

my dressing-gown on the same errand; and frequently, in his journeyings from one pocket to another, would dart up my shoulder and neck, across the top of my head, and down the other side. He would work his little body into my half-closed hand, in hope of finding some dainty morsel.

His visit over, and his appetite for both food and music satisfied, he would patter away to the hole in the wall, and secrete himself—where, we never knew. He preferred making trips to and fro using my leg as a bridge, always pausing at the edge to see if it was in place.

At the end of two or three months, when the weather grew hot, we left home for a visit to the seashore. We gave Tiny Tim a parting concert and feast, and bade him adieu, giving him the freedom of the room during our absence. Some necessary repairs were to be made in the room, and we neglected to tell the workmen of the room's little occupant.

When we returned, it was to find Tim's door of entrance closed and papered over. I carefully opened it with my knife, and requested my wife to play Tim's tune upon the organ. We looked and listened in vain. Our little friend never came again. Perhaps he had accused us of forgetfulness and of shutting him away from us, or perhaps he had found a little four-footed mate who supplied our places.

A Magic Square.

Shall we all die?
We shall die all.
All die shall we.
Die all we shall.

The above forms what the old necromancers called a magic square; that you may read it in six different ways; and whether you read it backwards or forwards, horizontally, or upwards, or downwards, perpendicularly, it conveys the same sense.—Exchange.

An Anecdote by Mark Twain.

Mark Twain, writing in the 'Century,' once paid a tribute to his fellow-townsmen, the late James Hammond Trumbull. Mr. Clemens relates the following anecdote:

Years ago, as I have been told, a widowed descendant of the Audubon family, in desperate need, sold a perfect copy of Audubon's 'Birds' to a commercially minded scholar in America for a hundred dollars. The book was worth a thousand dollars in the market. The scholar complimented himself upon his shrewd stroke of business. That was not Hammond Trumbull's style. After the war a lady in the far south wrote him that among the wreckage of her better days she had a book which some had told her was worth a hundred dollars, and had advised her to offer it to him; she added that she was very poor, and that if he would buy it at that price, it would be a great favor to her. It was Eliot's Indian Bible. Trumbull answered that if it was a perfect copy it had an established market value, like a gold coin, and was worth a thousand dollars; that if she would send it to him he would examine it, and if it proved to be perfect he would sell it to the British museum and forward the money to her. It did prove to be perfect, and she got her thousand dollars without delay, and intact.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

A Spelling Match.

Stand up, ye teachers, now and spell;
Spell phenakistoscope and knell,
Or take some simple word, as chilly.
Or gauger or the garden lily.
To spell such words as syllogism,
And lachrymose and synchronism,
And Pentateuch and saccharine,
Apocrypha and celandine,
Lactiferous and cecity,
Jejune and homoeopathy,
Paralysis and chloroform,
Rhinoceros and pachyderm,
Metempsychosis, gherkins, basque,
Is certainly no easy task.
Kaleidoscope and Tennessee,
Kamschatka and dispensary,
Diphthong and erysipelas,
And etiquette and sassafras,
Infallible and pytalism,
Allopathy and rheumatism,
And cataclysm and beleaguer,
Twelfth, eighteenth, rendezvous, intriguer,
And hosts of other words, are found
On English and on classic ground;
Thus—Behring's Strait and Michaelmas,
Thermopylae, Cordilleras,
Suite, hemorrhage, jalap and Havana,
Cinquefoil and ipecacuana,
And Rappahannock and Shenandoah,
And Schuylkill and a thousand more,
Are words that some good spellers miss
In dictionary lands like this.
Nor need one think himself a scroyle
If some of these his efforts foil.
—Selected.

Miss Smarty.

(Minna Stanwood, in the 'Classmate'.)

The girls at the handkerchief counter of Watson, King & Co.'s were excited. You could tell that by the way they whispered and giggled, and if the floor-walker happened to be at a safe distance, by the fact that they failed to observe so significant an object as a waiting customer.

'Yes,' one of the girls was saying, breathlessly, to the four who hung breathlessly toward her. 'Fred took me. We sat down at a quarter to eight and never got up till half-past eleven. I won this elegant chatelaine. Real seal, you know. Oh, see that old frump! Wonder what she wants.'

