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catastrophe, fairly barked itself into convulsions. Deacon Ashbury, awakened by the racket, came tiptoeing and frowning down the aisle, bending his shaggy brows upon Mr. Bellamy, who actually believed that if he got much hotter he would break out in flames, that not even the beaded perspiration that was standing out on his scarlet face, could extinguish. The young lady rose to leave the pew, Mr. Bellamy rose to explain, and as he did so, she was quite convinced of what she had before been suspicious—that he was crazy. She backed out of the pew and sought Deacon Ashbury's protection. Mr. Bellamy attempted to whisper an explanation to the deacon, but that austere official motioned him back into his seat, and as the minister paused until the interruption should cease, said in a severe undertone that was heard all over the church.

"You've been dreaming again, Brother Bellamy."

Mr. Bellamy sank into his seat, quite covered with confusion as with a couple of garments and a bed quilt, and his distress was greatly aggravated when he looked up into the choir and saw Driscoll, convulsed with merriment, stuffing his handkerchief into his mouth, and shaking with suppressed laughter.

After service Mr. Bellamy, who was all through the service, the centre of attraction for the entire congregation, waited for his pastor, and made one more effort to explain his unfortunate escapade. But the minister, whose sermon had been quite spoiled by the affair, waved him to silence and said, quite coldly:

"Never mind, Brother Bellamy; don't apologize; you meant very well. I dare say, but if you make so much disturbance when you are aware, I believe I would prefer to have you sleep quietly through every sermon I preach."

Mr. Bellamy has since stopped his church paper, and transferred his subscription to the *Hawkeye*, saying that if he could just find the wretch who set stumbling blocks and snares in the columns of the religious press for the feet of weak believers, he could die happy.

The Artless Prattle of Childhood.

We always did pity a man who does not love children. There is something morally wrong with such a man. If his tenderest sympathies are not awakened by their innocent prattle, if his heart does not echo their merry laughter, if his whole nature does not reach out in ardent longings after their pure thoughts and unselfish impulses, he is a sour, crusty, crabbed old stick, and the world full of children has no use for him.

In every age and clime, the best and noblest men loved children. Even wicked men have a tender spot left in their hardened hearts for little children. The great men of the earth love them. Dogs love them. Kamehamekemokimodahroah, the King of the Cannibal islands, loves them. Rare, and no gravy. Ah yes, we all love children.

And what a pleasure it is to talk with them. Who can chatter with a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, quick-witted little darling, anywhere from three to five years, and not appreciate the pride which swells a mother's breast, when she sees her little ones admired. Ah, yes, to be sure.

One day, ah can we ever cease to remember that dreamy, idle, summer afternoon—a lady friend who was down in the city on a shopping excursion, came into the sanctum with her little son, a dear little tid-toddler of five bright summers, and begged us to amuse him while she pursued the duties which called her down town. Such a bright boy; so delightful it was to talk to him. We can never forget the blissful half hour we spent booking that prodigy up in his centennial history.

"Now listen, Clary," we said—his name is Clarence Fitzherbert Alencon de Marchemont Caruthers—"and learn about George Washington."

"Who's he?" inquired Clarence, etc.

"Listen," we said, "he was the father of his country."

"Whose country?"

"Ours; yours and mine; the confederated union of the American people, cemented with the life blood of the men of '76, poured out upon the altars of our country as the dearest libation to liberty that her votaries can offer."

"Who did?" asked Clarence.

There is a peculiar tact in talking to children that very few people possess. Now most people would have grown impatient and lost their temper when little Clarence asked so many irrelevant questions, but we did not. We knew that, however careless he might appear at first, we could soon interest him in the story and he would be all eyes and ears. So we smiled sweetly—that same sweet smile which you may have noticed on our photographs, just the faintest ripple of a smile breaking across the face like a ray of sunlight, and checked by lines of tender sadness, just before the two ends of it pass each other at the back of the neck.

And so, smiling, we went on,

"Well, one day, George's father —"

"George who?" asked Clarence.

"George Washington. He was a little