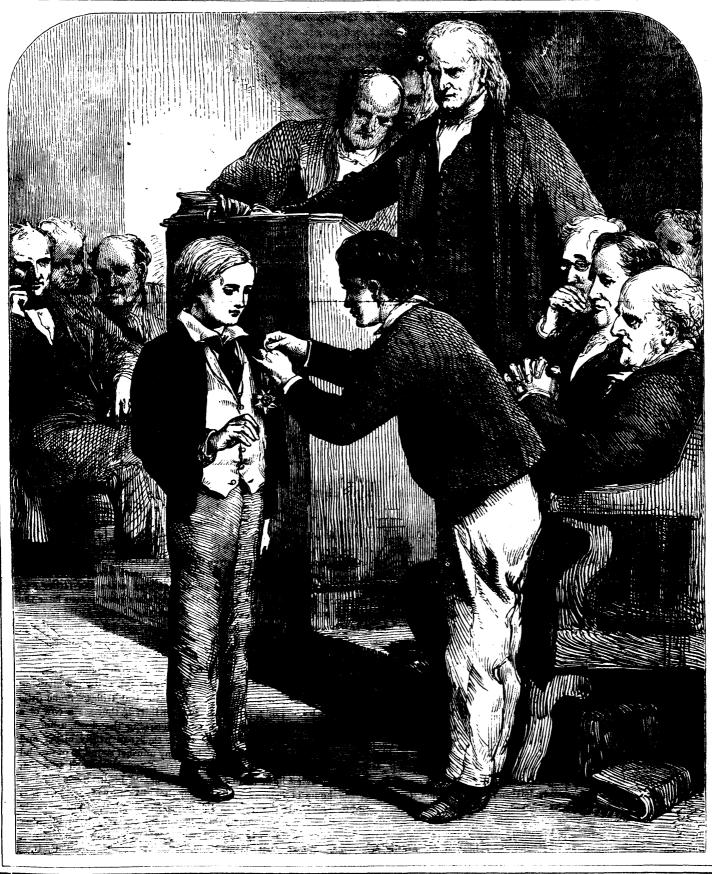


VOLUME X.—NUMBER 13.

APRIL 8, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER 229.



THE GOLDEN STAR.

"MOTHER, mother!" exclaimed Charlie Morris as he rushed into the house after school in great excitement, "what do you think we are going to do in school?"

"Study, I hope," said his mother while the little boy stopped to take breath.

"We shall have to that's the fact," said Charlie, "but that is not what I wanted to tell you, mother. You know there are six weeks before examination, and they are going to give certificates to the very best scholars, who have most excelled in study and conduct during the term."

"And you mean, of course, to rank among the very best if you can," said Mrs. Morris.

"Of course I do, mother; but there is one thing more. The boy who has been at the head of his classes for the longest time is to have, besides the certificate, a golden star to wear on his breast. He will be called the star scholar, and will rank highest in the school."

"So you are aiming at this bright particular star?"

"Yes, mother, and will hare it too —you shall see! Dr. H. says it is a more honorable.