

Boys and Girls.

The Girl Child.

'Course we'd figgered on a boy-child, same as people always does— Baby-girls is jest th' uselessest they is er ever was. Helpless when they're kids an' helpless when they're middle-aged er old— All the family turns pectorator fer th' ewe-lambs of the fold. Dassen't ever pop th' question, even though she's lost in love; Has t' set an' wait till some man labels 'er his turtle-dove. Yit it want a boy, by gracious! when it come, th' other day, But we've kind o' got a notion that we'll keep it any way.

'Course 'twas dreadful disapp'intin' that it couldn't bin a boy. An' th' tears we shed er swallowed wa'n't no sparklin' tears o' joy; But she's jest so small an' cunning, an' she snuggles up so sweet, With 'er fists like velvet rosebuds an' 'er little wrinkled feet— Clingin' close, jest like th' tendrils of th' mornin' glory vine As it clammers up a porch-post on a piece o' cotton twine— Never knowin' she ain't welcome as th' flowers is in May So we've somehow got a notion that we'll keep 'er, any way.

Then, ag'in, I thought o' mother—she was onct a baby-girl. Ain't no tellin' jest which eyester is th' one that hides th' pearl. Who'd a' knowed when she was little that she'd ever be so great. An' would make my dear old daddy sich a stiddy runnin'-mate? Then th' one that lays an' snuggles with this bran'-new baby hyer— Would my life be worth th' livin' if it hadn't bin fer her? She was jest as pink an' helpless as this new one is one day; So it's purty easy guessin' that we'll keep her, any way.

The School Visitor.

The Hillside School had begun its fall term. There was a new teacher—a young lady with a bright face and pleasant voice.

"Now, children," said the teacher one day, "I think the school visitor may be here to-morrow or the next day." The children all promised to behave well. They did not like to hear that the visitor was coming. He was very tall, very grave, and very strict and they were afraid of him.

The next day this tall, stern gentleman said to himself, "I will visit the Hillside School today."

He went to the door; the wind was sharp and chilly, so he turned back and said: "Wife, can you tell me where my overcoat is?"

"Yes; it hangs in the barn chamber; it has been there all summer," she replied.

Dr. Bray put on his coat and walked away to the school-house.

Teacher placed a chair for him on the platform. Just as he had asked the arithmetic class a puzzling question, one of the girls at the desk gave a little scream. All the others nestled and fidgeted, looking as if they would like to scream too.

The visitor turned and looked at them very sternly indeed. The teacher touched her bell and shook her head at them.

"Please, teacher," squeaked one little voice, "It was a mouse!"

"I hope we may have order in the school-room now," said Dr. Bray, in his deepest tone; and then he gave out his question once more.

Pop! Another mouse! This one ran to the boys' side and two or three of the boys saw where it came from. They nudged each other and clapped their hands over their mouths to keep from laughing aloud.

The teacher touched her bell again and called, "Silence!" She felt very much disturbed that her boys and girls should act so. But, as she glanced toward the visitor to see how he took it, she was obliged to smile herself; for a third mouse jumped out

of the good man's pocket and scampered away.

The boys laughed aloud now, and the girls were all confusion.

Dr. Bray arose from his chair, prepared to say something very severe indeed. To do this properly, he put his hands in his pockets and out jumped the last poor, frightened little mouse.

The doctor's overcoat had hung so long in the barn chamber that a mother mouse had made her snug nest in one of the pockets, and now her little ones had all come to school with the visitor.

The visitor had a broad smile on his face now. "I really must beg pardon," he said, "for bringing a pocketful of mice to school."

The teacher gave a ten minutes' recess, and it was a very merry one. Then the scholars came to order and behaved very well indeed; but they did not feel half as much afraid of Dr. Bray after that visit.

A Funny Game.

Here is a funny game to play: Stand facing a girl and say to her, "You can't make the same motion I am going to make."

Then she will say, "Just see if I can't."

Now do this: Put your left hand forward, point the forefinger toward your face and make a circle around your face with it, saying, "I see the full moon."

Next point at each eye and say "Two eyes;" then touch your nose, saying, "A nose;" then touch your mouth and say, "And a mouth."

Now let your arm fall and tell the girl to do exactly as you did and say what you said.

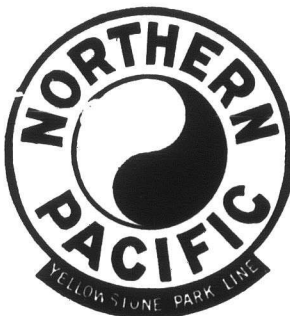
The point is this: She will be sure to do all the motions with her right hand instead of her left.

And you can promptly say, "No, you didn't do it right." She will then ask you to go through the motions again and very likely will use her right hand again.

But suppose she is left handed? She will naturally use her left hand to get the trick right. So you should tell her, "Well, you can't do it again," and be sure to use your right hand when you show her again. When she tries to do as you did she will most likely use her left hand and you can say, "You're wrong this time."

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