her apiary, and what she does not know about bees is not worth telling. She loved her bees and could at any time handle them with perfect safety, though the advent of a nervous, irritable person in their midst would rouse their antagonism to the utmost.

HOW THEY CUT THE CLAWS OF THE OLD DRAGON.

"I wish something could be done," said Willy Westcott. "So do I," sobbed his thin-faced, weary mother, wiping her eyes.

to bring before the meeting?" shouted Manning. The society for lack of something to do had almost died. There was a pause. Suddenly Willy Westcott sprang upon his feet.

and then Knapp he seconded it, that the law be enforced. The chairman couldn't help himself. They were two to one they, Yeth, Mith Westcott, they are going to cut old Perry's claw!

The Children's Corner.

THE GOLD FINCHES.

You say you are sure that nothing Really and truly likes An ugly, prickly thistle.

GRANDMA'S GOLD PIECE.

"POLLY, have you done your sweeping?" "No, mamma, but I'm just going to do it."

BE CHEERFUL.

A WELL-KNOWN philanthropist in New York, whose time was given to the help of the criminal and pauper classes, had upon his library table a Turkish figure of a laughing donkey.

Our Story.

JIM THE SAVAGE.

"No," said Captain Bell, thoughtfully. "I don't think you'll find the people here hard to manage, except Jim, perhaps—Jim the savage, they call him—and he's the stuff o' twenty sinners in him."