A supercilious stare and a yawn struggled for place on the girl's face as she waited for the 'old frump' to make her need known. She had a sweet face and a kind voice, if her clothes were old-fashioned, but of course the smart saleslady did not care to notice such things.

'I wonder if I could find a couple of wide-bordered, hemstitched handkerchiefs? Have you anything of that sort?'

'How wide?' The saleslady had taken on her 'stand and deliver' tone. This was evidently not an 'old frump,' but also an old fuss, and she must not be indulged too much.

'Well, about—a—two inches wide, I should say,' faltered the abashed customer.

'Hemstitched two inches wide! Haven't had those for years! Yes—the haughty tone suddenly became genial—we had an elegant time. I was the only lady who won anything. Three of the gentlemen won—'

'I beg your pardon, but would you please look?' It was the timid voice of the 'old frump.' 'I hate to trouble you, but I have bought my handkerchiefs here for a number of years, and they always have had the kind I want.'

The customer's eyes fell before the outraged mien of the saleslady. 'I have told you, lady,

that we don't carry them. I never saw a handkerchief with a two-inch hemstitched border. They may have had them in this store fifty years ago. All we carry now are those you see on the counter. Twenty-five, fifty, seventy-five, any price you want to pay. We have ten-cent ones, too.'

Thereupon the saleslady turned her back, oblivious of the fact that the customer still lingered, and began another chapter.

A young girl farther down the counter had just handed a customer her change, and, seeing disappointment on the face of the 'old frump,' said, kindly, 'was there something special you wanted, madam?'

The lady smiled gratefully. 'Oh, thank you. I wanted a hemstitched border two inches wide, but I dislike to trouble you. The other—a—lady said you didn't carry them.'

'I'll see. I think I've seen some of those handkerchiefs. Oh, it's no trouble, madam. We're hired to show the goods, you know.'

Box after box the girl took down, deftly and cheerfully, and then she stood a moment thinking. Suddenly a light broke over her face, and she stepped on the rung of her stool to reach the highest shelf.

'Those are just what I want,' declared the customer, delighted. 'Two, please.'

The elderly lady, in clothes unfashionable though fine, took her package and said, with old-fashioned courtesy, as she departed, 'I am greatly obliged to you, my dear.'

'Well, Teresa Davis, if you're not fresh to put down all those boxes for two fifty-cent handkerchiefs,' observed the smart saleslady, as the girl called Teresa bent to the task of rearranging stock.

The next morning the smart saleslady was interrupted by the floorwalker in the midst of a glowing account of another whist party.

'Mr. White wants to see "14" and "23" in the office,' he announced.

Miss Smarty and Teresa Davis looked at each other in amazement, and then passed on to the superintendent's room.

When they came out Miss Smarty's eyes were red and swollen and Teresa Davis walked quietly with a sad little smile.

'It was that old two-inch-border frump,' sobbed Miss Smarty, angrily, to her sympathizing friends behind the counter. 'She's Watson's wife and she's sick most of the time, and she only gets out once in a dog's life, to buy handkerchiefs, I suppose, and she told Watson that I was rude to her, so I get all through on Saturday night. And the old thing asked a special favor to her that Teresa Davis be marked for promotion right away.'

'It's a mean shame!' commented the girls, but they were careful to 'look alive' just then, for several customers were approaching.

Times are Changed.

'How's this?' said the farmer, who was reading a letter from his son at college. 'Come here, Betsy. Harold Howard Augustus writes home that he wants money to pay his fencing bill. What an airth does the boy mean?'

'I s'pose it's the college pastur' or some-thin', Matthew. There's so many pernicketty things the poor boys at college have to do.'

'Ho! ho! It's lessons in fencing he wants to pay for. Wall, now, that do beat all. I've been fencing for forty years, and I never had to go to college to learn how.'

'But times are changed, Matthew. Fences ain't made as they was when we clim'd 'em in Root Hollow.'

'I expect that's so,' said the old man, very thoughtfully. 'He don't say whether it's a rail fence or a wire one, but I reckon he'll learn both ways. But I never thought a boy of mine would have to go to college to learn fencing. Times are changed.—The Epworth Herald.'