

bouquet (she small tumbler hysterically after by, under the du. Her voice self at the rest-ticket, and she r parasol on the -house in vain will come out asks every body tform when her will stand, and, at clock, asks: She sees, with her trunk into king: instead of e strong, brown chanked on the o determined to uly sale one in e the depot, she and once on the her journey, in t she has got on landed at some close carriage, to every last down the aisle er ticket, which er hand. She friends on the burst of grati- ules away before ule, fan, parasol, caudy, tumbler, e car seat where ot in Peoria, for which.

of guilt con- years, and hide e, heartless, de- take five min- id to observe ddered gait of a ader button has

less action, a gesture, brings to the soul, that of mystery that to-morrow, and humps into the n you see a man instance, with a ounded," in his eak-neck speed, et come to the otie, and smell e nostril, gaze after the man, with the other

nostril, stare wildly up the street after the man, and then sniff at it once or twice with both nostrils, read the prescription over, and retire into the medicine shop with a gloomy brow and sad shakes of the head, how many things you begin to think about then, as it might be.

"My son," said a pious father out on South Hill to his hopeful son, "you did not saw any wood for the kitchen stove yester day, as I told you to; you left the back gate open and let the cow get out; you cut off eighteen feet from the clothes line to make a lasso; you stoned Mr. Robinson's pet dog and lamed it; you put a hard-shell turtle in the hired girl's bed; you tied a strange dog to Mr. Jacobson's door bell; you painted red and green stripes on the legs of old Mrs. Polahy's white pony, and hung your sister's bustle out of the front window. Now, what am I—what can I do to you for such conduct?" "Are all the counties heard from?" asked the candidate. The father replied sternly, "No trifling sir; no, I have yet several reports to receive from others of the neighbours." "Then," replied the boy, "you will not be justified in proceeding to extreme measures until the official count is in." Shortly afterward the election was thrown into the house, and before half the votes were canvassed, it was evident, from the peculiar intonation of the applause, that the boy was badly beaten.

Passing by one of the city schools one day we listened to the scholars singing, "Oh how I love my teacher dear." There was one boy, with a voice like a tornado, who was so enthusiastic that he emphasized every other word and roared, "Oh how I love my teacher dear," with a vim that left no possible doubt of his affection. Ten minutes afterward that bry had been stood up on the floor for putting shoemaker's wax on his teacher's chair, got three demerit marks for drawing a picture of her with red chalk on the back of an atlas, been well shaken for putting a bent pin in another boy's chair, scolded for whistling out loud, sentenced to stay after school for drawing ink mustaches on his face and blacking the end of another boy's nose, and soundly whipped for slapping three hundred and thirty-nine spit balls up against the ceiling, and throwing one big one into a girl's ear. You can't believe half a boy says when he sings.

Art has its votaries even among the untaught children of the wilderness. A few days ago a savage Indian painted his own face, went into an emigrant wagon that was sketched, by himself, out on the prairie after dark, and drew a woman from under the canvas and sculptor.

"Who dem, Cassins?" a visiting freedman from Keokuk asked a friend the other day, as a Masonic lodge, in funeral procession, passed by.

"Dey's de Free and Expected Masons."

"Mazin' what?"

"Why, mason nuffin, jest on'y Masons."

"Sho? How long dey bin free?"

"Oh, gory, long time. Specta ever since de mancipation proclamation, anyhow. Some on 'em was free before den."

"Dat so? Went off to Canada, mos' likely?"

"Spec's so."

"Who's done expectin' of 'em?"

"Nohody: jest expectin' demselves. Dey's on'y Free and Expected Masons, dat's all."

"Sho! Well, I'd jest like to know what dar is 'mazin' about 'em an' I'd done be satisfied."

Oh, the artless prattle of an innocent child! How the sweet music of their hearts and voices calms the wild yearnings of the sorrow-crowned years of maturity. At a happy home in Burlington the other evening, where the family was gathered around the tea-table entertaining unexpected guests, the fond mother said to the youngest darling, "Weedie, darling, be careful; you mustn't spill the berries on the table-cloth." "'Taint a table-cloth,' promptly responded darling, 'its a sheet.'" And late at night, when the company had gone away, and that sweet child was standing with its head nearly where its feet ought to be, catching with its tear-blinded eyes occasional glimpses of a fleeting slipper that fluttered in the air in eccentric gyrations, one could see how early in the stormy years of this brief life one may begin to suffer for the truth.

It was at the sociable. Young Mr. Spot-head, who reads poetry oh, so divinely, and is oh, so nice, stepped on her dress as she was hurrying across the room. K-r-r-rt! R-p! R-p! how it tore and jerked, and how Mr. Spothead looked as though he would die. "Oh, dear no, Mr. Spothead," she said, smiling till she looked like a seraph who had got down here by mistake, "its of no consequence; I assure you it doesn't make a particle of difference at all." Just twenty-five minutes later, her husband, helping her into the street car, mused her ruffle. "Goodness gracious me!" she snapped out, "go away and let me alone; you'll tear me to pieces if you keep on." And she flopped down on the seat so hard that everything rattled, and the frightened driver, ejaculating, "There goes that brake chain again," crawled under the car with his lantern to see how badly it had given way.