

A SOFT ANSWER.

Said the wise man, "A soft answer turneth away wrath." A lady who believed in this precept said to her four-year-old Nellie, who is somewhat quick-tempered, "If one of your playmates speaks rudely to you, return a soft answer."

"Soft?"

"Yes. Now run along and play; mamma is busy."

The child went out on the lawn, where a neighbor's boy was mending a kite. She accidentally broke the kite still more, whereby the boy was made angry.

"I don't like you; you're a horrid thing!" he said.

Little Nellie's eyes flashed, and she was about to reply with a very unkind remark, when suddenly recalling her mother's advice about a soft answer, she looked the boy right in the eye and said meekly and slowly, "Mush."

HER THIMBLE.

She hunted in the closet,
She hunted on the stair,
She hunted 'round the door-step,
She hunted everywhere.
She hunted thro' the twilight,
But, when the dark had come,
She paused to wipe her tears away—
And found it on her thumb.

MR. TURNIP'S COMPLAINT.

Mr. Turnip sat sighing
And this was his moan:
"Those tiresome young rabbits
Won't leave me alone.
"They nibble and nibble
On this side and that—
They think I've no feeling
Because I am fat."
So sighed the poor turnip,
With tears in his eyes—
"Oh, would that those rabbits
Were made into pies!"

PEANUT CANDY.

Some gloomy day when young folk yawn
And wish the weary hours were gone,
Go to your storeroom and there get
Brown sugar, heavy, almost wet;
Send some one to the peanut stand,
A quart fresh roasted you'll demand.
Set all the children shelling these,
And make them whistle, if you please,
When these are shelled, chop, not too fine;
Butter some pie pans set in line;
Then take a round of sugar, turn
Into a pan and melt, not burn;
But add no water. When 'tis done,
And like thick syrup, quickly run;
Your chopped up peanuts lightly salt
And turn them in. If there's no fault,
Stir just a minute, pour in tins.
And cool, and then the fun begins.



A QUEER PLANT—



OF THE CAT-TAIL VARIETY.