

At nine o'clock mamma and Minnie came home from one direction, and a few moments later papa came from the other. 'Norah, where are the boys?' inquired the mother. 'Well, mum, I've not seen them very recently. A friend came in to call on me, mum, an' I was so occupied that I forgot the boys entirely.'

With that Minnie ran upstairs, where she discovered the boys fast asleep. Mamma followed her and so did papa.

'Poor little fellows!' said mamma, gazing with pitying eyes on the forlorn children. 'Yes, poor boys,' said their father, 'it was very hard to get a cold supper and to miss a visit to Aunt Jane's, but then we must teach them in some way to mind promptly.' — Mary Joanna Porter, in 'Christian Intelligencer.'

He Gave His Life for His Country.

Here is the story of a boy who not only risked, but gave up his life to save his village. Some years ago there was a war between the French and the people who live in the little country to the north-east of Italy, called the Tyrol. I suppose most people love their native land, but at this particular time the Tyrolese were so anxious to save their country that even the women and children followed the soldiers to battle, in hopes of being some use to them.

One of the boys who thus followed his father was called Albert Speckbacher. He was only ten years old, but his father was one of the bravest leaders of the Tyrolese, and, young as he was, Albert determined that he would help him somehow.

One day the French went to attack a village. Between them and it there was a deep ravine, at the bottom of which the River Ard dashed along at a terrific pace. The only way to reach the village was by crossing a bridge. A strange sort of bridge it was, too, just the kind to keep a village free from any enemies. It was simply a great tree, which had been felled from the mountain side, and allowed to fall right across the ravine, so that its topmost boughs caught on the opposite rocks—a dangerous crossing-place, and one on which only one person could go at a time.

The Tyrolese knew what the French were doing, and a party of three hundred men, with Speckbacher as their leader, was sent down to defend this bridge. For an hour the battle raged on each side of the ravine, and the Tyrolese seemed to be getting the best of it. Then the French general ordered two cannons to be dragged up the rocks, and in a very short time more than half the brave Tyrolese were killed, Speckbacher amongst the number.

Little Albert knelt beside his father's dead body and wondered what he could do to save his country. He saw the Tyrolese were going to destroy the bridge. If that could be done the French could not possibly enter the village. He watched them get their axes and begin cutting through the roots and trunk of the tree.

But as they boldly worked, the French rifles killed one after the other of them till at last their courage failed, and no one came forward to take his place at the task which had proved fatal to so many. A great part of the tree had been cut through, but there still remained enough to hold it firm. Albert looked down at his father's white face, then up to the bright heaven for a moment; then he seized the axe and worked with all his strength. A shower of bullets fell round him, but none touched him. The tree was cut through at last, excepting at one point, which was quite out of his reach. It was only a small piece of the inner bark, but he could not get at it. Albert saw in a moment there was only one way in which he could break the tree away from this point. He must put a weight on the top of it and snap it off.

He waited till the French had fired their bullets once more, then, while they stopped to reload, he sprang upon the tree, jumping with all his might. His weight, light as it was, snapped the little piece by which it was held, and he and the bridge went tumbling into the ravine below.

Thus did the brave boy of ten sacrifice his life to save his native village.

They buried the hero on the mountain side, and put up a stone telling of his bravery. — From 'Brave Deeds of Youthful Heroes.'

An Old Legend with a Moral.

There is an old man and he lives in a wood,

In the hollowed-out trunk of a tree,

And all little children who will not be good,

But are naughty as naughty can be,

Are sure of a visit from old Gobble-Goo;

For he eats everything he can put his hand to,

And he gobbles it down with a smirk and a smack,

And once it is gone it can never come back;

And he loves to chew toys that belong to bad boys,

And French dolls with curls that belong to bad girls;

But if they be good, as all sweet children should,

They never will meet with this man of the wood.

He knows when you scream, and he knows when you cry,

And throw down your toys in a pet,

And are sulky, or selfish, or cross, and—oh, fie!—

Such children will certainly get A visit quite soon from old Gobble-Goo,

For he eats everything he can put his hand to,

And he gobbles it down with a smirk and a smack,

And once it is gone it can never come back;

And it's upon record he ate a whole train,

Of cars that a naughty boy left in the rain;

And he comes in at night when the shutters are tight,

And he gives all who see him a terrible fright.

He breakfasts on trumpets and lunches on drums,

And dines on a wax dollie's head, And eats for his supper the sweet sugar plums

Of the children who won't go to bed;

For they're sure of a visit from old Gobble-Goo,

And he eats everything he can put his hand to,

And he swallows it down with a smirk and a smack,

And once it is gone it can never come back,

But though he loves playthings he never will eat

The toys that belong to good children and sweet;

So I know it is true, he will not come to you,

The old Gobble-Goo, Gobble-Goo, Gobble-Goo!

—Cecil Ray, in New Orleans 'Times-Democrat.'