

exercises, geometrical problems, artistic designs, mathematics, trigonometry, and even caricatures of some people. I am an intimate friend of Miss Egan's, while you are only a great, lumbering brush who goes out scrubbing."

"He doesn't go *out* scrubbing, he takes it in, I guess, by the looks of him," said the Pencil, who was a sworn friend of the Chalk.

"So he does, so he does," agreed the latter.

"When aren't you talking?" sighed the exasperated Black-board-brush, in despair.

"When I'm silent," said the Chalk.

"When *are* you silent?" enquired the Brush, superciliously.

"When I'm not making a noise," said the Chalk, promptly.

"Isn't she provoking?" said the Pencil eraser to the Brush, sympathetically. "That is just the way the Pencil is to me."

Now, the Eraser was a sworn friend of the Black-board-brush, and was said to be rather a softy, who couldn't see a joke to save his life. He felt this infirmity keenly, and tried to remedy it by being always on the look out for jokes. Consequently, he often made the mistake of taking serious things in a funny fashion.

"Don't be so smart, Rubbee, or I'll run into you," said the Pencil, sharply.

"I wish you'd all run away," growled the Brush, who was vainly trying to find something squelching to say to the Chalk.

"Hey, what, what?" cried the Eraser, feverishly. "I don't see the point."

"Perhaps I can make you feel it, if you'll come nearer," said the Pencil.

"Ha! ha! ha!" shrieked the Eraser, hearing the others laugh and feeling that this remark was surely a joke. "That's a good one, 'pon my word. Give it to us again. Ha! ha! Give it to us—"

"Certainly," said the Pencil; "anything to oblige you," and immediately stuck into the Rubber, in a way that made him see stars, and find it was no joke, after all.

Meanwhile the conversation went on between the other two.

"You would never admit," said the Brush to the Chalk, "that I was better than you are, but now you see I am much higher."

"Ah, poor thing, it's as near Heaven as you'll ever get," sighed the Chalk, meditatively.

"Well, I'm nearer to it than you are," growled the Brush, angrily.

"Seems to me I hear voices," said the Chalk, dreamily. "Could it have been the Brush? Perhaps it is light-headed. His remarks have no *weight* with me, anyhow. I do believe he's a little—ahem—you know—upper story—and all that."

At this the Black-board-brush fairly trembled with rage, and, a gust of wind shaking the book-case, he flew from his high position and fell upon his enemy, crushing him to pieces and giving Mrs. O'Shaughnessy a smart knock as he fell.

"Dear me," said the irate lady, "if it isn't school-girls, its brushes," and she picked up the Brush and put it back again and swept up the mangled remains of Miss Chalk into a dust-pan. The Brush, in spite of the indignity he felt at being classed with school-girls, felt a glow of triumph in his

soul, and, thinking the ghost of his vanquished foe might be travelling round in the atmosphere about him, he howled out rapturously: "Ya-a-a-h! How do you feel now, smarty? How do you like having your body carried out in a dust-pan, and interred in a cooking-stove? How is that white face of yours by this time? I'm glad things have been made hot for you at last. I crushed you flat enough that time, although everybody knows you always were as flat as a pancake, anyway. Where is your usefulness now, I'd like to know, and your beauty? He-e-e-y!"

Then a faint but stubborn voice came out of the stillness. "I don't care," it said, weakly, "I did something you couldn't do."

"What's that?" roared the Brush.

"I made a mark," said the spirit.

The Brush looked down in a rage, and sure enough, even the conscientious broom of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy had failed to erase the white blur on the floor.

This story has a moral, (i. e.), *Don't give in till the last minute, and, whatever you do, make your mark in life.*

IN DEAD OF NIGHT.

What sounds are those that haunt my listening ear,

In dead of night;

What gasps, what cries, what wailings of despair,

What dismal groanings does the darkness hold,

Enough to erase the weak and tame the bold,

What are those sounds, so weird, so dread, I hear

In dead of night?

I rise; my trembling fingers clutch a light;

A darkness scowl

Comes deeper, blacker from the sullen night,

As if she wished to hide the sounds she bore;

The housemaid's thin, expostulating snore,

The cook's deep guttural growl—A. C. A. D.

A SCHOOL GIRL'S SOLILOQUY.

To learn, or not to learn, that is the question:

Whether 'tis safer and better after all

To let our ardent fellow-students study

Year after year, their 'ologies and 'isms,

And we drop out, or cram and toil and labour,

And by persistent effort conquer all.

To vanquish nature—'tis a consummation

Devoutly to be wished. To loaf, to doze

No more; no more to dream:—there's been the rub;

For in those oft-snatched naps what dreams have come

Of lessons yet unlearned—and never learned;

Of standing helpless in Geometry,

Or murmuring soft "erem, erem, a rat,"

Our teacher's indignation to arouse.

Thus go our lessons all the morning through

And then we're ordered back at three o'clock.

To study them in truth, beneath their eyes

Whose consciences make cowards of us all.

—HATTIE MUIR BAYER.

THE DIFFERENCE.

As mother led Jerry-boy slowly upstairs'

The bright roguish eyes were swimming with tears;

She said, gazing sadly upon his bent head,

"You never see *baby* cry, going to bed!"

With wisdom quite learned in four and a half,

The sweet rosy lips formed a half scornful laugh;

"Boys don't like to sleep, and cry when you make 'em.

But babies do like it, an cry if you wake 'em."